

اپریل مئی جون ۱۹۶۶

# المسار

تعلیم الاسلام کالج ربوہ





Abdul Basit an old boy of the college who recently died of Cancer. He was a student of M.B.B.S: (final) in the Medical College, Dacca.

# AL-MANAR

## Talim-ul-Islam College

RABWAH

April, May, June, 19 6.



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Ameerul Momineen Hazrat Mirza Nasir Ahmad Khalifatul  
Massih III with Principal Prof. Q. M. Aslam on the Annua  
Convocation, on March 13, 1966.



# **AL-MANAR**

TALIM-UL-ISLAM COLLEGE

## **MAGAZINE**

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## **Fazl-e-Umar Foundation**

People come and go. They die to be forgotten. Most of them tread the routine path of life and without leaving any remarkable print of their feet, they pass away. They live for themselves alone. But here and there in the history of mankind we come across men with unusual lives. Leaving aside the traditional line of life, they adopt a diversion. Earning, eating and drinking are of little importance to them. They live for others, think for others, work for others and die for others. And when they die, they leave behind a changed world. But do they die at all? No, they

ve in their noble deeds. The programmes and schemes which they embark on, do not remain unfinished. Their followers and their posterity can never afford to turn aside from what they promised in the presence of their leaders. They are bound to carry that voyage forward. History never forgives a nation that slacks after the death of a genius.

Our beloved *Imam*, the late Hazrat Fazl-e-Omar *Khalifatul Messiah II* (may his soul rest in peace) was among such towering personalities which are bound to make their mark in the annals of history. Right from his childhood he had one aim to which all his energies and aspirations were directed : that the word should recognise the beauty of Islam and the flag of the Holy Prophet (peace be upon him) should fly higher than all other flags. In this and this alone, he believed, lies the salvation of mankind. The world can never live in peace if this task is not accomplished. And for this he did everything he could do. God blessed him with a Community of followers who would never hesitate to do as they were directed. They sacrificed everything at his words. And God blessed him with success. With a handful of followers and with a meagre budget he started his work and when he physically left us we are a thousand times stronger in numerical and financial strength. The *Jamaat* has now its own colleges, schools and hospitals not only in our own but in many foreign countries. A number of other charity institutions are working all over the world. And above all the *Jamaat* has established a network of Islamic Missions in Europe, Africa and America.

Our missionaries are presenting the true, clear and beautiful picture of Islam to the people who had been



given a defaced and distorted view of our religion. The world has started realizing that their salvation lies in Islam. We are fast approaching the goal set for us by Hazrat Fazal-e-Omar

Now that the beloved man is no more among us, we are duty bound to continue our efforts with a renewed zeal to fulfil the objects he liked us to pursue. *Hazrat Khalifatul Messih III* has given us an opportunity to express our love and sincerity to our beloved by floating a fund in his memory. It has been named as The Fazl-e-Omar Foundation and the fund will be utilized to carry on the projects of human welfare that *Hazrat Khalifatul Messih II* started and cherished. There can be no better tribute and homage to the *Late Hazrat Sahib* than sharing his efforts after he has left us.

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## A Brief Life Sketch of Hazrat Ameerul Momineen Khalifatul Masih III

From time immemorial, it has been the custom of God that when spiritual draught reaches its climax and people completely forget their Creator, He raises a prophet among them and makes provisions for their rejuvenation. But this task of rejuvenating a dead nation is always a difficult one and cannot be effected in a day. It is a slow and a long process demanding great patience and sacrifice. To eradicate deep rooted evils and bring about a complete transformation in thought and deed requires great time and involves a prolonged struggle.

When the prophets appear they establish the truth by fresh and mighty signs and open a new path for Mankind. But in the short span of human life it is not possible to reach everybody and fulfil the mission completely. They merely sow the seed and the fulfilment of their mission is usually accomplished in the time of those who follow them as their successors. In the terminology of Islam such successors are known as *Caliphs*. The Promised Messiah in his writings has designated them as the 'Second Manifestation'.

Hazrat Ameerul Momineen Khalifatul Masih II once said, 'He who fears my death and wonders as to what is going to happen after me is *groping* in complete darkness. The Promised Messiah has said that after his departure God shall send for our guidance the Second manifestation. But God's grace is not limited only to the second. After

Cent<sup>1</sup> first manifestation there appeared the second and this shall continue hereafter until God spreads this religion throughout the world. God shall continue to show miracles and no power on earth, however great, can frustrate the purpose for which He made the Promised Messiah the first brick and made me the second. The Holy Prophet (peace and blessings be on him) once said that when Islam would be in danger God shall raise some men from among the Persians who shall safeguard it. The Promised Messiah was one of those men and I am another. The word رجال (an Arabic plural used for three or more) indicates that there may be some more men from the same race who will strengthen this religion and place it on a firm footing'.

*The Alfazal : 22nd Sept. 1950.*

Those who are destined to lead mankind to great spiritual heights are very often misjudged before their time. People find fault with them in many ways and criticise their deeds and actions. But very soon their real worth becomes known. The guidance and help they receive from God, the manner in which their words come true and the way in which they advance the cause of Islam clearly point out that they are the chosen ones of All Mighty and deserve all honour and praise.

It is our firm conviction that Hazrat Mirza Nasir Ahmad is the third manifestation and the third man from among the Persians in whose time, God willing, Islam shall flourish and make great progress. It would be of interest to have a short glimpse of his life upto the present time.

*Birth & Childhood:* He was born on 15th November 1909. While still a year old he was suddenly taken ill. At that time his father was attending to Hazrat Maulana Noorud Din, Khalifatul Masih I, who was ill. When the news of his son's



serious illness was brought to him (Hazrat Mahmud), he did not pay much attention to it and did not stir from his place. This was out of respect for the great Imam in whose presence he was sitting. But Hazrat Ameerul Momineen Khalifatul Masih I, paid due heed to it and said, "Mian, you didn't go. Do you know whose illness has been intimated to you? He is not only your son but also a grandson of the Promised Messiah". This was almost an order for Hazrat Mahmud. So he had to leave the place reluctantly.

*Early Education:* At the age of thirteen Hazrat Mirza Nasir Ahmad learnt the Holy Quran by heart. After that he started learning Urdu and Arabic from the late Hazrat Maulana Muhammad Sarwar Shah, who was then the Principal of Madrassa Ahmadiyya. Later on he was admitted into that school as a regular student.

*Interest in National Work:* On the occasion of the Annual Gathering in 1927, it was felt on the first day that the space provided for the gathering was quite insufficient. The students of Madrassa Ahmadiyya, with the aid of many others, took upon themselves the task of extending the seating space. They worked the whole night and completed their task by early next morning. Hazrat Mirza Nasir Ahmad was one of those who participated in this work and earned the gratitude of all.

On another occasion when Hazrat Ameerul Momineen, advised the Community to raise a fund of Rupees Twenty five lakhs, the Madrassa Ahmadiyya organised a party of students to collect this fund during their summer vacation. Hazrat Mirza Nasir Ahmad was a member of this party and by his personal efforts he was able to collect Rs. 126/-. This probably was the first time he contacted people to make

a voluntary contribution towards a national fund. These instances clearly indicate that he was alive to national needs and took pleasure in making his own contribution from the very beginning

*Secular Education:* In 1929 he passed Honours in Arabic examination from the Panjab University and formally completed his religious education. After that he turned his attention towards secular education and in 1934 passed the B.A. examination from Government College Lahore.

On 6th September 1934 he proceeded to England for higher education. Hazrat Ameerul Momineen gave him some written instructions on this occasion and pointed out that he was sending him to England so that he might study the view-points of the West and know how deeply it has poisoned the spirituality of mankind. This visit would give him a first hand information about the tactics of the Christians against Islam. Hazrat Ameerul Momineen further pointed out to him that the primary object of his visit was to serve Islam and to collect information and material by which the evil forces could be defeated. Summarising the instructions Hazrat Ameerul Momineen wrote, 'Remain attached to God alone. We are all mortals while He alone lives and survives. It is He who should be sought. Make efforts to show His face to the world. Let every breath of your life be dedicated to his service. He alone should be your objective, your beloved and your cherished one. Do not feel easy and at rest until His name is made known to the world and until His sovereignty is firmly established in every nook and corner of the universe'.

*Marriage & Children:* Hazrat Mian Sahib was married in August 1934. Accompanied by Hazrat Ummul Momineen,



his grandmother, and some other prominent members of his family he went to Malerkotla on 4th August. Hazrat Ameerul Momineen also joined the party a day later.

At present he has three sons and two daughters. His eldest son, Mirza Anas Ahmad, is working as a lecturer in our college. The other two are still studying.

*President Khuddamul Ahmadiyya:* In February 1939 he was elected President of Majlis-e-Khuddamul Ahmadiyya, a central organisation of the youths of the Ahmadiyya community. He successfully conducted the affairs of this organisation in the capacity of President till October 1949. When Hazrat Ameerul Momineen took upon himself the responsibility of this office in 1949, Hazrat Mirza Nasir Ahmad continued to work as Vice-President till November 1949. During his term of office a distinctive flag of the Majlis was prepared and a constitution of the organisation was chalked out.

When Pakistan came into existence the Majlis was re-organised and Hazrat Mian Sahib continued to direct its activities. To give a greater publicity to the efforts of the Majlis, a monthly magazine was started. It was named after *Tariq*, a youthful general who conquered Spain in the early days of Islam.

*Furqan Force:* From June 1948 to June 1950 he was associated with the work of Furqan Force. This was purely an Ahmadi Battalion which rendered useful services on the Kashmir Front. In this battalion he was known by the code name of Fatehud Din. When the force was disbanded in June 1950 he remarked, 'We have left our martyrs in Kashmir and that land has acquired a great sanctity

for us. We shall continue to work for its liberation and there will be no slackness in our efforts. Once we make a covenant with God the question of relinquishing our work does not arise'.

He remained in England from September 1934 to November 1937. During this period he not only graduated from Oxford University but also kept himself engaged in the propagation of Islam. A magazine 'Al-Islam' was also started by him during his sojourn in that country. On his way back he stayed for sometime in Egypt and studied methods of teaching Arabic and learnt the customs and manners of the Arabs, their mode of life and their civilization.

*Principal Jamia Ahmadiyya:* Immediately after his return from Europe, he was appointed a professor in our religious institution, the Jamia Ahmadiyya. He later replaced Hazrat Maulana Sarwar Shah as the Principal when the latter retired from service in 1939. Hazrat Mian Sahib remained in office till April 1944.

*Principal T. I. College:* In May 1944 when T.I. College was started again, Hazrat Mirza Nasir Ahmad was appointed its Principal. He continued to hold this office till his election as the third successor of the Promised Messiah (peace be on him) In August 1947 when the sub-continent was partitioned, all educational activities came to a stand still. Through his restless efforts and untiring work this college was started again at Lahore at a time when there was neither building nor furniture available anywhere. Only five boys reported on the first day. However, the college soon flourished and came to occupy a distinguished position among the affiliated colleges of the University of Panjab. It gained repute for its discipline, high standard of



teaching and good training. Since the college was housed in an allotted building and there was constant danger of its being dislodged from those premises it was felt that unless we built our own college it would not be possible for us to carry out our programmes peacefully and to our entire satisfaction. Though handicapped by lack of funds, Hazrat Mirza Nasir Ahmad took up the difficult task and in a year's time brought it to completion. A well designed, imposing and spacious building was constructed at Rabwah and the College was shifted to its present premises in 1954.

*Boundary Commission and Defence of Qadian.* Preceding the partition, he was entrusted with the important task of collecting material for the Boundary Commission. At that time the safety and defence of Qadian was also a matter of great concern for every Ahmadi. This job needed vigilance, political sagacity, organisational capabilities and the capacity to deal with men and material. Mirza Nasir Ahmad was the person who could be trusted with this task. He set to work with vigour and organised things in such a way that in due course, Qadian virtually became a Muslim citadel and hummed with all sorts of activities. During the disturbances that followed the partition, Qadian assumed a great importance and became the chief place of safety for Muslims of the surrounding areas.

*President Majlis-i-Ansarullah :* In 1954 he was elected, President of Majlis-i-Ansarullah. At the time of his election somebody remarked that he had become old. He wittily replied, 'I have not become old. It is the Majlis which has rather become young'.

The answer was true in the sense that he infused a new spirit into the working of this sub-organisation and made it much more active. It was during his Presidency that the

Central Majlis was able to construct its own offices and a hall and organised annual gatherings in various parts of the country. A new magazine, named 'Ansarullah', was also started to give a fillip to the activities of the Majlis.

*President Sadar Anjuman Ahmadiyya*: In May 1955 Hazrat Ameerul Momineen appointed him Sadar Chairman of Anjuman Ahmadiyya. This appointment became necessary as Hazrat Ameerul Momineen was personally unable to go into the details of the work owing to his prolonged illness. Hazrat Mirza Nasir Ahmad worked in this capacity upto the time of his election as the Imam of the Ahmadiyya Community. As a matter of fact he was simultaneously looking after the affairs of the college as its Principal and those of Sadar Anjuman Ahmadiyya and Majlis Ansarullah as their President. For anybody else this burden would have been too great to bear but owing to his extraordinary organisational capacity, his versatile tastes; his magnetic personality, the love and confidence he aroused in his co-workers and the great respect he commanded among all sections of the community he discharged his multifarious duties with a great measure of success. Clear headed and mentally alert he understood things rapidly and made quick decisions. Anyone who saw him working in the office or came in contact with him in one way or the other didn't fail to notice his rare quality of attending to many different things at the same time.

*Elected Head of the Ahmadiyya Community*: On the 8th of November 1965, he was elected Head of the Ahmadiyya Community, thus fulfilling the prophecy:

*"It is also said that he, the Messiah, shall die and his kingdom descend to his son and grandson". Talmud*

The Promised Messiah also received a revelation giving the glad-tidings of a grandson. *'Verily, We give you the glad tidings of the birth of a grandson'*.



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Amirulmumineen Sayyidena Hazrat Mirza Nasir Ahmad Khalifatul Masih III addressing the annual Convocation of the College on the 13th of March 1966.



## **OFF GOES AUTUMN**

Off goes the leafless Autumn,  
In comes the sprouting spring,  
Relieved of the silent pain,  
Birds chirp lively again,  
Restored to life all scenes again,  
The artists turned keen again,  
The dust storms tired of their gales,  
Turned into breeze trails.



## BRAVO!

The deeds of the Japanese fighters in the second world war seemed to be a few nice pieces of fairy tales told by some surviving patriotic Japanese writers. The Japanese spirit of self-sacrifice seemed to be unmatched and their courage unbelievable.

Reading novels of the second world war, viewing films and hearing stories of their heroic deeds gave us the sensation of exaggeration. Not much of what had been said, read or heard could be believed. But Pakistan's seventeen days war with India has given us some reason to believe the stories of Japanese bravery.

Pakistan for once attained the chance to prove its worth, and Pakistanis displayed their spirit of self-sacrifice, bravery and patriotism when they had to face the evil of an Indian aggression. What has been done by our brave soldiers, airmen and sailors is what deserves to be put in history, because the courage with which they fought for the sovereignty of their motherland will always shine as a lighted candle for generations to come. And these deeds of our fighters will always be cherished in our memories... never to die.

To write about the heroism of our forces, it will need the pen of an experienced writer. But in tribute to our forces we cannot refrain from mentioning a few deeds of our

braves which are an evidence of the spirit and valour of the defenders of Pakistan.

The tank battle of Sialkot is one of the greatest victories of our fighters. None could have expected to meet the challenge of the roaring Indian tanks that advanced like giant monsters towards our territory in full force. But it was only the bravery and the spirit of self-sacrifice of our fighters that blocked and checked their advance. One moment the tanks advanced in full shapes of 'Shermans' and the next moment they were blown into pieces and seemed to be a big lot of scrap not even worth purchase by a junk dealer.

This advance was not checked with the scientific equipment or the ordnance factories production but with the blood and flesh of our '*shaheeds*'. One call by the officers brought flocks of volunteers ready to check the advance of these Indian tanks. The volunteers tied dynamites to their bodies and plunged into the claws of death by lying under the advancing tanks, the least hindered by the fear of death. They were rather encouraged by their love of Pakistan to jump into this well of death.

The gallantry with which the Pakistanis checked the advance of Indian Forces in Rajasthan, Lahore, Sialkot and so many other sectors is not unknown to the world. Units fought against companies, companies against battalions, and battalions against divisions. The small guns of Pakistan were made to match the heavy guns of India. The tiny tanks of Pakistan were made to fight the giant Shermans of India. The mosquito sized 'Sabres' of our air-force were flown to bring down the elephant sized 'Canberras' of the Indian air



force. In spite of our fighters' doubts that they stood little chance against the far superior equipment of the enemy they risked their lives only for the sake of their motherland.

Special mention ought to be given to the heroic deed of our hidden and talented Squadron Leader, M. Alam who made history by bringing down the largest number of aircrafts in the least time and again only in one defensive move.

Our airmen with inferior equipment but far superior morale broke the backbone of the Indian Air Force by raiding the enemy air base at Pathankot, launching attacks on Ambala, and destroying the Indian radar station at Amritsar. We lost one of our talented pilots, Squadron Leader Khalifa Munir Ahmad whose plane became the victim of the Indian ground fire. Such other airmen whom we lost in the battle knew the risk they were running but they sacrificed their lives for the sake of their fellow countrymen.

Tribute ought to be paid to our small naval force which sailed into the territory of India to destroy the Indian radar station at Dwarka.

During the war days, Indians applauded their so called victories at the top of the Voice of India. It tried its best to convince the world of its tremendous strength. The Commander-in-Chief of the Indian army invited guests to a dinner at a Lahore restaurant. But his jawans marched for Lahore for days, only to be beaten back. Indians claimed the capture of the Lahore Radio Station and the Lahore Airport.

They claimed to have destroyed the Rabwah air-base but all these fibs for once convinced the world that India was no more than an empty vessel that made much more noise than good sense allowed.

The truth can be found in the statistics of the Indian and Pakistani losses. The Indian Air-force lost 111 planes whereas Pakistan losses were hardly 20. When the prisoners of war were returned, Pakistan handed thousands of Indian prisoners while comparatively smaller number came back to Pakistan. Pakistan exchanged seven Indian airmen for only three Pakistani. These figures make it evident as to who was victorious during the 17 days of war.

As I said, to write on the 17 days war would need a pen of an experienced writer. I end here with only this to say to our braves, "your favours to us and the deeds of your bravery will never, never be forgotten by us. You are the angels that bring glad tidings to us."





## GIFTS OF EDEN

Its a sad and dreary Earth,  
Of brimming vices and false mirth,  
Tender ages with painted moons  
On streets, in search of grooms,  
Mates drugged in Sin and Wine——swoon  
Abandonly dancing to same vulgar tune,  
While Old and decent do groan,  
'W'll be in Hell very soon.'  
Remember balmy winds of Heavens,  
Lush and evergreen taverns  
Of scented flowers and trees,  
Of innocent birds and bees,  
Days of Sunshine in May,  
Radiating innocence, and gay,  
Had not Eve, the Fruit eaten,  
We'd still be in the Garden  
Retrieve us, pity Thy Children,  
Misled to sin and banished,  
Or replenish this World  
With gifts of Eden.



# OUR ANNUAL CONVOCATION

## *Report of Our Annual Convocation in a Nutshell*

Our Annual Convocation was held with all its grace and dignity on the 13th of March, 1966. We were honoured to have among us, His Holiness Hazrat Mirza Nasir Ahmad, Khalifatul Masih III as the chief guest on this occasion.

Soon after the arrival of the honourable guest, the procession of the members of the staff, the worthy principal and the honourable guest entered the hall in two rows, through the main gate and advanced towards the stage with slow and steady steps. On reaching their respective seats the honourable guest took the chair of the chief guest and the course was followed by the worthy Principal, the members of the staff and the students.

At the request of the Vice-Principal, Mian Ata-ur-Rahman the worthy Principal, Prof. Qazi Muhammad Aslam declared the Convocation open. This was followed by the recitation from the Holy Quran by Mahmud Sultan. Soon after the recitation, the candidates were presented and the degrees were conferred upon them by the worthy Principal. The worthy Principal Prof. Qazi Mohammad Aslam, then came forward and presented a vote of thanks to His Holiness Hazrat Mirza Nasir Ahmad Sahib for having kindly consented to preside over our Annual Convocation and for gracing the ceremony with his presence. This was followed by the annual academic and extra-curricular activities report of the college. It was pleasing to hear



that the students of T. I. College had not won distinctions in studies only but also in the field of sports and games.

In the end, the worthy Principal ended with some nice pieces of advice to the graduates as well as the students of the college and then requested the honourable guest to address the audience. His Holiness, Hazrat Mirza Nasir Ahmad, Khalifatul Masih III pointed out to the audience the need of spiritual striving along with other activities and stressed upon the need of religious and ethical values. At the end of his presidential address he prayed for the students and the graduates. The presidential address was followed by the prize distribution ceremony. His Holiness gave away the certificates and prizes to the students who had won distinctions in various fields and activities of the college.





Principal Prof. Qazi Mohammad Aslam M. A. ( Cantab )  
Presenting the Annual report at the Convocation.



## CURSE MY LUCK

‘Pooh! What a dirty mess this place is in.....’, I was murmuring by myself, at my bachelors-apartment, the day I was to visit a friend’s marriage ceremony. ‘This suit needs pressing and I am already short of time.....’, I thought on viewing the suit I intended to wear for the occasion but had been left lying recklessly by me the previous day. So, I started my venture of searching the pressing iron. ‘Where did I keep it.....’, I tried to think after it couldn’t be found on the shelf. ‘Must be on the drawer.....’, a second thought told me.

‘Hell! it isn’t here too’, I roared and kicked the drawer angrily.....something fell behind the drawer. ‘What was that...’, bending to see what had fallen, I came across the pressing iron half hidden under the drawer. ‘What a place to keep an iron.....’, I said to myself and shaking my head I headed for the pressing table forgetting all about what had fallen behind the drawer. Placing the iron on the table, I went to fetch some water. ‘God’ I exclaimed on failure to find a clean utensil, ‘this stuffs been lying uncleaned for ages’. Anyway I caught hold of an empty sugar tin for carrying water. After some troublesome twenty five minutes the suit was neatly pressed and with a sense of satisfaction I proceeded to dress myself.

‘Oops!’ I exclaimed on realising that I had forgotten to take a bath and rushed to the bathroom. The ordeal was not over yet for the soap was missing. After a long search

I found the soap-case behind the drawer where it had fallen when I was looking for the pressing iron. Having had a quick shower I rushed to dress myself for the occasion but later I found a button of the shirt missing. Because of the lack of time I decided to wear it as it was, for then a thought came to my mind, 'If a pressing iron is to be found at the most awkward place and soap case behind a drawer, only God knows where to look for a needle'. At last I finally got myself dressed up, all the time cursing the shape of the house and my luck. With a sense of relief I picked my car keys and left the apartment only to return after a few minutes ..... , I had forgotten to take with me the gift parcel I had bought to present to my friend on his wedding and remembered about it half the way to his house.

I pulled my limousine at the bridegroom's place just in time for the ceremony and was greeted by him at his banglows threshold.

'Hello! Nick', he greeted, 'You seem to have formed a habit of turning up late'.

'Hi! Joe', I greeted back, 'sorry to be late. I tried my best to be in time. Anyway, please accept this', handing him a beautifully packed parcel in green with a white ribbon 'with many happy returns of the day and a very prosperous future'.

'Thanks,' obliged Joe and added in a somewhat mocking tone, 'Nick, I have seriously thought of proposing something to you'.

'Go ahead', I said.

'I am afraid', Joe said slowly, 'you might take it ill'.

'I never take ill anything my friends say,' I assured Joe.

'It's something for your benefit,' said Joe.

'Well than, what's the delay for,' I asked.



'Are you sure you wouldn't mind it,' asked Joe, 'Don't be a fool,' I said, I don't have to give you that surely in writing' 'Nick', said Joe rubbing his left hand nails with his right palm and trying to think of some suitable word 'I have been thinking that.....' and he stopped.

'That.....what?' I asked impatiently.

'That,' started Joe, somewhat hesitating, 'you need someone to look after you'.

'You don't mean to say that I am a mental case', I mocked.

'Nothing of the sort', corrected Joe, 'but sometimes I have a feeling that you need someone to look after you'.

'You mean a governess or a nurse-maid,' I asked still mocking.

'No' he said, 'something better and more respectable'.

'I am sure, I am quite old for these fancies', I said.

'That's the trouble', said Joe in a joking mood.

'You are quite old for these fancies and quite mature for another'.

I couldn't understand what Joe meant all this time but something told me Joe was really serious and meant every word he said.

'Let's come off it, Joe', I said nervously, 'better put the cards on the table and have everything clear'.

'If you insist,' said Joe, 'just imagine the best man turning up at a wedding ceremony, unshaved, uncombed and.....with unpolished shoes..... and... ..,'

I gave a quick glance at myself as I was honoured to be the best man at Joe's wedding, 'My Gosh,' I exclaimed badly blushed, 'after all that trouble back at the apartment.'

'That's all right, Nick', Joe comforted me on observing

my reactions and added, 'This is inevitable in a bachelor's life. The best remedy is to get married and your wife looks after you like a tender child. All bachelors sail in the same ship and to avoid such unpleasantness you have to embark the ship of a married man'.

That night, on my way back home, I was so deeply lost in the oceans of thoughts, that I was driving my car without the headlights switched on. When a police officer tried to warn me, I un-intentionally abused him, resulting into a summons to appear in the court on the charges of 'driving without headlights, assault and battery to an officer of law'.

Once at the apartment, I threw myself into an easy chair and my thoughts wandered on what I would have looked, had Joe not noticed my appearance in time. I was more troubled because this was not the first chance that I had turned up at a party badly dressed. For hours I tried to think of a remedy to this nuisance and the best I could get was to get myself married. I was experiencing a curious sense of depression and every now and then I would get up from the chair, pace restlessly up and down the room, hands behind and chin upon the chest, all the time trying to think of a remedy. 'Embark and sail the boat of a married man', Joes words echoed in my mind I really needed someone to look after me; someone to keep my house clean and in a proper shape; to give my house, an air of pleasantness and make it look like a man's abode, and the most important of all someone to note that I turned up at parties in time and in proper shape. 'That's the only remedy... .. I kept on saying unconsciously to myself, 'yes! marriage is the only remedy'. The bachelors life had badly get on



my nerves. Take food at hotels and roadside pubs, deliver clothes to the laundry, prepare breakfast in the morning, do the shopping, search for a thing and find it in the most awkward and improper place and the worst of all, come from office to be greeted by mosquitoes, cockroaches and bedbugs at home. 'This is too much.....,' I was whispering, 'I might suffer a nervous breakdown with this sort of no better than a dogs life. Yes, I must get married.....the earliest.....'. I finally decided and went to sleep, to dream of a pleasant married life.

A fortnight later, I had a chance of visiting my parents for Christmas and New year celebrations. Earlier I had decided to talk to my parents in connection with my marriage. During the first day or two, I tried to draft the way of talking to my parents and of how to hit the bull's eye. I had already been engaged to a devastating beauty—Elizabeth, and I got the more anxious of marriage because of the news I had gathered from people that Elizabeth would always make a perfect house-wife to anyone. In her own home too, she was considered to be an angel. But unfortunately I could never gather the guts of facing my parents and uttering the few simple words, 'I have been thinking that it is high time, 'I lead Liz to the altar'', These were the best words I could think of without causing embarrassment. After a thorough consideration, my sister, I thought was the best means of conveying my wishes to the elders. Early next morning at breakfast, I confided my wish to her, hoping to gain her services, but she was taken aback. 'What!' she exclaimed surprised, 'You want me to act as an interpreter for you. Never, in my life', and added, 'Have you lost your brains, mister'.

'Please sis,' I pleaded, 'its an earnest request for a favour, never to be forgotten, It matters a lot to me.'

'Could be', she agreed, 'but it means the least to me. I am sorry'.

'But why', I questioned, 'after all I am not asking for too much,'

She agreed again but added, 'much before the time. Listen mister I have no intentions of changing this peaceful house into a quarreling club'.

'How is that', I inquired not understanding what she meant.

'That is simple', she went to explain, 'as soon as you get married, your wife comes every morning with a new scandal.....as to who has been using her lipstick and powder and so on'.

I tried to smile faintly, 'don't you realise sis, that Liz would be staying in another city miles away from here. So there is no question of quarrels'. This had the worse impact on her. 'Thats worse', she snapped, blood rushing in her face and neck and with words at command she added, 'being a bachelor you pay us a visit once every three months and once married you will care two figs for us'.

'Sis.....' I tried to reason but was silenced down.

'Listen, my dear brother', she said, 'if you don't want me to be rude then better drop this topic and don't you ever talk of it with me again'.

'But Sis.....' I again tried to reason in a fainting voice.

'Shut up', she snapped commandingly.

'Shut up', she said 'and keep shut' I had to. Not on the topic of marriage only but whenever I would try to ask for a hot cup of coffee or a cold glass of water in a



pleading voice she would snap 'shut-up'. Finally I resolved to try my luck with my mother, for as long as my sister was to be considered, I was destined to stay a bachelor whole my life. My mother though very sympathetic was the least helpful.

'What is the haste, my dear', she asked politely.

'I think I told you enough', I said in a distinct voice.

'Moreover, I am quite old now'.

'Poor darling', sympathised, mum, 'but you can keep a maid or a servant and by the way what did you say of being quite old'.

'I said, I am quite old now,' I repeated.

'Oh! no', she tried to correct, you are still a child.

Yes still a kid and my dearest child, I don't wish to have the honour of having a cricket team of grandchildren by getting you married so soon. Wait for a few more years.....lets say about four or five', she added and left the room. Five more years, I thought and this headache would lead me half dead to my grave. But there was no doubt that the idea had to be dropped, at least for the next four years.

One sunny day of March, only two months later, on a bright and glorious morning I received a letter from my mother. Expecting her routine... ..'we had the honour of visiting.....' or inviting, or doing this or that and so forth, I opened the letter lazily. But on this special occasion her pet sentences had some charm in them.

"My darling son", she wrote, 'as Mr. Shammon and family are leaving for Switzerland soon, we had the honour of inviting them to a dinner yesterday. We prepared roasted beef and.....a long list of what was prepared for the dinner. Later after dinner we had the honour



of talking to your in-laws. Because of the company's orders Mr. Shammon has to leave for Switzerland in a hurry. They requested us to finalise the date of your marriage. As desired by you also we have consented to Mr. Shammon's request and have had the honour of finalising the date of marriage'. After a few other tit bits she added at the end, 'please forgive us for such a short notice and don't forget to reach home before the first Friday of next month'. The letter was initialed, 'Your loving mother'.

'Yahoo! ....., ' I exclaimed, 'So its finally done. What's the date today', I looked at my watch for the date. It was the 14th and it was Sunday. I counted the days, nineteen days from today. Immediately, I rang up my travel agent and asked them to book a seat for the first Thursday of next month and send the confirmation to my office. The next few days were very busy. I collected all my dirty clothes, some from under the bed, others from behind the doors and delivered them to the laundry. Next, I bought some new clothes, furniture and crockery, carpets, mats and so on.

A painter was hired to re-decorate the walls, a plumber to clean the kitchen wash basin that had been lying suffocated for over a month and the nursery people to give a nice touch to the balcony. All this done I asked my neighbour's wife to help me in setting up the apartment. By the last Wednesday of the month the apartment's shape had been completely changed and every possible thing was done to give my bride the most pleasant welcome. On Thursday, I got up earlier than usual and after a final glance at the apartment, I left for the airport two hours before the flight was scheduled to take off. At the airport I walked restlessly from one corner to the other and rushed to the aircraft as soon as the voice on the loudspeaker announced, 'passengers for

P.I.A. flight *PK 734*, please proceed to the plane.....!

Once on board, my thoughts started wandering in the future. So much so that I hardly realised our arrival at the destination. My restlessness was the more increased when the air-hostess announced arrival. Expecting to be greeted by my family at the airport terminous I was surprised not to find any familiar face. A minute of thought told me that they must be busy with the marriage programmes. So I took a taxi and rushed home, to be greeted by locked doors. A queer thought caught hold of me, 'was I dreaming'. I rubbed my eyes and kicked my foot hard on the wall to see if it hurt. 'Ouch', I cried. 'So it is not a dream', I said to myself, 'but then where is every body'. Taking out my mothers letter I assured myself of not having done any mistake. 'Don't fail to reach home before the first Friday of next month' she had written. Finally, I decided to try my neighbour. 'Hello! Nick, how come you be back so soon', he inquired. 'Back so soon', I uttered to myself, 'd a m m i t'. What was I to say,....., I've come to get married,.....no I couldnt say that. I was rather a shy man'. Anyway my neighbour didn't prove any good so I returned. to our bungalow. On coming back to our bungalow I caught sight of our watchman, 'You there,' I shouted, 'what are you doing there? Come here'.

'That is what I was going to ask you, mister,' he said, 'May I know what business is it of yours to trespass like this on a private property'.

'Shut up', came a roar from me, 'do you know whom you are talking to'.

'Oh! I am sorry', he spoke nervously when he recognised



me. 'You see, I replaced my brother who was taken sick a few weeks ago and I couldn't recognise you', he apologised. 'All right now', I cut him short, 'just tell me where is everybody'.

'I don't know, Sir', he replied. 'They said they were going to a marriage party and wouldn't be back till late at night'.

I left him standing there, staring behind me and went to my room, seated myself on a chair with a pocket of Rotthman's by my side, smoked heavily and tried to put the 'zig-saw' in shape. At every pause I would take out my mothers letter to be sure there wasn't any mistake. Finally, I stood up, walked to the study table, placed one fist on it and the other hand clasped my hair. My eye fell upon a green envelop addressed to me. I picked it up lazily as all the thinking had exhausted me. Taking out the enclosed paper I read the contents, 'My dear son', it read, 'I have had the honour of leaving a letter for you in the first drawer of this table. I have left instructions there in case you reach home before our arrival'. The note was signed by my mother.

Once again life came into my lazy limbs. I opened the drawer hastily and found the envelop hidden among the other contents. Tearing apart the envelop I found nearly a dozen papers, of which only one had been written upon. 'Christ's'; I sank back in the chair. Believe it or not, this is what was inscribed in beautiful bold letters;

APRIL FOOL BROTHER.  
YOUR LOVING SISTER.

## The Degeneration of Pious Caliphate into Kingship

*Whenever any world-wide movement rises, flourishes and dominates the existing orders, it is seldom made to disappear from the scene by brutal and ruthless external force ; rather it is the internal dissension which brings about its catastrophe.*

The most important epoch in the history of Mankind began with the birth of the Holy Prophet (peace and blessings of God be upon him). By his enthusiastic and zealous efforts of preaching for about 23 years, Prophet Mohammad (peace be on him) glorified the attributes of Islam and consequently by the grace of God, millions of people embraced Islam. His personality was so magnetic and captivating that within a short span of time he produced a community of devotees ready to sacrifice their lives honours, and patrimony. The degeneration, however, set in hardly fifteen years after the death of the Holy Prophet which never allowed this tumbling and falling community to restore itself to its initial and ideal position.

From this critical and most precarious period onwards, the deteriorating predicament of Muslims widened. This period of history i.e. Hazrat Othman's caliphate, during which all kinds of intrigues and conspiracies occurred, if studied closely, can, to a large extent throw a convincing light on Muslim decadence. Besides intellectual bankruptcy, religious bankruptcy made its appearance among the non-Muslim



writers. Europeans particularly misrepresented it thus throwing a dark stain and causing untold harm to integrity. This prejudiced representation of non-Muslim writers has misled innumerable Muslims and to them, the brightness of Islam seems eclipsed. It is a pity that even the Muslim *intelligentia* has, for the most part taken this criticism for granted without undertaking a thorough research of this critical period. The enemies of Islam either selected the anti-Islamic writings or by deducing wrong conclusions from concise events, wrote histories to attack and disparage Islam. To-day the mirror of Muslims through which they reflect and recapitulate their own achievements is, unfortunately, the non-Muslim writers. Those Muslims who can study Arabic histories seldom present Islam's justification and the excellency of the religion due to the fear of higher criticism of Europe. In this way a simple and straightforward conception had become obscure and unintelligible, due to Muslims, timidity by the hollowness of their practices and ideologies.

Undeniable it is, that the seeds of this disunity were present during the establishment of Caliphate but the growth and perfection of these seeds was realized during Othmans' Caliphate. Even the traces of this despising and contemptuous thinking could be traced during the Holy Prophet's life (peace and blessings be upon him) when a person, named Rooh, accused the Holy Prophet that the latter had not honestly and judiciously decided his case. It was at this moment that the Holy Prophet (peace be on him) expressed with regret:

يُخْرِجُ مِنْ ضُمَّضِي هَذَا قَوْمٌ يَتْلُونَ كِتَابَ اللَّهِ رَطْبًا لَا يَجَاوِزُ حَنَاجِرَهُمْ يَمْرُقُونَ مِنْ  
الدِّينِ كَمَا يَمْرُقُ السُّهْمُ مِنَ الرَّمِيَةِ - (بخاری کتاب المغازی)

“Whatever the causes of this perverted thinking may be

and whatever arguments may be offered to disparage or depreciate that thinking, it cannot be denied that Hazrat Uthman was predestined to experience and face the consequences. Exasperated as the intellectuals are by this precarious situation, they have alleged either Hazrat Uthman or Hazrat Ali (and some times both) for this development and its transformation from sacred institution of Holy Caliphate into the monarchical kingship of the Ummayyads and the Abbasids. In fact both these conceptions are false and unhistorical even if our approach may be a critical one. Let us try to trace out the causes of this transformation.

In the first place, it is to be noted that Islam from an insignificant position acquired the dominating and most decisive position within a few years. This domination and supremacy of Islam over other cultures and religions was not received with thanksgiving. On the contrary, the honour and grandeur of the Holy companions created envy and jealousy in the hearts of hypocrets. Machiaveili is true to some extent when he says that human nature is egoistic". So the neo-muslims particularly converts from Judaism who had not acquired the real spirit and imibed the" 'complete faith' regarded Khilafat a system of administration, no more and no less different from the temporal and worldly organisations. Though such a policy; i.e. intrigues, etc., can be tolerated and sometimes even honoured and recognized when a successful coup takes place in worldly institutions but Islam never allows such endeavours.

Secondly with the passage of time, after the demise of the Holy Prophet, the gap became wider and wider and



the piety and devotional spirit of Islam in Muslims was no more visible. The decline of the gifted qualities was natural and self-evident. There was a sharpening contrast between the period of the Holy Prophet (peace be on him) and the end of *Khilafat-i-Rash-i-din*. During the first period, a Muslim accepted himself to be stoned though none had accused him. But during the latter period, Muslims were not ready to accept even a slight punishment for their gravest offences. So the moral and ethical standard and hence the political stability, achieved during the life of first two caliphs, could not be maintained and preserved due to the lack of general virtues.

Another cause of this transformation of Caliphate into monarchy can be given in this way, that during the Holy Prophet's life, Islam had undoubtedly progressed speedily. Nevertheless the true spirit of Islam was manifested and sprung from every Muslim and he had imbibed the faith as a whole. But as the period after Holy Prophet's death enlarged and new empires were conquered, it became inadequate to manage the neo-muslim's religious fervour and furnish them with the true Islamic education. Whenever any disturbance by a hypocrite or a weak 'Muslim' was caused, others remained silent and passive sympathisers considering that as a minor, negligible weakness of the doer. Hazrat Othman and Hazrat Ali are 'not faultless,' not because they encouraged such injurious thinking but because it was during the regime of these two Caliphs that the conflagration and intensification was brought about and engulfed the whole empire and shook it from its very foundations and even the succeeding generations could not restore her to the initial position of Holy Caliphate. Consequently the new converts during the later part of *Khilafat* only gave their verbal submission; and were far from knowing the real

spirit of Islam. On the other hand during Hazrat Umar's life the battles for the defence of Islam continued till his death—therefore the new converts, particularly from among the Jews, did not get the opportunity to intensify the calm and peaceful atmosphere of Islamic set-up. It was due to this ignorance of the new converts that such disorder was created in the Islamic institutions, which later on ripened so fruitfully that it overthrew the pious Khilafat and brought in its place the monarchical institutions of Ummayyads and Abbasids.

Descending from the basic and fundamental causes of this degeneration, we now come to the immediate causes which not only weakened the spiritual institution of Khilafat but also, for the time being, instabilized the political situation of the Arab empire. Immediately, after the succession of Hazrat Othman as caliph after Hazrat Umar, the Muslims were roughly divided into two groups on the differences of ideology about the appointment of the said Caliph. One group regarded the succession of Othman as unjust and illegitimate and considered Hazrat Ali as the legitimate and just man for the post. Here, again, the Muslim writers have tried to complicate the situation by accusing either of the two. Neither of the two is to be blamed to the least. Hazrat Ali definitely accepted the Khilafat of Hazrat Uthman though there is uncertainty among the historians as regards his time of recognition. So in this respect Hazrat Ali is as innocent and faultless as Hazrat Uthman. Anyhow this is the saddest period in the history of Islam which later on received immediate and 'spontaneous' nourishment and overthrew the sacred Khilafat.

Later on during Hazrat Ali's life, the situation gradually



deteriorated. The Political instability further deteriorated and it was during this period that the new converts from the Jews and among them hypocrites received the opportunity of appearing on the scene. The most important and notorious figure in the history of Islam is that of Abdullah bin Saba, a convert from Judaism. He spread his network of intrigues and misdemeanours in the different provinces of the Arabian Empire, particularly in Egypt, Basra and Kufa, in order to eradicate and uproot the Muslim empire. Within a few years he established secretly his followers (notorious Jews or criminals). In the beginning he started his activities by getting discharged the different Governors or Amils of the provinces by Caliph orders. He did not even spare the Caliph, i.e., Hazrat Othman. It was due to the misconceptions and misunderstandings which they had envisaged among the Muslims that the Battle of Jamal was fought between the Caliph, Hazrat Ali and Hazrat Aisha. In fact neither of these two had intention to fight. The loss and casualties inflicted during this very battle were far more than could have been accounted for the total losses in other battles as a whole. The 'credit' for all these achievements goes to these few historical figures, especially Abdullah bin Sabah.

More immediate cause of this development is sometimes referred to the denouncement of bait by Amir Muawyyah. He declared himself as the legitimate and deserving man for the post of Caliphate. Amir Muawyyah alleged Hazrat Ali for not taking the revenge or Qisas of Hazrat Uthman's death. This was the first practical step in voiding the pious Caliphate and transforming it into worldly kings. Amir Muawyyah carried his activities upto the forceful appointment of his son Yazid as his successor.

# ADIEU

A man experiences many ups and downs in the short period of his life; the bright days of joy and the gloomy nights of unhappiness; the glorious dawns of victory and deserted evenings of defeat. But it is inevitable for anyone who is born in this world to fall in the lap of such days of trial. At the happenings of such things a man either curses his luck or boasts his stars. But the reminiscences are better enjoyed in a smooth easy chair, in an individual's old age, when time has turned him into a grandpapa with a herd of grandchildren around him.

Reminiscences are enjoyed in the old age and there is one chapter of a man's life, which always stays as an evergreen plant and as fresh as a Summer melon. Not all are lucky to experience this stage of life as some drop down due to family circumstances and others fall down because of lack of qualities.

This chapter is the period of a college life. The life which every ambitious child dreams of as the bright future and the life that every learned man dreams of as the sweet past. The carefree life, but of heavy responsibilities and still with the sweetest of the sweet memories.

This is the life which actually lays the foundation of a man's future and gives birth to independent thinking. Before entering the college the pupil is dependent upon his elders and has an immature mind but when he leaves



college, he is or rather expected to be, what Abraham Lincoln was to the Americans or Jinnah to the Pakistanis. I say this because during the college life a boy learns the reasons of his existence in the world; his duties towards his country; his obligations towards humanity and his responsibilities towards his family.

To those, who have not experienced the college life or those who have'nt been able to understand its proper charms, what more can be said to them than, "You missed it.

It is a life full of charms, The whole month you play truant from lectures and at the end of the month, you find your name type written on top of the fine list on the "*NOTICE BOARD*" and another notice carrying the news of a special-fine. Is it not sweet to enjoy on your own leisure and repent on the authorities' pleasure? But this experience proves to be handy in the future. As one used to skip off the college fines, he is in a position with his experience of the past to skip off any such condition in future.

Few things are more pleasant to remember than the days when one was made a *FIRST YEAR FOOL* and then later on the days when one repeated the same tradition on the new coming innocent junior fellow students.

He remembers the college annual sports when he was declared the best athlete or the best loser. The games which he played with all his vigour and best spirits, and was lifted on the shoulders by his friends as the hero of the match. The college debates where he roared with all his might, either to be cheered up or hooted down by the audience. The class rooms where he cheated the lecturers by reading suspense novels or Western comics instead of

attending to the lecture.

The other benefits of college life are the lessons it gives of mixing with others. One makes friends and acquaintances which usually prove to be of benefit in the future. Imagine how sweet the memories of old friends would be. When one gets old he writes to, and if possible meets his old class fellows and then all the sweet memories of the past are revised. How pleasant it becomes for the old man, handicapped by the heaviness of his age, to once again visualise himself as the sturdy young man of eighteen or nineteen, to see himself in the field playing or carrying the ball amidst the cheers of the spectators or debating in the college hall amidst the cheers of his fellow students. Much of what the college life gives and the worth of it is only understood in the days of old age.

I leave now with all these memories as fresh as if they were happening today and with the sweet expectations of enjoying this golden chapter of my life in the old and the last few days of my life as I am no exception. I have, during my short life as a college student, packed a bundle of such incidents to be opened in my old life. But I will always regret one thing even if the future promises the best to me. I will never experience the same days of life as I did in my college days nor will I stroll the same corridors of my Alma-mater in the capacity of a student. Let's hope, I visit the T. I. College after I leave it but still it would never carry the same meaning to me as it did in the past. Anyway for a short time I will enjoy the past as the very name of T.I. College will drown me back in my reminiscences of the college life.

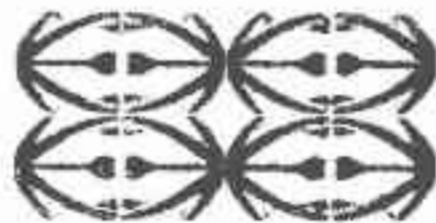
I have said it and I know I will always say it .....

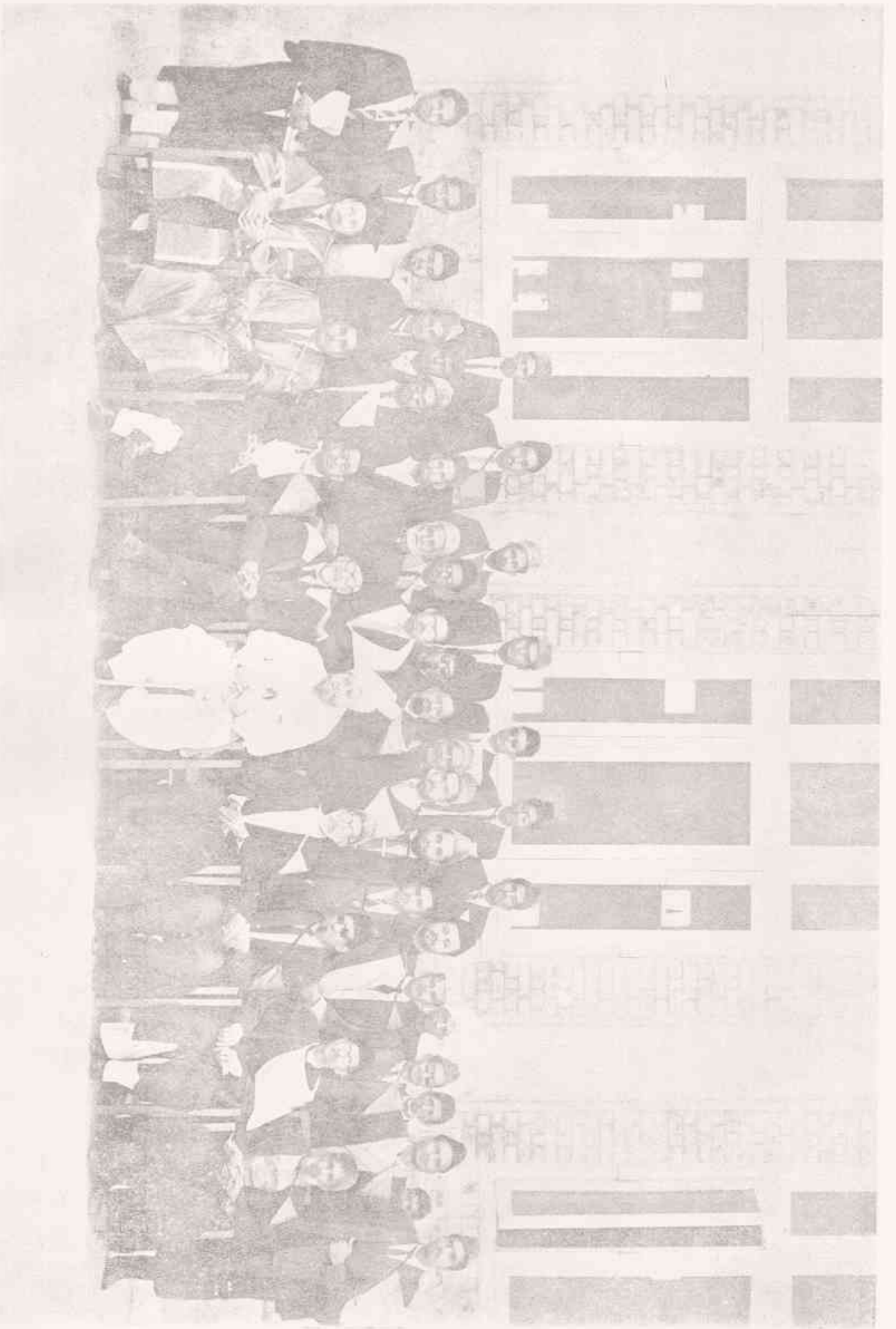


A person who has not experienced the college life, has missed a lot.

In the end I bid farewell to the very walls of T.I. College with deep regrets and apologies.....I can't help it dear, destiny no more wants me and you together.

Adieu, T. I. College——Adieu.





Amcerul Momineen Sayyedina Hazrat Mirza Nasir Ahmad Khalifatul Masih III with Principal and staff on the Annual Convocation of the college on 13th March 1966.



# THE SPIRIT THAT LED TO VICTORY

Nineteen years had rolled by since Pakistan appeared on the map of the world. At that time the world predicted that this uprooted nation would not be able to stand on its own legs for long and would soon disappear from the map. But they were mistaken. Time passed on as we settled and Pakistan appeared as a strong nation. By and by, 80 million people became a strong and united nation. But as we rose to better footings, we forgot the basic principles for which this Muslim country had come into being and for which the Sub-continent was partitioned. We buried ourselves in worldly affairs so much so, that we forgot the important spiritual right of our ideals. Indeed this was a Himalayan mistake. God Al-Mighty knew that this Muslim nation was deviated from the right path. Thus He provided us with another chance so that we might unite and once again come into our true form. The fateful day was the day of September 6, 1965 which will always remain ingrained, in our minds, hearts and souls. This was the day when a powerful neighbouring country aggressed against our frontiers without making a formal declaration of war. Perhaps the Indians were not aware of the fact that Muslims knew how to sacrifice their lives, their homes and everything near and dear to them in the defence of every inch of their sacred soil. Otherwise they would not have committed the mistake of attacking Pakistan which taught them many lessons they would not forget easily.

Anyhow Pakistan was under invasion. The invasion was

so sudden and so severe that it caught us unprepared for the trial of this strength. The enemy advanced to capture the city of Lahore in the early hours of the morning and thought of having their breakfast in the Park Luxury. But soon they came to realise that their foes whom they thought to be at their mercy, were in no time of a different metal and knew the art of war. The whole nation stood like a *molten* wall and offered a united front to the enemy. The most remarkable aspect of the 17-days was the total national effort which it brought about. While the fighting men were on the front, on land, in the skies and at the seas, every section of the community men, women and children whole heartedly came out in support of their brave forces. The nation lauded the heroism of their soldiers, seamen and airmen and the fighting forces were full of praise for their brethren who kept up the home-front alive with their activities to sustain the war effort. This heart warming spectacle of the whole nation in combat was indeed a most convincing proof of its will to live.

Pakistanis were left with no other alternative. They were driven to resort force as they as to defend their homes and hearths. For the first time, since the birth of Pakistan the community had realised the true importance of Pakistan. The truth, that this piece of earth provided all that was meaningful to them in life, dawned upon them. It was this piece of earth which if once lost would never come into their possession again. Had they lost the war, 100 million people would have been reduced to the status of slaves. Indeed they would have been overtaken by the same doom and misery which they had successfuley escaped from, by the achievement of Pakistan.

In modern times, fighting was is a highly complex game.



It involves sheer concentration of weapons. It requires an industrial base which we do not possess. Pakistan's armed forces were faced with an enemy six times their strength in men and equipment. It was the Herculean effort of our soldiers, airmen and seamen, put up against heavy odds which made it possible for Pakistan to stand intact and viable.

What made our fighting forces invincible? Ultimately the whole range of causes and factors which compelled them to fight until the enemy was beaten can only be telescoped in one word, Islam. They fought for Islam. It was the spirit of Islam which made them forget their wives, their homes and everything dear to their hearts. It was the spirit of Islam which gave birth to heroes of the calibre of Raja Aziz Bhatti, Shafqat Baloch, Yunas Shaheed, Brigadier Shami and a score of others. It was the spirit of Islam which once again reminded us of the old deeds of our forefathers 1400 years ago. It was the spirit of Islam which made fifty soldiers in Sialkot lie before the Indian tanks and destroy them at the cost of their lives. Precisely it was this spirit of Islam which made victory possible for them.



## The College Athletics

Here comes that wonderful day,  
Being holiday makes us all gay,  
The eventful morn of games has come,  
Aspiring candidates shout—'Welcome !'

Of these some have toiled, at all,  
Others not even two hours in all,  
A few frantic twilights have passed,  
Since these truants bit the cast,

On first evening they ran, jumped and threw  
Next dawn, curses and moans drew,  
Let us meet these great young men,  
Who promise hundred-metres under seconds ten,

As they marched-pass by us,  
Someone whispered in hush,  
'Look at mighty Samson there;'  
Fat, wobbly knees and a paunch so clear!

Said another—'see that shooting-star,  
I bet, he's faster's Than a Car!'  
I must agree he does go—swish,  
Ah, but the wind gives a nice push!

If you argue these 'apes' can run,  
I must beg your pardon,  
At their age, if they cannot better achieve,  
Your senses must have taken their leave,

Why, even at this age of mine,  
This has been the wish of life-time,  
I wish, I could jump inches nine!



# Letters to the Editor

I have always dreamt of becoming a very reputed writer but none of my articles has ever been published in the magazine. This attitude of yours has always discouraged me.

*Usman Akber.*

*Al-Manar is a magazine of amateur writers. Write some thing of the standard of Al-Manar and we promise to publish it. In the meantime please do not build castles in the air.*



Sir,

I have written a nice article on 'The place of Muslim women in the present society'. This article will not be of much benefit to the college boys. Would Al-Manar publish it?

*Cassim.*

*Don't forget that we have some girl students in our Arabic department. Al-Manar would be glad to publish your article if it is approved by the Editorial Board. On the contrary if it is censured for Girls Only we regret our inability to publish it.*



Couldn't you get better quotes for the 'Quotes Section,' of your last issue?

*Parvez Tariq*

*We already had the best.*



When will you give us something lighter to read.

*Javed Hassan*



*Don't be impatient. Go through this issue first.*

Why doesn't 'Al-Manar' start a 'Science question and answer' column for the science students?

*Muhammad Zafarullah*

*It is a nice idea but the college professor will get out of business. Anyhow you can organise such a column and we will publish it.*



Why doesn't the college start an 'English Literary Society'.

*Maudood Ahmad*

*Possibly because the college lacks English literates among the students. Anyway you may forward this proposal to the worthy Principal or the Head of the English department.*





## PRODIGAL RE-CONCILIATION

His sister, Shama was a year and some months younger to him. She was extremely humble, harmless, submissive and affectionate. Yet from the very outset Suhail remained at daggers drawn with her. It seemed as though he revolted against her very existence. If she happened to touch his marbles.....when they were mere toddlers.....and was caught red handed, a well set slap would just be a proper reward for the encroachment. In the convent, to his utmost he remained unconcerned with her; despised telling his friends that she was his sister, and feigned her as simply a distant relation, because of course, he had to take from her, his tiffin at lunch time, or some other article placed in her custody during a match.

Shama became used to Suhail's slaps. If she came running to him and reported rather anxiously. 'Bhajan, that tall boy of your section was defaming you, she received a resounding slap with: 'Silly, what has it to do with you?'. If he was in the foliage of a huge mulberry tree, beside the Principal's gate, throwing worm like buscious fruits to his friends below and she happened to come there and dared pick up a single mulbery, he would jump straight, before it was half way to her lips and slap on her face without a single verbal refrain and she would receive it without flinching. She would burst into sobs in some hidden place where she lightened herself there and then, never to tell anyone at home. The more contemptuous and cruel

he became, the more she loved him.

One day she was passing by Suhail's class, on her way to the drinking fountain. She was shocked to see her brother being punished by the teacher. One, two, three, four..... he was given ten canes. She held her ribs, clasped in her hands, and ran to a secluded blind corridor and bitterly wept against the corner for more than an hour, till the bell rang for lunch. With red, swollen eyes she stopped Maghfoor, Suhail's classmate and enquired the details of the incident. That day, Suhail furiously warned his mother to keep an eye on Shama because he often saw her conversing with notorious Maghfoor. His mother called Shama and soon as Shama got the hint she was taken aback. The tears began to trickle down her tender cheeks. The mother took her in her arms and fondling her soft, auburn hair she said, Darling, let mummy know everything. Don't be a fraid....., You can have confidence in me'. She replied through body-racking sobs and sighs, 'Mummy, I stopped him only today.' .....Suhail shouted her down. 'She knows how to pretend and be innocent. Why did she stop him?' and without waiting for a reply, Suhail rushed out with his bat and ball.

In the next semester Shama obtained top-grade in all subjects while Suhail failed in one major subject as well as in the optional. Daddy presented Shama a set of gilded bangles and another set of beautiful necklace and ear-rings. The necklace and the ear-rings disappeared the very third day, while Suhail broke the bangles in four high handed acts based on lame excuses.

Then one Tuesday, Shama returned after her cooking test. Her preparations had to comprise their dinner that



day. Suhail ate more than his share at his aunty's place, cooked by their cousin and Shama's classmate Salma. Nonetheless, he showed some inclination for the dinner at home too. He began with the shami kababs. Biting a morsel he frowned and at once spat it out, saying, 'Were these meant for dogs?' He quitted the room.

Suhail didn't show any concern when the next day Shama fell seriously ill with an attack of pneumonia and breathed her last a few days latter. Every body in the home was hysterical at the departure of their tender - aged daughter. Baji continuously struck her head against the kitchen wall while her mother, with dishevelled hair, struggled to calm her. Her daddy was crying with his cheek next to Shama's cold one, but Suhail walked about in his usual cold behaviour.

On the seventh day after Shama's death, Suhail went for his daily evening games and didn't return even after it grew quite dark. At about eight-o'clock, Vasim, Suhail's elder brother who was quite worried, set out in search of him. He went to the school ground, company bagh and inquired at Suhail's friends houses but didn't get any clue of his whereabouts. As he was passing by the grave-yard, a watchman came running to him and breathlessly said, 'Sir, that boy will cry himself to death. For the last two hours he has been consuming himself and would not budge'. The watchman guided Vasim inside the grave yard. There lay Suhail, prostrate beside the grave of his sister. 'Shama, your kababs were a hundred times more delicious than Salma's. I simply meant to tease you,' came a low voice from Suhails lips, through a flood of tears.

It was after Shama's death that there was no one to

carry Suhail's tiffin carrier, or look after his stuff while he played a match, that Suhail realised that he lacked something. That day while at games, Suhail was drowned in the ocean of thought when he suddenly visualized Shama's face and immediately came to the conclusion that he lacked a sister, a sister who loved him most and the one to whom he had been cruel. There she was smiling like Alice in Wonderland, the sister that had made her abode in the hereafter and whose love Suhail could never get again. This visualizaton, of Shama had a great impact on Suhail and Nature pulled Suhail to Shama's grave that day but.

'There will be friends, there will be mates, but the sweet face of Shama will never more be seen.'





## **AN UNFORGETTABLE ANECDOTE**

Personal experiences which reveal human nature are unforgettable. No abrasive action of time can fade them away from memory if they are accompanied by an opportunity of having done a little service to a person oppressed and persecuted. An anecdote of this nature will be recounted in these lines.

The Second World War had then taken a decisive turn in favour of the Allies. The offices in New Delhi had grown and multiplied like mushroom, and an employment could be obtained in the G. H. Q. for the asking. But accomodation was a problem getting acute day by day. Besides myself, my cousin, Mr.Z. and a friend of ours Mr.S. were sharing the same quarter in the Aliganj area. Sens lived in the quarter opposite to ours. Mr. Sen was a Bengalee gentleman working as a superintendent in the G.H.Q. His wife was a Punjabee lady who had given up a promising career in the Education Dept. after marriage. Our acquaintance with them was just casual.

It was the month of August. The sweltering day had been followed by a cloudy night. The clouds broke into drizzle a short while after the sunset and the weather, however pleasant, was not a source of enjoyment for us because an appalling scene was being enacted in Mr.Sen's quarter whose doors were ajar and lights on, lending full view to us. Mr. Sen was cursing and yelling at his wife who had given birth to twins only a week ago. The climax

was reached when Mr. Sen intermittently beat her up with a stick. Being very weak, she could not but whimper her remonstrances. Had it been a short-lived scene we might have not noticed it. But duration of the torturous scene was longer than we could stand it. Moreover, Mr. Sen's father-in-law was visiting Mr. Sen's house on that day; he had presumably come to enquire after his daughter's health. The helpless old man was lying in the veranda of the adjacent quarter. We could easily feel how tormented he was.

We took counsel among ourselves whether or not to stop Mr. Sen from misbehaving himself towards his wife. A recent sermon by Hazrat Khalifah-tul-Messih II wherein he had exhorted Ahmadies to form (Hilful F'zool) pacts among themselves with a view to helping the victims of injustice and oppression, helped us to decide that we should not hesitate from taking a suitable action. I was to take the initiative by sounding out from the old man if he would not take our action as a gross interference in others, home affairs. On my explaining to him as to why we felt compelled to intervene he said, 'I know Ahmadiyya Jamaat. Some Ahmadies worked with me in the Post Department of Kenya at Nairobi. Those were the days of World War I when I witnessed the fulfilment of a prophecy of the Founder of your Movement. 'Czar will be in a miserable plight if he is alive at that time.'

Please go ahead with your intervention''.

Equipped with the blessings of the old man and encouraged by the sense of duty produced by the Hilful Fzool we determined to pull out Mr. Sen from his house, if he chose to unheed our call to come out. 'Mr. Sen,



Mr. Sen,' shouted my cousin Mr. Z. The scene being at its climax Mr. Sen did not listen to the call. 'Mr. Sen, will you listen,' most peremptorily shouted Mr. Z. at the top of his voice. 'Yes, what's the matter?' blurted Mr. Sen. 'My cousin wants you to come out at once, won't you?' shouted back Mr. Z. Mr. Sen well realised that he could not continue the scene except at the risk of being dragged out. He promptly came out. His breath offensively smelt liquor. However, he was asked to be seated and give us a well-informed talk on the vicissitude of the events relating to the War. Happily, a compliant Mr. Sen was not a problem for us. After a short while he asked our permission to go back to his quarter, but it was politely refused as he had not returned sober yet. He repeated his request about half an hour later. Seeing that the influence of liquor had almost gone he was told that he would not be allowed to go back unless he gave us a solemn promise that he would behave himself towards his wife. He promised. Peace and calm returned to their house and we felt a glow of satisfaction, which invariably follows the fulfilment of a moral duty.

The next day, came to our quarter, the old man in order to thank us. He was all praise for Ahmadies. In the course of his talk he mentioned the names of certain Ahmadies who were his colleagues in Nairobi.

Not long after this incident I had dedicated my life in response to the call by Hazrat Khaliftul Masih II. I was interviewed by Hazrat Sahib at Dalhousie and was asked to report in Qadian after resigning my post in New Delhi. The day of my departure was not far off. One Sunday morning my cousin told our cook not to buy anything for the evening meal. I was surprized to know that Sens were arranging a farewell dinner. No doubt the dinner was lavish but the fact that the Sens were on the look out for an opportunity to show us gratitude was soul elevating.

## O! TENDER ONE

Dear Tender One, where-ever thou be,  
With gestures so enchanting,  
Return to me.

When my eyes beheld thy form Divine,  
Like hemlock made me numb,  
When from heights unfair ye attacked,  
And amidst crowds my heart stole.

Fondly I remember thy lips taunting,  
Being unable to obey wishes thine,  
Unable to speak, unable to come.

Regardless of pride and honour — sacrificed,  
Though out of sight, remainth in mind and soul.

O! Lovely nymph with doe's eyes  
Have mercy, bid not good-bye,  
Be not cruel our union ahead lies,

Pretend not, fickle, neither later cry,  
When God may bid us—die.





Mahmood Ahmad who has secured the top position in the aggregate from among the Intermediate students in all the tests during 1964-1966



Our budding philosopher and mathematician Mohammad Zafarullah, a student of B.A. (Honours).

# FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is a bond of union based upon mutual love and understanding. It takes birth from similarity of feelings, ideals, tastes and close association. And gradually it attains the shape of such a union which can endure the severest pulls of life.

Cicero says, 'Friendship increases happiness and decreases misery'. It is a fact that our pleasure loses half of its charm when there is no friend to share it on the other hand our sorrows grow bitterly in the absence of a true friend. It has been rightly said, "Sorrow shared is sorrow halved and joy shared is joy doubled". To have a friend and a true one is a blessing. If one has no friends he is least aware of leading a successfully happy life. A true friend is one of the most faithful counsellors. When we sink in a sin, a sincere friend warns us against its consequences. He always wants to see his friend lead a happy life. He takes it to be his own harm if something is harmful to us, and considers it to be his own benefit if something is beneficial to us. He feels much pride if he could be of the slightest use to a friend. A friend's love never dies with death.

It is very difficult to secure a true friend in the present age of selfishness. He who has found one has secured a treasure. We very often come across people who are friends as long as we are in a position to help them



or bestow favours upon them. But such friends leave us as soon as they find our resources exhausted. These hypocrites are worse than enemies. Sometimes we meet some people who pretend to be friends as long as we are happy. As soon as we land in some trouble or we need some help, they leave us. Probably keeping such an incidence in view someone had rightly said, 'A friend in need is a friend indeed'.

The basic characteristics of true friendship are mutual love and confidence, and on these only can the citadel of friendship be built. Two friends must develop the quality of mutual co-operation between each others. Consequently, a spirit of self-sacrifice develops among them which in its pristine form is the most admirable quality.

Friends should not be with any selfish motive but the welfare of a friend should be considered as ones personal welfare. If this quality is adopted one can develop the admirable spirit of working for others without expecting any favour in return.

In the present era a great caution is necessary in selecting a friend. It is better to have no friend than to have 'fair-weather' friends. It must be clearly borne in mind that we adopt the habits, character and modes of thought from our associates, and a true friend has a great influence on ones life. A good friend can prove to be an angel and a bad companion can be worse than a curse. A good, decent friend can save his associate from many evils and guide him on the path of a decent life. But a bad friend can lead a decent companion to many unpleasant and bitter experiences of life which may be regreted in the future.

To conclude, friendship is full of great advantages but one must be wise or lucky enough to obtain good friends. Otherwise treading on the path of destruction is inevitable.

# THE MOON

*(The Editorial Board may not fully agree with the writer's ideas regarding the moon).*

The moon is perhaps the loveliest object shining beautifully in the sky. It is a symbol of beauty and love. In some parts of the world it is still worshipped as the goddess of beauty. Many nature-loving poets have written beautiful poems acclaiming its beauty. Not only are young people inspired by its sweet light, but even the children of all ages are attracted by it. They are fond of having a long look at it while sitting in their mothers' laps at night.

Astronomically or rather scientifically, the moon is the most prominent object in the vast sky. It has always been of great interest and importance to the ancient astronomers and it is the only object in the sky whose surface has been studied in detail. Today, too, the main target in the sky for the astronomers and the scientists is the moon. Partly because it is the nearest to us and mainly because they want to get there.

The question that arises in our minds is, "why do the scientists want to reach the moon? Does its beauty attract them?" To be attracted by its "legendry-beauty" and to admire it in the present age is almost out of fashion for an educated and well-informed person. Because the giant telescopes, and the recent, closer photographs of the moon, clearly show



that the ex-goddess of beauty and love .....the moon..... has a rough, craggy and hilly surface.

In my opinion, which is based upon different factual things and different statements by various scientists, there can be three reasons why the scientists want to land on the moon.

1. To expand room for mankind.
2. To establish an ideal observatory upon the moon to see the universe more closely and clearly.
3. To instal military stations upon it in a hope of dominating the world.

### **Life On The Moon :**

It has been estimated that within the next half a century the earth will be overcrowded with human beings. There will not be enough land to grow crops and to feed the billions of people. And now the scientists 'fancy' that they can, somehow or other, ship to the moon some portion of the earth's population so as to save the earth's population from a dreadful famine. Now let us see how hopeful are the chances of our reaching there.

The moon is incapable of bearing a man upon it. And there is one very significant reason for it. There is no atmosphere on it; and there cannot be any life without atmosphere.

We know that there is enough upward thrust in our body to compensate the downward atmospheric pressure on the earth. As there is no atmosphere upon the moon it lacks atmospheric pressure. And if a human being lands upon it in his ordinary clothes, his body will burst and be torn

into microscopic pieces because of outward pressure. Again, due to the absence of any medium to transmit the sound waves, the moon is a world of stillness, and silence. Let us suppose that the scientists, somehow or other, manage to take some air on the moon. The moon will not be able to hold it. The whole air will escape into the millions and millions of miles of space.

Again, since there is no atmosphere to temper down the heat of the sunlight which falls upon its surface directly, for full fourteen earth days, the temperature of its surface rises upto the tremendous degree of 250 F. And during the night, for the same duration, of fourteen earth nights, the surface freezes to a minimum of 2400 F below zero. These temperatures of extreme heat and cold are intolerable for a human being. Although special space-suits can be made to be safe from these extreme temperatures but one will have to consider the scientific precautions. Even after being able to land man on the moon, the problem of shifting a large number of people to the moon will be to train them and teach them the full techniques of the space-suit and the space-craft. And this will be time-taking and a more complicated problem for the scientists.

Considering all these things, it is easy to say that the scientists will be able to land on the moon, but it is difficult and very early to say that they will be able to shift such a great number of people to the moon, and arrange for them to live a normal life.

### **Moon: An Ideal Observatory.**

Man is a curious animal! He has always wanted to know more and more about a thing. Now, the universe



is a mystery, which perhaps will never be solved. Man looks into mystery and finds mysterious things. His curiosity increases and to satisfy his curiosity he wants to get as near to these mysteries as possible. The reason for the scientists to try to get to the moon could merely be for looking into the mysterious universe as closely as possible.

The atmosphere of the earth is full of dust particles and miles of thin and thick layers of air. An astronomer's view of distant stars is blurred and distorted to a great extent by this atmosphere. But on the airless moon, the scientists are sure to have a clearer view of the stars billions of miles from the moon because there will be nothing on the moon to blur or disperse the light coming from them.

The gravity of the earth also does not allow the scientists to build telescopes with big mirrors because they cannot stand their own weight. But on the moon the scientists hope to be able to build radio telescope with large mirrors.

Moreover the scientists cannot observe a selected portion of the sky properly in a single night and similarly they cannot study the sun in a single day. Sometimes their observations remain unsatisfactory and that portion of the sky disappears. But on the moon, the sun will be at their disposal to be studied for full fourteen days. And the lunar night of the same duration will give an uninterrupted chance to observe a selected region of the night sky.

Thus it is hoped that the "seeing conditions" on the moon will be perfect. Man will be able to quench his thirst of curiosity to some extent. Although I cannot say whether man will be fully satisfied with these conditions

or not but what I know is that the airless moon could indeed be astronomers' paradise.

### **Moon : A Military Station.**

Another possible reason why the big powers of today are spending large amounts to conquer the moon is to instal their military stations upon it. We see that today the might of a power is measured in the units of scientific development. The power which is the most developed in science is thought to be the greatest power. Now, the conquest of the moon is a big scientific problem these days. The two big powers, Russia and America are both trying their best to conquer the moon first..... so as to bring the other down and to prove it's own superiority over the other.

A military station on the moon can easily locate and hit an enemy's military station upon the earth. It will be easier to bomb a target down upon the earth from the moon than to throw bombs or send missiles to the moon from the earth against the gravitational force of the earth. We need a great force to throw a body out of the earth's gravitational range and in the space whereas, due to the lowness of the moon's gravitational force it is much more easy to throw something out of it's gravitational range. A small force will be enough for a body to come out of the moon's gravitational range and then if it is thrown towards the earth, the earth's large gravitational force will pull it down upon the earth. So we can see how easy it would be to fight from the moon against the powers on the earth. And it is quite possible that the power that goes to the moon first, dominates the whole world. Whenever I think of that, I feel as if some day when I switch on my radio and turn it's pointer to locate some station



broadcasting songs, I will, to my surprise hear something like, "You have tuned to the moon...!" And after it's first introductory sentences, the first important broadcast, as I think, will be a challenge to all the big powers of the world to surrender or to be ready for a fight. But, in the end, I hope that it does not happen, and there will be no major change in the world.



Courage is almost a contradiction in terms. It means a strong desire to live, taking the form of readiness to die.

*(G. K. Chesterton)*

## THE TEACHER'S DILEMMA

All people, at certain times remember incidents or people they encounter and the situations created as such, as they march through life. One such case is before me.

It was an ordinary school day, long ago as we noisily filed into our class-room and took our seats. There was an excited murmur from thirty odd, shrill voices. An expectant current was running from mouth to mouth and brain to brain. A new English teacher was to be welcomed in this period. Everyone expressed his ideas and expectation of the new teacher. He would be old or young, lenient or harsh and so on, but one idea was common among all and we fervently wished.....he would be a good teacher.

To understand this student's terminology one needs to be a modern student. A 'good' teacher is one who makes us laugh, does little work and recites plenty of fairy-tales to occupy our vacant minds. Such honoured teachers were very rare, since we did not bestow this degree upon every Tom, Dick or Harry. It used to be after a thorough scrutiny, that the 'Members of the Board', the class as a whole, would approve of honouring a deserving candidate!

We did not have long to wait. The expected strolled into the class with a register under his arm. 'G-g-good morning boys!', he blurted nervously. A good sign..... our tiny, naughty minds registered. 'Good morning Sir,' we chorused timidly. It is better not to show you



armaments to an invader, before hand! We sat down after scraping our chairs, more than necessity allowed, to test his nerves. He winced audibly.

We observed the *enemy* as he stood ill at ease, fumbling with his pen and register, puzzled over which to open first. He decided soon and opened the register and started calling out names for his first roll-call.

Now, to observe him minutely. He was dressed in white, knee length shorts as the weather was mild. He wore a 'bush-shirt' chequered brightly in the colours of rainbow, with sleeves ending at the elbows. On his feet, he wore brown stocking pushed into straw-coloured moccasin. Later we were to find this as his best adored dress.

In built he was a hefty man, with sharp eyes and dark curly hair. His aquiline nose sharply contrasted with his thin lips and wide mouth. He had a double chin.

According to our calculations he passed, for the class exchanged pleasant glances and gave him his degree with all the trimmings, extra and free of charge! Our good teacher seemed to be an innocent, inexperienced and an uncertain person. We were his first tutors and we secretly promised to mould him, for better or worse!

After the roll-call, he asked for a text-book; opened it and started reading the text and explaining it. We behaved ourselves, as we thought first impressions count a lot.

The ensuing days, we slowly accomplished our first step, we became frank with him. We would unnecessarily interrupt the lesson with odd remarks and bursts of laughter. We would make paper—aeroplanes and fly them, throw chalks

at each other and so on. This was normal to us, and we expected silence from the teacher. At first he bore it like a gentleman until his patience flew out of the window. He raged and stormed at us. He threatened to send for the principal and used every trick in the bag to make us behave, but we were used to being shouted at and cared the least for his threats. But then we thought, 'he was our type so he must behave', and thus, we would be patient, but not for long.

One day the barrier broke. Our great teacher calmly picked up a chalk thrown at him, and inquired for the culprit. 'The boy who threw this should stand up', We sensed the anger and frustration in his voice. As is the case with every well-disciplined class, all of a sudden everyone was interested in the lesson. One by one, everybody looked up innocently and each impish face bore a frown for being interrupted from such delicious test! When nobody stood up he looked patiently at me and commanded in the same tone, 'You, there, stand up. Did you do it?'

Feeling the piercing, angry eyes upon my person, my heart did a mad waltz. I stood up.

'Did I do what Sir?' I asked rather meekly, looking up at the towering figure.

'Don't try to act smart. Did you throw this chalk at me?'

'No Sir', I replied innocently.

'Then whodunnit, an angel from heaven?' he shouted in my face.

'I don't know Sir?' I replied, stepping back from his dark, contorted face. 'You don't know!', he said sarcastically, 'nobody knows', he said turning to the class.

'Someone has done it and apparently you are all cowards as nobody wants to own-up. But Since no one stands up you are in for it', he said to me again. 'Please follow me to



the principal's office", he ordered and walked out.

I was frightened. But I followed him through two corridors and down a flight of stairs. As we approached our dreaded destination, I noticed that one of the teacher's stockings had dropped to his ankles. It was an unparalleled comical sight, as it gave a loop-sided effect to the teacher's gait. He was unaware of this and it suddenly gave me an idea. I tried my luck. 'Sir, one of your stockings has slipped down', I said. He looked at me, then at his legs and then back at me. He studied for me a moment and said, 'You may go back to the class!'.

Hardly had he finished the sentence, when I sprinted towards my class at full speed. Back in the class I took a sigh of relief, 'Thanks heavens'.

A few days passed quietly, but little hands, little bodies and little brains cannot idle for long. Somebody threw a paper-made 'MIG 17' and it made a perfect landing.....on the teacher's table, right under his nose!

The good teacher was jolted at this fresh impertinence. He picked it up and examined it. He did not know who had done it, therefore he crushed it and threw it into the waste-paper basket, resuming the lesson.

Next time the boy did it, the teacher was waiting. He was told to stand up and before being asked, the boy pleaded.....*not guilty!*

Nerves raw with humiliation, the teacher moved fast. In one fluid motion he swept off his shoe and threw it at the boy, *woosh!* The boy instinctively ducked and the missile flew harmlessly out of the window, two stories down!

Without a shoe, the teacher lost half his dignity or whatever was left of it.

As it happened, the boy was pardoned on a condition which was pretty obvious.....the boy had to fetch the mis-guided missile.

As the days progressed so did our pranks. Petty things were brought to the immediate attention of the teacher and judgments awaited. Like little devils we were constantly at him and he showed signs and symptoms familiar to us. He started ignoring us!

But the final stroke came unexpectedly. We were informed one day by our class-teacher, that we would shortly have a new teacher since the old one had resigned! Left! we were stumped. After all this royal treatment, he had turned chicken!'

Such is the case with all these people. You treat them well; give them fun, laughter and most of all bestow your highest degrees upon their noble heads; pay them compliments and then they leave! Of all the nerve! The big heads.

He broke our hearts. But we forgot him like lovers with considerable moaning and mourning not to mention the heart-rending crocodile tears. We settled down to wait for the new teacher. We waited long, for a 'good' teacher.

And I, for one, am still waiting with a hammering heart and a dripping tongue. Come soon!





# TRAIN

Hissing and puffing with all your might,  
You rattle away, come day or night,  
Twisting and turning to yon horizon  
Over river, lake or mountain.  
A shroud of dust, smoke and carbon  
From neighbouring fields and townsworn  
Ladden with life from near and far  
Also cargoes of Wood, Cotton and Tar.  
Stopping only for light-pink  
A merry whistle and off in a wink.  
Staring, sightless eyes by inventors begot.  
Care not for the unfortunate-forgot.  
Equal to all-White, Black or Brown  
Be he a pauper or a Crown.  
Like Time, Fortune and Tide of Life  
You wait for none-Man, Child or wife.

# TIT BITS

In a Public Library, a young man questioned the pretty librarian:

'Do you mean to say', he asked, 'that I may take out any book I want?'

'Yes', she answered.

'May I take you out,?' he asked.

Drawing herself upto her full height, she replied, 'The librarians, Sir, are for reference only'.

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A man stood on a street corner waiting in vain for the heavy traffic to thin out so that he could cross the road. Finally, he saw a man on the other side and called to him, 'How did you get over there?'

'Easy,' the other man shouted. 'I was born over here'.

---

A fireman told his friend of a telephone conversation he had had with a man who was very excited.

'Fire! Fire!' said the man.

'Where is it?' asked the fireman.

'My house'.

'I mean the location of the fire'.

'My kitchen!'

'Yes, but how do we get to your house?'

'You have the fire engine, don't you?'

---

A doctor was interviewing a new patient.

'If I find an operation necessary', he asked, 'would you



have the money to pay for it?'

'Listen, doctor,' replied the man, 'If I didn't have the money, would you find the operation necessary?'

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At a party an enthusiastic rocket scientist was explaining the tremendous advances science has made.

'Only this year,' he said, 'we sent several mice into space.'

A woman afterwards remarked, 'Isn't that an awfully expensive way to get rid of them?'

---

On a quiet evening at home, a wife suggested to her husband, 'Why don't you read to me while I sew?'

The husband didn't like the idea. He hesitated then said, 'Why don't you sew to me while I read?'

---

A lady driver sped across a road and smacked into a brand new car. Before the echo of the crash had died away, she leaped out of her car angrily,

'Why don't you keep your eyes open?' she demanded. 'You are the fourth car I have hit this morning!'

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A Love that forces a child to become something that he does not want to be is treacherous. (*Miss Michal Druary*)

A well-adjusted person is one who makes the same mistake twice without getting nervous. (*Sane Heard*)



Amereul Mominzen Hazrat Mirza Nasir Ahmad Khalifatul Massih III  
with members of the students Union.



# COLLEGE SPOTLIGHT

## *Annual Sports*

Our 21st Annual Athletics meet was held with all its vigour on the 2nd and 3rd of March 1966. The sports started with the March past by the athletes and was followed by the Flag Hoisting and Oath ceremonies. The sports were then declared open by the worthy Principal and the first day saw the heats and finals of various events.

The second day, 3rd of March, witnessed some very interesting events, viz; the Clerical Staff Race, the Staff Race and the Musical Chair. All the three events were exclusively for the members of the staff. The Staff Race deserves special mention. Our worthy Principal, Prof. Q. M. Aslam was given a handicap of 50 meters and Prof. Ata-ur-Rehman closely followed him at 40 meters. It was surprising to note the speed of Mr. Nasir Ahmad Khan of our Physics Department who could have been an unchallenged winner had it not been for the handicap. Anyway our worthy Principal won the event.

The Musical Chair was more of a fun for the members of the staff, as well as the students, than an event. It refreshed the exhausted athletes and the tired spectators. The events for the members of the staff were some of the best items of the athletic meet.

The striking performances of our athletes were

witnessed in the 100 meters, 200 meters, Cycle Race, and the High Jump. On the whole the Annual Sports were refreshing and entertaining but our athletes could have done much better had it not been because of lack of practice.

The sports ended with the prize distribution by the worthy principal. Nasir Walla, an intermediate student of the college was declared the *Best Athlete* of the year.

#### *Best Contributors Competition.*

Al-Manar held a 'Best Contribution Competition' for the session 1965-1966.

Fifteen entries from among the students of the college and six entries from the members of the staff the ex-students of our college and other contributors were received :

According to the decision of the panel of judges, Mr. A.A. Jatala's entry, 'An unforgettable Anecdote,' was adjudged the best among the contributions of non-students.

Naeem Osmaan's entry, 'Curse my luck' and Mohammad Shabbir's entry 'The teachers dilemma', were adjudged the best and second best respectively from among the students of the college.

#### *12th All Pakistan Inter-Collegiate Debates.*

The T. I. College 12th All-Pakistan inter collegiate Debates in English and Urdu were held with their traditional enthusiasm on the 5th and 6th of March 1966, in the College Hall. The speciality of these debates which attracted the largest number of participants from colleges all over Pakistan were the Gold and Silver medals as 1st and 2nd prizes. And according to traditions, the speakers of our college were not allowed to compete for these prizes.

The English debate was declared open at 7-30 p.m. on Saturday, the 5th of March. The topic put forward for discussion was *Kashmir is a Military Problem*. Naeem Osmaan and Mubasher Ahmad acted as the honourable Leader of the House and the Leader of Opposition, respectively. Approxi-



mately 50 speakers from all over Pakistan participated in this debate and according to the decision of the panel of Judges, Mr. Shaukat Omar of Law College, Lahore was awarded the 1st prize. Mr. Rashid Ahmad of Government College, Lahore Mr. Shaheen Baig of Dow Medical College, Karachi and Mr. Ijaz Rahim of Government College, Lahore and Mr. Tajmal Hassan of Government College Rawalpindi were awarded the second, third and Consolation prizes. The trophy in English was carried by Government College Lahore. On the vote of majority the proposition was carried.

The Urdu debate was held at 8 p.m. on Sunday the 6th of March and the proposition put forward for discussion was :

Jamil Latif and Mirza Farid Ahmad acted as the honourable Leader of the House and the Leader of Opposition respectively. Approximately 62 speakers participated in this debate and the proposition was discussed for nearly seven hours till 3.00 a.m. on the 7th of March. According to the decision of the panel of judges, Mr. Shaheen Baig of Dow Medical College, Karachi; Mr. Mahmud Ali of Dow Medical College, Karachi and Mr. Riaz Ahmad of Government College, Lyallpur were awarded first, second and third prizes. Mr. Zulfiqar Naeem of Government College, Sargodha was awarded the principal's special prize, formerly the consolation prize. The trophy for the Urdu debate was won by the speakers from the Dow Medical College Karachi.

Mr. Sardar Khan of Mandi Bahauddin College needs special mention for recreating the sleepy audience with his well versed and humorous speech. On the request of the speakers Mr. Sardar Khan was granted three extra minutes after all the speakers had taken their turn.

The two days debates ended with the distribution of prizes and a vote of thanks by the worthy Principal, Prof. Q.M. Aslam.



### *Our Annual Convocation*

Our Annual Convocation and prize distribution ceremony was held with all its discipline and dignity on the 13th of March 1966 in the college hall. We were honoured to have among us His Holiness Hazrat Mirza Nasir Ahmad, Khalifatul Masih III as the chief-guest on this occasion.

(For full report see our Annual Convocation Page—)



Morality is moral only when it is voluntary.

*(Lincoln Steffens)*

Quarrel not at all. No man resolved to make the most of himself can spare time for personal contention. Better give your path to a dog than be bitten by him.

*(Abraham Lincoln)*



# AL-MANAR

APRIL MAY JUNE

1966



**TALIM-UL-ISLAM COLLEGE**  
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