

# AL-MANAR

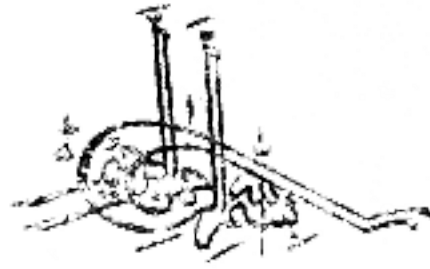
FEBRUARY – MARCH

1956

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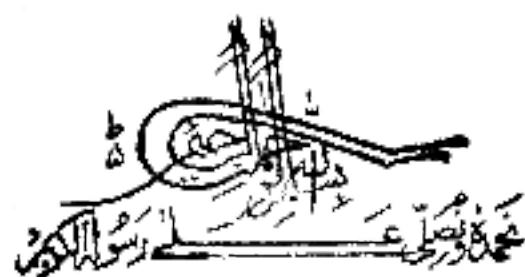


TALIM-UL-ISLAM COLLEGE  
MAGAZINE



أَكَاثَ لِلنَّاسِ عَجَبًا أَنْ أَوْحَيْنَا إِلَى رَجُلٍ مِنْهُمْ  
أَنْ أَنْذِرِ النَّاسَ وَبَشِّرِ الَّذِينَ آمَنُوا أَنَّ  
لَهُمْ قَدَمٌ قَدِيمٌ صِدْقٌ عِنْدَ رَبِّهِمْ ۖ قَالَ الْكٰفِرُونَ إِنَّ  
هَذَا لَسِحْرٌ مُبِينٌ ۝

*Is it a matter of wonder for men that We have inspired a man from among them, saying, 'Warn mankind and give glad tidings to those who believe that they have a true rank of honour with their Lord?' The disbelievers say, 'Surely, this is a manifest enchanter.'* 10 : 3.



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MAGAZINE

TALIM-UL-ISLAM COLLEGE

RABWAH

FEBRUARY - MARCH

1956



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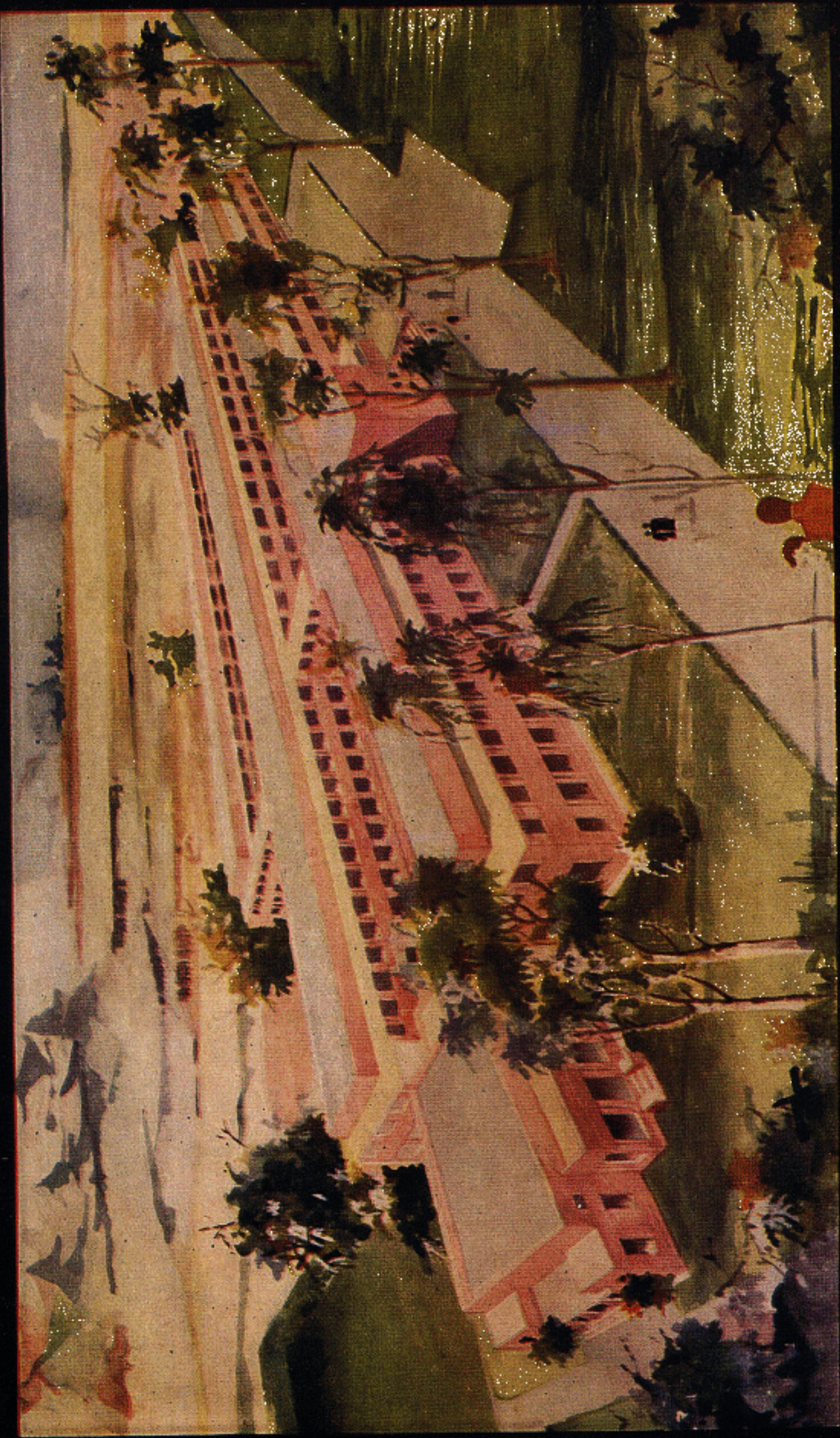
IFTIKHAR AHMAD

HAMEED AHMAD

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Talim-ul-Islam College at Rabwah



A view of the main building in perspective. It is one of the largest of its kind in the whole of the province.

# Almanak

## TALIM-UL-ISLAM COLLEGE MAGAZINE

No. I.

FEB.-MARCH 1956

Vol. I

### EDITORIAL

**T**HE present issue is a Constitution Special. March 23, 1956, is a great day in our history. It shall always occupy the pride of place in our national calendar. It marks the end of a long period of doubt and frustration and ushers in a new epoch of hope and confidence. Pakistan to-day is an independent Islamic Republic with a great Constitution and a future. In this hour of triumph, our thoughts naturally turn to God in all humility and thankfulness for His divine favour. We cannot help thinking of the millions who laid down their lives on the eve of Pakistan and died so that we might live. On this historic occasion we must also think of that great man, the Qaid-i-Azam Muhammad Ali Jinnah, who lived for us and died for us. Let us, therefore, think of him and of his ideals, of what he stood for, of Unity, Faith and Discipline.

To the chagrin of foes and the delight of friends, we have, at long last, produced a Constitution of which we can be legitimately proud. It is no use pretending that it is perfect. To critics and apologists both we would say that perfection is a divine attribute and should not be expected where it does not belong. With room for amendments, it is our view that the Constitution is a great document, worthy

بِسْمِ اللّٰهِ الرَّحْمٰنِ الرَّحِیْمِ

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of our ideals and commensurate with our national genius. Under the circumstances, it is the best possible formula which may have compromised on details but not on principles. God willing, it shall provide the optimum temperature for national growth and future development. If worked in the right spirit, it is bound to open up new possibilities of future progress. It guarantees the freedom of thought and expression and, what is more, is without that malignant growth which the former Constituent Assembly was pleased to call 'The Mullah Board.' All along, it is a job well done and the thanks of the nation deservedly go to all concerned.

First of all we must congratulate the Mother of the Nation, Miss Fatimah Jinnah, whose maternal interest in and fearless regard for our destinies have been responsible for the positive and healthier trends in our national life. We must congratulate Ch. Muhammad Ali, our brilliant, resolute and urbane premier, and his colleagues. For the premier the Constitution is a personal triumph. It is his *magnum opus*. It is through him that we have been able to rediscover Pakistan. We must also congratulate Major-General Iskander Mirza, the First President of the Islamic Republic of Pakistan, under whose aegis and relentless and sane guidance this great achievement was made possible.

In the end, we pray to God that He may grant us the strength and opportunity to work this Constitution in the true Islamic spirit. Our duty as students is clear and definite. We are the custodians of Pakistan's future and the hope of Islam. Let us, therefore, rededicate ourselves to the task that lies ahead. Let us, therefore, work and prepare ourselves for the duties that sooner or later are bound to descend on our shoulders.





Amir-ul-Momineen Hazrat Mirza Bashiruddin Mahmood Ahmad, the august Head of the Ahmadiyya community with the Principal, Hazrat Sahibzada Mirza Nasir Ahmad, M.A. (Oxon), and the Staff on the occasion of the formal opening ceremony of the College at its new site in Rabwah.

*Left to Right*—Ch. Mohammad Ali ; Mian Ata-ur-Rahman ; Hazrat Sahibzada Mirza Nasir Ahmad —Principal ; Amir-ul-Momineen Hazrat Mirza Bashir-ud-Din Mahmood Ahmad ; Akhwand Abdul Qadir ; Soofi Basharat-ur-Rehman ; Mr. Mahboob Alam Khalid ; Mr. Masood Ahmad ; Sahibzada Mirza Majid Ahmad ; Syed Sultan Mahmood Shahid ; Mr. Habibullah Khan ; Hazrat Sahibzada Mirza Munawwar Ahmad ; Mr. Naser Ahmad Khan ; Mr. Mohammad Yaqub ; Mr. Ibrahim Nasir ; Maulvi Ghulam Ahmad ; Mr. Mohammad Latif ; Mr. Mubarak Ahmad ; Ch. Fazal Dad ; Mr. Zafar Ahmad ; Maulvi Mohammad Din.

## Our Present Position

*(We are thankful to Mr. Zaidi for the following notes. They are extracts culled from an inspiring address given to the T. I. College students by His Excellency Choudri Mohammad Zafarullah Khan, Judge, International Court of Justice at The Hague. The responsibility for any omissions or departure from the original is ours.)*

The importance of cultivating the habit to concentrate on reality than on formality cannot be ignored, and I will ask the young men of today to aspire for it as an ambition. They should develop the habit of precise thinking and precise expression as well. Expression in writing or speech is the only means to convey our ideas to the external world. If we are vague we cannot convey what we exactly mean. Both—to convey and convince—is the attitude to be persistently followed.

In my wanderings over the globe, I found everywhere, one great problem which is agitating the mind of everybody—'What is the goal of mankind here on this earth?' Due to the rapid scientific and technological developments, this problem has become so vast that the average man has no conception at all about it today. The power man has been able to harness has been multiplied billion-fold and is being constantly multiplied. Therefore, the question arises—How to use it? Whether for the service or for the destruction of mankind? Here lies the main problem. Various scholars, moralists, etc., have approached this problem. We, too, approach it—but from a religious, moral and spiritual point of view. And we feel a great responsibility in this connection,

because we are the only people who claim that God has sent guidance in advance for all the ages, still sends and will go on sending in future as well, in order to make human life happier than its past. The basic concept of Islam is set out in the two attributes of God—Rahman and Rahim—which occur in the very beginning of the Holy Book and thus has provided mankind with everything needed by it in its different stages of development. This, we claim, while it is not claimed by any other faith.

We have seen and we can prove the manifestations of these attributes, but it is an irony of fate that the vast majority of mankind has failed in the recognition of these. Even in the advent of holy prophets the underlying principle is the same, i.e., giving guidance in advance. Mankind has been developed in different designs and in different sections. In the earlier ages there was no developed system of transport and communications and therefore, God had to send guidance according to the requirements and the stage of evolution of people living under different circumstances and environments. This guidance used to come before the clear setting in of an epoch, because it is

evident, that if there had not been this arrangement, then there would have been no chances for the survival of humanity. Our Holy Prophet came in the Dark Ages when there had been no glimmer of light. At that time moral qualities in Arabia had been at the bottom of the scale. In such circumstances, so much at the most could have been predicted about an orphan child that he would become a big businessman. His birth remained unnoticed and even when he attained manhood and declared his mission, he met with opposition and great privations and he was able to win over not more than 80 people to his cause. This is about him, through whom a perpetual fountain of guidance is provided.

If there is a God (and we all believe there is) Who has created the universe and man—the latter being the noblest creation and being sent with a definite purpose—then it is evident that He guides this man, provides him with all his requirements and, finally, wants him to have a closer relation with Him in order to bring himself up to the divine attributes.

The guidance thus given has three stages—firstly, to be apprehended, secondly, to be accommodated in thought and, thirdly, to be put into practice. The last is the objective. Provision of guidance is found in the divine attributes, and this guidance is always sent before the conclusion of an epoch.

Towards the end of the last century a righteous and devoted

servant of God, proclaimed that God has selected him for the guidance on the same lines as had been indicated by the Holy Prophet Muhammad (Peace and blessings of God be on him.) The year 1945 is crucial in respect of this evolution. At that time, according to the degree of advancement attained by man, it had become essential for the assessment of the developments to come. All such manifestations, as flying in the air, were in the experimental stage, and no one was in a position to predict that the globe will shrink and then within two years from 1955 it will shrink 40% more. At that time nobody would have thought about atomic development to the extent that, in about fifty years, there will be a probability of blasting Moscow by America or New York by the U.S.S.R. within half an hour and without sending a single soldier. Thus the circumstances were rapidly changing which required guidance from God. Guidance came through this man, who was not extraordinary in any way.

Now by means of this guidance which is according to the requirements and the stage of evolution of mankind, we can save humanity from the coming disaster. But the possession of this guidance by us gives us crushing responsibilities to shoulder, and if we fail in discharging these, mankind will be wiped out. If we are successful, then all the succeeding generations will be blessed. Are you making preparations for these responsibilities? Are you inculcating those things in your character which form the standard of values?

At the very threshold of any organisation or society, even for that one which has the only aim of providing entertainments to others, 'Discipline' is the pivotal factor. Have you discipline?

Badge is no means to objectives. Badge labels individuals to a particular community. God has also badges which are given according to the pledges tendered by individuals.

If our objective be reduced to one-millionth of what we have already set about, even then it requires sacrifice and effort. Islam has prescribed the perfection of life and not the withdrawal from it. We must be the creators of the true revolutions so that the will of God may be carried out. Now the problem arises—Are we setting precepts and examples of the guidance concerned?

I may by some implication misjudge you or have misjudged you, and, no doubt, there may be heroes among you, but quite a substantial number cannot be included in this list.

It is a curious and challenging position. We must be in the vanguard in all the beneficent secular activities. We consider these not to be secular but a part of our life. Even the study of nuclear physics is considered by us as a part of our life. These things are not beyond our reach, though means are not adequate. Illumination of the mind is needed. This is not the objective but only the means. Through these instruments we have to achieve our ideals.

Provision should be made so that the fundamentals of this responsibility be clear to you before your leaving the college. By this stage you should understand the Holy Quran and testify it through your conduct. Your life should illustrate the principles of guidance.

The greater part of the West enjoying mastery of instruments was opposed to Islam and believed that Islam is hostile to life and does not satisfy the basic needs of existence, but now some of their profound thinkers have come to the conclusion that guidance lies in Islam. It gives us more responsibilities. How are you going to bridge the distance between the seeker and the giver—by illustrations from your life? This is the greatest revolution when a man says and, in fact, does—"I am the messenger of God." God never would do such things merely for play.

It is too late for anybody to condemn the founder of the Ahmadiyya Movement on the basis that he did all this for his own benefit. An honest man could have said at the time two things about him—impostor or honest. But now it is too late. If he had not proclaimed this, then someone else would have done it. The guidance was to have been sent by God. Now we have to judge on the basis of facts.

There is going to be a great revolution, and you are being called to become the heroes; if you will not equip yourself, then, you will be trampled. Those who are going to achieve something must

learn the principles and then illustrate them progressively. Ignorance is increasing among us, and if our conduct will not illustrate what we profess on platforms, then it will be hypocrisy. He is a false man who says one thing and does

another.

If you have faith, then illustrate it practically and the Almighty will guide you. Go farther and farther and you will be the masters of Time.

## My Recent Tour To Dacca

*Prof. Naseer Ahmad Khan*

The eighth All-Pakistan Science Conference was held this year at Dacca, the capital of the province of East Pakistan. The Panjab University sent a delegation consisting of about a dozen members and I had the honour of representing my college as one of these delegates. Journeying all the way from Lahore to Dacca by train through India was in itself a great experience.

The strangeness and tenseness you feel when you cross the Wagah Border and the sense of security and freedom that you acquire when you re-enter Pakistan on the other side at the small village of Dakshna need only to be experienced to understand. Much of this feeling, however, is only psychological because outwardly peace and tranquillity seem to prevail everywhere.

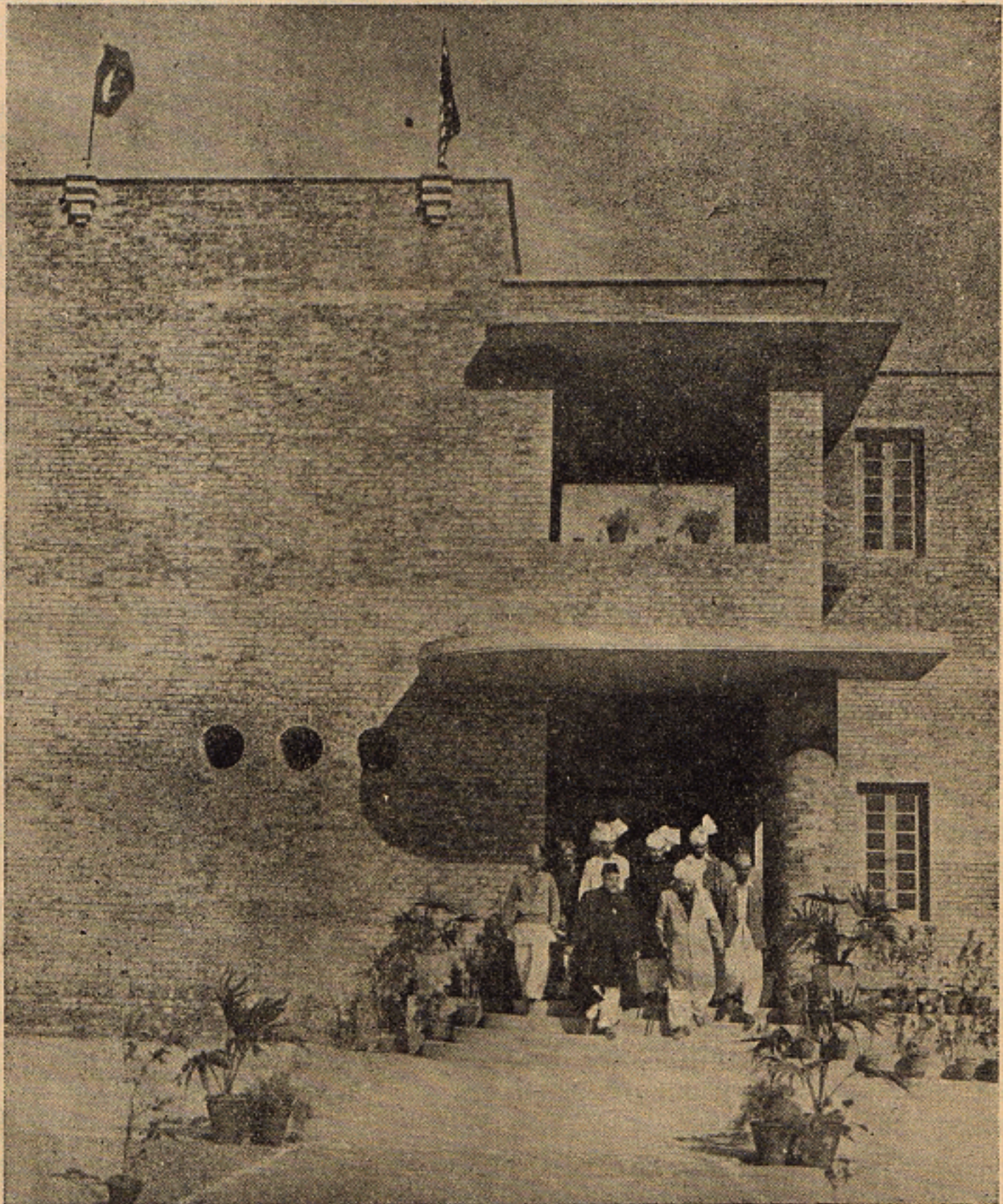
**The City of Dacca :** The venue of the eighth Pakistan Science Conference, as I have already mentioned, was Dacca and, therefore, the city needs a little introduction. Situated about a hundred miles

above the mouth of the Ganges, on the northern bank of the Beeviganga and connected with the various river routes, Dacca is suitable for effectively controlling the low-lying and fertile province of East Pakistan.

The history of Dacca goes back to the early centuries of the Christian era. The city flourished during the rule of the Hindus and also under the independent sultans of Bengal. Dacca, however, came into light under the Mughals who established here their provincial seat in 1608. For about 100 years the city prospered. In A. D. 1706, the seat of the Government was changed to Murshidabad and with this vanished much of the old glory and pomp of Dacca.

Dacca began its modern life in 1835 and developed as a mofassil town in the presidency of Bengal under the British. In 1905, after the first partition of Bengal, Dacca was made the capital of the newly created province of Eastern Bengal

Another view of the Opening Ceremony.



Amir-ul-Momineen Hazrat Mirza Bashiruddin Mahmood Ahmad, Head of the Ahmadiyya Community was pleased to visit the various parts of the building. He is seen coming out of the main entrance. The Principal is on his right.

and Assam, but the partition was annulled and Dacca reduced to its normal position in 1912.

**Dacca University** was established in 1921 as a unitary teaching and residential university with territorial jurisdiction over a radius of five miles from its Convocation Hall. The students belong to separate residential halls. The present Nawab family of Dacca has done much for the university in particular and for the Muslims in general. It was a member of this family, i.e., Nawab Sir Salimullah Bahadur who founded the All-India Muslim League in 1906. One of the University halls has been named in his honour as Salimullah Muslim Hall. There is now, however, another University in East Bengal, namely, the Rajshahi University.

Substantial progress has been made in the science faculty of the Dacca University which now consists of departments of Mathematics, Physics, Soil science, Geology, Zoology, Botany, Statistics, Geography, Applied, Organic, Inorganic and Physical Chemistry, Biochemistry and Physiology. Many new buildings are now being constructed to make these extensions possible. The number of science students stands at 635 including 33 girls.

**The Conference:** The conference was inaugurated by H. E. Mr. Amir-ud-Din Ahmad, the then Governor of East Pakistan on Jan. 16, 1956, in the Curzon Hall. He charged the scientists with the

responsibility of bringing prosperity to the nation by rapidly industrialising the country to convert our raw materials into finished products of commerce by improving our agriculture, by exploiting the immense forest and water wealth, by the systematic investigation and utilisation of our medicinal plants and by the scientific production and exploitation of jute. He mentioned the Chandragona Paper Mills, the Karnafuli Hydro-electric Project and the Ganges-Kobadak Project for the reclamation of land as the outcome of help and technical assistance Pakistan has received from various international organisations such as the Colombo Plan, the International Co-operation Administration and the United Nations Technical Assistance Board.

The General President of the Conference, Mr. Mohsin Ali, Consultant Planning Board, pointed out the vastness of undiscovered knowledge and the lesson of humility that science teaches to all its students. He mentioned the theory of Thomas Robert Malthus according to which the population tends to multiply faster than the means of subsistence can be made to do, but suggested that by increasing the agricultural field by bringing more land under cultivation and by saving billions of cubic feet of water that are running waste every second in the sea, the problem of food can be adequately solved. He further suggested artificial methods, as transplantation, artificial hatching of eggs and increasing the pro-

duction of plankton. plankton is the passively floating or weakly swimming animal and plant life of a body of water. It comprises worm's eggs, even forms of fish, crabs, etc., etc., as well as the microscopic plants.

He also pointed out the serious problem arising due to salinity and the rising water table which renders 50,000 acres of irrigated land into waste land every year. Tube-well pumping is inadequate and therefore better methods must be evolved to effectively control the situation.

In his view reservoirs were necessary to conserve the high river flows during the monsoon. The Indus river system has a maximum discharge of about one million cubic feet per second and a minimum of the order of 17,000. Hence the enormous difficulty in regulating the water discharge. Another point he mentioned was that we have one of the best irrigation systems. Yet only 60% of the water diverted into the canals reaches the field, the rest being lost in evaporation and percolation. This loss must be reduced to the minimum.

He mentioned the essential difference in the problems of East and West Pakistan. West Pakistan is an arid tract while East Pakistan has one of the highest rainfalls in the world. One-third of the whole area of East Bengal is subjected to annual flooding. 2,700 miles of waterways are navigable in East Bengal.

But there are many common problems too and, therefore, concerted action and research is needed.

After the presidential address, the Secretary of the Association read out the annual report in which he surveyed the progress made by the Association during the year 1955. He mentioned the Ismail Aiwan-i-Science which is under construction and which will house the offices of the Association. Mr. Naseer A. Sheikh has donated a sum of Rs. 10 lacs for this enterprise. I had the chance to be present at the occasion of the foundation-stone laying ceremony of the Aiwan in Lahore on my way back to Rabwah.

The Association is now receiving some 350 periodicals in exchange for its publications and the library of the Association is growing very rapidly.

He also mentioned the bibliographic project of the Association on which Mr. A. R. Ghani of the Fazal-i-Umar Research Institute, Rabwah, is working very hard.

**Scientific Exhibition:** Honourable Mr. Abu Hasan Sarkar, the Chief Minister of East Pakistan inaugurated the Science Exhibition organised by the Faculty of Science of the Dacca University in collaboration with some government departments, in the afternoon session.

The exhibition was very well arranged and I was specially impressed by the work done in the Statistics and Physics sections.



The Department of Statistics had prepared hundreds of charts and graphs throwing a flood of light on the various aspects of life in East Pakistan. To mention only a few, the agricultural output of East Pakistan, the import and export position, the traffic in the city of Dacca, the examination results of the Dacca university, the average height of a university student as well as the average chest, the rainfalls during the year, the population of various districts, the comparative study of Hindu and Muslim population, the position of various industries and mills in each district, the increase and decrease in the price of rice and other commodities during the year, the working of the Statistics department of the Government and a number of other interesting data had been collected.

Dr. Q. M. Husain, the Chairman of the Department of Statistics was kind enough to take me round the exhibition and explain the various exhibits. The department is very well equipped and possesses the most modern calculating and other machines. I can say with the least fear of contradiction that the Statistics Department of Dacca University is much better equipped and much more efficiently run than its counterparts in West Pakistan.

**Physics Department :** The department arranged a number of interesting experiments in Electrostatics, Nuclear Physics, X-rays, Wireless and other branches. All this was done by the

post-graduate students who were working on different research problems. The Physics Department of the Dacca University, like the Statistics Department, is very efficient and can boast of a very well-equipped staff. There are five different departments of research with a good number of teachers to guide the work of the students. I was attracted by one little experiment being carried out there because I myself studied that problem when I was in the Fazl-i-Umar Research Institute. This was the problem of dry cells. As all of you know the usual arrangement is to have a zinc can which serves as one of the electrodes and a carbon rod within as the other electrode. What they have tried is to have an outer shell of carbon and zinc electrode within and they claim that the working of the cell in this way becomes more efficient. The life of the cell is also increased.

I, however, pointed out that the cost of the cell would be higher and therefore they had better give some more thought to this aspect of the problem as well.

The Chemistry Department, as well as the Department of Soil Sciences also arranged experiments which were quite interesting. On the whole the exhibition was a good success.

**Sectional Meetings :** The conference split up into various sections when papers were read and discussed. In the combined section of Physics, Mathematics,

Statistics and Meteorology, papers were mostly read by statisticians and meteorologists; other papers were few in number. Perhaps a saturation point has already been reached and people seem to have exhausted their research data.

**General Symposia and Popular Lectures:** The following symposia were held during the conference in which eminent scientists and research scholars took part.

1. Problems of Man in Humid Tropics.
2. Jute, its Production and Technology.
3. Popularisation of Science.
4. Place of English in our Education.

Besides these symposia, a popular lecture was arranged in which Prof. Liu Chung Ho, Ph.D., delegate from the People's Republic of China, explained the Chinese entomology, its early contributions and current progress.

One interesting fact that Prof. Chung Ho pointed out was that the Science of sericulture started in China about 4700 years ago which fact is proved by the excavations done in the Shansi province.

**Places Visited:** We had the chance and privilege of visiting two important projects, both inspired by noble idealism. First is the Adamjee Jute Mills in Narayanganj and the second is the Kumudini Hospital and school in Mirzapur—a small town about 40 miles from Dacca.

Adamjee Jute Mills are the biggest in Asia. There are going to be three separate and independent units of these mills out of which two are already in production. Each mill is producing one lac bags a day besides the hessian cloth produced. The quality of raw jute of East Pakistan as well as the finished products of these mills are much better than those of Calcutta mills and, therefore, they are in great demand in the foreign markets. About 20,000 labourers in all shall be working in these mills by the end of the year. Vast colonies have been constructed to house the labourers as well as the officers. This single project is saving foreign exchange to the extent of crores of rupees.

The other place that we visited is Kumudini Hospital in Mirzapur started in about 1944. The hospital now has a 600-bed capacity and is very well equipped. More than two crores of rupees have so far been spent on this project and the annual budget exceeds Rs. 12 lacs.

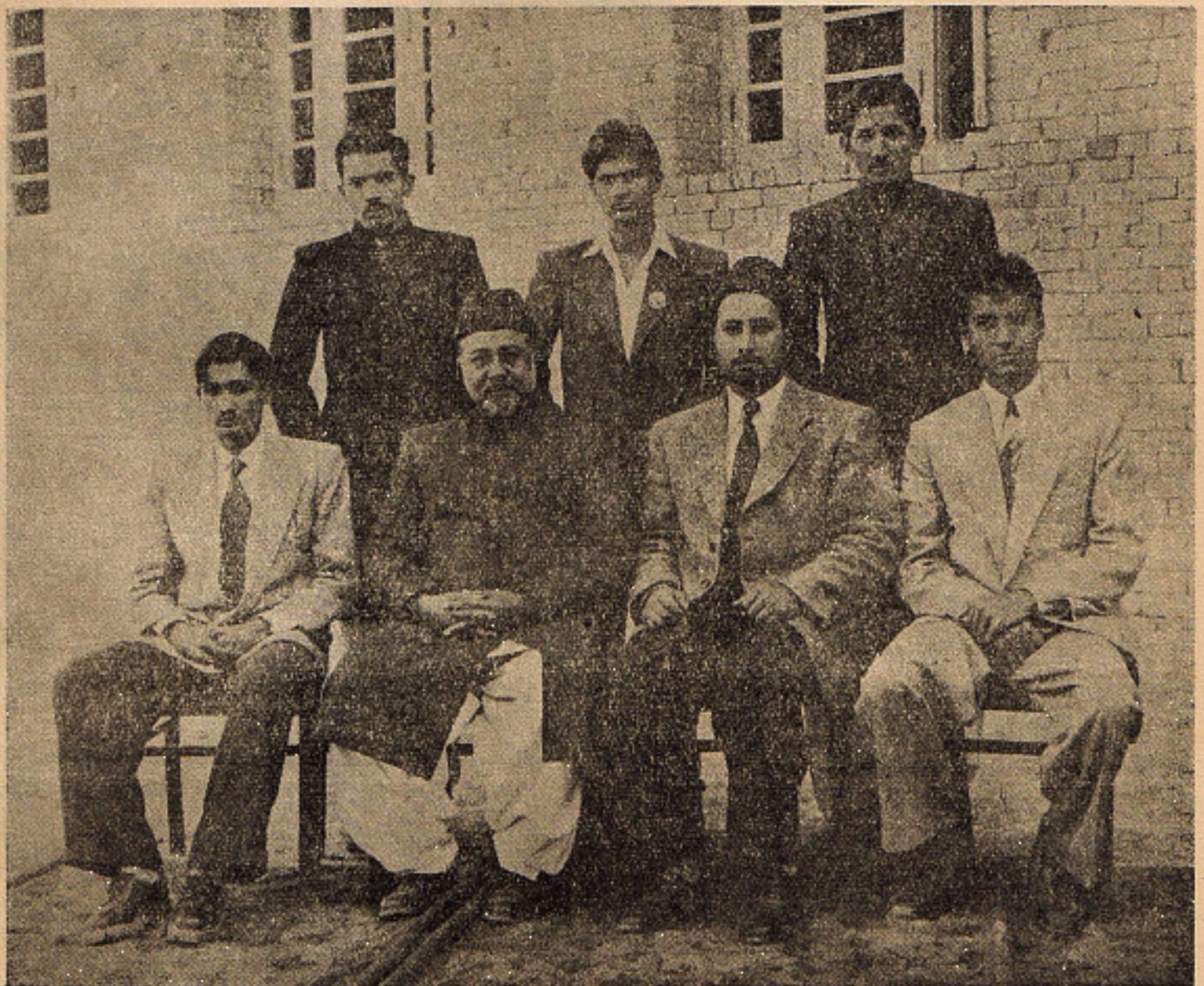
This is surprising if we remember that all this is a one man show. Rai Bahadur Parada Parasad Shaha, the well known philanthropic millionaire described by some as the Carnegie of Bengal, has established a three-storeyed hospital and a residential school for 1000 girls. Being a self-made man and inspired by noble idealism, the Rai Bahadur leads a very simple life. I found that his children were also very modestly dressed. I wish his example



Syedna Amir-ul-Momineen delivering the Inaugral Address on the occasion of the Opening Cermony.



Hazrat Amir-ul-Momineen lunched with the staff and guests. He is seen here coming out of the Fazl-i-Umar Hostel after lunch.



The College Union Executive Committee with the Principal.  
 Right to left : Agha Khalid, Sec ; Prof. Naseer Ahmad Khan, President ; Hazrat Sahibzada Mirza Nasir Ahmad, Principal ; Saeed Rehmani, Vice-President ; Aslam, Khurshid, Anees.

could be followed by the millionaires of the Western wing of Pakistan as well.

**Receptions and Entertainments:** I would like to make a passing reference to the excellent hospitality which was offered to the delegates by Dacca University, the East Pakistan Government and H. E. the Governor of East Pakistan. The University arranged

a variety show in honour of the delegates which was indeed very well conceived and organised. A similar entertainment was organised by R. B. Shaha in Mirzapur.

The various banquets and receptions offered an excellent opportunity to the delegates to know one another and to exchange views on scientific and social problems.

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## Pin-Pricks

M. A. Ch.

Rumours are afoot that some of our veteran examinees are thinking of forming 'The T. I. College, September Club.' Mr. Altaf Gondal is tipped as the ex-officio president of the club. Mr. Kibriyya Moazzum and Ch. Anis Ahmad are also very close runners.

Thanks to the scarcity of glass this winter, quite a few of the hostel windows were without 'panes.' The residents, however, were provided with free 'chest pains' as a goodwill gesture. This change from paneless windows to painful chests was hailed as a great favour and a timely and effective precaution against examinations!

Mr. Saeed Abdullah is reported to have publicly beaten some ten students in the Chemistry theatre.

The beating took place in the presence of the staff and students of the college and no one, not even the staff, tried to save the poor victims. Even the judges declared that the beating, though unprovoked, was justified. Of course, this happened at the Annual Declamation Contest when Mr. Saeed beat all the speakers in fair competition!

There was a sharp fall in the prices of duck's eggs immediately after the cricket match between the staff and the students. It is useless to forecast an early stabilisation of prices as long as some members of the staff persist in threatening to repeat the performance.

Mess Athletics this year concluded on a general note of satisfaction and merriment, The Mess

Committee is reported to have suggested that our athletes should be sent to the coming World Olympics. Incidentally, their absence will provide a welcome relief to Pakistan's national economy and is bound to react very favourably on our wheat stocks. In fact, it is suggested that these gentlemen should be encouraged to stay out of Pakistan for some time to come.

When asked after his lecture in our College as to why didn't Russia

abolish the Iron Curtain, Prof. Baranov, the eminent Russian endocrinologist complained that we were talking about the moon. We wished we were!

A worthy member of the Science Faculty delivered a public lecture on the migration of birds. And then went on to demonstrate what he had said. Surely, Practical Science if nothing more!

## Leave Me Alone

*Irshad Chowdari*

Leave me alone,  
 You must not touch;  
 Leave me alone,  
 I know too much.  
 While you stay around,  
 I will just play around.  
 Leave me alone,  
 I won't be true,  
 You should have known  
 I am not for you.

Tho' I'm your heart's desire,  
 Haven't you learnt  
 Children who play with fire,  
 Always get burnt?  
 Find someone new:  
 Make him your own;  
 But whatever you do,  
 Leave me alone.  
 Yes, whatever you do,  
 Leave me alone.

## “ Education in Pakistan ”

Mohammad Islam Bhatti

“What do you mean by ‘Pakistan’?” I asked my younger brother last year. “Pakistan means an ‘Islamic State,’” he at once replied, and felt proud of his ready answer. “But what is an Islamic State?” I asked again. He could not be as quick this time. The same is perhaps true of all of us. Let us put the same question to ourselves to-day. “What does the word ‘Islamic’ mean after all?” Islamic means *where Islam prevails*, where the habits, manners and actions of the people are patterned after the teachings of Islam and where there is almost nothing ‘un-Islamic.’ How far, then, are we justified in calling Pakistan an ‘Islamic State’? Let us analyse our definition of ‘Pakistan’ in the light of the above-mentioned definition. Islam, as we know, is the final code of Life conveyed to us by God through the Holy Prophet (on him be peace). If we don’t act upon the sayings of the Prophet, are we in any way ‘Islamic’? No, certainly not. The Holy Prophet (peace be upon him) says :

To acquire knowledge is the duty of the ‘Faithful’—man as well as woman.

And how far do we realize our duty? How many of us are true to our faith and promote and pursue this ideal of knowledge? We cannot call our motherland an Islamic State so long as every Pakistani, may he be young or old, is not well educated. To

receive education is part and parcel of a Muslim’s life. But have we ever tried to think of it? We have got very few standard educational institutions. True, there has been some increase in their number recently; the future, nevertheless, does not seem very promising. The kind of education we get from these institutions is very cheap and low-rate. A well-known Punjabi proverb says : ‘They are not educated ones, they are rather rotten ones.’ And I don’t hesitate to agree with it because the present trends in our educational institutions definitely go to prove their inherently rotten condition. People seem to be awfully misled in understanding the word ‘education.’ I have come across some so-called educated young men who are tired of being educated and in whose opinion to go to some school or college for getting education is a folly and a mere waste of money, time and energy. But why is it so? Why are these people sick of education? It is because the kind of education they receive does not stand them in good stead, because they remain neither crows nor cuckoos according to a Punjabi proverb.

An educated young man comes out of the college or the university full of golden dreams but finds them shattered very soon. He has high ambitions and plans for the future. He has conditioned himself to a higher standard of living and has pride for his finer

susceptibilities. For him to go about seeking a job that never comes his way is the bitterest possible experience. So he grumbles and complains. He is sick of everything and is tired. He becomes frustrated and in sheer desperation, tries to end his life or starts talking Marx. Almost every day the newspapers report cases of suicide by these unhappy, ambitious and disillusioned young men. Who is responsible for this state of affairs? Who is to blame? Certainly the present system of education is responsible for this every time. Our young men are not equipped for the humdrum duties of life as, in fact, they should be. When they come out of the portals of the university in their thousands, they think only of one thing—jobs. They know nothing of the trade conditions, practical economics and the technical branches of learning. Even the science students have only a theoretical knowledge of their subject. What, then, is the use of education?

Moreover, we can hardly come across young men who are broad-minded enough to think and to know that they are to be educated, not because they have to make shoes, nails and pens but because they are men; and who don't think education a passport for getting some good job. This could be possible only if we have mothers to give them the right sort of training and to prepare them for becoming better citizens of Pakistan. But how far are we successful in producing good mothers?

Our past history shows that we have done nothing in this respect. "Great men have great mothers" is a well-known and wise saying. How can we have great men without having great mothers first. We can never make any praiseworthy progress so long as our women are not given the light of knowledge. Think of the Japanese. They have been considered the most advanced and progressive nation of the world during and before the last World War. About 96% of the Japanese women are literate and educated.

If we have our women-folk ignorant or ill-educated, we condemn half the population to perpetual mental atrophy.

Let us, then, think out some appropriate way of having better education. The present system is rotten from head to foot. We must begin from the beginning. Let us first try to produce good mothers. Special attention should be given towards the education of women. They can be educated more easily than men. And if we get every woman educated, it means every mother is educated and that will be a surer guarantee for a better educated Pakistan.

The present educational system must be thoroughly overhauled. There should be much greater provision for vocational and technical education. A great American thinker once said, "There are obviously two educations. One should teach us how to make a living and the other, how to live." And in our country we are taught

how to live before we know how to make a living. We receive a liberal education which broadens our outlook and refines our desires and sensibilities but we don't receive any technical or vocational education. As a result, there is great misery and distress among the young men. As Mrs. Sigourney, puts it, "The true order of learning should be first, what is necessary; second, what is useful; and third what is ornamental. To reverse

this arrangement is like beginning to build at the top of an edifice." This is exactly what is being done in Pakistan.

Let us, therefore, pray and hope for a better time to come when "Education in Pakistan" will be at the highest peak and every man and woman, old or young, will be able to receive the kind of education which will be liberal and useful in quality as well as quantity.

## IN MEMORIAM

We place on record our deep sense of grief and loss at the sad demise of :

Hazrat Amman Ji, Hazrat Hakim Fazlur Rehman, Hazrat Maulvi Abdul Mughni Khan, Hazrat Maulvi Nazir Ahmad Ali, Hazrat Master Asan, Hazrat Maulvi A. R. Dard, Shahida Feroze d/o Prof. Akhwand Abdul Qadir and Ghulam Qadir Sahib, the hostel attendant,

and pray that may God shower His love and blessings on their souls.



## Nazir – The Poet of the People

*Motasim A. Himayatullah*

Nazir is the most modern of the modern poets in the whole range of Urdu poetry. He symbolizes, as no other poet does, the 18th Century India. He was not only the most perfect exponent of his age but blended in himself the old and the new. He not only represents his age but, transcending its limitations, has become one of the major Urdu poets of all times. His relation to the life of his time in India is much the same as that of the Pope in the early phases of the eighteenth century, and Tennyson to the Victorian era in England. But in spite of his great service to Urdu poetry obscurity and ignominy was his lot during his lifetime. The contemporary poets, critics and biographers of Nazir did not, at all, appreciate his experiments in the form, diction and matter of poetry. They wanted to keep it running in the old ruts and as such the literary biographers and critics of his age either completely ignored him or described him as the vulgar, non-sensical and obscene poet. On the other hand, there are a few critics like Qutabuddin Batin, the author of *Gulistan-i-Bai Khizan*, who have exaggerated and misinterpreted his poetical genius and have placed him on such a high pedestal of literary fame where he seems to be most uncomfortable and uneasy.

Nazir, according to most literary biographers, was born in 1735 in Delhi, from where with his mother and grand-mother, he mi-

grated to Agra in 1757 or 1758. He was the thirteenth son, and the only surviving one, of his father Mohd Farooq. To protect him from all evil influences, according to the superstitions of the times, his nose and ears were perforated and he was dressed like girls.

Nazir was a simple, care-free, happy-go-lucky sort of man who never "grudged another man's gain" and who never "laughed at another man's loss." Dr. Fallon, the English orientalist, writes about him in the preface to his *Hindustani-English Dictionary* that, "His own poems are his biography, for in them the man stands out lifelike and full of individuality . . . He was in truth the 'azad', (independent devotee) he professed himself. He was really the unworldly stoic so many pretended to be. He cared not for any of the gifts or accidents of fortune. Good fortune did not elevate him. Ill fortune did not depress him. As he has himself expressed it "اپنی کھال میں مست" he revelled in his own skin. He never cared to preserve any of his own writings. It is related of him that he was wont to fling down his effusions as they were penned for any of his pupils and friends who cared to pick them up."

He spent the whole of his life as a teacher and never used poetry as the source of his livelihood. He composed thousands of poems, ghazals and other forms of poetry,

but most of it was destroyed due to his carefree nature. His first book of verse consisting of seven thousand couplets was first compiled by two of his promising Hindu pupils. Apart from his poetical composition he has also written twelve books in prose.

Nazir had extraordinary mental capacities which helped him to observe and remember the minutest details of the different aspects of life and then to use them in his poetry.

پیری میں تھی جس طرح اسکو افسردگی  
ویسی ہی تھی آن دنوں جن دنوں میں تھا جوان

In one of his poems he portrays himself as follows :-

کہتے ہیں جس کو نظیر سنیے تک اسکا بیان  
تھا وہ معلم غریب بزدل و تر مندہ جان  
فضل نے اللہ کے اس کو دیا عمر بھر  
عزت و حرمت کے ساتھ پارچہ و آب و نان  
فہم نہ تھا علم سے عربی کے کچھ بھی اسے  
فارسی میں ہاں مگر جانے تھا کچھ ابن و آن  
لکھنے کی یہ طرز تھی کچھ جو لکھے تھا کتاب میں  
پختگی و خاسی کے اسکا تھا خط در میان

“So far about his life and learning, now about his features, figure and demeanour.

مست روشن ہست قد سانوالہ سنہری نژاد  
قد بھی کچھ ایسا ہی تھا قد کے موافق میان  
ماتھے پر اک خال تھا چھوٹا سا مسے کے طور  
تھا وہ بڑا آنکھ اور آبرؤں کے در میان  
وضع سبک اس کی تھی پسند نہ رکھتا تھا ریش  
موچھیں تھیں اور کانوں پر پٹے بھی تھے پنہ سان  
His eye-sight was also very keen and sharp.

He died in 1824 after an attack of paralysis. Most of his biogra-

phers have described him as the believer of the faith of Shia Sect of Islam. But from the study of his life and works one derives the conclusion that he was a mystic believing in the unity of One God and having great attachment and devotion for the reverends, saints, sages and mystics of all religions and of all sects. It was this attitude of Nazir which led every religion and every sect to think him to be one of its believers and devotees. On his death the Sunnis and the Shias both offered prayers according to their respective prescriptions and the shroud was taken away by the Hindus as the sacred, religious relic to be cremated or to be floated in the river Jamna. On the third day of his death the Hindus commemorated his death by holding a grand fair at his grave.

Nazir, according to his authentic biographers and critics, was well versed in seven languages, viz., Urdu, Persian, Bhasha, Marwari, Hindi, Panjabi and the Eastern dialect i.e., Poorbi. In his poems we find words, phrases and idioms of all these languages and dialects in abundance. Sometimes, in one poem he has made use of all these languages. Though by studying the hotch-potch of these multi-linguistic poems one cannot pronounce Nazir's command over these languages, yet it is impossible not to acknowledge his originality, intelligence, fancy and imagination.

It is really strange that Nazir was appreciated and favoured, first of all, by Dr. Fallon—an English orientalist, who declared

him an unprecedented poet in the whole line of Urdu poetry. He has described him as "the only true Hindustani poet according to the European standard of true poetry, and the poet whom native word-worship will not allow to be a poet at-all."

Nazir had a keen sympathy with nature, and with every form of humanity. He saw good in everything. He was happy when the multitudes were happy. He enjoys their sports and pleasures. He feels their distresses. Truth was his magnet. All along he seems to be independent. In old connections of poetry he put more life and observation than they ever warranted before him. He realized that nothing could equal nature in interest and diversity. It was then, that leaving his learning in the background, and freeing himself from dreams and allegories, he looked straight at the spectacle of life and men, and began to reproduce it unaided.

Writing verse for its own sake, one may say, was his sole aim. He had no wish to influence his contemporaries nor to pass judgment on political events, nor to reform manners and morals, nor to evolve a system of philosophy. However, it does not mean that he was not alive to the shocking state of things in his times but he did not criticise them with the idea of reforming them like Akbar, Shibli, Hali and Iqbal. Thus by temperament and choice, he held himself aloof, sympathising but not sharing in the interests of the world. He felt and experienced

every aspect of life by going deep into the very heart of it but he did not lose himself in it, neither did he attach himself to one particular aspect of it. He was in the world, but not of it, and it is for this reason that he continues to live when the more conspicuous men of his age have become but a shadow and a name. He, like Chaucer and Shakespeare, has much which is universally human and as such immortal.

Nazir is the first poet of the people in Urdu. His poems reflect the true life of a common Indian. He has not only observed every aspect of their life and felt it but has assimilated it into his personality. First of all he owned each atom of the suffering and misery as well as of the joy and happiness of the multitudes and then hatched it in the glow of the white heat of his passions and emotions till it became universal. He travels from the individual to the personal and from the personal to the universal. In diversity and variety, in thought and matter, no Urdu poet can surpass him. Dr. Fallon writes about him that "He is the only Hindustani poet who has written of the love of children, and the only one with any compassion for the poor and unfortunate, the out-cast and distressed, and the most abandoned of God's creatures. As he has nobly expressed it in the concluding verse of his noble poem on 'Man', the 'Admi Nama'."

اچھا بھی آدمی ہی کہاتا ہے اے 'نظیر'  
اور سب میں جو برا ہے سوئے وہ بھی آدمی

He continues, "Nazir is the only poet whose verses have made their way to the people. His verses are recited and sung in every street and home, specially in his native home of Agra, and missionaries, who are familiar with his poems, quote him and Kabir with marked effect in their street preaching."

However unpopular and notorious he might be with the critics and poets of his day, he was always very popular among the masses. Perhaps no other Indian poet is either read by such a majority of persons or his poems are recited in such great gatherings and meetings and are quoted so properly as proverbs and maxims as that of Nazir. The following lines are an exquisite example of it.

نیکی کا بدلہ نیک ہے بد کر بدی گو سات لے  
کاتھے لگا کاتھے پھلین پھل پات بو پھل پات لے  
کلیجک نہیں کر جگ ہے یہ یاں دن کودے اور رات لے  
کیا خوب سودا نقد ہے اس ہاتھ دے اس ہاتھ لے

Nazir laid under contribution the treasures of the mother tongue. He has done in this matter what only kings like Chaucer and Shakespeare succeeded in doing. He has presented Hindi words in all the felicitous combinations of which they were capable, and, with the bold self-confidence of genius, he has dared to use words in new combinations and senses which are always happy.

Nazir's style is chiefly characterised by its simplicity. His lines are short and loose, simple in their structure, free from awkward aversions and from any studied balance or antithesis. In his work there is

almost a complete absence of the strained conceits, the far-fetched metaphors which mar much of Zauque, Nasikh, and Dagh's work in Urdu and of Shakespeare in English. Nazir has the power of diffusion without being diffused.

If his style is marked by naturalness and simplicity let no one suppose that it is a careless style. Artless as his lines seem, they are full of that bright art which effaces itself. With all his simplicity there is a quiet energy, a sureness of touch, a delicacy of perception which shows the master mind. Above all, there is in Nazir's style as in the man himself, a sanity and a poise of the mystics, attached with merriment and frivolity, which has seldom been surpassed.

Nazir may be regarded as the father of true modern Urdu poetry and as such the national poet of Pakistan. Nazir like Chaucer in English was the first Urdu poet, if I may be allowed to borrow Hudson's words used for Chaucer, in his "freedom and frankness of spirit, in his manliness of heart, in his preference for the good in things, ..... and his truthfulness." In fact he enriched Urdu poetry in diverse ways so that even after the lapse of two centuries we consecrate the sacred memory of Nazir. It was he who gave poetry the simple, common language of the masses, and introduced many metrical experiments. He not only garnished our language but also our literature with blossoms still adorning it in vernal freshness. He gave to us many fine

phrases and expressions. In his poem "مفلسی" (poverty) he describes its all-powerful effect over every house as the sway of the storm water after washing out the dam.

دیوار و در کے بیچ سمائی ہے مفلسی  
 ہر گھر میں اسی طرح سے بھر آئی ہے مفلسی  
 پانی کا ٹوٹ جاوے ہے جوں ایک ہار بند

And such beautiful similes as calling the sun and the moon as the disc of 'chapatis' (bread), which are entirely modern.

ہم تو چاند سمجھیں نہ سورج ہیں جانتے  
 بابا ہمیں تو نظر میں آتی ہیں روٹیاں

This simile is more realistic and appropriate in the topsy-turvy conditions of an unsettled society where unemployment was at its height and the youth, like the present day youth, was under-fed and under-clad, than Majaz's simile of the moon as the turban of a Mullah, the ledger of a Bunya (money-lender), after a lapse of two and a quarter centuries.

## Some Strange Ways of Birds

A. R. Junaid Hashmi

There are some familiar birds commonly found around human habitations like the Crows and house Sparrows, but still there are birds of remarkable variety and range of distribution which attract considerable interest. Even Crows include House-crow, Jungle-crow, Ravens, Jackdaws and Rooks. The Jackdaw has a musical and melodious call and it makes a delightful pet. The Magpies are delightfully coloured birds but are very noisy and have a harsh and unpleasant call. The Babblers and Thrushes are gregarious birds and are noisy chatterers, while the red-vented Nightingale (*bulbul*) is reputed for its cheerful notes. Among the well-known singing birds the Shama, Dayal the Golden Oriole and the Cuckoo can be heard in the mango-season at dawn and sunset. The King-Crow is frequently

found chasing Crows or perching on telegraph wires beside railway lines. The Weaver-bird is noted for its curious flask-shaped nest. The Tailor-birds are known for their habit of sewing two leaves together with a blade of grass. The Parrot with green plumage, and long tail, and Mayna are cage-birds with a wonderful power of imitating the human voice. The Larks and Swallows sing while on the wing. The Woodpecker removes bark & rotten wood from tree trunks with its long beak and feeds on ants and beetles. The King-fisher has beautifully coloured plumage and can dead stop in mid air with fluttering wings. The Hornbill has a broad casque over its large curved beak. The Hoopoe is noted for its loud hoot repeated two or three times. The common Swifts are famous producers of edible nests. The Night-jars

for all of us. Better go to the oil-shop and buy some for yourselves.' But while they were gone off to buy the oil the bridegroom arrived, and those bridesmaids who were ready went in with him for the festivities and the door was shut behind them. Later on the rest of the bridesmaids came and said, 'Oh please, sir, open the door for us!' But he replied, 'I tell you I don't know you!' So be on the alert——"

—Matthew 25 : 1-13

Jesus used plain stories in teaching important lessons. He knew that many people through neglect permit the doors of opportunity to be closed and locked against them, so he used the story of the silly bridesmaids to portray opportunity, neglect, and tragedy.

The young women had ability, time, and fortunate circumstances. They knew the bridegroom would come, they had access to resources essential to their preparation for the celebration, and they naturally hoped to be welcomed at the place of feasting and happiness.

Young people rightly expect to make friends, build good homes, gain prestige, and participate in important affairs. They often feel that at the proper time they will find the doors of opportunity wide open to them; for, knowing ways in which other people succeeded, they rely upon their family heritage, social status, club membership, and personal charms. Some people expect cleverness, money, or influential friends to furnish them admission to the inner sanctuaries

of life. There are those who rely upon luck, assume that sheer will-power is sufficient, or depend upon the notion that when occasion requires, they can experience complete reformation of attitude, motives, and habits, and thus be ready for any emergency. It must be said also that numerous individuals find themselves with a sense of smug optimism, waiting for a benevolent Providence to furnish free admission to success and joy.

The five bridesmaids were negligent. They had good lamps, but failed to equip them with oil. They were indifferent to their need, for they slumbered and slept. For them, drowsiness suggested present comfort; capacity gave a sense of security; time induced postponement. They doubtless were naive, sentimentally pleasant persons, who had, however, no fine sense of values, no discipline in punctuality, no clear vision, no love of work, and no standard of responsibility. They represent the idlers, the drifters, the butterflies, and the opportunists. Their name is legion; they exist in every community. They may be found in colleges, professions, offices, places of amusement, and elsewhere. They discredit common sense, foresight, and effort, yet they wish to receive the best.

They have access to good books, laboratories, art, music, and wonderful personalities; they have ability to examine and study the wisdom of the ages and prepare themselves to occupy

places of unusual significance. But they are negligent; they postpone, and slumber and sleep and shut the door on their own future.

The door was shut. When opportunity came, the young ladies were unprepared. They knocked, begged, suffered, wept. They had in effect, bolted the door against themselves. Intelligence cannot be borrowed; character cannot be bought, sold, or given; refusal to learn today forbids understanding tomorrow. The immutable principles of life demand respect; and, to the unprepared, opportunity can

only say, "Depart. I know you not." The judgment is firm in regard to wastefulness of life, and the penalty is the misery of utter darkness. Persons locked on the outside of the vast treasure-house of culture are denied appreciation of the exact logic of mathematics, the intellectual facilities of languages, and the charm of literature. They cannot see the dramas of Goethe or Shakespeare, nor can they hear the music of Beethoven or Bach. They do not feel the inspiration to be found in the artistic productions of Phidias, Michelangelo and Rembrandt.

## "The Modern Friend"

*Iftikhar Ahmad Shahab*

The word friend is frequently flung at us from all sides. But it is a pity that very few people try to grasp the true significance of the word. The days have passed when one could entertain feelings of legitimate pride in having a friend, in the real sense of the word. Friends were looked upon with great regard and reverence. Friendship was pure and sincere. Selfishness could no longer corrupt the love between friends. They were morally and socially good and simple people, immune against evil of all kinds. By and by, the worm of selfishness crept into their lives. They spared no pains to get rid of it. Their efforts, however, failed because the evil had come to stay. They could not drag it away. The very germ of selfishness has thus been handed down to us by our

predecessors. It has influenced our lives so vehemently that we cannot deny its existence in any sphere of life.

We have set aside our old traditions. Pure love is found nowhere. We deliberately attempt to thrust away old notions and adopt conceptions which are traditionally and religiously at variance with the old ones. We incline to selfishness and hypocrisy. We simply want to grind our own axe, caring little for the sufferings of others. Such a tendency has led to the understanding that nothing but personal ambitions and temptations should be assigned preference, betraying the main object for which we have been created. For the purpose of our creation is not to produce gaps and voids

between human beings but to bridge them. We have been cut out by nature to unite the people of the world through mutual love and co-operation. We are not born to instigate hatred and contempt in men against men. Our purpose should be to welcome love and affection, and avoid swords and selfishness. Love and affection never cross our minds, and if ever they get into our heads we don't like to let them linger there. We like selfishness, we love it, we embrace it, that is the object of our modern existence. This element of selfishness has affected friends more profoundly. They act the role of foes under the label of "friends." That is why I have taken the liberty to confer on them the title of "Modern Friends." They give priority to their personal requirements, whether good or bad, totally neglecting the needs of others. They merely want to paddle their own canoes, leaving others in the middle of the sea where the bellowing and surging waves are opening their wide jaws to gulp them down. A modern friend works for the satisfaction of his personal whims. He does not care for the troubles and inconveniences which others have to face. These are things no longer to be pondered over. He simply utters, "I am sorry. I am awfully sorry. I hope you wouldn't mind." And the matter is over as far as he is concerned. These words do not reflect his sincerity of love for you. On the contrary, they reveal his carelessness and unwillingness towards you. He does not care for you. He simply tries to calm you down. When you show

a little readiness to size him up he becomes a little irritated.

When you ask him to do something for you which is likely to benefit you, he will sympathetically advise, "Don't worry at all, dear! I will set everything right." But instead of proving of any help to you, he would do his best, though secretly, to stand in your way and keep you from attaining your purpose. If you set yourself down to reading, and unfortunately he catches sight of you, he would advise you with all the outward sincerity of a friend but inwardly going to the extent of stabbing you on the spot, "Don't coop yourself up here so long. The stale air will affect your lungs and consequently tell upon your health."

When you have a long purse, he will be desirous of seeking your company. He would flatter you, butter you up and would do everything to please you, and when fortune ceases to smile upon you, he would also turn his back on you. The idea would never enter his thick skull that once you had been friends.

To accept such a man as a friend is really to insult the very word. How can he be a friend who enjoys when we suffer, who laughs at our tears and is disturbed when we are calm. What is medicine for us, is poison to him. The modern friend, in my opinion, is an appropriate substitute for the word "fiend." He is undependable and is unworthy of being called a friend. Don't count upon him because ultimately he will dodge you.



## Memories

*Bashir-ud-Din*

"Ah yes! Of course."

An idea struck my mind. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday were to be holidays, why shouldn't I go and visit the good old College? Why not? Am I not human? Don't I have any feelings of loss, of remembrance?

I had migrated to the Government College, Lahore, after the T. I. College shifted to Rabwah, but my migration was only a physical one, my soul is still there, among those people, still striving to make it one of the best Colleges in Pakistan and they shall make it, if I know of the spirit that moves them like men possessed.

The holidays were in celebration of a cricket match which was to be held between us and the Islamia College. My thoughts were quite confusing, even to myself. The match would be very interesting but I would prefer the sports in my old College, the match is an event of the year but so are the sports. At last I did make up my mind. I left on Wednesday at 12 noon.

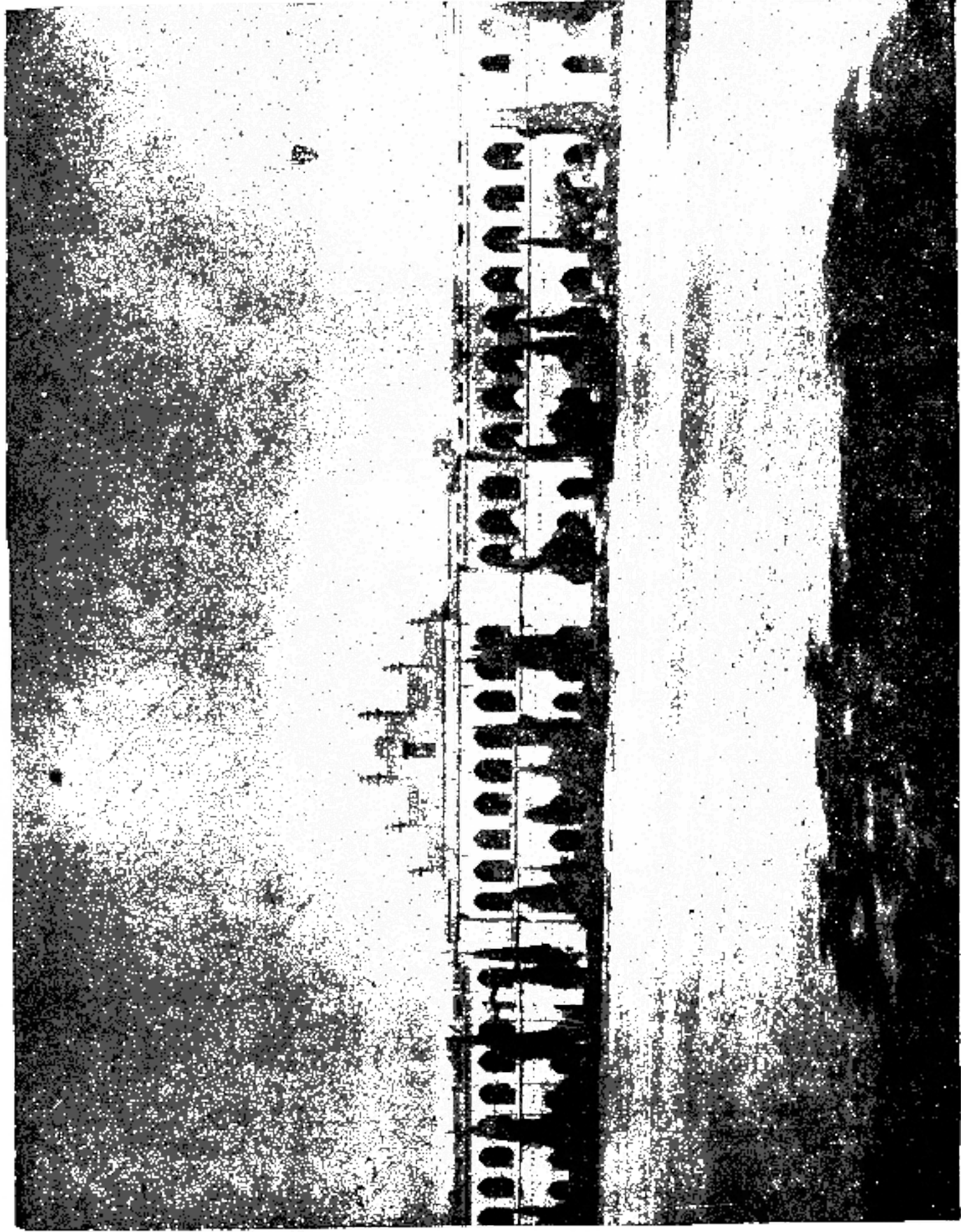
The bus reached Chiniot at 3-30 p. m. I had started to get excited. I even forgave the very fat man who was sharing my seat and was snoring. He had condescended to give me as a great favour a minute corner of the seat which he called his seat. On the way he

had bought six oranges : after eating five, the sixth he passed on to me. I looked at him very crossly and told him that I was in the habit of eating a dozen oranges at the same time, whereupon he looked me over and smiled to himself, and ate the sixth.

Well, I now smiled at this fat lump of humanity, he must have said, 'What next?' The bus moved on; what a slow pace! I could have run it in a shorter time. The bridge is crossed, my heart beats faster. I feel—I cannot explain what I feel—it is something superb, just as I was going to see my parents after twenty years of separation—the prodigal son!

What's that? "Talim-ul-Islam College," with an arrow pointing towards the South. I immediately asked the conductor to stop. He politely refused telling me that the stop was further on. I held my peace. At last the bus did stop. I jumped off and eagerly moved on towards what I thought would be the College. A turn in the road brought me back to reality. I didn't know which way to choose. Rather sullenly I retraced my path and went to my Aunties' house. Of course I was forced to stay there. We began to have tea; but I was in a hurry and replied to questions in as brief a manner as I could. This will appear very strange to those who know

TALIM-UL-ISLAM COLLEGE AT QADIAN  
1944-47



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# TALIM-UL-ISLAM COLLEGE AT LAHORE

1947—54



Talim-ul-Islam College functioned in the D. A. V. College building at Lahore from 1947 to 1954. The picture shows the condition of the college building when we took over. The place was a shambles when the Hindus left it. They removed the library, the laboratory equipment, furniture and fixtures and destroyed the doors and windows. The building was refitted and reconditioned and the college continued to function there till in God's own good time we got a building of our own.

TALIM-UL-ISLAM COLLEGE AT LAHORE

my master, never tried to talk to us, never invited us to your dining room for a bite of food, or invited us to a game of ping-pong in the common-room. After all I am a living being. I think I am even senior by way of standing in the college to most of you. At least the first year kids are definitely junior. But these very firstees are the cruellest of my persecutors. One day, I was feeling very lonely and tried to join these kids in the class. I assure you I did not have any objectionable intentions. I entered the class and was, of course, without books. I dared not carry books because a donkey carrying books is a danger to scholarship and learning. He feels proud of his load and parades it at every odd place. Don't smile at this. Most of you, too, are carrying the load of learning and books just to feel proud of the load. Anyway, I had tried to enter the class as a casual student. But the moment I entered—Oh! what a moment it was! I felt as if the whole world had gone mad. A little teenager giggled and vacated his seat for me to sit upon and suddenly burst into loud laughter. The whole class tittered. I tried to titter back. It was a political blunder. A bearded gentleman with a long black gown shouted at me, "You fool, get out or I will mark you present." The whole class shouted my dismissal in chorus. I was forcibly ejected out of the room amidst general confusion. All sorts of things were hurled at me which would

have broken quite a number of my ribs but the long reach of my hind legs kept the assailants at a respectable distance. My braying too was a help. The bearded gentleman with the gown particularly did not appreciate the tone and quality of my voice. The louder I brayed the farther he shrank from my proximity. That was my first and the last experiment at fraternization with the human race. For me the gates of the class-room are closed for ever, the Tree of Knowledge has become the forbidden fruit as the human beings seem to have reserved the right of study for their two-legged, tailless race but these erect bipeds will realize one day the folly of their behaviour as indeed a sizable part of the student community is already modifying its earlier hostile attitude towards us donkeys. The students of zoology approach us with greater friendliness than ever before. The veterinary colleges have even allowed us the pleasure of being studied as important specimens of animal life. A veterinarian only recently declared that donkeys may be donkeys, but they are useful to Pakistan as important means of transport and conveyance particularly in the mountainous regions.

They even have set up a department to fight against cruelty to animals, particularly to donkeys. A friend of mine has advised me to report to this department for protection against the cruelty of my Afghan master. In fact, I should have done it long ago. But

my stay here has brought about a mysterious change in my heart. I have started loving the college and, believe me, I like the students as well. I love every brick that I have carried from the kiln to the college site. My bones ache. Old age is creeping fast. The inexorable hand of death will certainly snuff me out of existence. The waters of life will dry up. The tufted tail will be no more. The long ears will disappear.

The loud bray will be inaudible. The back that has carried mountains of bricks will break. In short, I will die and disappear. But my only hope and prayer is that I live long enough to see the college completed and developed, into a green grassy riot of flowers, life and scholarship, and my dust should mingle with the dust of years that roll by on the solid, fuller, richer foundations of this unique college.

## R. C. O's.

*Mohammad Islam Bhatti*

While travelling back from Kohat after being rejected by the I. S. S. B. (Inter-Services Selection Board), we, a few of the rejected candidates, occupied a full-fledged compartment simply pretending and telling everyone that the compartment was reserved for the R. C. O's. We stretched our limbs expansively on the spacious seats and tried to enjoy fully the night journey amidst the hills of the tribal areas. Only two or three stations had passed when suddenly the train stopped at a minor station and a well-to-do and confident gentleman forced his way in, despite our requests, reminders and even threats to the contrary. It seemed as if he was deaf and blind to our protests. "Make room for me, gentlemen. I don't mind if you are R. C. O's," he drawled in a matter-of-fact voice.

"But, sir, we mind it very much. In fact, it would be far better for you if you kindly quit the compartment at the next stop. Would you.....?" one of us pleaded menacingly.

"Don't you know we military people are not allowed to mix with civilians. You seem reasonable enough to be able to know it but it is a pity you don't seem to care....." An irrepressibly naughty fellow even tried to tease him and cut jokes at his expense. But the gentleman was too obstinate and stubborn to be moved by such methods. One of us who was, in my opinion, the chatter-box of the party, tried to talk the intruder out of the compartment. He provided us with a lot of fun and laughter. He solemnly declared that the man

would quit the compartment automatically but he did not betray any signs of obliging us. On the other hand, he began to take more and more interest in us and asked casually :

"Are all of you R. C. O's? If so, may I ask for your selection chits? I would like to have a look." And our hero, Mr. Chatter-box could not remain silent. "Who you are to ask for selection-chits? What authority have you to check and pry into other's affairs?" he shouted in fury and rage. The gentleman now cast off his disguise with almost an equal show of heat and temper and produced his identity card for our benefit. "Here is my identity card, you cads. I am a major of the Regular Pakistan army and I am also a member of the I. S. S. B. And I think this authority would do to reduce you to your proper proportions." With the discovery of his identity, the bubble of our vivacity burst. Even Mr. Chatter-box showed unmistakable signs of collapse. The consequences of our behaviour were obvious. "We have been befooling a military officer. What will become of us?" we thought. We were dazed and bewildered. And, above all, his angry looks bored through our bodies and were simply frightening. Everyone was sad at heart. We nearly hated Mr. Chatter-box, our hero, who stood in high esteem a little while ago. But the hero was really a hero. He was

not only a clown and a chatter-box but also was he the most cunning and tactful rogue that we knew of. He threw a sly glance over all of us and then with great politeness and naivete asked, "But, sir, what did you understand by the term R. C. O's.?"

"You say, you are all Regular Commissioned Officers. Therefore, gentleman, but me no buts and be quick. Out with your chits please," he rejoined angrily. "O Lord! what the hell are you talking of? Awfully misled, simply mistaken," added the Box.

"Show me your chit, you knave," he thundered, "otherwise....."

"Here is my chit, sir", our hero handed over his rejection chit to the officer, "I am really sorry, sir, though I have been an R.C.O. but I have never been selected. I was never a regular commissioned officer but R. C. O. still I am. I am, sir, your most humble servant, a Rejected Commissioned Officer and so are my friends."

He saved the situation with a triumphant smile and a disarming giggle which the major could not resist. He burst into loud laughter and collapsed into the vacant seat next to mine. He hailed us as swell guys and shook hands with each one of us as the real R. C. O's. And weren't we?

## Studious Judge

*Irshad Chowdhri*

Sighing heavily, Inspector Ghulam Bari eased his fat body into a large arm-chair near the bedroom door. "Tell me, Doctor," he murmured, eyes closed, "what makes you think the Judge was poisoned?"

The doctor, a tall, weary-looking man in his mid-fifties, glanced over at the still figure beneath the covers on the bed. "Matter of fact, Bari, I'm not sure." He was—not at all sure. It's very possible that the Judge died a normal death.

Shifting his weight in the chair, the Inspector opened his eyes slowly. "Then why call me in?"

"Because I thought you ought to know — the Judge himself thought he was being poisoned! It was an obsession with him. As soon as he took to his bed, a couple of weeks ago, he claimed it was poison!"

Bari cracked his pudgy knuckles absently. "What gave him that idea? A person doesn't think he is being poisoned, usually, 'less he's got some reason for thinking so!"

"Oh, you know how the judge was always reading those detective stories," he shook his head sadly. "I think that's where he got the idea. After I said I couldn't find a thing wrong with him, he decided it was poison!"

"Same time," the Inspector said, frowning, "he got worse and worse. Right?"

The doctor nodded, "Yep—and I couldn't do a thing for him. He just took to his bed and started wasting away. Didn't do anything but eat, sleep and read those detective books. Then, this morning, Miss Rashida found him here in bed, dead!"

The Inspector stared silently at the bed for a moment, then struggled to his feet and walked over to look at the bookcase.

"All right, Doc," he said shortly afterward, turning around, "that'll be all for now. Ask the Judge's sister, Rashida, to come in, will you?"

As the doctor turned to leave, Bari called after him. "You know, Doc—tough old bandits like the Judge don't just come out and die! If I can get Miss Rashida's permission, I want you to perform an autopsy!"

The following morning, when the doctor told him that the autopsy proved poison, Bari registered little surprise, merely nodding thoughtfully, without comment.

"But, Bari — this is murder!" the doctor shouted. "Aren't you going to do something about it? Arrest someone?"

"Don't get so excited, Doc!" Bari smiled. "I'm like you—I don't start operating till I have located the source of the trouble!"



"But what about all those men he sent up years ago when he retired?" the doctor insisted. "Who inherits his house? His land? If you ask me—"

"Doc," the Inspector said soberly, the Judge's heir is the same person who could've poisoned his food—the ONLY person!"

"You mean.....his sister? Miss Rashida?" The doctor's mouth fell open "Now, look here, Ghulam Bari——"

"I know, Doc. Miss Rashida would not kill a mosquito. I know that same's you." Bari studied the ceiling. "But when the news leaks out, a lot of folks are going to think different: And you can't blame 'em!"

Bari pushed himself onto his feet. "Now, if you will excuse me, Doc—I have got some records to go over, and then I'm leaving town on a little business....."

When the Inspector rode back into town, almost two weeks later he reined up his horse at a little one-room library at the edge of Chunian Town.

"Howdy, Majeed!" he called to the short moustached man at the desk inside. "Just wondered if you have got any books on poison?"

"Poisons?" the timid looking librarian shook his head. "No, I'm affraid not. You might get one in the Pato Ki town, though." He took off his glasses and peered up. "Why? Someone poisoned?"

Bari nodded. "Don't tell anybody. But Judge Masood was poisoned—murdered!"

"Murdered? The Judge?" Majeed jumped to his feet in surprise. "But I thought he died a natural death." He sat down slowly. "It's hard to believe! Why would anyone.....say, does that sister of his inherit the house, and the land?"

"Miss Rashida? Yes, she does."

"Then, if the Judge was poisoned, I'll bet she poisoned his food! Is that the way you figure it, Inspector?"

"Nope," Bari answered without looking around, still glancing idly through some books. "I figure the Judge was murdered by someone he sent up, someone who had a grudge and had a long time behind bars to plan it all out. That's why I went to the Central Jail at Lahore!"

"Lahore!" Majeed jumped up again. "What did you find out Inspector?"

Bari turned around and walked toward the desk.

"Just what I expected——one of the men Judge sent up to prison escaped from Lahore several years ago! A short fellow, wore glasses!"

"But, but——"

"And," Bari continued, "the fellow who escaped was librarian at the prison! Studied poisons one of the guards told me!"

Escaped about the time you came here and set up this library, Majeed! His name was Majad..... sorta sounds like Majeed, doesn't it, Majad?"

The other man's mouth twitched, "All right, Inspector, he said finally, I will admit I'm Majad, I'll admit I escaped from Lahore. But I have gone straight! I never studied poison—and you are not going to pin this murder on me! I didn't do it! I've never seen a poison of any kind in my life!"

Bari leaned back against a bookcase. His face was grim. "Druggist over at Pato Ki town says different. He says he sold some rare poison to a man about six months ago—and that man's description fits you exactly, Majad!"

The librarian sat down at his desk strangely calm. "Maybe so, Inspector, but I was never in the Judge's house. His sister came over and picked up his detective books all the time."

He sneered contemptuously. "You will never prove I poisoned him—not in a million years! There's no evidence!"

Bari stared back at him. "I have got plenty of evidence, Majad—right in the judge's bookcase!"

"With one swift motion the librarian pulled a gun from his

half-open desk drawer. "You will never live to tell anyone, Inspector!" He thumbed back the hammer of his six-shooter.

Bari, hands stretched high over his head, suddenly jerked a book from the shelf above and hurled it at Majad. His aim was perfect. Majad's gun clattered to the floor.

"Hold it!" Bari said quietly, his own gun drawn now. "Back over against that wall."

Scowling, the librarian did as he was told, hands high in the air. "I still don't see how you found out...."

Bari smiled for the first time, a cold frosty smile. "I knew Miss Rashida didn't do it," he explained. "So I asked her to tell me all the Judge's habits, so I could figure out how he got the poison. Among other things, she said he always licked his finger before turning the page of a book. 'I remembered that,' he continued, 'When the warden at Lahore told me that this escaped convict had been sent up by the Judge, that he worked as a librarian, that he studied poisons!'"

Bari motioned Majad toward the door. "I knew, then, Majad, how you poisoned the judge—you put poison on the pages of his detective books!"

## Midnight In a Lounge

*Fazl Elahi*

A classical song, was all noise in the cafe Pehlwan. A few tables with marble slabs were surrounded by wooden chairs. Some of the over-topped chairs were supported against the bare walls of that tea flat.

The clock was just above the curtained-cabins in the hind portion of the flat. Its last five tickings joined the twelve tolls of the hour, which divided the night into two parts.

The curtains of the two cabins were a living complaint of the visits, few and far between, of the washerman. Their tapestry designs and coloured linen were almost camouflaged under the limeblack, carefully applied by the servant's hand.

Initials of visitors or full names were elaborately carved on the table stones, indicating the signers' existence in this world or survival in case of death. The unshaded bulbs were throwing their clear rays direct into the visitors eyes, helping them to keep still more awake. The "boss" had kindly consented to be in the chair, amidst the unwashed crockery, and was quite indifferent to the buzzing noise of the oft-disturbing flies. The sprays raised from the watery floor by the thumping plod of the servants were warmly greeted by the pyjamas of the "boss." He was absolutely absorbed in a count on the tips of his fingers in order to return a sum to a customer. Cups went on clattering at the tables. At one of the corner tables, a man produced a considerable sound while sipping the cup which he had emptied of the last drop. Then he

stretched his legs on a chair and heaved a sigh of relief. His left hand was touching an oil-carrier in which a few bottles were placed containing various ointments. This knick-knack showed that he was an itinerant oil-massager. Moreover, he was clad in shabby clothes.

The stout jaws of his face with hollow cheeks and eyes set back, with deep shadowed hemispheres about, were all furious. Turn by turn, he cross-stared at every inmate while his eyes paused for a while on each man's head. At last he asked one of the inmates, who seemed to be more like a gentleman, if he stood in need of a massage. The gentleman paused a little (perhaps, to realise the essence of the service) and then gave his consent, thinking it a means of relief from fatigue. He applied some oil to his head and began to smear it. Then his fingers began to vibrate on his head while he himself looked some other way revolving in his mind certain thoughts. Sometimes his hand clapped over the gentleman's head and produced a startling noise. Suddenly the vibration of his fingers accelerated, he became quite nervous when a constable appeared with a stick under his arm and hand-cuffs in one of his hands. He directly came up to the massager, quietly hand-cuffed him and took him along.

All this role was played without a syllable and all of us stood wonder-struck. The thing that moved me most was the pathetic plight of the unpaid massager while moving away.

## On Cats in General

N. M. N.

During my life, as an inmate of this lunatic asylum we call the world, I have had occasion to come across quite a few different types of men, great men, little men, stout men, thin men, tall men, short men; they have all rubbed shoulders with me. In the College, and out of it, up narrow stairs and down them, we are always coming into contact with others. Even when I am seeing a dream, and Hardy projects his funny mug on the screen and winks confidentially at no one in particular—even then I feel that I have contracted a personal acquaintance with one of Dream-land's great guns. He does not actually rub shoulders with me; but somehow he tickles my side near the region of the shoulder and makes me laugh, and that's just as good.

But a cat!—and the sight of the average cat gives me the creeps. In spite of all the bones half sticking out of the mangy skin, in spite of the dragging gait and empty belly, there is a demure look in those gray-green eyes that immediately fills me with the most horrid inferiority complex. And the cat becomes all the more a superior creature when we realize that there are very few men in this world who can seriously claim to have rubbed shoulders with a cat.

What a horrible creature! Nay! My dear reader, calm yourself. I was not talking of the well-fed and

well-behaved Puss that you keep as your pet. I was referring to the cat in general—the hungry-looking specimen who is as much a gentleman of the road as any loafer to be picked up in the streets.

The cat has been defined as a four-footed mammal with a long tail behind and longer whiskers in front. This is indeed a very incomplete definition, but it will have to do. Cats, like women, form part of the undefinable half of nature.

I remember having gone to a friend's house on a visit. No sooner had I seated myself than my host's Persian cat mistook my cashmere pants for a Persian rug, and immediately made itself at home in my lap. Of course, for a short time I stroked its ears and gently pulled its tail and tickled its chin. After some time I got a bit tired of Puss and wanted her away. She resisted all my efforts. Then I tried to take her off by force, but she struck out her claws and held grimly on. When I reached home I sat down to write an original sonnet on the cat. The first verse was something like this:

Tender-hearted stroke a pussy  
 And it soft and sweet remains.  
 Prove to it you'er not a "sissy",  
 And it will scratch you for your  
 pains.

There are many types of cats. There is, of course, the tom-cat and the female cat; there is also a she-cat; and most of us have unpleasant recollections of the familiar cat-burglar. There is one thing common to all these types—they all get man on to his feet quicker than does the most inspiring national anthem the world has ever heard.

And the more I think of it, the more forcibly does the thought strike me—that all cats, like some women, were made to plague man. Consider the tom-cat. Its colour, black or a dirty grey, renders it practically invisible at night; its cushioned paws make no sound as it crosses the hard floor; it is good at climbing and can squeeze into the most impossible looking places with scarcely an effort.

It is a very good strategist. It knows just where to hide, where it can see without being seen. It is also something of a ventriloquist, as my neighbour will testify. Time after time our exasperated cook would rush out and fling stones at the spot he thought the "miauws" emerged from. At the first volley the row would cease, and he would come back flushed with success. But hardly had he closed the kitchen door when there would be a crash of falling cutlery, and the frightened cat would dart from under the sideboard and make straight for the nearest window.

It was very much rumoured at one time that Chiang Kai Shek developed his theory of guerrilla tactics by watching the movements

of a cat that was evading Kai Shek's neighbour's whole household who were after its blood. It scratched a good many of the men and finally escaped without being hit.

That a cat is cunning no one doubts. That it often gets the better of man I shall illustrate by the following story.

On a certain night a certain gentleman, I forget his name, was disturbed during his meals by a cat mewling outside. He hunted up and down for the animal but in vain. The next night it came again just when he was starting the meal. Now the man who was rather clever, removed from the side-board a bit of raw-fish he had kept aside on purpose, and armed with a catapult and a good supply of stones, went out of the house. He tied the fish to a branch of a tree—mark the astuteness of the man—with a long bit of string, and then climbed into the tree himself to commence his vigil. After a quarter of an hour's cramped waiting, he decided it was time to climb down from his perch and finish his supper. He entered the dining room and was just in time to see the cat making off with the remains of the supper.

Talking of a cat's impudence there is a story Carroll forgot to include in his "Alice in Wonderland." The Queen of Hearts, with the King by her side, was sitting in state. The court was crowded. All present bowed to the mighty Queen. The Cheshire Cat alone stood aloof. "Off with the head," raged the Queen, "Catch it and

hang it," yelled the King. Easier said than done.....

And after having written quite a lot on cats, I ask myself: What is a cat? I remember a cat I had once; how it used to purr and rub against my legs, and look up into my amused eyes; how it would play with my toes one moment, and then roll on to its back and wave all four paws

in the air the next; the sudden tenseness in her attitude, her twitching tail, and the few springs that by stages carried her into the rafters and on to her prey. Combination of a woman's wiles with a girl's seeming innocence, a boy's sense of mischief, a thief's stealth, and an agility surpassing any athlete's, a cocktail of all these—that is a cat.

## These Collegians!

Hamid Ahmad

If you have an observant look at the *collegians*, you will find that all the students do not have the same character and temperament. Everybody has his own habits and ways. I have sometimes tried to classify them but failed to do so, because every student is of a different mould. If they resemble in one thing, they differ in another.

There are, however, three main types of students in our colleges these days which could broadly be distinguished.

### (1) *Students by birth.*

This class emphasises the written word. They are the book-worms. A student of this class is a specialist in rote work. To him books are not meant to be read and enjoyed. They are, instead, passports to a free passage in the examination. Unfortunately their voyage through the College is anything but free and comfortable.

Their voluntary exile from society and College life, makes them prigs and ogres. It is a life of soli-

tary confinement. They are never able to enjoy that fuller, broader and vaster panorama of College life which constitutes perhaps the most glorious period of our sojourn on earth. They live like outcasts. In fact, they don't live. They only exist. This existence is so isolated, so silent, so exclusive as to make us sometimes wonder if they could be forced to inhale the College air in greater quantities. Games, functions, elections, pass them by. Even holidays fail to produce any signs of life in them. They can't face society. They don't mix with people. They live in their own shells whose approaches are so tightly closed and prohibitive that no one would like to have a peep. They develop their heads, but ignore their hearts. They are, in fact, sealed books in which they live like worms.

### (2) *Students by chance.*

They just happen to be students. Their hobby in life is to pay their fees and fines and to fall ill on the eve of examinations. They attend

their physics lectures in the tuckshop and English periods in the cricket ground. They don't live to study, nor do they study to live. They do not study at all. They only live. And that too at the cost of their parents. They buy their books and lock them up in their drawers and forget about the whole affair. In the class-room they are like fish out of water. In the common room, however, they are very much at home. Their grins become as wide as the world itself. During study hours, they are usually plagued with acute headache. The hostel tutor is given the impression that the ache is due to overstudy. If he wants to feel their pulse, they push the pillow with a sudden burst of energy to hide the cigarette case which was showing most criminally. The tutor is impressed and bids them good health, a commodity which they enjoy in rich abundance. Nevertheless, they thank him and relax in cosy comfort. They do not believe in passing the examinations so long as they do not pass away. When they leave the College, if they leave at all, they are as blank as ever.

### 3. *Students by right.*

These are the students who combine in themselves the best that College life can offer. They live and study both. They dominate wherever they go. They develop their head and heart and even muscles as best as they can. They have a well ordered, well regulated scale of duties, individual and social, which they try to perform and usually succeed

in performing. Their high sense of duty to God and man is only equalled by their humility. As they pass through the maze of years, they emerge as well developed, well-knit citizens of Pakistan who could be depended on in times of crises. They are the hopes of the motherland. They are its future. Our College is trying to produce such young men on a vast scale. It is, however, an experiment. While the atmosphere elsewhere is anything but conducive to such experiments, down here we have very congenial surroundings and influences which hold out the hope that only if we try, I mean the students, the experiment is bound to succeed. The experiment must succeed. The good of the country and the world at large demands it. In the present scheme of things, our duty is very clear. Only the heat and fire of faith and action is needed to whet the edge of performance and resultant achievement. It is the duty of such students to lead the way, to blaze the path. It is a duty which must be performed publicly and aloud. Let them create an atmosphere in which the negative, hysteric shouts of the irreligious, lazy and good-for-nothing prigs and harmless ogres should drown, where the aims and ideals of the College are always promoted and looked up to, where we are conscious of our failings and are eager to remove them, where no sacrifice is too great and where we shall finally be able to rise to the full stature of greatness as a people whose duty it is to try to save the world.

## Smokers Resolution

*Ijazurrahman*

Once again as his pockets bulged out with the beginning of the new month, he resumed his old favourite habit of smoking with renewed fervour and zeal. Every puff he inhaled brought him closer and yet on close to his old self, and only a day's smoking made him forget altogether what promises he had made to himself, what oaths he had taken by God Almighty never again to experience the taste of a cigarette and also what penance he had proposed to undergo on his failure to abide by those promises, those oaths. He danced and revelled in his room sending forth jets of smoke from his mouth and nostrils, which, as the dazzling light of his bulb fell upon, glittered like the morning mist. Now there was no doubt in his mind about the virtues of a cigarette, the dark side of the picture was effaced and he could see only the bright side. "Cigarettes, it is a blessing," he exclaimed joyfully, "yes, the little cigarette contains the elixir of life, ha, ha!"

Only the day before he was the deadly enemy of a smoker. He would turn away his face from any one he saw with a lighted cigarette; he would put a handkerchief to his nose as if the smouldering cigarette emitted a disgusting smell which he despised more than anything else. The days that had followed the twentieth of the preceding month had seen him arguing with his smoker-friends about the evil

of smoking. He told them proudly how he had become master of himself; how his chronic habit had yielded before his strong resolution. They heard him talk and mocked at his fleeting ardour. On the 20th night smoking a cigarette he had bought for the last anna he was left with, he had made a pledge not even to touch a cigarette from that day on, and he was sure he would never smoke, never blacken his lungs with their soot—soot that contained nicotine, the deadly poison. The thought of nicotine depositing in the interior of his lungs made him shudder; a surge of fear caused him to quake from head to foot. Then it was smoking he thought he had begun despising most—smoking, the only habit he had brought with him, as it were, from his homeland in India. And he could not restrain a couple of tears trickling down his cheeks.

The remembrance of his homeland stirred all sorts of memories. He recalled his past life that was devoid of all sorrow and grief; when smoking had not yet made him its victim; when he used to inhale the fresh bracing air alone; when his lungs were free from all contamination. Then he remembered those days when his fellow students used to offer him cigarettes and he refused them. But, alas! there had come a day when with his shivering hands he had, for the first time, struck a matchstick to light a cigarette he held between his quiv-



ering lips, and since then this malady had clung to him like the proverbial blanket.

But now he was sure he had given it up at last and that night he lay in his bed meditating how to make the best use of the money he would naturally be saving the next month. He planned to buy a new pair of shoes or a few yards of "poplin" for a shirt and two English magazines. The next ten days he had passed very restlessly awaiting the day he would receive his allowance and be able to make his desired purchases.

At last the cause of all restlessness was over. Tucking new banknotes in his pocket, he got on his bike. As he sped past the cigarette shops one after the other in the bazaar he caught glimpses of beautiful golden yellow packets placed in the shelves, which revived in him the craving for a smoke. He tried to resist the idea, but he was so overjoyed at the prospect of getting a new pair of shoes or a new shirt that he thought a single cigarette would do him no harm.

"A cigarette now and then makes no difference whatever," he said to

himself, and got down. As both he and the shopkeeper chanced to have no small change with them, he was obliged to buy half a packet at least. He lighted one and began to smoke, his hands trembling as if he was going to begin smoking for the first time in his life as he had done a few years back in his childhood. The taste of tobacco was so delicious that he wondered how that fragrant and apparently harmless smoke could possibly contain one of the most fatal poisons ever known. "Even if it does," he tried to convince himself, "the amount is far from being appreciable. Moreover, all of it does not remain inside, so there is no need worrying about nicotine anyway."

As his system received once again the thing it had stood badly in need of, his nerves were soothed, his muscles relaxed, he had a little pleasant delirium and was no more the enemy of smoking. The very first puff had carried him into complete oblivion of what he had been thinking all the time from the twentieth to the new month's eve.

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(Continued from page 45)

may become intolerably irksome for him tomorrow. But he who has disciplined his heart and mind can easily study hard on a stormy day in winter or a shining day in spring, when the beauty of nature outside is so attractive.

One should be judicious about one's selection of books. "How to know what to read?" is a very important

question; for some books will positively injure if they do not ruin you. So when you read, read only to add something to your knowledge, and not for amusement alone. Even the covers of most of the magazines indicate that they are not worth reading and if any one insists on reading them and yet hopes to gain some knowledge it is the same as to prove that two and two make five,

# Chemistry of 'Study'

Shameem Ahmad Khalid

## 1. History :

Study is a 'gas' known from primitive times and its existence is proved to be as ancient as the story of Adam and Eve. This fact cannot be denied that it was found in small quantities in early ages, but the invention of the press in the middle of the fifteenth century has extra-ordinarily increased the production of this gas.

## 2. Physical Properties :

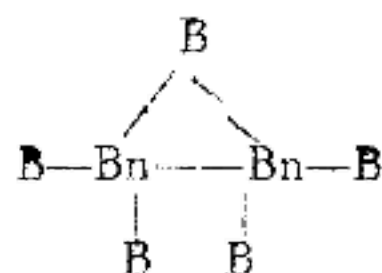
This gas is quite colourless and tasteless but its smell is extremely soporific, if inhaled in large quantities. When used in proper proportions, it forms the chief life supporting compound of human life these days. In combination, this gas forms about 14% of our national educational standard.

Like methane ( $\text{CH}_4$ ), it is never found in marshy places, but you find it in schools, colleges, institutions and hostels. In summer it is suspected in gardens as well, but when examined closely, it is always 80% impure. It is found mostly in winter at night and can be detected by the light waves coming out of the windows of a home or a hostel. Simple parents cannot detect it easily because students sometimes use impure forms like novels and short stories and thus can deceive them.

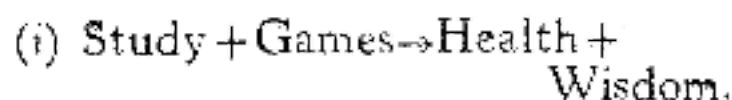
## 3. Chemical Properties :

This gas, being quite strange in nature, does not obey Boyle's or

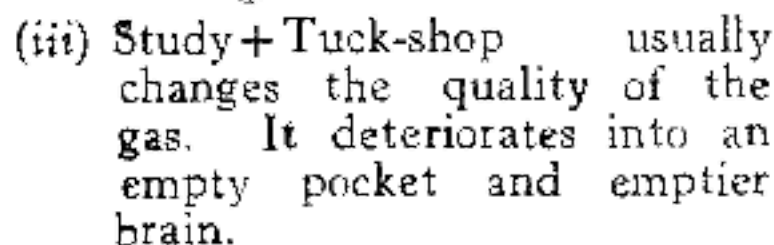
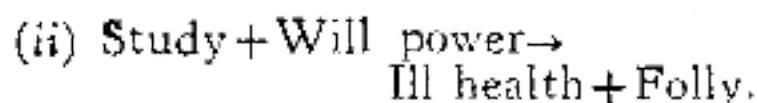
Charles' Laws. To Avogadro's Hypothesis again it is an exception and in the Atomic Table also it does not possess a place. Its chemical name is 'Brainium Bookate' and its chemical formula is represented by  $\text{Bn}_2 \text{B}_5$ , because to produce this gas generally 'books' are needed more and are more essential than 'brain'. Hence five atoms of 'books' react with two atoms of brain under the conditions of mental pressure and physical strain to produce one molecule of 'Study'. Its chemical structure as explained by atomic theory is



In its own nature 'Study' is an inert gas and has not got many reactions with other elements and compounds. However some of its reactions are given below :



After 12 noon



It turns red litmus paper quite pale and with Sodium Thiosulphate (hypo) solution it has got no reaction. Its critical temperature is automatically attained at 12 midnight. Like chloroform it induces 'sleep' when inhaled in a soft bed. Usual formula is  $Bn_2 B_5$ , but different compositions like  $Bn_7 B_5$ ,  $Bn_9 B_6$ ,  $Bn_{10} B_8$ , etc., signify different branches of study, i.e., Physics, Maths, Economics, Astronomy, etc.

### Chief Uses :

This gas is one of the first and the foremost necessities of mankind these days. Like Oxygen, it is very difficult for human beings to live comfortably without this gas. Being inert, it does not show results at once but its proper continuous use through fourteen long years ensures us a direct gazetted post and hence a noble standard of living. Then why not begin using it from today ?

## Mountaineering

*Bashir-ud-Din Ahmad*

Mountaineering is a very old sport, but unfortunately for us Pakistanis, it happens to be a very new one. A lot is being done today by the promoters and enthusiasts of mountaineering to boost up this game here and to popularise it among the youth of Pakistan.

The first step in this direction was to start a youth organisation, called Youth Hostel Association. Hostels for the youth are provided along hiking routes and especially on such routes as lead to mountains ; for instance, a chain of Youth Hostels is being provided from Abbottabad to the Babu-Sar Pass which is at the other end of the Kaghan Valley. All travelling difficulties are minimised by these hostels, thus encouraging youngsters to venture up new and forbidden mountainous *terra incognita*.

The Punjab Youth Hostel Association organised cadre camps at which "Leaders" were trained in the art and craft of mountain-climbing. Our college was represented at the first Leaders' Training Camp by three students including myself, Mr. Altaf Gondal, Mr. Afzal Turki led by Prof. Choudhri Mohammad Ali.

The training that we underwent was of quite a rigorous kind, including mountain climbing with ropes. There were some lectures also which were ably demonstrated with the help of slides. Another and I think the main feature of the programme was the intensive hikes all over the hills round the Lawrence College, Ghoragali, where we were camped. A memorable day was the day we hiked non-stop walking all the way through

snow and storm to Chhangla Gali, a distance of about twenty-six miles from the College coming and going. But above all was the spirit that was inculcated in the programme. Leaders were chosen from amongst us to lead small parties of eight to ten boys in groups whom nobody dared to disobey or gainsay. During our stay there, there was not a single case of theft and these two factors, I emphasise, foster the true spirit of mountaineering.

When climbers go to conquer a peak, a complete mutual understanding, frankness, and honesty assure co-operation. Acknowledgement of a leader amongst them is altogether necessary for a successful trip.

Recently, a new step has been taken in this direction. The Karakoram Club has begun to enlist members from colleges, with a fee of Rs. 5. The Karakoram Club is, indeed, a big step forward and now new channels for adventures

wlli open up for the youth of Pakistan. We will be able to enjoy the scenic beauty of Pakistan about which foreign climbers, to my shame I have to acknowledge, know more. So far there have been many expeditions to our high mountains of which K<sup>2</sup> and Nanga Parbat rank among the highest in the world. But have we heard of a Pakistan expedition? We were lucky enough to have a Pakistan veteran climber, Colonel Ataulah in the American Expedition to K<sup>2</sup>, but he went up to camp 3 only. Where do those foreigners get their spirit from? We, who have so many mountains to practise on, do not easily take to climbing, while they who have so few mountains and none to compare with even our lowest, come all the way across the seas to challenge these masses of rock standing grim and silent, forever nagging and urging them onward, to march, to climb, to conquer.

(Continued from page 48)

2. Dormitory Second : Abdullah, Abu Bakar, Saeed Abdullah, Altaf Gondal, (Occupants.)
3. Cubical, First : Syed Vali Ahmad Shah, (Occupant.)

The following are the results of the Indoor Tournament :

Table Tennis : Staff

Champion : Hazrat Sahibzada Mirza Nasir Ahmad, M.A. (Oxon.)  
Principal.

Runner—up : Prof. Naseer Ahmad Khan.

### TABLE TENNIS

Senior (Singles)

1st : Tariq Ahmad Bajwa

2nd : Said Abdullah.

Senior (Doubles)

1st : Tariq A. Bajwa and  
Bashir A. Haji.

2nd : Said Abdullah and  
Abdullah Abubakar.

Handicap :

1st : Tariq A. Bajwa  
2nd : Bashir A. Haji

Junior (Singles)

1st : Bashir Ahmad  
2nd : A. Shakoor.

Junior (Doubles)

1st : Bashir A. Naseem and  
Tahir M. Bajwa.

2nd : Talib Ali and  
Bashir Ahmed

## “ On Walking ”

*Ijaz-ur-Rahman*

A morning or evening walk as an exercise is acknowledged by all nations of the world to be most beneficial and conducive towards health and a happy life. But, as such, the layman of today has practically, either through ignorance or indolence (and I fear the latter), ruled it out. He seems to be inclined more towards exercises which are indoors and do not call for much time and tramping, with the result that gymnastics have gained wide popularity in a very short span of time throughout the length and breadth of the country.

The value of exercise cannot be denied, but there is a good deal of evidence based on experimental results that walking is by far the most superior to all. Its vital importance lies in its special effect on the life of the individual. Almost all the long-livers have ascribed their longevity to a regular and persistent habit of every-day outdoor walk of a life-long standing. Besides it is a natural and cheap pleasure in itself.

While talking of walking as an exercise one should keep in mind its necessary implication of fast pace and erect carriage. Slow walking as commonly displayed by promenaders is of no value to physical improvement.

Only through correct practice each muscle of the body can get its proper share of exercise. Walk may be had in the evening or in the morning, but the former is preferable, for the tired body needs a certain amount of rest to recuperate completely the lost strength which can be conveniently done during the subsequent sleep at night. After a long, though not much hard or tiring walk, you will be automatically cheerful, free, feeling new vigour and strength in your limbs and body, and a thrill of immense pleasure in your blood.

In course of walking deep breathing should be practised. Breathing exercises are known to be vitally important for the internal organs of the human body, e.g., lungs, heart, kidneys and the intestines. The indispensibility of fair quantities of oxygen is well-known to the purification of the blood by carrying away waste products such as the dead cells in the form of sweat and urine. Air should be first inhaled slowly for a few seconds, say four or five, then retained in the lungs for the same period and finally exhaled in the same slow manner. If this is practised every day during the usual walk with dogged adherence, after a month or so you will be astounded to note the progress you would have made in your health.

# How to Read and Study

Munawwar Ahmad Saeed

[Mr. Munawwar stood first in the Intermediate Examination last year. This article, therefore, should be read with interest as the writer brings the authority of experience and performance both to bear on the subject—Ed.]

It seems an easy affair to study. There are the books, the room and the lesson, but still it is a pity that study in the true sense of the word is a hard nut to crack. There are so many interruptions during the times of study that we should tuck up our sleeves to wrestle with them.

**There should be no conversation in study hours.** A lesson is easily spoiled by being interrupted off and on. There can be no study to advantage if conversation is allowed during study hours. "But what is to be done if there is any difficulty? Should we not talk to our roommate?" this may be asked. "No," I say, "keep pin-drop silence in the room. If you want to review and compare together, leave half an hour earlier and go over the lesson."

**Study should be thoughtful.** Passing over a field of studies is like conquering a country. If you obtain victory over everything you meet, you will get victory upon victory. But on the other hand, if you leave a fort here and a fort there, it may prove harmful to you. Never pass on leaving over a single word unless you completely know what can be known about it. And if you do so, you will soon be known as an inaccurate scholar; you feel but half confident on any subject; and, what is worse, you will acquire a bad habit which will make your knowledge vague and uncertain.

"One lesson or one book perfectly digested is much more useful than ten lessons or ten books, half studied." Do not leave a point unless you are master of it. In this way, though you will make very little progress in the number of books which you study, yet you will make speedy progress in useful knowledge.

**Keys and Notes.** Some friends may offer to aid you by translations or by books underlined, or by giving to you a key to solve mathematical problems, but such kindness ought to be shown to an enemy. They are the traps which Satan has set to obviate studies. If you have no power to stand, try to stand and do not borrow the crutches that will soon give way and will be a source of weakness throughout your life.

**Secret of successful study.** The secret of studying successfully lies in a constant habit of reviewing. What makes a child of four years to speak and understand many things is because these things are repeated in his presence time and again. In the same way if a lesson or a book is reviewed off and on, we obtain mastery over it.

**Hard study.** Hard study is a hard problem. Study which is hard for Tom may be easy for Dick or Harry. Not only so, but study, which is easy for a person to-day,

(Continued on page 40)

## The College Round-up

During the period under review, the College has gone from strength to strength. Since the opening ceremony of the College by Hazrat Mirza Bashiruddin Mahmood Ahmad, the august Head of the Ahmadiyya Community, a lot of additions have been made to the buildings. The College Guest House is a treat to watch and the Tuck-shop is well designed and commodious. The College Hall is nearing completion and shall be ready in time for the Convocation. The levelling of the playgrounds is well under way. One set of the hostel baths and lavatories was completed long ago and the second set is almost ready. His Excellency Ch. Mohammad Zafrullah Khan has donated a large personal collection of books to the College Library. The books are being catalogued and shall shortly be available for use.

A resume of the activities of the various clubs and societies is given below :

### The College Union :

Under the able guidance of Mr. Nasir Ahmad Khan, the Union has had a lively and packed session. Office-bearers for the session are :

*Vice President* : Saeed Ahmad Khan Rahmani.

*Secretary* : Agha Khalid Salim.

*Joint Sec.* : Hafiz Omar.

*Assistant Sec* : Khurshid Alam.

The following lectures were delivered during the Session.

1. "Unitary and Federal Govt." by Hazrat Sahibzada Mirza Nasir Ahmad, M.A. (Oxon), Principal.
2. "Our Present Position" by His Excellency Ch. Mohammad Zafrullah Khan, Judge International Court of Justice.
3. "Mythology in Literature" by Prof. Akhwand Abdul Qadir.
4. "Hypnosis" by Prof. Ch. Mohammad Ali.
5. "War Gases" by Prof. Habibullah Khan.
6. "Arabian Points of Honour" by Prof. Soofi Basharatur Rehman.
7. "Migratory Animals" by Prof. M. A. Bhatti.
8. "World Food Situation" by Prof. Stakman, Agricultural Advisor to Rockefeller Foundation.
9. General talk by Prof. Baranov, the famous endocrinologist from U.S.S.R.

Besides two *mushairas* one of which was presided over by Mr. Naseer Ahmad Khan and the other by Maulana Abdul Majeed Salik, the Union held two successful inter-collegiate debates. The subject of the Urdu debate was :

مجلس اقوام متحدہ کا وجود امن عالم کی راہ  
میں سب سے بڑی رکاوٹ ہے ۔

Mr. Arshad Mir, Law College, Lahore, Mr. Munawwar Ahmad



Principal Hazrat Sahibzada Mirza Nasir Ahmad M. A. (Oxon) with the prize winners in the Inter-Collegiate debates. Maulana Abdul Majeed Salik who acted as the Chief Judge at the Urdu Debate is on his right.



Munawwar Saeed. He stood first in the Intermediate Examination of the Punjab Board of Secondary Education.

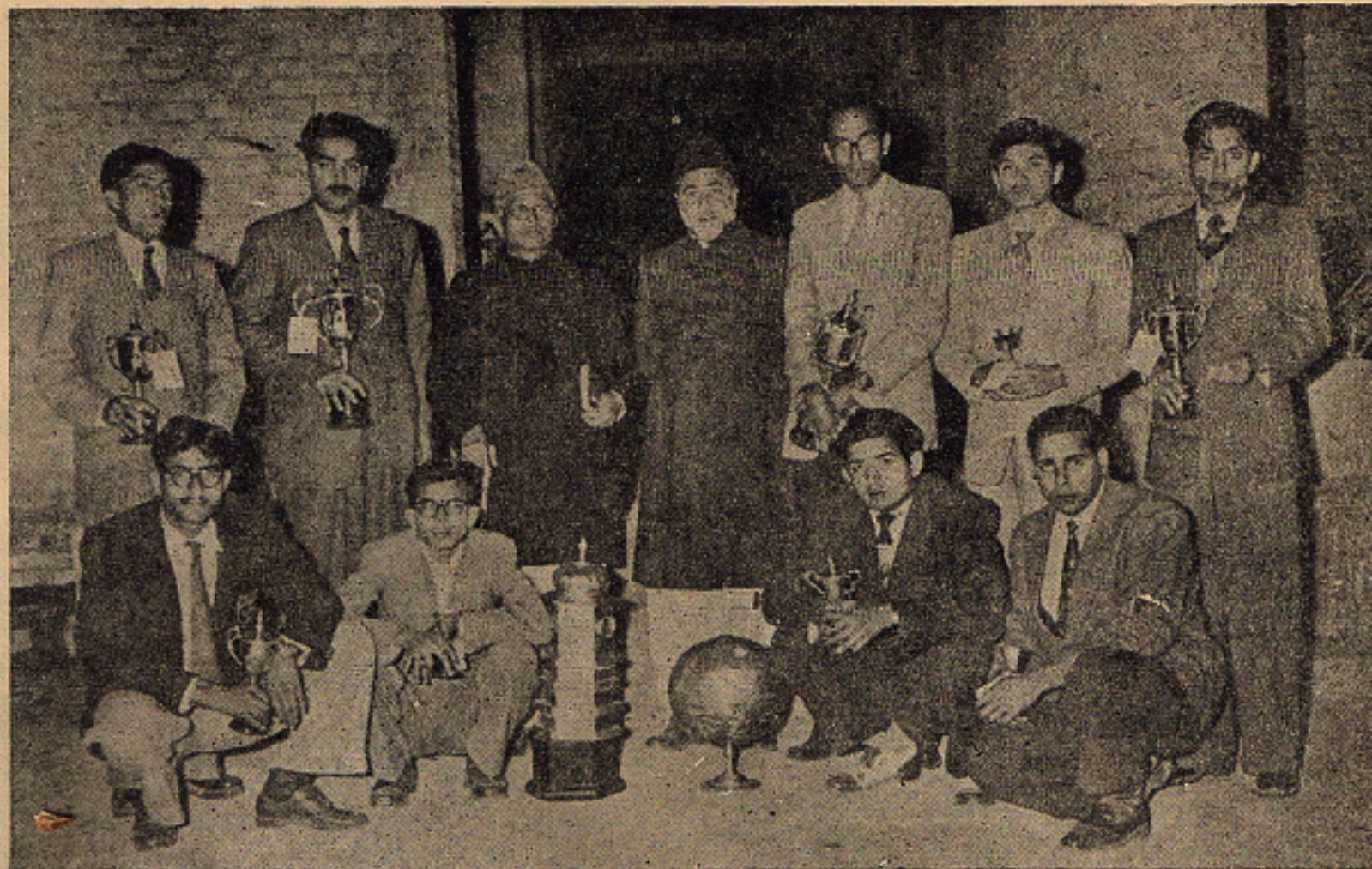


Nasir Zala, General Secretary, Rowing. He tied with Quddus, his captain, as the Best Oarsman of West Pakistan this year. The team won the University tournament for the fifth consecutive year. Team: Quddus-Captain, Nasir, Ashraf, Nawaz, Habib and Amin.

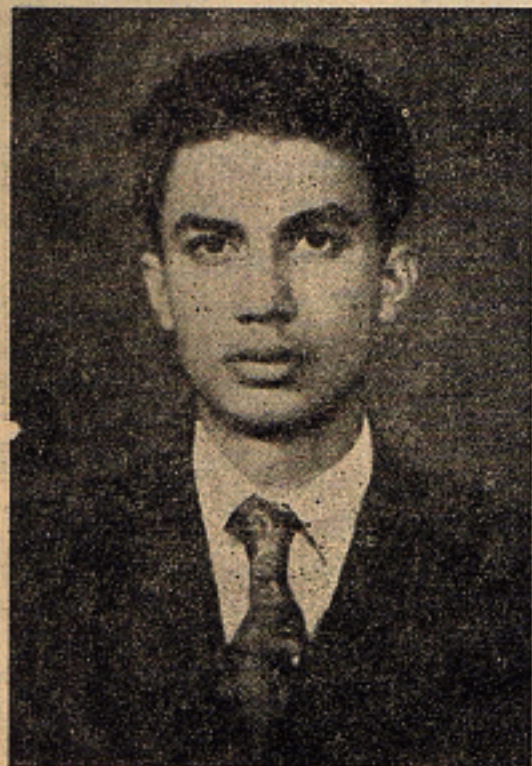


Mobashshir Ahmad, our Cricket Captain. He returned the remarkable figures of seven wickets for fifteen runs at the University Match at Multan.





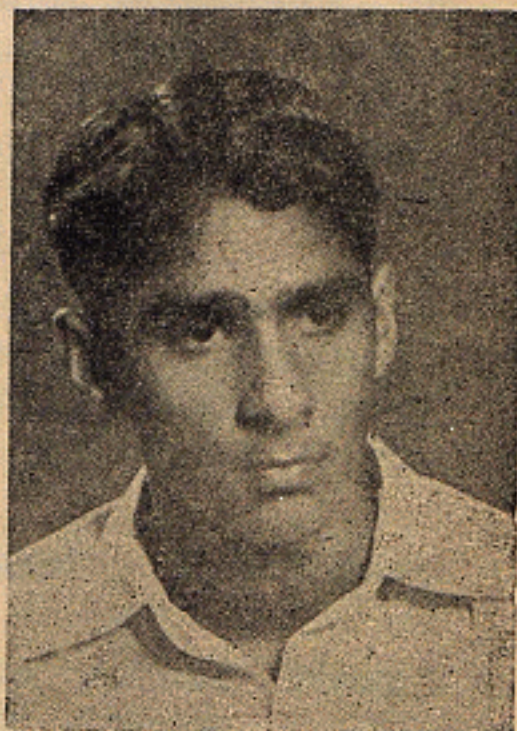
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"Freedom of Will"; Prof. Soofi Basharatur Rehman presided.

#### Fazl-i-Umar Hostel:

*Prefect*: Kibriyya Ahmad  
Moazzum;

*Zaeem*: Abdul Quddus;

*President Mess*: Islam Bhatti;

*Auditor Hostel*: Rashid Ahmad

The Common Room has been decorated, a new set of baths has been added and the management of the Mess has been overhauled. Mr. Basharatur Rahman left after a distinguished period of service. Prof. M. A. Khalid has joined instead. The paternal interest taken by His Excellency Ch. Mohammad Zafrullah Khan in the affairs of the hostel, particularly his contribution to the Breakfast Programme, has made our task much lighter and easier. The Dars of the Holy Quran and Hadith continued to be given.

The following students went to Sheikhpura District to render aid to the flood-stricken people and most of them earned certificates of merit from their officers:

Nazir Ahmad, III Year, (leader),  
Bashir Ahmad III Year, Munir Ahmad, Muhammad Aslam Khan, Khurshid Ahmad, Shaukat Ali, Muhammad Siddiq, Ghulam Hussain, Ataullah, Zahoor Ahmad, Shakoor Ahmad, Karimullah, Riaz Ahmad, Abdul Majid, Mahboob Alam and Muhammad Ijaz.

#### The Hostel Union:

*Vice-President*: Munawwar Ahmad  
Chawinda;

*Secy.*: Syed Nasir Ahmad Shah;

*Secy. Common Room*: Bashir Ahmad Chaudhri.

*Joint Secy. Common Room*: Saeed Abdullah of Somaliland.

A moonlight trip was arranged at the Chenab where dinner and a long and successful humorous programme were arranged. The college staff also participated.

The following lectures were held.

Hazrat Maulvi Muhammad Din spoke on "Zikre Habib"; Hazrat Mirza Nasir Ahmad, the Principal spoke on "Life in Oxford"; Mian Abdul Haye spoke on "Cultural and Political Situation in Indonesia"; Maulana Ghulam Bari Saif on "The Importance of Discipline"; Prof. Basharatur Rehman on "Advice to Khuddam."

The last and the major function of the hostel, the Annual Dinner was a great success.

Hazrat Maulvi Mohammad Din, The Principal, the Staff, the Nazirs, the Vakils, the Heads of the local institutions and the other elite of the town participated. Besides the Staff Finals in Table Tennis in which the worthy Principal defeated Prof. Naseer Ahmad Khan, the guests also enjoyed the exhibition match. The humorous programme was organized by Mr. Rashid Ahmad Gilgitti and was a great success. Messrs. Riaz Ghuman, Bashir Ahmad and Rashid stood first, second and third.

A general competition for cleanliness was held and the following were declared to be the best kept rooms:

1. Dormitory First: Bashir Ahmad Nasim, Nasir Majoka, Naseem Piracha, (Occupants).

(Continued on page 43)