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WHEN PAKISTAN RULES BRITON

The January sun was bright over Lahore. There was not a cloud in the brilliant skies, not a leaf stirred nor was there a sound to be heard as I sprawled in an easy chair, on the lawns of my houses in Gulberg. I suddenly heard the dog bark..... I knew it was the postman, just then, my wife brought me the mail. The envelope was on Pakistan State Service, the letter from the Imperial Secretariat, Islamabad, read:

D.O. XYZ/ 12345/ BC

14 August 2080

Dear Masud,

The Pakistan Colonial Office is pleased to appoint you as Deputy Commissioner of the District of Lancashire (England).

You will be paid a monthly salary of RS.20,200 p.m. plus the usual allowances admissible under the Pakistan Colonial Service Rules, plus Rs. 5,000/- overseas service pay.

You are permitted joining time of one month with effect from the date of the letter. Your appointment is being gazetted today.

Your faithfully,

(B. A. Sheikh)

Colonial Secretary,

Govt. of Pakistan.

P.S: I enclose a copy of the latest Defense of Pakistan Rules for ready reference and a small Pamphlet title "How it Treat British Natives", which you will find most useful. B.A.S.

There was also a demi-official congratulatory letter from the Colonial Secretary, Bashir Bakht, informing me that arrangements had been made for me to receive assignment briefs at the Colonial Office from 0900 hours on Saturday, which was three days away. It would facilitate the briefing if I could, in the meanwhile, study the official publications which had been sent separately in a bulky packet.

The first of these publications, I discovered, as I opened the packet, was an edition of the guide for Pakistan officers posted to Britain. And the second publication was 'What's wrong with the British Native'?

A few paragraphs which I found specially interesting are:-

EXCERPT ONE

The term 'British' means, English, Scot, Welsh, Irish and immigrants from west Indies and the Asian countries who settled in Britain in the twentieth century.

The Scot prides himself on his engineering, shipbuilding and medical skills and looks down upon the English as a nation of plundering shopkeepers and cunning diplomats. The national dress of the Scots is the kilt, a shirt- like garments worn by men and women alike.

Pakistanis visiting Britain for the first time are first shocked & then amused to see Scotsmen strutting about in famine dress. However, the Scots are very sensitive about this issue and any expression of merriment at this strange custom must be controlled.

EXCERPT 2

Just before the British Isles come under the Pakistan flag, there was a strong separatist movement led by the Scottish Nationalist Party (now banned under the Defense of Britain Rules).

Dissident elements (see the imperial Pakistan Gazetteer: Prominent British Natives) are to be regarded as potential trouble makers & may be handled discreetly under the 'Divide and Rule' policy. The Welsh speak their own language and have a fondness for ridiculously long place-names .

EXCERPT 3

By Pakistani standards of personal hygiene, the British are generally dirty and their body odour is often unpleasant. Most take a bath only once a week, and some at much longer intervals. A good many of them have not yet given up the habit of soaking themselves in full - size bath- tubs filled with soap and water. Added to that is the foul smell due to the use of toilet paper instead of water

Pakistanis visiting British homes feel disgusted. Thank God, the British have now adopted the 'lota' system.

Government is aware of the need to introduce the natives to civilized standards of personal hygiene and encourage further use of the 'lota' and the overhead bath tab, balti & donga .

EXCERPT 4

The pub (short for public house) is one of the most ancient and wide-spread of all British institutions. While its main function is to serve alcoholic for consumption on the premises, it traditionally serves as a meeting place for people in the neighborhood. People meet here after working hours & over jugs of beer play darts, have a lunch, conduct courtships, or flirt with pretty girls in the bar. etc.

The Pakistan Government has imposed prohibition; banned all forms of gambling, lottery, prostitution, and forbidden pub-owners to employ girls. The pubs are now patronised mostly by the Pakistani gentry and the up market easternised British natives. Wooden casks and soda fountains now pour out lassi , carrot Kangi, sherbet mufarraah and cold milk flavoured with cardamom and essence of roses.

EXCERPT 5.

It must not be assumed that Pakistan 's responsibility towards its British subjects ends with the introduction of prohibition, reformation of pubs, and banning prostitution. An appalling amount of moral corruption still exists in Britain. Nudists and prostitutes play hide- and- seek- with the Police; people sell 'pot' and LSD, and it is estimated that one out of ten persons in England suffers from venereal disease.

EXCERPT 6

The native's strange beliefs and customs based on superstition and 'old wives tales ', belief in ghosts and spirits is wide spread. People are fleeced by quacks claiming to read the future by gazing into crystal - balls and examining palm prints.

The next morning I took the flight to Islamabad after landing I immediately drove down to the colonial office to obtain details, where I was told that I should get ready to leave within three weeks, as English rebels had launched a strong anti- Pakistan agitation and a long group of Englishmen led by St. Michael had started guerrilla warfare against the Pakistani army. The Pakistani Imperial Govt. was anxious to restore law and order in the disturbed areas and had, therefore, decided to send out a batch of twenty- one experienced officers of the Civil Service of Pakistan, who had spent many years in England and had first- hand knowledge of our British subjects. Speaking to me about the nature of my duties, The Secretary said," You have the moral duty of raising the cultural and moral standards of the British natives, who have been demoralised because of several wars and destruction . When you get there," he continued after a pause," you should act and behave in a manner that will make them look up to you-----always----- and stand in awe of the very name of your country."

"I will do my best , Sir

"< I answered.

HOW DID PAKISTAN COME TO RULE BRITAIN?

When World War III, sparked off between America and western Europe on the one side, and Russia and China on the other, with Japan, India, Pakistan, Indonesia, the Mid-East countries, alone with other Asian and African countries remaining neutral ended twenty-five years ago in the defeat of the Western nations. In the first phase of the devastating war, the Americans faced a 'Dunkirk' and Western Europe was occupied by the Sino-Russian Armies without much bloodshed . It Had repercussions on the neutral countries. Japan joined the Eastern allies soon after the evacuation of Korea by the Western armies. India and Indonesia followed suit as soon as the Sino-Russian armies completed their sweep over Western Europe. Pakistan, which had been marking time till now, also joined the eastern block, as a result of the strong anti-west movements inside the country. After the fall of England to Russian, Middle East countries also declared their alliance with the Eastern Bloc.

Now, with the entire Eastern block poised against America, fighting continued for a few years. American atomic weapons and chemical warfare caused heavy loss in terms of human life and property, but the "Will" of the people of the East, in the end, won the day. Animated by an indomitable determination to wipe out, once and for all, the exploitation of the Eastern countries by those of the West, and to save Asia from another era of loot and plunder. the ill-equipped armies of Asia had spilled rivers of blood and made enormous sacrifices to defeat the monstrous American war- machine.

With the absolute defeat of Western nations, the council of the Eastern Allies decided to divide the Western countries and their colonies between the Eastern nations, for the purpose of occupation and restoration of peace. Thus, China occupied the United States; Russia occupied Western Germany, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Belgium and Holland; India occupied France, Spain and Switzerland; Indonesia was allotted Italy and Greece; and Pakistan got England and Irelands its slave. The colonies of the Western powers in North America (Canada), South America, Africa and Australia were declared sovereign.

While making preparations for my stay in England, I was anxious to secure sufficient clothes as it was rather difficult to find tailors in England who could make good Pakistani clothes. A few English tailors had, of course, started making Pakistani dresses but they were not up to the mark. Accordingly I bought all the necessary items like turbans, long shirts, woolen shalwars, smart bundis, stuffed with cotton, achkans made of Kashmira and woolen patti, fine tahmads for evening wear, and other miscellaneous articles all made in Pakistan. At that time Pakistan was exporting textiles in large quantities to the British colonies in return for raw materials.

THE VOYAGE OUT

After necessary preparations, I sailed for England on a Pakistani ship, "The City of Multan". I decided to take the sea route to keep a promise that I had made to myself and to my wife to travel by sea if we got a chance.

On the eight day we passed through the Suez Canal which was a real treat beyond my expectations. We cheered and waved to the people on the banks and we docked at Port Said where we went ashore and drove off to see the pyramids. Port Said was a very clean place compared to Port Henry, where we docked a day later. As soon as we set foot on land, we were besieged by British street vendors trying to sell us all kinds of cheap goods - watches, fountain pens, small leather items, torches, soap, pocket-radios, playing cards pornographic picture post cards etc.

The journey through the Mediterranean was un-eventful until we approached Straits of Gibraltar, the weather showed signs of getting rough, the captain announced that bad weather was expected. Soon we were being tossed about on the deck like toys. Most of us became sea-sick for 7 days until we returned the corner into the Bay of Biscay. Water lashed on the deck and swept across it. This went on continuously for two days, the ship made no progress No one to come out of their cabins. Then, finally, there was an explosion, everything shook as if there was an earthquake, suddenly all was silent except for the sirens which signaled us to run to the lifeboats and to put on life-belts. The discipline of the passengers, mainly Pakistanis, was exemplary. We boarded the life boats in perfect order. No one panicked. One by one the boats were rowed ashore. When the heads were counted, we were all there. Pakistani sailors were famous for their efficiency and they had proven it. Our luggage could not be rescued, but a month later some of it turned up.

Two days later we arrived at our destination, Southampton. A large crowd of Englishmen had come to receive me. City notables, senior officials and office staff pushed each other to catch my eye. The senior officials were in Pakistani dress, long shirts, shalwars and Jinnah caps. The subordinate office staff and petty officers were dressed in English lounge suits and stood in a corner. most of them bowed too low, some stammered, and their voices quavered when they shook hands and said "Assalam o Alaikum" with an English accent. The first man to be introduced to me was Sir John Gilbert, the Mayor, who stood at the tops of the receiving line, wearing a black achkan and a well-starched shalwar. His wife stood beside along with their daughters dressed in shalwar kurta and dopatta, gracefully draped over their heads. Then there were other native aristocrats Nawab Henry Williams of Tunbridge Wells. and his wife, Jacob Phillips, the richest business man in town, was there along with Tony Tudor, I finally met my private Secretary Mr. Wavell the Magistrates, Mir Abdullah Jan, Jerry Lewis, sheikh Chaukandar Deen, George Tomkins, Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, all S.D.Os and Rustam Sher, the City Magistrate. Tehsildars, Revenue Assistants and Naib Tehsildars. Were also present I was garlanded and congratulated by every one for the new lease of life God had granted me.

Suddenly my eyes caught the sight of a well-dressed English man hurrying towards me. He wore a shalwar and black sherwani supporting a big green turban with an outsize turrah. This man was

constantly pulling up his shalwar which kept slipping down on his paunch, with one hand and with the other he kept turrāh in place; and his (bright yellow) "Izarband" (belt) kept dangling from under his achkan. When he finally got to me, Khuda Bakhsh introduced him as Mr. Gerald John Chips. P.A. to the Deputy Commissioner. With tears trickling down his eyes he hugged me warmly and said "My family and I have had no sleep ever since we heard of the shipwreck and we have been constantly praying for your safety. We also organized public prayers in the churches for you. Please accept our heartiest congratulations.

Then came John Thomas, a tall thin man with an eagle nose, dressed in a brown achkan with the "Izarbands" showing from under. It seemed that "showing off izarbands" in this manner was considered fashionable. He was a big landlord of the area and repeated what the P.A. to D.C had said to me earlier.

The train journey from Scotland to Manchester took 2 hours. Sir John's family, Mr. Chips and all the officials accompanied, there by the same train but they were in other compartments. A large crowd of Englishmen had come to see me off along with Senior officials and office staff. Most of them were dressed in Pakistani clothes.

English people dressed in Pakistani outfits walked about on the platform proud of their clothes, even through their turbans, izarbands and turrāhs, were wrongly made and oddly angled. I was amazed and amused to see them.

After the introductions I was escorted by Mr. Khuda Bakhsh, the Acting Deputy Commissioner, and Sir John Gilbert, a leading business man, to a well-decorated stair case with a green carpet, from where I was led to a rostrum to give a short speech, in Urdu (the official language) to thank the people for the very warm welcome. "I expect the English people to be loyal and obedient and to help the Govt. in restoring law and order. I would do every thing to reconstruct your city and help you in every way to get you on the road to prosperity and progress" I said. After the speech, I was driven away in a eight-horse carriage, with a small Pakistani flag. There were large crowds of people lined up on both sides of the road.

As I got into the carriage, the English band in attendance, played a Pakistani tune "Ai mere Sajjan main wari janwan", and the people shouted "Zindabad". Mr. Khuda Bakhsh drove me to the D.C.'s official residence, where a delicious Pakistani lunch awaited us.

"It is splendid food" my wife said, "have you got a Pakistani cook"?

"No," he replied, "I have got an English "Khansama", who cooks Pakistani food very well. There are several others like him here who have learnt Pakistani cooking. Of course, we have to pay them higher salaries than to those who just know the native cooking. English servants are very obedient and handworking". "I am glad to know that, I was worried whether I could get Pakistani food here".

"Don't you worry" Begum Sahiba," said Khuda Bakhsh, "you will get almost everything Pakistani that you want". The English people are gradually taking to the Pakistani style of living, some families from the aristocracy, as you will notice, look more Pakistani in their ways and manners than the Pakistanis themselves."

I had not been in England only forty-eight hours and already I had seen 13 izarbands hanging below the achkans. One of the first thing I did was to issue a circular informing my staff, local Magistrate etc. that it was not correct to show off "izarbands" from under their achkans or kurtas, and that achkans should not go down to the ankles but only up to the knees.

At the time I took over charge of my office I found that law and order had totally broken down. Robbers, dacoits and petty thieves roamed the country side. whatever could be exchanged for food was of special values, e.g. Radio, TV sets etc. toilet soap was in great scarcity. Everything was expensive except human labour, specially female labour. The British nobles were corrupt. Each had a virtual harem of concubines. They thought of sex all the time and their favorite entertainment was late-night dance parties. My first task was,

obviously, to restore law and order. The "goondas" and robbers and dacoits were hounded out. Stern action was taken against suspects and the area was cleared of all the undesirable elements.

Sir John Gilbert tried to see me at the Club, but since the white natives were not entry to the premises, he had to wait till the next morning. I had just finished breakfast when the bearer brought his card. As I came in to the Drawing Room he rose from his seat and, with arms outstretched, he came towards me and tried to kiss my hands. He was one of our most dependable noble lords of the land. It was he who had coined the phrase, "Britain, the fairest gem in Pakistan's Crown". Addressing me he said, "our scoundrels want equality but the country's landlords will give you all the support in their power. Please convey to the President of Pakistan our unflinching loyalty to him."

THE ISLAMI CONVENTS AND OTHER SCHOOLS.

Since quite a number of employees of big Pakistani companies, some Pakistanis who had retired after military service, some from the civil services, railways and telegraph departments had settled down permanently in Britain, our missionaries had opened a number of schools and colleges all over the country in the Urdu medium. I had my son admitted into an Islami Convent called Convent of Hazret Fatimah. Examinations were called the Preliminary, the Junior and Senior, equivalent to the Primary, Secondary and Matriculation. These were controlled by the University of the Punjab. The Islami Convents admitted only those children who were born of Pakistani or Anglo-Pakistani parents or were British Muslims. They also allowed admission to a small number of English children from upper middle class.

The Principal Rev. Mother Faqira Zeinab, and her junior associate, Sister Sabina, possessed the most angelic faces. Their speech and tone was soft and cultured, tone even the students had a distinct air of holiness about them.

Model High School of the city arranged a sports rally in my honour and was requested to give away the prizes. I had to reach the school an hour before the sports commenced so that I could inspect the premises and meet the teachers. During my round of the school, I was shown a co-education class where there were more girls than boys. A big, burly, black-bearded Pakistani, rather crudely dressed, was at the blackboard as we walked in. He greeted me with an understanding smile. "When did you come out here?", I asked him. "Only last year Janab", he revealed. "I was called out to teach Urdu in this School." "I see that, but are you a trained teacher?". "Yes, Were you teaching in Pakistan? And, by the way, where do you come from?" I asked. "I am from Jhang District but I was not teaching there". "At home we are barbers", he answered with his chin down. I was taken aback. "O you are originally a barber, how can you...er... well, well, Come this side" I took him to a corner and asked, "How do you manage with your students?" "Do not worry Sir," he assured me. "I am very successful in my job". The English students who have taken high degrees in Urdu literature - M.A., Ph.D., - hold me in high esteem. They come and sit with me for hours and converse in Urdu. They watch carefully the movements of my lips, then go home and imitate me in front of mirror. Then they come back and repeat what they had practiced and ask me if the pronunciation is correct. The students spend years trying to learn the correct pronunciation. They regard me as a great scholar of Urdu even though I mix up quotations from "Heer Ranjah", in my lectures". "So you are quite happy with your job", I said but what salary do you get?" About Rs.5,000/-, he answered. "And what is the salary of the English teachers," I asked, "Oh they are a poor lot. They get about a Rs.500/-, as they know no Urdu. "They only know their native tongue English". Just as I was leaving class room, English students were asked to sing a folk song, they started singing. "Meri Bhains Ko Danda Kyun Mara?"

From the Urdu class, the Headmaster took me to the third Primary Class which had ten years old children. Seeing us enter they stood up and shouted "Assalam-o-Alaikum". I said, "Baith Jao". As we walked

through the Class, the Headmaster stopped and lifted the lid of the desk of a boy and remarked boastfully, "Look at the heap of books. Our boys have to read. The remarkable thing is that most of these are in the Urdu and printed in Pakistan. "That is indeed remarkable", I said" with so much intensive instruction why do they fail in the higher classes?

"Wasn't the metric result just 30 percent?" I remembered "That is no body's fault" replied the Headmaster, we do our best, but it is only due to their weakness in Urdu that they fail. Learning by heart like parrots, they reproduce the Urdu narration so well that the examiners are sometimes surprised". "Your English boys seem to be gifted children", I remarked. "Yes", sir," answered the Headmaster, "They have excellent memory for 'rote work' but they hardly understand the contents, nor the subject and forget everything soon after the exam". Saying this the Headmaster heaved a sigh. "There is no way out", he reclaimed, they cannot get a decent job anywhere unless they know Urdu well. Those students who are well versed in Urdu are looked upon as scholars, and are highly thought of not only by their peers but also by their teachers and the public at large". "Surely, there must be some good scholars of English language in the country", I inquired. "Not to my knowledge" he answered, "English is no longer the hallmark of scholars. But Englishmen returning from Lahore, Multan and other Universities out in Pakistan are looked upon as great scholars because of their proficiency in Urdu and those who specialize only in English, "Un ke jootey partey hain"; I mean they simply starve, there is no demand for them as all higher education and competitive exams are held in the Urdu medium". "But tell me", I asked, Do the students really get to know Urdu well by the rote method?" "Some of them do" he said, " But it is more the form of it than its substance ".

There was not much time left and after visiting the girls needle-work class I hurried to the School sports ground for the prize distribution. On my arrival, I was welcomed by members of the managing committee. After a chorus of "Qaim rahe Hasmisha Farman Rawa Hamara", the program started.

The first item that morning was "Kabbadi". All the teams consisted of young Englishmen. The finals were won by a Scottish team, The next item was the women's kabaddi, I was surprised because it was unexpected. The girls, in their black nickers and white blouses, were beautiful and muscular. They beat their white thighs the same way the men did and drew tremendous applause from the public as well as the officials. The Kabbadi was followed by a wrestling match. There were several other 'usual' sports events which followed. After the conclusion of the program as I was about to leave, the Headmaster said that he would like me to hear two nursery songs which were popular with the boys.

The singing went on for a good two minutes when I had to tell the teacher that I had had enough, nevertheless. He immediately ordered the boys to sing another song. As this finished I asked the Headmaster whether the boys understood what they were singing. Some of them of course had never seen a buffalo nor were they familiar with the songs which are not as common here as in Pakistan. But, all the same, he said "the English mothers are mighty pleased to hear their kids sing".

The next day I paid a visit to the Convent of Fatimah Zohra where Urdu was the medium of instructions. I was very pleased to see that the best students, speaking excellent Urdu - were turned out by this institution. However one of the teachers Mrs. Mary Martin told me that she had started English classes to give special training to the girls in their mother tongue, but complained that the girls did not attend regularly and were now being compelled by the Headmaster to attend regularly. After a few days his office was stormed by some of the students and their parents. Demanding that their daughters should not be forced to learn English. We want them to learn 'Endo', so that they may be looked upon as young ladies of refinement and culture. If the word spreads that our girls are learning rustic and crude English in the school, there would be no demand for them in the marriage market.

I was told by a friend that one of the one of Urdu kindergarten boys asked his mother after hearing the nursery rhyme ' Meri Bhains Ko Denda Kyun Marra' in school, "Mummy what is a 'bhains'? "His mother told him

it was " some very black, very fat and sweet tempered animal. " The boy wanted to see it. His mother went on to described it further. "It is like a cow, but it has bigger horns." " But what does it eat?" asked the confused boy, "It eats what the cow eats? said the mother? "Then, why is it black?", "Is its milk also black?" "Do not be silly", said his mother, "milk is never black; it is always white." "How much does it cost?" was the next question, " I do not really know" answered the bewilder mother, but I hear that out in Pakistan it is also given away as part of a bride's dowry. "Ah Mummy" "chisped the young boy, " will my bride also get a buffalo in her dowry?" "well, said the mother "will try to find a good one. I often heard young Jim, a little boy who lived close to my bungalow, singing "Meri Bhains ke Danda". One day I asked his father whether he knew the meaning of the song and he replied in the negative. But he added that frequent mumbling of these lyrics did make him feel that he was looked upon with envy by his playmates. Infect, he added, the elders in the house also thought that he sounded very smart singing such songs.

Some weeks later we were entertained to dinner by Sir John Gilbert. It was a multi-coloured gathering I found myself at with old and young, intellectuals, and a bevy of lovely girls, most of them without male escorts. England's population at the that time was five women to one man. We moved to the big dining room, it was one of the best I had ever seen. Old paintings by great masters of Moghul art were hung up on the walls with thick Persian carpets on the floor and a richly embroidered dastarkhwan in the middle of the floor. With numerous dishes of Pakistani food. Having taken off our shoes before entering the room. We sat on both sides of the dastarkhwan.

Westarted with Bismillah and the food was served on the dastarkhwan. I broke a piece of paratha with my right hand curiosity looking through the corner of my eye to see how the host and hostess were eating. I found them perfect, but Mrs. Gilbert appeared worried about her daughter who took a piece of the paratha with her left hand. She jostled her midly, upon which the girl very tactfully changed over.

The hand washing arrangements had also been meticulously planned. A Welsh bearer, in glittering costume, went round with soap and towel, while a pretty blonds 11 year old dressed in equally rich colours, held a huge lota of warm water and another carried the wash-basin.

Mrs. Gilbert said in an apologetic tone, " Now our low income people use forks and knives, which are a relics of the past and were used to cut raw and half-cooked meat. Our educated and modern families no longer eat half-cooked meat and use fingers, which is surely a clean and natural way to eating. We never use forks not even in our homes." She was obviously overstating the case, to dispel any untoward impression I may have, as even the suspicion of their using forks and knives was likely to lower their prestige.

I held a piece of roti in my right hand and the entire party followed suit. I dipped the piece into a dish of aloo shorba - and they all followed me, dipping deep into the shorba which soiled almost half their fingers. Sir John Gilbert and his wife quickly noticed their mistake when they noticed that only the tips of my fingers were soaked in the shorba and the others were dry. They - quickly cleaned their fingers with their napkins.

"It does not matter, Lady Gilbert, " I said, soon get used to it. The food definitely is delicious." "Thank you, sir," answered Sir John Gilbert, "my daughter has recently done a course in Pakistani cooking and it is she who has been in the kitchen today."

"I would like to meet your young daughter", I answered.

"She will be honoured", said Lady Gilbert, "I shall certainly present her after we have finished dinner.

It was a big party and met a good many prominent personalities of the town. Some of them spoke in fluent Urdu but may betrayed a great strain as they spoke. Very often their pronunciation of Urdu in the English

accent was difficult to understand. I noticed that when they talked to Pakistanis they spoke Urdu, but among themselves they talked in English with a variety of Urdu words and phrases.

Very often I heard a mixture of Urdu and English and this was certainly a treat. Maurya Phillips, John Gilbert's niece was sitting close to me, was quietly conversing with her boy friend John, I heard her say, "No, dear Jub tumko mera shakl pasand nahin phir why do you come to my house. Why do not you mujh ko akela chhor det-te".

John retorted, "Payari Payari, Do not be angry. How can I tumhara bina life spend karsakta?"

As I moved up to another group I overheard the same kind of hybrid talk almost everywhere.

When I got back home, my P.A. Mr. Waovel, announced the arrival of some prominent men of the district who had come to pay their respects. I told him to call them sometime next week as I was too tired to meet them. "May I submit your honour," said Mr. Waovel, "that you might least see two or three of them now and they would feel honoured."

"All right," I said, "bring them in but who are they?"

"They are Nawab Alferd John Irwin, Khan-e-Khanan Jaffari Demontmorency. Chaudhry Lawford Chips, and Sir John Gilbert, Mayor of the City Corporation. They are little-holders and very loyal friends of the Pakistan Government."

A short-statured, middle-aged person, fat and burly, with big moustaches and a small beard, entered the room. He bowed as he came in and when he was close to my table he bowed again, saying "Ass-saloom-laikom", he came forward with a gentle and respectful step with his two hands extended for musafah. I extended my hand which he held in both his hands, three times with a feeling of great joy, and sat down in the chair.

"How are you Nawab Irwin," I asked.

"I am all right, sir, with your blessings and kindness. And how are you, Sir," he inquired, "and your family and children and your people, and your country."

"Everything is all right", I answered.

"I am glad to know, Nawab Irwin, that you are a loyal friend of our Government," I said.

"Thank you, sir, I am a humble servant of your Government and my prestige, prosperity and honour is due to the kindness of the Government of Pakistan", he exclaimed.

"I would like to know something about your family, Nawab Irwin", I added.

"Hanur-e-Ali, he said," I am one of the leading men of the district and my family has been honoured by the Government of Pakistan with a gift of 5,000 acres of land in recognition of loyal services rendered in the suppression of the recent revolt of the English natives. Sir, I am ashamed of my bad countrymen. They are in fact misled by a set of 'goondas' like John Taylor, Smith and Darwin who have led them astray. The leader, John Taylor, is in fact, a man of no means and he is only trying to win a high price for himself by cheap methods of agitation and spreading hatred against the Pakistan Government. He is in fact trading on the national sentiment of the people. His comrades are all 'badmashes'. "My family and relatives are loyal to the Pakistan Govt. Pakistanis are noble people. We had organised a private battalion to fight the rebels and we drove them off from our village."

"Shabash, Shabash," I complimented him. " That is why you have been made a Nawab."

"Yes, sir, partly for that, and partly for the personal sacrifice offered by me to protect the life of Jalalat-Maab Hazarat Muhammad Khan, the Commander-in-Chief of the Pakistan Army. His Camp was stormed by rebels and all the orderlies deserted him except myself. I stood by him and saved his life."

"I am very glad to hear that. I hope you will always remain loyal", I said.

"Certainly, sir, my honour and prosperity depend on loyalty and we shall lay down our lives for Pakisant", he reiterated.

"All right, Nawab Irwin," I said and he left the room.

Chaudhry Law ford Chips came in next. He walked with a peculiar limb and wore a smart turban with a long turrah sticking out. after musafah he sat down in a chair but was feeling somewhat uneasy about the position of his 'turrah'. Many times he tried to straighten it out by placing it in at various ridiculous angles.

"Well Chaudhry Chips, how are you?" I started.

"I am all right Sir, thank you very much," he said and simultaneously put his right hand into the turban to see if the Turrah was sticking out properly. Finding it bent down he tried to straighten it and said apologetically, "Sir, I am very sorry, I hope you do not mind my clumsy 'turrah'. "Never mind Chaudhry Chips, go ahead tell me, about yourself" I continued.

"Thank you, Sir, I am all right with your blessing and kindness; and how is your honour, and your family and your people at home?"

"Every one is well" I answered. "Tell me, Chaudhry Chips what services have you rendered to our Government.

"Well, Janab, we have made big sacrifices to help the Pakistan Army with men and material to fight the rebels. My family has given 59 recruits including one of my sons and two nephews. During the most troubled days of the revolt, my area remained peaceful, and it was all due to my efforts that the rebels and the bad characters who were agitating the public were arrested. Some of them who had taken shelter in my village were surrounded and handed over to the Pakistan Army, and among them was the notorious Robin Hood. In recognition of these services the Pakistan Government granted me an Estate of 2,000 acres, and the title of "Chaudhry".

"That is splended, Chaudhry Chips" I answered, "I am very pleased to know all that" But, sir, "he retorted" I desrve to be a "Nawab" for these services, the present title of "Chaudhry" is not good enough for me.

"I see, I shall certainly examine your case for a bigger title", I answered.

"I am deeply grateful to you for this consideration sir", and saying this he got up and bowed several times before he left the room.

"Please tell Khan-e-Khanan and Sir John Gilbert that I shall see them at the garden party tomorrow afternoon. I am too tired to meet any one now".

Next afternoon we went to a garden party arranged by the City Municipal Corporation in the beautiful Bagh-e-Iqbal which had the finest varieties of flowers. Five bands were in attendance. About one thousand

guests had been invited. I was escorted by Sir John Gilbert to the middle where the VIPs were seated. My attention was attracted by two English girls in the party who had their hair done in chootiya & parandah. The one who was seated next to me, looked very smart in her puranda and I could not help asking her from where she had bought it. She said that her brother who had gone to Lahore University to do his M.A. in Urdu literature had brought three for her.

"Doesn't she look pretty, Lady Gilbert," I remarked.

"Yes, indeed", she is my niece. In fact my two daughters have also been looking for purandas; the general merchant in the town had imported a small number from Multan but they sold out like hot cakes, we were just too late".

"I shall get you a few," I said.

"Thank you, sir. But please do not bother; I will write to my son who is doing M.A. in Punjabi literature at the Multan University. He will send me a few".

I was about to move to another table when a young girl came to me and said, "I hope you would not mind my interruption, but I am trying to get a pair of Pakistani shoes (Khoosas) for my sister."

"You have got a nice pair on , yourself", I said.

"Yes, I got them through my fiancée who had gone to Lahore for training in Military tactics."

"Well, I can give you the address of a reliable firm at home, haven't you got a general merchant here who might import these?"

"Yes, there is a Pakistani shoe shop run by uncle Mr. Mc Donald, but he mostly imports gent's shoes; he got a few cheap quality lady's shoes and these were sold out in a day," she said. "What is the name of your uncle's shop, I inquired.

"Its called "Pakistani Jooti Ghar", she replied.

"By the way, has your finance returned permanently from Lahore?", I made a further enquiry.

"yes, but unfortunately today he is out of town", she answered. "I wish you had met im, he is an extremely smart, fashionable and modern young man and speaks fluent Urdu."

"I imagine so", I said, a smart girl like you would only marry a smart man. But who do you call a modern young man."

"Well, a young man who is not old-fashioned", I mean one who dresses well-in nice Pakistani clothes like dress achkan and shalwar, sports a turban with a smart turrah, and has been to a good Pakistani educational institute. She answered.

"Don't you like suits, she answered, "They are so ugly, the tie looks like a dog's collar. The trousers give such a silly look to men's legs as if they have been cut into two parts. It is obscene, The shalwar is definitely more graceful, I love it; curls and furls it look beautiful and attractive, it adds dignity to the figure of the man and when well strached, it gives a fascinating profile to the man's figure. I love the shalwar and the sound of the rustle while walking.

While she was still in raptures about the Pakistani dress, I was requested to meet the Duke of Malborough who had come to meet me. Saying good-bye to this smart girl, I shook hands with the Duke and walked around with him.

He wore a smart Achkan made of very expensive velvet with gold buttons on it. He had tied his turban in the style of the Moghul princes and with pride he said "This turban was gifted to me by your predecessor who hailed from a Moghul family. This is a rare piece of brocade. I have kept it with great love and fondness".

I felt the tail of the Achkan and was thrilled at the very touch of it as it was an extremely fine fibre and being hand woven it was not only matchless but also priceless. The Duke took me to his place which was closeby and showed me some of the old souvenirs of his family. It was an old house with worn out furniture and tattered floor carpets. It showed his poverty but he maintained his pride of being a Duke and brought out some relics of his grand father's robe and some certificates given to his father by our Pakistani Governor General Muhammad Din for the loyal services rendered by him. One very interesting certificate was that of the previous Deputy Commissioner, Noor Din, which said the Duke had been so loyal that he did not hesitate to pass information of the activities of his real nephew who had been playing a dirty role in sympathy with the rebels and he was ultimately hanged in consequence of that information.

We returned and rejoined the party. The Duke started speaking very highly of Pakistani standards of entertainmnet and asked " I hope ,sir, you are enjoying the party although I do not think it can be of your standard but you know this is what we could arrage". He went on, "Our gardeners are beginning to learn the Pakistani style of garden decoration and flower setting, and we have made a bginning in some public parks though not so successfully". Well I have been quite impressed with the lay out of this garden," , I said. "May I request you to say a few good words about the garden party particularly for Sir Jhon Gilbert, "the Duke said, "he is spending more than he can afford to entertain Govt officials. He will feel very much encouraged". Soon the mike was placed and I thanked Sir Jhon Gilbert for the party and called him to the stage. He came up with a sense of great pride looking left and right keeping his chest up and walking up to me with a gait and then bowing down almost up to his knees. He moved forward to do the Musafah. (hand shake with both the hands.)

British natives under the shock of the defeat and destruction of their country and remaining under subjugation for a century had not only turned pessimistic but had also developed great fascination for miracles, life-after-death and metaphysical. They had ceased to believe in the rational approach to religion. The Holy Bible was now read by them without understanding every day for invoking blessings for the dead. This was revealed to me when I visited Sir Jhon Gilbert one evening.

During the conversation he mentioned to me how two of his sons had become well-versed in the Bible but were not conversant with its meaning at all nor of any part of it. "The Church", he said, "no longer teaches the Bible in English but in old Latin. Bible is taught to us, however no one understands it. It is the sanctity of the word of God that matters and not its meaning. People learn it by heart and repeat it over every year.

His daughter Mary who had been divorced by her husband, informed me how she was getting guidance from the Bible for all her problems. "I open it just at random and the page that comes before me gives some indication of the solution. That is the mircle of it." She went on to say, "The mausoleum of our great Saint Martin is one pace I visit every Sunday. Thousands of pilgrims gather, make offerings and seek the Saint's blessings." "Besides, it is not any living descendant we care for; the Saint lying in his grave is alive although buried. He hears us and helps us in all matters, that is, if we really have faith in him."

"That is very intersting", I said, "I should like to see the mausoleum one day, but one English friend told me the other day, that there is a mausoleum in which a donkey lies buried. Is it true". "Yes, of course, it is true.

That is not an donkey but the one that belonged to the Saint. Therefore, it is venerable. He too performs miracles, because the Saint used to ride him so often."

"It is well-known", she added. "that the tombs of these saints every where are used as rendezvous by lovers and men and women of questionable character.

"Tell me, have you ever made an appointment with any one you liked, to meet you at some shrine or another?", I asked.

She blushed. For some moments she remained silent but then spoke out. "Well, yes, to tell you the truth."

"Well, there you are," I said with a smile.

"But that was only once, I have never done that again", she said. You see, the boy had promised to marry me and I had accepted."

"When are you getting married, "I enquired. "I am not. he went back on his word. But I am not disappointed or sorry, my Saint gives me great comfort." she said.

Mr. Samuel Muhammad, an English Muslim came to my office and asked me if I could give him a copy of 'Qauyamat Nama' in Urdu published and printed by Malik Din Muhammad of Kashmiri Gate, Lahore. I inquired if he had read it already. He said, "I have not only read it but have also mastered it, and I recite it before audiences of English Muslims who listen with rapt attention. Women weep out of fear and men kneel and pray for forgiveness when they hear what would happen on the Qauyamat Day".

John Gilbert used to call on me often and one day he talked about the sudden change that had come over his eldest son, Ralph, who had recently returned from Lahore after a three-years Master's course in History."I do not know what has happened to Ralph. He was a normal youngman when he went abroad, but it seems that he got into the company of some mystics who lived near the tomb of the great Saint Data Ganj Bakhsh. After his return he spends most of his time in prayers, specially at night when he gets up at three in the morning and keeps reciting some Arabic words which he learned from the mystics living in Lahore. Then he begins shaking his head while uttering, "Allah, Allah", so fast that I can hardly bear the sight fearing lest he sprain his neck muscles. Sometimes he gets a few friends over and together they sing, "Allah, Allah, in chorus that people in the vicinity are woken up by the chanting. often Ralph and His friends start dancing and shaking their bodies too. I would like to take you some day to one of the Qalandari Clubs where such youngmen get together and dance to the tune "Dama Dam Mast Qalandar". This cult is spreading fast.

There are plenty of Pakistani Pirs and Malangs going round. They have devotees by the thousands, not only native Muslims but also Englishmen who regard them as demi gods them. The Pirs have gained popularity as they are regularly visited by Pakistani officers. "I see, I am not a bit surprised", I said, Gilbert added, "The pirs have found fertile ground here since after the defeat and destruction of our country, natives have now look for spiritual satisfaction from the East and are ready to accept these spiritual leaders.

During another of my visits to Gilbert I came to know that he had another son, David, who had returned home after ten years of stay in Lahore where had studied for the "Bar". He took double the time, as he failed twice due to his weak Urdu. People who had known the Gilbert for years were shocked to see the terrible change in this Lahore-returned youngman, but his father was very proud of him. "My son speaks first rate Punjabi in Lahore style and Urdu of Karachi and never makes a mistake of idiom or grammar.. I am indeed so very proud of him".

I was told more about David by others who were close to that family. They said that he tries all the time to impress his friends with his flown language skill. His pronunciation was typical Pakistani but he tried hard to pronounce Ain () and Kaaf () with great effort putting more emphasis than was necessary. His father complained at times that he was overdoing the Pakistani style. It was definitely an ordeal for poor David who became isolated before long. He would often say " who I hate to mix with English men who are so uncultured, they have no manners or etiquette. They speak harsh and valgar English language. I like the soft accent of Urdu which is so polite and refined". His friends laughed at him behind his back.

I also heard that David hated eating with forks and knives sitting stiff and erect in a chair. " The Pakistani style", he said " is natural. Sitting to eat on the ground, in squatting position, I feel so comfortable in it. But English natives will not give up their primitvie habits, that is why I spend mmost of my time with Pakistani friends", I enjoy their music.. The "Dhol" (drum) makes my heart pulsate with joy; it is easy to play. simple and natural. where-as the English orchestra is a riddle of sounds. The blending of harmony with rythm makes it sound so silly. There is no pathos which we find in the Pakistani ghazal, thumri and raag".

At last John Gilbert called on me one day to say me that young David had make up his mind to go back to Lahore and live there permanently as he thought "everything here was stupid, nothing gets going here. Regularity of time a menia with people here. Speed and speed, they run like hell all day and have no time, no leisure, not even for their wives and children; but you go to Pakistan and see how leisurely, peaceful, clam and quiet the people are. They take their own time and do not mind if it is ten minutes this way or that, they treat life as a great bounty of God to be enjoyed and not be hustled about.

Next morning I left on a two day tour of the rural areas around Manchester to apprise myself of conditions there.. when I arrived at the Dak Bunglow I was surprised to find a young hefty but good looking Scottish boy waiting for us. He was introduced to me as a masseure whose services are required by touring officers. All the while I kept blushing, but he never winched a bit. It was certianly very thoughtful of Mr. Horace to have summoned him. As he left the room, I began undressing. I lay down flat on my belly on an oak table exactly as he positioned me, exclaiming, "My what a body". Ptesently his deft fingers dipped in some special ointment named "Sukoon" and, began to move over my toes, the soles and up the legs all the way to the small of my back and tckling the spine. I shut my eyes and felt so relaxed that I might have fallen asleep had it not been for his ceaseless talking.

After I had my bath and while I was taking light refreshment with Mr. and Mrs. Horace. Mrs. Horace spoke of the excessive number of females over males in Britain. It is easier and cheaper to get female servants than boys and men, she said. "Most of the young men were killed in the lat waar, and many were recruited to our Pakistani Army, Navy and Air Force and the remaining absorbed by the factories. Of the poor girls, some even from respectable families, have become housemaids, while some have gone into the red-light areas".

Govt offices are in a terrible mess. Any Urdu letter received in the office becomes the centre of attention clerks who write an answer to it. Draft after draft is prepared as each one of them is afraid lest he may committ mistake in the Urdu language, which would expose him to ridicule as also bring a bad mark from the officers.

The education conference in U.K. held its session in which an old educationist, Mr. Durand, gave the final address. " Several Education Commissions installed by the Govt. did not succeed in solving the Education crisis. The failure percentage continued unabated. Last year it was as high 70% both in Matric and B.A. Every Education Commission has pointed out that failures are largely to the imposition of foreign language and ever since Urdu medium Schools had spread throughout the length and breadth of England, our boys have become more unconcerned with their educational responsibilities. They hardly grasp the lecture and they learn by rose.

Consequently widespread cheating is going on in the examinations. They learn by the rote method-one step of memory washes off the whole, they see no other way but to cheat."

A MUSHAIRA

The British Society of Urdu Literature announced an Urdu Mushaira to which Urdu poets from all over the country were invited.

The Mushaira e Tarha was:

Jigar Thhaam Ke Majnoon Agar London Aa-ye

It was a huge gathering. The Governor of Lancashire, Vice Chancellors of Oxford, Cambridge and Manchester Universities, many actors and actresses of the stage and screen were most prominent of the audience. The English poets sat on the stage, chewing paan and displaying their beautiful, embroidered Lucknow type kurtas and pyjamas and angarkhas. Press photographers and amateurs constantly rushed up and down to photograph them. Autograph hunters also pestered them. Then the Governor Sher Khan went up to the stage, gave a short speech expressing his satisfaction at the enthusiastic response given to the invitation by the Society and asked the Meer-e-Mushaira or Master of Ceremonies to begin the recitations. Stephen Garvin alias 'Lauki' was the first to come to mike. His first verse received tremendous applause.

Jigar Thhaam Ke Majnoon Agar London Ay-ye;
Har Lailie-e-Farang Dekhtey hi gash mein aa-ye;

After which the English poets came to mike to recite poems in Urdu in great style, sometimes shaking their hips and blinking their eyes while singing and twisting the body in a rhythmic manner inviting cries of "Wah. Wah, Mukarrar, Mukarrar". The Mushaira lasted all night.

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While handing over charge the outgoing DC had explained to me the new developments in the political field and had said, " Though the British National Movement for liberation has taken roots, it is still in its infancy and we are still in a very strong position in this country. There is nothing to worry about. You will of course get detailed information about the agitation from the Senior Supdt. of Police.

When the new Senior Supdt. of Police arrived one evening. I got a pleasant surprise that it was Shafi Pahalwan of Bhati Gate, Lahore. I thought he had retired and returned home. He was awkward in his carriage making artificial efforts to look dignified in his S.S.P. uniform. He wore a big turban with a long turrah striking out, a high Achkan with a Sam Brown Belt, and on his shoulders the Pakistan badge of Crescent and Star with two additional stars. There was the same large curling mustache, the ends of which were stiffly waxed. "Halloo Shafi; How are you? I thought you would be busy in Lahore defending yourself in that Law case under the Goonda Act."

Shafi looked a bit sheepish and turned round to make sure that no English native had overheard by remarks." By the way, did you have to pass any examination for this appointments?" I said, changing the subject to spare him further embarrassment.

" No examination," answered Shafi, " I was nominated, if you remember and my Vernacular Final Certificate was considered to be good enough for this post. The Home Government wanted a few " toughies" as Superintendents of Police who would be able to quell the disturbances here and also effectively control the native police."

" When I was nominated, the criminal cases against me were withdrawn and I was allowed to proceed to duty." He continued, " I am very glad to see you back here. The nature of work is very difficult. The agitation has given us a very hard time but we are fighting it very well. It has spread only in towns. The villages have not been affected yet. Who is the leader of this movement", I asked. " Am old man who lives a simple life". He is extremely able, a good writer and a very effective speaker. He is loved by the masses and they turn out in thousands to have a limps of him."

"Yeast, we have heard of this St. Michael at home from our newspapers", I said, " but we were told that he was a man of no importance and that our administration would be able to suppress his movement quite easily. "Frankly", answered Shafi, he is a very import man, one to be reckoned with, and I expect a good deal of trouble if we failed to suppress his movement. He and his comrades are always in their national English dress made of rough country material. You will soon see him when he appears before you shortly to stand his trial. He was arrested two weeks before ago in Manchester. Our main difficulty is about witnesses. Nobody is willing to come forth to give evidence against him. We might have to depend ultimately on some of our loyal friends who would be prepared to testify on oath whatever we want them to say."

Next morning Shafi Pahalwan took me for ride to the town market. As we got down from the car, people saw Shafi with his big turrah and 'baton', a wave of terror ran through the market. The shopkeepers stood up to salute him, houg bosity ran off to hide behind doors, and some disappeared into the lanes. "What a sight; Shafi," I said in an undertone." We had to open fire here only last week.", answered Shafi, " the natives are still very frightened of us. But for this agitation of St. Michael which has made them gold, they were timid and cowardly and feared us very much. You will see more of it when you go to the village."

After a drive of fifty miles we approached Howbury village and Shafi told me to go alone without disclosing my identity to see how the native behaved before a Pakistani. As I entered, a man who first sighted me, ran into the village shouting Beware, Beware The big Sahib has come, and the villagers became alert. The villagers perplexed and frightened stood by to get a glimpse of me but remained at a respectable distance. The village Lambardar, Chaudhari John Butler, came out running with a few landlords and after ceremonious greetings nearby touching my feet repeated formal expressions referring to me as his " Mai Bap" and begging of me to have a glass of 'Lassi and a meal at his house". As I walked around the village the whole population turned out to say Salam and they heaved a sigh of relief as I went out of their sight.

Returning to the car I told Shafi all about it and he said " if I had gone with you, there would have been a stampede in the village. Nobody would have dared to come out except the Lambardar. " The English people have been terrified by their own native Thanedars (Police Officer) and Inspectors who commit terrible atrocities on the people. An, of course promotions and rewards are given only to such officers as can best control the native population. Sometimes they overdo things but we let them do so. Do not you see how the English natives cower and cringe and stand with folded hands before the Pakistani officers, so much so that they have begun to feat even their own English Kinsmen who come out in Pakistani dress with turrahs in their turbans."

I began to wonder if the present agitation was not a direct reaction to the misdoing of our police officers, as some people alleged back at home.

In the afternoon, I was invited to the Manchester Mahfilgah (Club) by my Commissioner, Malik Inyatullah. This club had been established by a Pakistani Commissioner about fifty years ago as a place of entertainment for officers and big businessmen and Pakistani Commercial Companies.

The Club lounge had a marble floor and glassed Halla bricks from Sind. It was luxuriously furnished after the Pakistani style. Expensive Persian and Kashmiri carpets lay on the floor. Around small low tables placed in a symmetrical position on the floor, were cushioned murrachs. In alooves and along the walls were luxurious divane complete with pandan and ugaldan. On shelves and cupboards were placed camel-skin vases and decorative pottery pieces from Multan. A big fire place was occupied by a huge revolving huqa with a chilam held in a beaten silver cover manufactured in Gujrat.

A faint perfume emitted by the 'Agar Battis' filled the lounge. On one side of this mehfilgah was the saroodkhana where sarangis, tables, harmonium and other musical instruments were elegantly laid; and in the adjacent room, called the khel, kazra, were laid SHATRANJ. passa and bara goti with their respective accessories, wooden pieces and kaudia etc.

The Commissioner Noor Din took me to the Drinks Room where he introduced to me a few Pak officials and tow native officials Rana Walter Scot, Inspector General of Police and Khan George, Smith, Inspector General of Jails. As we sat down, Lassi was served in big copper tumblers. Then Falooda was brought. My host enquired if I would like to have sharbat or qahwa and I told him thankfully that I had already had too much to drink.

"The flood is excellent", remarked Rana Scot, "our Club Falooda Wala is a great expect. I believe.

"Have you been to the 'Lassi Ghar' Sir, asked Khan John Smith.

"Where is it located," I asked.

" It is to the East side of the Nishat Road, normally called the Malik Road", he replied. "Oh, it is crowded the whole day> College students and editors of newspapers, artists and cinema actors and all of those upper class who have leisure visit the Lassi Ghar almost regularly and enjoy their evenings there. Every Wednesday and Friday there is a Cabaret Show given by the famous Pakistani dancer Mumtaz. She is pretty and attractive but I am not syre if it is really "she". Rumour has it that tshe is neither "she" nor "he" and his real name is Bakhto. However, may be this is all publicity. She or he neverthe less, she attracts very large crowds and the English students are almot crazy about her". As I had nough of this talk, I asked Rana Scot to take me the play ground where I might have a game. "You mean the game of 'Gulli Danda', he inquired respectfully. "Yes, Gulli Danda". They have a very fine Gulli Danda ground and have games in the evenings and sometimes on Friday morning as well. A large number ofplayers gather on Fridya," Let us go th have a look".

It was a specious ground covered with velvety grass. Rana Scot wanted to show his skill at the game and he called the marker who offered him a number of dandas, out of which he selcted one made of high quality shisham wood with an ivory handle. The 'guli' was 4.5" in length with while paint on its two sides and gutted in the middle. Scott said that the gulli and dands were imported from Sialkot. The guli had to be replaced after every game because as soon as the white paint was rubbed off and the gut slightly loosened, it was unfit for use".

Before starting he called for the gloves and apologetically said, "I am sorry I have only brown ones which are used in the morning. My evening gloves were stolen by a marker".

He hit the gulli hard and sent it about 70 yards off. I was rather amazed. scott said that he could easily hit it 75 yards off and that he had won the championship last year when he sent it 80 yards. As we walked up the ground, a tall robust and a well dressed player in a red shalwar and green kurta came towards us." Please

meet Robert Hotton, " said Scott, he is the British Olympic Champion in gulli danda. He sent the gulli to a record distance of 115 yards".

After some time we returned to the party in the Drinks Room. By this time Chaudhri Khalid Khan and Syed Fida Ali, Commissioners of Central and Eastern Divisions had also arrived. Scott and Smith soon left for another engagement.

Syed Fida Ali was somewhat annoyed to see so many native English officials in the mehfalgah. "Why cannot we keep them out of this pace? he asked. " We should have Pakistani surrounding in which we can talk freely and frankly. Before the native officials, however, high they may be, we cannot do so." Yes, said Ch. Khalid Khan, " I would like it too, but if we kept them out of this mehfalgah, they would hoin the native clubs and would develop close connections with the natives.

I believe the high tanking English Civil and Army officers are drawn into these clubs to be kept within out inner circle so that they acquire Pakistani 'polish'. Did not you hear how Scott was admiring gulli danda how Smith was praising 'Lassi and Falooda". We can keep them loyal to us only by giving them a sense of superiority as against their own countrymen so that they dislike mixing with them and remain segregated".

" But do not you know," intervened Khalid, "the secret Govt instructions also say that we should discourage the higher native officials from mixing with their own folk. The other day I had to tell that young Henry Ford recently recruited to the Civil Service that he should not be seen the company of natives so often."

" For that reason the native officers are also not posted to their home towns or districts where they know no one and have no kith and kin so that they willingly execute our orders and maintain low and order with an iron hand even to the extent of shooting down people."

It was time we went from the mehfalgah to see a play called Anarkali in the Government College, Manchester. This was being staged by the college union and the Principal of the College, Maulvi Fateh Din, had specially invited us.

In a short while the play began. The background scenery was extremely well painted. Unfortunately the throne upon which Emperor Akbar sat gave way under him in Scene II but all the same atmosphere of the Moghal Court was very depicted. so far as the Urdu dialogues are concerned they were almost a stream of comic nonsense.

Next morning Ch. Lawford Chips came to extend an invitation to a reception that he was holding for his son, John Crawford Chips and his Pakistan wife, Club Bibi, who had just arrived from Lahore. Young Crawford had gone to the Lahore University to do his M.A. in Urdu Literature.

This reception was held in the Nishat Bagh of Manchester and almost all the gentry of the town had been invited. A huge reception gate had been installed at the opening of the garden. It was bedecked with green lights and on the top a neon board of KHUSH AMDEED. The Pakistani Army bands and one city band were playing the latest Pakistani tunes. One was distinctly playing "Zindgi hai char dinki, piyar se nibhai ja". English food as well as Pakistani food was served and those who ate in the English style stood by the tables while the Pakistanis sat on a 'dastarkhan'. personalities dined on the dastarkhan with the Pakistanis.

Shafi Pahlwan who was seated next to me asked me in Punjabi if I knew bride's family. I answered in the negative.

Shafi said " I know them, the father is a dhobi named Mitha". " No. I do not think so, "Ch. Lawford told me that she came of a very high family". " Are you quite sure"? "Yes. I am quite sure". he answered.

"For God sake do not mention it to any one else", I said, "Ch. Lawford Chips would be most annoyed if this fact was know to his friends."

"Do not you worry", answered Shafi. "Even if it was known here, she would still be respected and held in high esteem since she is a 'Pakistani and you know how Begum Walter Scott I.G. Police's wife is honoured and invited to the biggest houses of the country even though she is known to be a daughter of a 'Mochi' (Shoemaker).

Khan George Smith who was sitting opposits me enquired if I had seen the bride, I answered in the negative.

Khan Smith said, " I have just seen her, she is a very pretty girl with beautiful gazelle-like eyes and light brown complexion, the like of which you cannot find in this country. Here women have whitle complexions, sometimes very whitle but now-a-days they are using imported brown powder to look pretty. My wife has recently got a very nice box of powder brought by my son from Multan. When my wife puts it on she looks a real Pakistani."

Shafi speaking in Punjabi, said smilingly "You know what this brown powder is? It is in fact refined multani mitti"; and we burst out laughing.

After dinner some Mirasis belonging to a Pakistan theatrical company which was touring the country and was meeting with grand success variety show. They put up a few funny items of which very little was understood by most of the native English guests. Nevertheless, they roared with laughter as and when they saw the Pakistani guests doing so. Some Pakistanis held out few pound notes to the mirasis by was of tips and the English guests followed suit with shilling notes in a bundle and sling it across his shoulder.

After that some Qwals started a Qawwali. It was in full swing within a short time and made a great impression on the Pakistani listerers most of whom begun to sway with its rhythm. The English listeners also started swaying. " Do you follow it", I asked Ch. Lawford Chipps who was sitting next to me.

" No ", Sir he answered, "But the music is so thrilling that one cannot resist it".

After a short while the whole crowd started swaying with the Qawwali music in great ectasy.

On Saturday, 20th June, St. Michael's trail was to begin in my court. He together with some co-accused were brought in a prisoner's lorry from the jail, guarded by a contingent of 50 armed policemen. As the lorry approached the court there was a thunderous noise of slogans, " Long live St. Michael, Up up with St. Britain and Down down with foreign impreialists". The public was almost hysterical.

As the prisoners were brought in, the proceedings began. The Public Prosecutors, Ch. George Cunningean, read out the prosecution case. Addressing the court he said" My Lord, St. Michael is a very dangerous man. He is spreading revolution in the country. He made soeeches instigating the public to commit acts of violence against Pakistani officers. Here is an extract from a speech that he made on the 1st June in the Queen Chowk of Manchester.

Finishing the extract of the speech the Public Prosecutor said " his speech is at once seditious and rouses people against the lawfully established Govt. of the country. I shall today produce only two of our fifteen witnesses. They are Ch. Lawford Chipps and Sir John Gilbert, who will give evidence as to the effect of his speech on the audience."

Ch. Lawford Chipps appreaing in the witness box said "Sir, soon after the meeting a large number of agitators gathered around my house and criminally tress passing into it, pulled off the curtains made of beautiful Pakistani material, took away all my best and even my turban, ahhkan and shalwar.

Sir John Gilbert, the Mayor, appeared next. In his testimony he said, "Sir, after the speech of St. Michael a very high crowd surrounded me while I was going to the market and took off my turban and trousers. The crowd was followed by a big motor truck full of foreign caps, achhkans, shalwars and ladies dopattas and ghararas and other fineries. They took these to the Queen Chowk where they made a bonfire of these.

After hearing these two witnesses I adjourned the Court till Sunday morning. This trial went on for nearly three months. After all the evidence and arguments concluded I sentenced St. Michael to two months imprisonment but thought it tactful to acquit the other co-accused.

After declaring judgement driving back home through the ZHigh Street I passed by a theatre where large crowds were standing in at the booking office. "What is running here, Mr. Mountbatten"? I asked the English Session Judge, who was driving me. "The famous play, "Heer Ranjha", Sir, he answered, a masterpiece of the world famous play writer Waris Shah. It has been running for the last ten weeks and each show is booked weeks in advance".

That is wonderful, I said, " Let us see it. by the way have you read Shakespeare? I believe he is a great play wright of your country".

"Yes sir, but he writes cheap stuff and is read by the low class people. His plays are often vulgar. He is no match for Waris Shah who writes beautiful language containing sound wisdom. Nobody who is somebody in our gentry reads Shakespeare" and laughingly he added, "Shakespeare is just nonsense."

As we entered the theatre the proprietor immediately produced before us a young buxom girl of about 21 years, smart and extremely pretty with a vivacious figure and beautiful blonde hair. "This is Margart Phillips", said the Proprietor, "Our most well known actress she plays Heer marvellously well. No other girl in Britain can play the part as successfully as she does when she goes to visit a town large crowds of people come to have a look of her". "When is the play going to begin", I asked. "After the folk dance", he answered. "When are you going to have the folk dance?", Is it an English Folk Dance", I enquired. "No Sir", it is the Punjabi (Multani) Jhoomar, it will be held on the floor to your left and the young men and women from the public will join in. We have it every evening as it helps us to get in a bigger crowd". "Do not you have the English ball-room dancing?.

"No Sir" he said. It is a dance of the low class people; only the vulgar people join in."

"Well, what is wrong with it?"

"Wrong. It is absolutely vulgar; it is so obscene, the man and the woman dance face to face holding each other so close that the sight at once becomes grossly vulgar". It is nothing but a public expression of sex. No decent man or woman would be such an intimate dance. We are glad to do "Jhoomar" and the Bhangra, which are so graceful. Our young boys and girls usually join the Jhumar parties. But today we shall start the KHATTAK dance and then have the Jhoomar.

" That is fine, let us start it", I said. " We are about an hour ahead of time he said but sir, the ball is already overflowing perhaps due to your gracious visit, we can start now conveniently." In a moment the drum and the shahnai filled the hall with sweet music and the KHATTAK dance started. When the JHOOMAR began I went on the floor too. As I joined in, the number of dancers within a short time filled up the hall.

The Jhumar was soon in full swing, the two drums and five shahnais played different tunes and the folk dances went on in great style.

Having completed my tenure I made ready to get back home. On the eve of my departure for Pakistan the Municipal Corporation held a durbar in my honor. The elite of the whole district turned up. There were many new faces, both men and women. A sipasnama address ... was presented to me. It was read out by the Mayor Mr. Henry James. Flattering, he turned to our Government. I shall quote a few sentences. "When

Pakistan set foot in Britain, this country was in a shambles. Some of our countries were at civil war with one another, but as your rule was consolidated you united us under your over all suzerainty. This was the first blessing Pakistani rule brought us.

You laid railway lines end to end of the country for the army movement connecting every town and city and many villages. You built roads even in the most difficult of terrain; and you metalled muddy roads for the land forces and gave the cities and towns a modern sanitation system. Cities devastated by the war were reconstructed with phenomenal speed. Skyscrapers grew up overnight, as it were. You also made TV and VCR available to us and, of course, the radio. You established courts of justice, an efficient police system, you even built up our native army, navy and air force.

"But we may be permitted to turn again to you personally.

"You, sir, have been the most popular magistrate we have ever had. You have helped the poor, you have abolished landlordism of agricultural land and you have succeeded in persuading the rich to contribute towards building new hospitals, new schools and colleges."

After the address, I replied with an extempore speech, thanking the people of the district of Lancashire for their kind sentiments towards me personally and expressed my appreciation of their correct estimation of the value of Pakistani rule.

The function was followed by a garden party at the end of which I shook hands with at least a thousand men and women. Some pretended to have tears in their eyes. Some kissed me on the cheek, many kissed my hand. But this was not the end of the whole show. The drama Heer Ranjha was to be staged and we moved into the adjoining hall. "The stage artists insisted that they should be given an opportunity to stage another show of Heer Ranjha in your honor", said the Mayor, "So will you kindly move to the main hall".

"That is wonderful". I said.....

The end