THE ULTIMATE CRIME

Eyewitness to Power Games

Sardar Muhammad Chaudhry

Digitized By M. H. Panhwar Institute Of Sindh Studies, Jamshoro.

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Qaumi Publishers
50 – Lower Mall, Lahore

پاران ايم ايڇ پنهور انسٽيٽيوٽ آف سنڌ اسٽڊيز، ڄامشورو.

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DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to the memory of Razia Bibi, my loving mother, and Bilqis, my dear wife. Both of them are physically gone but I feel their spiritual presence always around me.

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Preface

This book is mostly a record of what I saw and heard while many of the most significant events of our recent history were taking place. It is only partially a story of my life.

Even while I was serving at lower levels, I had unique opportunities to sit in the chambers of power and walk in the corridors outside. At senior positions, especially as the head of the Special Branch, Punjab, and as chief of the Punjab Police, I was able many a time to mould policies and turn directions to the ultimate benefit of the country. It is never easy to persuade even ordinary people to change their mind and it becomes an Herculean task in case of senior bureaucrats, not to speak of those who believe that they were born to rule us mortals. I saw tricks being played at all levels when truth was the one and the only way out of troubles and crises.

Life is one damned thing after the other, especially for a police officer who is always on the go from crisis to crisis. No wonder the policemen don't write diaries or keep notes of what they do or think. Writing an autobiography is thus unthinkable for them. Even if one can somehow bring oneself round to doing it after retirement, the memory does not serve well. The required physical effort is also daunting.

Sometimes it did occur to me that I should write about the struggles of my early life in the perspective of the freedom movement but my laziness always had the better of me. Writing about the events that I had observed from close quarters during my police career, however, never came to my mind. Till 1971, that is.

Genesis. My very close friend, Muhammad Abd al-Hameed, whose name occurs in the book as A/Hameed, had been pressing me to record my experiences and observations as he was sure of their importance for posterity. While momentous events were taking place during 1971, he would often suggest that the inside stories should be written down. Very few persons were privy to what was happening in the inner chambers of power.

His insistence increased tremendously after my successful security arrangements during the top secret visit in mid-1971 of Henry Kissinger, the U.S. Secretary of State, from Rawalpindi to Beijing (then Peking), that led to an historical breakthrough in U.S.-China relations. After seeing a letter of appreciation from the U.S. ambassador to me, A/Hameed concluded that this event would provide a good beginning for an interesting book on what I had done so far in life.

He was right in a way. I had seen the rumblings in East Pakistan, watched Bhutto after the Tashkent Accord, dealt with anti-Ayub agitation in Lahore, seen the working of martial law intimately and was just observing what Gen. Yahya Khan was doing to the country. So, I did have enough material for a book even by that time. But many more momentous events were to follow. In fact, far too many even to mention briefly.

And I was fortunately or unfortunately, destined to be an eyewitness in so many. Pakistan fell apart because of the follies and failings of some of the powerful buffoons. And I watched them closely but helplessly. The whole nation wept and so did I but nothing more. They were too powerful and entrenched. I saw the fascinating drama of the Rise & Fall of Bhutto from very close quarters. I saw his end in a classical Greek tragedy style vividly rising out of the ashes of his own fatal flaws. Then was to come the long darkness of "the light of truth", the Afghan war, butchery of our judiciary, heroine curse & klashnikov culture; the use & misuse of Islam, pulverising of state machinery and

institutions of law & law enforcement under the crushing wheels of martial law and the moving heavy hands of arrogant ignorance, chicanery & the worst form of state violence. And what not.

The worst wave of international terrorism and how clumsily or successfully we fought it back. The rise of hydraheaded sectarian violence used against us by the superpowers and our own fools. The corrupting circus of party-less elections to keep the military in the driving and dividing seat for Divide & Rule objective to keep the nation permanently divided and down. And so much more interesting and intriguing that human mind can imagine. I was also able to see very closely the gradual emergence of the politics of Nawaz Sharif. I also contributed my bit. By the time Nawaz Sharif was guillotined in 1993, I had seen too much and it was too much for me. I had enough material for many books.

Beginning. Despite Hameed's goading over the years, I continued to postpone writing out of laziness or due to being too busy. Then suddenly an opportunity came my way. On May 31, 1993 I was removed from the post of the Inspector General of Police, Punjab, and was made an Officer on Special Duty. It meant staying home all the time and doing absolutely no official work. I began feeling very lonely as my beloved wife Bilqis had died a year earlier. I dusted my books and planned to read or reread them. For some weeks I recorded my life story on tape cassettes (30 in all) on the insistence of a journalist friend, Rafiq Ghori, (He is still thinking what to make out of the 1800 pages of the transcript of the tapes that I got made for his convenience.) Then for some time the marriages of my son Haroon and daughter Saima kept me busy. Afterwards the loneliness returned and for many nights I could not sleep at all.

On January 16, 1994, after having been unable to sleep the whole night, I picked up my pen at 5 a.m. and started recording my state of mind with no definite objective. I was trying only to unburden myself in order to relieve the agonizing loneliness. In the process I asked myself: Who I am? My attempt to answer that question gradually took the shape of this curtain raiser of the forbidden. You may call it a book. It contains so many painful stories. I will feel sorry if you cry reading it but crying might help you & us all. We must cry sometimes to save our souls.

It took some time to have a smooth sailing. My daughter-in-law, Charmaine, arranged a comfortable set of a chair and a writing table, with proper light, and made the whole environment conducive to work, including replenishment of tea cups while I wrote. She gifted me a high quality Cross pen with which I wrote the whole manuscript. I am so profoundly thankful to her kind & loving care. I am grateful to Shaukat Javed for providing facts and figures about the Punjab police and Salahuddin Niazi who arranged the stationery.

Some problems arose later. Every day I would write about five to six hours, producing 10 foolscap pages on the average. I would keep to this daily routine unless interrupted by some unwelcome visitor or unexpected engagement. It was a rough ride in the beginning as never in my life had I written so much with such regularity. After about two weeks I got the hang of it.

Writing posed its own problems. How to go about narrating an event? How to make the narration itself easier? Hameed Sahib, with whom I would discuss the daily progress during the regular afternoon walk, suggested two solutions. During the preceding night I should prepare a mental outline of what I was going to write the following day. Secondly, I should write the words of conversations as they were spoken instead of paraphrasing them in passive voice. Both suggestions worked very well and writing became a breeze.

At a later stage my right hand started aching and I seriously thought of getting some stenographer and dictating the rest of the manuscript. A/Hameed opposed it. (He has explained the reason in "Editor's note.") The daily massaging by Muhammad Sharif, who has been dutifully serving me for many years, would relieve the aching and my writing by hand continued. Finally the manuscript was completed on April 13, 1994 all 763 pages, and the last instalment was handed over to Hameed Sahib at his flat the same day before taking him with me for the daily walk. About 100 more pages were added later.

While I was writing, the typing of earlier portions was going on. The earlier arrangement was unsatisfactory both in speed and quality. Then Umar Hameed, the only son of Hameed Sahib, who was waiting for admission to M.A., volunteered to do the job. It was a godsend. His speed and accuracy were very impressive. He was also very good at deciphering my bad hand-writing. I am very grateful for his pains and dedication.

After typing came the editing. I owe my profoundest thanks to A/Hameed for editing my manuscript that was in quite a disarray. It was like a long essay or story and he rearranged it beautifully and methodically. He had been persuading me to write this book for 23 long years and has now given it a shape that I can be really proud of. But for the assurance of his meticulous editing, with the patience of a saint, I would not have been able to write at all. I cannot but help to continue to call him Allama, although I know he does not like it. I am extremely grateful to Mr. Azhar Hassan Nadeem, my friend and colleague for carefully going through the final manuscript. I am also thankful to Mr. Waqar Ahmad for his labours for typing it at the last stage

All in memory. The book covers the period from my childhood to the day I handed over as IGP Punjab. Thanks to my memory, I remember vividly all incidents and experiences, complete with dates, places and persons. (I never kept any diary but, as Oscar Wilde says, "memory is the diary that we all carry about with us.") If I wrote them all and in full detail, it would have taken several volumes. But how many would have the time and patience to read them? And it was also not necessary to write everything at length. ("Brevity is the soul of wit," says Shakespeare in "Hamlet.")

Right from the start of my career, I was never content to confine myself to routine work. While venturing beyond it, I had to come across moral conflicts and dilemmas again and again. Even in normal work, a public servant (now more often a government servant) has to face moral issues. To guide myself and keep me on the right track, I adopted certain values and precepts. Some were taught to me in childhood by my parents and teachers while others I learnt during the hard struggle for existence. I have been following them to the best of my ability. As a result, I was able to make my contribution to the interests of the country and the society.

My career has given me tremendous satisfaction as I have acted generally as I wanted to. There were also many disappointments when the opposing forces had their way. Many events are very recent and some people may not like their role in some of them. I feel sorry for them but cannot help it. I am beholden to myself as well as the reader and had to narrate the truth, even if it was bitter, and let the chips fall wherever they

may. I have not tried to scandalize anybody but some scandals were of national importance and I owe it to history to record them. Some people might find some details of some events missing but that is the price of brevity and many a nice things had to be left out. While narrating events, I have often mentioned important persons who were present or took part. They might see them differently. Most of them are alive. I shall be grateful if they correct me where my memory has failed me. Some events of national importance, and details in some cases, have been held back deliberately in view of their sensitivity. I intend to write about them later. (There is always a next time. Or at least I hope so.)

Exploding myths. I have seen things also as a human being and am deeply aware of the ennobling freedom struggle and the moral ethos it created. The biggest blow to our social and moral norms and public peace was given by dictatorships, which crucified the respect for law and moral values at the altar of Mammon. The essence of my experience is that pubic order is the result of justice and moral commitments and not force, coercion or persecution. I have emphasized this point again and again.

Good policing and crime control is not possible without good governance. The police cannot maintain order and control crime while the rulers feel free to flout laws and constitution with total impunity. It needs full support of judiciary and the political system. Without it, the police becomes the servile servant of the rulers. I have tried to explain the phenomenon and suggested measures in the light of my own experience.

I have dealt at length with law and order management and related professional issues. The criminal neglect of even the most basic needs of the police has been the single most important cause of the deterioration in law and order and the crime situation. There are no instant treatments to festering sores. It will take determined and sustained efforts over a long period to bring the police to the minimum desired standards. My brief stay at the top gave me awareness of the enormity and gravity of the situation. It would have taken me, with best efforts, at least 10 years to do the minimum that was needed to be done.

I have tried to explode several myths about administration & maintenance of public peace. One of the most common is the superiority of physical might. It is, for example, generally

believed that martial law is very effective in restoring and maintaining law and order. In my experience, it is contrary to facts. It is the press censorship that creates the myth by hiding the actual situation. Then there is the myth that material progress is more important than public peace. (Just compare the budget allocations of any government for "development" and law and order.) In reality, no progress is possible in any field unless the society lives in peace and crime is under control. No builder or investor will go to a troubled area, whatever incentives the finance ministry may offer him. Another myth is that external defence is more important than anything else. (Nobody complains, at least in public, that it is the second biggest head of expenditure after public debt.) How many times a country goes to war? And how many times it needs the use of force to deal with criminals within the society? For decades Soviet Union was the second biggest military power in the world. Did this might help it in preserving internal peace? The alarming crime situation in Moscow, St Petersburg and other major cities after its disintegration provides an eloquent answer. And there are many more myths we love to believe. We may shake them in search of some solutions. We can make a beginning at least.

We have to rediscover our moral moorings to survive as a civilized society. The material development alone will take us only to anarchy. Similarly, the policy of defending the territory of the country at all costs while totally ignoring the requirements of internal peace will ultimately lead to disaster. There are many telling examples in recent history of the world.

I dedicate this book to the fond memory of my loving parents, and Bilqis, my doting wife. They are physically gone but I feel their spiritual presence always around me.

Sardar Muhammad Chaudhry

Lahore
December, 1994.
November, 1997.

EMBASSY OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Islamabad, Pakistan

July 15, 1971

Mr. Sardar Mohammad,
Superintendent of Police,
Special Branch,
Rawalpindi.

Dear Mr. Mohammad:

I wish to express my sincere appreciation for the careful, thorough arrangements you made for the personal protection of Dr. Henry A. Kissinger during his recent visit here. Please accept my thanks and those of Dr. Kissinger, to you and your men.

Sincerely

Joseph S. Farland
American Ambassador

Letter from American Ambassador Joseph S. Farland to the Author

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

July 26, 1971

Dear Mr. President:

I have so many reasons to thank you that it is difficult to know where to begin.

First of all, there is the vital role that you played in establishing communications between us and the People's Republic of China. Your initiative and discretion made possible the reliable and secure contacts that led to my visit and the President's forthcoming trip. You were also well served, Mr. President, by your representative here. Ambassador Hilaly's part in this operation vividly demonstrated why he has compiled so remarkable a diplomatic career.

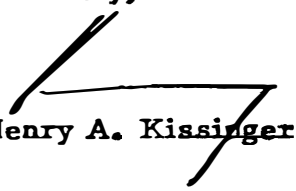
Then, the skill, tact, and efficiency with which your officials carried out my secret mission were nothing short of brilliant. I hope you will pass on my deep appreciation, and that of the President, to all those who realized this venture, including some of your closest advisers, the military personnel who paved our way to and from the airport, and the captain and crew of your airplane. My colleagues and I were greatly moved by the historic nature of our flight and the care and warmth with which we were treated as we crossed some of the world's highest mountains.

Mr. President, the deepest thanks go to you who led and orchestrated the entire enterprise. I shall always remember your generosity in our talks on July 8 when you insisted on setting aside the massive problems that your country faces and concentrating instead on my visit to Peking. In addition, I enjoyed, and profited from, my too brief stay in Pakistan itself, the conversations we had, and the gracious Pakistani hospitality.

Your efforts and those of your colleagues have made indelible contributions to my personal experience, the foreign policy objectives of the United States, and I believe, the goal of peace in the world.

With warm regards,

Sincerely,



Henry A. Kissinger

His Excellency
General Agha Mohammed Yahya Khan, H.Pk., H.J.
President of Pakistan
Rawalpindi

Letter from Henry A. Kissinger to President Yahya Khan for his vital role in bringing US and China close

Special File 11/9/8

MSP

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

August 7, 1971

Dear Mr. President —

I have already expressed my official appreciation for your assistance in arranging our contacts with the People's Republic of China.

Through this personal note I want you to know that without your personal assistance this profound breakthrough in relations between the USA and the PRC would never have been accomplished.

I wish you would extend my personal thanks to

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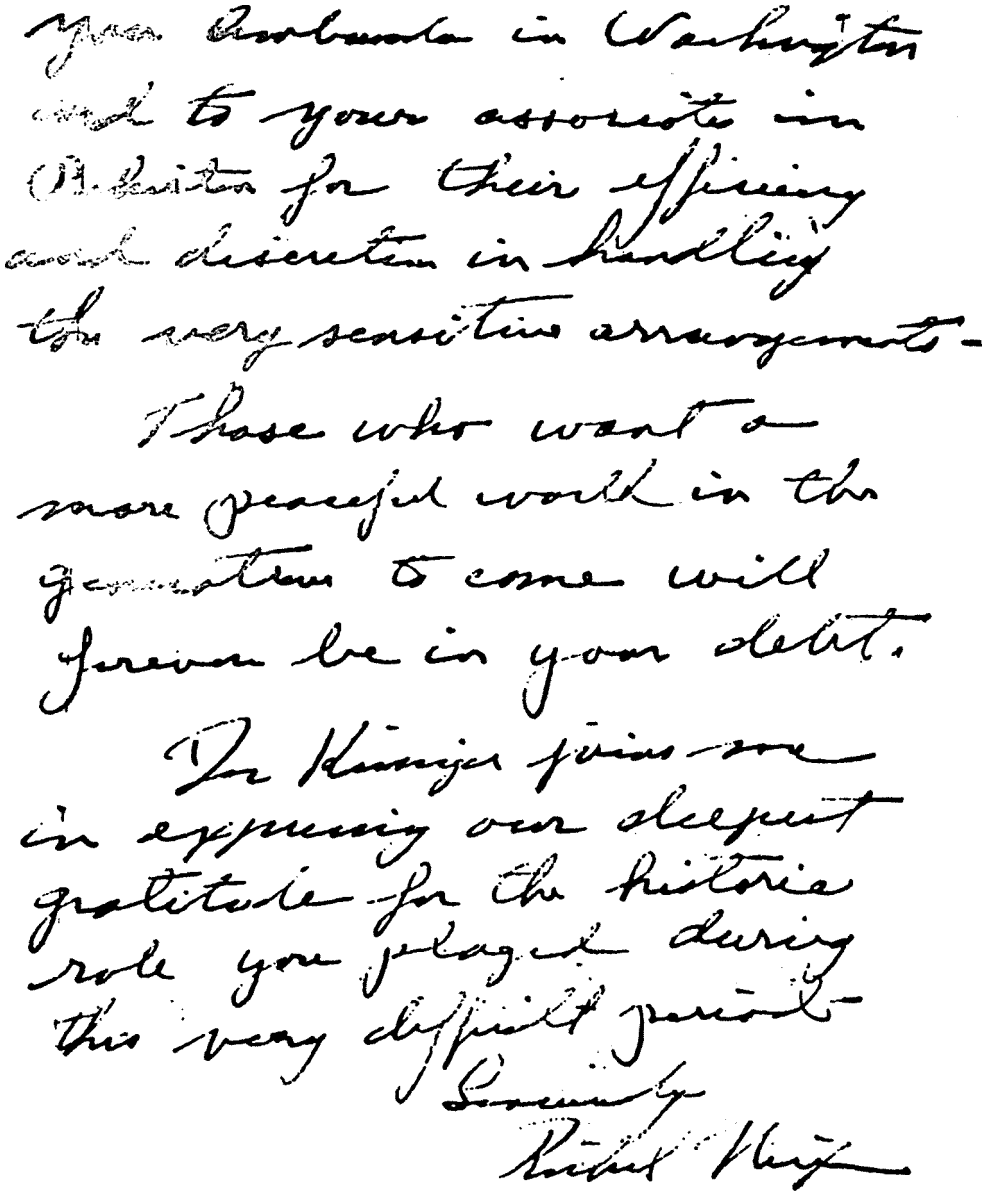

Your Embassy in Washington and to your associate in Peking for their efficiency and discretion in handling the very sensitive arrangements.

Those who want a more peaceful world in the generation to come will forever be in your debt.

Dr Kissinger joins me in expressing our deepest gratitude for the historic role you played during this very difficult period.

Sincerely

Richard Nixon

Top secret hand written letter from the US President Richard Nixon to President Yahya Khan of Pakistan appreciating his role for bringing China and US closer

THE PRESIDENT

The Presidency,
Rawalpindi,
August 7, 1973.

My dear Sardar Mohammad,

I am happy to learn about the haul of considerable quantities of rice and other foodstuffs in a recent operation in Rawalpindi and I would like to congratulate you on its success.

The commendable spirit of devotion to duty displayed in this operation, has, I am sure, earned the appreciation of all the law-abiding citizens of Pakistan and I hope that it will inspire others in your position to undertake similar operations and show similar results so as to rid this country of the curse of hoarding and profiteering in the shortest possible time.

I have issued instructions that a copy of this letter be placed in your C. R. dossier.

Yours sincerely,

Zulfikar Ali Bhutto

(Zulfikar Ali Bhutto)

Ch. Sardar Mohammad, PSP,
Senior Superintendent of Police,
Rawalpindi

Appreciation letter from President Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto to the Author

Author

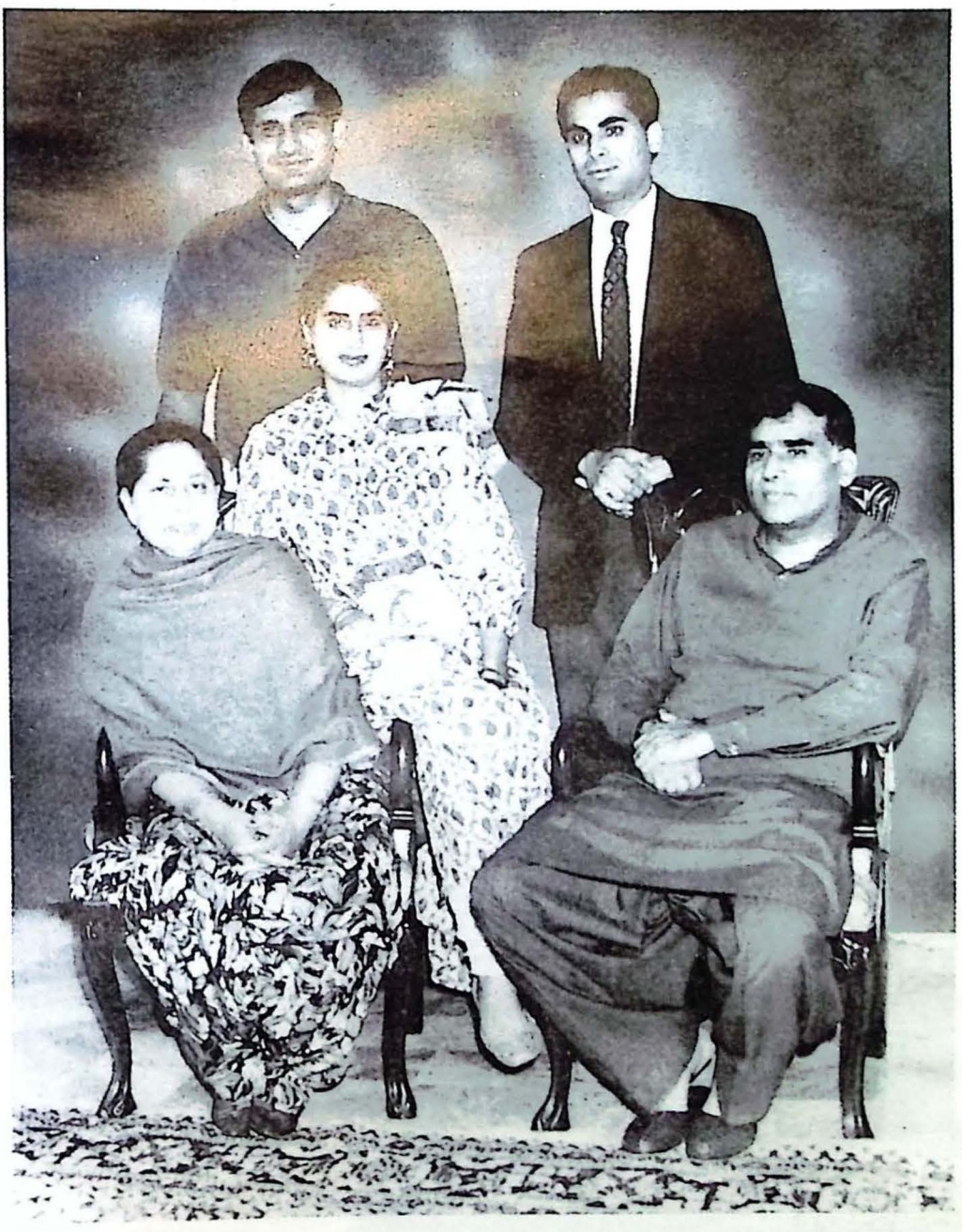
Bilqis Sardar (Author's Wife)

Author's father Ch Dil Muhammad – 1990

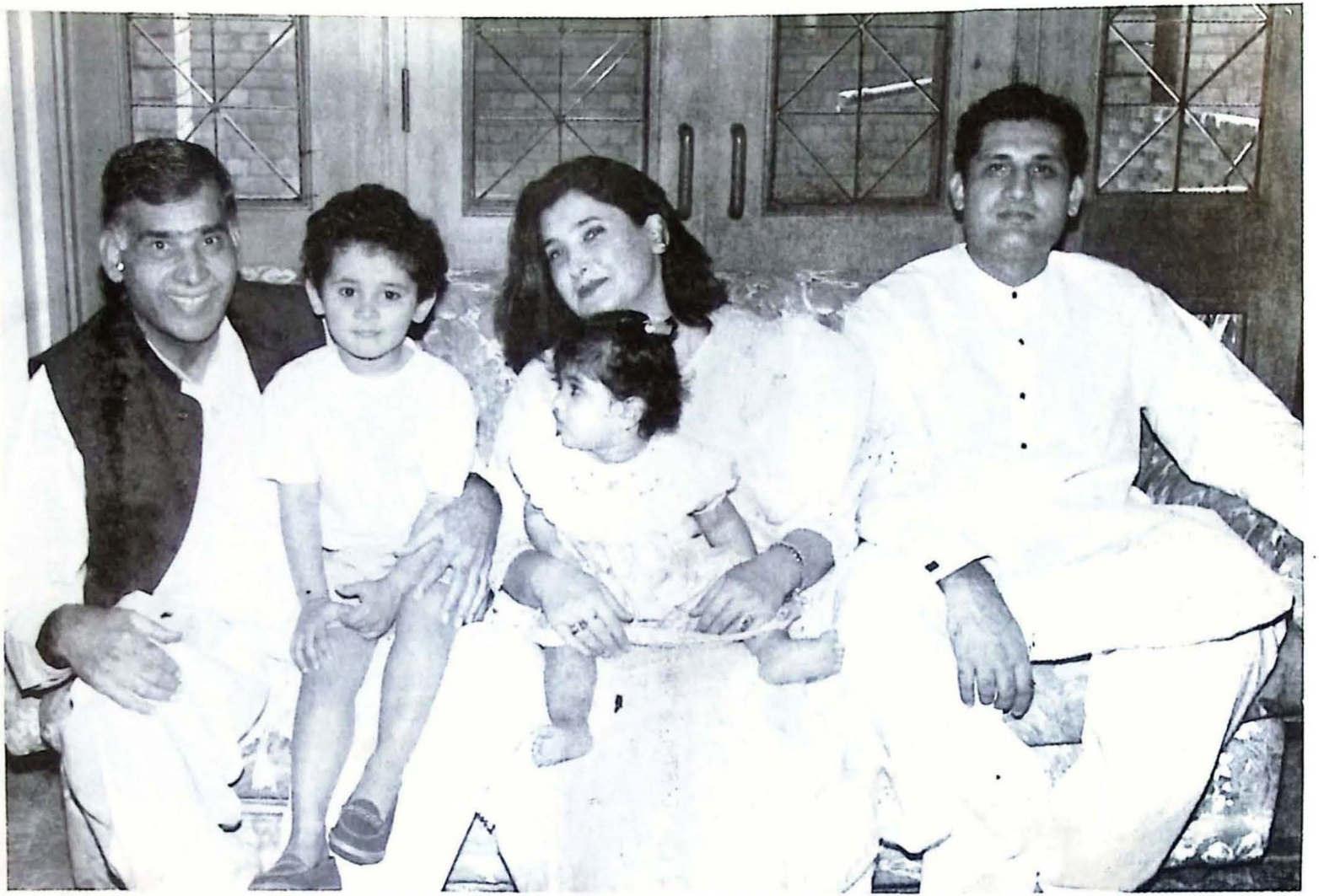
Author's Mother Razia Bibi – 1991

Author With Mian Muhammad Nawaz Sharif

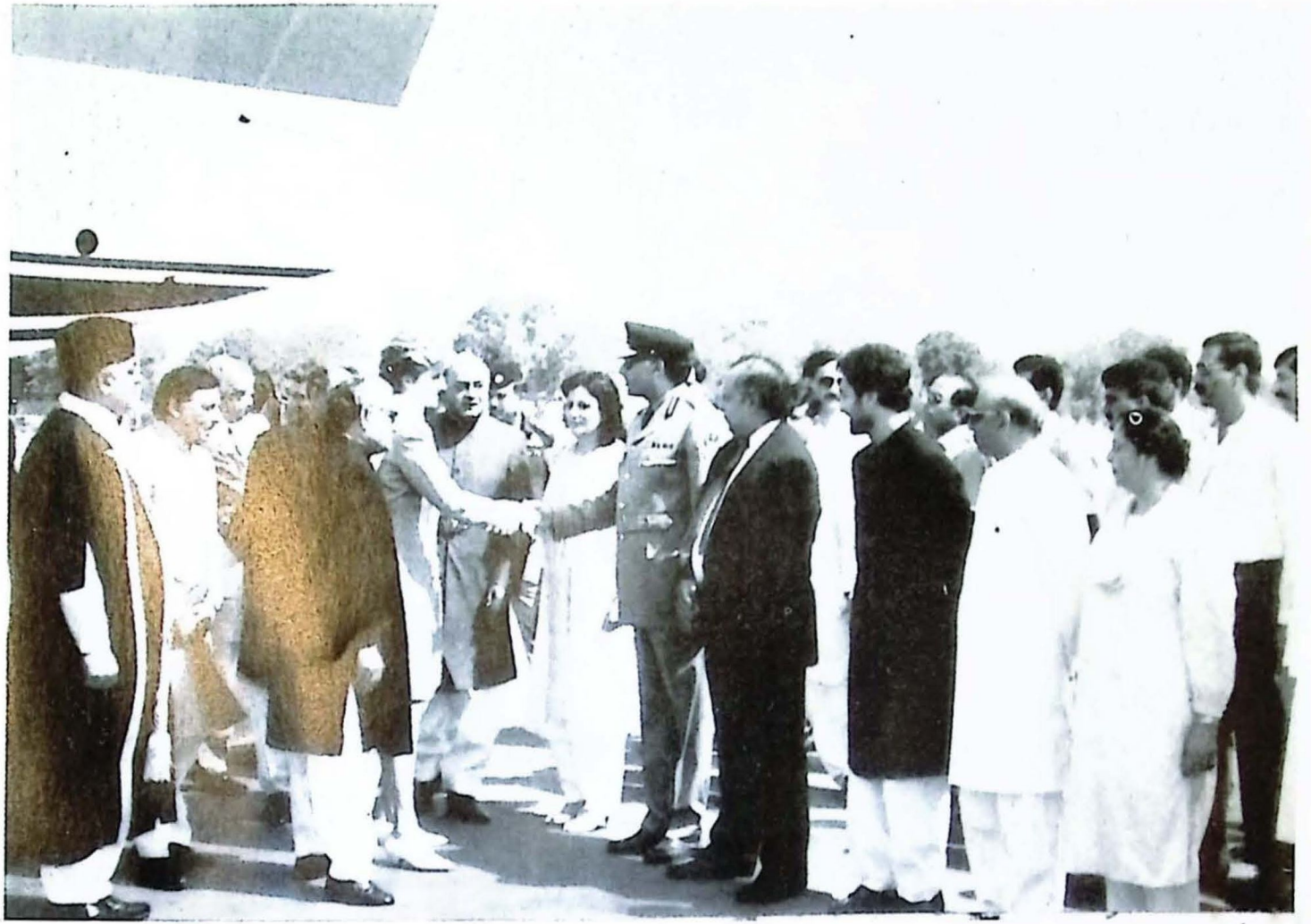
Muhammad Nawaz Sharif and Muahmmad Shahbaz Sharif condoling the death of author's wife



Author, wife, Haroon, Irfan and Saima –a week before the sudden death of Bilqis (wife) in July 1992



Author with his son Haroon and daughter-in-law Charmaine, grandson Isfandyar, grand-daughter Elysee



Author receiving Lady Diana at Lahore Airport (1991)

Naveed (son-in-law) Saima (daughter)

"Allah - Who?"

Mian Muhammad Bakhsh knew how to explain the most abstract religious concepts, to a five-year-old child.

He was a religious scholar and a sufi, widely respected not only in our village but also in the surrounding area. Everybody called him *murshid,* a spiritual teacher and guide. He introduced me to the wonderful world of words and the basic teachings of Islam even before my formal education began. He would teach me how to write the Urdu alphabet and I would later practice writing at home.

Our village, Kothera Jaswalan, was in the Koh-i-Shiwalak range in the Oona tehsil of Hoshiarpur district, in the Indian Punjab. (Oona was later transferred to the newly created neighbouring state of Himachal Pradesh and is now a district.) The population of 1500 was almost equally divided between Muslims and Hindus. The Muslims were all Gujjars except the families of a Syed, Karimoo barber and a carpenter. Blacksmiths, *chumars* (tanners) and weavers were all non-Muslims. Hindus were mostly Jaswal Rajputs, a sub-caste of Rajputs, with a few families of Brahmans. There was only one Sikh family. A Sikh boy, Jogindar Singh, was my class fellow and a good friend. The villagers of every caste and creed lived in harmony. There was a mosque and two Hindu temples.

My very tall and heavy maternal grandfather, Heera, used to narrate the origins of our family from Balkh and Bukhara, adding that our forefathers had come down through Swat, Kaghan and Kashmir. He used to sing old songs about the Kunhar river and the beauty of the surrounding areas.

My father, Dil Muhammad, was the eldest son of Umar Bakhsh and Maroo, and was followed, in order of age, by Dholu, Ghulam Ali and Muhammad Din. Their only sister, Karim Bibi, the youngest of all, was married to Rahmat Ali of Toba Tek Singh.

My mother, Razia Bibi, was the daughter of Heera and Azmat Bibi. She was very attached to her only and much younger brother, Fazal Muhammad, and looked after him like a mother after the death of their parents. She also had a sister, Daulat Bibi.

My elder sister, Sardar Bibi, is three years older to me while Ramzan Bibi, the other sister, is younger by 2½ years. As their only brother, I have always been a focus of their affection and attention.

My exact date of birth is not known as the system for birth registration, particularly in villages, did not work properly in those days. The date in the school leaving certificate, issued by the District Board (now District Council) High School, Toba Tek Singh, is March 11, 1937. It is, however, approximate.

The landscape. The mountains near our village were covered with a lush green jungle. The snow-covered peaks of the Kangra Hills of the Himalayas were visible from our village. The torrents and streams flowing from the hills passed by our house, almost touching it on the right and front sides.

The species of wild life in the jungle included tiger, wolf, fox, jackals, monkey, wild fowl, wild cow, peacock, partridges, etc. The wild animals were in a large number as nobody hunted them under the pacifist influence of the Hindus. Many of the fowls, particularly peacocks, used to eat from our hands.

The land was fertile and yielded good crops. The climate was moderate. There were various kinds of fruit growing wildly in the hills and valleys. Mangoes used to be the most delicious. The fruit were in great abundance and free for everybody. The surplus would go waste as transport to main markets was not available. The streams, caused by frequent rains, made even ordinary travel very difficult. There was no railway line nearby

nor any road. The nearest railway station, Hoshiarpur, was about 20 kilometers away.

The first Persian wheel in our village was installed by a Hindu in 1944. The village children, women and even men would flock there to watch it in fascination.

There was a large pond-like ancient well, with descending wide steps from one side for the cattle to go down and drink water.

The industry in our village included the handloom of Gujjar Ram, weaver, and the blacksmith shop. There was also a *kohloo* (oil expeller), owned by Wazira Teli, a Muslim. On my way back from school, I loved to ride on the seat of its revolving shaft pulled by a bullock. The oilseeds gave a creaky sound while being crushed and the oil would flow down leisurely drop by drop into a utensil on one side.

Below our village passed a rivulet called Suan. It was fast and deep. I loved to bathe in it with the help of uncle Fazal Muhammad. During the rainy season, its gushing waters would spread widely beyond its banks. I loved to watch its ferocious and noisy waves of muddy water for hours, giving me the feeling of fast moving life itself. (I did not like the stream when it turned sluggish.) The turbulence and speed symbolized to me the blood circulating in my body and my heart beat would increase in response. The turbulent and gushing Suan fascinated me and coincidentally that turned out to be my life pattern in the years to come.

Across Suan were the snow-covered Kangra Hills, with their mysterious spread. The villagers called them "Kali Dhar." My elder sister and I thought that jinns and fairies lived in those black high mountains.

Once I accompanied my father during a visit to a few places in the Kangra district across the Suan. Some people, especially *sadhus*, lived there in the caves dug in the hills. I got a fright entering the first cave house. To my surprise, the tidy houses were quite spacious and were divided into big rooms. There were even water mills for grinding wheat and maize. The cave houses were fascinating but I felt some discomfort as it was like being in a grave.

Fairs. Fairs were an integral part of the rural cultural life. These were held to celebrate various festivals, especially Baisakhi,

in which all communities participated enthusiastically. People danced for hours on the beat of big drums, called *dhole* and *tammak.* Sikhs were superb in the spirited exchange of witty couplets, called *bolian,* between opposing teams. The Sikh youth, with their beards, colorful dresses and yellow turbans, appeared to be out of this world while dancing. Young men displayed their physical skill and prowess in friendly matches of wrestling, kabaddi and *gatka,* a sword-like sparring with bamboo sticks.

The most interesting item for me was the wondrous feats of the rustic *bazigars* (gymnasts). Their high jumps and feats on the bars fascinated me the most. The sweets and pakoras at the stalls were the most enjoyable delicacies.

The singers and musicians would entertain the audience. The young people performed luddi, dhamal and other folk dances on the rhythmic beat of drums.

Some of our elders disapproved of these activities on religious grounds. They would also say that women must not listen to songs and music as the *ragis* (singers) would cast charms and entice them away.

Justice Bhagwan Singh. There had been no murder or any serious criminal case in our village as far as our elders could remember. In smaller matters, justice was available promptly and on the spot through the panchayat, the age old institution.

Bhagwan Singh Jaswal, with his imposing personality, was the most respected person as the *sarpanch* (head) of the village panchayat. I watched him always with awe and respect as he presided over the panchayat sessions under the huge, shady *peepal* tree in front of our school. He settled all disputes in the village. The Muslims also had full faith in his sense of justice despite his being a Hindu. He would write the proceedings in his beautiful handwriting in a large folding register bound in red cloth. Once he ran short of ink and borrowed my inkpot as I happened to be standing nearby. I took it as a great privilege and as my contribution to his justice.

The visiting tribesmen. The Gaddi tribesmen used to come from the lower reaches of the Himalayas every winter and camp on the *shamilat (*common land) of our village. They looked quite different to us and spoke a different dialect. The village boys of my age thought that they were different creatures

altogether. (At that age and time our village and the few nearby villages seemed to us to be the entire universe.)

The other tribesmen, who would camp on the village shamilat during winter, were Pawindas from Afghanistan. They sold dry fruit and other things that they brought with them. We were fascinated by their honing of knives and daggers on circulating wheels. Their camels attracted our imagination the most. The women of Gaddis and Pawindas wore very heavy silver and gold ornaments with dresses of multicolor threads and mirrors. Some of them covered their entire arms with thick and solid silver. We wondered how they could carry so much weight.

The village boys loved to watch the hairy, ferocious dark gray dogs of the Gaddis, tied with strong ropes. We called them "Gaddi Dogs." Our elders would caution us not to go near them as they could devour us in a minute. It was said that the Gaddis lived in the high mountains where tigers roamed about. These huge dogs protected the Gaddis and their cattle from the tigers. Such stories increased our fear and awe of the Gaddi dogs.

The demand for a dog. Due to the proximity of our village to the forest, tigers would make occasional forays after dusk. One late evening a tiger tried to steal a goat from our cattle shed. I don't know how uncle Muhammad Din noticed its stealthy advance. I became aware of it only when he rushed towards the big cat with the heavy stick that had several sharpened iron bars fixed at its end as prongs, the usual weapon in such situations. I heard the frightening roar of the tiger and was frozen with extreme fear. Lying on my cot and perspiring profusely, I covered myself with a sheet.

Soon my uncle returned and told me proudly that he had made the tiger retreat. While he was narrating his story, I was shivering with fear. Terrified, I could not sleep at all while he was soon snoring loudly on the nearby cot. I moved over to the safety of his cot and his protective arms but still did not have any sleep the whole night.

The next morning I pleaded with my mother that we must have a Gaddi dog. I narrated the incident of the last evening at the shed, which was at some distance from our residential house. On religious grounds she was against keeping any dog in the house. When I started crying incessantly, she wilted and consented to my

demand. My father had to pay five rupees, a big amount then, to buy a Gaddi puppy.

The life of a student. The Hindu boys in the school felt extremely jealous of me as I was a better student than all of them. It was unusual and shocking for them that, for the first time, a Muslim student had outshone them. But the teachers, La'iq Singh, the headmaster, and Babu Ram, never showed any prejudice or bias though both were Hindus. They were affectionate and proud of me. Arithmetic was taught by La'iq Singh and Urdu by Babu Ram. Our primary school was raised to the secondary level by 1947.

January 1, 1943, was a great day in my life. The headmaster had full trust in me and had assigned me his postal duties, including the handling of money orders. It was also my duty to change every day the date on the post office stamp. It involved normally the date and occasionally the month. But on that historic day, I correctly changed even the year without any help. It was considered to be a complicated affair and I had done a great job for my age, according to my Headmaster. He showered praise on me and told about this to a large number of people. I felt very happy and puffed up.

The fear of "higher studies." When I topped in my primary school examination for scholarship in the entire tehsil of Oona, Babu Ram Das, the unusually fat Inspector of Schools, came to our house to congratulate my family. My grandfather presented him a basket of fresh and choice *amlas* that grew in abundance in our area. The Inspector accepted them with great reluctance and only when my grandfather told him that they would make a very tasty pickle.

I found my grandmother, Maroo, crying. Her fear was that the Inspector had come to take away her beloved grandson. The simple soul was also afraid that studies might be a physical and mental burden for me and scolded my father for planning to educate me further. When her fears turned out to be baseless, she distributed a big quantity of *shakkar* (unrefined sugar, made in villages directly from sugarcane juice) to village children as thanksgiving.

My grandmother would wait for me outside the school with food and fruit. She would sit outside till the school was over and then take me home on foot. On the way she used to narrate

interesting and absorbing stories. I liked the fairy tales the most and everyday wished to see some fairies in the nearby forest but the dream never came true.

Most of the Muslims in our village, unlike Hindus, were illiterate. I made my contribution by teaching my sisters and my uncle Fazal Muhammad how to read and write. Uncle Fazal, through his own studies, later became quite a scholar and, as an ardent advocate of adult education, helped many adults in becoming literate in our present village near Toba Tek Singh.

First look at modern inventions. My village was isolated from the "modern" world of the cities. There was no railway line in our area and I saw a train for the first time only when we migrated to Pakistan.

Motorcycle. We saw a motorcycle for the first time some time in 1943 or 1944, when an army contingent passed through our village. We all watched with fascination as the army jawans marched on in straight lines on the *kachcha* road near Suan while their incharge was on a *bambu kat*, as the motorcycle was called by the villagers. We talked about it for days as one of the great wonders.

Bicycle. Bicycle was also an unusual contrivance for us and we called it a *shaitani charkha,* or devil's spinning wheel. It was very rare in our area because it could not be used easily in the hilly terrain.

Airplane. We would see airplanes flying over our village off and on. In early 1947, when everybody had fears about the future, the villagers one day spotted a tiny airplane. The Muslims pronounced enthusiastically that "the King of Muslims" (Quaid-i-Azam) was in it and had come to save the Muslims. We totally believed our elders and felt extremely safe and protected. Sultan, my cousin, and I believed that the great Muslim hero must be looking out of the window and we tried to recognize him. The thought was more plausible for us than the reality.

The Hindus were equally emphatic that it was Jawahar Lal Nehru, who was flying over for the safety of all, including the Muslims. Jogindar Singh, my Sikh friend, told me most confidentially that the plane carried Baba Guru Nanak, without realizing that there was a gap of five centuries.

Electricity. We used to hear the occasional blast sounds from the site of the under construction Bhakra-Nangal Dam, over

the Beas river. Bhakra was nearby and so was Jogindar Nagar, the site of the hydro-electric unit supplying electricity to various cities, including Lahore. We did not comprehend the process of generating electricity inspite of the elaborate explanations given by our headmaster, La'iq Singh. We thought electricity was taken out of water. We watched the terrifying lightning flashes in the clouds laden with water and presumed that something similar happened in the river at Jogindar Nagar.

Gramophone. We saw the gramophone for the first time in 1943 when our headmaster brought one in the school to show to the students. Its brand was His Master's Voice, with the insignia of Nipper, the dog, listening with rapt attention. We thought it was that dog that had been made to sing by the clever and knowledgeable Englishmen through some contrivance. Some boys thought differently. We had heated debates on the subject for days afterwards but did not ask our teachers to explain how the device worked. No "courage to know" for us.

The hand-wound gramophone, with its needle to be replaced with every three-minute record, would be really an antique for the children of today. It was soon overtaken by its electric version, called record player, with LP, or long play, records of up to 45 minutes. Then came the reel tape recorder, followed by the cassette model. Now we have players for CD (compact disk), DCC (digital compact cassette) and MiniDisk. One is amazed how far we have come in just one generation.

Gandhi, a class fellow, coaxed me to train our Gaddi dog to sing. We tried but in vain. We thought the reason for our failure was that our dog was gray and not white, like the one on the gramophone records of His Master's Voice. Like white people, only white animals could have brains. We thought we had become very knowledgeable.

Telegram. A telegram meant only bad news, mostly of death. Whenever a telegram arrived, the women would invariably start crying and wailing before even knowing the contents. It happened even in the family of Sarpanch Bhagwan Singh when his son sent a telegram. The women immediately started wailing. But everybody was happy and smiling when Saddu Ram, a retired school teacher and the only person in our village familiar with English, read the contents. Bhagwan's son had informed his family about his safe existence at some far-off place while serving

in the army during the Second World War. The family that was mourning a few minutes earlier was now distributing sweets among the children in thanksgiving.

Phone. My exposure to telephone came at Toba Tek Singh where we had settled after migration. But I did not know how to use it even when I was in the Government College, Lahore. Khalifa Abdul Hakeem, a great Islamic scholar, was to be the chief guest at one of our college functions. I was the organizer. He asked me to remind him on phone on the day of the function. With the help of a friend who knew the working of a phone, I tried to use it for the first time in my life. But I was so nervous that I could not utter a single word. My friend spoke on my behalf while I was drenched in perspiration.

Radio. Sarpanch Bhagwan Singh's son, who was in the army, brought a huge thing called radio. The voices of people speaking and singing came from that machine. It was nothing short of a miracle for us. We were totally puzzled.

I spoke to Mian Muhammad Bakhsh, my mentor. He had lived in Lahore and knew about these devices. No wonder the sage simplified the complexities in his usual manner. I was able to grasp the recording system and how the radio set received the sound signals broadcast from the radio station. But when I tried to explain the working to other boys, they would not agree with me. They thought I had gone crazy. I chose silence to avoid ridicule.

This was an early lesson in the problems of introducing technology. The inventions fascinate people but they are afraid of them at the same time. They do not know how things work nor, in the bliss of ignorance, are they keen to find out. Even the children behave in the same way unless necessary surroundings are created at home, school and elsewhere. Most people of my generation do not know how to use a video cassette recorder (VCR), but its intricacies are no problem for even their own pre-school grandsons who get an early exposure.

I had a personal experience of the human problems that are caused by the introduction of modern office technology while I was the chief of the Special Branch and later of the Punjab Police. Technology is indispensable for progress but the human inhibitions are often ignored. As a result, either the equipment in our offices is not fully utilized or it simply becomes junk because nobody knows how to start using it.

The life of a child. As I was the only son in the family, my parents, uncles, sisters and everybody else pampered me more than usual and showered a lot of love on me. I would have been spoiled but the grooming of Mian Muhammad Bakhsh and later the sufferings at the refugee camps saved me. The affection of my near and dear ones, however, gave me tremendous confidence and emotional stability that stood me in good stead in personal and collective struggles in future. Everybody around me, within and outside the family, was very hard working and serious minded. So I did not acquire any flippant habits. Even the usual boyhood pranks were missing in my life.

The only prank. Only once did I, with my cousin, Sultan, indulge in a mischievous act. We placed large stones on the steep road curve where a bus passed once a day. Luckily, the bus had a narrow escape. We got a good thrashing. That was the end of any pranks. Since then life was always a serious affair.

Sweet tooth. I loved to drink the fresh sugarcane juice pouring out of the wooden crushing machine. (Never mind that it was not filtered and had impurities.) Still more delicious was the hot *gur*, taken out of the wooden frame in which the boiling sugarcane juice was poured to solidify.

Iced milk flakes. I was very fond of *jalebis* and loved to see the sweetmeat-maker weave them through a cloth into the boiling oil. But the strangest thing for me then was the preparation of iced sweet milk flakes. The machine that prepared the iced roll out of which the flakes were taken had a flame burning on one side. I thought that ice was prepared out of fire. What a miracle! Having no idea of evaporation process, I spent hours watching it.

A ball game. Once my father brought a rubber ball from Hoshiarpur. I would take it with me and play after school. I would hit it against the wall and it would bounce back, to the intense envy of other boys. One day I failed to catch it on its bounce back and it fell into a thick hedge. A thorn pierced it, taking the wind out of it. I felt very depressed. I could not come out of the shock for days. That was the greatest tragedy of my childhood before migration. It taught me a lesson for the rest of my life that most joys are temporary and only sharing them with others can make one really happy.

A field of my own. The forest officials used to make embankments and small dams on the hill torrents (called "chows" in local dialect) to reclaim land. The silt being washed away by heavy rains would accumulate behind the barriers and create fertile land. I was fascinated by this engineering feat and decided to try it. All by myself, I made a stone wall near one of our fields touching the chow. During the next rainy season, the enclosure was filled to the brim with silt. My grandfather felt very happy on my initiative and I was paraded proudly before the whole village as an enterprising young man. The field was made my personal property and sugarcane was cultivated in it by my grandfather exclusively for me. He told me that the land reclaimed by me was valued at 100 rupees. I thought I had become very wealthy.

People also carved out farm land by cutting trees and leveling hills. While my grandfather was digging earth one day, I watched him working with his *kassi* (shovel). Suddenly, there was a landslide and a mound fell on him. Within no time he was completely buried. I cried for help. My uncles rushed to the spot and rescued him. I received one rupee as my reward for showing alertness.

Divine rescue. One day, some time in 1945, I was standing on the bank of the Suan, watching the big waves along with my maternal uncle, Fazal Muhammad. Suddenly, the entire chunk of earth on which we stood caved in. My uncle fell into the water but I remained absolutely safe on the dry land although we stood together and I had been holding his hand. I felt as if I was being lifted and placed safely into the lap of my mother, away from the gushing waters. The whole thing happened physically and in complete consciousness. I believe that a guardian angel had saved me from drowning. My uncle had to struggle hard to save himself and, with great difficulty, came out of the rivulet downstream after about a kilometer.

Whirling dervishes at Pir's urs. Mian Muhammad Bakhsh used to arrange the annual urs (death anniversary) of his pir at Fatehpur Maral, about 25 kms from our village. It used to be a great occasion and the people would travel on foot or horseback and on bullock carts to attend it. The devotees from other villages on the way would also join the holy caravan, reciting *kalima*, *darood* and the rhythmical chanting of "Allah Hoo."

To go to Fatehpur Maral, we would travel along the right bank of the Suan, which ultimately discharged itself into the Sutlej river. We crossed it near Oona and had another 10 kms to go before reaching Fatehpur.

The most interesting item at the urs used to be *qawwali* that would absorb us all. Once, while qawwali was going on, I saw a few dervishes whirling in a circle in a very unusual manner. Then one of them swooned and another abruptly climbed a nearby bamboo support of the tent. Some other dervishes danced wildly. I was overawed, then panicked and ran to my mother in the ladies' enclosure. She comforted me by explaining that the pious people were going through *haal*, the experience of unison with Allah under the influence of qawwali. After some time the dervishes became normal and I came to believe that qawwali was a good thing. Back in the village, some young men tried to copy the qawwals but it wasn't that good. I joined them to the extent of clapping only. I can do that quite well even now to encourage others.

A feat of stamina. In 1946, while returning from the urs of his pir, Mian Muhammad Baksh rode on the carrier of a bicycle, being paddled by one Hakim Ramzan. My cousin Hassan, who was also of my age, and I started running behind the bicycle. After some time, he dropped away due to fatigue but I continued running, though perspiring profusely, till we reached Oona after covering a distance of about 10 kilometers.

My stamina and determination were highly appreciated by Mian Sahib and Hakim Ramzan and I was rewarded with hot milk with jalebis in it. My family, riding on bullock carts, arrived soon after and everybody was impressed by my feat and showered praise on me. I felt very happy and cocky.

My father thought that I must have some sleep after the race with bicycle. He took me to the hostel of the nearby high school, where a cousin of mine, P.M. Toor, lived, being a 6th class student. I had no idea what a hostel was. I always thought the children could never live away from their parents. But Toor told me that the hostel for him was like a home. I slept in his room the next two days and then went back to my village.

While in Oona, I saw an elephant for the first time and was overwhelmed by the huge animal. Toor went near and touched it but I could not pick up the courage to do so. I was especially

afraid of its trunk and the long teeth. P.M. Toor, who later got a Ph.D. in aeronautical engineering, is now settled in the U.S.

Bribe for a saint. One day my father, grandfather and a few other persons were sitting in our orchard of oranges when a young man came there and, addressing my grandfather, said, "Baba-ji, I have promised a rupee and a quarter offering to the saint if my stolen cow is recovered."

"What if the thief offers five rupees to the saint?" asked my grandfather jokingly. "Then the saint may favour the scoundrel and your cow may be gone forever."

I was a student of second class then and could not comprehend the joke. I got worried about the poor victim. The saint must be very wicked and callous if he accepted the higher amount from the thief. The victim should go to the great judge Bhagwan Singh, I thought.

I went to Mian Muhammad Bakhsh and expressed my concern about the saint siding with the thief for a better offering. Mian Sahib explained in very simple words that saints never accepted the supplications of evil people nor did they side with scoundrels. I was satisfied with the explanation and my conflict was resolved.

Next day I told the victim that the saint would not favour the thief and he would get his cow back. I felt bad when he simply laughed at me.

In the same evening, the cow was found. It was not stolen but had been lost in the forest. The victim, a simple soul, now believed that I had some spiritual powers. He made me known in the village as a little pir and would offer me the milk of that cow every Thursday. I liked the feeling. Since then I built a strong belief that saints and other good people did not side with the scoundrels. That belief helped me in my later life. I would always urge the policemen that they should seek the cooperation of the good citizens in the fight against criminals.

Spiritual teacher. Before joining the village primary school, my main activity of the day used to be to attend the informal class of Mian Muhammad Bakhsh. He was a strict disciplinarian. At times I would get my share of his discipline, which caused great anguish to my mother. Whenever I was punished, she would get upset. I could see her behind a column or a tree, weeping silently as she dare not disturb the murshid. Once

he noticed tears in her eyes and became furious. "You do not realize that your expression of such deep love for him now may be harmful to him later on," he scolded my mother. I overheard him and felt very sorry for her. At that moment I resolved never to let down my mother again. From that day I was always an outstanding student.

The murshid was a very kind and patient guide. I learnt a great deal from him that stood me well throughout my life, especially my basic disposition towards Islam. I realized much later in life that his company at that tender age influenced my religious and moral attitudes more than my entire formal education. He would often narrate absorbing stories. He would also converse with children in question-answer form. He used very simple language, keeping in view our mental level.

The ultimate question. Once he asked me if I knew anything about Allah. I was about five then. (What a question to ask a child of that age!) I obviously replied in the negative.

"Would you like to know about Allah?" he asked me.

"Of course," I replied.

"Have you seen your mother?"

"Yes!"

"Is she nice to you? Is she loving? Is she kind? Does she give you sweet milk to drink? Does she give you *gur* to enjoy?"

He continued with such questions while I would vigorously nod my head every time till my mother appeared to me to be the perfect personification of kindness and affection. After my curiosity was aroused to the peak, he simply stated that "even one hundred mothers could not come close to the kindness and love of Allah." (A hundred was the largest number I could comprehend then.) Only recently, while reading Shibli Nomani's "Seerat-un-Nabi" (biography of Prophet Muhammad, peace be upon him), I learnt that the sage had taken the simile from the Holy Prophet himself. Such explanations of very complex concepts were etched in my mind deeply but imperceptibly and for ever.

After migration to Pakistan, Mian Sahib settled in Jhabran village in the Sheikhupura district. He died soon after and was buried there. I often feel his spiritual presence quite strongly around me even now.

Migration through the valley of death

In 1943, some famished Bengali families, while in search of food and refuge, found their way to our village and camped in the *shamilat,* the common land. My mother used to cook rice and I would accompany my father or paternal uncle Ghulam Ali to distribute it among them. They had to leave their homes because of starvation and death, caused by famine. I vividly recall some of the faces. We did not know that in a few years we were to be in a much worse position in the refugee camps.

All hell broke out one morning during the summer vacation in 1947. At sunrise the word spread that the village had been attacked by the Sikhs. Fear gripped everybody. My father and uncles were away from home, guarding the village outskirts somewhere. As our village was in a hilly area, the farmers had their houses on their farms on various hillocks, away from each other, unlike the compact housing blocks found elsewhere in the plains of the Punjab.

My mother, both of my sisters and I fled the house and hid ourselves in the nearby forest. Then we walked over the long winding treks and reached village Jahan Khailan, where we had some close relatives. (It is the ancestral place of Laeeq Ahmad

Khan, one of my predecessors as IGP Punjab.) My father and other members of the family later joined us.

A large number of other refugees also gathered in the village. A few days later we all trudged on foot to Hoshiarpur. There we were lodged in the Islamia High School, where a refugee camp had been set up for the uprooted, panic-stricken Muslims. Hunger and disease were taking their toll. Every other person appeared to be down with dysentery, cholera or typhoid. The worst hit were the feeble, elderly and children. Some who could not walk were abandoned by their helpless families to die in the camps. It was a horrible scene, with death and misery all around. The place was littered with unburied corpses, amidst the stink of human waste. To me it seemed as if we had been expelled from paradise and thrown into hell.

Early one morning, I accompanied uncle Ghulam Ali and his wife to ease ourselves outside the camp. Suddenly we were attacked. The moment I saw the attackers, I ran away and raised a noise but it was too late by the time help reached. Both were butchered by Sikhs in front of my frightened eyes. It was extremely terrifying to see the blood-soaked bodies. I fainted and got high fever that never left me till many months after our arrival in Pakistan. I got typhoid and would remain unconscious or semiconscious most of the time.

It would have been all despair except for my loving mother. I would multiply her kindness hundreds of times and then pray to Allah for deliverance. This would give me hope. The others around me were also praying to Allah and seeking His mercy and protection. I could see, when conscious, that only their desire to reach Pakistan was keeping them alive. Despite fear and misery, very few were willing to abandon their determination to reach there. A delegation of Hindus from our village came to our camp and tried to persuade us with all kinds of assurances to go back with them but everybody refused in spite of the most miserable living conditions in the camp and uncertainty about the future. Everybody had resolved to reach the land of Islam and purity.

However, families of Uncle Dholu and Aunt Daulat Bibi later changed their mind and returned to the ancestral village. They and their descendants are said to be doing well but not as good as those who came to Pakistan.

Through death and destruction. One day we were told that a train would take us to Pakistan. There was a mad rush towards it as soon as it was ready. The train was jampacked within no time while many climbed on to the roof.

The journey was like passing through the valley of death. There were corpses all along the railway track. After reaching Amritsar, the train would not move. We were told that the engine driver was afraid of being waylaid by the Sikhs on the way. It was very hot and sultry. Many died of suffocation and their bodies were dropped down.

The train started very late the next day but soon stopped at a desolate place. There was firing in the darkness of night. We trembled and shuddered. My mother covered my sisters and me with a sheet as if this would protect us from bullets! The wonder was that we felt fully protected under that thin cloth. She was constantly praying and reciting *kalima* and *darood.*

A soldier of the Baloch Regiment (a Muslim unit of the army) entered our compartment and assured us of security. I felt Allah had responded to the prayers of my mother by sending us a protector. He was certainly Benign and Merciful, my mother multiplied hundreds of times. The Sikhs ran away and the train moved on, under the protection of fervent prayers and the alert soldiers.

When we reached Atari, the last stop before crossing the border, there were cheers, loud recitations of the *kalima* and a vigorous shouting of "Allah-o-Akbar." I was semiconscious but joined in raising the slogans of "Allah-o-Akbar." It gave me a miraculous feeling of tremendous strength and safety. It seemed as if I was passing through the valley of death to the plains of life.

The sun was rising when the train steamed across the border. Pakistan registered in my mind at that moment as a symbol of life and hope and a haven of safety. It was the fulfillment of a dream.

Concern for the forgotten aunt. We had missed an earlier train before we left Islamia High School camp. The reason was my mother's concern for an old relative. She had come to know that her cousins had left behind Bhua Bhullee ("Forgotten Aunt"), their old paralyzed mother, in another part of the camp while they migrated to Pakistan. (Perhaps they could not carry her or something happened that I do not remember now.) My mother refused

to leave without the old woman. So many wise people tried to make her aware of the mortal dangers of delaying departure but she would not listen. She said, "I prefer to die here than to leave behind my crippled aunt. It is so callous and cruel to abandon her."

Finally, her demand was accepted, though very grudgingly. My father went, located the old woman and carried her on his back to the Islamia School camp. Nobody, however, expected the miracles that followed. Bhua Bhullee, who could not speak for the last many years due to paralysis, started talking when she reached the camp. After a few days, while we were still in the camp, she died peacefully. She had to be buried in a mass grave due to abnormal circumstances though my mother very much wished a more graceful burial for the old woman.

Then came another miracle. The train carrying the inconsiderate cousins of my mother was waylaid at the Beas river bridge, near Amritsar, and all of them were massacred. It was the same train that we had missed because of my mother's concern for Bhua Bhullee. What would have been our fate if we too had boarded it?

While our train was crossing the Beas, my grandfather got overwhelmed by grief. He saw the river bed littered with dead bodies. Thinking that those were of his near and dear ones, he tried to jump out of the train. He was stopped with great difficulty. The bodies turned out to be of those who had been drowned in unprecedented floods, which had washed away many refugee camps.

Death was a real possibility every moment but my mother stuck to her moral values most tenaciously. The massacre of her cousins is still remembered by our family and those who were then in the camp firmly believe that they were saved from certain death because of the fervent prayers of the crippled old lady and my mother's concern for her.

Picking up the pieces. We were lodged in a refugee camp at Walton, a suburb of Lahore. The conditions were miserable but there was satisfaction and contentment as if nothing mattered after the mission had been accomplished. After a few days, we moved to a nearby village, Maraka, on the Multan Road, and stayed there for some months. Then we went on to set up roots in Toba Tek Singh, where my father's sister, Karim Bibi, lived since her marriage much before we had to migrate from India. For the

survival of the family, my father had to work as a peon for some time in the Toba Tek Singh tehsil office.

Life was very hard. The family lived in the poorest possible circumstances. Every one of us in the family, including the children, had to do manual labour to meet the basic necessities. I too did my share and continued to do sundry jobs to contribute to the meager family income. I used to work as a coolie at the nearby railway station when the train would steam in. Then I would go to the bus station to sell *dal roti*. I would also make shopping bags from waste papers and sell to the shopkeepers. My elder sister used to prepare garlands of jasmine flowers and I would sell them. I served for a few months at a tiny tea stall, cleaning tea pots and cups at the monthly salary of 10 rupees.

Holding the head high. Despite extreme poverty, my parents held their head high, even when they had to live literally on grass and leaves. I remember my mother eating the green leaves of trees so that my sisters and I could eat the only occasionally available simple dry bread. At the same time, she was very generous. Even when there was little to eat at home, she could not and did not refuse a more needy person. She would give away everything she had, leaving behind absolutely nothing. My father did not like that but she had such a strong faith in Allah that she would always say, "You don't have to worry. Allah will give us everything. He is the Ultimate Provider."

While we were in village Maraka, near Lahore, life was very difficult. Still, she would refuse to pick up even a *ber*, a small wild fruit that falls on ground and, by common practice, anybody can take it. She reasoned that the tree belonged to somebody else and she would rather die of hunger than steal the fruit.

My mother always emphasized the importance of truth and moral values. "Never steal and never tell a lie," was her constant lesson. She herself lived the motto fully and it left its deep marks on all of us. While at Maraka, I once stole an onion sapling from a field as I wanted to enjoy its *chatnee* preparation, something that I had not tasted since leaving my village in India. While stealing the onion, I felt as if heavens had fallen on me and the entire world was watching me. The value of honesty had been ingrained so deeply in my mind that the misdeed gave me high fever.

Having opened my eyes in such humble but morally high surroundings, I never hesitated in struggling hard throughout my

life. Looking back, it appears that the struggle was very well rewarded. It is extreme kindness of Allah, the Merciful.

School life resumed. My parents wanted me to join the school. So I picked up from where I had left and joined the 5th class in the District Board High School, Toba Tek Singh. Even here I did very well and was considered among the best students.

The school was nothing more than a ramshackle building. There was no furniture, no laboratory, no toilet, not even *tats* (long jute mats) to sit on. The building itself was inadequate. We had to sit and study in the open on the dusty ground in winter and under the trees during the scorching summer.

Despite the physical deficiencies and other inconveniences, the personal conduct of the teachers and their devotion to duty were remarkable. They were punctual and very conscientious. There was no question of cheating in class. Undue personal benefit was unthinkable because of the moral ethos and the fervent feelings for the country. The students too were infused with lofty ideals and worked hard to be good Pakistanis.

The school atmosphere did not allow the mischievous elements to have any influence. During the anti-Ahmadi agitation in 1953, a student, probably instigated by some outsider, tried to spread the word that our Headmaster was an Ahmadi. Everybody in the school disapproved of this and the mischief didn't go far.

One of our ideals was Sheikh Ghulam Qadir, our English teacher. He would continue to teach us even beyond the school hours. He groomed selected students for the Anglo-Vernacular Final Examination (required for winning a scholarship for further studies) by teaching us at his home during vacation. Rather than charging us any fee, he would even give us meals at his own cost.

He was a very devoted teacher. One morning we reached his house for the usual instructions and were very sorry to learn that his daughter had died during the night. She had been suffering from tuberculosis. It seemed obvious that there would be no lessons, at least that day. We were wrong. On his return after burial, Sheikh Sahib started teaching us as if nothing had happened.

His orphaned grandson, Ghaus, was an infant then. I later helped him in joining the police. He is now a studious and honest prosecuting inspector. By following the splendid traditions of his grandfather, he is bound to rise high in life.

Being a good speaker, I was in great demand on various functions. Master Ghulam Qadir had taught me the art. Once he wrote a 15-page speech, gave it to five students of our class (7th) and told us to memorize it. He advised us to go out in the open fields and speak to the crops and trees, taking them as audience. He also advised us never to be overawed by the audience. "The crowds never think," he would tell us. "They just listen and can be swayed with words. So treat them with disdain. They will never be able to catch your mistakes even if you commit any. Consider yourself to be superior and the master of occasion."

I believed him literally. I went out in the fields and started delivering the speech to the trees in a loud voice. I memorized all 15 pages. When he asked us the next morning to rehearse only the first page, I delivered the entire speech with only one error. Even he was surprised and called me "a genius." I did not know the meaning of the word nor had the courage to ask him. The next day Raja Rafique, my class fellow, told me that "genius" meant "devil." I felt very sad, not knowing then that he was only pulling my leg.

Police action on Independence Day. The Independence Day was celebrated every year with great fervour. There would be inspiring speeches on the significance of freedom. I used to be one of the popular speakers. Faith in Pakistan was our greatest asset and we used to pronounce our determination to build our motherland into a strong and prosperous country. It was such a great reality that I always felt it most palpably inspite of the most miserable living conditions in which we lived.

But the inspiration abruptly evaporated after the imposition of martial law in 1958. On the first Independence Day after that, on August 14, 1959, I found the people sullen, sad and afraid to express their true feelings.

In my speech, I described the martial law as the blackest deed that had snatched our hard-earned freedom. The gathering cheered me lustily and later carried me on their shoulders in the bazaar. That was something against the prevailing authority and the local police gave me a good thrashing after the procession was over. I would have been jailed but for the courageous intervention of K.M.A. Samdani, Sub Divisional Magistrate, Toba Tek Singh, and later a judge of the Lahore High Court, who had presided over the meeting. He saved me from penal action under martial law by

administering only a warning. After that the observance of Independence Day was stopped in Toba Tek Singh.

The Independence Day volleyball tournament used to be another great event. Top teams from all over the country would come to Toba Tek Singh for the three-day tournament. It used to be a very thrilling event. Mian Abdul Khaliq, Ch. Zaman, Ch. Abdul Hameed and Abdul Karim were some of the prominent names. After I joined the police, I learnt that all of them, except Mian Khaliq, were policemen. The tournament evoked my interest in volleyball and I played reasonably well. I also played *kabaddi* and *gulli-danda.*

The jealous class fellow. Raja Muhammad Rafique and Bashir Ahmad Arshi were my best friends in the school. Both got very good positions in examinations. Rafique joined the Survey of Pakistan and Bashir opted for teaching as a profession due to his intellectual commitment. Both have done well in life, adhering to high moral values.

Rashid, Zia, Raja Rafique and I were the four students who were selected by our teacher, Ghulam Qadir, for appearing in the Anglo-Vernacular Final examination in 1952. Rashid shifted from his village to live with me so that we could study together.

Zia faced difficulty in solving certain problems of arithmetic and asked for my help. I spent the whole day with him, explaining how the problems were to be solved. He was very happy and grateful.

After Zia left, Rashid asked me, "Why did you help him?"

"Because he is our class fellow and friend," I replied without much thought.

"But he is our rival," said Rashid. "He will get more marks and beat us because you have helped him. You are quite silly."

I was shocked on his reaction and said, "The result is with Allah. We must not grudge anybody's progress." There was no electricity in Toba Tek Singh then and we studied in the light of kerosene oil lamps. Referring to it, I said, "Knowledge is like a lamp. Its light will not decrease if you light other lamps with it." I also told him what Mian Muhammad Bakhsh had taught me: "Everything belongs to Allah. He bestoweth his favours on whomsoever he wishes." Rashid was, however, not satisfied with my explanation.

When the result came, I was first in my school and, according to Habib Ahmad Khan, our venerable Headmaster, had secured the highest marks since the school was established 26 years ago.

Zia joined the army and the last I heard about him was that he had risen to the rank of a brigadier. Rashid became a Laboratory Assistant in Government College, Lahore, and continues to be in the same position. (I am happy that his eldest son became a medical doctor.)

To celebrate my great distinction in examination, a function was organized in our school in my honour. It was presided over by Malik Muhammad Aslam, Tehsildar, Toba Tek Singh. (His son, Asghar Malik, was my class fellow in school and later on in college. Another son, Hameed Aslam Malik, is now a DIG in police.) Sheikh Muhammad Yusuf, a leading local businessman and a great philanthropist, also graced the occasion. He was deeply impressed by my speech at the function. Having formed a good impression about me, he showed tremendous consideration and later helped me in my higher studies.

The celebration of my success was not yet over. Sheikh Muhammad Aslam, successor to Malik Aslam as Tehsildar, came to our house to congratulate my father on my academic achievement. He allotted us land in lieu of what my family had left in India. He thought the gesture would help educate a brilliant student. Sh. Aslam said to my father, "Pakistan needs brilliant young men like Sardar."

He persuaded me to join Lawrence College, Ghora Gali, near Rawalpindi, as I had been granted a scholarship of Rs 75 per month for studies at that institution. Sh. Muhammad Yusuf, however, advised me that I would not be able to adjust among the rich and snob students of the institution and might develop harmful complexes. It was a very correct advice.

Religious and political influences. I learnt the recitation of the Holy Quran from my mother and Mian Muhammad Bakhsh and later improved it in Toba Tek Singh under the guidance of a Shah-ji and then Abdus Samad, our Arabic teacher in the school. The two teachers gave me the Deobandi thoughts while our family had Brelvi background. Due to the conflicting influences, I became a middle of the road Muslim.

Haji Muhammad Akram, Secretary of the Toba Tek Singh Municipal Committee, was a very religious man. He would take me to the congregations of the Tablighi Jama'at. I used to make impressive speeches there. He felt so happy that he bought me a Phillips bicycle so that I could cover more places and get a wider audience.

As I spent most of my time with religious people, I also took part in the anti-Ahmadi agitation in 1953. When the police arrived, most of us would run away while some of the ulema would court arrest. Once we were encircled completely but I somehow managed to slip away.

Mufti Ansaf, Amir of Jama'at-i-Islami, Toba Tek Singh, would lend me the books of Maulana Maudoodi to satiate my thirst for studies as our school had no library. Thus I studied most of the Jama'at-i-Islami literature.

While in college, I never joined Islami Jami'at-i-Talaba, the student wing of the Jama'at-i-Islami, but helped Prof. Usman Ghani, who would visit us from the nearby Islamia College, to start its membership in the Government College for the first time. We used to visit Ichhra frequently to see Maulana Maudoodi, head of the Jama'at. I was impressed by the vast knowledge and beautiful speeches of the Maulana. (His son, Umar Farooq, was my class-fellow in college.)

I had a brush with the other extreme also. Major (Retd) Khushi Muhammad and Syed Muhammad, son of Habib Khan, our headmaster, organized a Communist cell at Toba Tek Singh. I joined the cell but did not approve of them calling Allah a myth. So, I left after attending only three meetings.

As in religious beliefs, I remained in the middle of the road in political thinking also. Muslim League always appealed to me the most sentimentally as well as rationally because of its struggle for the creation of Pakistan. There was considerable influence also of Dr Najmuddin, President of the Muslim League, who gave me "Bang-i-Dara" and other works of Allama Iqbal to read. He also gave my family free treatment for sundry maladies caused by poverty and unhealthy living conditions in refugee camps. While attending to his patients, he always cursed Jama'at-i-Islami and the Congress for opposing the creation of Pakistan.

In pursuit of knowledge

In 1955 I entered a brave new world. From school to college was a great change and going from rural Toba Tek Singh to metropolitan Lahore was still greater. And joining Government College, Lahore, led to a transformation of my life.

I passed my Matriculation (Secondary School) Examination, securing 688 marks out of 850 and standing first in my school. Though I had won a scholarship, the amount was not enough to meet all college expenses. And my father was not able to make up the difference. (My father had been allotted some agricultural land but the family was still living hand to mouth.)

Here entered a noble soul in my life and paved the way for fulfillment of my ambitions and my family's dreams. Sheikh Muhammad Yusuf was a great philanthropist of Toba Tek Singh. When he heard that I would not be able to go to college due to lack of money, he undertook to meet all of my expenses. He had a condition, though. I was to do the same for a deserving poor student when I would be able to do so. I did honour the condition within my humble means but I do not wish to give details.

I was lucky to get admission to the Government College, Lahore, one of the best-known educational institutions of South

Asia. With "Courage to Know" as its motto, the college encouraged the pursuit of enlightenment.

The Government College attracted scholars and teachers from all over the country and even from abroad. It provided an opportunity to students for exposure to great minds. We had excellent teachers, including Professors Siraj-ud-Din, K.M. Hosain, S.G. Raza, M. Rashid and Dr Nazir Ahmad. They undertook to develop our consciousness, groom our personalities and lead us on a journey to light.

One of the main reasons for the healthy atmosphere was the admission procedure. All candidates had to go through a written test and an interview and the best from the top would be selected. The marks in the Matriculation examination were not given too much importance. (That year the student who had stood first in the whole of the Punjab province was rejected as not being suitable material for the college.) Being poor financially was, however, no handicap.

Ours was the last class to be selected in this way. The following year, the West Pakistan government (formed after the merger of all provinces into One Unit in October 1955), headed by Dr Khan Sahib, changed the admission procedure, without realizing the long-term disastrous consequences. Now the students were to be admitted to all colleges only on the basis of their marks in the Matriculation examination. The admission process was taken away from the principals and the senior most teachers and handed over to the head clerks, who would simply arrange the application forms in descending order of marks and prepare the list of students to be admitted. (In many cases, backdoors were opened for undeserving students through sifarish and even bribe.) This ridiculous procedure later became known as "the Merit System" and governments felt proud whenever they could follow it in place of sifarish. Later, parents, students and teachers ignored all moral values in the mad race for maximum marks and contributed to the destruction of the moral fibre of the nation.

Khwaja Manzoor Husain, the principal, showed special consideration during my interview for admission. As I had come from an Urdu medium school, he, as head of the interviewing panel of 15 professors, directed that I should be asked questions in Urdu. I replied to all the difficult questions correctly and he

announced my admission there and then. Muhammad Din, the formidable head clerk of the college office, later told me that I was a very fortunate student to have known the decision on admission during the interview itself as it was not usually done.

Switching from science to arts. As I had been a science student in high school, I got admission in the Pre-Medical Group. But I changed my mind after only a few days. While preparing some gases in the laboratory, I found their smell obnoxious. I shuddered at the thought of living in such atmosphere for years to come. The subjects also turned out to be of no real interest to me.

I wrote an application for transfer to the Humanities Group and went to see the principal. He was surprised at my choice as admission on the medical side was the most difficult to get. So, he advised me to reconsider my decision. I replied that I had mulled over it and there was no way I could continue with science subjects. He did allow the change on my insistence but, showing great kindness, said, "You may rejoin the pre-medical side if you reconsider you decision. Don't hesitate in coming to me again." He thought I was doing a wrong thing and kept the door open for rectification.

When Khwaja Sahib told me that he remembered me and my interview clearly, I was overwhelmed. It was not easy to remember an individual when hundreds of students had passed through the interviewing process. It showed how much keen interest he took in the studies and welfare of his students.

After the change of subjects, I started attending the classes of Humanities subjects. On the very first day, Prof. S.G. Raza spotted me as a new face in his English class and asked me, "Who are you and why have you joined so late?" I explained that I had just changed my subjects. He was quite surprised on my decision. Addressing the class, he said, "Here is a young man, who has dug his grave with his own hands." He spoke loudly in his characteristically dominant but loving style, well known to his students. The whole class had a hearty laughter. Undaunted, I said, "Sir, I have made a conscious decision." "You will repent it later," he said. He stuck to his opinion till I achieved the distinction of being one of the five students who passed B.A. with Honours in English from the University of the Panjab.

Prof. Sirajuddin taught us "Macbeth," one of Shakespeare's more famous plays. While teaching, he would be

acting so vividly and expressing so clearly that we would understand even the subtlest nuances and expressions of Shakespeare.

Circle of friends. The college had a very healthy and scholarly atmosphere. I availed of all possible opportunities for the development of my personality. Debating, in which I occasionally participated, was the most interesting and satisfying activity for me. I took keen interest also in the activities of the Dramatics Society, Majlis-i-Iqbal, English Literary Society, Islamic Studies Association, Music Society, Sondhi Translation Society and Philosophical Society. I was an office-holder in some of those Societies.

Many of my contemporaries later rose to important positions. Among them were Abdul Khaliq Awan, Muhammad Arif (later Dr), Iqbal Mueen, Ghulam Murtaza Malik (later Dr), Pervez Masud, Ch. Manzoor Ahmad, Sardar Zafar, Sher Muhammad Lundkhawar, Muhammad Ashraf ("Kennedy"), Manzoor Ahmad Bhatti and Muhammad Abdul Hameed.

As I had joined late, I was worried about Arabic, one of my elective subjects. But my school and mosque instruction in the language helped me and I secured second position in the very first test though I had attended the class for only 15 days. Agha Abdus Sattar, our Arabic teacher, became very kind to me after that. I later did many translation works from Arabic with the help of Hameed, who had become proficient in Arabic by his self-study. He got me the Arabic-to-English dictionary, "Qamoos al-Asri," compiled by the famous Egyptian lexicographer, Elias Anton Elias.

Khaliq Awan, who was also in the Arabic class, used to copy perfectly the speaking style of Agha Sahib to the enjoyment of us all. He could copy others also, specially the English teachers, Prof. Raza and Prof. Awan.

Arif and Iqbal Mueen were great debaters and would sometimes be on opposing sides. Both would often consult Hameed for important points while preparing their speeches. The propositions for parliamentary style debates were carefully chosen to allow ample scope for support as well as opposition and Hameed's balanced thinking would provide each of them with equally strong arguments. Sometimes both would win prizes!

Hameed was very knowledgeable and had information on practically everything on God's earth. (He won the first prize in a general knowledge competition, held in 1956 by the Punjab Board of Secondary and Intermediate Education for the students of Intermediate class in the entire province.) So we used to call him "Allama," the superlative for a knowledgeable person. The label stuck despite his vigorous protests. He dislikes it intensely even to this day as he does not consider himself worthy of it though some of the class fellows still cannot help using it.

As he was to be the editor of this book, he won't allow me to call him Allama in the manuscript but as the author I was entitled to having my own way. So, we had to make a compromise. From now on to the end of the book, he will be referred to as "A/Hameed." To me it will stand for Allama Hameed and for him it will be his name, Abdul Hameed (or Abd al-Hameed, as he later decided was the correct transliteration of his name). You can have your choice!

Sher Muhammad Khan, who was to later figure in a very crucial turning point in my career (described in the following chapter), started legal practice in Mardan and later joined foreign service through lateral entry. He distinguished himself by hard work in his diplomatic career and established missions in Zimbabwe and Mozambique after their independence. His father, Khan Ghulam Muhammad Khan Lundkhawar, was a prominent leader of the Muslim League from the North West Frontier Province and an associate of the Quaid-i-Azam.

The elections to the college unions inculcated democratic spirit among the students and trained them for the future. There was no vulgarity of printed posters, handbills or pamphlets. A candidate for the Government College Students Union or the Young Speakers Union (for Intermediate students only) could display only six *hand-written* posters and that too within the college premises. Only real merit was valued. The most talented students would get elected as only they enjoyed the respect of the majority. The political parties did not have their subsidiary student organizations to pollute the atmosphere in the institutions of higher learning. The virus spread much later.

There were no processions of students to agitate on any domestic or political issues. During my stay in the college, only two processions were taken out. One was against the attack on

Egypt by Israel, England and France in October 1956. The other was a few months later on Kashmir.

Into the realm of law. I graduated in 1959 with Honours in English, my elective subjects being history, philosophy and Arabic. Having decided to get a law degree (LL.B.), I joined the Panjab University Law College the same year and left the Government College with a heavy heart. In Law College, I was the Secretary of Free Legal Aid Society.

While I was studying in Law College, a few friends organized a society, called "Friends Circle," to discuss, analyze and write on social and political issues. Nasir Husain Shamsi, Khurshid Khan, A/Hameed, Tahseen and Anis were some of the prominent members. We would meet in my hostel room regularly every Saturday afternoon (then being the weekend). One of us would read his well-researched paper and a serious, scholarly and sometimes heated discussion would follow. We learnt a lot.

We would also discuss moral issues. As mere propagation of moral values could not produce the desired results, we decided that, as an encouragement, we should praise profusely those who follow the path of truth and virtue. Since the desire for appreciation and recognition is a basic human need, we would be reinforcing their decision and encouraging them to remain on the right path. In our own ways, we have been following this approach since then. It has been my main policy as an officer while dealing with my men.

Most people do the opposite. During the early days of Ayub Khan's martial law, I visited a shop in Anarkali to buy a blanket. The owner, an old dignified person, quoted only five rupees. It was obviously too low because the normal price then was between 15 and 20 rupees. He explained that an army officer had come to his shop a short while ago and, accusing him of profiteering, had forced him to sell a blanket to him for only five rupees. He also ordered that the same price must be charged to all other buyers. So, the shop-owner was following the orders. I did not have the heart to buy a blanket below even cost. When I narrated the incident to my friends on return to the Government College New Hostel, Khaliq Awan was the only one to support my decision. Others called me "stupid," particularly one who later became a very high police officer.

The minutes of every meeting were recorded in a register by Nasir Shamsi, as the secretary. He very fondly remembers those meetings whenever he visits his homeland. He also always wishes to see the register that nobody seems to have now. (I'll explain later in the book why he had to settle in the U.S.) Some other friends are also abroad. Tahseen is in Spain while Khurshid is in the U.S.

During discussions, we used generally English to improve our command over the language but A/Hameed always preached and practised the use of Urdu for writing and speaking although he knew better English than all of us. He promoted Urdu most vigorously as a great means for national integration.

It was much later that I realized the wisdom of his approach. A foreign language will never allow the talents of our nation to be utilized fully howsoever proficient some of us may be in it. After I promoted the use of Urdu in the police, under his influence, I had very good results. The output at the functional level increased manifolds as the policemen felt at ease in their own language.

I graduated from the Law College in 1961 and started law practice in the district courts of Lahore. Sheikh Izhar-ul-Haq, advocate, and I were practicing together and earned a comfortable living. We were getting good cases without having a long standing in the bar. Still I felt unhappy and dissatisfied. (I'll explain the reason in the following chapter.)

Dawn of darkness. The night of October 7, 1958, was one of the darkest in our history. We woke up next morning to the shocking news that the constitution had been abrogated by President Iskander Mirza and Gen. Ayub Khan had taken over as the Chief Martial Law Administrator. We were unable to realize immediately the implications but everybody was frightened and few dared to comment. We did discuss the imposition of martial law among ourselves and Khaliq Awan and F.I. Malik were among the very few who openly considered it harmful for the country.

Prof. Fayyaz of the History Department commented that love's labor had been lost. We did not understand. He briefly explained that we had lost our freedom, which had been won through a long and tireless struggle, under the leadership of Quaid-i-Azam Mohamed Ali Jinnah. We had paid a very heavy

price for our objective. All was now in vain. The society would move into the throes of a grave crisis and the social rot and moral breakdown would start. Free intellectual debate would be stiffed. The regional, linguistic, sectarian, ethnic and other identities would gain importance. The professor had a long-term view but it was too scholarly for most of us. It would take time before we could understand some of the evil consequences

Ayub Khan claimed that he wanted to raise the standard of living of the masses. This slogan of material progress was primarily to divert the attention of the people from their plight. Economic development is necessary but it must be a part of a comprehensive plan for both moral and material uplift and must have the consent and full participation of the people. Ayub Khan dragged down the nation from a high spiritual pedestal to a mere materialistic existence and replaced the great ideals with a rat race, which was given labels like "economic progress," "economic development" and "modernization." I once discussed the phenomenon with Dr Nazir Ahmad. To express his penetrating insight, he recited an Urdu verse of Iqbal to the effect that bricks and stones alone did not create a new world order.

"Unite and Serve." The consequences of the misadventure on social and moral order were horrendous, worse than what Prof. Fayyaz had foreseen. The decay was soon becoming visible. The rule of law was given a fatal blow and a culture of wickedness and criminality was promoted. The senior lawyers would comment that this tendency would confer prestige on the ordinary criminal.

During my law practice, I would often hear stories of corruption at high levels. Inspired by the illegitimate rulers, a tendency to violate law and moral decency emerged in various sections of the society. The filing of false claims of property left in India to get evacuee property here in compensation became the easiest way to be rich overnight. The thoughtless haste of the martial law regime to make permanent allotments made the situation worse. The government officials and lawyers made the best of it.

The atmosphere of the educational institutions started getting polluted. Cheating in examinations and tuition rackets by teachers started surfacing. Dr Muhammad Ajmal, a well-known

psychologist, educationist and my teacher in college, said that it was all "to improve the living standards."

"What about the moral standards?" I asked.

"Sentiments, values and concepts have no physical and visible shapes and small minds cannot comprehend them," he explained.

A vicious propaganda campaign was started against lawyers, many of whom had been in the forefront of the struggle for freedom. The state media described the lawyer community as "unprincipled and immoral." The writers, artists, journalists and other creative people started getting tainted by the all-pervasive environment. Expediency and selfishness in personal and official relationship became the culture of the day. Writers' Guild was formed to rope in the writers with grants and prizes. National Press Trust was set up to take over some of the leading newspapers of the day (*The Pakistan Times, Imroze, Mashriq, Morning News*) to serve propaganda purposes and to pressurize the independent press. The draconian provisions of the Press and Publications Ordinance of 1963 were enough to stifle any remaining voices of dissent.

After destroying the democratic institutions, Ayub Khan undertook to evolve a system of public participation to gain legitimacy for his personal rule. He introduced the system of "Basic Democracies," under which Union Councils would be elected at the level of villages and city wards (with a 1000 or so voters). The Basic Democrats, or councilors, would then elect higher tiers, members of the National and Provincial Assemblies and, once in five years, also the President. The system was designed in a way that it could be manipulated easily by the people in power. Those rich enough to give desired bribes could also have their day in national affairs.

Malik Aslam Hayat, then the President of the Lahore District Bar Association, called the B.D.s as "Basic Divisions" because, in his view, Basic Democracies was a mechanism similar to the British policy of causing divisions in our society. It was intended ostensibly to introduce democracy at the grassroots but it turned out to be a cause of many divisions. He was worried that the system would create enmities, wrangling, family feuds and unending litigation on petty issues in our rural society. The cohesion and harmony of the village life would be destroyed by

election alliances, intrigues and factionalism as the constituencies were very small. A better alternative would have been the revival of the panchayat system, which was based entirely on consensus and could promote harmony in society.

Even if the rulers wanted only to remain in power, a better motto for them in my view would have been "Unite and Serve" rather than "Divide and Rule."

Joining the elite

While I continued to practice law, the prospects did not seem to be very bright. Then there were the family obligations. They had been making great sacrifices for the sake of my future and now all their hopes for better days focused on me. I had to live up to their expectations. A good government job seemed to be the best possible alternative. I, therefore, decided to sit in the competitive examination for the elite Central Superior Services.

Izhar, my colleague, was not happy. A/Hameed was pained, rather horrified, when he learnt about my decision. He thought it would be a complete waste of my talents. In his assessment, I had a great potential for an independent profession and could make my best contribution to the national interests through politics. But I could not ignore the compulsions of my family obligations. And with absolutely nothing to fall back upon, I could not even think of entering politics.

A/Hameed did his best to dissuade me but I had made my decision and even his strongest arguments could not change my mind. Finally, in exasperation, he said, "Even after becoming a CSS officer, you would be no more than a glorified clerk."

"It would be glory anyway," I replied.

Availing of the last opportunity. I appeared twice for the competitive examination for Central Superior Services but could not make it. In the meantime, I crossed the maximum

permissible age limit for the examination. Thus I reconciled myself to taking up the legal profession seriously to earn my livelihood. To my good luck, however, the Federal Public Service Commission decided in 1962 to change the cut-off date for calculating the age of students from January 1 of every year to October 1. The change enabled me to avail of another opportunity. But I concentrated on my practice and did not spare much time to prepare for the CSS examination as I did not have much hope for success in view of the two previous failures. The other reason for my vacillation was the persuasion by A/Hameed. He always maintained that my failures might have saved me from becoming "a glorified clerk." He believed that legal practice would give me much more freedom of thought and action while government service and discipline would cripple my talents and creativity. I had the feeling that he overrated me, as well as some other friends, including Muhammad Arif and Iqbal Mueen, and discouraged us from joining government service. Joining CSS was our life dream but he would continue to hammer his point of view, dampening our spirits.

Finally, a few days before the last date for submitting applications for the CSS examination, I decided to make one last attempt to avail of the godsend opportunity but without wasting much time or energy on it. Then arose a difficulty. The fee for the examination was Rs 50 and it so happened that I did not have that much money at that time.

The evening before the last date for depositing the fee, I decided to borrow some money from my friend and class fellow, Sher Muhammad Khan Lundkhawar, whose father was a landlord. With only five rupees in my pocket, the only money I had then, I started on foot from Santnagar to his home a few kilometers away in Royal Park, on McLeod Road. While borrowing was the last hope, I felt very bad for it. My elders, particularly my mother, had always stressed that borrowing was degrading and against one's self-respect. The conflict between the principle and the compulsion of circumstances continued in my mind while I walked on the roadside.

On my way, a friend happened to meet me near the Broomhead Hostel of K.E. Medical College on the McLeod Road. He was also jobless and penniless like me. He was very happy as he had got a job that very day. A newspaper in

Faisalabad (then Lyallpur) wanted him to come over and join immediately. He told me that he was going to my place to borrow two rupees for the fare! I was really happy that at last his problem was over and, forgetting momentarily my own situation, I gave my entire fortune of five rupees to him. He wanted me to keep three rupees but I refused, saying that he would need money for other expenses.

With my pockets completely empty, I reached my destination. Sher Muhammad was sitting on a cot in front of his flat. He gave a very broad smile and exclaimed, "Thank God, you are just in time! Nisar Gadda had come and left Rs 300 with me for safe custody. Please take this amount from me immediately. As you know, I have a tendency to waste money but you are a very responsible person. I am sure you will keep it safely." Then he handed over the princely amount to me.

Nisar was my class fellow in the Law College and hailed from Mardan, like Sher Muhammad. Unfortunately, he died in a road accident a few months later.

Going against conventional wisdom. After only a week of my using Nisar's money, I was offered to plead the case of Abdul Ghani Patwari. Ghani had been accused of having forged a certificate that he had passed the Patwar Examination and then using it to get a job as a Patwari, the lowest official dealing with land records. He had been put up for trial before the Special Judge in Lahore. He wanted his case to be heard in Faisalabad as he lived there but there was no special court there. Only a general court existed at Faisalabad, under a Magistrate with powers under Section 30 of the Criminal Procedure Code.

No counsel was prepared to take Ghani's case as questioning the jurisdiction of a court was considered a risky matter in view of the sensitivity of judges. When the case was offered to me, I did not refuse it, despite the opinion of my seniors that questioning the integrity of the court could be the only ground for transfer of the case and no judge would accept it. I worked the whole night before the day the case was to be heard. Exactly at 3 a.m., the point dawned on me on which I would base my case.

The hearing was a test of my legal acumen. Many lawyers, including Syed Mushtaq Shah, Barrister Shafi and Sh.

Izhar-ul-Haq, came to the court to see how I handled the ticklish issue.

Arguing the case, I pointed out that the accused Ghani was alleged to have forged a certificate to *get* a government job. That meant that he was not a government servant when he was said to have committed the crime. The Special Court was exclusively for the trial of government servants. Therefore, the court had no jurisdiction in the case and it should be transferred to an ordinary court in Faisalabad.

The public prosecutor said something about cheating by Ghani because he had later received salary from the government on the basis of his forgery. But I did not have to argue further as the judge himself opined that the trial by the Special Court would be vitiated on the ground of misjoinder of charges if the two charges (forgery and cheating) were tried together whereas the general court had the jurisdiction in both cases. He remanded the case for trial by the general court in Faisalabad. I earned a fee of Rs 300. I returned Nisar's money when he needed it.

Life in the Police Academy. I appeared in the CSS examination in 1962 and was selected for the Police Service of Pakistan. I joined the Police Training Academy at Sarda, in the Rajshahi district of what was then East Pakistan, on November 18, 1963, as an Assistant Superintendent of Police. There were nine trainees. The six from West Pakistan were, besides me, Ch. Manzoor Ahmad, Khawar Zaman, Wajahat Latif, Mohsin Manzoor and Abbas Khan. The three from East Pakistan were Muhammad Ali, Mahboobul Haq and Badiuz Zaman.

The life in the academy was very tough. We had to get up very early in the morning and report for half an hour of PT (physical training). Then we had to run back for a quick change into parade dress and return to the ground for 2 ½ hours of very tough regime, with or without rifles. After a break of 40 minutes for bath and breakfast, we would attend academic classes.

After two hours for lunch and some rest, there were exercises or games like horse riding, polo, basketball or hockey. In the evening we had to dress up formally for dinner.

The dinners were joined by distinguished guests and were very formal affairs. The principal and his wife were the guests every Saturday. (Sunday used to be the weekly holiday in those

days.) These were called "mess nights" and one had to be in mess uniform, complete with Wellington boots and spurs.

The daily routine was very tiring. Every square centimeter of the body ached but there was no respite even to think about it. After three or four months, the body became accustomed to it and we started enjoying the healthy life and environment.

The academy was in an 18th century Dutch palatial complex on the left bank of the Padma (Ganges) river. The mess building for the trainees was imposing and spacious. I had a large room to myself and a very fine bearer to serve me and maintain the uniform. I had entered a different world altogether where, in the colonial tradition, a feeling was created and reinforced that the officers were the chosen ones and above ordinary people. The feeling made me uneasy but, frankly speaking, I also enjoyed it. It was good for my ego.

K.N. Hosain, Deputy Inspector General (DIG), was our Principal. A very strict disciplinarian, he kept us very busy. On holidays we were allowed to visit nearby town of Rajshahi and other places. We would visit even Dhaka, Jessore and other big towns occasionally on study tours. Mrs Hosain was a very charming lady and was quite active in the social life of the academy. She, with her two sisters, would participate in horse riding and play polo. She was also a good tennis player. It pleased her enormously if we lost to her and many of us did not have the heart to win and hurt her bloated ego.

Gathering storm. We had only occasional and limited contact with the East Pakistanis during our visits outside the academy but their disenchantment with the ruling elite was expressed in many subtle ways. There was an obvious distancing from us, the West Pakistanis, all of whom were dubbed as "Punjabis." Even the probationers under training with us gave a feeling of estrangement.

There were many causes for this, the major one being the usurpation of power by Ayub Khan and the introduction of Basic Democracies. The people felt left out and ethnic feelings of Bengali *versus* Punjabi grew. Ayub Khan was not a Punjabi but many of the bureaucrats serving there were. The linguistic and ethnic prejudices were growing but the ruling elite were quite oblivious of a reality that they did not like to believe. Some of

the Bengalis were supporting the ruling junta and would not let them peep out of their closed circle.

We would tell the critical and complaining Bengalis that most of the people in West Pakistan were also unhappy with Ayub Khan and his system but they would not believe us. Instead, we were considered the exploiters of the Bengali wealth and were accused of dishonouring the Bengali women. It was painful in personal terms and we would find ourselves engaging in angry arguments. This would start a vicious circle and add to the already existing estrangement. It was sometimes openly declared, even in 1964, that the Bengalis had been enslaved by the Punjabi army and they would have to fight for their freedom. If might was right for the army, it would also be right for the Bengali youth to take up arms. If such things were said within our hearing, it was surprising how it escaped the notice of the intelligence agencies.

We completed our training by the end of 1964. East Pakistan was then in a ferment as it braced itself for the Presidential election, due in coming January. The old freedom-fighters had gathered under the banner of Combined Opposition Parties (C.O.P.) and nominated Miss Fatima Jinnah, the venerable sister of the Quaid-i-Azam, as their candidate against Ayub Khan. Though the C.O.P. included parties like the Jama'at-i-Islami (led by Maulana Maudoodi) and National Awami Party (led by Wali Khan), whose leaders had opposed the creation of Pakistan, the presence of Miss Jinnah as its head created a powerful wave of enthusiasm.

Ayub Khan and his state machinery were shaken to the roots and adopted repressive measures to stem the tide. In desperation, Ayub and Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, the Secretary General of his Convention Muslim League, started using unseemly and objectionable language about Miss Jinnah and other venerable leaders but it damaged their own cause. The Basic Democrats, who were the voters for the election, were bribed or harassed by the administration and police. We could see that the highhandedness was adding to the hatred already smoldering in the hearts of the Bengalis. To the simple minds, the contest appeared to be between slavery and freedom, evil and good.

During the election campaign, Ayub Khan visited our academy. We were invited for a lunch with the President at the

residence of the Principal. During lunch talk I gathered that everyone, including many Bengalis, had convinced Ayub that every Bengali was for him and only a few misguided idiots were opposing him. Nothing could be farther from truth but nobody dared displease him.

I thought I would point out the real situation to the President as I perceived but my courage failed me. A/Hameed was right. I was on my way to becoming a glorified clerk. Even the feeling of glory left me when I was snubbed by the Vice Principal, a diehard Bengali who was always critical of Ayub Khan, when I expressed my intention to approach the President and point out the real situation. "Are you a fool?" he asked me angrily. I just froze in my shoes and couldn't utter a word.

First posting. After passing out from Sarda, I was posted in January 1965 for the district training in Abbottabad, the headquarters of Hazara district. Hazara, now an administrative division of the North West Frontier Province (NWFP), has a mountainous terrain, covered with towering pine and fur trees. The scenes of Nathiagali, Thandiani, Bafa, Battal, Shinkiari, Kohistan and other spots are breathtaking, with flowing streams and lush green forests and fields. The area reminded me of my birth place and brought back fond memories of my childhood.

Haji Habib-ur-Rahman, a very fine gentleman, was the Superintendent of Police of the district. He took over my charge like an elder brother. His wife was also a very nice lady. They had three young children at that time. I was treated like a family member. I would spend most of my time at their house after office hours. Haji Sahib would take me to the weekly film shows at the Pakistan Military Academy at nearby Kakul along with his family.

He was a very competent officer and taught me the police working in detail, especially the office administration, police station working and inspections. I was to absorb most of his experience in a few months and acquired much confidence.

Learning the ropes. Inspector Zauq, a police officer with over 40 years of experience and on the verge of retirement, was detailed to teach me the art of investigation. He was also a good poet and would quote verses even in his case diaries. He too was from Hoshiarpur and the common origin created a special bond between us.

He and I went for my first investigation of a murder that had taken place in a village called Bagnoter, now a police station. I read the First Information Report (FIR) in which three persons had been named as accused. Two weapons of offence were mentioned but there was only one fatal injury. It raised my doubts right in the beginning about the number of the accused.

We reached the village where the villagers had already gathered. After an investigation for an hour or so, it became clear that there was only one culprit and the other two had been implicated only due to enmity. Zauq was also convinced and even expressed his view openly before the gathering.

After some time we returned to the rest house and Zauq started doing his paper work. I was shocked when he wrote his conclusion in the file that all three accused were guilty. It was unfair and I refused to support it. He politely explained an old tradition in the police that whatever was written in the FIR had to be supported. That made prosecution successful, he added. (The case becomes *sarsabz*, to use his Urdu poetic expression.) Otherwise, the defence would take advantage of the contradictions in the prosecution story and the accused would be acquitted.

"But this is immoral," I protested. "There is no justification for getting two innocent persons convicted along with the real murderer. This is against law, rules and ethics."

But Zauq's long experience and strict conformity to legal formalism would stand contrary to my enthusiastic views and fresh moral fervour. The matter had to be taken to the SP and he sided with me. The poor Inspector had to challan only the real culprit. But he told me that he would be in trouble during prosecution and would be accused of spoiling the case.

It did happen just as he had predicted. The Prosecution Inspector made objections and the SP, who succeeded Haji Habib-ur-Rahman, issued a charge sheet to poor Zauq for spoiling the case! The police authorities and the court, being far from the scene, failed to accept the real situation.

It was my first investigation and I drew my lessons. I came to realize that real justice and legal justice were poles apart. That is why the opposing parties as well as the people often have so much bitterness against the police, the courts and the system itself. I resolved that I would always throw myself behind truth and justice even if I had to fight for it. I would also try to save

the subordinate investigators from undue harassment so that they could follow the path of truth with courage. Inspector Zauq was a man of unimpeachable integrity. He had no personal motives. It was the tyranny of the system that forced him to work just as a cog in the machine.

An idiosyncrasy of the system came to light when I found out that the Traffic Inspector, who was responsible for traffic control and issue of driving licenses in the district, himself did not know how to drive a vehicle! Mere designations, without proper qualifications, can create serious administrative distortions. By simply designating somebody as a Traffic Inspector cannot transform him overnight into an expert. I heard that he was getting quite rich. He was said to be very close to the ruling family and that perhaps explained his lucrative posting.

Ayub Khan belonged to Hazara and the people of the area admired him. There were some unsavory stories about his sons and there was also some talk of corruption but the Hazara people did not believe them. I myself was influenced by the atmosphere and the protestations of Bengalis appeared distant and doubtful. The words of Prof. Fayyaz and Malik Aslam Hayat, advocate, now sounded hollow. The power intoxication had started affecting me. I was getting a good salary and was saluted and given great respect wherever I went. I started feeling puffed up and privileged. The hurt and frustration that had overpowered me on the imposition of martial law were disappearing. I was having a taste of power although I was just an ASP under training with no powers. (Symptoms of being a glorified clerk?) The President was justified in being oblivious of the feelings of the people when power could go to the head of even an ASP. I fervently prayed to Allah to save me from this enchantment. I resolved to remind myself again and again not to fall in this trap and that helped me in later life.

Landmark visit. I visited Lahore in May 1965 and met many friends, including Malik Aslam Hayat. Hazara was peaceful and placid but Lahore was in ferment. Many thought that Ayub Khan was out to stage some drama to divert public attention as he had been knocked out politically by Miss Fatima Jinnah despite her defeat in the presidential election. Perceptions and positions differed so widely.

I did not know then that a serious misadventure was afoot in Kashmir that would drag the country into a war in September. Malik Aslam Hayat and others could smell it and read into the minds of the self-centered rulers. Later I asked him how he was able to discern such things. "A concern for Pakistan in my heart makes things clear," he replied.

This visit to Lahore was to be a landmark in my personal life. It led to my marriage with Bilqis. (Details are in the chapter, "All in the family.") Haji Habib-ur-Rahman and others were very surprised to see me return a married man after a visit of only a few days and that too without any previous plans. Haji Sahib and his wife would entertain us to lunches, dinners, tea parties, etc., day in and day out. Others also tried to follow them.

Life was a real bliss. We went for honeymoon to Nathiagali, a well-known hill resort at a short distance from Abbottabad. It is a very beautiful place but now it looked like heaven on earth. We would stroll all over the place on foot or on horse back. We would also drive to Murree, a more popular hill station, and other nearby places.

Betting against former Foreign Minister. In September 1965 came the first Pakistan-India war. I was assigned the civil defence work. I checked all fire-fighting equipment, fire hydrants, bomb-shelters and black-out arrangements throughout the district. Bilqis was a great help and was with me all the time.

We went to Nathiagali on September 22. The only prominent residents there then were Manzoor Qadir, a former Foreign Minister, and his wife. Manzoor Qadir and I had a long discussion about the outcome of the war. My assessment was that there would be a cease-fire when Ayub Khan addressed the nation the next day at 11 a.m. but Manzoor Qadir thought the war would continue. I said, "The nation was always told that we stood to gain only in a brief and hard-hitting encounter. This would bring India to negotiations and we could then try to achieve our objectives. India forced the war on us and we should try to come out of it in an advantageous position as soon as possible." His view was that we stood to gain in a prolonged war so that we could have a foothold in Kashmir. Otherwise it was meaningless to have gone to war.

We were sticking to our views even in the morning of 23rd when the President's address was postponed from 11 a.m. to 3

p.m. I insisted that the President was going to announce a cease-fire and we bet on this, to the great annoyance of my wife, who thought I was likely to lose to the knowledgeable former Foreign Minister. I assured her that if the President was not to announce a cease-fire, there was no occasion for his speech at all as the war was already on. This logic seemed to have convinced her. In the event Ayub Khan did announce the cease-fire and I won my bet of Rs 100.

It was rumoured at that time that Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, the Foreign Minister, had maneuvered the President and the armed forces into the misadventure in Kashmir and then India crossed the international border as a counter measure. There were accusations and counter-accusations at the highest level but Bhutto was emerging as a national hero for his brilliant and fiery speeches in the United Nations Security Council in which he declared that Pakistan would fight against India for a thousand years. The people went ecstatic in adoring Bhutto but accused Ayub Khan of showing cowardice by accepting a cease-fire. Some with better knowledge, however, believed that facts were different from the general perception. Reality was contrary to rhetoric.

From mountains to desert

My first regular posting came soon after the cease-fire in September 1965 when I was posted as Sub Divisional Police Officer (SDPO) at Ghotki, in Sukkur district. I had hardly settled down when, within two weeks, I was transferred as ASP Sehwan at Kotri, in Dadu district. I was very upset on such frequent transfers in the very beginning of my career. I never forgot this inconvenience and throughout my career always tried to keep the genuine needs of the officers in view before posting them.

Dadu district borders with the mountainous area of Keerthar in Balochistan on the west and on the east with the Indus river. Hills and irrigated plains are evenly distributed in an oblong shape. The bushes of the river-side *kachcha* forest provided sanctuary to dacoits while the hilly areas were frequented by desperate hostile criminals from Balochistan. The place looked desolate and dangerous but, being young, I cared little and toured the area constantly. My boss had been sent forcibly on leave and I had to act as SP for almost a year. Asif Fasih-ud-Din Vardag, now a well-known politician, was the Deputy Commissioner of the district. He was a very bold man and would like to chase the dacoits with a Sten gun in his own

hands. We had many encounters with the desperadoes and escaped by centimeters in indiscriminate firings. We were, however, able to eliminate five known gangs of dacoits while many others surrendered.

Female outlook. Bilqis felt lonely in Dadu and would accompany me on tours. One evening, while on our way to Sehwan, we were waylaid by dacoits and an encounter started. This was her first experience and she started crying. I got worried as she was pregnant at that time. The firing was over in about 10 minutes. The dacoits ran away, leaving one of their companions seriously injured. We felt relieved. I most foolishly asked my wife to see the injured dacoit. I had become accustomed to such incidents but did not realize that women had different sensibilities. She convulsed, went pale and became unconscious. The encounter itself and the sight of a bleeding dacoit were too much for her. I was frightened and thought she might pass away. Thank God, she improved by the next day. "She might have suffered an abortion but for the timely medical help," the doctor told me.

Earlier on also I had failed to read her feelings when I started for my first tour in Dadu. She insisted on accompanying me but I did not like to take her with me to avoid inconvenience to her. The poor thing then had to explain that she shuddered to be alone during my tours as there would be nobody to look after her in that forsaken place except the strange-looking guards. After that I would always take her with me on tours.

Not wishing to take any more risks, I took Bilqis to Lahore in early November, 1965, so that she should be with her mother. In late November (24th or near about) something strange happened during a tour to Sehwan. On reaching there, I would always first offer *fatiha* at the shrine of Shahbaz Qalandar before going to the rest house or any other place. That day I followed the same routine. During the night (close to dawn) at the rest house, I dreamt that I was blessed with twin sons, whose faces resembled mine. At this point I woke up. I was surprised as well as pleased. I got up, offered prayers and recorded the dream in a letter to my wife in Lahore. Allah, the Beneficent, did give us two sons after short intervals, exactly of the same faces as appeared in my dream. My wife kept that letter with her and would show me off and on.

"What will happen to Bhutto?" In January 1966, the Tashkent Accord was signed by Ayub Khan and Lal Bahadur Shastri, the Indian Prime Minister. It was very unpopular among the masses, who had believed the media claims that Pakistan had the upper hand during the war. The people felt let down and thought that Ayub Khan had failed to liberate Kashmir for which the war was fought in the first place. Bhutto had anticipated the public mood and acted as if he did not approve of the accord while, in fact, he was among the keenest persons in its favour, according to well-informed sources.

After the Tashkent Accord, Bhutto visited Sehwan on the invitation of Pir Gul Muhammad Shah of Sehwan. Vardag and I were also invited on the occasion. There was drinking, singing and merry-making. A female singer, on the asking of Bhutto, went on repeating: *Tashkand ho gia, Bhutto tera kia hoga?* (Tashkent Accord has been signed. Bhutto, what will happen to you now?)

It appeared that Bhutto was trying to identify with the popular feelings. Vardag and I considered it very significant. An agitation against Tashkent Accord had already started. Firing, tear-gassing and lathi-charges were frequent in Lahore and Rawalpindi. Two protesting students had been killed by police firing in Lahore.

The administration in the Sindh region had been put on full alert as Bhutto belonged to that area. He was pulling big crowds and was specially popular among the students. We had in our jurisdiction two active trouble spots, the Liaquat Medical College and the Sindh University at Jam Shoro. In those very days Bhutto was to be given an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws by the Sindh University but the Governor of West Pakistan, Malik Amir Muhammad of Kalabagh, as chancellor of the university, was not giving his approval. A large and enthusiastic crowd of students was getting impatient. Vardag and I were in a tight corner. We were hooted and jeered at by the students. Bhutto, while sitting in his railway saloon (coach), was getting extremely annoyed on the humiliating delay. After all, he was still the Foreign Minister. After several hours, the approval finally came, to our great relief.

Meeting G.M. Syed. G.M. Syed belonged to Sann, a village in Dadu district. He was a big landlord and a *pir* (holy

man) of his area. He had palatial houses on the right bank of the Indus. His movements had been restricted to his village and it was my responsibility to enforce the orders. My assessment was that the old man, who had been on the wrong side of most governments, could be handled with tact and fairness. At that time (1965-66) he happened to be in favour of Bhutto.

He was very tense when I met him for the first time. I showed him great respect for being a leading Muslim Leaguer before Independence when very few dared even to join the representative party of the Muslims of India. He felt very happy on my observations and was visibly relaxed.

I met him many times after that and he gradually opened up on various issues. He told me that he had differed with Jinnah on the award of party tickets for elections in 1946. His political opponents took advantage of his initial differences and blew them up out of proportion for their own interests. He felt sorry for his own overreaction in parting ways with Jinnah. It was a tragic loss, caused by his own anger and mishandling by others.

G.M. Syed was very averse to and afraid of his nephews, who had criminal tendencies and was allegedly behind several murders. He was afraid of their being used against him by Nawab of Kalabagh, the Governor of West Pakistan, who was known to be very ruthless against his political opponents.

Syed had an interesting episode to tell about his first and the only meeting with Pir Sibghatulla, the late Pir Pagara, who was later hanged by the British for fighting against them along with his Hur *mureeds* (followers). He had to pass through seven large, empty and dimly lit halls of the Pir's huge palace before reaching his presence. There were ferocious-looking guards at every entrance. By the time he reached the great hall where the Pir sat, poor G.M. Syed was completely overwhelmed by awe and the surroundings of grandeur. He was shivering though he was a young man then and normally feared nothing. And the Pir happened to be a relative of his! Syed never thought of seeing him again.

The reality of political meddling. Abdul Hameed Jatoi and Malik Sikandar were the two prominent political figures of Dadu. Both of them were very close to the Governor and the President but they interfered little in the administration. However, many people and the policemen gave me the im-

pression that nothing could happen in the area against their will and wishes.

As I had often heard such observations about the members of the National and Provincial Assemblies and other prominent politicians, I decided to look deeply into the matter. I held long discussions with my subordinates and the people at large. It emerged that the real situation was quite opposite to common belief.

I observed that the corrupt and cunning subordinates create complications and delays while burdening the senior officers with petty issues. When difficulties and public complaints arise, they save their skin by conveniently alleging interference by members of the Assemblies and other politicians of the party in power. They know that senior officers are not likely to check with the politiciams. This trick easily succeeds because the political opponents pick up such allegations, embellish them and then spread them far and wide within no time. Then senior civil and military bureaucrats, news media and other vested interests build up the same argument against the entire political system.

One way to open the floodgate of *sifarish* (recommendation) is through postings and transfers. The senior administrators do not handle these matters as human problems and, due to formalized stupidities clothed in glorified terms like discipline, obedience and loyalty, cause injustice and inconvenience to the poor subordinates and their families. To get redress, the victims seek help from outside, including sifarish from politicians. If the senior officers can look at this aspect carefully and with sympathy, the alleged interference will simply disappear in other matters also.

There was no interference from the public representatives whatsoever during my stay in Dadu. When I would tell this to others, nobody would believe me!

Dealing with problems of postings. I dealt with the problem of postings and transfers in my own way. I was the acting SP of Dadu for almost a year. As SP, I had to make hundreds of postings and transfers in police stations (constables to Station House Officers), traffic branch, prosecution branch, Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), my own office and so on. I decided that all postings and transfers would be made in

consultation with the entire staff, keeping in view the requirements of various jobs, the personal records and qualifications of the personnel, their knowledge about crime and criminals and their experience. Their convenience and their family requirements of residence and education of children were also to be kept in view as, after all, they too were human beings and had their personal lives.

I discussed this method with my Deputy Superintendents of Police and some of the Inspectors and Sub-Inspectors. The very thought was anathema to all of them. My little experience of service was taken as the basis of my Utopian ideas. The DSPs were specially perturbed and believed that the discipline would break down. In their view, there was no question of consulting the subordinates at least. They are there to carry out the orders and that's all.

I was, however, determined to implement my plan and demonstrate its usefulness. I asked every policeman in the district to indicate in writing his three preferences for posting in order of priority. The entire data was available to me in a fortnight. I analyzed it in three days with the help of my office staff. Then a grand parade of the entire district was called on a Sunday morning (the weekly holiday then), leaving minimum essential staff behind in the police stations.

After the parade, all of us, from constables to SP, sat down and decided about postings and transfers with open mutual consultations. They understood the problems of one another and were quite willing to accept adjustments. By the evening we had completed the exercise to everybody's satisfaction. Even the DSPs, Inspectors and Sub-Inspectors were now happy.

In a brief address, I told the policemen that everyone had the posting of his choice and now it was his personal responsibility that law and order and crime were under control. Every one of them, in the highest form of assurance in our rural society, said that he would not be the son of his father if he did not do his best. Even those who got hard jobs, like standing guard duty and office work, were not unhappy as most of them were given these assignments while keeping in view their qualifications. There was no sifarish from anybody for any change. If any of my subordinates had any problem, he could see me any time.

The implementation of my so-called Utopian idea had marvellous results. Efficiency rose tremendously. The crime came under control and all known gangs of dacoits either surrendered or were eliminated. Even the *waderas* (feudal landlords), who usually harbour criminals, were now cooperating in chasing them. The relationship between police and the people became harmonious. The students of Sindh University and Liaquat Medical College, the cause of so many headaches, became friendly.

The much-maligned MNAs and MPAs were also happy as they were no longer being pestered for sifarish. They were surprised how such a situation could emerge and often expressed their appreciation to me. The impression that nothing could move without their consent was gone.

I was to follow the idea successfully throughout my career, always with excellent results.

Even dacoits are human. Trust in a human being can be very rewarding, even if he happens to be a criminal. I was going in my pickup to a place called Thana Bula Khan. My oldish Reader, Abdul Hakeem, was also with me. ("Reader" is a relic of the British raj. His job used to be to give summaries of petitions and other papers to the English officers, who had difficulty in reading handwritten non-Latin scripts of local languages.) We passed by a man on foot. Hakeem told me that the man was Ayub Kalhoro, the notorious dacoit. I thought the old man was mistaken. How could such a criminal be unarmed, walking on foot and that too during day time? Seeing us, the man started running. We chased him and finally got hold of him. He was, in fact, Ayub Kalhoro!

"Why were you going like this?" I asked.

"My sister is getting married tomorrow and I thought this was the safest way to go to my village," Ayub explained.

I was impressed by his common sense and also felt sorry for him. On checking from his village, it was confirmed that his sister was in fact getting married. I let him go in spite of vehement protest by my staff. They were hoping for a handsome reward for capturing such a notorious criminal.

Ayub Kalhoro was willing to be accompanied by a police escort but I had a different view and said, "Your sister should not feel humiliated before the entire village. You can go on your own

and attend the marriage." The dacoit, who could suffer severest beatings nonchalantly, was overwhelmed by a few kind words and started crying. He promised to come to me after three days to surrender himself and did so. My faith in his honour and humanity had been vindicated. Later he was helpful in arranging surrender not only of his own gang but also of three others.

On February 26, 1966, I was blessed with a son. After a month I brought Bilqis and the baby to Dadu. In November, I went to Quetta for attachment with the army for six weeks while Bilqis left for Lahore.

Except for the very bitter cold during the exercises, I enjoyed my stay in Quetta. Gen. Akhtar Husain Malik was a frequent visitor to the Garrison Club and fascinated everyone by his charming conversation. He was always at pains to argue that he would have been victorious at Chhamb-Jaurian sector near Gujrat during the first Pakistan-India War in 1965 if he had not been removed from his command prematurely. I knew it from a reliable authority while at Abbottabad that he had bungled up the operation. But some fanciful talk never dies.

The generals and colonels that I met in the Quetta Club daily were totally oblivious of the reality outside. The army officers genuinely believed their own propaganda and considered themselves as public heroes. Nothing could be further from reality. If somebody tried to point out the facts tactfully, he was silenced immediately. Such talk was heard even in Dadu. The people in the villages, however, knew exactly how much territory in Sindh had been occupied by the enemy.

Death of a noble man. After completing my army attachment, I left Quetta by train for Dadu on December 16, 1966. At Jacobabad railway station, the railway officials delivered me a telegram. It carried the shocking news that Mian Muhammad Shafi, my father-in-law, had died in London and Bilqis wanted me to reach Lahore immediately.

It was the dead of night. The telegram was before me but I could not believe my eyes. There must be some mistake. Mian Sahib, though 56, appeared to have good health. It could be Maulvi Abdul Aziz who was in hospital then. With a very heavy heart and in agony, I went on to Karachi so that I could travel from there by air to save time. On reaching Karachi, I bought a copy of the Urdu daily, *Nawa-i-Waqt.* Mian Sahib's photograph

was on the front page along with the sad news. It was a shattering confirmation.

I was experiencing intensely how painful death could be to the survivors. My tears would not stop till I reached Lahore and joined the grief-stricken family. The shock had hardly lessened when Maulvi Abdul Aziz also died the next day. We buried him in Miani Sahib, the largest graveyard of Lahore.

The body of Mian Muhammad Shafi arrived from London a day later. When I saw the milling crowd at the Lahore airport with tears in their eyes, I realized how popular he had been. His parents were alive then. It was a very touching scene when his father, Maulvi Chirag Din, advocate, caressed the lifeless face of his distinguished son. I was speechless when I met Mian Sahib's ashen-faced old mother. Both parents followed their son one after the other in a short period.

My in-laws were bewildered and in deep grief. Therefore, despite being in a very bad state myself, I had to look after the funeral arrangements. From the Club Road residence of Mian Shafi in GOR-I to Miani Sahib graveyard, there was a multitude of mourners. The death continued to be mourned for a long time. My mother-in-law, despite great grief, showed courage for the sake of her children.

The family was in a difficult situation. Bilqis was the eldest while her brothers were in school or college. Suddenly very heavy responsibilities fell on my shoulders. S.D. Qureshi was the Inspector General of Police, West Pakistan. I sought an interview with him. I apprised him of my problems and requested for a posting in Lahore. He did not want to transfer me from Dadu as, according to him, I had handled the students, the dacoits and other problems so well that he could not find easily a suitable substitute for me. Such praise from the IGP would be very flattering for any officer, especially for one at the lowest wrung in service then, but it did not solve my problem. Considering the IGP's unwillingness, I did not consider it proper to press my request further.

Malik Khuda Bakhsh Bucha, a provincial minister then and a former colleague of my father-in-law, came to express his condolence and suggested that I should get a posting in Lahore to look after the family matters. When he learnt about my unsuccessful attempt, he, without any request from me, wrote a

D.O. (demi-official) letter to Governor Musa Khan, who ordered my immediate transfer. I was posted as ASP in charge of the Striking Force, Qurban Lines, Lahore, in January 1967. IGP could have alleged "political interference" but if he had adopted the same policy as I did as a novice in Dadu, could there have been any cause for complaint? I don't know whether the IGP could find an equally suitable substitute for me or not but he certainly suffered unnecessary embarrassment and failed to earn my respect and gratitude.

The darkening clouds

Commanding the Police Striking Force in Lahore was an exciting experience. The striking force is an auxiliary force, to be used only in case of serious riots. It includes a section of mounted police also.

For a change, crime control was no longer my responsibility and I could give some time to what are called purely regimental activities. I organized a pony club, a polo team and other sports, including volleyball, my favourite. The IGP made me the chief sports officer of the province. In that capacity I built tennis courts and a spacious squash court at the Police Club, near the Governor House. A basketball court was built in the District Police Lines, Lahore. With the help of Munir Dar, the hockey hero already in the police, I selected top national players for various games and IGP Mian Bashir, himself a sports fan, gave them good jobs in the force. The police teams then started winning or getting high positions in national and international sports events.

Haji Habib-ur-Rahman was posted as SSP Lahore. He was very happy to see me serving with him again. Sahibzada Raoof Ali was DIG, Lahore. Both were among the most outstanding officers in the police. I was serving as staff officer to both of them to their entire satisfaction although they differed with each other on many issues.

A serious problem that I came across in the force was absenteeism. I decided not to follow the usual practice of giving severe punishments. To find out the causes, I started interviewing every member of the force. I asked them to be frank and straightforward. It came out that the command had often been refusing leave in view of one emergency or the other. Although it was their right, the poor constables could not get leave to attend to even their most urgent personal problems and were left with no choice but to be absent. It was not fair at all.

I called a grand parade of the force and impressed upon them the need for discipline and punctuality. I also assured them that their genuine need for leave would not be refused unnecessarily and expected them to work hard. Then I formed a committee from themselves to determine whether an applicant's need for leave was genuine or not. I would promptly sanction leave if the leave committee recommended it. During a year, almost every one had been on leave and there was 100% attendance. Nobody had to make any false excuses. In a short time, the force became smart, efficient and self-respecting.

Gen. Muhammad Musa, former army chief, had replaced Malik Amir Muhammad as the Governor of West Pakistan. In view of many complaints, he ordered a special campaign against *goondas* (rogues). The Lahore police, under SSP Haji Habib-ur-Rahman and DIG Sahibzada Raoof Ali, chased the dangerous criminals out of their sanctuaries and hide-outs. Many of them were killed in encounters with police while others found refuge, of all the places, in jail! The Lahorites were all praise for the police. I was assigned the duty of monitoring the daily progress of the anti-goonda campaign and brief both the SSP and the DIG. The experience was professionally useful for me as it allowed a deep study of violent and organized crime.

Mian Bashir Ahmad, who succeeded S.D. Qureshi as the Inspector General of Police, was an outgoing, vigorous, frank and a very tough commander. He was very fond of sports and himself played good squash. He would shave his head daily and was known in the police as Yul Brynner, a famous Hollywood actor who adopted this style in the 1956 film, *The King and I*. Though with a very tough exterior, he was actually quite affectionate. His professional competence and integrity were highly respected in the rank and file of the police.

I was most impressed by the professional thoroughness of Sahibzada Raoof Ali. He would probe matters with deep insight and go into intricate details of cases. He had full command over his subordinates and knew them thoroughly. None could mislead him. Haji Habib-ur-Rahman also had great grasp of the police working. Handling riots with patience and marvellous sagacity was his specialty. He was superb in the art of police station inspections and subordinates dare not cheat him. I was fortunate to have worked with those three most outstanding police officers and learnt a lot from them.

Early rumblings. Whenever I had some free time, I would visit Government College, Halqa Arbab-i-Zauq (a popular literary circle) and the District and High Court Bars to see old friends. Ch. Ghulam Bari Saleemi, my former senior, Sh. Izhar-ul-Haq, my former colleague in law practice, Malik Aslam Hayat and others would tell me that Ayub Khan had become very unpopular. Habib Jalib, always the rebel poet, used strong language when we met. In a complete contrast, the official circles I was moving in were never even aware of the gathering storm.

The students were stirring. One day I went to Government College to see an old teacher, Saeed Sheikh. I was in uniform. I noticed hostility in the eyes of students. I gave many smiles but there was no smile in return. I mentioned this to Sheikh Sahib. He gave me a meaningful smile. I was hurt when even he showed lack of confidence in me by hesitating to express his true feelings. In his view I, as a police officer, was a part of the ruling elite and he, as a government employee, could not confide in me. All was not well in the kingdom. I wanted to have the wise counsel of Prof. Fayyaz but he was far away in England.

The opposition parties were quite active and were holding public meetings both in East and West Pakistan. Sh. Mujibur Rahman, the fire-brand leader, had declared his Six Points about autonomy and the Agartala conspiracy case was proceeding against him. The opposition leaders were mobilizing the public opinion vigorously. Ayub Khan had earlier suffered a heart attack. However, the press, being under government shackles, was celebrating "the Decade of Reforms" and everything looked pleasing in the newspaper columns.

The people no longer appeared to be afraid of the rulers. The students started coming out in the streets. Sh. Rashid Ahmad in Rawalpindi and Jahangir Badar in Lahore, now well-known leaders of Muslim League and People's Party respectively, were among the leading student agitators. Malik Aslam Hayat, advocate, would lead processions, declaring that rebellion against a usurper was a lawful right of the people. The police were very active, as it always is in such situations.

An ugly incident in front of the Polytechnic Institute, Rawalpindi, led to shock waves all over the country. The students were demonstrating for the release of some students of Rawalpindi, who, while returning from a pleasure trip to Peshawar, had been arrested by some zealous customs officials for smuggling some cloth. A student was killed by police firing. Such incidents do happen but the people, in the prevailing charged atmosphere, took it as a brutal action. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto cashed on the feeling and led a big procession in Rawalpindi.

On November 9, 1968, he travelled by Tezgam train to Lahore. We had been told that there were unprecedented enthusiastic crowds on all railway stations on the way. The train was delayed by five hours. We made all the usual arrangements for maintenance of order at the railway station and the roads of the city. I was on duty at the railway station. The huge crowd was surging every minute. There were people on platforms, bridges, rooftops, the concourse, the roads outside, in fact everywhere the eyes could see. When the train arrived, the crowd went ecstatic and out of control.

Bhutto and his companions could not step out of their train compartment. Mumtaz Bhutto, his cousin and a top party leader then, requested Malik Nazir Ahmad, SP, Railway, to save Bhutto or he would be suffocated to death among his admirers. It was with great difficulty that we brought his car on the platform in front of his compartment and then took him out. Mustafa Khar, his close companion, tried to drive him away. No way! The crowd lifted the car up in the air and took it to the porch outside. Once it touched the ground, Khar sped away.

While I was watching the spectacle, a brick hit me hard on my left shoulder. I reeled with pain. The few policemen who were around charged the crowd instinctively but I was able to

save the situation by stopping them. Otherwise the frenzied crowd would have lynched us.

Later at the police control room, the authorities decided to give a very low estimate of the crowd in their reports to avoid unnerving the big bosses!

Within minutes of Bhutto's departure from the railway station, the federal government and Governor Musa were trying to find out the officer who had allowed the car to reach the platform. The tie was between Malik Nazir and me. Luckily, more important events took place and nobody had time to measure our necks, as we say in Urdu.

Bhutto and some of his associates were detained in Lahore Central Jail under the Defence of Pakistan Rules. The jail authorities gave him A class with all amenities in accordance with his status. He was not unhappy to have been detained. On one of the jail inspections by Bandial, Deputy Commissioner, to check whether Bhutto felt all right, I accompanied him.

"I am as comfortable as one can be in a jail," Bhutto said. While we were leaving, he called back Bandial.

"Mr District Magistrate, I don't want to be quoted outside," he said, on a second thought.

"Off course," was the instant reply from the DC.

There were rumours of Bhutto being maltreated in jail and he did not want that impression to be dispelled!

After Bhutto's arrest, Air Marshal (Retd) Asghar Khan decided to jump in the arena and held his first news conference in the Lahore Hotel Inter-Continental (now Pearl Continental). The IGP was asked by the President to find out what Asghar Khan was to say. I was given the assignment. Posing as a reporter, I attended the news conference. Luckily, nobody recognized me. My report was immediately conveyed to Ayub Khan. When his appreciation was passed on to me, I felt on top of the world. I was now seeking glory. A/Hameed had been right, I thought a little later.

Gathering momentum. The tempo of the agitation was building up. The crowds were out on the streets every day. The Mall (now officially called Shara-i-Quaid-i-Azam) was the favourite venue for demonstrations, which were increasing in size as well as frequency.

I, with my striking force, was now daily on duty to deal with the processions at the Regal Chowk, the well-known crossing on the Mall. DSP Rana Mushtaq was my constant companion. SSP advised us to exercise maximum restraint and never to overreact in any situation. This policy paid big dividends and the processionists became friendly as most of them would be there again and again. We thus evolved a silent *modus vivendi* with each other.

The opposition leaders, however, did not like the lack of fireworks in Lahore. They thought nothing would change unless violence heated up Lahore to a boiling point. Then we noted that a few youngsters would appear suddenly on the scene and start stoning the police. In spite of our policy of restraint, some policemen would react by using tear gas or lathi-charge. The police identified some of the miscreants, trailed them and picked them up at night. This was splashed in the press as great oppression by the police. This added fuel to the fire and caused more violence. The crowds would now get hysteric and mad at us.

The interrogation of some of the arrested miscreants disclosed that most of them had connections with the Special Branch and other important intelligence agencies. Special Branch was then headed by Agha Muhammad Ali, brother of Agha Yahya Khan, the army chief. Something nefarious was happening.

There were instances of unwise handling also. One day IGP Mian Bashir checked on wireless if the Mall was clear as he was to go to the Governor House. He was told that there was a student procession near the YMCA. He was irritated and passed strict orders that "the Mall must be cleared within the next five minutes." At that very moment, DSP Rana Mushtaq and a magistrate were negotiating with the students, who had just agreed to disperse. Some of them had, in fact, started leaving the place. But, on the orders of the IGP, the obedient policemen nearby, under the command of DSP Chaudhry Allah Dad and DSP Sardar Zulfiqar, charged the students from all sides. The boys felt betrayed and were enraged. The IGP was, however, very satisfied that the situation had been dealt with strongly and effectively. He even derided the DIG and SSP for their earlier soft handling of the agitators. It was not yet over, however.

The IGP went to the Governor House and the injured students ran to the University of the Panjab campus nearby, where they inflamed their colleagues with gory details of the incident. Thousands of them gathered within no time and started agitating. The police attacked the campus from all sides, using tear gas and lathis. The students put up a very stiff resistance, barricaded themselves and made the police retreat three times. The DIG, SSP and DC were commanding the operation personally. The IGP, under orders from the Governor for tough action against the students, was yelling constantly into his wireless set but the police had become helpless. The only alternative left was to open fire, which was likely to cause big loss of life. The District Magistrate would not allow that. The battle continued for three hours but remained inconclusive.

Musa Khan, the former army chief, could not tolerate it and ordered the IGP to go to the spot himself and shake up the police and DC out of their presumed cowardice. Rather than conquering the university, the IGP himself fell into the hands of the students and was held hostage by them when he rushed rashly into the university campus. The students made him not only to order the withdrawal of police but also to lead their procession up to the General Post Office Chowk. It was quite a humble pie that the IGP had to eat.

A similar incident took place when Maulana Obaidulla, a respected religious leader, was kicked and humiliated on the Governor's personal orders while he was himself offering his arrest during a demonstration. The city rose up in protest. The great soldier-administrator had to order his immediate release. I was sent to ensure personally that the Maulana reached his mosque safely.

I drew my lessons for future. Issuing of impulsive orders, based on sketchy information, and ignoring of the wise procedures, laid down by law and practice, have often led to the fall of many a government. Only the officers on the spot understand the real situation. They should be given a general policy and then allowed to take appropriate decisions on their own.

"Are people the enemy?" The situation, specially in East Pakistan, was getting out of hand. The opposition alliance, Democratic Action Committee (DAC), was in control of the

masses. "*Gherao, Jalao*" (surround and burn) was everywhere. As a last resort, Ayub Khan announced that he would not contest the next presidential elections, due later in the year. It only made matters worse. Nothing could now stop the deterioration. The processions became bigger and more frequent and the administration practically collapsed. DAC called for a complete nationwide *hartal* (strike).

A procession was to be taken out in Lahore from the Rang Mahal Chowk in the old city to the Provincial Assembly chambers. Before it had even formed, there were incidents of arson and looting all over the city. The properties of government supporters were the special targets, such as Ratan Cinema, on McLeod Road, and Imperial Shoe Co., on the Mall. Many shops and petrol pumps were looted and then put on fire. Secret hands appeared to be at work.

The army was called in that day by the District Magistrate for the first time since the movement started. The army contingent arrived at Regal Chowk at 2:30 p.m. The procession was at the GPO Chowk. IGP also reached there. The Governor ordered that the procession must be dispersed and not allowed to reach the Assembly chambers in any case.

The procession was stopped by the District Magistrate near the GPO for negotiations with the leaders. It was a very thick crowd, led by senior leaders like Ch. Muhammad Ali, former Prime Minister, Mumtaz Daultana, Mian Tufail Muhammad, Kh. Safdar and Nawabzada Nasrulla Khan. The leaders were asked to disperse to avoid possible violence but they refused. They argued that the people would not disperse even if asked to do so until they got the satisfaction of reaching the Assembly chambers. The IGP and the army commander were under direct orders from the Governor to disperse the procession at any cost. The District Magistrate was, however, convinced that the cost of dispersal would be too much. It would not be possible without firing, which would cause too many casualties in the thick crowd, and then the enraged crowd would run amok. He, therefore, ordered the withdrawal of the army and police beyond the Charing Cross (later renamed Faisal Chowk, in memory of the late King Faisal of Saudi Arabia). There were serious differences between the DM and the IGP but ultimately the orders of the DM

were obeyed and the procession dispersed after reaching the Assembly chambers, with very little damage here and there.

But then a storm raged in the Civil Lines police station, close to the Assembly chambers. B.A. Qureshi, Chief Secretary, Mian Bashir, IGP, and Brig. Qadir were cursing the poor District Magistrate for "humiliating the army by withdrawing it." He tried to explain the difficulties of the situation but nobody was listening to him. Finally, the exasperated District Magistrate lost his temper. Thumping his hand on the table, he said, "Gentlemen, I did ask the army to withdraw because it was facing not an enemy but our own people and I could not see so many of them butchered unnecessarily." Unmoved, the upholders of the army's honour left in a rage for the Governor House to blame the District Magistrate for what they believed was a fiasco. The IGP also followed them. The Chief Secretary, who stayed back, had a different view and told the DM that he had acted correctly under the circumstances.

Brig. Qadir, who had been so critical of Bandial's orders, returned from India as a POW in 1974. I, as SSP Lahore received him and was sorry to see him crestfallen while crossing the Wahga border. He and his colleagues would not have suffered the real humiliation of surrendering to their real enemy if they had not treated their own people in East Pakistan as an enemy.

Ayub Khan invited the DAC for negotiations in early 1969. Sh. Mujib, who was facing treason charges in the Agartala conspiracy case, had to be released on the insistence of the other leaders after dropping the charges against him. Emergency was lifted (while there was a *real* emergency in the country) to make the Defence of Pakistan Rules inoperative and the detention orders against political leaders, including Bhutto, were withdrawn.

The opposition leaders responded to Ayub Khan's gesture and took part in a Round Table Conference. (Bhutto and Maulana Bhashani refused to attend.) The conference decided to adopt the federal parliamentary form of government in replacement of the presidential system, which had been introduced by Ayub Khan after the lifting of martial law in 1962. The Governors of both the provinces were replaced. Yusuf Haroon took over as the Governor of West Pakistan. The people and the leaders, except Bhutto and Bhashani, were satisfied and looked

forward to a peaceful constitutional transfer of power as agreed upon in the conference. There was peace except for some stage-managed tiny processions here and there. The police, totally fatigued by now, heaved a sigh of relief.

Dawn of a darker day

The wheels of destiny were, however, moving in the opposite direction. Ayub Khan was forced by Yahya Khan to resile from the agreement and to call upon the army chief "to take all necessary constitutional measures to safeguard the solidarity and integrity of the country." Yahya promptly abrogated the constitution, imposed martial law and became the President (without bothering to take the formal oath of office!) as well as the Chief Martial Law Administrator, on March 25, 1969. In 1958 Prof. Fayyaz thought that love's labour was lost. This time hate's labour was also lost. People felt doubly betrayed.

Prof. Ajmal, the renowned psychologist, had an explanation for what had happened. Pakistan was created by the struggle and sacrifices of millions of people. It was their motherland, which gave them food, face and freedom. Ayub Khan dishonoured the mother with brutal force but fed the children well. The children avenged the humiliation of their mother. Now she had been ravished by another rogue waiting in the wings. Another retribution would follow in a more ferocious and callous manner.

I was agonized and cried that night, praying to Allah to save us from our own follies. One illegitimate and criminal establishment had been replaced by another, pushing the nation further into the abyss of social disorder.

During the months of agitation, the police were most of the time on the streets. Consequently, its professional work suffered. There was little time to attend to crime. Many criminals, taking advantage of the situation, sought refuge in political activities. There was a phenomenal increase in crime. The investigations suffered inordinate delays. The prosecution could not proceed as the magistrates and prosecutors were also on duty with the processions. The crime records could not be attended to.

Sh. Izhar, my advocate friend, gave me an ironical smile when I mentioned the professional loss that the police suffered while trying to prop up an unpopular government.

"There has been no question of police professionalism since 1958 when the police failed to arrest a criminal, who not only confessed openly the violation of the fundamental law but also took pride in it," he observed. "Now there is another one. Can you arrest him? If not, then forget about policing, enforcing law and controlling crime. Criminals have become rulers. Go, obey their orders and enforce *their* law."

Into the den. During the turmoil of anti-Ayub agitation came my promotion and posting as Additional Superintendent of Police, Lahore. On November 18, 1968, IGP Mian Bashir himself fixed the crescent and star of SP's rank on my shoulders. He expressed his pride in my performance in the presence of the SSP and others. I felt extremely happy. It gave me a kick to be one step higher in the power elite. There was also some regret on becoming part of a senseless machine, worse than a "glorified clerk" that my friend, A/Hameed, had predicted.

After the imposition of martial law, Lt Gen. Attique-ur-Rahman became the Martial Law Administrator (M.L.A.) and Governor for West Pakistan, with headquarters at the Assembly chambers in Lahore. (Martial Law Administrators for the provinces always set up their headquarters in the Assembly chambers because the Assemblies and the martial law cannot exist at the same time.) West Pakistan was Zone A while East Pakistan, despite being bigger in population, was called Zone B.

The M.L.A. Headquarters, with a large staff, was divided into two sections, headed by Brig. (Martial Law) and Brig. (Civil Affairs). I was posted as liaison officer from the police and was designated as SP Intelligence. Sh. Inam-ul-Haq C.S.P. was the

liaison officer from the civil administration. I was the only officer who had to work with both wings of the headquarters. Besides dealing with Lt Col. Mustafa, who was the incharge of intelligence work, I had to attend to many other matters relating to police and also brief the General.

The moving spirit of the headquarters was Lt Col. Abdul Qayyum, a fascinating person. He was incharge of civil affairs. He had a *Register Sifarshat* (Register of Recommendations), in which he would list everything that the civil administration was to be asked to do for the military officers. He was sought after by the army officers as the conduit for the use of martial law influence for their personal benefit.

He was nicknamed as *patwari* (the lowest official dealing with land matters) as he was also required to get agricultural land allotted to the army officers. I saw his working from a close quarter. He had under him a few experienced PCS officers and had asked them to find out available state and evacuee lands all over the province. Generals, brigadiers and other senior army officers were seen visiting him throughout the day and he would dole out the bounties like a Mughal ruler. Sometimes it seemed that the martial law had been imposed for this purpose alone.

I was frequently asked to speak to the SPs of the relevant districts to get the possession of the allotted lands from the present occupant tenants. The SPs would be in a difficult position as many of the tenants were there for generations and had inherited their occupancy rights since times immemorial.

Additional SP, Kasur, told me a harrowing story. His men had to dispossess certain tenants, who had been cultivating their land since the Sikh period in the 19th century. Their women were protesting and crying. They asked the SP to let them cross over the border into India. "The Sikhs were more fair to our elders than these army officers, whose lust for land is causing our ouster with the help of your oppressive police," they wailed. The SP asked me, in a choking voice, to bring this to the notice of the relevant authorities. I did.

"Such unpatriotic elements should be put behind bars," said Col. Qayyum when I narrated the incident to him.

"The army officers or the tenants?" I asked.

His face became red with rage. "It is you who should be in jail," he barked. "Now get out of here!"

It was not just one case. I was getting reports that the land-grabbing and forcible dispossession of tenants were going on all over the province. The "Qabza Group" was quite active. It was quite a job to save anybody from the wrath of the martial law authorities.

A police escort taking five under trial prisoners in a public bus from Abbottabad to Haripur was attacked by the friends of the accused. The escorting head constable and two constables were murdered while all prisoners escaped.

This was taken as a great insult to the martial law administration. Gen. Attique was very critical of the police. I put up to him all facts but he was not satisfied. I told him about the lack of resources, particularly prison vans and personnel. But he wanted severe punishment to the policemen.

"It will not serve any purpose, sir," I submitted, "as the police had already paid a very high price by losing three of their colleagues."

"Despicable creatures," he muttered. "Somebody must get it in the neck."

"Then it is the Governor whose neck it should be as he is not providing the required funds for prison vans," I could not help saying. But I regretted my indiscretion the moment the words were out of my mouth.

The General became silent and asked me to leave. I came out of his office, extremely worried. I went to my office and smoked incessantly. I fully realized the gravity of the situation and the vision of a jail cell dangled before my eyes.

After an interminable wait of several hours, I heard from the General. It was totally different from what I had been fearfully waiting for. I got a brief note from him, directing me to put up proposals for the improvement of police working. I was immensely relieved.

I sent my proposal promptly to the General, who in tum forwarded it to the President. A Police Commission was formed, headed by Maj. Gen. O.M. Mitha. (It was later known as Mitha Commission.)

I apologized to Gen. Attique for my insolence at the first available opportunity. He was forgiving. Later he invited me to a dinner at his residence along with his close aides.

Life with Tikka. After a few months, Lt Gen. Attique was replaced by Lt Gen. Tikka Khan as Martial Law Administrator and Air Marshal Noor Khan took over as the Governor of West Pakistan. Gen. Tikka Khan was a straightforward and a down-to-earth soldier.

My main job was to put up to the General a summary of the political intelligence reports, which did not make a pleasant reading, but I would do my job honestly and keep the M.L.A. well-informed.

The whole of West Pakistan seemed to be averse to martial law. The labour and students were restless. The bars and political parties were holding restricted meetings. Despite a ban, the intelligence reports indicated grassroots political activity everywhere.

As Ayub's personality and the fear of the army had dominated the national scene during the long spell of his era, some people were driven to linguistic, regionalist and ethnic thinking. The movements for Sindhudesh, Greater Balochistan, Pakhtoonistan and Bangladesh were taking roots. The feelings against the martial law were being expressed in anti-Pakistan terms. The ravished mother was being reclaimed limb by limb by her children, but not as a whole.

The political deprivation of the regions was making the people desperate and the Punjab was the favourite scapegoat. One Unit (the common name for the new province after the former provinces had been merged into West Pakistan) was criticized as a clever Punjabi strategy for monopolizing power. Even for the smallest problems, the people had to travel hundreds of kilometers to Lahore, the capital in a corner of the huge province. Muslim League, Jama'at-i-Islami, the newly formed People's Party and a few others had the national outlook while others were inclined towards regionalism.

Most of the regionalist activists, intellectuals, teachers and poets were detained under martial law but it increased the bitterness as the reports indicated. India was encouraging them, particularly through the regional programmes of its radio. The martial law authorities had no balm for the injuries on the body politic. Their only response was detentions.

After a thorough analysis by the Martial Law authorities, it was decided that One Unit should be dissolved to take some

wind out of the sails of the regionalists. A Legal Framework Order was issued to hold elections for a Constituent Assembly, which would prepare a new constitution. It was projected that a split mandate would emerge and, in the resultant confusion, the army would continue to call the shots. The whole plan, described as "brilliant," was worked out with a military precision.

Lt Col. Abdul Qayyum was assigned the task of drawing up the order for the dissolution of One Unit. He was also to prepare the follow-up strategy for the division of assets and staff and the solution of some other related issues. He proposed the restoration of the old provinces of Punjab, Sindh and NWFP (with the states of Dir and Swat merged into it) and the raising of Balochistan to a full-fledged province. The provinces were to emerge from July 1, 1970. But the One Unit was dissolved primarily to avoid a demand for the revival of the 1956 Constitution, which was based on "parity" between two provinces, East and West Pakistan. The politicians were thus to be taught a lesson by throwing them into a constitution making quagmire. Col. Qayyum and others would mention this with a twinkle in their eyes. They were sure that the framing of a new constitution was impossible and thus the politicians would be cleverly kept out of power. The framing of the Legal Framework Order was also designed to achieve this objective.

Politicians don't play the game. The political activity was to be allowed from January 1, 1970, a year before the election date, so that the differences among the politicians might take an ugly shape and people might become fed up with them. The usual comment at the martial law headquarters was, "Give the politicians a very long rope so that they all hang themselves, intertwining each other."

The political activity was allowed first within four walls and then in the open. The newly formed Pakistan People's Party (PPP) was attracting the largest crowds in West Pakistan. Jama'at-i-Islami (JI) was the most well-organized and would bring out very impressive "Shaukat-i-Islam" (Glory of Islam) processions, in collaboration with Nizam-i-Islam Party and other splinter groups. The Muslim League (Council), headed by Mumtaz Daultana, was supported by big landlords and big names in politics. The Muslim League (Qayyum), headed by Qayyum Khan, was well-supported by the martial law authorities and

appeared to be doing well. The Jamiat-i-Ulema-i-Islam (JUI) of Mufti Mahmood and National Awami Party (NAP) of Wali Khan were popular in Balochistan and NWFP. PPP and NAP were not liked by the army. Nurul Amin was their horse in East Pakistan.

The politics was not moving in the way the planners had visualized. The unhindered political process was helping the federalist forces rather than the regionalists. They were quite worried that the *bacha* (baby) party of Bhutto was overshadowing others. And the violence in West Pakistan was nothing compared to East Pakistan as, according to them, violence was to have its own nemesis and destroy its perpetrators in the long run.

As the political activity increased, I got very busy because I had to keep the M.L.A. fully informed about the developments. With little violence taking place in the province, to the dismay of the Martial Law authorities, the speeches and slogans of politicians were focused against the marital law powers. I had to translate and summarize long speeches into English for the information of the army officers who claimed to have little understanding of the national language.

They were unhappy over many public utterances of politicians but one of the slogans perturbed them the most: *Karnal, jarnal ki sarkar nahin chale-gi.* (The government of colonels and generals will not be allowed to continue.) All their bile would pour on me as they would blame the police for not arresting the miscreants on the spot. As this slogan was being repeated every day, my dressing down also became a daily routine. I did not like this. Finally, I told Brig. B.M. Mustafa and Brig. Qadir that the slogan was not legally objectionable. It only reaffirmed what the C.M.L.A. and the President had said in his very first address to the nation: Martial Law was temporary and the country would revert to the democratic process. The inference was natural and logical that colonels and generals would not continue to rule the country.

The Brigadiers hit the roof. "You had better be in jail," they fumed. I would have been but for the kindness of Gen. Tikka Khan. It seemed I had been arguing at a wrong place and damaging my own self without achieving anything.

The martial law authorities wanted to arrest a large number of people on one pretext or the other so that the political activity degenerated into agitation and violence. Many were

detained. But the action did not produce enough sparks. No battles took place between PPP and JI in the streets, to the dismay of the authorities. Maj. Aqeel managed to find enough "very objectionable material" to ban PPP's organ, the Urdu daily *Musawat,* and Maulana Kausar Niazi's weekly, *Shahab.* But *Musawat* had to be allowed to resume publication after only three days after Bhutto threatened agitation. The Martial Law Headquarters felt humiliated.

Air Marshal Nur Khan was considered too dangerous for having tried to improve the working conditions of labour. I was asked to collect material against the Governor to prepare a case under martial law. I was aghast. Of course, I did not find any material. He was replaced by Lt Gen. Attique-ur-Rahman as Governor of West Pakistan.

Perils of touching a holy cow. Maj. Gen. A.K. Niazi was Deputy Martial Law Administrator, Lahore. We were receiving many complaints of corruption and womanizing against him, with proofs and affidavits, but nobody dared even talk about it as it would "bring bad name to martial law." There was a spate of similar complaints against other army officers dealing with martial law affairs but all were filed.

Once Tikka Khan asked me to look into some complaints of dirtiest kind against Niazi but I got the fright of my life. I knew that I would be in jail on some made-up charges before Gen. Tikka even knew. The registration of criminal cases on false charges of being a state enemy, quick trial and then conviction by summary military courts had become a common strategy whether the objective was to take possession of a disputed house or eviction of tenants from some army officer's land. Complaints of large-scale corruption were pouring into the Martial Law Headquarters and were also spreading among the people. (After all, the victims would not keep quiet even if they could not get redress.) Even the intelligence officers of the army working with me were afraid to report against the powerful seniors. Gen. Tikka Khan, himself a clean person, was disturbed on hearing such complaints but could do nothing to clean up the system.

I happened to cross Dr Nazir Ahmad, my former teacher, one day while walking on the Mall. I described to him the state of affairs. "It seems that our soul is being defiled by promoting

phobias and falsehood," he observed. "How can the erosion of the moral base ensure the security of the country? The putrefaction and perversity will ultimately paralyze the body politic. Defenders will turn out to be the destroyers." With that he cried and I also cried with him. I could not sleep that night.

The break-up of One Unit was a bounty to bureaucracy. Many promotions became possible after the restoration of old provinces as the dissolution led to the creation of new senior positions. Many posts became vacant also as most of the "303 corrupt officers" had been retired or dismissed from service. (More about them in the chapter, "How *not* to eliminate corruption.") Consequently, many changes occurred in the police hierarchy also. Sahibzada Raoof Ali became the IGP Azad Kashmir. Qazi Muhammad Azam became DIG, Special Branch, Punjab, while Agha Muhammad Ali moved over to become the security chief to his brother, President Yahya Khan. Mian Bashir retired and Anwar Afridi became the IGP Punjab.

Hijacking of Indian plane. An Indian Airlines plane, *Ganga,* was hijacked while on a domestic flight and landed at Lahore airport. I rushed to the airport along with Maj. Aqeel. We found the Fokker plane parked near the present VIP lounge. Sardar Wakil Khan, SSP Lahore, and his police were there. Afzal Agha, Chief Secretary, IGP, DIG, Special Branch, the army station commander and other army and air force officers also reached. A contact was established with the two hijackers, Ashraf and Hashim. They claimed to be Kashmiri freedom-fighters although no struggle for freedom was visible in Kashmir then. So, I immediately suspected their *bona fides.*

The hijackers agreed to talk to Afzal Agha, who himself was of Srinagar origin. After protracted negotiations, they allowed all passengers and crew to disembark, leaving only the two of them in the plane.

The next day saw large crowds of Lahorites at the airport, cheering them as freedom-fighters and heroes. The hijackers appeared elated. I watched them closely. While Ashraf negotiated with the Chief Secretary and other authorities in the VIP lounge, only one hijacker, with a grenade in his hand, was left in the cockpit of the plane. I got closer to him, talked to him and pampered him. He would speak only Kashmiri, which I could understand little, while I would speak Urdu and English.

He said he did not understand Urdu, which made me more suspicious as Kashmiris can often speak Urdu, specially those with some education. While I somehow continued my conversation with him, his companion returned with some sandwiches, munching one himself. I offered to send them some tea but they declined the offer, saying they did not take tea. They were being careful I thought.

I studied the situation minutely and concluded that they could be arrested easily. When one of them was in the VIP room negotiating with the authorities, the other could be overpowered by pouncing upon him suddenly and disarming him. The one in the VIP Room could be arrested right there, finishing the whole drama. I discussed my plan with Wakil Khan and, finding it practicable, he immediately agreed. He discussed it with the IGP Anwar Afridi and CS Afzal Agha. But they sought clearance that never came as President Yahya was not available the whole day to attend to a serious national crisis.

I urged Wakil Khan to arrest the hijackers on his own initiative, as it was an operational matter, and then present the higher authorities with a *fait accompli* and save the country from the possibility of serious trouble. But he would not move without orders. By that time I was totally convinced that the hijacking was a fishy operation and something must be done before the hijackers achieved their nefarious objectives. I wanted to act on my own but had no force under my command.

I was at the airport when Bhutto arrived from Dhaka and was received by Dr Mubashar Hassan, later his Finance Minister, who suggested that Bhutto should meet the hijackers.

"Why should I see them?" Bhutto asked.

"They are Kashmiri freedom-fighters and have become heroes of the entire Lahore," replied Dr Mubashar.

"I don't know who they are," Bhutto said. "It might be a trap."

Bhutto spoke these words in my hearing. His instinct was right but he was getting bad advice. However, on the insistence of Dr Mubashar, he did walk up to them, said a few vague and formal sentences and left promptly after a perfunctory handshake. Press people were there and pictures were taken. Much was made of it later on and Bhutto was vilified for "honouring enemy agents."

The higher authorities failed to take any timely decision for the arrest of the hijackers, who ultimately put the plane on fire and surrendered themselves. India used the incident as an excuse to ban inter-wing flights over its territory in violation of the agreement between the two countries. The severing of the direct connection between East and West Pakistan caused a great loss. The later investigation found that the hijackers were, in fact, Indian agents but the damage had already been done. The centralization of authority had destroyed the local initiative and created a state of indecision, in which no risk was taken. The result was a catastrophe. The relevant officers from Chief Secretary upwards had become frightened robots and did not have the initiative to take the right decision at the right time.

Assessments of election results. As the election date (December 1970) came near, the campaign gained momentum. The assessments about the likely results started pouring into the Martial Law Headquarters. Although we were now looking after the Punjab affairs only, the reports from other provinces also continued to reach us. PPP appeared to be very popular but the intelligence assessments considered Muslim League (Qayyum) and Muslim League (Council) to be the winning horses in West Pakistan. Awami League was leading in East Pakistan but other parties were not considered to be lagging behind much. The final rosy conclusion was that the army would always play the role of the arbiter in view of the likely mixed bag. Everything would be fine and would fit into the grand design.

There were disastrous cyclonic floods in East Pakistan before the elections. A death toll of about a million people was claimed, besides a colossal loss of life and property. The figures were deliberately exaggerated by Awami League to fan hatred against West Pakistan. (Even worse cyclones since then have caused deaths only in thousands.) Yahya Khan, who was in China on a visit, did not bother even to stop over in Dhaka on his way back. When he did make a delayed visit to East Pakistan, he staged a drama of walking in knee-deep water but the Bengalis only made a mockery of it.

The bureaucratic minds could not read the people's mood. In one of the meetings, I tried to point out that the official assessments did not appear to be realistic and the PPP was likely to get more seats than estimated. I was not even listened to. They were

convinced that PPP was a *bacha* (baby) party and no serious person was going to vote for the flamboyant and flippant Bhutto.

The results confounded the pundits of the make-believe world. In East Pakistan, Awami League bagged all seats except two while in West Pakistan PPP emerged as the single largest party, with absolute majority in Punjab and Sindh. Balochistan and NWFP got a mixed bag with NAP and JUI dominating. Bhutto, Wali Khan and Mufti Mahmood had political affinity with each other. Muslim League (Council) and Muslim League (Qayyum) got only a few seats each. Awami League got 168 seats, an absolute majority in a house of 300, though not a single one in West Pakistan. Sh. Mujib had a democratic right to form his government but the strategists had laid a trap for him that would unfold in due course of time.

Gen. Tikka Khan presided over a large meeting to discuss the results. The participants were vying with one another to describe the results as an expression of great political maturity, as it had led to the introduction of a two-party system, something that England took 500 years to achieve. Tikka Khan wanted to have my views also but I was hesitant. When he insisted, I endorsed the general view, provided the authorities were sincere in handing over power to the party that had won the majority and PPP was prepared to sit in the opposition. Otherwise, the country would be split into two. The General was visibly annoyed on my comments and, for the first time since my posting with him, called me "silly." The Generals perhaps felt exposed for their sinful scheming for the coming future strategy. It appeared as if I had touched a raw nerve or put my feet on a live field mine. To me at that very moment the game plan became crystal clear. After all I had been part of their intelligence quite for some time.

The meeting came to an abrupt end. Inam-ul-Haq, my colleague, was worried on my indiscretion and advised me to be careful in future. The very next day I got my marching orders. I was posted as SP, Special Branch, Rawalpindi, though I was expecting to be sent to a district after having suffered so much drudgery in the Martial Law headquarters. I went for a farewell call on Gen. Tikka Khan but he refused to see me. He could not show even elementary courtesy to someone who had an honest difference of opinion with him.

On the road to disaster

While handing over the charge in Lahore, I was happy that I would be going away from the wicked atmosphere of the Martial Law Headquarters. I did not realize that, as Superintendent of Police, Special Branch, Rawalpindi, I could be entering a bigger center of intrigue, ignorance and arrogance.

I took over my new job in January of the fateful and nightmarish year of 1971. My responsibilities included the security of the President as well as the President House. The gunmen to the President were from my staff. I was also responsible for collecting political and security intelligence for the Special Branch in Rawalpindi Division. Islamabad was also in my jurisdiction.

The President House was then quite a place, with all kinds of people. The President was a drunkard and a womanizer. The colonel incharge of his security was a homosexual. But his Military Secretary, Maj. Gen. Ishaq, was a devout Muslim, offering not only regular five daily prayers but also *tahajjad* (an optional but highly desirable prayer after midnight).

Then there were the pimps and prostitutes, some of whom enjoyed very high status. Aqleem Akhtar, Mrs K.N. Hosain and

Laila Muzaffar were at the top. There were hordes of other ill-reputed but attractive women, smoking, drinking and dancing all over the place.

The police constabulary used to call the President House the *Kanjar Khana* (whore house), the Army General Headquarters the *Dangar Khana* (animal house) and their own police lines the *Langar Khana* (eating house).

"General Rani." Aqleem Akhtar, usually known as "General Rani" because of her being Yahya's closest female friend, was put under house arrest in Gujrat after Bhutto came into power. A team consisting of DSP Rai Shah Muhammad and Inspector Malik Muhammad Waris, under my supervision, interrogated her for 23 days.

She was the wife of Police Inspector Raza and belonged to Gujrat. She became friendly with Yahya after he happened to see her during one of his visits to the military hospital in Sialkot as General Officer Commanding of the area while she was admitted there for treatment. Her friendship grew to close intimacy and confidence. Yahya would visit her home in Gujrat on helicopter even during the war with India in September 1965 when he was the commander in Chhamb-Jaurian sector near Gujrat.

One day she was with another intimate friend, DSP Makhdoom, when Yahya came to see her. Drunken Makhdoom became so jealous that he fired from his official revolver at her private parts. Yahya Khan, on hearing the fire, became panicky and ran away on his helicopter. Aqleem found it safer to marry off her young daughter to Makhdoom to avoid his wrath in future. Makhdoom became a Pathedine addict later and met a miserable end.

She had a hoard of information on Yahya and his colleagues. According to her, by November 1968 Yahya had started planning to take over after agitation against Ayub Khan had grown in intensity. She knew almost everybody in the army who mattered and had many stories about orgies, smuggling, money rackets, and other misdeeds of the generals.

She and Maj. Gen. Khuda Dad, after he became the Deputy Martial Law Administrator, Lahore, planned to make big money, taking advantage of Martial Law and her intimacy with Yahya Khan. Rafique Saigol, then the head of the Saigol group

of industries, was offered a deal. He visited her the next day in the Faletti's Hotel with a million rupees and a new Toyota car. The moment Rafique Saigol left, Khuda Dad came to Rani's room. He gave the car to her and took away the entire money. She felt cheated.

She made a lot of money in collusion with generals, politicians and senior bureaucrats. A very famous politician of Gujrat started paying her a fixed allowance of Rs 6000 per month on the assumption of power by Gen. Yahya Khan. My immediate boss, Sh. Muhammad Akram, DIG, Special Branch, Punjab, was also very intimate with her. He was furious when he saw his name and details of his activities in my report.

Rani claimed that she immediately fell in love with Rafique Saigol as he was "so handsome." To her great frustration, Rafique did not respond to her amorous advances. He had to suffer for it. During a party at the Governor House, Peshawar, Rani complained to Yahya Khan about the indifference of Rafique Saigol, who was also there.

"Agha-ji, Rafique does not make love to me," she moaned.

Yahya summoned the Comptroller, the caretaker of the Governor House, and asked him, "In which room did Queen Elizabeth sleep on her visit here?" The Comptroller indicated the room.

President Yahya, who was also the Chief Martial Law Administrator, ordered Rafique, "You will sleep with her in that room this night under orders of Martial Law." Rafique dared not refuse to obey the orders.

Then Yahya turned to Rani, "*Moti*, follow him. Now God help you." (*Moti,* literally a fat woman, was an expression of endearment that Yahya would use for bulky Aqleem Akhtar.) She followed Rafique and the door was locked from the outside.

In Karachi, she told the interrogators, the Shahinshah of Iran, on a state visit, was getting late for his departure but the President would not come out of his bedroom in the Governor House. A very serious protocol problem had arisen but nobody could enter his bedroom. Gen. Ishaq, M.S. to President, requested Rani to go in and bring him out. When she entered the room, she claims that she found the most famous female singer of

the country performing oral sex on Yahya. Even Rani found it abhorring. She helped the President dress and brought him out.

Rani also revealed Yahya's collusion with Sh. Mujib even before the General had taken over. She was with Yahya one night when Mujib suddenly entered the room. Surprised and somewhat frightened, she went to another room. Mujib, who was in Islamabad for the Round Table Conference, remained with Yahya for over an hour. After he had left, she asked Yahya, "Agha-ji, why that man should meet you? It may be dangerous as the President may get annoyed." "Don't worry, *Moti*," Yahya assured her. "Ayub Khan is finished. Now you will rule. But don't talk to anybody. It is a matter of state."

In 1960, Rani said, she met Bhutto in a drinking party at the Rawalpindi Club, where her cousin Tajammal Husain was also present. Later the party shifted to the Flashman's Hotel, where Bhutto and Tajammal fought each other on giving her a lift. She said she was attracted towards Bhutto then but Tajammal spoiled everything. According to her, Bhutto later preferred her sister-in-law and ignored Rani, to her remorse.

My report on Aqleem Akhtar's interrogation was presented to the War Commission, which Bhutto had appointed to inquire into the debacle in East Pakistan. When asked by the commission about his relations with Rani, Yahya replied, "I know her family since the posting of my father, Agha Sa'adat Ali, as SP Gujrat. It was a long time ago. Rani is like a sister to me."

The swine and the hound. I was among those who were at the Rawalpindi airport to see off President Yahya to Karachi on his way to his first visit to East Pakistan after the elections.

Before leaving Karachi for Dhaka, the President was a guest of Sardar Yusuf Chandio for duck shooting at a lake near Karachi. Yusuf Chandio had been elected a member of the Constituent Assembly as a candidate of the Muslim League (Qayyum). Accompanying the President as a security gunman was DSP Mirza Anwar Beg of my staff. He overheard the following conversation between the President and Chandio:

Yusuf: Sain, what will happen now? The elections have thrown up a swine (Mujib) on one side and a hound (Bhutto) on the other.

Yahya: Bachchoo, don't worry and just see the *tamasha.* I shall throw such a bait that either the swine will finish the hound

or the hound will kill the swine. The lion will destroy both of them.

By calling himself "the lion," Yahya was clearly indicating his intentions towards the leaders of the two largest parties. But, with a double face, he called the Awami League leader "the future Prime Minister" after negotiations with him in Dhaka.

On his way back, he went to Larkana as a guest of Bhutto for partridge shooting. "Mujib doesn't want to share power with you or me," security gunmen heard Yahya telling Bhutto. "Both of us are out. He is determined to implement his Six Points and that means the end of present Pakistan." Bhutto wanted to have a direct dialogue with Mujib. He was confident that he would be able to resolve the issues before the Assembly met or during its sessions. But it would have spoiled Yahya's game. "Mujib is very rigid and adamant," he said. "You had better deal with him through me. That will have better chances of success." Finally Bhutto asked him to give him some time and not to convene the Assembly in a hurry. After initial hesitation, Bhutto agreed to play the game "to save Pakistan."

By pitting Bhutto against Mujib, the seeds of discord and dissension were being sown. Mujib was in touch with other leaders and that infuriated Bhutto. Damaging leaks about political dialogues were fed to the press from the President House to prevent any possible understanding between Mujib and Bhutto.

"Buy only one-way ticket to Dhaka." One day I found great distress in the President House. A "disastrous development" seemed to have taken place as some emissaries were reported to have narrowed down the differences between the "two bastards who are out to destroy Pakistan." "I don't think it is a bad development," I commented. Gen. Ishaq did not like my words and I did not say more.

The next day it was announced that the Constituent Assembly session would be held in Dhaka on March 3, 1971. The decision to call the session was made not in response to the protests of Awami league but to thwart the possibility of any rapprochement between Bhutto and Mujib to the exclusion of Yahya. Both Bhutto and Mujib were playing into the hands of the scheming Yahya.

Bhutto reacted strongly. While addressing a large public meeting at the Minar-i-Pakistan, Lahore, he announced, "We shall break the legs of any Assembly member who goes to Dhaka. Anybody travelling to East Pakistan should buy only a one-way ticket as he will not be allowed to come back to West Pakistan." He wanted the postponement of the session for some time. He also warned Awami League not to ignore PPP, saying, "If they are a power there, PPP is a power here." A Lahore Urdu daily, *Azad*, carried a still widely quoted banner headline, "*Udhar tum, idhar ham*" (You should rule there, we shall rule here) on its news report though Bhutto is said not to have used these words in his speech. Years later a Sikh settled in England commented to a Pakistani friend, "Your representatives saved their own legs but let the country be broken into two."

My East Pakistani friends in Islamabad believed that the postponement of the session now would be disastrous but the President did announce the postponement shortly before the session was to start. The reaction in East Pakistan was swift and violent. West Pakistanis, specially Punjabis, were attacked wherever they were found. In some cases, the officers were butchered by their own servants. My own brother-in-law, Imtiaz Masroor, who was an Assistant Commissioner in Rajshahi Division, escaped death by millimeters. Some army officers from West Pakistan were murdered by their own guards. The traders and Biharis, living there since generations, were attacked. The province seemed to have been taken over practically by those who had been elected by the people earlier. Everything came to a stand still as transport, electricity, even water supply was stopped. As the civil administration collapsed, nothing could be done without the permission of the Awami League leaders.

Everybody was worried about the future of the country, except Yahya and the coterie of his generals. I found them quite happy on the developments as it provided them full justification for interference. A general in the President House observed, "The Bengalis, having crossed all limits, were now completely trapped." He praised Yahya for his "brilliant moves" and for doing "a yeoman's service to Islam."

Mujib announced a public meeting for March 7 at the Paltan Maidan, Dhaka's equivalent to Lahore's Mochi Gate. It was rumoured that he might announce a unilateral declaration of

independence and India would be the first country to recognize Bangladesh. BBC repeated in several news bulletins that Mujib was to make "an important announcement" and, just before the meeting, reported that "there is talk of independence in the air."

Yahya left for Dhaka a few days later and many expected him to "teach the despicable Bengalis a befitting lesson." DSP Mirza Anwar Beg, security gunman to Yahya, requested me to pray for him. "I am accompanying the most mischievous person," he said. He was aware of Yahya's nasty and callous moves that were unknown to most people outside.

Yahya engaged himself in so-called negotiations with Mujib. He also called other political leaders to Dhaka to complete the formality of parleys. On the other hand, *before* he left for Dhaka, Yahya had decided to airlift army units from West Pakistan and to appoint Lt Gen. Tikka Khan as Governor and Martial Law Administrator of East Pakistan. The negotiations broke down and Yahya left during the night of March 25, 1971, after ordering the army action. The inevitable was going to take place, as planned. It was two years to the day after his take-over. Yahya's private astrologer had told him that March 25 was his lucky date.

After Yahya's return, the steam roller moved on in the Eastern Wing. The East Pakistan Regiment, East Pakistan Rifles, East Pakistan Police and the Awami League volunteers, later called *Mukti Bahini* (Army of Deliverance), were all up in arms against the army. A full-fledged civil resistance started. Several millions (3-4 according to Yahya, about 10 according to India) crossed over the border as refugees, mostly Hindus. There were stories of excesses and violence on both sides. The conditions were appalling.

The charms of Black Beauty. Yahya, however, was not bothered and continued to indulge in his merrymaking. With one of his favorite women by his side, he would be out every night for a pleasure drive on the roads of Rawalpindi and Islamabad, duly escorted by my security guards. Sometimes he would stand up in his open-top car and deeply kiss the woman, in full view of the police escort following him. The armed guards resented intensely such behaviour of the head of a Muslim state and could harm him in a fit of frenzy.

When I took up the matter of security risk with my boss, DIG Qazi Muhammad Azam, he did not like my talking against the President. "The President needs some relaxation after all when he is burdened with so many serious problems," he commented. Some burden! Some relaxation!

"It is a serious security hazard, sir," I protested again. Furious looks were the only reply.

Yahya had several women to relax with and several resorts for the purpose. It was our duty to protect him wherever he was. One evening he went to the residence of Mrs K.N. Hosain, widely known as "Black Beauty." Her husband was our principal at the Police Academy in East Pakistan and was now serving as Inspector General of Special Police Establishment (which was later reorganized as Federal Investigation Agency). To avoid the boredom of long hours, I asked Mohsin Manzoor, my batch mate, to join me in the security duty for the President at the residence of our former Principal. The President remained there for three days and nights without being available to anybody. On the fourth day, he took Mrs Hosain with him, lodged her in the State Guest House and permanently employed her as an interior decorator. Her husband was appointed as ambassador to Switzerland.

After Yahya Khan resigned, Mrs Hosain left the State Guest House and went to stay in Islamabad with her brother-in-law, Kamal Hosain, a foreign service officer. She was to be kept under surveillance. Beside the normal watch, I also asked Mohsin Manzoor, who was then in the Planning Commission, Islamabad, to keep in touch with her. I did not want to take any risk of her escape as she was an important witness for the War Commission. K.N. Hosain, still an ambassador of Pakistan in Switzerland, suddenly died of a heart attack. Bhutto had to allow her to go there to avoid an international outcry that a Bengali widow was not allowed even to attend to the burial of her husband. I took her to the airport. On the way, I could not help asking her why Yahya stayed at her home for three days and nights. She said she had been teaching him Bengali music!

BBC was giving factual reports on East Pakistan, to the dislike of Yahya and his coterie. Therefore, their favourite theme was the condemnation of BBC. Many women would recite songs and poems against BBC to come closer to Yahya. On one

occasion, a charming woman sang such a song in her melodious voice. She was given the title of *Mahbooba-i-Pakistan* (Beloved of Pakistan) and hugged and kissed by Yahya for her "act of patriotism." She was in his lap for quite some time, in front of all present.

The plight of East Pakistanis. The East Pakistanis in Islamabad, many of whom had been our colleagues, were in a precarious situation. They were frightened, uncertain about their future and worried about their families back home. Some of them were afraid that they might be tortured, jailed or even killed. Some even tried to escape through Afghanistan. They were selling their houses, plots and other properties at very low prices. They were sullen, their icy silence speaking volumes about their despondency and hatred.

PPP was reported to be no longer happy with what was happening in East Pakistan. A fact-finding committee of the party had exposed the atrocities and excesses being committed by the army. In the corridors of power it was viewed as "a very unpatriotic act." The talk of the C.M.L.A. headquarters was that PPP was to be taught a befitting lesson after "the problem of East Pakistan has been solved in a few months." In the meantime, the strategists at the highest level decided to tame Bhutto by sweet talk and Yahya himself undertook to do it.

Bhutto was staying then at Rawalpindi Hotel Inter-Continental (later renamed by new owners as Pearl Continental) and was kept under surveillance by my head constable, Allah Ditta. I reached Bhutto and conveyed to him the thinking in the President House. He met Yahya and a month later published his book, *The Great Tragedy*, depicting graphically the brutal handling of the Bengalis. As a counter move, Bhutto started cultivating senior army officers, most of whom he already knew. He met Yahya many times and emphasized the importance of China and his own usefulness in this regard. The projection of his personal clout with the higher army circles and the leadership of China was Bhutto's card to prevent any rash act by Yahya against him and his party.

Kissinger goes missing. On a June morning, I was called by the Military Secretary to the President. "Henry Kissinger, the National Security Advisor to the U.S. President, is coming to Pakistan," he informed me. "The Secret Service people have met

DIG Rawalpindi Mirza Abbas and SSP Malik Muhammad Nawaz but are not satisfied with the security arrangements. He is on a very important secret mission and the President is worried. Can you handle these people?" "Of course," was my reply.

Wolf, the area chief of the CIA, and two agents of the U.S. Secret Service were at that time in the President House. I answered their queries on the spot.

"Would you like to know the places Kissinger will be visiting on his mission," they asked me during the meeting.

"Only the places where security arrangements are to be made," I replied. They must have been greatly relieved that they did not have to disclose their great secret

On other points, they were satisfied within minutes. The President was informed. He called me in and gave me a pat. I must say I was very delighted in spite of my aversion towards his undesirable activities.

I worked with the Secret Service agents for about a month. Henry Kissinger, after his arrival, was supposed to stay at the Governor House in Nathiagali. I took the Secret Service agents many times to Nathiagali by helicopter as well as by road. Once we saw a camel on our way to Nathiagali. They started jumping with excitement and yelling, "Camel! Camel!

"Have you never seen a camel?" I asked, wondering how the sight of a mere camel could excite them so much.

"We sure did but that was in a zoo," they replied. "This is the first time we have seen one in the open." And they went wild when they saw a dancing bear near Murree.

Mango was a discovery for them and they relished it. I always had to keep enough stock for them.

Henry Kissinger was received in the evening at the Rawalpindi airport and taken to a banquet in the State Guest House the same night. After all the guests had left, Kissinger was driven most secretly to the Air Force side of the airport. From there a waiting PIA plane took him unnoticed on his historic visit to Peking (now Beijing). I was then neither aware of his real destination nor cared because I was supposed to take him somewhere else!

The next morning we drove in a ceremonial cavalcade to Nathiagali, with Joseph Farland, the US Ambassador, in the main car. In Islamabad, the Foreign Secretary and the senior officers

from the Foreign Office put up a good show of appearing busy and letting the entire world believe that he was not feeling well and was actually in Nathiagali. But there was no planning for a sudden crisis that we had to face soon.

One of the Secret Service agents really fell ill and a doctor was called from Abbottabad to see him. The doctor had heard that Kissinger was in Nathiagali and very much wished to see him. When somebody put him off rather clumsily, he sensed that Kissinger was actually not there. He expressed his doubts to Agha Raza Ali, SP Hazara, who was there on a protocol and security duty. Raza raised quite a fuss and rushed to me, very worried that he had been kept in the dark about Kissinger "being missing." He said, "As SP of the district, I am supposed to be responsible for his safety. As he is missing, I shall have to report the matter to the higher authorities."

Now it was *my* turn to get worried. A great secret was going to be out, with very serious international repercussions. To reassure Raza and keep him silent, I gave him in writing that the safety and security of Kissinger had been specially assigned to me by the President himself and SP Hazara had nothing to do with it. He insisted that he must take at least his IGP into confidence but I begged him not to do that. I drove him personally back to Abbottabad to ensure his complete silence. The doctor was then tackled by Raza and kept silent.

I myself did not know where Kissinger had actually gone nor I sniffed around as it was against professional ethics. The best security in such matters is secrecy and the principle of "need to know" must be strictly adhered to. I did not need to know and I did not try to find out. My hopeful guess, however, was that Kissinger might be secretly meeting Sh. Mujib, who had been brought to West Pakistan, to try to settle the political crisis.

When I later told Khalid Hassan, who was later very close to Bhutto, that I knew the Kissinger secret, he said the story was worth a very large sum if it had been sold to some major news organization. It was later reported that a Pakistani journalist did get the story just after Kissinger took off and sent it immediately to *The Daily Telegraph*, London. The editor on duty, who knew that the newspaper's man in Islamabad was not always sober, refused to believe that he had scooped the entire world media and threw his report in the waste basket.

Henry Kissinger returned to Rawalpindi after three days by the same PIA plane, thanked us (the security people) and others and, after meeting the President, flew off to Washington by his own plane. The successful and secret meeting of Kissinger with the Chinese leaders was simultaneously announced from Peking and Washington on July 8, 1971, to the utter surprise of the whole world. A date for the visit of President Nixon to China was also announced. It would be the first ever visit of a U.S. President to China since the Communist take-over in 1949. Pakistan had provided a bridge to bring them together. The U.S. praised the Pakistan government profusely. This is evident from the top secret handwritten letter of President Nixon and letter from Henry Kissinger addressed to General Yahya Khan (*enclosed*) for its cooperation but the part played by ordinary mortals like us at Nathiagali was unsung. There is no mention of it even in Kissinger's memoirs. Perhaps it remained a secret for him too! However, Joseph S. Farland, American Ambassador to Pakistan, through a letter (*enclosed)* did express his "sincere appreciation for the careful, thorough arrangements" I made for the personal protection of Dr. Henry A. Kissinger.

Yahya refuses to see reason. The dramatic results of Pakistan's cooperation with the U.S. and China drove India and USSR still closer. They signed a 20-year treaty of friendship the very next month. Massive shipments of military hardware from Russia started pouring in. The preparations to attack East Pakistan were accelerated.

Yahya got a top-secret report that Indira Gandhi would be happy both in case of war or political settlement. The report indicated that a political settlement meant a government of pro-India Awami League and war meant Indian victory. But he believed that he would make a clever move. Half-drunk, he bragged to a very senior official that "my army is a much better war machine."

US-China-Pakistan axis made Yahya feel over-confident while, in fact, every major power tried to bring him to a sensible approach. The U.S. advised him politely to find a political solution. So did China. But Yahya was euphoric after having brought the two powers together and thought that he had put both in a position where they had to support him. The soft tones of

diplomacy were inaudible to someone used to the shrill barking of a sergeant.

Even President Podgorny of the USSR sent a strong-worded letter to Yahya, urging him to find a political solution but he refused to listen. Later, during the 2500th anniversary celebrations of the Iranian monarchy at Persepolis ruins (near Mashhad), Yahya pressed his stick against Podgorny's belly and insultingly demanded, "Mr President, how dare you write that letter to me?" When the USSR President, despite strong ties with India, tried to arrange a dialogue with Prime Minister Indira, Yahya rushed home one day earlier to avoid it.

Mujib, a prisoner of Yahya, was in no position to stop what was going on in East Pakistan even if he was allowed to do something as the situation had been taken over by the extremists of his party with the active support of India. India internationalized an otherwise internal situation of Pakistan by using the pretext of refugees on the Indian soil.

Bhutto became a prisoner of his own words after he said, on his return from Dhaka just before the army action, "Thank God, Pakistan has been saved." He tried to exculpate himself by writing, *The Great Tragedy*, and criticizing the tyrannical actions of the army but it was too late.

"Blind drivers cause serious accidents." In a desperate effort to control the situation, a new team was brought in. Tikka Khan was replaced by Lt Gen. Amir Abdulla Khan Niazi (who liked to be called "Tiger Niazi") as Martial Law Administrator for East Pakistan. Dr A.M. Malik was appointed as Governor. Dr Malik was to open a political dialogue as he was himself a Bengali and Gen. Niazi was to make stronger use of the Martial Law.

Dr Malik announced a general amnesty but there was no response from any side. It was interpreted that India did not allow anybody to take advantage of the amnesty but the fact was that nobody believed poor Dr Malik. He was not in a position to guarantee that his commitments would be honoured when the real authority lay with the Generals. Actually, Yahya wanted to show to the world that he was doing everything possible but there was no response from the other side. The trick was too transparent to be believed.

To reduce the strength of the Awami League in the Constituent Assembly, it was decided to disqualify a number of its members on various charges and get hand-picked persons elected through by-elections. Why Mujib and Awami League would let that be done after all that had happened? Would the remaining Awami League members agree to attend the Assembly sessions? What about the other parties? If they participated, would the people accept it? Such questions, when raised in a meeting, were considered irrelevant. The real objective was to show the U.S., the USSR, China and others that something was being done. The farce of the by-elections did take place. The new members, mostly elected unopposed, had to run to West-Pakistan to save their lives from those who were supposed to have elected them!

Gen. Tikka Khan was staying in the East Pakistan House in Islamabad on his transfer from Dhaka. He was very happy to see me when I called on him. We spent about six hours together. He described in detail the situation in March when he had taken over in Dhaka. He was proud of the way the army action was kept a well-guarded secret. The moment the President okayed it, all hell was let loose. Manik Mia's nationalist Bengali daily, *Ittefaq*, and the Dhaka University were two special targets. Dhaka was under control within 24 hours. Mujib was arrested and then packed off to West Pakistan. The whole of East Pakistan was in a tight grip in only one month. He was narrating his achievements as if he had won a victory after victory against an enemy. He was happy that he had been described by *Time* magazine as "red hot." (Incidentally, that issue of the magazine had been banned by his own government as it wrote some unpleasant things also.)

"Was the East Pakistan problem resolved in any manner?" I asked.

"It is no more my responsibility as I have been transferred," he replied, evading my question.

"It is basically a political issue and has to be tackled politically," I tried to pin him down.

He did not like it and returned to his vainglorious tales. Pressing his finger against my chest, he said, "Sardar, I reconquered East Pakistan for you. You had said in Lahore that it was gone." It was no use arguing with him. I begged his leave,

wondering how our destiny fell into the hands of such small and callous people.

When we met in Shezan Restaurant in Rawalpindi in November 1971, Prof. Ajmal, my old teacher, expressed his belief that the issue had been deliberately taken to a point of no return and it had to reach its logical end.

"What is that?" I asked.

He was clear and candid: "The separation of the two Wings." Then he elaborated it. "The time has gone when you could part as friends. Now you will part as enemies. You will have another Afghanistan in the east, a satellite of Russia and India. It will be a repetition of 1947, with a difference. Jinnah and Nehru enjoyed the confidence of their people and could sit across a table and take hard and bitter decisions. Yahya is no leader. He will always be afraid of the people. He may appear to be very strong but inside will always be a frightened man. Indira Gandhi too is petty and vindictive. There will be no meeting point and the inevitable will happen.".

While we were talking, a French scholar came to see Prof. Ajmal. The scholar made an interesting observation. "Pakistan cannot escape disaster as Yahya is blind to realities," he said. "Yahya has said about Indira that she is neither a woman nor a politician. But she is very much both. She has produced two sons and is the elected Prime Minister of the largest democracy in the world. Blind drivers always cause serious accidents."

The accident was about to take place. I felt very sad that night and could hardly sleep. I asked my friend, A/Hameed, to come over from Lahore and give me company in that hour of deep-felt depression.

Towards the bitter end

During the ~~last~~ quarter of 1971 Bhutto led a high-level delegation to China. He returned with great fanfare and gave an impression that China would come to our help as a sincere friend. It came to be believed generally that China would be fighting on our side in case of war with India. It was totally wrong as I learnt from the sources in the President House but it was viewed as a good morale-booster. A grand deception but for what purpose? They were, in fact, deceiving themselves. They had closed all options to retract their steps that they had taken in the wrong direction.

The war hysteria was being whipped up. The conspiracy theorists had woven intricate cobwebs and blamed everybody for the troubles: London, Kabul, Moscow, CIA, and, of course, India. The anxiety and palpitating fear was breaking the nerves of the strongest and the cry was to destroy the Bengali rascals, who were playing in the hands of India. The only sane voice in support of a political dialogue came from Air Marshal Asghar Khan but nobody was listening. The former air force chief was hooted into silence by lawyers when he tried to talk of peace in his address at the Lahore High Court Bar.

During September—the month of the first war with India six years ago—"Crush India" stickers suddenly started appearing

everywhere in Lahore. (Only a bureaucrat could think of using English rather than the national language to inspire the ordinary people.) The entire press, besides the government-controlled radio and television, was engaged in spreading false propaganda and increasing war hysteria. The common citizens, particularly the Punjabis, were being given a heavy dose of chauvinism and jingoism.

India starts the war. The Indian army, under the nominal banner of the Mukti Bahini, attacked East Pakistan from all sides on November 22. Yahya was returning from Sialkot border that afternoon. DIG Mirza Abbas expected war to be declared immediately as the President, after his return, was going straight to the Army GHQ. But a Chinese military mission, headed by the Deputy Prime Minister, was in the capital and I could not see a declaration of war till they had left. "But the Chinese are here to help us," Mirza Abbas said. "No doubt," I replied, "but without involving themselves physically. They will not allow themselves to be drawn into a war of this kind." It was understood that the Chinese still wanted the Pakistani authorities to settle the issue through a dialogue. They did not like to appear as enemies of the Bengali people and made it clear to those who mattered.

We both accompanied the President to the GHQ. The high command decided to strengthen the defences. Every square centimeter of East Pakistan was to be defended. The Mukti Bahini was not to be allowed any foothold so that neither they might raise a Bangladeshi flag on Pakistan's soil nor India and others might recognize the new state. The long-held and often reiterated concept of defending East Pakistan by building pressure from West Pakistan was not emphasized

The only political move was to appoint Noorul Amin as Prime Minister and Zulfikar Ali Bhutto as Deputy Prime Minister as well as Foreign Minister. Noorul Amin was no doubt a Bengali but he was one of the only two East Pakistani Assembly members not from the Awami League. (The other was Raja Tridev Roy, who was elected by his tribe and is still serving as a Pakistani Ambassador in Latin America.) The exercise was a vain attempt to create an impression that Pakistan was being ruled by a Bengali Prime Minister.

Beginning of the end. When, on December 3, Ali Afzal Jadoon, a friend and a politician, and I saw the air force planes

flying over Rawalpindi's Liaquat Bagh where Bhutto was addressing a large public meeting, we knew that full-scale war was on. But it was after an inexplicable and unexplained delay of 12 days after India had attacked East Pakistan.

In a couple of days, the Indians were moving fast in Shakargarh, in Sialkot district. Azad Kashmir, Sindh and other sectors in West Pakistan Their major advances were, however, in East Pakistan. The operational air force airports were destroyed. Rajshahi, Khulna, Jessore and other border sectors were reported to have fallen, with Indian forces bypassing the dug-in defensive positions of the Pakistan army. The creation of Bangladesh was proclaimed and was promptly recognized by India and Bhutan.

The rumour in Rawalpindi was that the Russians had given December 15 as the deadline to the Indians to occupy East Pakistan or else the U.S. and China would make things difficult at the U.N. The report was correct but the highest in authority did not give it any importance when I brought it to their notice. "Pakistan army is in a strong position everywhere," I was told.

"Why are the Indians then advancing in major sectors," I inquired.

"They are being sucked into a trap and will be thrown off balance and destroyed at an appropriate time," came the reply. "Yahya is a brilliant bastard." I was not assured.

Brig. Ata Muhammad, a good friend, came to my office on December 7. He told me in a very confidential tone that Indian Punjab was about to be captured.

"How?" I asked incredulously.

"A few brilliant pincer moves are taking place. The moment there is a link-up, the Indian Punjab will be in our hands in the next few days." He seemed to be describing an inevitable eventuality.

"You can't be serious," I said. "To me the situation appears to be quite the opposite." He became furious.

When I calmed him down, he told me that he had been nominated the Military Governor of Indian Punjab and he wanted me to be the SP of Amritsar to handle the Sikhs tactfully!

Not knowing how to answer, I took an evasive course. I asked him to talk to my boss, DIG Qazi Muhammad Azam, head of the Special Branch, Punjab. He did talk to him on the secret phone in my office. Then he placed me on alert to move to

Amritsar on a notice of two hours. The junta had really closed all windows to reality and was now living in its own make-believe world. I felt like Alice in Wonderland.

The press, quoting foreign sources, reported that Maj. Gen. Rao Farman Ali, the advisor to the Governor of East Pakistan, had approached the United Nations representative in Dhaka. The news brought a very strong reaction from the people, who were coming to believe the regime's own propaganda. The report was hurriedly contradicted by the government.

Bhutto had gone to New York to represent the country in the Security Council as its Foreign Minister. Fiery speeches against Indian aggression and fine tuning of the resolutions for cease-fire were going on while the Indian forces were making very rapid advances in East Pakistan.

A/Hameed was with me during those fateful days. (He came from Lahore by road during the temporary lull in air attacks, which was to enable the U.N. Secretary General to visit the capital.) Out of professional interest, he had become friendly with several leading foreign correspondents then staying in the Hotel Inter-Continental, including Pulitzer prize winner Malcolm Browne of *The New York Times*, Louis Kraar of *Time* magazine and David Housego of *The Times*, London (now with *The Financial Times*). He was also carefully listening to BBC and VOA. The war picture that he had was very dismal but Radio Pakistan was painting it in very rosy colours.

A/Hameed informed me, after listening to VOA, that the American Seventh Fleet had moved from the Pacific area towards the Bay of Bengal. (I later learnt from the President House sources that the move of the Seventh Fleet was actually a pressure tactic by Nixon to deter India from trying to occupy West Pakistan, not to save East Pakistan.) He thought the U.S. and China might now intervene on Pakistan's side but I doubted that on the basis of my information about the Chinese stance. The Chinese would have intervened only if there was a genuine government, mobilizing and inspiring the nation for a justifiable moral cause. A/Hameed believed that Allah Almighty would not disappoint the millions of innocent Muslims in both wings of Pakistan and the rest of the world. "What about the devilish misdeeds of the accursed rulers?" I asked. He still did not wish to agree with me, hoping against hope.

Maj. Gen. Ishaq, Military Secretary to the President, was very upset when I went to see him on December 14. He embraced me and cried. I worried that something might have happened in his family "The united Pakistan is finished," he said with tears in his eyes. He told me about the contents of the telegram addressed to the Eastern Command, authorizing them to take all actions deemed fit in the circumstances. That meant only surrender as Dhaka was already surrounded by Indian forces, being dropped by helicopters, and there was no communication with the army formations elsewhere in East Pakistan. The command had collapsed completely. I wondered at that moment why this senior general and his boss could not realize well in time the gravity of their thoughtless and boastful actions. The sufferings and miseries of the people never moved them.

"Why send this telegram at all?" I asked.

"Poor Niazi would be dead otherwise," was his reply.

"Now let him and his troops die defending their country." I could hardly control my emotions. "They are paid for this, not to kill their own citizens. Why surrender when their duty demanded otherwise? They had forgotten their real duties since long."

Unable to stay on, I left the room. When I approached my car, my driver asked me, "Sahib! Sahib! What has happened to you?" I was crying with anguish and was not even aware of it till he pointed out.

I drove to my home and told A/Hameed about the latest development. He was tempted to do a big favour to his friend, Malcolm Browne, of *The New York Times*, by telling him about it. It would no doubt be a big scoop but was still a state secret and he could not even think of divulging it. So he called Browne and told him in carefully chosen words, "Something very big has happened regarding the war. I cannot give you the details but do try your own sources." He thought the American embassy must be fully aware of the developments and Browne would have no difficulty in finding out about the decision to surrender. When they met later, Browne said he had not been able to get the story even after the tip. So much for the all-knowing American journalists.

New constitution by decree. A/Hameed and I happened to be in the Inter-Continental in the afternoon of 14 or 15

December 1971. We saw Malik Noor Hayat Noon going through an official summary of the new constitution, that was to be promulgated by the President soon. I borrowed the copy for a few minutes and hurriedly scanned it. I could not believe my eyes. East Pakistan had been mentioned as one of the provinces! Once the people came to know about the ludicrous exercises, there would certainly be a disastrous storm.

I rushed to the President House and expressed my apprehensions about the public reaction to the new constitution. I suggested that its copies, which were about to be released to the press, be recalled immediately before any damage was done. There was some resistance but Agha Muhammad Ali, the President's brother, got convinced. He even arranged to retrieve the copies already distributed. These were to be used once the storm that was to blow after the surrender became public knowledge, was stemmed and tamed.

Yahya seemed to believe that giving an Islamic and non-controversial constitution, drafted by a genius like Justice Cornelius of the Supreme Court, would be the last chance to save the country. In his view, the politicians had already destroyed the country in the name of the constitution and the Constituent Assembly.

I recalled all the steps taken by the regime during the last two and a half years, such as the Legal Framework Order, the elections for the Constituent Assembly, the dissolution of One-Unit, evolution of a new constitutional framework and the pitting of one leader against the other. So this was that long rope by which the politicians were supposed to hang themselves.

The junta genuinely felt convinced that the people had completely rejected the politicians and would accept the army once again without demur. So, a strategy was prepared to pass the blame for the surrender to the chicanery and cunningness of the politicians. Yahya personally briefed his media team on these lines in the Presidency late in the evening on December 15. Gen. Sher Ali, the Information Minister, undertook to arrange, w ith the help of the Jama'at-i-Islami, a propaganda campaign against Mujib and Bhutto to project them as the ultimate villains.

I told A/Hameed of the self-conceited thinking at the President House. It reminded him of the well-known Sikh slogan:

Raj karegaa Khalsa, baqi rahe na ko. (The Sikhs will ultimately rule and nobody else will remain.)

I urged the authorities in the President House to prepare the nation for the shock to avoid a serious law and order situation. I pointed out that there might be a serious security threat to the President also. I could not believe my ears when I was told—even on December 15 -- that the President was loved by the people at large and that Bhutto would be lynched by the people on his return from New York!

The end finally comes. "Tiger" Niazi surrendered on December 16 at the same Paltan Maidan where nine months earlier Mujib had restrained himself and not declared the much-feared unilateral declaration of independence. Bangladesh had now become a reality, due more to Yahya and Niazi than to Mujib. Yahya declared that war would continue on the Western sector after "a temporary set-back in the Eastern sector," as he put it. The same evening India declared a unilateral cease-fire (for 24 hours), adding insult to injury, as had been done to India by China in 1962. A/Hameed and I cried that night. He noted next morning that even the muezzin's voice was quivering with emotions during the *fajr* azan from a nearby mosque.

Yahya was unwilling to accept a cease-fire until the U.S. ambassador told him clearly and firmly that his country would not guarantee the security of West Pakistan in case of refusal. To drive his point home, he sought permission to evacuate the U.S. citizens in case the cease-fire was rejected. The reality finally dawned on Yahya. The U.S. support was his last hope. He announced a cease-fire on December 17 The humiliation and betrayal of the nation was complete.

The people were furious. Big processions came out, full of violence and vengeance. Liquor shops were a special target and most in Rawalpindi and Islamabad were destroyed or burnt. The fury let loose was not to subside. The wrath was, however, not directed against the politicians, as planned by Yahya, but against him and the army. Everybody was asking for his head. His newly constructed house in Peshawar was burnt. The army officers dared not come out in uniform. The cantonment was also agitated and an opinion emerged even in the army that Yahya should step down.

There were rumours that Bhutto was to be assassinated after his plane landed at Peshawar. Nothing tangible, however, came to my knowledge though Bhutto's plane came straight to Islamabad. I did not know if army commandos were to be involved, as hinted in his memoirs by Lt Gen. Gul Hassan, who was later made the army chief by Bhutto.

Carrying the bad news. Yahya decided to address the army officers in Ayub Hall on December 18. DSP Security Ch. Sultan Ghani had learnt that the President was likely to be manhandled or even lynched in view of extreme anger against him in the army. I talked to my boss, DIG Qazi Azam, but he asked me to pass on the details directly to Agha Muhammad Ali. Qazi did not like to disturb him by passing on unpleasant information. I also hesitated.

Then I went to Mirza Abbas, DIG Rawalpindi, a relative of Yahya, and gave him the information about the threat to the President. He got up from his chair in such anger that I was afraid he would hit me.

"Yahya Khan is the Commander-in-Chief. How could army officers go against their own chief?" He was fuming.

After he calmed down, I suggested that he could check with his own sources. He did and my report was confirmed. Then we together went to Agha Muhammad Ali but he too would not believe it. He suspected that we were trying to frighten the President. When he checked, the report was again confirmed.

In a late night meeting, it was decided to send Gen. Abdul Hameed, Chief of the Army Staff, to address the officers instead of the President. Gen. Hameed was hackled, humiliated and hooted down by the officers and he had to leave the hall without addressing the gathering. It was only then that Yahya and his coterie of generals came to realize that things could not go on as they wished. With no option left, they decided to hand over power to Bhutto. Bhutto was in Rome when Gen. Ishaq, the Military Secretary to the President, called him to come immediately and take over the next day.

I was still in the President House when Lt. Gen. Attique, the Governor of the Punjab, was trying on phone to persuade Yahya Khan not to give way to Bhutto. "Hand over the power to me if you cannot hold on your own," he finally told Yahya. "It is too late for that," Yahya was said to have replied wearily.

"Bhutto has already been informed." The day of the generals was over.

War Commission. A serious threat to Yahya Khan's life was likely after widespread accusations of Bhutto-Yahya collusion in the break-up of the country. I put up a report, suggesting tight security measures for Yahya. If he were to be killed by some fanatic, Bhutto would be accused of getting him removed from his way deliberately to cover up his own sins. Bhutto ordered protective custody of Yahya. He was taken to Mangla Cantonment but the enraged wives of the army POWs mobbed him there. Then he was lodged in an isolated rest house near Kharian, called "Banni Bangla." The Rangers and Special Branch were assigned the responsibility for his protection. Technically, he was in my custody and became my prisoner.

Bhutto constituted a commission of inquiry to look into the causes of the debacle in East Pakistan. It was headed by Mr Justice Hamood-ur-Rehman, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. The commission came to be known as Hamood-ur-Rehman Commission or the War Commission. It held its sessions in the Ayub Hall, Rawalpindi, which had become the National Assembly chambers after Ayub Khan lifted martial law in 1962. When Yahya Khan was to appear, the commission, for security reasons, met temporarily in the Police College, Sihala, near Rawalpindi. The proceedings were not open to the public. I was made incharge of the security of the commission. The important witnesses under detention, like Yahya Khan, Gen. Hameed, Gen. Umar and N.A. Rizvi, former DIB, were produced before the commission by me. What I heard was their version of history, some truth, some half truth and some outright lies.

Gen. Hameed was under detention in Lahore and was escorted by Nisar Ahmad Cheema, SP, Special Branch, Lahore, later to become IGP, Punjab. Nisar handed him over to me and went to see some friends in Islamabad. Gen. Hameed wanted to see his son, who was a captain in the army and had also been his ADC. I allowed father and son to meet. They were in tears.

"Did you not see him in Lahore?" I asked the general.

"No, they would not allow it," he complained. "Bhutto is callous."

"I have no such instructions although I have the largest number of detenues," I told him

"I have no such instructions although I have the largest number of detenues," I told him.

He wanted a shave. I got him a barber. I asked him, again in surprise, "Were you not allowed it in Lahore?"

"No," he replied. "Perhaps they thought I might commit suicide with the razor. Why should I?"

His custodians were being overcautious, adding only to bitterness, not security. Though few would like to go to the extent that I did in Altaf Gauhar case (details in the following chapter), some elementary courtesies should always be possible without getting permission from nervous bosses, especially when the detenues are not ordinary criminals. Even in case of common criminals, the police must be correct and firm as punishment can be given only by the courts.

Gen. Abdul Hameed, former army chief, while deposing before the commission, represented the general thinking and attitudes of his junta colleagues. But for the treachery of Bengalis and some other elements, the Hindus would have been routed, he claimed. Stories about drinking and womanizing were only malicious propaganda by anti-Pakistan elements against the higher army command. The allegations of corruption and tyranny were untrue, he went on. So were the charges of mismanagement and thoughtless planning. It was only a political defeat, not a military defeat at all. The Bengalis and politicians were at fault.

His replies to the other questions of the commission were also on the same lines.

"What about the surrender on December 16 in full public view?" He remained silent.

"Why are there such a large number of POWs?" Again no answer.

"Did the discipline of the army break down?"

"No, absolutely not." He was adamant. "It was and still is the finest and the most disciplined fighting machine in the world."

"Did the East Bengal Regiment revolt and desert? Did East Pakistan Rifles desert?"

He came up with a vague reply. "Some bad elements are always there. Nothing special."

Gen. Yahya and all others followed the same line. Identical thinking smacked of "discipline," concealing the black

deeds, avoiding bad name to "the finest institution." There was splendid lip service to the country and its valiant armed forces but no soul searching and realization of the Himalayan blunders. There were other witnesses, however, who deposed quite to the contrary. Bravery at the lower levels was splendid but martial law had destroyed the moral fiber of the generals, who had become self-conceited and greedy, as Air Marshal Noor Khan was to depose before the commission.

Yahya, the Brave. I had been provided with a helicopter and two cars at the two ends to bring Yahya Khan to the War Commission. He was brought from Banni Bangla Rest House, close to Kharian Cantonment, near Gujrat, by helicopter every morning and taken back in the evening. On the last day, he refused to travel back by helicopter and insisted on going by road. I was neither authorized nor was prepared for that as it involved a great security risk.

He sat down on the steps of the Sihala rest house and would just not budge. I was reluctant to put him forcibly in the helicopter. I argued with him that reliable transport, security escort, etc., were not readily available but he would not listen and created a scene. On hearing the noise, the Chief Justice and other members of the commission came out. After a prolonged argument with Yahya, the Chief Justice ordered me to take him back by road. I was left with no other option.

On the way Yahya asked me to take him to Rawalpindi.

"Why?" I asked.

"I want to see my family," he said.

"That is not possible," I told him.

"Why?" He asked me very harshly, in the tone of someone not used to hearing refusals.

"Because the people might lynch you," I replied coolly.

"Why people should be against me?"

"Because of the defeat in East Pakistan and the fall of Dhaka," I told him. "They are very upset."

"It is the politicians who are responsible for the unfortunate situation, not I." He was now agitated.

"The people don't understand such subtleties and are usually ignorant." I was again polite.

"Am I under arrest?" He was becoming aggressive.

"No, you are in my protective custody."

"I don't need your protection. I want to go to Rawalpindi." He was adamant.

"Sir, I want to save you from the wrath of the people," I said rather firmly.

"Am I a pariah?" Then he spoke in Punjabi, showing his earthy side. "Did I touch the private parts of somebody's female ass?".

I felt deep anger inside me but held back and became silent. Here was a person, who, as the President and the Commander-in-Chief, was responsible more than any one else for the destruction of the country and had absolutely no realization of it at all. Even after the clear military defeat, he was blaming the politicians. I recalled his junta's plans of giving a long rope to the politicians to hang themselves by involving them in the tedious task of making a new constitution. To make it really impossible for them, he had used the device of "one person, one vote" and dissolved the One Unit. I also remembered his dialogue with Yusuf Chandio, indicating his plan to pit Bhutto against Mujib. Yahya appeared to me nothing less than a devil.

I was engrossed in my thoughts when the noise of a train passing in front of us made me aware that the car had stopped in front of the gate of the Sihala rail-road crossing. Some people even in that lonely place recognized Yahya Khan. The next thing I saw was stones falling on our car. Luckily, the railway gate opened at that very moment and we speeded up like fugitives. Yahya was ashen faced and totally shaken, as if death was coming to him. I was delighted to see him in that condition and remained silent for a long time. Then I said, "Let us go to Rawalpindi."

"No," he immediately replied. "Let us go to Banni. You are a government servant and I don't want to make things difficult for you." He was trying to be patronizing, making me hate him more.

"I shall take you not only to Pindi but also drive you through the Raja Bazaar," I insisted. I wanted to drive the point home. He was trembling by now. So much for the brave soldier, talking tough against the whole world and even major powers. He was very afraid after facing only a few stones for a few seconds. Finally, he was begging me to take him to Banni. Of course, I would not have taken him to Rawalpindi in any case.

On reaching Banni Rest House, he asked me to arrange his shifting to Abbottabad.

"Why?" I asked. "It is not in my jurisdiction."

"Please ask somebody," he implored me. "I don't like this place as it is full of jackals and they howl too much at night."

"A good company, sir," I replied. He felt hurt but did not say more. I was extremely angry and upset as I returned to Rawalpindi. I was not going to see his face again, I decided. Afterwards, I would send a subordinate to escort him. However, I did convey his wish to the Director, Intelligence Bureau, as that was all I could do and was my duty also.

The remorse of a coterie member. N.A. Rizvi, a senior police officer and the DIB of Yahya Khan, was also under detention and was brought from Lahore for appearance before the war commission. He was an intellectual and a poet of deep perception. I arranged for his stay at the Flashman's Hotel in Rawalpindi.

He wept for a long time after appearing before the commission. I tried to console him.

"Why are you so disturbed, sir?" I asked.

He had much to say. He had seen Pakistan coming into existence, with great excitement and hope. His generation gave great sacrifices and worked hard under the inspiring leadership of the Quaid-i-Azam. Pakistan was not created for any material gains but for Islamic way of life, for upholding the pristine values of truth, equality, brotherhood and piety in conduct. No nation can survive without dedication to its ideals.

"The very formation of this commission was meaningless," he observed.

"Why?" I wondered.

He said the December war was just a formality. It was the last act of our death wish as a nation. We departed from our lofty ideals long ago. We were like *Bani Israel*, the thankless nation of Israel. Through the creation of Pakistan, Quaid-i-Azam brought us out of ignominy and led us to freedom, gave identity and self-respect. We laid down our lives, left our homes, chose liberty over slavery and poverty over riches. But some among us pledged the nation's liberty and sold their conscience for aid and material comforts from America and other powers. The slaves of vested interests cannot fight for the nation. Degradation is the lot

of such people. Ghulam Muhammad, the Governor General, laid the foundations of illegitimacy by importing Muhammad Ali of Bogra, the ambassador in the U.S., and making him the Prime Minister. He also promoted Ayub Khan and Iskandar Mirza, who destroyed our legitimacy and liberty by imposing martial law in October 1958. The sovereigns of Pakistan became the slaves of brute force. Pakistan was created by the people themselves, not by the army. They have lost hope. Might now has the sanctity of being right. It was a cancer growing since long. The war was only the last act. The malaise is much deeper and the commission is there to scratch only the surface.

"What about the large sums that you collected from industrialists and gave to Nurul Amin and Qayyum Khan for their election campaign?" I asked. On this charge a case had already been registered against him at the New Town police station, Rawalpindi.

"Perhaps the collection of money was not that objectionable," he replied. "The reprehensible part was to use it in an attempt to negate the public mandate. The will of the people must never be defied. It always leads to disaster."

"I regret" he continued "that I did not myself realize that we had gone astray and joined the dacoits who trampled over the law and the land. I hate myself for becoming the DIB. I have been a party to the destruction of Pakistan and that is why I am crying." He started crying again.

"Can we do something?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied. "Let the people feel free and look after their affairs themselves. They have better brains than you, I or the generals. Let them make mistakes and learn from them. Nobody should try to become a *havaldar*, a policeman. Let us atone our sins and follow *sirat-ul-mustaqeem*, the righteous path. The path of the constitution and the rule of law is the *sirat-ul-mustaqeem* and will lead us to legitimacy, honour, courage and self-respect of a free nation. The enemy is quick to take advantage, as India did, but that is always the last act. History has a lot to teach but nobody learns any lessons from it."

"For what I have been doing, I wish I were dead," he finally said. Soon after he passed away in Lahore.

Many a big wigs were my detenues at critical time of early seventees. Most of the Generals and the Senior Bureaucrats who

had ruled the roost so long crippling and crushing the ennobling spirit of Pakistan movement and spirit of Pakistanism for personal ignoble vested interest and had served the cause of counter-revolution were found licking the dust. They were generally cribbing, cringing and frightened to the core with no inner strength. They were small, shallow and stupid with the only aim of pursuit of pleasure in their life. The only honourable exception was Mr. Altaf Gauhar. He stood his ground. He was courageous and forthright. He did not mince his words and was brilliant par excellence. His moral grit was also strong. All others were a great disappointment whom I had seen earlier in great awe strutting around so cockily. I intend writing separately in greater detail about these characters --- killers of Pakistan spirit.

Picking up the pieces

A/Hameed and I were at the Islamabad airport before Bhutto's plane landed on December 20, 1971. A sad crowd, mostly of his party workers, had gathered to welcome him. The plane touched down at 11 a.m. A somber Bhutto emerged to the slogans of "Bhutto, Save Pakistan." Ghulam Mustafa Khar, his close companion, drove him to the President House. DSP Ch. Mueen and I escorted him as it was our official duty. Bhutto took over from Yahya Khan as President and—to the utter surprise of many—also as Chief Martial Law Administrator.

Mustafa Khar was worried about the personal security of Bhutto. I assured him that it was our duty to provide him full protection. Still Bhutto kept a loaded revolver under his pillow. It was understandable. He did not as yet have much faith in the administration and believed that we were Yahya's men. There had been so many moves and counter-moves that loss of faith in each other was inevitable.

After taking over as President, Bhutto went to the Punjab House, Rawalpindi. Mueen and I followed him there too. The first person to call on him was Lt Gen. Gul Hassan, whose appointment as the army chief was later announced the same day.

Bhutto addressed the nation in the evening. He spoke extempore. The speech was full of vigour, pathos and hope. He said he took over when the country stood shattered. He had to

pick up the pieces and put them together to rebuild. He dilated on the problems facing the country and his own plan to deal with them. I had accompanied him to the television station. I was impressed. I later told A/Hameed that Bhutto appeared to be a man of destiny.

Bhutto was moving and acting with speed. He inspired confidence. He walked in Rawalpindi's Raja Bazaar the next day and attracted huge crowds. He flew to Peshawar, Lahore, Quetta and Karachi, trying to soothe the injured nation.

Important appointments were made promptly. The governors of provinces were replaced by his own partymen. Mustafa Khar became the Governor of the Punjab. Mumtaz Bhutto became the Chief Minister in Sindh. Mian Mahmood Ali Kasuri, a very distinguished lawyer, was asked to draft the interim constitution. Mian Anwar Ali, a retired senior police officer, was recalled and made Director of Intelligence Bureau (DIB). He had been DIB with Ayub Khan also. Ironically, Maj. Gen. Ishaq, who had been so close to Yahya, continued to be Bhutto's Military Secretary also. Sh. Akram replaced Qazi Muhammad Azam as DIG, Special Branch, Punjab. Sahibzada Raoof Ali became DIG, Rawalpindi. Mustafa Khar wanted to change me but Sahibzada Sahib got my orders canceled and I continued as SP, Special Branch, Rawalpindi.

Bhutto attended to various aspects of the administration simultaneously. A large number of commissions and committees were formed, with short deadlines for final reports and action programmes. He himself provided them guidelines. The reforms for land, labour, health, education and other sectors were being announced with lightening speed. Sports and *awami melas* (people's festivals) were organized to bring the people out of depression. Major industries were nationalized. Foreign exchange rules were tightened and the rupee was devalued by about 50% to promote exports. The rapid changes attracted severe criticism, especially from Jama'at-i-Islami and Tehrik-i-Istiqlal.

Release of Sh. Mujib. Air Marshal Asghar Khan was one of the very few politicians who urged the immediate recognition of Bangladesh. Bhutto, however, wanted to delay it as a lever to solve the serious problems with India, like the vacation of the occupied territories of West Pakistan and the release

of the prisoners of war (POWs). However, he did decide to release Sheikh Mujibur Rahman immediately.

Sh. Mujib was brought to Rawalpindi from Mianwali jail. He wanted to fly directly to Dhaka. Bhutto thought that would amount to the recognition of Bangladesh. Mujib then wanted to go to New Delhi but that would appear to be submitting to the Indian aggression and legitimizing its occupation of East Pakistan as well. Bhutto was really brilliant and sharp in understanding diplomatic implications. Then the Shahinshah of Iran wanted Mujib to be sent to Tehran but that was not acceptable to Mujib. Finally, an ingenious way out was found. Mujib was allowed to go to London from where he could go anywhere he liked. Of course, he went from there to Dhaka, though via New Delhi. Bhutto was at the airport to see him off before a secret departure at night.

"Why let Mujib go at all?" Bhutto was asked by a general in a meeting.

"Because I do not want India to dig in and consolidate its occupation of Muslim Bengal," he replied. "Mujib is the only one who can hold his people together without Indian forces. The power struggle in Muslim Bengal may destroy it. So I decided to let Mujib go. The present crisis is a temporary phase because of the excesses of martial law and the shortsightedness of the generals. Muslim identity of Bengal will re-emerge and will always remain a great reality. When it regains vitality, Bengalis will have natural affinity towards Pakistan and hostility towards Hindu India. I have to save Pakistan as well as Muslim Bengal."

In that very meeting, Bhutto asked Maulana Kausar Niazi, Minister for Religious Affairs, to send maximum number of pilgrims for the next Haj so that the occasion would bring the people of the two countries closer to each other in a religious atmosphere. "When the two people come closer emotionally, India or any other power can do little," he observed.

Mujib was allowed to go to London in that perspective, without entailing any diplomatic complications such as the recognition of Bangladesh. Bhutto acted boldly and brilliantly at that juncture. The man did have a deep sense of history.

At the time of Urdu language riots in Sindh in early 1972, a former police officer, Saeed Ahmad Khan, a New Sindhi (the euphemism then prevailing for Muhajir) and known to Bhutto

personally, came into picture. (He was one of the 303 officers dismissed by Yahya regime for corruption.) He made very clever presentations on the subject and emphasized the role of New Sindhis like him for bridging the differences with Old Sindhis. He was employed as Chief Security Officer to the President. I was working with both DIB Mian Anwar Ali and Saeed Ahmad Khan, besides attending to my other duties.

Bhutto's security. Bhutto was initially concerned for his personal security but later became careless on seeing large crowds at his public meetings. He forbade even the normal security measures. Mian Anwar Ali became worried. His view was that if Bhutto was harmed at this juncture by some enemy agent, the country would be in total chaos and nobody would be able to control the situation. He asked me to do something about this.

I remembered having read in Hector Bolitho's *Jinnah* about the security measures approved by Quaid-i-Azam after the assassination of Gandhi in India though he was not agreeing to it earlier. I borrowed A/Hameed's copy of the book, sidelined the relevant portions and gave it to the ADC to Bhutto. ADC later told me that Bhutto read the selected parts with a smile on his face and said, "Tell SP, Special Branch, that I am not going to be difficult. But then he should try to keep the security unobtrusive and on a low profile."

Mian Anwar Ali was delighted when I told him how I had solved the problem. Bhutto never became difficult on security after that but the police later did indulge in over-doing without his knowledge. Unfortunately, the book was never returned and the ardent bibliophile A/Hameed has still not forgiven me for losing it because he has not been able to get a replacement copy from anywhere.

Immediately after assuming power, Bhutto went on a stormy tour of 12 countries of West Asia (Middle East) and Africa to seek solidarity with the Muslim World. He also toured China as well as Russia. He endeavored to show to India that Pakistan was not alone. He said in a meeting that, under the circumstances, diplomacy and not war was the viable option for Pakistan till it regained its vitality.

He took the Russians off a serious anti-Pakistan operation. The Intelligence Bureau had unearthed a big currency racket. Fake Pakistani currency was being printed in huge quantities in

Afghanistan, with active Russian support, and then being flooded into Pakistan for financial and economic subversion. Bhutto was very upset. He sent Rafi Raza, a close associate, to Moscow. Rafi carried with him the evidence about the racket. Bhutto briefed him to put to the Russians the ultimate question: "Do you want Pakistan to exist or not?" The obvious reply would be that they would like to see Pakistan prosper. "At that point," he advised, "request them to advise Afghanistan against such adventures. Leave it at this and don't press further unless they demand any proof. Proof they will not ask for unless our Intelligence Bureau has goofed up somewhere." The inflow of the fake currency stopped after some time.

A specter of fascism. Bhutto was really very brilliant in solving foreign and diplomatic issues. Unfortunately, and to his ultimate disaster, he left the matters of internal administration mostly to his lieutenants. He would tell his Governors and Chief Ministers that he did not want any internal disturbances to detract him from his diplomatic engagements to extricate Pakistan out of the quagmire.

This was his biggest mistake. The Governors, Chief Ministers or bureaucrats had no vision and *danda* (stick, a symbol of force) was the easiest way for them to maintain order. The road to hell was paved with good intentions. If danda was the answer, the martial law could wield the strongest possible danda but we had just seen how it collapsed and fell under the debris of the worst breakdown of law and order. The people prefer politicians because they expect from them not danda but understanding, justice and fairplay.

While Bhutto was tackling the rest of the world, his own people were getting the taste of danda from Qayyum Khan, his Interior Minister, Mustafa Khar, the Governor of the Punjab, and Mumtaz Ali Bhutto, the Chief Minister of Sindh. The processions of students, labour, women, Jama'at-i-Islami and other political parties were given good thrashing, both by the police and the PPP workers. Any voice of dissent was suppressed ruthlessly. To save Bhutto from small headaches, very serious problems were being created for him. A specter of fascism was emerging.

A session of the Constituent Assembly was called in early 1972, a year after its postponement by Yahya. It was rumoured

that most of the members had been bought off by capitalists and industrialists to sabotage Bhutto's nationalization plans. DIG Sh. Akram, my boss, and DIB Mian Anwar Ali were worried while Bhutto was getting paranoid. I was called to the Rawalpindi Club by Sahibzada Raoof Ali, DIG, Rawalpindi. Nawab Sadiq Husain Qureshi, a feudal from Multan and later Governor and Chief Minister of the Punjab, was also there. A top secret meeting was called to find out the exact state of affairs. I told them that I had been checking up for the last three days but failed to find any renegades in PPP.

"They had stood with Bhutto during Yahya's martial law," I argued. "Why should they desert him now?"

Sadiq Qureshi said, "We are going ahead only on your assurance."

"I take full responsibility," I assured them, wondering why the party machine could not check its own ranks or find out who was trying to unnerve Bhutto. What would have happened if my information had been wrong? To their and my good luck, I was right and nothing went wrong. The Constituent Assembly met and Bhutto was voted its chairman unanimously.

Army reservists protest. The army reservists stationed in the Ojhri Camp in Rawalpindi went on strike in early 1972, protesting against non-payment of their dues as well as mismanagement and corruption in the army. They brought out a procession and proceeded to Islamabad to demonstrate in front of the foreign embassies. They were expressing their resentment against the smuggling of gold, prostitutes and even pans (betel leaves) by army officers while leaving East Pakistan for Burma in helicopters, instead of evacuating their injured colleagues. They were shouting worst possible allegations against the higher army commanders.

The reservists were persuaded to come back by the Herculean efforts of Fateh Khan Bandial, Commissioner, and Haji Muhammad Akram, Deputy Commissioner, of Rawalpindi. We begged them in the name of the honour of Pakistan. Haji Akram, with tears in his eyes, said, "We shall not be able to show our face if the world press picks up your allegations." A similar incident occurred at the Dhamial civil aviation center. The complaints were almost the same and the entreaties of Haji Akram were also the same.

Gul Hassan replaced. Bhutto decided to remove Gen. Gul Hassan and Air Marshal Rahim Khan, army and air chiefs, for not bombing the Peshawar police lines during the police strike in early 1972. (Details in the chapter, "Epilogue.") DIG Sahibzada Raoof Ali, the navy chief and I were called to the Presidency. From his party men, he had called Ghulam Mustafa Khar and Ghulam Mustafa Jatoi. He then invited Gen. Gul Hassan and Air Marshal Rahim Khan and surprised them with the decision of their dismissal. Bhutto addressed DIG Rawalpindi, the navy chief, me and his personal staff in a separate room. He apprehended bombardment of the Presidency. We suggested that he might go somewhere else while we would stay on in the Presidency.

Sahibzada Sahib prepared a police contingent under DSP Ch. Iftikhar Ahmad, now a senior DIG, and DSP Ch. Mueen-ud-Din, now a retired SP, to escort Gen. Gul Hassan and Air Marshal Rahim Khan to Lahore. But Mustafa Khar, fearing a possible police-army collusion, decided to drive himself the two former chiefs to Lahore, followed by an escort of PPP goons.

The same evening I received Gen. Tikka Khan on the steps of the Presidency at 6 p.m. He was surprised to see me and asked, "What are you doing here?" I replied, "I am here to receive you as the army chief." He simply said, "*Zamin gole hai,*" (the earth is round, a rough equivalent of "it's a small world"), and walked in to see Bhutto. The crisis seemed to be over as I knew that Tikka Khan was popular in the army. (He was the first Chief of the Army Staff after Bhutto renamed the designation of the Commander-in-Chief.)

Sahibzada Raoof Ali, a very competent and dynamic police officer, took over as IGP Punjab after some time. He used to say that he was the first Punjabi IGP of the Punjab Police since Independence. (So much for the Punjabi domination!)

Encounter with Altaf Gauhar. Altaf Gauhar, who had been Ayub Khan's Information Secretary, was confined in Karachi on Bhutto's orders and was then brought to Rawalpindi in early 1972. He was lodged at Police College, Sihala and was placed in my custody. When I went to see him for the first time, I took some fruit for him. He was pleasantly surprised. We were meeting for the first time but had instant liking for each other. We had a long talk that evening. Then I took him to Sadar

Bazaar, Rawalpindi, for a dinner of *tikkas* and *kababs*. He was delighted on the change as he had been suffering solitary confinement in Karachi on personal orders of Bhutto. I got no such instructions from anybody.

I formally served Altaf Gauhar with the grounds for his detention as forwarded to by the Sindh government . One of the charges was that he had met an anti-Pakistan person in the lobby of the Karachi Inter-Continental Hotel.

"Who was he?" I asked.

"He was none other than Robert McNamara, the President of the World Bank! Yahya was annoyed with McNamara and had dubbed him as anti-Pakistan. I knew him since my service days and had gone to see him during his visit to Karachi." The report of some head constable of the Special Branch, who must be on duty in the hotel, was now being used to keep Altaf Gauhar behind bars!

I asked him what was the real reason for his detention. "Writing an editorial in the *Dawn*," he replied. He was the editor-in-chief of the leading Karachi English daily. He was accused of showing a soft corner to the Bengalis and saying that parting as friends would have been better even in a loose federation of East and West Pakistan.

"But that is what Quaid-i-Azam had agreed on a proposal from Suhrawardy," I promptly said. "It was the All India Congress which opted for the partition of Bengal." I referred to Hodson's "Great Divide" in which the Quaid-i-Azam had been quoted as having said, "I am sure the united Bengal will be friendly to Pakistan." Altaf was happy that I had read the book as it had just been published.

I shifted Altaf Gauhar from Police College, Sihala, to a rest house near my house in the Satellite Town, Rawalpindi. I would take him to my residence for home-made food. He could talk on phone to his wife in Karachi. I allowed him to see his brother, Tajamnal Husain, a senior government officer, who was among the 303 who had been dismissed during the Yahya regime.

Sometimes I would take Altaf in my car for an outing. Many a time we would be at the residence of my friend Mohsin Manzoor and talk for a long time. On one such occasion, I asked him, "Why are you wasting yourself and your talent on a path of conflict with Bhutto? The country is in a bad condition and there

is no point in fighting with each other. All should get together and make the country strong and, if need be, fight the enemy again."

"What should I do?" he asked, seeming to agree with my suggestion.

"May be you should become an ambassador to some important country and contribute to bringing Pakistan out of its problems."

"Are you under instructions from somebody?" He suddenly showed suspicion.

"No, I am not." I was really under no instructions from anybody. I was expressing only my own feelings, having been impressed by his intelligence and talents.

"Then, please, do not make any such suggestions as I may get tempted and lose my resolve to resist. Bhutto and I were friends but he became sour with many, including me, when he fell out with Ayub Khan. Perhaps he expected me also to resign and join him. But the government servants in our country don't take such steps." We laughed.

On my own initiative, I asked ADC to the President to arrange for a meeting of Altaf Gauhar with Bhutto. "They have been friends and may sort out their differences," I said. ADC talked to Bhutto, who agreed to the meeting. As Bhutto was leaving that day on a long tour of West Asia (Middle East), I was told to keep Altaf in Rawalpindi so that the President could see him on his return. But the Interior Ministry suddenly decided to shift him back to Karachi. I wrote back that I had been directed by the President to keep Altaf Gauhar in Rawalpindi but the Ministry went ahead. Some elements in the bureaucracy did not seem to like a meeting between the two.

I saw him off at the airport. He was sad when he left for Karachi. He said, "You have spoiled me with kind treatment in these adverse days. I shall certainly go back to solitary confinement straightway. I wish they had not sent me to you. I had become accustomed to the jail life and it will be more painful after this comfortable sojourn."

"I did everything on my own and at my own risk," I said. "I had no instructions from anybody. I feel sorry on your leaving as you have been such an excellent company."

The story did not end there. After some time I was surprised to read in the newspapers that Altaf Gauhar had made a statement against Mohsin Manzoor and me before the Review Board while pleading for the termination of his detention. He alleged that we had been trying to woo him by clever and persuasive methods on behest of Bhutto. He gave details of my entertaining him with tikkas and kababs, his visits to my house and that of Mohsin Manzoor, and so on. The Director of Intelligence Bureau was not even aware of all that. He asked for my explanation. I told him about everything I had done as a courtesy. Still he was annoyed. And the Attorney General, Yahya Bakhtiar, was worried that he would lose the state case. I was especially sorry for Mohsin Manzoor who was in trouble only because of me. We did manage to save our jobs with great difficulty but we felt really very hurt. Altaf Gauhar was released by the court.

While walking one day on the Mall in Murree, the famous hill station near Islamabad, Mohsin Manzoor and I saw Altaf Gauhar and his brother Tajammal Husain sitting near the stairs of the Murree Church. Boiling with anger, Mohsin Manzoor dashed to them. He protested to Altaf Gauhar in the strongest possible words for being unfair to us. He even called him Brutus. "Mohsin, let us forget it," I tried to pacify him. "He was in a difficult situation. His trouble is over and our trouble is also over." But Mohsin was still furious. "Altaf Sahib, nobody will take the risk of being nice in future because of what you did to us," he said. Altaf Gauhar felt extremely sorry and embarrassed. He told us, "I did not want to do this. It was my lawyer, Manzoor Qadir, who thought it would strengthen my case."

I told Mohsin, "Both prosecution and defence stood on false grounds. We are concerned with our personal conduct. Let us forget this and resolve to continue to do the right things in life without worrying what the others may do to us. The deeds are rewarded according to intentions and Allah knows what we had intended." Finally, we parted as friends. I have maintained my relationship of friendship with Altaf Gauhar since then.

Security breakdown on Bhutto's oath taking. Bhutto was being criticized widely and severely for being the first civilian Chief Martial Law Administrator and for prolonging the martial law unnecessarily. Mian Anwar Ali suggested to Bhutto

that it should be lifted to avoid criticism. Bhutto replied, "I am going to lift martial law but I don't want to declare it beforehand. If I do this, my authority will collapse as it happened to Ayub Khan when he announced that he was not going to contest the next presidential election." So, he continued to maintain publicly that martial law was necessary for continuity while he was using its powers to take various drastic measures with extraordinary speed.

The Constituent Assembly approved the Interim Constitution in early 1972. A large public meeting was arranged for April 21 in the Race Course ground, Rawalpindi, for swearing-in of Bhutto as President. The stage was arranged in the center of the ground. There were no bushes or trees to minimize the crowd pressures. Therefore, DC Haji Akram believed that it would not be possible to restrain the crowd to its place. He suggested that the stage should be in the existing concrete built-up area of the spectators' enclosure. But the committee of the six federal secretaries, who believed that the level of wisdom was in relation to pay scales, overruled the low-ranking DC. SSP Malik Muhammad Nawaz found it safer to agree with the secretaries.

Mustafa Khar, the Punjab Governor, visited the venue in the forenoon and was very happy with the arrangements. Haji Akram expressed his apprehensions about the break-down to the Governor and I also supported him. The arrangements were, however, not changed.

The jubilant crowds were pouring into the ground from all sides in wave after wave. All arrangements collapsed under pressure from the surging crowd. Going against the standard practice, I gathered all my security personnel at one place in view of the situation, lined them up around Bhutto and tried to make way for him to walk up to the stage. I ran short of manpower and persuaded the PPP workers to join me. Even with their cooperation, we barely succeeded.

Oath was administered hurriedly. Bhutto could make only a very brief speech as the stage was shaking under uncontrolled crowd pressure. He left in anger and hurry. The committee of the federal secretaries, who had rejected DC's suggestion, now placed the entire responsibility for inadequate and defective arrangements on the district administration. The PPP hierarchy

also had a very poor view of the administration as, according to them, earlier party arrangements for public meetings of Bhutto had always been smooth. We tried to explain but nobody would listen to us. SSP Malik Muhammad Nawaz was unfairly blamed the most and was targeted as the scapegoat. I thought something had to be done to avert any action against him.

I took my copy of "Great Divide" and underlined the portion that vividly described the scene of Independence Day in 1947 in New Delhi. There also all arrangements had broken down, with Mountbatten and Jawaharlal Nehru being swept off not only from their carriage but also their feet. Pamela, daughter of Mountbatten, was even lost for quite some time, giving moments of great anxiety. On the side, I wrote, "April 21, 1972 was almost a similar day for Pakistan, bringing the fragrance of democracy under the inspiring leadership of a great man like Bhutto. If the arrangements had not failed due to the enthusiasm of the cheering crowds, it would not have been a befitting tribute to his greatness and glory on that occasion." The ADC again obliged me and placed the book before Bhutto. The inquiries into the fiasco and Bhutto's anger all vanished.

Preparing for Shimla. I attended a top secret meeting along with DIB Mian Anwar Ali in early 1972. Bhutto had several questions for the DIB. "Is the return of occupied territory more consequential than the release of prisoners of war? What does Indira Gandhi mean when she talks of giving 'another good news' to her people? Why are so many processions of all kinds being taken out? What is Russia up to in Balochistan? Is the big game going on and what are we doing?" Before Mian Anwar Ali could open his mouth to answer, nervous and edgy Bhutto would fire another question. Mian Sahib somehow managed to dwell in detail on all issues and concluded that they should not be handled in haste but tactfully, sagaciously and patiently.

Mian Sahib thought that the issue of POWs was the most disturbing and was likely to create troubles big enough to destabilize the Government. It was likely to cause trouble in the army also as Sh. Mujib was talking of war trials of POW officers. We all supported the view of DIB.

Bhutto asked, "Are more families affected by POWs or by territory occupied by India?" We all believed that the POWs affected more people but it appeared that Bhutto alone had done

his homework. He came out with full details, sector by sector, to prove that much larger number of people were affected by occupied territory than by POWs. He emphasized that the release of POWs was, no doubt, a very serious problem but the occupied territory was a much bigger problem. The occupation of territory by enemy was a conquest in the classical sense while POWs were also the symbol of the enemy domination. But the issue of POWs had many moral and sentimental aspects, which we could exploit against India internationally. We might make it a great embarrassment for India if our people can show some patience and understanding. The line of argument was brilliant and convincing. He directed us all never to talk about his analysis, not even to our families.

Bhutto also wanted to freeze the Kashmir issue for the time being and delink the Cease-fire Line (later named the Line of Control) from the international border. Kashmir was to be treated as a separate issue while India was to be pressed to vacate the territory occupied by it beyond international borders and to settle other complicated issues that arose due to the war.

He wanted us to create an atmosphere through various means so that the entire world, specially India, should be convinced that unless POWs were released soon, Pakistan would be destabilized beyond redemption. Mian Anwar Ali was made the incharge and coordinator of the campaign. The entire agitation by students, families of POWs, labour, ulema, lawyers and the political elements was orchestrated by Mian Anwar Ali most astutely, effectively and in complete secrecy. The issue of territory was not even mentioned by anybody. Bhutto's exercise of meetings with representatives of various sections of society and political leaders at Murree was also to create a strong impression before proceeding to Shimla that Bhutto government would fall if POWs were not released forthwith. When Indira Gandhi offered to vacate the occupied territories, Bhutto appeared to be accepting it under great compulsion and as a last resort. She vacated the occupied territory willingly but she had to release the POWs also under tremendous international pressure. In the process she had to forget about war reparations, trials for war crimes and other demands that she had been making earlier. In the end, Bhutto turned out to be far more clever than Indira.

"Peace baby." I was very busy during most of June 1972 as Bhutto was meeting a stream of delegations at Murree before going to Shimla for peace negotiations with Indira Gandhi. On June 22 morning, I was informed at Murree that my wife had given birth to a daughter at the time of *azan* for Fajr (morning) prayer. I was very happy on the coming of a daughter as I had been praying for one while Bilqis wanted another son. I informed my boss, Sh. Akram, who was also at Murree, about the birth and sought permission to go to Rawalpindi. He allowed me, saying, "Let us hope the new-born brings peace in the subcontinent and becomes a Peace Baby." Bilqis had come back from the hospital with the baby by the time I reached home. It was a lovely child.

"You made a quick job leaving the hospital so soon," I told Bilqis.

"I wanted to make tea for you before you arrived," she replied smilingly. A good cup of hot tea was there the way I liked it, an indication of how caring she was. We named the baby as Saima Sardar. Peace accord was signed soon after at Shimla.

The pressures under democracy

In August 1972, I was posted as Senior Superintendent of Police, Rawalpindi. It was my first charge as the police chief of a district after my promotion as SP. It was also my first experience of working under the tremendous pressures of a democratic set-up. Only by going through it one can understand what it really means.

One of my first major problems was how to deal with the daily processions in the city with substantially reduced district police force. As SP, Special Branch, I knew that every day on the average there were at least five or six processions of various categories to agitate on one issue or the other. The labour, students, lawyers, women, minorities and political elements of various shades were out on the streets on the slightest pretext. Perhaps they were trying to make up for the time lost due to ban on agitation during the Martial Law and wanted to express all their grievances immediately all in one go. All processions would converge on the Murree Road, the main link between Rawalpindi and Islamabad. (The link road along the airport was not yet there.)

I knew most of the leaders. I talked to them individually and urged them to attend to their work instead of being on the streets though they were at liberty to take out processions if they did not indulge in any violence. I wanted to conserve police manpower and also did not want to have any disturbance on the roads. I was very short of police strength as about 20% of them had been sent to East Pakistan on duty and were now POWs.

Through dialogue, I came to an understanding with most of the leaders that they would not indulge in violence and the police would interfere the least. Thus, over a very short period, I brought down the number as well as the strength of the processions. I would keep the police contingents far away from the processions. Lathi-charge, teargas and firing were assiduously avoided in order not to add to the dramatic effects. If these actions are not taken, the people in the processions do not get a kick out of it. No tamasha, no fun. And much less interest in joining processions.

Haji Muhammad Akram was the Deputy Commissioner. He is a very wise and cooperative officer. He would assign sensible magistrates on procession duties to engage the agitators in a discussion and solve their problems as far as possible.

After a month, only the students were still active on the streets. Sh. Rashid Ahmad, now a prominent Muslim League leader, was the most prominent local student leader then. Haji Akram and I held many meetings with him. We found him sensible and reasonable. He was himself against any kind of violence. We came to an understanding with him that police would not interfere and the students would be controlled by their own leadership.

Politician with a thin skin. One day the students were out on the Murree Road when they saw the car of Qayyum Khan, the Interior Minister. Some students thumped his car and took away his flag but Sh. Rashid immediately reached the spot, restored the flag and apologized to the Minister. The Interior Minister remained furious. He directed me on phone that all those students should be arrested and given a good thrashing. He was also annoyed that the police were not handy. I tried to explain my complicated approach but he remained adamant. I ignored his orders because I was sure that to obey would make things worse. But it meant more trouble for me.

The bulky Khan, despite being a politician, was not willing to forgive a student prank and instead took it as a great personal insult. My "defiance" was adding insult to his injury. He complained to Bhutto against me and I had to appear before the President and explain my approach towards the agitators. During my explanation, I said, "Sir, a constable should not be allowed veto powers over your popularity."

"I don't understand it," he said.

I was facing another mental block. Why could two leading politicians not understand something they had experienced very often in their own career? I again tried to explain that unnecessary presence of police were always a provocation and sometimes led to mishandling or even firing. That meant only trouble and consequent unpopularity for the government. I was puzzled when he still did not understand. Was I talking of some abstruse philosophical concept, something out of this world? In desperation, I referred to his own example when he was on the other side. In 1968, an incident took place in front of the Polytechnic Institute, Rawalpindi, in which a student was killed by police firing. It turned out to be the starting point of the agitation against Ayub Khan. Bhutto, as an opposition leader, had himself exploited it. Finally everything fell into place and the President said, "You have a point but be careful in future." "Right, sir," I said and was allowed to leave. The Khan's anger, however, remained unplacated.

I continued to follow my own policy of respecting the democratic right of freedom of movement and solving problems through dialogue. I did not arrest any students on minor issues and they never betrayed me.

***Jiyalas* keen to monopolize administration.** Ironically, in contrast to opposition, I got more trouble from the workers of the ruling PPP, now called *jiyalas* because of their hearts often swaying their heads. They seemed to be in nobody's control. They were using force against their opponents and creating unnecessary bitterness. They were not happy with my policy of keeping the doors of my office open to everybody and maintaining cordial relations, based on equity and fairplay, with every group or party, including the opposition. For example, Maulana Fateh Muhammad, of Jama'at-i-Islami, and Ali Asghar Shah, of the Muslim League, were frequent visitors to my office.

The local PPP leaders, who wanted to have monopoly rights over the entire government machinery, did not like that. They even complained against me but neither Mustafa Khar nor Bhutto interfered in my policy. In return, they got rich dividends very soon.

The local opposition had full faith in Haji Akram and me because of our policy of open-door administration and fairplay without any regard for petty politics. The test came in 1973 during the agitation of the United Democratic Front. Mustafa Khar rang me up three days before the movement was due to start and suggested tough measures. I told him that there was no need for that as the movement would not start in Rawalpindi at least. He found it difficult to believe. Malik Muhammad Qasim was in charge of the movement in Rawalpindi. He flew in from Lahore and was shocked when nobody responded to him. Sh. Rashid refused to budge a millimeter. Qasim went back totally frustrated. Nobody came out on the streets in spite of the trouble throughout the country. Everybody was happy with the Rawalpindi administration. The case would have been otherwise if I had been obeying the whimsical orders like that of the Interior Minister. Being on the spot, I had better appreciation of the situation and dealt with it accordingly. I had not forgotten how Governor Musa Khan and IGP Mian Bashir had worsened the situations during the anti-Ayub agitation.

Mustafa Khar had the impression that the reason behind my being an effective SSP was the use of ruthless and oppressive methods. He came to know about my secret weapon of fair and just treatment only when he was no longer in power. He was totally surprised when Mahboob Butt and Nazim Shah, two student leaders of Lahore, told him that I had won them over not with danda but with politeness and fairness.

"But he was a very effective administrator and nothing went out of control in his period," he said. "How was that possible without the use of force?"

"He was effective because of his decency and firmness on matters of justice," Mahboob Butt told him. "He would accommodate everybody, whether political workers, students, or labour leaders."

"I am really surprised," Khar admitted. His role model was always Malik Amir Muhammad Khan, the Nawab of Kala

Bagh, the rough, tough and tyrannical Governor of West Pakistan under Ayub Khan. I acted differently but effectively even when the Nawab himself was the Governor.

Trouble in provinces. While preoccupied with international issues, Bhutto needed unity and peace at home. But it was not easy to have. He reached an understanding with Wali Khan, Mufti Mahmood, Ghaus Bakhsh Bizenjo and Ataulla Mengal, allowing them to form NAP-JUI coalition governments in Balochistan and NWFP but they created problems for him. The Balochistan government started relieving employees of Punjab origin to satisfy the regionalist demands of the locals and also to create bad feelings against PPP in the Punjab, its mainstay. (The Punjab government had to accommodate the dislocated employees.) Bizenjo talked of four nationalities, based on the four provinces. Wali Khan had Pakhtunistan dear to his heart. Although a Sindhi had become the President, the anti-Punjabi feelings in Sindh were still intense. The farmers of Punjabi origin were harassed and ousted from their lands in Sindh though they had settled there since long. Then Indira Gandhi, after the creation of Bangladesh, wished to give to her people "another good news" within three months and USSR was talking of "the United States of Hindostan."

The fissiparous trends worried Bhutto but he thought time would heal the wounds and matters would settle down. He issued directive after directive to solve the emerging problems. Sometimes, he would get edgy and wanted to be tough, forgetting his own recipe of healing with time. He was inclined to suspect foreign hand behind most of the moves.

The Balochistan and the NWFP governments created another problem by declaring Urdu as their official language in place of English. Bhutto tried to stop this announcement as he saw trouble in Sindh but NAP-JUI governments in both provinces went ahead. He read mischief in the move and told DIB Mian Anwar Ali that he thought it was backed by Russia to cause trouble in Sindh. Sindh did erupt on the official language issue and there were serious riots between Sindhis and Muhajirs, claiming many lives. The army had to be called in to assist the civil administration.

A meeting on the subject was called in the Presidency and was attended, among others, by army generals. Before the

meeting, I heard some generals saying that the only cure for the national problems was a hard-hitting martial law. Politics had destroyed the country, according to them. They genuinely believed that the best way out was martial law. And Dhaka had fallen only a few months ago because of martial law! The propaganda line, given by Yahya Khan to deflect the blame from the army to politicians, seemed to be still working.

Saeed Ahmad Khan proposed the use of Sardar Akbar Khan Bugti as a counterweight against Bizenjo-Mengal alliance in Balochistan and Abdul Qayyum Khan against Wali Khan-Mufti Mahmood alliance in NWFP. Thus Akbar Bugti and Khan Qayyum were won over by Bhutto and kept in the wings.

The Balochistan government was dismissed after a substantial quantity of arms and ammunition was recovered from the embassy of Iraq in Islamabad on a tip from the Inter Services Intelligence. Inspector Raza Khan of Islamabad police led the raid under the supervision of a magistrate. Bhutto believed that the arms and ammunition were on their way to Balochistan for the rebels supported by Mengal and others. He thought that Iraq was only a proxy for the USSR. He accused the NAP of playing in the hands of Russia. The NWFP government, fearing its own imminent dismissal, resigned "in protest."

After having lost their governments, NAP and JUI started an agitation that grew into a resistance movement with separatist tendencies, particularly in Balochistan. An army action was ordered there but it only increased the bitterness. When it had not worked in East Pakistan, how could it solve any political problems here? Bhutto could not resist a military action and, as a result, landed himself in an inextricable situation till another martial law followed like night following the day. Wherever army has been called in aid of civil administration for any reason, it is tempted to take over the government. Bhutto had not learned a lesson from history and was condemned to repeat it. The price included his own life.

Collective consultation on postings and discipline. To build the confidence of the force, I followed my policy of making postings and transfers after collective consultation with the men and officers, as I had done in Dadu and Qurban Lines, Lahore. The right man for the right job, with his heart and soul in it, was the main objective, besides keeping in view the convenience of

the officers and their families. Here I made the addition of collective consultation in matters of discipline and punishment also.

First I laid down the objectives and then emphasized the methodology for achieving them. I explained to them that the methodology had been laid down by the law itself, especially the procedural law. On this, many of them gave me blank looks. I understood their difficulty. The law had been bypassed most conveniently for so many years. For them law meant the order of the boss and the fear of his annoyance. They believed that they must obey all orders, right or wrong, legal or illegal, and save their skin. They would then get security of job, promotions and full authority to have their way. Law, on the other hand, puts limitations on ones authority and that is annoying. Everybody in authority likes to behave like a demi God at his own level, more so like the *thanedar* (Station House Officer) of a police station. Talking about law appeared to them very strange and out of place.

DSP Ch. Mueen believed that my policy would not work and the police force would not respond positively as they had become used to only receiving and obeying orders.

"All right, my orders are to be obeyed," I conceded "but I, while issuing the orders, must follow the law and not my whims. I cannot issue any arbitrary orders. Similarly, all levels of authority below me should follow the legal procedure."

"After Ayub Khan, everybody has followed the personal rule and not the law of the land," Mueen replied. "The Governors, Chief Secretaries, IGPs, DIGs and all other administrators have been following the arbitrary line since long and have been a great success. It adds to their efficiency and performance. If you open the Pandora's box by talking of legal methodology and niceties, the whole system will collapse and you will fail as SSP."

"My personal failure as a careerist is not of much consequence," I said. "Achieving efficiency through wickedness is no matter of pride. We are law enforcer and must follow the law ourselves."

"What will you do, sir, if Mustafa Khar gives you an order that is apparently illegal or borders on illegality?" he asked.

"We will come to that when such an occasion arises," I replied.

I had frequent meetings with the staff during the next few months. When I would give them guidelines for the objectives and introduce the concept of collective consultation even in matters of punishment, it would initially register little with them. However, they picked it up slowly and steadily in about four months. Then they started following my ideas. In fact, they were happy to follow truth and law. That gave them pride and self-respect in their own eyes. The public also gave them better cooperation. I would refer also to the concept of *shura* (consultation) in Islam to add religious sanctity.

The result was that measures for self-correction through peer pressure also started. The fear of command changed to respect for it. They put their heart and soul into their jobs and there were very few occasions when punishment had to be given. There was a substantial reduction in unnecessary writing work, piling up of files, the need for *sifarish* and the unlimited waste of time and energy. Entangling of the subordinates in the vicious and frightening circles of Show Cause Notices and Charge-Sheets ceased and the output increased beyond even my expectation. That is why Mustafa Khar would say to Mahboob Butt, his friend, that "nothing moved in the jurisdiction of Sardar without his knowledge and he must have been a terror." He did not know that I was of a different hue and believed in ensuring effectiveness and efficiency through justice and the collective participation of all officers and men in a democratic spirit. Sheer fear, without guidance and clear-cut objectives, degenerates human beings into robots and takes away their capacity to think and distinguish between right and wrong, which is a gift of Allah to man.

Offer of out of turn promotion. An Assistant Sub-Inspector traced huge stocks of rice, hoarded illegally in Rawalpindi for smuggling to Afghanistan, while Pakistan was then facing serious food shortage. I informed DC Haji Akram. A successful raid was organized under the supervision of DSP Allah Bakhsh and two magistrates, Ashraf Bhatti and Afzal Lone. The stocks were recovered and sealed and action was taken under the law. The President was pleased when he came to know of it through newspapers. He rang up Malik Fateh Khan Bandial, the Commissioner, who gave all the credit to Haji Akram and me. Bhutto ordered that Haji Akram and I be given out of turn

promotions and handsomely rewarded for the splendid performance. Haji Sahib and I, in unison, submitted that the real credit went to the subordinate staff and it were they who should be rewarded and promoted. A letter of appreciation would suffice for us (*enclosed*).. Bhutto gave the two of us the letters of appreciation, personally signed by him, and promoted the junior staff. We both believed that it would be immoral for us to take credit for something done by our subordinates. I have seen officers who build their careers at the cost of their subordinates while they have no personal contribution of their own. They make up for what they lack by being adept at making brilliant, pleasant and convincing presentations.

Bangladeshis in Islamabad. There were a large number of East Pakistanis stationed in Islamabad. Most of them intended to go to Bangladesh after the fall of Dhaka to join their families. Many politicians and bureaucrats proposed that these people should be kept as hostages to ensure the return of POWs. The press too was hostile and was whipping up hatred against them. The International Red Cross was, however, treating the issue of stranded Bangladeshis as a human problem and different from that of POWs.

Bhutto was in a quandary. Worried about many demands of Sh. Mujib, including the division of assets, war reparations and the war trials, he called a high-level meeting to discuss the issue. This time also everybody suggested that the noncombatant Bangladeshi citizens should be kept as pawns for bargaining or there was likely to be a very severe public reaction.

"Pakistan needs support of the entire international community to come out of the tangle," Bhutto finally spoke. "These people are technically Pakistani citizens. Can we detain such a large number of them without inviting the worst possible international criticism. We have to take a moral position and not that of a gun-toting gangster. We have got the territory. Now we can get the POWs only with the international moral pressure." He was quite realistic and convincing while taking the final decision to let them go.

We were ordered to hand over the Bangali families to the International Red Cross during night time and we did our duty religiously. Many of us became sentimental while seeing them off but I did not find a single Bangali being sentimental,

including our former colleagues and friends. They all went with sullen faces, silent but bitter, with their eyes showing extreme hatred and anger.

Police Week at Sihala. Bhutto was very keen to build up the police for internal stability. A Police Week was organized at the Police College, Sihala, in March 1973 to formulate plans. IGP Sahibzada Raoof Ali directed me to make the necessary arrangements. I requested Asghar Khan, SP Cantonment, Lahore, to help in the arrangements. He did a splendid job. By getting the cooperation of PIA and his friends in high places, he converted the Sihala College into a palace of beauty and splendour. Bhutto was very pleased and announced the creation of the Police Foundation by donating Rs 50 million for the welfare of the police.

Bhutto made a policy statement on very important international issues. Wajahat Latif, a friend and a colleague, was sitting next to me. He wondered why Bhutto selected a police institution for that statement. At that very moment, Bhutto, who had not yet finished his speech, said, "Gentlemen, you must be surprised why I am discussing these issues with you. You are the most important institution for the internal stability of the country. I know police has been neglected in the past and, as a result, the whole society is suffering. The strength of a society comes from its stability. You give me peace and stability and I assure you that I shall take Pakistan out of the present international difficulties without conceding anything."

We appreciated the profundity of his thinking and resolved to rise to the occasion. But, alas, everybody interpreted the concept of internal stability according to his own likes and experience. A generation of police officers had grown in an authoritarian environment and believed that coercion was the only panacea for public peace. The rule of law and concepts of justice and equity had become strangers to the administration. The rule of the ruler had become the only dictum.

All rulers, even with the best of intentions, may pass incorrect orders, due to being away and remote, lack of information on background or lack of understanding of the local situation. It is the officer on the spot who is better placed to decide in the light of facts and law, provided he is bold, knowledgeable and is endowed with a deep sense of justice. Most o'

the officers found it safe to follow the old routine instead of taking the risk of administering law with the full participation of decent citizens. Coercive measures are a short cut to immediate and demonstrable results but leave a trail of bitterness behind them.

I was clear in my mind that the real stability comes through the rule of law but many others considered people like me as crazy. Mian Aslam Hayat, a very senior and a noble police officer, followed the rule of law when he was IGP in the home province of Bhutto while people like Masood Mahmood, head of the Federal Security Force, assigned to themselves the coercive actions that were not even in their jurisdiction. Everybody, including politicians in power and officers, acted according to his own mental framework to ensure stability of his own liking.

FSF seeks a role. On a suggestion from Saeed Ahmad Khan, Bhutto had approved the creation of Federal Security Force (FSF), on the lines of federal guards in America and Central Reserve Police in India, so that the army did not have to be called out frequently and was not tempted to impose martial law. FSF was created by a notorious dismissed police officer, Haq Nawaz Tiwana, and was headed ultimately by another infamous police officer, Masood Mahmood.

By now it was ready for use (and misuse) and would create further problems for Bhutto by bypassing the police. The police, no doubt, had not always followed the rule of law because of martial law but it still had something to do with law. The FSF, on the other hand, did not bother about any law and would act above law, assuming the role of a private army of Bhutto. We heard frequently that opponents of Bhutto were beaten up, fired upon and harassed by unknown persons. Mostly the police would get the blame though fingers had started pointing towards the FSF.

Haq Nawaz Tiwana, Director General, wanted the FSF to be deployed on crime duty in Rawalpindi like patrolling but I resisted the demand. I could do without FSF but he was itching for some policing role for his force at least in the federal capital area. Its only legitimate role was to be in riot control in aid of civil power and that too under the command of the local authority.

Haq Nawaz was annoyed by my resistance and complained to Bhutto against me. I had to explain to the President that the Criminal Procedure Code confines the conduct of the police within specified limits. FSF, without any legal restraints, could become an instrument of terror and tyranny against the citizens, to the ultimate unpopularity of the President himself. If FSF could not find a worthwhile role of its own, it had better be absorbed in the provincial police. Bhutto accepted my view for the time being, to the great annoyance of the FSF chief. The FSF had become a vested interest of certain wicked officers and they had to find some role of nuisance if a legitimate one was not available.

A case of conspiracy. The Director, Intelligence Bureau, came to my residence very late one night in 1973. He had learned that some army and air force officers had conspired to assassinate the President and senior military commanders during the Pakistan Day parade at the Rawalpindi Race Course. He brought with him the draft of a First Information Report, that I passed on to S.I. Shabbir Ahmad, SHO, Cantonment police station, for registering a case on his own.

The investigation and prosecution of the case were taken over by the military authorities while the police were required only to arrest the civilians involved in it. Some of them belonged to Hazara district. While making the arrests there, SSP Wajahat Latif found that Tehrik-i-Istiqlal of Air Marshal (Retd) Asghar Khan was a special target. It gave me a bad feeling but separating truth from falsehood in the case was not my responsibility.

Zia-ul-Haq, who was then Lt General, presided over the court proceedings and gave severe punishments to the accused. The satisfied Bhutto later made him the Chief of Army Staff.

Palestinian threat to U.S. ambassador. In early 1973, Mian Anwar Ali, Director, Intelligence Bureau, called a meeting in his office and asked me and Ch. Iftikhar, SP, Special Branch, to come over. It was attended by Ali Asghar, Interior Secretary, Gen. Jilani, Director General, Inter Services Intelligence, representatives of the American Central Intelligence Agency and other relevant officers.

Before Iftikhar and I reached the DIB's office, the meeting had been going on for quite some time. Information had been received that the Palestinian organization, Black September,

planned to abduct the U.S. ambassador in Islamabad. The discussion had been on the measures to deal with the threat.

Mian Anwar Ali asked my opinion the moment I entered his room, presuming that I already had the information. (I didn't.) Then he passed on to me a teleprinter message from our embassy in Yugoslavia, giving the details. I studied the message two or three times, carefully and analytically. It said that the abductors were to meet in a cafe at 4 p.m. that very day in Ankara before proceeding to Pakistan. I made a quick calculation of the time difference between Pakistan and Turkey and found that there were still five hours before the plotters were to meet. I suggested to Mian Sahib that the immediate need was for surveillance in Ankara while there was enough time for necessary measures in Pakistan.

The moment I said that the first point for action was Ankara, CIA's Wolf, with whom I had worked in connection with Henry Kissinger's China visit, suddenly got up from his chair and said, "Sardar had the better of us. Let me first attend to Ankara. Why did I not think of that earlier?"

"Hold on for a minute, please," I said. "The message appears to me to be disinformation to divert attention as it originated with a PLO man. The action might be in some other country."

Wolf said, "Thank you. We do have information about Afghanistan." He rushed out of the meeting.

After he left, I submitted that the first entry point would be Karachi airport and it must be kept under watch. (Islamabad was not an international airport then.) Other border check-posts might also be alerted. As the plotters were not Pakistanis, they could be recognized easily. As far as Rawalpindi and Islamabad were concerned, Iftikhar and I would take adequate security measures but we must be given the latest intelligence on the subject. I made the necessary arrangements about the security of the U.S. ambassador as well as a few important diplomats of other missions who could face a similar threat..

DIB made Ch. Fazl-i-Haq, a senior police officer, incharge of the operations. Ch. Iftikhar and I made comprehensive physical security arrangements but Ch. Fazl-i-Haq did nothing except hold meetings and prepare a fat file of daily orders and deployments. It also contained a list of many alleged

security lapses on part of Ch. Iftikhar and myself that he could use against us in case something went wrong and Ch. Sahib had to save his skin. Everything passed off well in Islamabad but the U.S. ambassador to Thailand was waylaid in Bangkok.

After a short while, Ch. Fazl-i-Haq became IGP Sindh. He was glad when I went to congratulate him on his posting. I could not help asking him why he was so meticulous about the file on abduction threat. He said that he had learned by experience to take such precautions. He advised me to keep the defence always ready in such cases.

He was right to the extent that the senior administrators always keep their subordinates on the defensive to ensure unquestioning obedience though it destroys their initiative and dynamism. But I never followed his "golden" advice. It is always truth, sincerity, integrity, dynamism and deep sense of justice and fairness that can improve the performance of an organization. It will always bring success and good name even if the bosses feel uncomfortable for the time being. Bhutto and Mustafa Khar interfered the least in our work but the shrewd officers like Fazl-i-Haq wove cobwebs of defence due to their own fears.

Security for other embassies. The Black September threat led to unbearable demands on the police strength. Every foreign mission in Islamabad was asking for police guards. Ali Arshad, the Chief of Protocol, Foreign Office, was after me all the time for police. I had visualized the problem and had sent my schemes to the Punjab Government well in time for the sanction of strength, buildings, transport, communications, equipment, arms and ammunition, etc., but they were rejected by the Finance Department, claiming lack of funds. They had not properly considered the gravity of the situation and the consequent police requirements. As about one-fifth of the Rawalpindi district police force was POWs in India, I could not spare even a single constable for guarding embassies.

The Foreign Office had a serious diplomatic crisis on its hands. Ali Arshad would plead, "Please take as much money as you like but give us the police." He even requested Bandial, the Commissioner, who spoke to the Finance Secretary and then the Chief Secretary but to no avail. When Ali Arshad spoke to me again and again and offered money, I was exasperated. I said,

"Please put the pile of money in front of the embassy gates and ask it to provide security. Providing police guards is not that simple. The guards can be raised only as a part of the system over a period of time and the Government has to approve the whole package." The matter ultimately reached the President. He intended to convene a meeting for this purpose. He asked M.H. Soofi, the Cabinet Secretary, to hold a preliminary meeting. I went fully prepared

A/Hameed was staying with me at that time. He was carrying out a research on police mutiny in India, based on the material published in the Indian newspapers. (More about it in the Epilogue.) Before I went to Soofi Sahib's meeting, he gave me a copy of a leading Indian newspaper, *The Statesman,* that carried an article on the security problems of foreign missions in New Delhi. The article pointed out that there were 3500 policemen deployed on guard duty with the embassies while the entire city was at the mercy of the goondas only because even a man of Nehru's vision could not foresee the security problems of the capital of an independent India.

I gave the newspaper article to Soofi Sahib. He read it and got the point. If New Delhi, which had been a seat of government for decades, had a security problem, the situation in Islamabad, still an emerging capital, would be much worse. He said, "You are right." He spoke to Bhutto about our difficulty and also showed him the article.

Bhutto asked Governor Khar to hold the meeting on the subject. Khar came along with the Chief Secretary and the IGP to Rawalpindi and after my briefing approved all my plans there and then. A firm decision at the top level did wonders. We received the approval of the Finance Department and the necessary notifications were issued the very same day, creating Islamabad as a separate police district with all the required strength and resources. It was the same plan that, with some modifications, became the blue print for the present Islamabad police setup, with an IGP as its head.

To meet the security problem within minimum time, I recruited only ex servicemen (retired army personnel) and put them through a 15-day crash training programme. I was able to place very smart and trained guards on duty within three weeks after the sanction of my scheme. IGP Sahibzada Raoof Ali was

extremely pleased when he came for the inspection of the guards. A good administration needs proper thought and planning ahead of time to solve problems when they arise. The rulers should not have just wishes and, if their wishes are not fulfilled, snub the subordinates and use strong language as an alternative.

Crime situation in Rawalpindi. The district police were in small number and was deployed on law and order duties most of the time. Having handled the law and order in my own way, I managed to save some police strength and energy for a concerted attack on crime. I addressed the police at a general parade and gave them the outlines of my policy. The focal point was open-door administration and close contact with the people. The police must ensure the protection of life, property and honour of the people with their cooperation and consultation. Policing was never done in a vacuum. In a democratic system, it was easier to carry the people with you. I told the policemen, "You have been fighting against the political elements under the martial law but now you will be fighting only the criminals."

I held many meetings of the police officers and gave them the guidelines. The district administration, headed by Haji Akram, cooperated with us fully. I constituted area committees in villages and city *muhallas* (wards) to work with the police in the fight against crime. For the same objective, I constituted committees also of lawyers, ulema, labour, students and other special interest groups.

The police needed cooperation everywhere. The market places attracted pick-pockets, purse snatchers and cheats. A village or muhalla may be friction-ridden. A lonely road may be visited by armed dacoits. The banks, financial institutions and large corporations may need physical security. On our initiative, the people everywhere developed closer understanding with the police to prevent and control crime. Even the special interest groups worked with us willingly as it added to their prestige. In the process, they forgot about their usual pastime of agitating on one issue or the other.

In this way, I ensured better peace and order. Public peace is the result of showing respect to law. If a society follows the law or is made to obey it, there will be order. It is never the result of coercion alone. That is why we call it "law *and* order." So I urged the administration, police and decent citizens to work

in unison against the criminals. The results were very encouraging.

I talked to the policemen on other topics also. I convinced them that padding of evidence during investigation of cases, planting of weapons or narcotics on innocent persons and inflating statistics were not the ways to control crime or win respect of the people and the courts. "Let us adopt the truth and face the truth," I told them. "Wickedness is not efficiency."

With such motivation, the policemen started showing their better selves and fighting zealously against the criminals. Murtaza, a notorious goonda of Pandora, had been a terror in the area, having committed 17 murders and scores of dacoities. During an encounter, he fired upon two constables. Both were wounded but they did not lose heart and finally killed him. There was a big procession praising the bravery of the policemen. The people heaved a sigh of relief. An old lady came to my office and offered some flowers, with tears in her eyes. Her only son, a 9th class student, had been murdered three years ago by Murtaza in broad daylight. Many people saw it but nobody dared to be a witness against him. She was grateful that the murder of her son had been avenged. Her visit gave me immense satisfaction.

Three notorious dacoits, who had also committed murders, were killed and two of their accomplices were seriously wounded in another encounter with the police near the Coca-Cola factory. After interrogation of the wounded, we traced 234 dacoities and seven murders by their gang all over the country. They would sometimes commit rape and sodomy during dacoities. Seven murders were the result of that perversion alone. There were many other encounters also. The police were highly motivated and pounced upon the criminals like eagles. The administration and people gave us full cooperation and support in all our actions.

If I had obeyed the orders of the likes of Qayyum Khan, the Interior Minister, to be rough, I would have entangled myself in a fight against the people and there would have been no time and energy to go after the criminals. (The Interior Minister, in any case, cannot give any such orders under the law. All he can do is to formulate a policy for the provinces to implement.)

The government is supposed to work through laws, rules and regulations. It is the law of the land that must prevail, not the

whims of the high-ups. The practice of giving operational commands by a Minister, Chief Minister or Prime Minister is a legacy of the martial law. The officers on the spot must be allowed to have the courage to take decisions. A good government should also have the sense to overlook their occasional errors of judgment. Experience and training will reduce the scope of errors.

When the police is pushed to land itself into quagmires, the situation goes from bad to worse. The unwise attitude of rulers frightens the officers and they stop taking any risks. Ultimately, they lose their ability to take decisions independently and always seek the wishes of the seniors. Harsh action on the orders of superiors will save ones posting or job but will create so much of bitterness among the people that the chief executive will have to pay through his nose. Ultimately, it is the head of the government who has to pay for such blunders. I have seen governments fall because of their eagerness for over-ensurance of compliance with their orders.

Yunas Dakoo. Gen. Tikka Khan often taunted me that Yunas Dakoo was roaming about in his area and was eluding the inefficient Police.

"We shall get hold of him," I would promise.

He once asked me at the airport, "Shall I order the army if you cannot catch him?"

I felt bad the way he was pressing me. "Sir," I replied, "Yunas was given five years of imprisonment in absentia by you as Martial Law Administrator. Why in absentia? Because the martial law regime could not arrest him. Your people have already failed. So let me do this job." I took the challenge immediately after this talk although I felt sorry for being rude to the General.

Yunas had been in the army. He was brave, well-trained and a terror in the hilly area of Kahuta tehsil of Rawalpindi district. He had killed some of his enemies and had committed dacoities. He would not let any construction work be undertaken in his area without charging ransom from the contractor. He had formed a formidable gang. I deployed the police in the area under a DSP and the Kahuta police station was attacked by him that very night. He tried to abduct the son of the SHO from Rawalpindi city but slipped away when a uniformed constable

happened to arrive there just by chance for something else. Nobody was forthcoming with any information about his whereabouts. While our operation was on, he committed seven highway dacoities in one night. This was a further challenge but we were not meeting any success. Even the policemen were afraid of him.

Except one, that is. A constable from his area, Naseer, volunteered to work to get him arrested. Naseer was handsome, young, bold and educated up to Intermediate. He proposed that he should be shown as a deserter in the official records and be suspended. He would then have a valid reason to join Yunas as a gang member. Naseer would thus know his whereabouts and *modus operandi*. I approved his plan.

Naseer joined with Yunas. He informed me about his movements off and on but there was always some time lag. On January 5, 1973, at 11 p.m., Naseer came to my house and informed me that Yunas had shifted to a house in Dhok Charagh in the city. Ch. Mueen-ud-Din was DSP Rawalpindi Cantonment. I called him and gave him the task of raiding Yunas's hideout and arresting him. He surveyed the place at the dead of night and reported back to me. We selected 12 men in plain clothes with Sten guns, tear gas and other equipment for the inner circle and two reserves in uniform for the outer circle, with necessary arms and equipment. Mueen commanded the inner circle and Inspector Band-i-Ali Shah headed the contingent in uniform. I personally commanded the operation on the spot. We surrounded the place with men in plain clothes before daybreak and hid the uniformed men in a brick kiln nearby. The cover was that my men in plain clothes were there to buy buffaloes from some residents.

After the men had taken positions, Mueen sent Naseer inside the house to make it absolutely certain that Yunas was inside at that time. Yunas and Ziaoo, his accomplice, were there. They had noticed some unusual movements of our men and suspected some foul play, as Naseer told us later. Naseer came out on some excuse and Mueen rushed in with two constables. They demanded surrender by Yunas. In response, a grenade came hurtling, followed by several more. Mueen and the constables barely managed to come out. Then firing started from both sides.

Yunas and Ziaoo went on the roof of the house, which had a meter-high protection wall. There they took positions and started firing and throwing grenades in all directions. The policemen took positions around the house and on top of the nearby higher buildings. Naseer got a Chinese rifle from me and joined the fight from a minaret of a nearby mosque. The fierce battle went on for about three hours, with bullets flying all over the place. A large crowd gathered to watch the real life fight between criminals and the police. I had to make arrangements to avoid any harm to them. ASI Ali Akbar and Head Constable Muhammad Amir were seriously wounded by grenade shrapnels and were taken to the district hospital. DC Haji Akram was personally present in the hospital to look after them. A large number of people gathered there to donate blood for the wounded.

The encounter came to a glorious end when both of the criminals were killed. The crowd overwhelmed us with their cheers, slogans and expressions of appreciation. On search, we found the daughter of Yunas hiding in the house. I arranged to send her immediately to her village, accompanied by policewomen for her protection.

I immediately promoted Naseer as ASI. I also promoted both the injured policemen. A leg of Ali Akbar had to be amputated. Gen. Tikka Khan, very happy over our action, arranged an artificial leg for Ali Akbar, imported specially from Germany. It was so good that even now he walks about as if he has his original leg. He is still in service and is a DSP. Ch. Mueen, Malik Ali Akbar, Muhammad Amir and Raja Naseer Ahmad were decorated for bravery. I was vindicated before Gen. Tikka Khan.

Naseer turned out to be a very good officer and rose to be an Inspector. He was serving in Chakwal in 1993, when, along with his four colleagues, he engaged some criminals in a fierce encounter. He was martyred. I was extremely grieved to know about it and went to Kahuta to pay my homage to such a brave officer and condole with his family. Raja Naseer left behind a widowed mother, his widow and four young sons. The Punjab Police are poorer without him.

Non-fiction novel. A/Hameed, who came from Lahore a few days after the encounter with Yunas, was fascinated by the

story. When he pointed out that the encounter should have been filmed, I very much regretted why I had failed to call the television people. A team would have come readily and recorded a splendid real life drama. Of course, I was so busy that it did not occur to me nor did anybody on the spot suggest it..

He decided to delve deeper and gather as much material as he could for writing a book. He visited all relevant places and interviewed everybody who knew anything, including Yunas' family members. After recording about 40 hours of interviews, he concluded that the story had all elements to make a very interesting non-fiction novel. Also everything for a popular commercial feature film.

All these years, he could not have some free time with peace of mind to write the book. Then, he wanted to avoid much drudgery and waste of time by doing the writing and editing on a computer, which became possible for Urdu only recently. Now the way seems to be clear for him.

The politics of public meetings

Air Marshal Asghar Khan, a prominent opposition leader, was to address a public meeting in the Liaquat Bagh, Rawalpindi, on November 24, 1972. We made the usual security arrangements, with a magistrate as incharge. I was with DC Haji Akram in his office when we received information that some people were firing in the air with automatic weapons from the bus-stop side of the venue. Haji Sahib and I rushed to the spot, passing orders on the wireless network that the culprits must be arrested immediately. When we reached Liaquat Bagh, we were informed that they had run away. The audience ran helter skelter but gathered again at the Liaquat Chowk. There they formed a procession and started throwing stones on cars and shops on the way. The procession became peaceful on our arrival and demanded immediate arrest of the miscreants. We promised that.

We checked with DSP City and came to know that Mooda Badmash (Raja Mahmood) had been leading the attack on the public meeting. We ordered his immediate arrest along with his accomplices and went to see the Commissioner. We suspected that the local PPP was at the back of the mischief. Haji Akram talked to Governor Khar on phone and complained against the

local PPP rowdyism. He told him that the act was most reprehensible and clumsy and Bhutto was personally abused for the first time since his assumption of power. The Dy. Commissioner said that, under the circumstances, he would not be responsible for maintaining order when Bhutto would be addressing a public meeting at the same venue a week later. Khar became quite defensive and called a meeting in Lahore. He appreciated the action taken by the administration and decried the local PPP. He was very keen that proper order should be maintained in the public meeting.

We arrested Mooda Badmash and his companions within three days. A local PPP MPA complained to Khar that Rawalpindi Police were "harassing PPP worker Mooda" and that he was "an innocent person." Mooda Badmash, along with his associates, had acted, in fact, to please the MPA to ensure protection from him against police in his nefarious activities.

I received the orders that "the poor man being harassed unnecessarily" should be released. I expressed my inability as the man was wanted in two cases of murder in Jhelum District and seven cases of dacoity in Rawalpindi and Jhelum districts. I sent the Governor a report in writing through the IGP, giving full details of the cases against Mooda. I never received any further orders for his release. The local MPA supporting Mooda also remained quite defensive after that. In due course of time, the man was sentenced to 27 years of rigorous imprisonment. He later died in the Attock jail. If right in the beginning I had wilted under pressure to release Mooda and had not collected all information about his activities, the other criminals of the area would have gone out of control. The PPP high command would have been hoodwinked and the local PPP would have found it easy to use criminal elements.

The criminals try to help politicians or influential people in their hour of need, or at least create that impression, and then blackmail them for life and even suck them into their own criminal activities. Some otherwise very decent people become hostage to their wickedness and find themselves promoting criminality. I would never let the criminals have better of me and dealt sternly with them one after the other with the help of the cooperative people and politicians. The unwitting protectors

would themselves distance away from such elements when full information was provided to them.

The police should be able to tum the strength of the criminal against him instead of being overawed by him. The criminal must be isolated intelligently from all his unwitting helpers. When isolated, he will lose heart and would be crushed easily if he becomes desperate. If the criminals are kept under tight control, even the political, student, sectarian and labour problems can be dealt with easily. The other agitations also seldom become intense and violent as it is the criminals who take this cover for their black deeds. So, one key to good law and order is effective crime control. Any police officer, who neglects this aspect of his duties, is doomed in other spheres also.

Roaring crowd makes Bhutto speechless. A mammoth public meeting was held at the Liaquat Bagh in the afternoon of December 1, 1972, the closing day of the PPP convention. Bhutto was the main speaker. Important PPP leaders, including Mustafa Khar, were there, sitting on the ground instead of the stage. The ground was jam-packed. The people were on the surrounding roads also. Bhutto made a thrilling speech and held the crowd spellbound with his oratory. Then he tried to get its support for the recognition of Bangladesh by saying that the people of Frontier, Balochistan and Sindh had already allowed him to recognize the new state. Moreover, it was one of India's conditions for releasing POWs. He said, "Now I have come to you. Allow me to recognize Bangladesh."

To his utter surprise, the crowd in unison roared "*Na-manzoor*" and went on chanting, "*Na-manzoor, Na-manzoor*" (No! No!). Flabbergasted, he tried to play to the emotions of the crowd, which mainly consisted of his own party, by saying, "Then you will have to bring in a new government." The crowd roared, "Yes! We will bring in a new government." Unnerved, Bhutto became speechless for a minute or so. The slogans against the recognition became louder. Some opposition elements, especially the students led by Sh. Rashid Ahmad, President, Gordon College Students Union, took advantage of the ensuing confusion and started advancing menacingly towards the stage.

While the police were trying to control the situation, there was rapid firing with automatic weapons from one side of the

stage. The crowd got scared and started dispersing helter skelter. I got worried about the security of the President and put all the bodyguards around him for his protection. DSP Ch. Mueen stood like a rock in front of Bhutto. The left wing of the meeting was more disturbed as it was nearer to one of the gates and the crowd was rushing towards it. From the stage I directed the police to pacify and control the crowd which it did within five minutes. However, Iftikhar Ahmad Tari, a Punjab minister, and his associates continued to fire some rounds in the air from near the stage. Bhutto resumed his speech but finished it quickly without mentioning the recognition issue again. I escorted him to the Presidency by an alternative route.

On reaching the Presidency, I saluted Bhutto and expressed my apologies for the inconvenience caused to him. He gave me a smiling look and said, "Don't be silly. It was not your doing. The issue was politically emotional. That's all right. It was a part of politics." Then he walked in.

Looking for a scapegoat. The moment I returned to my jeep, I received orders on wireless to reach immediately the Governor's Annexe the Punjab House, Rawalpindi. I came to know on wireless that the crowd had indulged in violence by stoning the passing vehicles and burning some of them near the Liaquat Bagh Chowk. I ordered the police on wireless to chase the miscreants and control the situation with firmness and tact.

In the Governor's Annexe in the Punjab House, a provincial cabinet meeting had been convened to take stock of the situation, with Governor Mustafa Khar in the chair. The whole administrative hierarchy from Chief Secretary downwards was present. Saeed Ahmad Khan, the Chief Security Officer to the President, was also there. Instead of analyzing the situation, they were trying to find a scapegoat.

Malik Meraj Khalid, the Chief Minister, and other ministers, including Iftikhar Tari, the literally firing politician, were condemning the police for their failure to protect President Bhutto. The IGP, the Commissioner, Rawalpindi, and Mian Aslam Hayat, DIG, Special Branch, tried to defend the administration but the cabinet was furious. They did not realize that it was a highly explosive issue and people really did not want to accept the recognition of Bangladesh. It was tactically wrong for Bhutto also to expect people to concede to it in a public meeting.

It appeared that they were all afraid of Bhutto while Bhutto himself had the correct appreciation of the situation when he had spoken to me a few minutes earlier.

Suddenly, Saeed Ahmad Khan spoke the final word from the administration side by saying that the police had failed to provide protection to the President and all explanations were only lame excuses. At this, Mustafa Khar asked, "All right, who is responsible for the security of the President: SSP or DIG?" DIG Obaid-ur-Rahman did not speak.

I thought it was now my turn to speak and I said, "The responsibility is that of the SSP and of nobody below or above." Suddenly there was silence. I added, "I took all possible measures for the security of the President and he is safe in the Presidency where I have taken him personally. The issue was of great importance and the people just expressed their disapproval." Looking towards Iftikhar Tari, I said, "As far as firing is concerned, I know the culprits. If you want, I shall arrest them right now." In conclusion, I said, "Even then if somebody feels that the police have failed, then it was the failure of the SSP alone." There was complete silence. After a long pause, I was asked to leave the meeting.

I went out to Kotwali police station, where I had called a meeting of my officers to take stock of the situation. We pooled our information and prepared a list of the activists who had disturbed the public meeting and later indulged in hooliganism and violence. Sh. Rashid and other students had to be in the list. The cases under the appropriate provisions of law were registered and some of the accused were also arrested.

I came to know from the IGP later that Mustafa Khar thought I was straight forward and had spoken the truth in the cabinet meeting. After initial annoyance, he appreciated my approach. No harm came to me. In fact, Khar later always showed great respect to my views.

Offers of wisdom and weapons. Saeed Ahmad Khan came to my office the next day and spent two hours urging me to pass the blame to my DSP instead of taking it on myself.

I told him, "I shall never do that as the DSP was not at fault. In fact, nobody was at fault."

"You are inexperienced and are being childish," he said. "We will save the DSP also later on."

"But why to take a wrong position at all?" I asked.

"Because it is wise," he replied.

I did not buy his wisdom and he left disappointed. I was surprised on falsehood being described as wisdom.

Mustafa Khar checked with me after five or six days on the arrest tally and the state of law and order. I told him that all the accused had been arrested and there was peace in Rawalpindi. He was satisfied.

After about a week or so, Sardar Wakil Khan sent an officer from the Crime Branch with Sten guns to be planted on the arrested students. The officer, with the weapons, approached DSP CIA Malik Waris, who informed me in tum. I told him to forget about the weapons and finalize the investigation on facts. The students, including Sh. Rashid, believed that they would be entangled definitely in false cases but, to their utter surprise, they were charged with only for what they had actually done. Neither any arrest was made in any other case nor the planting of weapons took place. They were released on bail by the Sessions Judge.

At this stage I was advised by my own DIG and the Commissioner to keep the students in custody on some other charges but I did not oblige them. It were Saeed Ahmad, Wakil Khan and other bureaucrats, who urged me to do something wrong but Bhutto or Mustafa Khar never asked me directly to do anything like that. I continued to hold my prestigious post and enjoyed their full confidence. I think the "shrewd and wise" officers employ such undesirable tactics to save their own positions. Due to their neurotic fears, and gnawing anxiety and insecurity they find themselves unable to face the truth and say the truth. In this very case, the poor DIG, otherwise a very honest officer, asked me, "What will we say if we are asked about the students?" "Our reply should be that they were released on bail by the court," I said instantly. He was just nervous because of the fear of the unknown question. But the question was never asked.

A posting of authority becomes important in an authoritarian social environment. It is taken to enjoy the perks of authority but the responsibility aspect of service to the people is forgotten. This mindset looks only towards the boss and his likely approval or disapproval. The trampling of law and rule of law in the late 1950s destroyed the moral fiber of the society but more so of those who later tried to cling to power at any cost.

Liaquat Bagh Firing Case. In the third week of March 1973, it was in the air that armed workers would be present in the public meeting of the National Awami Party (NAP) and Jama'at-i-Islami (JI) at Liaquat Bagh on the Pakistan Day. We also received official reports in this regard. It sounded implausible that they should come armed to disturb their own public meeting. So, there must be something else. Then came reports that armed PPP workers were also coming to the same public meeting. DC Haji Akram and I were worried that there might be a clash. A day before the meeting, Maulana Fateh Muhammad and Fakhar-ud-Din Butt, of Jama'at-i-Islami, came to see me at my residence. They had reports that PPP men were camping in the Ayub Park in large numbers and had come to disturb the public meeting. I sent DSP Ch. Mueen to Ayub Park but he did not find anybody there. I was satisfied that the reports were just rumours.

The next day the NAP-JI crowds started arriving from NWFP and the Punjab. Some of them were armed with their licensed weapons. We had deployed the maximum police and magistrates with teargas, etc., to control the situation. By midday, we received information that large convoys of PPP crowds were coming from the Punjab and some of them were armed as well. That was very disturbing news. Commissioner F.K. Bandial, DIG Obaid-ur-Rahman, DC Haji Akram and I rushed to the police control room to take stock of the situation. We sent police force to Rawat, the entry point to Rawalpindi, to stop the incoming buses with the PPP workers. Some of them were without PPP flags or identity and were thus able to hoodwink the police.

The crowds were converging towards Liaquat Bagh from all sides. It was not possible to distinguish as to which party a person belonged unless he carried some distinct mark of his party. Haji Akram and I went to Liaquat Bagh, met the organizers and checked the security arrangements. Additional Deputy Commissioner (General) and Additional Superintendent of Police were made incharge of arrangements on the ground. We instructed the police to take all measures to control the situation if there was any trouble. The NAP volunteers wore red caps and carried small rounded-off sticks in their hands. The Jama'at-i-Islami volunteers also appeared quite active. The PPP men were not specifically recognizable except that there were a large number of Punjabis in the meeting besides the Pathans. Ethnicity

could not be made the yardstick, especially when the public meeting was being held in Rawalpindi, a Punjab city.

Haji Akram and I came back to the control room to check on the convoys from the Punjab. The Police stopped most of them but many raised hue and cry that they were JI and NAP workers and wanted to join the public meeting. The police were being accused of being "anti-democratic" and "playing in the hands of the PPP government" while the police suspected them to be PPP zealots. We gave orders on wireless that the convoys must be stopped outside the city for maximum possible time.

In the meantime, the reports of trouble in and around Liaquat Bagh started pouring in. Some of the buses coming from outside the city were attacked by NAP workers. A bus arrived from Mandi Bahauddin and the passengers were attacked while they were coming out of it. Five of them died on the spot and many more were injured with sticks. Immediately after that, firing started from various spots in the meeting. It was becoming free for all. DC ordered that maximum use of tear gas should be made to disengage the parties. The people started running away out of fear.

Then we received information that some of the miscreants were firing directly towards the police and the magistrates. The police wanted to fire back in self-defence but Haji Akram did not approve of their request while I was worried about their safety. DIG asked Haji Akram to allow them to fire back according to the situation, as the law provided. He did not agree to it as he thought they could go haywire in panic after his approval. As far as self-defence was concerned, they did not need his approval. I thought he was right or there would have been more casualties.

The crowd was very large and the number of police were very small. Yet the police were able to disengage them with lathi-charge and tear-gas alone, without opening fire. It was a serious situation, with 11 dead (9 PPP, one student, one passerby) and a large number of persons seriously injured. Hundreds of them were arrested for rioting. The arrested persons were from all parties, including PPP. My officers told me that most of the arrested persons had, in fact, taken refuge with the police for their safety in that free-for-all situation.

DSP City told me that he saw some FSF (Federal Security Force) men in plain clothes and suspected their involvement also.

I was already wondering why the ruling party should create trouble for its own government. On the FSF involvement, I was really shocked.

"Have you arrested any one of them," I asked.

"No, sir," he replied. "I saw the faces of some of them when trouble was on and later they disappeared." No hard evidence was available but everything pointed to the involvement of FSF.

We registered a case from the police side and not from any party. The middle leadership of the PPP, like Dr Ghulam Husain, was very angry with us. They thought that we had not taken effective action against the JI and NAP and that was why PPP suffered a big loss in life and property. (A number of their buses had been burnt.) They were very angry that we had not protected them. They tried to put the district administration on the defensive but Haji Akram took a very strong position. He and I believed that PPP crowd had no reason for coming to the public meeting of NAP and JI except with a premeditated mischief in their mind. "Why should JI or NAP spoil their own public meeting," he angrily asked.

In the meantime, Wali Khan, Ajmal Khattak and other NAP leaders, who had immediately rushed back to Peshawar, made the incident a Pathan-Punjabi issue. In fact, Ajmal Khattak left for Afghanistan as a protest. Ch. Manzoor Ahmad, a close friend, who was SSP Peshawar, told me that there was widespread resentment in NWFP. Sher Muhammad Lundkhawar, my class-fellow and friend, came from Mardan and was very upset on the ethnic dimension of the incident. Qayyum Khan, the Interior Minister, who also controlled FSF, had his own views and was very happy for the thrashing to NAP. To me it looked as sheer madness with serious implications and immediate remedial measures were needed rather than exploiting the incident for petty political objectives.

Jama'at-i-Islami's Maulana Fateh Muhammad and Qazi Husain Ahmad (who later became the national Amir of the Jama'at) came to see me. They wanted to see the detainees and also provide them food and clothing. All police station buildings were full and we had no resources to feed them. So, I was grateful for their help and allowed them to go around to see the detainees. I also allowed the relatives of the detainees to see them. I went

round to every police station myself to see that they were in comfort. Then came Friday and I allowed them to go to mosques for prayers without any police escorts. All of them came back without exception. I did this not only out of my moral convictions but also to counteract the poisonous propaganda in NWFP that the Pathan detainees were being maltreated and beaten. This was my humble effort on my level.

I briefed Bandial, Commissioner Rawalpindi, on the ethnic implications of the issue. He was quite disturbed. He talked to Bhutto on phone and suggested that the detainees should be released on bail. Bhutto agreed readily and we made a quick job of it. All of them were released and the anti-Punjab propaganda evaporated immediately.

On my transfer from Rawalpindi, Jama'at-i-Islami gave me a send-off lunch and Qazi Husain Ahmad specially came from Peshawar to attend it. He paid me an exaggerated tribute by saying that I had saved the country from disintegration by treating the detainees decently.

Qayyum Khan, however, was very annoyed with Rawalpindi administration, especially Bandial, when he came to know from Bhutto of our handling of the incident. He was furious that a golden opportunity to crush NAP had been lost. We learnt later that it was Qayyum Khan who had misled him by quoting his "achievement" as the Chief Minister of NWFP by firing ruthlessly at Bhabra after which Congress (NAP) lost its strength. Such believers in violence and highhandedness pushed Bhutto into a political quagmire out of which he could never extricate himself and ultimately paved way for another martial law.

Thoughtless and unjustified use of force is a great temptation for any ruler and gives him the satisfaction of having exercised power but ultimately brings only tears. Only bold and wise rulers can resist the temptation and exercise restraint. In my experience, most of our rulers got fascinated by their authority and liked to use it to show off that they were really in power. Most of them lacked that rare commodity called self-confidence. They never see the pitfalls of power.

The battle for hearts and souls

In the first week of September 1973 I left Rawalpindi by road on a private visit. It was evening by the time I reached Lahore. The city seemed under siege as I saw large posses of police at every road crossing. Before I reached the house of my in-laws, there had already been several phone calls from the IGP and an urgent message to see him the moment I arrived. So I rushed to his residence and found him waiting for me.

"Have you seen the police deployed on the road crossings," he asked me.

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"How did you like this?"

"I did not like this at all. It is irritating and a waste of manpower." It was very poor policing if constables had to be placed at every crossing except in an emergency. It simply meant that the system had broken down.

He was not pleased with my comment. I did not know that it had been done on *his* personal orders! I also did not know that he was thinking of posting me as Senior Superintendent of Police, Lahore. The crime situation had grown out of control and there were frequent daring day-time dacoities in the city. The

heavy deployment and visible presence of police were undertaken to restore the public faith in its efficiency. Despite my open opposition to IGP's approach, however, he posted me as SSP Lahore a few days later.

On my transfer from Rawalpindi, I was given send-off lunches and dinners by Jama'at-i-Islami, journalists, Rawalpindi District Bar Association, Chamber of Commerce and Industry the student and labour organizations. There were many other invitations that I had to decline due to lack of time. DSP Malik Waris was upset on my attending the functions hosted by opposition organizations as it might annoy Khar or Bhutto. I told him not to worry as I was SSP for everybody, not just for the ruling party. Mustafa Khar or Bhutto never bothered about this although I was taken in a big procession up to the border of the Rawalpindi district by these very organizations. It is the neurotic fear of public servants like Waris and his ilk that deflects one from the right path.

The harassed opposition. Soon after my taking over as SSP Lahore, I received emissaries from Nawabzada Nasrulla Khan and Maulana Maudoodi, simultaneously and separately, requesting me to save their workers from the excesses of PPP goondas, who were practically running the police stations of the city. They did not ask for any favour but wanted me only to ensure impartiality of the police and fair treatment, as I had done in Rawalpindi. I assured them that it was my duty to take action against law-breakers without caring about their political affiliations.

They considered it a routine assurance but I had really resolved to take firm action against criminal elements. I had served in Lahore as Assistant SP and Additional SP earlier and knew about crime and criminals of the city. So, based on my personal knowledge, I started taking firm action against the known rogues. My officers sometimes came to me to whisper confidentially about the political connections of some of the criminals. But my directions to them were that all action was to be taken only on the basis of facts and merit.

I held frequent meetings and urged the officers to eliminate the dangerous criminals as a national duty. The force was motivated to fight the criminals boldly and there were many encounters in which several gallant police officers lost their lives.

The criminals were demoralized within only two months. I was never directed by Governor Khar to spare any of them.

I met Maulana Maudoodi about three months later and asked if he had any complaints against the toughs under PPP patronage.

"There are no more such complaints," he replied. "How did you do it? I understand that you had also controlled the goondas in Rawalpindi."

"I just follow the law," I told him.

He was incredulous. "Did nobody ever interfere with you?"

"No, nobody interfered with me neither I asked anybody for instructions. I just follow the law." He was visibly surprised.

"Well, I believe you" he conceded "as there are no goondas ruling from the police stations any more although everybody says that Khar patronizes them."

As I did in Rawalpindi, I continued to follow my policy to associate the community at various levels in combating crime. I encouraged the SHOs, DSPs and SPs to convene meetings of various public groups and urge them to come forward and cooperate in the fight against crime. Various sections of the society were responding positively. I brought the police and public closer to each other for a common cause. More details of this approach will be discussed in the following chapter while dealing with the arrangements for the Islamic Summit in Lahore.

Changing people's thinking about police. Lahore appeared to be very bitter against the Government because of the rough handling of the recent agitation of the United Democratic Front. The police had become a symbol of tyranny and injustice. I could read the intense hatred from the faces of the people. It seemed the citizens were spitting fire and fury. My friend, Sh. Izhar-ul-Haq, believed that the worst had already happened. There were widely known stories about the murder of Khwaja Rafique, a Muslim League leader, in the previous year and maltreatment in the most shameful and degrading manner to Mian Tufail Muhammad, of Jama'at-i-Islami, and Malik Muhammad Qasim, of Muslim League, while they were in police custody.

It was my duty to restore the faith of the citizens in the criminal justice machinery. Pervez Masud, my class fellow in

Government College and later to become the Chief Secretary of the Punjab, was the Deputy Commissioner. I discussed the situation with him and urged the building up of an administrative team effort to reach the hearts and souls of the people and to defuse their bitterness. "Let us try to carry the people with us on our mission against the criminals instead of trying to control them by suppressive measures," I said in my first meeting with him. He fully agreed with me and, on my request, called a meeting of the police and the magistracy.

I addressed the meeting, explaining my concept of carrying the people with us or "community policing." The magistrates endorsed my views and assured me of their full cooperation. We resolved to be tough with the criminals and soft with the political, student, labour and other groups, who came out on the streets to express their disapproval on some matters and put forth their demands. Dialogue and not danda would be our approach for them. But the hardened criminals were not allowed bail and the magisterial inquiries were prompt. We ensured that service of summons, warrants and other court processes was stepped up. We improved the criminal justice machinery in cohesion instead of pulling it to cross purposes, which is the usual practice in the constant cold war between the police and the magistracy.

Having initiated harmonious working the between the police and magistracy, Pervez Masud and I teamed up with the District and Sessions Judge to sort out many matters of mutual concern to add speed and efficiency to the dispensation of criminal justice. We also met the Chief Justice of the Lahore High Court, Mr Justice Sardar Muhammad Iqbal, who had been one of my teachers in the Law College. He was worried about some suspicious happenings at the residence of a High Court Judge, Mr Justice Muhammad Afzal Zulla, who later became the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. I went and saw Mr Justice Zulla at his official residence. He showed me some empties of bullets and a pencil left in the hedge of his house by some miscreants. It was obviously an attempt to scare the judge who had released certain political detenues. The inference was obvious. I put a guard on his house and gave the matter for investigation to the Central Intelligence Agency. But nobody from the side of the government interfered with me on the point. The Chief Justice

was very pleased and extended full co-operation in our fight against crime. A crack-down on the dangerous criminals was thus initiated at all levels.

Dealing with labour leaders. The first labour agitation I had to face was after only a few days of my taking over as SSP. The workers in Kot Lakhpat area factories, who were up in arms against the industrialists as well as the government, came out and blocked the road. I went there along with the DC Lahore. In the meantime, Mukhtar Awan, Labour Minister, also arrived. He started negotiations with Abdur Rahman and Tariq Latif, the two prominent local labour leaders. They would not listen to him and instead held him hostage in a *baithak* (poor man's drawing room).

There appeared to be no alternative to using force against them to rescue the minister but I was reluctant. I asked the DC to let me make the last effort for a peaceful solution. I started addressing the labour. After a few minutes they were on my wave length. I declared acceptance of their legitimate demands and they started dispersing. More than half of the workers had already dispersed before the word reached the labour leaders, who were quite smug with holding the minister as hostage. Once they found that their back was almost naked, they were quite willing to listen to us. They released the minister immediately on the promise that further talks would be held the following day.

I invited the labour leaders for a lunch meeting on the following day. We discussed their problems for two more days. The major problem turned out to be in my own backyard, so to speak. They complained bitterly against the humiliating conduct of the police with labour. I was horrified when they told me that some time back Ch. Muhammad Sadiq, DSP, CIA, gave severe beating to a labour leader and also urinated in his mouth. I talked to the DSP but he was quite proud of his stupid act and thought that it was "the only way to keep these devils in line." He had no idea that human beings could be handled effectively in other and better ways. Perhaps lack of education was also a factor. (DSP was just a matriculate.)

Later on, I used to invite the same labour leaders to lunch or dinner meetings and would discuss various problems with them for hours. To show him the other side, Ch. Sadiq was also required to participate. Soon we ran out of labour problems. The

labour leaders, meanwhile, became our close friends. With peace in their ranks, they even helped us move on to another front. They joined us in fighting crime and criminals and worked day and night to collect useful information.

Some of the hardened criminals turned out to have been employed by the factory managements to save themselves from the wrath of the labour.

"Are you so dangerous that the industrialists have to employ toughs to save themselves from you?" I once asked Tariq Latif.

"Yes, till you made us useless by your decent treatment!" he replied. "Earlier we used to be so bitter and angry that we wanted to destroy the employers as well as the police. Now we want the industrialists to prosper and give us more bonuses and the police to catch thieves, not us."

One day soon after, DSP Ch. Sadiq confessed to me, "Sir, all these devils are really behaving now. I was mistaken. They have helped me in tracing 11 gangs of desperate criminals. One of the gangs was headed by a labour activist and Tariq Latif has helped me to trace him although he belongs to his own group."

"Now you know what it means to have faith in the goodness of human beings," I told him. I was happy on the success of the experiment and that a hardened policeman like Ch. Sadiq could unlearn some unsavory lessons so soon.

Ch. Anwar Zahoor, Yusuf Sabir, Malik Siddique, Ch. Manzoor and Taus Khan were the main labour leaders in the transport sector. Ch. Anwar Zahoor became so close to me due to his honourable conduct that he is now like a brother to me. He was and still is the President of the All Pakistan Transport Employees Association. He graduated from Islamia College, Lahore. He loves Iqbal's poetry and is very enlightened and humane. Yusuf Sabir was the President of the Rickshaw Taxi Union. Ch. Manzoor represented the Goods Carriers Association. Taus Khan was the President of the Tanga Union. They formed a corps of volunteers to keep discipline on the roads in their respective fields. They delivered lectures on road safety and traffic sense to their own colleagues, in collaboration with the traffic police staff. They resolved to maintain discipline and smooth traffic flow in their own interest as they realized that the transport workers themselves were more exposed to the hazards

on the roads than anybody else. They undertook to persuade the encroachers and squatters to clear the roads for the road-users. The public opinion was thus mobilized against encroachments also. The results were phenomenal. The traffic staff felt very relieved. They also realized that carrying the people with them brought better results.

Dealing with student leaders. The students are the most sensitive and explosive sector of our society. The most difficult and delicate law and order situations are created by students and can bring any government to its knees. That is why I always maintained friendly relations with students. In Lahore the students had been given a raw deal during the UDF movement. I got released those who were still in jail and encouraged them to approach me directly whenever they had any problem. My dealings with the Rawalpindi students also helped me as my reputation of giving respect to students and dealing with matters on merit had already reached Lahore.

Students from all institutions and shades of opinion would be seen often in my office. Even students with opposing political affiliations would meet in my office in pleasant circumstances. Farid Piracha and Raja Munawwar, of Jama'at-i-Islami, Nazim Shah and Mahboob Butt, of PPP, and Hafeez Khan, of Tehrik-i-Istiqlal, would be in my office at the same time, sorting out issues of mutual interest in complete harmony. I wanted to show that I treated all of them even-handedly. I wanted them to come with full faith in me for solving their problems instead of resorting to agitation.

They also became friendly with my other officers and some friendships of that period continued. DSPs Ch. Sultan Mahmood and Mushtaq Bukhari were very popular among the students. Mushtaq Bukhari was a poet of great merit and would regale us with beautiful verses. (Both officers retired as SPs.) SP City Ch. Abdul Ghafoor, an old man, became a kind of father figure to students. He would arrange delectable food for them as he knew which area of Lahore had the best quality of a food item.

Soon there was no more trouble with the students and no new problems whatsoever. However, I was being blamed by the police officers of old vintage for pampering them. They thought that the best way to keep peace was forceful suppression like Halaku Khan, a legendary Mongol ruler known for his extreme

ruthlessness. (An officer of this class was actually widely known in the Lahore police as Halaku Khan!) They could not understand that the students were our future and they must be allowed to blossom like flowers.

The only time we had to detain a dozen or so students was when Bangladesh was recognized on the occasion of the Islamic Summit. The token protest by the students and their detention was in the best interest of the nation. If the recognition of a new reality was inevitable to get over the tangled problems, including the release of the POWs, the protest was also essential to indicate disapproval of the manner in which Indian aggression and Pakistani stupidity created that reality. The arrested students were released after only three days without creating any bitter feelings towards the police. In fact, we had created such a profound mutual understanding that they informed me in advance about the protest and were willing detenues.

The only remaining conflict was between the students and the transporters. The transporters, especially the bus and wagon drivers, were fed up with the students travelling free as had been allowed thoughtlessly by Bhutto. There were many bloody fights between the two sides. It often led to law and order problems.

I arranged a series of meetings between the student unions and the transport associations in my office. Initially the meetings were rowdy but ultimately became conciliatory and realistic. Some students tried to impress the drivers with their English but were shocked when they got replies in much better English! It turned out that many of the wagon drivers were former college students. I built on that commonalty, suggesting to the students that some of them might go into that profession. The students came down from the dizzying heights of their ivory towers and started becoming friendly with the transporters. Dignity of labour was recognized by the students as well as the police and the problem was reduced to its minimum in due course.

POWs come home. The recognition of Bangladesh during the Islamic Summit made the release and return of POWs possible. By that time India had become an international pariah for detaining them for such a long time as hostages for pressure and blackmail. They were also a great financial burden. India was, therefore, in search of a face-saver that was provided by the recognition.

We made arrangements to receive the returning POWs at Wahga border. It was an unhappy and humiliating moment but we were also happy that they were returning to their homeland and their families. Among them was Brig. Qadir, who on February 14, 1969, had raised so much fuss after Fateh Khan Bandial, as the District Magistrate of Lahore, had allowed a procession of the Democratic Action Committee (an opposition alliance) to proceed up to the Assembly chambers against his advice. Brig. Qadir had accused Bandial of "humiliating the army" by asking it to withdraw. Bandial had taken the position that it was not a retreat before the enemy but a tactical withdrawal to accommodate the point of view of our own citizens.

While receiving the same Brig. Qadir, I was reminded of the humiliation of his surrender before a real enemy and the ignominy of being held as a POW. Where was the honour that had been allegedly damaged by Bandial's action? I wanted to remind him of the incident and ask him whether our own people in East Pakistan should have been treated by the army just like the real enemy. Also whether it would not have been better to reconcile with them than to suffer the biggest military defeat in modern Muslim history. But I held back as I did not had the heart to add to the pain that he was already suffering.

In those days I happened to meet again Gen. Tikka Khan, now the Chief of Army Staff, and reminded him of our discussions about East Pakistan when he was the Martial Law Administrator in Lahore. He still believed that he had overcome the problem successfully and it was Gen. Niazi who bungled up everything. He did not even remember his orders for direct firing into the Dhaka University.

Rehabilitating the police POWs. There were a large number of policemen among the returning POWs. They were received at Wahga by a committee of senior police officers, constituted by the IGP. However, as SSP Lahore, I would invariably be there. I talked in detail to most police POWs of Lahore District. They were in a much more defiant mood against their enslavers than I expected. They had been humiliated and tortured by Indians during detention and they carried scars of extreme bitterness. They missed their families the most. They complained against the International Red Cross for delays in the delivery of their letters and parcels. There were other complaints.

Under the Geneva Convention, the policemen were not treated as combatants and suffered from an acute sense of deprivation in comparison to the army jawans and officers. The policemen got only Rs 10 per month while the army men got much more and enjoyed better comforts. Small things got magnified in captivity. There were many fights among themselves because of the tensions of detention. Many of them turned towards religion and absorbed themselves in prayers and recitation of the Holy Quran. These policemen now needed consolation, comfort and understanding for their rehabilitation. They would have to be helped to overcome their distress and frustrations.

Inspector Ch. Abdul Hameed, of Lahore district, had a particularly harrowing experience. He was the Reserve Inspector in the Dhaka Police Lines at the time of surrender. (He was a very good volleyball player and for that reason I had been personally very fond of him.) While the Indian army was advancing rapidly, the Mukti Bahini surrounded the Dhaka Police Lines, where the West Pakistani policemen had gathered. After Dhaka fell, the Police Lines was pillaged and everything was looted. Not a grain or eatable was left. They spared the policemen, huddled on one side, out of their own fears. In that hostile and fearsome situation, not a morsel was available to any one of them for three to four days. Some of the men started losing their minds and some would faint. Something had to be done to save their lives.

Inspector Hameed gathered some Punjabi constables and officers, who had been serving there for long and were fluent in Bengali, and proceeded on foot early in the morning to get help from the cantonment. There was a danger of instant death if anybody recognized them as Punjabis but luckily they made it. Although the cantonment was now under occupation of the Indian army, most of the administration and logistics were still being run by Pakistani officers. He went to the supplies wing and narrated the situation in the Police Lines but nobody was prepared to listen to him. He approached the highest level on the supply side but they told him that the police were not entitled under the rules and no supplies could and would be given to them. He saw meticulous preparations with detailed inventories being made for handing over everything to the Indians. They were cleaning and arranging the stocks studiously so that the Indians should not

have a poor impression of them. They, however, had no feelings for the hungry and dying policemen of their own country.

Hameed and his accompanying men, in sheer desperation, raised a hue and cry and started protesting in a foul language. They were being beaten for their unruly behaviour when a contingent of the Indian army arrived, under the command of a Punjabi Sikh, Maj. Bajwa. Indians thought that some Mukti Bahini soldiers had attacked the Pakistan army and they rushed to intervene. On their arrival the beating ceased. The policemen brought the situation to the notice of Maj. Bajwa. On the instructions of the Indian officer, the same supply wing immediately handed over flour, pulses and other dry rations to the policemen. The Sikh Major gave them a truck of his own contingent and personally escorted Hameed in his own jeep to the Police Lines. As it was already late evening, he promised to make adequate and permanent arrangements from the next day.

On reaching the Lines, they faced another problem. There were no cooking utensils and no fuel as that had also been taken away by the Mukti Bahini. They tore away some wooden windows and made the fire. The leaky and dirty steel boxes of the constabulary were used for cooking the pulses. That was how they came out of the ordeal and saved their men from dying.

Hameed was very bitter while narrating the incident. He and others like him had to be taken out of that state of mind. They had to be accommodated through various means, including postings of their choice. I asked L.R. Niblett, my Additional SP, to arrange their postings according to their satisfaction and grant them leave liberally if they asked for it.

"Why so much delay?" I asked him, when I came to know that Niblett had not decided anything for a whole week.

"They are totally spoiled, sir," he explained. "They have no discipline. Everyone of them wants to go to a rural police station. According to the standing order, the turn for a rural police station comes after 12 years."

"But you must accommodate their wish as far as possible in every matter," I instructed him very emphatically.

"Sir, they are absolutely rotten," he moaned. "They are also asking for long leave. Most of them are not entitled for leave as they have not earned it under the rules."

That was the last straw. Extremely pained by his inhuman and bureaucratic approach, I said, "Mr Niblett, which rule prescribes that they will remain in Indian jails for doing their official duty? It is a very special situation. They have suffered a great deal. We must try to rehabilitate them in every way. We owe this to them. The nation owes this to them. Let us accommodate them so that they are able to forget their miseries at the earliest."

"In that case the rules may be got changed or relaxed first." He was not coming out of his fixation.

"It will take some time," I said. "I shall get *post facto* permission. Let us do whatever is needed in time to avoid further frustration." Despite my great emphasis on urgency of the situation, he was still hesitant. He was afraid that going beyond the rules could be held against him afterwards and he might be in trouble. Over-regulation in public service kills dynamism and initiative and creates fears and phobias. It doesn't take long before one loses all human considerations and becomes just a robot.

I thought it was beyond Niblett to do what I wanted. So, I took things in my own hand immediately. I gathered all police POWs of the district (700-800) in the grounds of the Police Lines, along with my staff, including Niblett, Maj. Zaheer, SP under training, and some of the ASPs under training. I addressed the former POWs briefly, eulogizing their services to the country and their dedication and devotion to their noble profession. I offered them free choice in choosing places for their posting to suit their needs and circumstances. They could indicate their choice to the staff present on the spot. I also gave them the option to proceed on long leave, whether earned or not, beyond the period already granted by the Government. I announced that all of us would stay in the Police Lines till all orders were not only issued in accordance with their choice but were also implemented. The entire exercise took only six hours. All officers and men took their orders by hand and proceeded to the places of their new postings or on leave to their families at home. The majority proceeded on leave.

"Why?" I inquired from Maj. Zaheer, who had been a POW himself and is a DIG now.

"As they have been away from their families for so long and want to compensate for the absence," was his simple, wise and heartfelt reply.

"Let us go through the charts" I told my officers "to find out if our exercise has caused any imbalances of strength in police stations and in various branches, like traffic, prosecution, CIA, etc."

"It will be all distortions, sir," observed Niblett. It was only a presumption. When we went through various charts and compared them with the sanctioned strength, the differences (increase or decrease) were very marginal, not more than two or three at any one place. We were all, including myself, very surprised as it turned out to be so balanced while my entire emphasis had been only on human considerations. In commanding men, the greatest wisdom lies in sympathy, kindness and comradeship. And fatherly firmness where there is a need to pull up.

On return from Indian jails, the men needed consolation, not clerical correctness. (In this case I avoided becoming a "glorified clerk!") Police POWs became a major problem in many districts and at places they went on strike, including the Railway Police Lines, only a short distance from the Lahore District Police Lines. The IGP then issued instructions throughout the province to handle police POWs the way I had done.

Dealing with MPAs of Khar government. MPAs Rana Phool Muhammad, Malik Muhammad Ali and Ashiq Dogar were very close to the Chief Minister. They were from Kasur subdivision of Lahore District. (Kasur had not yet become a district.) They came to me for postings of certain SHOs of their choice but that did not suit me administratively. So, I could not oblige them. They got very annoyed with me and started a campaign for my transfer. Khar promised them that I would be transferred after the Islamic Summit. My friends around Khar informed me about the move. I told them that I was not very keen for retaining the position and would feel relieved if transferred. I always took my posting as a responsibility, not as authority to be misused for personal benefit. Therefore, a *khudda line* job, to use a common phrase for an unglamorous post, would be a boon as far as I was concerned.

Khar had gotten certain PPP MPAs harassed ruthlessly during the Islamic Summit and Bhutto did not like it. Now it was not Jama'at-i-Islami or Tehrik-i-Istiqlal but Bhutto's own party and he himself was its chairman. He felt challenged by his own lieutenant as he had not been taken into confidence. Saeed Ahmad Khan, with his ilk, had also been on the move to do what he had told me he would do against Khar after the aborted abduction of Ch. Zahoor Ilahi. (Details in the chapter, "Tricks of the trade.") Saeed Ahmad had been systematically poisoning Bhutto's mind against Khar. As a result, Khar was replaced by Muhammad Hanif Ramay as the Chief Minister of the Punjab shortly after the Islamic Summit.

Yaqoob Mann, MPA from Kasur, who had fallen victim to Khar's wrath, wanted it to be taken out on Rana Phool and his two other friends, who used to complain to Khar against me. Hanif Ramay wanted severe action against the three on the complaint of Yaqoob Mann. But it was not fair unless there was evidence of any offence against them. Although the trio had constantly opposed me, professional ethics did not allow me to have any grudge against them. I had to be even-handed and fair. But Hanif Ramay did not like it. I was never a party even against Yaqoob Mann as whatever happened to him was without my knowledge. The trio met me, fearing reprisals, but I assured them that nothing contrary to facts and law would take place as long as I was the SSP. In those very times some students came out in favour of Khar. I treated them in the same soft and humane manner that I had been treating the opposition students earlier. All that was interpreted as a favour to Mustafa Khar by Hanif Ramay and his advisers and I was labeled as Khar's man.

The intrigue against me was all around. My own DIG and Wakil Khan, DIG Special Branch, who was annoyed with me for stepping over their tails during the Summit, were very active in the campaign. Special Branch was trying to get statements from rickshaw and taxi drivers that the slogans for the promotion of discipline during the Summit were painted on vehicles under pressure from the police so that it could be used against me.

Saeed Ahmad Khan also joined the campaign against me. He had wanted some friends of Khar to be picked up. I sensed something foul. They were picked up as desired but were duly arrested under law. He was extremely annoyed for my showing

their formal arrest in the police record and expressed his anger on phone also. Soon after my transfer, Khar's friends were picked up again, this time without formal arrest, and ended up in the infamous Dalai camp in Azad Kashmir. As it happened after my transfer, I am not in a position to give details of the incident, which contributed substantially to the downfall of Bhutto's government.

Hanif Ramay was made to believe by Saeed Ahmad and others that I was Khar's man. If that was so, naturally he could not afford to keep me as SSP at Lahore. But he was not aware of the real game that Saeed Ahmad, crossing all limits of decency and morality, was playing that would ultimately suck all of them, including Bhutto, in a quagmire of illegality and criminality.

Hanif Ramay, without trying to know the facts, wanted to suspend me but Haji Habib-ur-Rahman, who had become a DIG and was now serving as Joint Director, Intelligence Bureau, in Lahore, persuaded him not to take any hasty action against me.

After some time, Ramay did come to know that intriguing elements had been feeding him wrong information against me. He called me to 7, Club Road, the official residence of the Chief Minister, and wanted me to continue as SSP. My thinking, however, was that the intriguing clique would continue its campaign and it would be difficult for me to have a relationship of trust with the Chief Minister. In fact, I was already extremely disgusted as I did not like the bypassing of law that was becoming the normal style under the evil influence of Saeed Ahmad, Masood Mahmood and Wakil Khan. There is a limit to which an individual can resist the government machinery. Having struggled so much and so long, I thought I now needed a less strenuous job for a break.

Therefore, finding Ramay kind and considerate, I requested him to relieve me and post me as Assistant Inspector General, Traffic. (The post was lying vacant after the promotion of Riaz Ahmad Sipra as DIG.) He acceded to my request and posted me as AIG Traffic the next day. I felt extremely relieved. IGP Sahibzada Raoof did not approve of my transfer and I had to do some persuasion to bring him around. Avais Mazhar Husain, a staff officer to the IGP, became SSP Lahore on April 29, 1974, in my place.

A/Hameed was not happy with my decision to seek a change when I met him after my meeting with the Chief Minister.

"After your transfer, Sahibzada Sahib will also be shifted." He was looking into the future. "Then many more bad things will happen and that will be the beginning of the end."

"But I am too small a person in the whole setup," I protested.

"Your position as SSP was a vital part of the machine." He insisted on his point of view. "You are displaying the reaction of a fatigued person. You worked very hard after the UDF movement to convert a hostile Lahore into a hospitable city. You transformed the entire city for the Islamic Summit and brought out the best in our citizens. You have won many battles against evil, both in your own ranks and on the outside. These are not small achievements. You can still make great contribution to the society but you seem to be getting tired."

He turned out to be right. Sahibzada Raoof Ali was removed in August 1974 and many more wicked things did happen that were to prove really the beginning of the end. He was also right that I behaved like a fatigued person.

Dr Nazir Ahmad, who was a Ph.D. in Zoology, explained it in another way when I told him Inspector Hameed's story of the army's hostility towards the police during the fall of Dhaka and the attitude of people like Niblett towards the miserable POWs. He did not react and then, with great equanimity, said, "It is *rigor mortis*."

"What is that, sir?" I asked.

"Your body has elasticity while young and in the process of growing but becomes rigid and hard as the years pass until it stiffens totally towards the end. This is true of all organisms and all organizations. Your army and police are developing rigor mortis. God help you."

The Islamic Summit

A great coincidence occurred while I was evolving and implementing a programme for bringing the people and the police closer to each other, involving not only a fight against crime but also cultural and sports events. It was announced that a summit meeting of the heads of state and government of all Muslim countries would be held in Lahore in early 1974.

My first impulse was that the occasion could be used very effectively to galvanize the people and the police. The occasion would be a great historic event for the people, who would see the leaders of the entire Muslim World among them, including the charismatic personalities about whom they had heard and read so much. The main duty—and the major problem—for the police would be to control crowds on the routes and maintain discipline on the roads and the venues.

There were two ways to achieve the objective. Either we could line them up and control them with force or we could take measures to ensure their willing and enthusiastic participation. The participation of the representatives of the society in the arrangements could be very helpful but also risky. However, if we were able to inculcate discipline and a sense of purpose, then it would be a splendid achievement. I opted for the second op-

tion. This would also help me in bridging the gulf between the public and the police.

I explained my concept of public participation in the arrangements in a meeting of senior police officers but nobody was willing to take any risk. Of course, they had never seen an event like the Islamic Summit nor public participation in such arrangements. I explained to them that the arrangements on the roads would break down unless there was complete self-discipline by the people. There were going to be about 40 leaders, including the most popular ones like King Faisal, Yasser Arafat and Colonel Qadhafi. The uncontrolled enthusiasm of the people to have a glimpse of them would break down all our arrangements. The use of force and lathi-charge, etc., in that case would create ugly scenes and also increase the security risk.

The arguments seemed to be getting through but the police officers still did not know what exactly to do. They were to be the nucleus of my plan and I, therefore, wanted their willing participation. I moved on to explain the basic concept of *safbandi,* the formation of impregnable lines in the Muslim tradition. The people would keep order by standing in straight lines (just as during prayers) on roadsides and also by not allowing any subversive elements to intrude. They would keep active vigil by looking to the right and the left while greeting the leaders. The police officers were not much convinced that the people would do it. As usual, my faith in the people helped me to continue to drum in the idea.

I discussed my plan with A/Hameed. He liked the idea very much and promised full cooperation in selecting and producing all kinds of motivational material, including slogans, verses, posters, pamphlets and write-ups, to communicate the basic concept to the people in an inspiring and moving manner. He proposed that effective psychological methods should be used to rouse the Lahorites and stir up their pride and patriotism. They should be made aware of the need for self-discipline by telling them that the whole world would be watching them through the eyes of television cameras. The production of the basic material on those lines was to be of great help. The policemen of the Lahore district at all levels became the messengers of discipline and promoted it as a patriotic and religious duty.

DSP Mushtaq Bukhari, with his great poetic talent, joined hands enthusiastically with A/Hameed. Mushtaq discovered many policemen who could write good poetry and prose and included them in the team. Inspiring poems and songs in Urdu and Punjabi were written and composed within no time.

After I had indoctrinated my staff, I took up the matter with Pervez Masud, DC Lahore, and Sahibzada Raoof Ali, IGP Punjab. Both of them, after initial reservations, agreed with me. But Siddiq Suleman, DIG, and Sardar Wakil Khan, DIG Special Branch, described my plan as "a futile exercise" and thought that there was "no need to waste any money on the promotional material." Although disappointed, I did not lose heart and continued with my plan.

By now the Lahore police officers and magistrates, convinced of the viability of the concept, were promoting it vigorously at every level. Pervez Masud and I, while drawing our plans, divided Lahore into territorial and social zones. I believed that community leaders at every level should be associated. Therefore, keeping in view various sections of the society, I organized committees of citizens almost in every muhalla and ward of the city. A.U. Saleem, Administrator of the Lahore Municipal Corporation, helped us to the maximum by involving most of the respectable people in promoting the concept of safbandi, self-discipline and vigilance.

Once the idea reached the lower levels, it spread widely. The traders started vying with each other in distributing and promoting the literature produced by A/Hameed and Mushtaq. The rickshaw drivers, led by Yusuf Sabir, and wagon drivers, led by Ch. Anwar Zahoor, started painting catchy slogans and relevant verses of Allama Iqbal on their vehicles. That had a widespread impact in all parts of the city. In fact, it turned out to be the most effective method of publicity and took the message to every home.

The student and labour leaders, without distinction of political affiliations, prepared their corps of volunteers not only to promote the idea but also to be on duty on the routes along with the police to maintain order on the roads. I was delighted to see that Farid Piracha, Raja Munawwar, Hameedulla Khan and others, who were otherwise bitterly opposed to the ruling party, volunteered to work as special police officers on the roads. Tariq

Latif, Abdur Rahman and other labour leaders, who opposed the government tooth and nail, were now working day and night along with their workers for the maintenance of order. Teachers, Rovers and Scouts were not to be left behind. It was a soul-stirring experience when I took Pervez Masud to Central Model School to address a large gathering of lecturers, teachers, students and scouts, who were inspiring many others with their enthusiastic participation in the great mission. They resolved to maintain order on the streets. They recruited voluntary peace-keepers and also produced their own literature. The imams and ulema of the city organized a convention on the subject and decided not only to promote safbandi and discipline through the mosques but also work on the roads.

The Tanga Association, led by Taoos Khan, wanted permission to take off the road all tangas and rehras for a few days before and during the Summit to keep the roads clean and clear for the occasion. A similar request came from drivers of taxis, rickshaws, minibuses and other transport. I was moved by their gesture. I worked out a plan in association with them to regulate the vehicles on a time-frame to keep them off certain roads at certain times so that the inconvenience to public could be avoided and there was no unnecessary congestion on the relevant roads.

The Islamic Summit provided a beautiful backdrop to our efforts to harmonize the police and public energies on the positive lines and convert them from adversaries to allies. A national cause had brought them closer as never before.

The urge to purge. While Pervez Masud and I were working on our plan, those who were always itching for the use of authority and force, were not sitting idle. Wakil Khan, DIG, Special Branch, drew up a long list of likely trouble-makers from the students, labour and the political parties and proposed their detention during the Summit. All of them were my devoted workers for peace and their arrest meant the greatest betrayal. Therefore, I opposed very forcefully the proposal for arrests. Everybody thought that I was taking a great risk but it had to be taken to achieve great objectives. It was just not possible for me to put in jail those very people, who were working with me day and night, just because of fears conjured up by the Special Branch. I refused to be a party to the proposal on moral and

administrative grounds. I also questioned the veracity of the information.

The matter went before the provincial cabinet, presided over by Mustafa Khar. who was now the Chief Minister of the Punjab. The matter was discussed in great detail. It is always safe to follow the easy way out. So, I had to argue most forcefully against the arrests. The politicians could not believe that their adversaries could cooperate with the administration on a national issue. Mian Afzal Wattoo was the only minister who supported my point of view.

Finally, I got a very reluctant approval of the cabinet for not arresting the persons on the Special Branch list. However, I was made personally responsible for everything. If anything went wrong, my head would be on the block. I accepted full responsibility. I told the cabinet that in any case I would have to accept the ultimate responsibility for everything till I was the SSP even if the cabinet decision was against me. In fact, keeping that possibility in view, I had already decided to seek transfer if they forced me to arrest the students and other workers, who I knew had no intention of creating any disturbance inspite of their political differences.

Wakil Khan was very angry and viewed my stand as "a stupid act." According to Ch. Mukhtar Gondal, who was serving as SP with Wakil Khan, the DIG told him, "The opponents of the Government will certainly create trouble and we can not believe their assurances. The SSP is behaving very naively. He will land us all in serious trouble."

Praise be to Allah that I was vindicated. The people owned the arrangements and did not feel estranged. The result was a success of unparalleled dignity and grace. The goodwill generated by public participation was so much that even Sh. Mujib-ur-Rahman, the single most hated person after the separation of East Pakistan, was heartily cheered by the crowds. Javed Hashmi, Farid Piracha and a dozen other student leaders raised a token peaceful protest against the recognition of Bangladesh and surrendered themselves to the police on the spot without a demur. They were released after three days.

The Chief Minister was furious and demanded to know why I got them released so soon. He wanted them to remain behind bars for a long time "to teach them a befitting lesson so

that they dare not protest again." It was the typical instinct of an unwise ruler.

"Because the Summit was over and I did not want the detention of the students to become an issue by itself for further agitation," I explained. "I wanted to kill the issue and possible agitation and I have done just that."

The Chief Minister was satisfied but not the DIG Special Branch as it did not satisfy his urge to subdue the students through strong measures. In fact, he started a rumour that I had sympathies with Jama'at-i-Islami!

"It is not China." The security arrangements for the Summit were a gigantic task. Never in the history of the country had so many heads of state and government gathered at one place. The threat to leaders like King Faisal, Yasser Arafat and Col. Qadhafi was from the most motivated, trained and resourceful groups in the world. The capability of Pakistan to ensure adequate safety was also questioned. In fact, some leaders hesitated to attend, apprehending lack of security. (This was the main reason why the Shahinshah of Iran did not attend the Summit.) Bhutto felt very concerned as he wanted the maximum number of leaders to come.

We undertook the arrangements as an act of patriotism and resolved to bring out the best of our officers and men. Sahibzada Raoof provided sagacious and inspiring leadership. As IGP Punjab, he was in overall command of the operations and assigned duties and responsibilities methodically and in detail. As the task was beyond the resources of Lahore district police alone, additional force was brought from all over the province. Some contingents were borrowed from Frontier Constabulary and Azad Kashmir also. Agha Raza Ali, DIG Commandant, Punjab Constabulary, was made responsible for quartering, marshaling and detailing of the units coming from outside Lahore.

I drafted the security orders, specifying the duty of every individual police officer and man at venues of various functions, the residences of guests, the routes and the airport. The working sessions of the Summit were held at the Punjab Assembly chambers, the dinners and lunches at the Shahi Qila (Fort) and the Governor House, the civic reception at the Shalamar Gardens and Juma (Friday) prayers in the Badshahi Mosque.

Riaz Ahmad Sipra, AIG Traffic, was incharge of the traffic matters and the cavalcades of VVIPs (Very Very Important Persons, usually heads of state or government). Riaz worked very hard, in coordination with the army, to work out and synchronize the VVIP movements in a manner that not a second was wasted in the clearance of the cavalcades at the venues, where heads of delegations were arriving one after the other. Everything moved like a well-set clock and to everybody's satisfaction and admiration.

The routes on which the VVIPs moved posed the real problem because of the large and enthusiastic crowds. The crowds were very disciplined even though their number was very large. A few instances will be enough to indicate the behaviour of the people that was inculcated by our dedicated work for four months and which nobody, including Bhutto, was prepared to believe.

When we pointed out in a meeting the commitment of the people to self-discipline, Bhutto refused to believe.

"It is not China," he said.

"I think it will work, sir," I submitted.

"No, I can't believe that. How do we know that it will stand?" He was persistent.

"Sir, you are a very popular leader. I would request you to go to some congested place unannounced and see the response." He agreed.

In the evening he went to Data Darbar along with Mustafa Khar. When he left the Governor House without indicating his destination, Pervez Masud and I followed him the moment we received a message on the wireless. He reached the Darbar, where no policeman had reached as there was no advance notice. By the time he came out after the *salaam,* a very large crowd had gathered in the narrow streets outside the Darbar. They were all lined up, enthusiastic and cheering, without a single policeman in sight to control them. They did not leave the lines even when he moved forward to shake hands with them. Then he left for the Fort. The people had come to know about Bhutto's presence by that time and had lined up on the way in good order, still without any police.

When he reached the Fort, the Light and Sound Show was on. On hearing the romantic dialogues of Jahangir and Noor

Jahan, Bhutto smiled. Finding him in good mood, I asked his opinion on the people's discipline. He appreciated it profusely. I requested him to issue a statement, praising the discipline of Lahorites so that they felt proud and their resolve for order on the streets was reinforced. He asked Khar to issue a statement on these lines. When I pressed for a statement from the Prime Minister himself, he agreed immediately. I had been vindicated.

On February 21, a day before the Summit, a large number of people were out on the Mall to see the decorations and lighting. A thick crowd came to the Provincial Assembly chambers. The army contingent deployed there on duty along with the police panicked, took out their weapons and warned the people that extreme force would be used if they did not disperse immediately. I came to know about this at the police control nearby and rushed to the spot. Ch. Muhammad Amin, SP Cantonment, had reached before me and had pacified the army officers by his brief but pleasant talk.

The brigadier incharge was furious that the crowd had crossed a certain line. I took him aside and told him to take it easy as such things do happen sometimes and had to be handled tactfully. He was not pleased with my attitude.

"You have spoiled these people. They will be all right for another month and none of them will come out of his house if I had knocked out two or three of them. You policewallas have lost all your teeth." He was showing his anger.

"These people do not mean any ill. They have come out in a joyous mood." I said.

"I shall not allow anybody beyond the road. Please ensure this in future."

"I shall ensure this, sir." I assured him to cool him down. I did not argue with the brigadier any further and just prayed to Allah that such an occasion might not occur again.

By this time the whole crowd had dispersed on the request of Ch. Amin, who had been a popular hockey player.

"Get some ambulances ready." All the Muslim heads were expected to attend the Juma (Friday) congregation. So, it was necessary to make foolproof security arrangements in and around the Badshahi Masjid. (Muslim history is replete with assassinations in mosques.) Badshahi mosque is very spacious, with a capacity of almost seventy thousand *namazis*. There were

no breakers to defuse crowd pressure in its vast open courtyard. It conjured up in my mind all the tumultuous scenes at the Race Course in Rawalpindi on April 21, 1972, where the security arrangements for Bhutto's public oath-taking as President had collapsed. I, therefore, proposed strong pipe-built dividers in the courtyard of the mosque to divide the crowd in large suitable enclosures and also to provide a carpeted corridor in the middle for the Kings, Presidents and Prime Ministers to walk to the front rows. Except for the IGP and the DC Lahore, nobody was in favour of my proposal.

The matter had to be taken up in a meeting, presided over by the Prime Minister himself. The IGP put across my proposal most forcefully and lucidly. It was supported, for a change, by Wakil Khan also. Gen. Tikka Khan, as army chief, came up with the concept of a human wall to control the crowd in the mosque and promised to make available 10,000 army jawans in plain clothes for this purpose. Bhutto was swayed by Tikka Khan's idea. I knew the General was being too naive as no human wall would withstand the enthusiasm of the congregation surging ahead to see the charismatic personalities of the Muslim World. All our efforts would be trampled under the flood of love and devotion. I raised my hand. Khar tried to stop me but luckily Bhutto intervened and allowed me to speak.

By that time I had become very tense. I fumbled a little and mumbled a few sentences to describe the expected enthusiasm and how the proposed human wall would crumble under its pressure. As a result, some of the honoured guests were likely to be trampled. Then I blurted out rather clumsily, "Therefore we should also be ready with some ambulances to carry the injured and mangled bodies of some of our VVIPs." The words had come out of my mouth unconsciously. Suddenly there was an eerie silence. I got nervous and could not speak any more. Bhutto said, "The SSP may be right. Mustafa, you go to the mosque and decide on the spot." I felt relieved.

After the meeting, Afzal Agha, Chief Secretary, said, "Sardar, you dramatized the whole issue." Then, as a bureaucrat, he could not help adding, "But you have created a serious problem for us. Your proposal will cost us a lot of money."

"Then why hold the Summit itself?" I retorted. "That is costing much more. We had better not be penny wise and pound foolish."

Afzal Agha retreated immediately. "Yes, you are absolutely right. The breakers are essential." Then, as an afterthought, he added, "I hope the mullahs don't make a noise about the sanctity of the mosque."

Mustafa Khar was always very decisive. He went to the mosque along with Gen. Abdul Hameed, the Lahore Corps Commander, and the entire civil administration. He decided in favour of my proposal there and then. The Corps Commander suggested that a pontoon bridge might be laid with red carpet to make a raised passage through the center of the mosque for the VVIPs so that the congregation had a clearer view of the leaders. That proposal was also adopted. The entire project in the mosque cost only Rs 700,000 but the function became smooth, safe, and glorious. Nobody thanked me for that and, in view of my experience, nor did I expect it.

Disorder at the mosque. In one of the security meetings at the highest level, it was decided that the public entry for the Juma congregation at the Badshahi Mosque should be allowed only from the doors on the Shahi Muhalla side while the main entrance should be used exclusively by the VVIPs. To that extent it made sense but then it was also decided that only two out of the seven doors be used so that every namazi was electronically and physically checked on entry by the Special Branch men. I pointed out that the whole exercise would take a very long time and suggested that the remaining five doors might also be used for entry and screening. Nobody would listen to me. Wakil Khan, DIG Special Branch, became extremely adamant. "We cannot take any risk."

"There will be no risk if you use all the seven doors," I told him. "Instead of clearing two persons, you will be clearing seven in the same time and there will be at least 70,000 persons to be cleared." The arithmetic was obvious and overwhelming but fell on deaf ears. I again pointed out that if the entry was regulated in their way, the Friday prayers could be held only on Sunday! To my utter disappointment, they could not comprehend even that. I pointed out that the routes of the VVIPs were completely open and vulnerable and nobody could make them

foolproof. A calculated risk had to be taken. "Why are you taking an isolated decision to the great inconvenience of the people?" I beseeched them. "You are not mindful of what is going to happen at the assembly point outside those doors. For God's sake, see beyond the wall."

The wise men seemed to have closed their ears also. I was overruled and the DIG Lahore was made incharge of the arrangements in the mosque for strict compliance of the decision. While saying that no risk could be taken in that restricted area, they were taking several risks. There was, for example, a great risk of overcrowding immediately outside that area, with a possibility of its spill-over to the nearby route as well as the entry gate of VVIPs. To me it appeared to be a classical example of planning without perspective.

Very early in the morning on Friday, people started gathering outside the doors of the Shahi Muhalla side. Ch. Abdul Ghafoor, SP City, with 500 policemen and the same number of civilian volunteers, tried his best to regulate the crowd towards the two specified doors but in vain as thousands of namazis gathered for entry into the mosque. The pushing and pulling and the density and thickness of the crowd created unbearable suffocation, with the result that two persons died in the melee and 16 of them fainted. In great panic, Ch. Ghafoor transmitted that information on wireless at 9 a.m.

Pervez Masud and I rushed to avoid further damage. We found that the inside of the mosque was almost empty, with only two to three thousand persons, while a milling crowd waited impatiently outside. We found the DIG incharge on the northern side of the mosque, unaware of what was happening on the outside. We briefed him on the situation and requested his permission to open the other doors also but he could not violate the decision taken at the higher level. We told him that people were dying outside and a very ugly and uncontrollable situation would emerge if immediate steps were not taken. He was not concerned at all. He was satisfied that there was peace within the mosque; he was not responsible for the situation outside.

That was the height of irresponsibility. Pervez Masud, in consultation with me, took a very bold decision as the District Magistrate and ordered the opening of the remaining doors. But the Special Branch staff on duty hesitated because they were

expected to obey their own bosses. We could not afford to waste a single minute if we were to save human lives and the arrangements. I ordered the uniformed police under my command to open all the doors. The crowd poured in like grain coming out of silos.

There was no checking possible now and, praying fervently to Allah to help us, we started settling the namazis in various enclosures in the courtyard of the mosque. Despite our maximum effort, it was not before 12:30 p.m. that we could settle them all in their prayer lines. I realized at that moment that even I was wrong in my arithmetic because the Friday prayers would not have been possible even on Sunday if all doors had not been opened!

After we had overcome the immediate problem, we started worrying about the reaction of our seniors. If anything had gone wrong for any reason, even if remotely connected with our initiative, we would have been held responsible straightaway. Initiative and dynamism in public service can be harmful while unquestioning obedience and subservience can be rewarding even if something goes wrong because of an authoritarian environment all around. We were lucky that the IGP had also rushed to the mosque after listening to the desperate message of SP City on wireless and had himself seen us working. The moment I was free, he walked up to me and hugged me warmly. "You have averted a great disaster," he said with emotions. I felt delighted and rewarded. The IGP also profusely thanked Pervez Masud.

The security at the residences of the VVIPs was also of vital importance as the houses acquired for them were scattered, in Gulberg, Shah Jamal, Shadman and some other areas. The frequent movements to various places had to be synchronized, keeping in view the security as well as the smooth flow of traffic on the roads. The security arrangements at the residence of every VVIP were under the personal command of an officer of the rank of SP.

The civic reception at the Shalamar Gardens was a gala of colorful cadence. Everyone attending was a picture of dignity, decorum and discipline. Every heart was brimming with the spirit of Islamic unity. That was fully expressed even in case of Sh. Mujib-ur-Rahman. He was brought in from Dhaka with the help of some important Muslim World leaders at a late stage in

the conference. He was cheered so profusely that he lost much of his vengeance and dropped many of his conditions that would have been humiliating for Pakistan (e.g., the war trials) and harmful (e.g., unbalanced division of assets). The goodwill so generated also paved the way for the release of all POWs without conditions.

The cheering crowds on the routes of the VVIPs were 15 to 35 lines deep but there was perfect discipline. The volunteers from all sections of the society were very active in maintaining proper lines all along the routes of VVIPs. The drivers of taxis, rickshaws, tangas and other vehicles followed the agreed arrangements meticulously and voluntarily stopped their vehicles hundreds of meters away from the roads under use of the VVIPs. It was a splendid display of self-discipline and unparalleled unity. My faith in my people, almost of romantic proportions, was vindicated.

The politician and the policeman. While the Summit was still going on, a very undesirable drama of petty politics was being enacted elsewhere in the Punjab. The SSP Faisalabad, Jahanzeb Burki, and Additional SP Kasur, M.R. Zia, absented themselves from their sensitive duties during the Summit. I was shocked because I knew that they were most devoted and dutiful. I came to know later that they had been specially assigned by Mustafa Khar to "sort out" Malik Khalid, Yaqoob Maan and some other PPP leaders who had fallen foul with him. What a moment for settling personal political scores!

By contrast, another incident showed the deep sense of dedication displayed by the police officers for the historic event. A DSP on Summit duty from outside Lahore approached me with much diffidence and requested for leave, if possible, to attend to a very important matter at home. He was very hesitant and almost ashamed of himself for making the request.

"What is that important matter?" I asked him.

"My brother has died," he replied. "I have received the sad news just now."

"Your real brother?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir, real brother," he replied, holding back his tears.

"I am very sorry to know that," I said. "My deepest condolences. You can go immediately. We shall make alternative arrangements." He was weeping as he left. I was

impressed by his devotion and commitment to duty even when faced with a grave personal tragedy. Unfortunately, I have forgotten the name of that noble gentleman as we never met again.

The Traffic Muddle

Before taking over as Assistant Inspector General. Traffic, Punjab, in May 1974, I was aware of the major traffic problems but was disappointed to learn that the traffic police were concentrating not on any remedial action but on mere semblance of it.

The entire activity of the office revolved around

(a) transferring every three months the driver and two constables, who were attached with a Mobile Motor Patrol Inspector, without shifting the MMPI himself, and

(b) meeting the arbitrarily fixed prosecution targets by challaning the required number of vehicles.

I could not understand what useful purpose could be served by the futile exercise. Perhaps the senior officers and the Government could be persuaded to believe that a lot of activity was going on. (Various returns and charts were prepared for this purpose.) On the other hand, there was not even the basic data on vehicles, roads, transport sector, etc. Whenever I asked the staff about such matters, they would give a blank look. They knew only how to use their authority and to try to keep the traffic in order through fear of prosecution.

I stopped immediately the unnecessary quarterly transfers of the lower staff, to the horror of the Office Superintendent, who found his coercive authority slipping through his fingers. Next, I

discarded the arbitrary targets and instructed that the prosecutions must be genuine only. The checking of documents would now be done at the bus and truck *addas* (terminals) instead of on the roads. The traffic police on the roads would deal with only moving violations or traffic regulation.

The real traffic problem on the highways was the uncontrolled speed of vehicles but no speed-checking devices were available. The transport policy introduced during the Yahya regime had thoughtlessly placed premium on speed, not the road safety requirements. Previously, the routes used to be assigned to large groups of transporters so that well-regulated transport management would ensure road safety as a business requirement. The new practice was to issue the route permits to every individual transporter who asked for it. In some cases, a single vehicle was owned by several individuals. Both individual and joint owners were keen to make as much money as possible. The result was cut-throat competition to pick up passengers on the road. The situation was made worse by the transporters, who allowed commission to drivers and conductors on their daily earnings. (Ironically, the Government Transport Service itself followed the commission system.) The commission system became a big incentive for overspeeding and, consequently, a major cause of accidents.

The transport policy itself was thus a cause of road safety problems but could not be changed in the near future because of the vested interests. However, I did send detailed proposals to the Government for making improvements.

The traffic problems are very complex and should be approached from several sides. The main concerns of traffic management are often referred to as three Es, viz.:

a) Engineering of vehicles and roads,
b) Enforcement of laws by police and courts, and
c) Education of the road-user, especially the drivers.

Engineering of vehicles and roads was beyond the control of my department while enforcement had become an instrument of blackmail, corruption and deception. Traffic education was thus the only field available to me for any creative work.

The office staff was given the task of collecting and tabulating basic data on all major aspects of traffic, including vehicles of various types, road distances, road users, including

passengers, transport employees (like drivers, mechanics and conductors), training schools, testing grounds, regulation of traffic, categories and modes of traffic law violations (particularly the violations while moving), available driving and mechanical skills and other relevant facts and figures.

For traffic education, I sought the help of A/Hameed. My friend Ch. Anwar Zahoor, being the President of All Pakistan Transport Employees Association, was also associated. Munir Ahmad Dar, MMPI Headquarters and a hockey hero, helped me immensely in this regard with his imaginative approach.

We decided that over-speeding would be the main problem to be attacked. The method would be catchy slogans on road safety. And the language would be Urdu instead of English, as most drivers could understand only the national language, not the official language. Having decided the main direction, I held several meetings of the highway traffic staff to involve them in the campaign. After showing little enthusiasm initially, they started coming up with ideas in the marathon meetings that I held. They contributed effective and interesting slogans. MMPI Jhelum suggested the most hard-hitting one, which also became the most popular, as was predicted by A/Hameed: *Tez chalo-ge, jald maro-ge.* (If you drive too fast, you'll die too soon.) (Frankly, I did not like it initially because of its morbidity and approved it only after A/Hameed insisted on it.) Another MMPI gave a slogan that massaged the driver's ego: *Gari, sawari, amanat tumhari.* (The vehicle and the passengers are a trust in your hands.) Another conveyed a very direct message on over-speeding: *Tez raftari, jan par bhari.* (Overspeeding endangers your life.) MMPI Attock formulated a warning slogan: *Har more Se maot jhankti hai.* (Death is stalking at every turn.) Another was already popular among tanga drivers because of its having been used in a Punjabi film song: *Bach more ton.* (Be careful at turns.)

The safety slogans already available were in English, intended more to impress the higher-ups than to educate the drivers. Our objective was only the education of drivers. Therefore, A/Hameed, Ch. Anwar Zahoor and the traffic staff created Urdu slogans, keeping in view the culture, psyche and the intellectual level of the drivers. It took about a month to standardize about 30 slogans. Five thousand copies of the

slogans (on a single sheet) were printed for distribution. (The list is dusted up off and on and some slogans appear on public transport vehicles whenever a new traffic police chief wants to make his presence felt.)

The selection of slogans was the first step. The next was to take the message to the target audience. With the help of Ch. Anwar Zahoor and others, the All Pakistan Transport Employees Association and the Motor Transport Federation (representing transport owners) were involved in the campaign. We went into detailed planning. I talked to the representatives of the conductors and drivers, convincing them that they, being all the time on the road, were prone to injury or death far more than others. Why should they put their life or limb on the line? They agreed to forego the commission on earnings if their pay was enhanced. Then I talked to the transport owners, explaining that every accident was a great financial loss to them as long as the vehicle remained off the road even if the insurance amount was paid. They were also convinced and joined the campaign enthusiastically. In this way, core teams of all categories of road users were formed to launch the road safety campaign on a wide scale.

The associations of drivers and conductors decided to hold weekly road safety meetings at the bus stations at district headquarters and to review the publicity measures during the previous week and the driving practices of the drivers themselves. The MMPIs were made the coordinators and also the record-keepers of the proceedings of the weekly meetings. The committees arranged the painting of safety slogans on vehicles, in and around the addas, on the road-side walls, etc. Large cloth banners were used at bigger places, like Lahore, Lyallpur (later renamed Faisalabad), Rawalpindi, Multan, etc.

The Motor Transport Federation financed and managed the road safety campaign in a big way, under the leadership of Syed Ali Asghar Shah, the President, and Haji Muhammad Hayat, the Secretary General of the Federation. Mian Miraj Din and Naseer Butt were also very helpful. The Federation, on my request, announced an essay competition on road safety among the students, with many handsome prizes at various levels. The competition was co-sponsored by *Pak Nama*, an Urdu newsweekly then published by A/Hameed, offering free

subscriptions as prizes. The prizes were distributed at a grand function at the Jinnah (Town) Hall, Lahore, by Rao A. Rashid Khan, IGP Punjab. Besides my address, I recited a poem composed by Mushtaq Bukhari on road safety.

The Motor Federation organized its own mobile checking teams on various highways. Many a time the teams also included the representatives of the transport employees and traffic police for joint checking. The *adda* meetings and the joint checkings assumed the form of self-evaluation and self-correction. The drivers and conductors made inspiring speeches as many of them turned out to be quite literate and masters of their subject. They felt elated as it gave them a sense of importance. After some time, the traffic staff also was motivated to promote road safety instead of simply misusing their powers. They avoided open corruption as I was always available to the driving community and complaints would reach me easily and immediately. For closer supervision, I placed the MMPIs under the operational command of the range DIGs, with the approval of the IGP, as my remote control from Lahore, inspite of my being on constant move, was not sufficient.

I introduced the Best Driver of the Month Award for safe driving, with Rs 500 prize at the province level and Rs 200 at the district level. As a reminder, every bus had a sticker near the driving seat with the slogan: *Khatarnak driving, bhianak anjam.* (Dangerous driving, horrible end.)

Of Sohnis and road safety. I approached Hanif Ramay, the Chief Minister, with the approval of the IGP, for expanding the road safety campaign with the resources and influence of the Government of the Punjab. He approved the campaign and issued instructions to all departments to promote the campaign in every possible way. He observed that some of the safety slogans were rather morbid. According to him, the Prime Minister had noticed the slogan, *Tez chalo-ge, jald maro-ge*, on a banner in Multan and had jokingly asked, "Is it for me?" (The way things turned out for Bhutto ultimately, perhaps it was for him too!) He advised me to avoid publicity to this slogan but it had already become the most popular one and we could hardly do anything about it.

I followed up vigorously the directive of the Chief Minister with all departments, particularly Education, Highways,

Local Government, and the Divisional Commissioners and the range DIGs. I sent them copies of the safety slogans for further publication and dissemination by magistrates and police officers through discussions, seminars and lectures in schools and colleges. The Highways Department, municipal corporations and municipal committees were requested to display slogans through large signs on the highways and the city roads. Afzal Wattoo, the Transport Minister, joined our campaign wholeheartedly and put his entire department on the job.

The postal department was very cooperative. They used the road safety slogans on their cancellation stamps. This was a real breakthrough as the stamps on envelopes, postcards, parcels and other postal articles carried our message to every office and home. After schools and colleges, the post office carried the road safety message to the largest number of people.

Surprisingly, the shopkeepers evinced the maximum interest in promoting road safety slogans. On analysis, it was found that their main interest was in the removal of encroachments in front of their shops. A clearer and safer road meant more business for them.

I wanted the campaign to be launched as a public service and wrote to newspapers, radio and television but the response was disappointing. They asked for large amounts of money but we had no funds in our budget for advertising as nobody had ever thought of a need like this.

As road safety was everybody's concern, I reached everybody I could to promote it, including even several leading poets. Initially they were not inclined to write on such an apparently drab and colourless subject. Ihsan Danish, a famous poet, thought that writing on a subject like that was almost impossible. I decided to argue with him in his own terms and drew his attention to the Punjabi folk tale of Sohni Mahinwal. Sohni used to go across the Chenab river to meet her lover by swimming with an earthen pitcher. She drowned when her baked pitcher was replaced by an unbaked one by her jealous sister-in-law. Sohni's tragic death has been a favourite subject of many poets. What was a pitcher? It was only a vehicle to travel from one bank of the river to the other and an unbaked pitcher was just like any unsafe vehicle. Now, thousands and thousands of vehicles were running madly from one place to another, killing so many Sohnis

on the way. So many beloveds were destroyed in fatal accidents, causing pangs of separation to the survivors. There was blood, injury, death, sorrow and agony. If our roads were safe, there would be happiness all around. Mothers would not have daily worries about their sons and daughters going to schools. Road safety was the concern of every human being. Then why the poets, who were among the most sensitive people, couldn't write on such a big human problem?

I talked to him in that vein for a long time and he was finally convinced. He said he was very sorry that he never thought on those lines. He realized that there were pangs, pathos and pleasures in the subject, the necessary ingredients of good poetry. When he did write, his creations turned out to be really moving. I talked to many other poets in that strain and they too wrote moving poems on road safety in Urdu and Punjabi. Many poets in the police itself came forward and wrote poems on the subject that were circulated widely.

The results of the road safety campaign were splendid. The number and frequency of accidents decreased substantially. There was even a week during which there was not a single accident or challan on the N5 National Highway, usually called G.T. (Grand Trunk) Road, between Lahore and Rawalpindi. We celebrated the achievement as a tribute to the collective effort of all concerned but more to the good traffic sense of the drivers. Syed Ali Asghar Shah, President of the Motor Transport Federation, hosted a grand dinner in honour of selected safe drivers. I went to Rawalpindi in a wagon to attend that dinner and took along with me Ustad Daman, Ihsan Danish, Mushtaq Bukhari and many other poets of renown. On the way we had a mobile mushaira (recitation of verses) in our wagon.

Driving away taxis. Thoughtless use of force often creates more serious problems without solving the original ones but the typical bureaucrats and policemen still do not accept a dispassionate approach to complex issues. A meeting was called in October 1974 by Mian Afzal Wattoo, the Transport Minister, and was attended by the IGP, DIG and SSP Lahore, along with Masroor Hassan Khan, Chairman, Provincial Transport Authority, and me as AIG Traffic. The subject was the taxi and riksha drivers, who did not use the fare meters and charged the passengers whatever they liked. Bhutto had seen an editorial on

the subject in a leading Urdu daily, *Nawa-i-Waqt*, and noted his annoyance in his own hand in these words, "That means that we are allowing them to fleece the public. Action Pl(ease)."

On receiving a notice for the meeting, I did some study. I calculated the prices of vehicles and of petrol, maintenance charges and the financial returns on the basis of the fare rates fixed by the authorities years ago. The prices of vehicles and petrol had shot up because of the 1973 Ramazan War between the Arabs and Israel but the transport fares had not been revised upwards. As a result, running taxis and rikshas on the old rates was no longer a profitable business.

When the meeting started, everybody asked for a very strong penal action against the taxi and riksha drivers, with a strong dose of on-the-spot fines. I, however, asked for a fair deal or they were likely to go off the road. The taxis would be converted into private cars and sold. As rikshas cannot be put to any other use, their drivers would go on a complete strike. I pleaded, "We should take a rational view because riksha and taxi people are not philanthropists. They are business people and very small ones at that. They must get reasonable returns." The Transport Minister and the IGP agreed with my point of view but Wakil Khan, then DIG Lahore, and Asghar Khan, SSP Lahore, were all heat against my soft view. They were for very strong penal action against them, for "skinning them alive" and "putting them all behind bars." They even ridiculed my analysis and dubbed me "a weakling." The Chairman PTA observed that the transporters had not demanded any increase in fares. I referred to their demand that had been raised not once but many times, as the record showed.

He said, "No demand has been put after the observations of the Prime Minister." It was a typical bureaucratic approach.

"The governments are not run on editorials, sir," I retorted. "They may or may not have read it. Anyhow, an editorial is not an official notification."

The wise people in the meeting finally went for ruthless action and, as anticipated, all taxis and rikshas went off the road. After a complete strike for full one week, IGP Rao Rashid called me. He appreciated my point of view in the meeting but said that "something be done to get the strike called off." I asked him to instruct the mighty DIG and SSP to take their hands off the issue,

now that they had caused a worse problem and also spoiled my standing with the relevant people. "Then I'll try," I promised. I talked to Yusuf Sabir and Ch. Anwar Zahoor and then took them to Rao Rashid.

The rikshas were back on the road but meters continued to be disregarded. The Transport Minister increased the fare structure after some time but it was not enough. The taxis never returned to the Lahore roads for 17 long years till the Yellow Cab scheme was introduced by Prime Minister Nawaz Sharif in 1991. The rikshas would have also gone for ever but there was no other use and the owners had to bring them back to earn their livelihood. A much needed alternative service was not made available and the passengers had to live with the noisy, rickety and uncomfortable rikshas. The extreme inconvenience caused all these years to ordinary people, particularly in emergencies, can be easily imagined. Fools have no horns.

Dealing with narcotics

While I was absorbed in the road safety campaign, my close friend and class fellow in college, Abdul Khaliq Awan, then Deputy Secretary in the Establishment Division, informed me that I had been approved for promotion as DIG. I was obviously happy but requested him to keep the file pending so that I might complete the various phases of the road safety programme. He was surprised on my unusual response as most officers would jump with joy on prospects of a good posting, not to speak of promotion. He was worried that I might miss good adjustment as five other officers had also been approved. "Let us leave things to Allah Almighty," I told him and requested him to hold the file. But he was right and a blizzard did come my way.

Shortly afterwards, he informed me that my services had been requisitioned by Masood Mahmood, Director General of the Federal Security Force. I did not want to serve in the FSF as it was by then getting a bad name. So, I rushed to Rawalpindi and saw Saeed Ahmad Khan. He would not even listen to me and told me that my name had been approved by Bhutto himself. I could read some mischief in his eyes as if he thought he would be able to mould me the way he wished. I then went to Ch. Fazal Elahi, the President of Pakistan, and requested him to intervene and save me from FSF. The President spoke to Waqar Ahmad, Secretary Establishment, for my posting to the Pakistan Narcotics

Control Board where a vacancy existed. Waqar Ahmad agreed to do it provided a requisition would come from the Chairman, PNCB.

To my good luck, Sahibzada Raoof Ali, my mentor in service, happened to be the Chairman, PNCB. I rushed to him and got from him a requisition for my services. Then I hurried with his letter to Khaliq Awan, who got my posting notified the same day. I took over the same day, in January 1975, as Joint Director, PNCB, in Islamabad. The evil schemers had been frustrated. Some time later, Sahibzada Raoof shifted the post and me to Lahore for the establishment of a new office for the Punjab province.

The Pakistan Narcotics Control Board had been created only about a year ago and the whole organization had to be raised from the scratch. The Chairman gave me the responsibility to establish the regional offices, recruit and train the field staff, and organize an intelligence network for effective operations. He also associated me as the liaison officer with the U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency, which was carrying out the appraisal of the PNCB operations and its prospects.

Sahibzada Raoof Ali, a very capable and knowledgeable officer, in a series of meetings, described the problem of drugs in all its dimensions. He gave us the historical perspective from the opium wars of the 19th century between Britain and China to date. British India had the monopoly of opium trade and intended to promote it into China while the Chinese government resisted it in the interest of its people.

The modern narcotics have been refined and their intensity increased. Opium, marijuana (*bhang* in Urdu) and cocaine are three natural narcotics, derived respectively from poppy, cannabis and coca plants. After processing, opium and cocaine have legitimate medicinal uses also while cannabis fiber was used in the preparation of strong canvas and ropes for the ship sails. The poppy and marijuana are grown in our region while coca is produced in South America. The three natural plant narcotics have been used for centuries but the problem assumed dangerous dimensions when their potent derivatives were developed like morphine, powder and their oils, which bring the collapse of a healthy youth in a very short period.

The synthetic narcotics have become a still bigger problem and the modern means of transport have spread them worldwide. The natural narcotics and their derivatives go to Europe and America from our region and synthetic narcotics and psychotropic drugs are moving in the reverse direction. Our people usually do not know the harmful implications of the problem. Some of them think, very naively, that the natural narcotics should continue to go to the West to punish it for its earlier imperialistic sins. One adverse impact is on our exports that have been suffering as importers in the West reduce buying from us to avoid customs harassment in checking of consignments for drugs. Then it is not a one-way trade. The money earned by the smuggling of narcotics by a Pakistani smuggler is not brought into the country through the legal financial system but in the form of synthetic narcotics to earn still more money. It thus becomes a vicious circle. The smugglers have formed powerful parallel organizations, almost empires, of their own, with private armies and communications networks. Their influence in politics and government is not unknown.

Sahibzada Sahib decided to attack the problem with his usual vigour and I followed in his footsteps. The first priority was to create awareness among the masses about the harmful consequences of narcotics. Besides the news media, the parents, particularly mothers, and community elders like ulema, teachers, doctors and intellectuals were to be briefed about the dangers of addiction. They were then to be urged to create a conducive social atmosphere so that the uninformed youth did not fall prey to the curse.

Next priority was stringent legal measures to ensure that narcotics were not easily available. The availability is the greatest temptation for its use and even the most well-informed person may use it in a moment of weakness, in depression or in the company of spoiled friends. There are medical doctors who are prone to addiction only because morphine is available in their hospitals for medicinal use. They use it in a moment of acute frustration and then become addicts.

The Chairman coordinated, through the Interior Ministry, with the federal enforcement agencies like Customs, FIA, Coast Guards, Airport Security Force, Railway Police, and, through the Home Departments, with the provincial agencies like Police,

Excise and Taxation Department and courts. Once made aware of the dangerous dimensions of the problem, all organizations stepped up their enforcement activities.

The misconception of Americans. The Americans were very keen that PNCB itself should form an elite force for enforcement but I differed with them on its effectiveness. I believed that the entire effort had to be meshed in with the general administrative system in the country. Anything in isolation would spoil matters by creating departmental jealousies and friction. The Americans were not aware that Pakistan had a very effective system of general administration as they had none like that in their own country. I did my best to explain to them that the Station House Officer (SHO) of a police station and the Deputy Commissioner of a district had the backing of the entire system behind them. They had the strength, influence and resources that no elite or task force would ever be able to acquire. The reach and effectiveness of the general administration, particularly the police, were very vast and far-reaching and could not be substituted even by the army.

The problems had been created and complicated by not providing the required resources to the police and the general administration. We would only alienate them if we went ahead independently. They would think that, in the presence of the elite force, action against narcotics was no longer their responsibility. While they would become indifferent, the elite force could never achieve the desired objective. The net result would be the worsening of the situation. The fancy idea of labeling a group as elite without full support and resources would be counter-productive. I stuck to my views most forcefully and tenaciously and continued to express them during meetings with the Americans. In my jurisdiction, I did not get declared any of my field offices as police stations unless I was provided with proper buildings, lock-ups, guards, strong rooms and other legal and functional needs of a police station.

I pleaded for a coordination role only for the PNCB, which should, as a special administration, support other enforcement agencies with useful intelligence and expertise. With that objective in view, the PNCB, on my urging, prepared elaborate records of the big gangs of smugglers, based on information from within as well as outside the country, and circulated

the details to other agencies. Similarly, the sanctuaries, the routes, modes and methods of transport were also listed and circulated. The laboratories for conversion of raw materials into drugs were identified and located for raids by the concerned enforcement agencies. The monitoring of drug operations, coordinating and then mobilizing of enforcement authorities produced much better results than any isolated elite force could ever achieve.

The U.S. self-interest. In 1975 the use of heroin was practically unknown in the country. It was after the promulgation of the Hadood Ordinances that heroin found its way as a substitute for opium, which was no longer available to the addicts after the new law abolished the licensing system for the opium vendors. A legitimate and less harmful channel was closed on thoughtless and emotional grounds and an illegal and far more dangerous curse was allowed to creep in to fill the vacuum. More about that later.

In one of the meetings on narcotics, Dr Rashid Chaudhry, the famous psychiatrist, stressed the need for treatment and rehabilitation centers for the addicts so that the problem was attacked from the demand side also. The lesser the demand, the lesser would be the need for supply. The Americans were, however, more interested in the enforcement aspect so that supplies to their country were reduced. The World Health Organization, however, emphasized treatment and rehabilitation along with enforcement. A series of seminars and meetings were organized by the PNCB to measure and identify the treatment and rehabilitation needs.

Sample surveys were carried out through the universities. Most of the addicts were reluctant to get treatment because of social taboos. Those who did come abandoned the treatment half way. The rates of relapses and repeats were also very high. The families of the victims were not cooperative due to the hostile social environment.

The doctors and psychiatrists worked hard on treatment and rehabilitation. They carried out detailed analyses and listed circumstances and factors responsible for addiction like frustration due to unemployment, broken families, easy availability of drugs, ignorance about effects, criminal surroundings, tensions, lack of religious discipline. The surveys indicated

that the extent of the problem was much wider and deeper than it appeared on the surface. There were some villages in the NWFP and Northern Areas that had 100% addiction! The situation needed the efforts of the entire nation. The PNCB, after studies and surveys, recommended separate addiction treatment wards in the general hospitals. This would encourage the addicts, who were otherwise afraid of exposure if they sought treatment in the special hospitals for addiction treatment. The homeopaths and hakims were also consulted but they did not provide any detailed and convincing programme.

The United Nations financed a crop substitution programme in the NWFP. There is a large area there, particularly in the tribal region, where only poppy can be grown. The farmers needed inputs, like water, seed, machinery and fertilizers, for growing crops like wheat or sugarcane which were not usually required for poppy. They also had to be trained for other crops as only poppy had been grown in their fields generation after generation. Even if they were prepared to switch over to other crops, they had to be assisted in many ways before they took the yield of the newly introduced crops. The money value of the new crops also had to be more than the poppy crop to sustain the change.

The cultivator in NWFP was neither aware of nor concerned about the evil consequences of his crop. For him it was a crop just like any other. It was quite an uphill task to convince and convert him. Legislation or finance alone were not enough. His entire life pattern had to change. Success was, however, not impossible. Sahibzada Raoof and Abdul Wadood Khan, his charming, hardworking and devoted Director Planning, made the programme a success in Buner sub-division of Swat with their untiring efforts and it became a model for other areas.

Then another problem cropped up. The cultivators adapted to the new crops in the areas where they used to grow poppy but then they also reclaimed new areas for poppy. The substitution programmes needed to be extended to those areas also. It appeared that it was going to be a constant effort to control the cultivation of poppy. There were reports that the area under poppy cultivation in Afghanistan was also increasing. The tribesmen lived on both sides of the border and the illicit trade in the contraband was easy. It was a problem of difficult dimensions but a good beginning had been made.

Yusuf Orakzai, a very senior police officer, was the first Chairman of the PNCB. He had emphasized the enforcement aspect more than other sides of the problem, in line with the American thinking. As a result, he had secured from the Americans fast-moving vehicles, drug identification kits, investigation kits, cameras and other investigative and interdiction equipment. Sahibzada Raoof, on the other hand, persuaded the Americans to take more interest in treatment and rehabilitation programmes and to donate promotional literature, films and other material for creating general awareness among the people. He also got funds for crop substitution programme from the U.N. The coordination with other agencies was taken up and a vigorous action programme against narcotics took off the ground.

Sahibzada Raoof made superb efforts as the PNCB Chairman to control narcotics, although obviously he could not eliminate it completely as that has never been achieved anywhere in the world. The things went out of control when he was transferred for no apparent reason. Why Gen. Zia did it remained a mystery to me.

Sahibzada's determined and committed approach was widely appreciated throughout the world and he was elected the Chairman of the International Narcotics Control Board more than once. On his retirement, he became an international consultant on the subject. He died in sleep in Islamabad on August 6, 1994 and was buried in his ancestral village, Wianwali, near Wazirabad in Gujranwala district. He was a great man of outstanding leadership qualities. Pakistan and police service are really poorer without him.

Transfer to Bureau of Police Research. In 1979 I was made for some time a member of the Federal Inspection Commission, in addition to my duties in the PNCB. The details of what I did and what I refused to do in the Commission are given in the chapter, "How *not* to eliminate corruption." On my request, Gen. Sagheer, the Chairman, relieved me of the additional duties of the F.I.C. and I went back to the PNCB. Shortly afterwards, I was transferred to the Bureau of Police Research and Development in Islamabad as one of the Directors. Arbab Mukhtar, a very senior and cultured police officer, was the Director General of the Bureau. Ilyas Mohsin was the other Director. That posting did not suit me at all as my family was in

Lahore and my sons and daughters, studying in various colleges and schools, could not accompany me. But such are the hazards of public service.

While I was looking after my convalescing wife at the Lady Aitchison Hospital in Lahore, the U.S. Embassy in Islamabad was burnt by a furious crowd. Tehran Radio had reportedly announced that the Americans were at the back of the dissidents, who had occupied forcibly the Holy Ka'ba in Makkah (the new official name for Mecca) and held many pilgrims as hostages. It was a very emotional issue and extremely provoked the people against the Americans. Thousands of angry protesters rushed to the U.S. embassy and reduced it to ashes. One American died and several got serious burn injuries.

The police could not reach in time because the entire strength was deployed for the protection of Gen. Zia, who was having a round of Rawalpindi city on a bicycle at that very moment to show off his simplicity and concern for the common man. The police in Islamabad was insufficient even otherwise to meet the city's normal needs. The Americans felt upset and so was the President.

In an impulsive action, typical of our rulers, he ordered the immediate creation of a federal administration for Islamabad, with a Chief Commissioner and an IGP. Arbab Mukhtar, my boss, was asked by the Interior Ministry to prepare a blue print within 15 days. Although under tremendous pressure, Arbab Mukhtar, a very decent person that he was, asked me most politely if I could come back to do the task. I told him to relax completely. "It will be done in a few hours, instead of 15 days."

"How?" He asked in total disbelief.

I told him that I had prepared such a plan in full detail way back in 1972 as SSP Rawalpindi, catering for every aspect, counting even the last shoe-lace. Only the prices would have to be updated and the cost for the post of IGP to be added. He tried to locate a copy of that scheme in the offices of the SSP and DIG Rawalpindi but none had been preserved. I spoke to Ch. Mueen, who had become the first SP Islamabad on the partial implementation of that scheme by Mustafa Khar. He had kept a personal copy of the scheme and immediately took it to Arbab Mukhtar, who brushed it up, updated figures and presented it to Roedad Khan, the Interior Secretary, within days. It was

implemented forthwith but the Finance Ministry became a stumbling block, as it often does for any new scheme, and never provided the required funds. The kind of capital police I had visualized in 1972 would have been a model of efficiency, politeness and professional excellence with all the wherewithal of a modern force. It has not reached the recommended level even after more than 20 years.

Malik Muhammad Nawaz was the first IGP of Islamabad. He had a brilliant plan to set up small police lines to meet the needs of widely spread population of Islamabad. He had some other good ideas as well. Unfortunately, the stingy Finance Ministry never provided the needed funds. Pervez Rathore, however, as SSP Islamabad, managed to make many improvements only because of his personal clout with Prime Minister Nawaz Sharif.

Making and unmaking of a transfer. One day in late 1979, while sitting in my office in Islamabad, I received a call from Qazi Muhammad Azam, IGP Punjab, that I should go and take over as DIG Rawalpindi "within half an hour." (The transfers that used to take days if not weeks are now made in minutes. There has been a phenomenal increase in speed in uprooting and moving around officers, like pawns on a chess board.) He instructed me to do my job "efficiently and ruthlessly" as the rulers were going to postpone the elections and "nothing should move at all in protest." He believed that I had been ruthless as SSP Rawalpindi and that was why the United Democratic Front movement in 1973 in my district did not pick up. He wanted similar results. He did not know that it was not my ruthlessness but a fair deal in a democratic spirit that did not allow any disturbance. Anyhow, I thanked him for his choosing me but said that I had to get my orders from the Establishment Division also. He told me that it had been done and I would get my orders shortly.

Then I got a call from Brig. Rahim, Joint Secretary, Establishment Division, telling me to go and take over as DIG Rawalpindi. I told him that my boss was not in Islamabad and I could not just desert in his absence. (Arbab Mukhtar was away in Peshawar.) He told me that it was up to me if I felt any moral compunctions but the orders for me were to take over immediately. I told him that I would act when I received my notification.

I found myself in a quandary. The posting as DIG Rawalpindi came as a real boon in personal terms. I must admit that I was quite tempted to go and take over as the post I was holding was not only unimportant but also did not provide even decent transport facility. (Ilyas Mohsin and I had to share an old rickety Volkswagen that was most of the time off the road. I used to walk on foot from the home of my friend, Muhammad Arshad Chaudhri, where I was staying as his guest.)

My moral sense and social grace, however, did not allow me to act abruptly. It did not look graceful that I should go abruptly without any notice and displace a colleague from an important position and that too for distasteful objectives of the rulers. I discussed my conflict with my dear friend, Abdul Khaliq Awan, whom I have always found very sagacious, understanding and a wise counsel. He shared my views.

I picked up the phone and talked to Ghulam Asghar Malik, who was then DIG Rawalpindi, informing him of the developments.

He said, "Congratulations, sir. You are welcome. I am so happy that you are succeeding me."

I said, "Unnecessary hurry in taking over does not seem to be in order but that is the wish of the IGP. I thought it better to inform you. Please don't feel the indecent suddenness."

"No, no, I am very happy," he replied. He was being very formal. I could feel the suppressed bitterness in his voice and said, "Come on. Be frank. You are a friend and a colleague. Do you want to stay on?"

My frankness and consideration for his situation brought out his true feelings. "Given the choice, I would like to stay on."

"What will you do then?" I asked.

He told me, "I can talk to Gen. K.M. Arif and get the orders canceled."

"I shall not come to your office today," I told him. "You can try in the meantime."

My posting orders as DIG Rawalpindi never saw the light of the day. Qazi Azam was extremely annoyed with me. I tried but he would not even see me.

Haji Akram and Qazi Azam were great friends. Haji Akram told me that it was on his request and assurance that Qazi Azam had posted me as DIG Rawalpindi. Qazi felt let down

when I did not take over immediately. In the meantime, Gen. Arif, told him that he had posted "a PPP man" as DIG Rawalpindi. According to Haji Sahib, poor Qazi saved his own job with great difficulty. Haji Akram scolded me strongly for caring for social graces and exhibiting fanciful romanticism in the highly competitive real world.

It was painful to be dubbed "a politically inclined officer" only for being fair to all but then it suited some people. In the circumstances, I was content with walking on foot to my office and writing my notes in a forlorn hope to save the country from the coming sectarian and political storms.

The road to hell

Sahibzada Raoof Ali, while talking to me one evening in late 1976, predicted that new elections would be held shortly.

"How come, sir?" I asked him. "There are still about two years to go before elections will be due. Why should Bhutto bring it forward?"

"To satisfy the Americans," he replied.

During a meeting on narcotics, a senior U.S. delegate had told Sahibzada Sahib that President-elect Jimmy Carter had decided that American aid in future would be given only to the genuinely elected governments in the Third World because backing the dictators there had made America unpopular among their people. Sahibzada thought that Bhutto was quite shrewd and would like to get a fresh mandate before he dealt with the new American administration.

In those days, I was not in the mainstream of the general administration but did hear about many misdeeds of the Bhutto government. Punjab was seething with resentment and despondency under the oppression of a ruthless administration. The people were losing faith in the due process of law. Some friends of Mustafa Khar had been taken to Dalai Camp in Azad Kashmir and were being tortured there without even admitting that they were in custody. Writ petitions were filed in the Lahore High Court for their release but Azad Kashmir, where the camp

was located, was out of its jurisdiction. In public perception, Bhutto was responsible for the murder of Nawab Muhammad Ahmad Khan. (He was later tried on this charge and was ultimately hanged. More about it in the next chapter.) Hanif Ramay had been dismissed and sent from the Chief Minister House to the infamous interrogation center in the Lahore Fort for pleading in his book, "The Case of the Punjab," a fair deal for the largest province. Raja Munawwar and many of Ramay's other friends had joined the Muslim League. Nawab Sadiq Husain Qureshi, considered to be only a stooge of Bhutto and without any following of his own, had become the Chief Minister. Jama'at-i-Islami, Tehrik-i-Istiqlal and Pakistan Democratic Party, under their respective leaders, Mian Tufail Muhammad, Asghar Khan and Nawabzada Nasrulla, were very active in mobilizing the public opinion against the oppressive government.

In the Punjab, there were frequent bomb blasts, for which the government blamed the National Awami Party and its leader, Wali Khan, but the people pointed their fingers towards Bhutto and his Federal Security Force. An ASI of FSF in plain clothes was caught red-handed by passengers at the Lahore railway station while planting a bomb in the bathroom of the compartment in which Air Marshal Asghar Khan was travelling so that a case could be made against him and his party. The ASI was saved by the Railway Police from being lynched by the public but in the process he blurted out his identity. The press had been gagged and even an incident like that could not find any mention. The news, as it happens in such conditions, travelled far and wide by word of mouth.

There was turmoil elsewhere also. NWFP was already afire with Wali Khan and other NAP leaders facing their trial for treason before a tribunal in Hyderabad. Balochistan had been trampled by army action since long and most of the leaders there had fled to Afghanistan. Even situation in Sindh, the home province of Bhutto, was not calm. There were disturbing reports from Karachi.

There was fear all around. The administration, thoroughly unnerved, had become totally subservient and was willing to carry out all orders, right or wrong, of the rulers. I could see a strong storm coming but most public servants thought everything was under tight control. The Intelligence Bureau, Inter Services

Intelligence, Special Branches of the provinces and the district administrations were describing the situation as "most ideal." Such assessments could not be made after what had been done to the people unless the officers were totally oblivious of the situation on the ground. So I could not agree with colleagues in the intelligence agencies, who would repeat the same views to me also. Only a politician with insight can make a realistic assessment of the political situation, not an obsequious bureaucrat, whose mind works in a totally different way. A bureaucrat will always be indifferent, if not hostile, to public feelings. It will take an extraordinary effort for him to have empathy and identity with public feelings and reach the right conclusions. So, I have always been suspicious of the bureaucratic assessments of public opinion on politics and social issues.

By then Bhutto had been surrounded by those who urged "strong administrative approach," which would cause only alienation of the people. The so-called strong and shrewd administrators like Saeed Ahmad Khan, Waqar Ahmad, Masood Mahmood, Wakil Khan and their ilk had already taken Bhutto on the dark path of illegality and criminality to a point of no return.

Bureaucrats have their way. My friend, Tikka Muhammad Iqbal Khan, an intelligent, well-informed and sagacious politician, was close to Bhutto. He asked me for my assessment several times and I explained to him the risks in holding elections. I pointed out the loss of Bhutto charisma, that had been caused by high-handedness and foolishness of his so-called strong administrators. He agreed with me generally but said that the assessments of all intelligence agencies and senior officers about elections were totally different from mine. He could not persuade Bhutto to change his mind and the bureaucrats had the last word. The general elections to the National and Provincial Assemblies were announced to be held on March 7 and 10, 1977, respectively. Carried away by the possibility of a dazzling display of popularity, Bhutto had gambled his political career on the assessments of a few bureaucrats, who had no awareness of the public mood and political dynamics and probably were also not loyal to him.

Immediately after the announcement of elections, nine opposition parties joined to form the Pakistan National Alliance (PNA), something Bhutto had been told was not likely. It was a

severe blow to Bhutto's hopes for a two-thirds majority but now it was too late to do anything except to concentrate on the election campaign and administrative manipulations. Bhutto based his appeal to the people on his achievements in foreign affairs. He had recovered occupied territory as well as POWs without conceding anything to India. There were no war trials and no division of assets with Bangladesh. Then he had really put the scattered pieces together and built up the morale of the people and the army. He also gave the country a consensus constitution. He genuinely felt proud of his achievements, little realizing that he had squandered away everything by riding roughshod in matters of internal administration. He forgot that oppressive measures had not helped Yahya Khan even under martial law. How could such methods help a politician, whose authority depended entirely on the goodwill of the people?

As the election campaign picked up, PNA was dominating while PPP appeared to be on the run. The PNA played on the theme of inhuman treatment and tyranny by Bhutto against his political adversaries and attracted tremendous public response. The religious parties in the PNA mobilized their committed and diehard workers. Bhutto also committed a serious blunder by getting himself elected unopposed from Larkana. To prevent him from filing his nomination papers in time, the abduction of his opponent, Maulana Jan Muhammad Abbasi, of Jama'at-i-Islami, was arranged, allegedly by Khalid Kharal, Deputy Commissioner (later Information Minister in Benazir's second government). All Chief Ministers followed the example set by their leader and got themselves elected unopposed. Thus a lingering doubt was cast over the whole election process right from the beginning.

In that suspicious and charged atmosphere, the elections to the National Assembly were held on March 7. The people showed great enthusiasm and participated in large numbers. Most people believed that PNA had won but the results next day gave a landslide victory to the PPP. There was a widespread rejection of the results and the PNA leadership announced the boycott of the provincial elections scheduled for March 10.

I saw the roads deserted on March 8 as I travelled from Rawalpindi to Lahore by road. The people appeared to be in a state of shock as if they had been betrayed and robbed. The deadly silence spoke volumes and could be the precursor of a big

storm. The boycott of elections to the Provincial Assemblies on March 10 was complete because the polling stations had been deserted and very few voters turned up. Still, the official results showed "heavy turn-out." That claim washed away whatever was left of the credibility of the elections. Thus, any remaining doubts about the allegations of rigging in the National Assembly elections were also gone.

Beginning of the end. It did not take long for the Pakistan National Alliance to give momentum to its agitation against Bhutto. It soon organized itself into a movement, with highly motivated wings for students, women, lawyers and labour. A large procession, led by Asghar Khan, was taken out in Lahore from Nila Gumbad, near Anarkali Bazaar. Then processions started coming out everywhere despite unprecedented repression by the government machinery. The campaign picked up in intensity, volume and scope throughout the country while the administration tried to crush it ruthlessly with lathi-charge, tear gas and at places even with firing that caused many casualties. Frequent general strikes paralyzed business and industry. There was violence all around, with the protesters often indulging in arson and looting. The fact was that those who had sown the wind of violence and illegalities were now reaping the whirlwind. The people who had been suppressed so long were now up in arms.

The PPP as a party was not visible and the situation was being handled by the government machinery only as a law and order issue. There were increased attacks on the PPP offices, its important leaders and their properties. In Lahore, Ratan Cinema and a hotel on McLeod Road, both belonging to PPP stalwarts, were burnt, along with some persons inside. Great fear was created among the PPP leaders and workers and many started leaving their residences. The religious leaders introduced a very attractive slogan, *Nizam-i-Mustafa* (the administrative system of the Holy Prophet), and the movement, already considered "a jihad against an oppressive un-Islamic government," took a new dimension.

The worst came on April 9, when the newly elected Punjab Provincial Assembly was to meet in Lahore. The whole city appeared to be protesting. No government-owned public bus could move on the roads and any that did was burnt. Many

processions were converging on the Assembly chambers. IGP Ch. Fazl-i-Haq was himself on the spot. The lower echelons became nervous because of his presence and went awry, committing serious errors of judgment. The police stopped the processions on various roads leading to the Assembly chambers, resulting in many deaths and injuries by police firing. There was arson and looting all day long.

The way a procession of women was handled near the Civil Lines police station will always be a black mark on PPP. A day earlier, a large number of prostitutes were recruited as temporary policewomen, ironically by a police officer who is now a Haji and claims to be very religious. They were provided hurriedly sewn uniforms and were asked to remain ready in the police station. (They came to be known as "the Nath Force," because *nath,* a circular ornament worn by women at the nose end, has a special significance for prostitutes. When a virgin prostitute is deflowered after a kind of auction held at a special function by her guardians, the ceremony is called "removal of the nath.") The Nath Force pounced upon the women in the procession, abused them in filthiest possible language, manhandled them, even tore their clothes. This incident, one of the most quoted, caused great revulsion among the people, whose social norms demand decent treatment to women even in the worst conditions.

Bhutto was in Lahore and monitored the operations himself. He must have realized the gravity of the situation after watching the mood of the people. The same evening he called on Maulana Maudoodi, head of Jama'at-i-Islami, at his home in Ichhra to seek his support in calming the masses but it was already too late. Moreover, the PNA was not Maudoodi's Jama'at alone. It had eight other parties, with units to the lowest levels, which carried on the movement even after the major leaders were arrested.

The PNA had 31 demands, with resignation of Bhutto being at the top. Bhutto tried surreptitiously to win over Rafiq Bajwa, the Secretary General of PNA, who became a pariah the moment people came to know that he had secretly met the Prime Minister in Rawalpindi, having flown from Lahore under a pseudonym. The time for tricks was over.

Tikka Iqbal, an advisor to the Punjab Governor Sadiq Husain Qureshi, would visit me frequently to discuss the situation. I would tell him that the only way out was conciliation instead of confrontation, dialogue rather than danda. He would agree with me but say that Bhutto had been surrounded by hawks, who had made it an ego issue for him. Bhutto himself was not prepared to believe that "a group of pigmies" could outdo him in politics. He considered it beneath his position to have dialogue with people like Nasrulla Khan, Mufti Mahmood, Asghar Khan, Wali Khan and others. Both sides were locked in a no-win situation. Bhutto wanted to crush PNA while PNA was determined to bring him down.

Danda, not dialogue. In that atmosphere of deadlock, a friend, Mian Ahmad Ali, told me that he had met Nasrulla Khan and Hamza in the PNA office and they were sure of their ultimate success.

"I don't think they can succeed," I observed. "In my assessment, Bhutto will fight to the end. In the process, the system may fail and democracy will be the casualty."

"What is the way out, then?" he asked.

"I don't know. But I think a face-saving way out has to be given to Bhutto. He too is trapped."

"How can it be done?"

"PNA cannot negotiate a way out unless it is prepared to drop the demand for Bhutto's resignation," I replied. "Don't expect him to commit political suicide. If the demand for resignation is dropped, a compromise can become easy."

I was expressing my opinion only on his asking but Mian Ahmad Ali went to Nasrulla Khan, who according to him, was quite amenable to the idea and had said that the demand for resignation was only a pressure tactic. Mian believed that sincere moves for a settlement were likely to be welcome by PNA. He asked me to intervene.

"How can I?" I observed. "I am not a politician."

While we were talking, Tikka Iqbal dropped in and joined our discussion. The consensus was that negotiations should take place to find a way out and the demand for Bhutto's resignation should be dropped. Tikka Iqbal pursued the idea with Bhutto.

The next day, April 23, Nasrulla Khan was also arrested, to the utter disappointment of Ahmad Ali, but the idea had been

floated. In the first week of May, Muhammad Arshad Chaudhri, a senior leader of Nasrulla's Pakistan Democratic Party, told me that negotiations between the PNA and Bhutto had been arranged through the mediation of Saudi Arabian Ambassador, Riaz al-Khatib, and were taking place in the Police College, Sihala. But somehow the negotiations broke down after only a few days and all PNA leaders were sent to far-off jails.

The agitation was continued by the next tier of leadership and gained so much intensity that the army had to be called in several cities. Even the army was resisted and people came forward to lay down their lives. A few senior army officers refused to order firing on the protesting crowds during the limited martial law imposed in three big cities. The martial law was, however, declared unconstitutional by Lahore and Sindh High Courts. The chiefs of army, navy and air force, in a very unusual move, expressed public support for the constitutional government by appearing on television but the people were not impressed and the agitation did not abate. Asghar Khan, a retired air force chief, wrote an open letter to the armed forces, urging them to do their constitutional duty by removing an illegitimate government that had violated the constitution blatantly.

On the other side, Bhutto went into the bazaars of Rawalpindi, waving a letter of the U.S. Secretary of State and describing the whole agitation as a part of the U.S.-sponsored grand design against him. It did not cut much ice.

I happened to meet the President, Ch. Fazal Elahi in May while I was in Rawalpindi for a meeting. Even a man of his insight thought that the situation could be controlled by sufficient military force, as was done in 1953 in Lahore during the anti-Ahmadiya agitation. "Sir, 1977 is not like 1953 and the issue has a much wider appeal," I told him. He did not agree with me when I mentioned the need for a meaningful dialogue.

Some desperate measures were being taken. Mustafa Khar rejoined the PPP and became a Special Assistant to the Prime Minister. Bhutto seemed to have reconciled with him to extricate himself from the Dulai camp mess. Rao Rashid was posted as the DIB in those very days in place of Sh. Muhammad Akram. Still wise counsel was not prevailing. Tikka Iqbal appeared dismayed. He told me, "Anybody suggesting a political

way out is dubbed by the hawks in the chambers of power as disloyal, traitor and an enemy of Bhutto."

Unscheduled entry in the act. While in Islamabad for an official meeting on treatment and rehabilitation of drug addicts, I went to see my friend Arshad Chaudhri at his home on June 3. A large number of IB and SB staff outside it created an eerie atmosphere. I did not know what was happening inside. I entered the house in my usual manner and found Pir Pagara, Nawabzada Nasrulla Khan, Mufti Mahmood and Prof. Ghafoor in the drawing room. Prof. Ghafoor was giving an interview to a BBC correspondent. The leaders were as surprised to see me as I was to see them. I had most innocently and unwittingly walked on to the stage of the political drama while it was at its climax. I immediately realized the gravity of my mistake and left the house with the profoundest apologies. It occurred to me that they might suspect me for spying on them on behalf of the Government. That would make me look dishonourable in their eyes. But then I thought that they were intelligent people and would understand that such things were never done in that naive manner.

I had hardly reached my room in the Government Hostel when I got a call from Naseeb Butt, Personal Assistant to SP, Special Branch, Rawalpindi, who had served with me also. He told me that my visit to the house of Arshad Chaudhri had been reported immediately. He knew that Arshad Chaudhri was an old friend of mine but was afraid that the visit would be definitely misunderstood. I was really worried because Waqar Ahmad, Secretary Establishment, was very quick in taking summary action on the smallest lapse of a government officer.

I went to see DIB Rao Rashid the same evening and told him about my visit to the house of Arshad Chaudhri. I had served with him while he was IGP Punjab. He was delighted to know about the incident and wanted me to collect information on what was going on in that house. He told me that serious negotiations between Bhutto and PNA had been arranged and the leaders had been brought to Islamabad for that purpose. Rao Rashid told me that he sincerely wanted the negotiations to succeed and I believed him because he was an honourable man.

I had really landed myself in a strange and a difficult situation. I ruminated over the matter and then went to Arshad Chaudhri and told him of my conversation with Rao Rashid. I

was in a moral conflict as I did not want to behave dishonourably towards any party. He discussed the matter with Nasrulla Khan and later told me that I was welcome any time into his house because the PNA leaders had nothing to hide. In fact, they would prefer that truth should reach Bhutto through a channel of his own choice instead of conjectures that could vitiate the whole process.

I told Rao Rashid that I had discussed everything with Arshad Chaudhri. "He says even Rao Sahib himself is welcome to listen to our deliberations," I said. "Their only concern is that they may not be cheated. Their ultimate objective is to have free and fair elections to the National and Provincial Assemblies."

Bhutto drags his feet. During the negotiations, Bhutto was assisted by Maulana Kausar Niazi and Hafiz Peerzada while Mufti Mahmood, the President of PNA, was assisted by Nasrulla Khan and Prof. Ghafoor. Both teams worked hard over a long and difficult agenda. The PNA wanted the issues to be resolved in the shortest possible time so that it could go for re-elections while Bhutto wanted to drag the negotiations so that the agitation cooled off. Bhutto wanted to prolong not only the negotiations but even the re-elections if ultimately agreed to. While the negotiations were going on, he left on a tour of several Muslim countries to give an impression that he was taking things easy and there was nothing seriously wrong at home. But the time for tricks had passed. Now truth had to triumph, as Arshad Chaudhri always said.

On the streets, another kind of confrontation was being built up. Mustafa Khar was belatedly organizing the PPP workers in the Punjab to come out and display "the popularity of PPP and Bhutto." It was a dangerous game and created the specter of a civil war. The concern of the army became known both to Rao Rashid and PNA.

The parleys were resumed on the return of Bhutto but this round started in a more vitiated atmosphere. PNA leaders wanted to fix a deadline for an accord or they would step up the movement and be ready to go to jail again.

The negotiating team used to brief the PNA Council on the progress of talks and get briefing for the next session. In one such meeting, they decided that everyone should get his clothes washed on double rate (for express delivery) so that they did not

go to jail while waiting for clean clothes from the laundry. Rao Rashid informed Bhutto about it and he in tum mentioned it to the negotiating team to impress them with his ability to know all about them.

Zia brings darkness. Around June 26, I came to know that secret preparations were being made for the imposition of martial law. Rao Rashid was upset when I told him about it.

"You have brought bad news," he commented.

"Bad but true," I said. "Only four generals are not in favour of martial law, according to my information. All others are for it because they think there will be civil war after the breakdown of negotiations. The PPP workers will come out against the PNA workers and there will be a blood bath. The generals also believe that there is a plan to kill all PNA leaders."

"Somebody is painting a wrong picture to prejudice the generals," he said.

"May be but Bhutto Sahib should clinch the issue with maximum speed instead of moving at a snail's pace. I am certain about the need for urgency. If the negotiations are finalized in time, the danger to democracy will be over." He agreed with me.

"What will be the likely outcome in case of re-elections?" he asked.

"PPP is likely to get a comfortable majority at least in the Punjab." I gave him my assessment.

The next day Arshad Chaudhri came to know independently that martial law was imminent. "Something should be done to stop it," he suggested.

"The only thing that can do it is the immediate finalization of the accord," I told him.

I again went to Rao Rashid to tell him what Arshad Chaudhri had learnt through his own independent source.

"Bhutto does not believe it," Rao Rashid told me. "He thinks it is a PNA pressure tactic."

"Even then there is no harm in finalizing the matter immediately," I said.

I suggested that the parleys might be held continuously and nobody should be allowed to get up until an accord was reached. The PNA and PPP teams did hold the parleys the whole night on June 28 and reached an accord.

"They followed your advice literally," Rao Rashid told me the next day. "Your name will go down in history."

I smiled and thanked him. "I'll be very happy even if I am mentioned in a footnote."

The next day I met Mustafa Khar in the Prime Minister House and told him that martial law would come if the accord was not made public immediately. He did not believe me.

"If martial law was to be imposed, the best time was 9th April," he said. "There is no chance of martial law now. Earlier the PPP workers were demoralized. Now they have somebody to look up to." His tone showed great confidence.

"Well, sir, I have given you the information," I said. "You can still avert it." I passed on the information to Maj. Gen. Imtiaz, Military Secretary to Prime Minister, and also to Ch. Anwar Aziz, my friend and a very shrewd politician, but both did not like to believe it.

After an agreement had been reached on June 28, the PNA team had to face great opposition in their Council. Air Marshal Asghar Khan was talking tough. The accord provided for fresh elections in three months, on October 18 to be exact, under the supervision of a supreme council, composed of equal number of members from the Government and the opposition. Air Marshall demanded that the accord should become a part of the Constitution and be enforceable through the Supreme Court. He took Nasrulla Khan aside and told him that he would get the new elections from the army within three months but Bhutto could not be relied upon to be fair during re-elections and might even resile from his commitment after the agitation cooled off. On the insistence of Air Marshal, the venue for further PNA Council meetings was shifted to the house of Col. Tasaddaq, of Tehrik-i-Istiqlal, instead of the home of Arshad Chaudhri. I smelled a rat.

I told Rao Rashid about the thinking of Air Marshal Asghar Khan. Bhutto was pleased that there were serious differences within the PNA. He was trying to catch on a straw.

"Bhutto is satisfied that the army will not interfere," he told me. "It has been checked for him by Gen. Tikka Khan. It is difficult to press the point any further." Rao was showing helplessness.

The PNA, under pressure from Asghar Khan, continued to insist that the accord should be a part of the constitution while

Bhutto believed that it would make the constitution a joke. He was happy that PNA leaders were fighting among themselves. The boat seemed to be capsizing within sight of the coast. Those who had laid down their lives to restore the sanctity of the ballot box had actually paved way for another martial law because the selfishness and short-sightedness of a few leaders on both sides were leading the country there.

I was with Sahibzada Farooq Ali, the Former Speaker of the National Assembly, in the afternoon of July 4 when Arshad Chaudhri came rushing with the information that martial law would be imposed that night. What could be done? It was too late but there was a fighting chance. He rushed to the home of Col. Tasaddaq where a press conference was to be addressed by all PNA leaders to dispel an impression of dissension. Arshad Chaudhri called Nawabzada outside and informed him of the latest development. Arshad requested him to address the conference himself to make the accord public immediately, even if others did not agree. Nasrulla Khan did that but it was too late. His announcement that accord had been reached did not appear in the next morning's newspapers.

All efforts to save the democratic system ultimately failed. The army moved in during the night and arrested all major leaders of both sides. The martial law was imposed on the night of July 5. Gen. Muhammad Zia-ul-Haq, Chief of Army Staff, became the Chief Martial Law Administrator. Zia, which literally means "light," brought another dawn of darkness and another—much longer—night of the generals.

Raj kare-ga Khalsa. The mood of the people changed overnight. Most of those who had been opposing Bhutto and PPP suddenly turned their ire against the martial law as the pain of the earlier regimes had not yet been forgotten. Gen. Zia, while intending the very opposite, had given a new political life to the dying PPP as there was a sudden sentimental surge in favour of Bhutto and his party. Gen. Zia was shocked on the reaction of the people, as Maj. Gen. Abdur Rahman told me. He was looking into the womanizing episodes of Rao Rashid. "Some women of taste did like Rao Rashid for his being handsome and manly," I told Gen. Rahman. "Why should CMLA bother about that? He had better worry about the public mood."

I also told A.R. Shefta, a close friend of Gen. Zia, about the public rejection of martial law. Shefta later told me that the General had decided to revive democracy and hold elections shortly but was worried about the outcome.

"Tell him not to worry," I assured him. "PNA will secure a majority."

"But the General's worry is that PNA will fall apart and Bhutto would be back in power."

"Politically strong Bhutto will keep the PNA united," I said. "The General should not worry on that score."

"Why don't they merge into one party?" Shefta expressed the General's wish.

"That is difficult as every party has its background, history and programme," I explained. "They were united as an alliance only on a minimum programme. You should not expect PNA to become a single party. They will, however, remain united against Bhutto. The regime should go ahead with the elections on October 18 as already announced."

"No elections in that case. No question of it." He spoke with an air of finality, sitting in his suite in the Lahore Inter-Continental Hotel. "Why should the General get shoe-beating from Bhutto for the sake of these rag tag politicians and mullas if they cannot get together." He seemed to be fully aware of the General's thinking.

I was silent and looked out of the window. It was August 8. A multitude of poor people was walking to the airport to receive Bhutto, who was coming to Lahore for the first time after his dismissal. Shefta also watched them. The lines went on, unbroken.

"I don't agree with your assessment, Sardar Sahib," Shefta broke the silence. "Bhutto will win and destroy my friend Zia." He was still looking at the unending stream of people on the Mall outside. I did not say anything. Fear is very difficult to shake off, especially for the people who walk in the corridors of power.

During our evening walk, I told A/Hameed about my conversation with Shefta.

"There will be no elections on October 18," he said. "PPP and PNA will have to join hands if they want to dislodge the General."

I could not believe my ears. In fact, I became annoyed with him. "The General has given a public commitment," I protested. "How could he go back on that? It would be the worst example of public bad faith."

A/Hameed said, "That is what will happen. You will see that *raj kare-ga Khalsa, baqi rahe na ko.* Only the Generals will rule."

They started the game very soon. Begum Nasim Wali Khan had been one of the vociferous supporters of martial law to throw out Bhutto rather than have an agreement with him. So, one of the earliest steps of the new regime was to release Wali Khan and other NAP leaders. As a *quid pro quo*, Wali Khan demanded accountability of the Bhutto government before elections were held, under the slogan of *Pehle ihtesab, phir intekhab* (first accountability, then elections). His demand was supported also by some other PNA leaders, who were in favour of martial law. This demand was later used as one of the main justifications to postpone elections.

While in Makkah on his *umra* visit, Gen. Zia announced his "determined resolve" to hold elections on schedule. And while in Tehran on his way back, he observed that the politicians "will follow me on my whistle." The statement was resented but various politicians did follow him.

The elections were postponed because Bhutto had re-emerged as the most popular personality in the backdrop of martial law while in a democratic process and struggle he had lost his popular appeal. The people rejected him as a high-handed ruler but preferred even his tough tactics over martial law.

A/Hameed felt that Bhutto without power would grow in public esteem. The image of a persecuting and bullying Bhutto would be replaced by that of a suffering and struggling leader. Martial law would revive him as a hero who reconstructed the country after a humiliating defeat, got back the occupied territories, brought back the POWs and hosted the first and the only Islamic Summit in which every single member was represented. Now that he had lost his teeth that he used to bite indiscriminately, his sins of maladministration and high-handedness would be forgotten and forgiven.

Was Bhutto really guilty?

Federal Security Force (FSF) was perceived by many to be a parallel organization to the army. It also gained a reputation of being Bhutto's gang of goons for dirty works. Therefore, soon after the imposition of martial law, an elaborate inquiry into its affairs was initiated. Wajahat Latif, Director, FIA, Lahore, my friend and batch mate, was given the assignment for the Lahore region and I was directed to assist him.

During the inquiry, ASI Muhammad Arshad of FSF appeared before Ch. Abdul Khaliq, Deputy Director, FIA, Lahore. He promised to tell everything truthfully if he was not tortured. He narrated many illegal acts of the FSF. He disclosed that he was a member of a special cell in the FSF headquarters, which had the most trusted officers for secret and sensitive missions. The cell was headed by SP Mian Muhammad Abbas and its members had no contact with anybody above him.

Then he threw a bombshell. He said he was one of the FSF men who had fired on the car in which MNA Ahmad Raza Kasuri, his father, Nawab Muhammad Ahmad Khan, and other family members were travelling. Muhammad Ahmad was killed

while the others were injured. Arshad gave details of the planning and execution of the ghastly mission.

I was glancing through a copy of *Time* magazine in Wajahat's office when he told me about Arshad's startling revelations. I was stunned and was all ears while he gave me the details. The mystery of the most widely known murder case of the country at that time had been solved. Further details could now be collected by interrogating the accomplices.

Wajahat asked me what he should do next as the matter was very explosive. I advised him to inform immediately his Director General, M.S. Anwar, about the details divulged by ASI Arshad and then seek his instructions. (The murder case was not yet under investigation with the FIA.) Wajahat rushed to Islamabad. On his return the next day, he told me that the DG had talked to Gen. Zia, who directed that the investigation of the case should be taken up by the FIA. The case had been registered by the local police in 1974 and Bhutto had been nominated in the First Information Report as the main accused on the insistence of the complainant, Ahmad Raza Khan.

As FIA Lahore became fully occupied with the investigation of the murder case, the inquiry into other affairs of FSF went into the background and I returned to my normal duties in the Narcotics Control Board. I did not come to know how much Bhutto was directly involved as I was not associated with further investigations. I shall, therefore, confine myself only to those matters that were known to me personally or came to my knowledge through friends.

How "loyal" officers behave. Bhutto was arrested in the murder case after preliminary investigations but was released on bail by Justice Samdani of the Lahore High Court. He was arrested again, this time under martial law regulations to prevent his release again. Masood Mahmood, Director General of the Federal Security Force, turned approver, a witness who provided incriminating evidence against accomplices while he himself was exempted from prosecution. Saeed Ahmad Khan, Chief Security Officer to Bhutto, Sardar Abdul Wakil Khan, DIG Lahore, and Asghar Khan, SSP Lahore, were among the star prosecution witnesses. They all had been among the most trusted police officers of Bhutto and would commit criminal and illegal acts to convince him of their "devotion and loyalty" and to "stabilize and

strengthen" his government. Now they were providing evidence to convict him for murder. Such is the character of officers whom the rulers naively consider as "trustworthy and reliable."

I recalled my submission as SSP Rawalpindi to Bhutto that Saeed Ahmad Khan, who egged on for something illegal in one of the matters, might be in a witness box against him some day. Bhutto did not seem to be giving much weight to my words. But seeing Saeed Ahmad depose against Bhutto, I was myself struck by my prophetic utterance. I attended the High Court proceedings daily during the trial till the "gang of four police officers" had deposed. I thought Bhutto might notice me and recollect what I had said almost unwittingly five years ago but he was too engrossed in watching the blatant volte face of the wicked men. He must be regretting why he had trusted them. Unfortunately, such regrets come only after losing power but by then it is too late.

Masood Mahmood and Saeed Ahmad came up with a very vague, complicated and garbled statement about Bhutto's role in the case. They would not commit themselves one way or the other. The prosecution story was quite clear as far as the part of FSF men involved in the case was concerned but they had obviously no personal motives. Bhutto could be presumed to have the motive on political grounds. What about Masood Mahmood? Did he have a motive of his own on personal grounds? When I asked Malik Waris, who had initially investigated the murder soon after it took place, he said no definite evidence or indication was available as far as he knew.

Did Masood Mahmood have a career motive to please Bhutto by proving himself efficient and effective in his own devious manner? There are always a large number of civil and police officers whose expertise is to practice and prescribe crookedness to prove their own usefulness. It may or may not be in the best interest of the boss, but it certainly serves their own purpose by creating an atmosphere where they appear indispensable. Such people do not like the boss to see beyond them and try to possess him like a jealous mistress. They insulate him and then exploit his dependence on them. I could not draw any definite inferences as many links were missing.

Taking a strange position, Masood Mahmood claimed that he was under a constant fear of Waqar Ahmad, the Establishment

Secretary. What was he trying to prove? Was he afraid that his career might be affected? If so, then he would do anything for success in his career, even commit a surreptitious murder, which would give a feeling to Bhutto that Masood had removed a big nuisance. (Ahmad Raza Kasuri was in fact creating problems for Bhutto despite being in his own party and was the real target but luckily escaped in the assassination attempt.) I was looking for an indication in his or Saeed Ahmad's statement that Bhutto had given clear orders for the assassination of Ahmad Raza but both were vague. Did fear drive Masood Mahmood neurotic so that he had imagined things or was he under more fear *after* the fall of Bhutto? Anybody with such intense pathological fear of Waqar Ahmad would be under a worse degree of fear from the martial law regime that had definitely more arbitrary authority than the most powerful Establishment Secretary.

To me Masood was always a pathological case. I got an indication during a meeting with him at a function in the Police Club, Lahore. About a month and a half earlier, he had got my transfer to FSF approved by Bhutto but I was posted to Pakistan Narcotics Control Board instead. He did not know that I had got the change through President Fazal Elahi. Being extremely nice and polite, he took me aside and asked, "How did you get off the hook? Bhutto had personally approved your posting in FSF." I quickly read what was going on in his mind and decided to have the better of him by teasing him.

"Sir, my posting to PNCB was approved by the same person who had earlier approved my posting to FSF," I said with a lot of deliberate humility.

He became quite deferential towards me and asked, "Do you know Bhutto Sahib personally or you approached him through somebody?"

"Sir, I know him very well," I said with a lot of confidence. "I have been SSP Rawalpindi and then SSP Lahore."

Masood Mahmood was quite impressed and started cajoling a junior officer like me in the style of a charming salesman. To my total but pleasant surprise, he said, "Always say nice things about me whenever you meet Mr Bhutto. You are like a younger brother to me." He was a true careerist. I was never close to Bhutto and never met him even in a function but

Masood would go to any limits in removing possible hurdles in his career.

While talking to Tikka Iqbal outside the court room, I did loud thinking that Masood Mahmood needed a medical check-up on the intensity of his reactions on fear and fearful situations. When I told Iqbal about the Police Club incident, he thought seriously about it and suddenly said in Punjabi, "*Es paghal ne marva ditta ey!*" (This mad man has caused serious trouble.)

"Whom?" I asked. "Bhutto or Saeed Ahmad Khan?"

"Everybody!" he exclaimed.

Iqbal was right. Everybody—the court, the army, Bhutto, PNA, PPP and even Pakistan—was locked in a vicious exercise only because some wicked minds had led Bhutto on a course of destruction by providing administrative props that appeared attractive in the beginning. Nobody realized that the most effective and successful administration was based on truth, not tricks. Bhutto, once trapped, could not come out of the web of wickedness. It was no longer possible to separate him from the misdeeds of his "devoted and loyal" associates.

Rushing through. Bhutto, after getting his bail from Lahore High Court, was rearrested and put up for trial in the murder case before the Sessions Judge, Lahore. The case was then transferred to the High Court for trial in its original jurisdiction by the full bench, headed by the dominant and curt Maulvi Mushtaq Husain, the Chief Justice. The defence objected as they lost one chance of appeal but its petition was rejected. (The judgment of the Sessions Court could be appealed first in the High Court and then in the Supreme Court.) The case was taken up for day-to-day trial. The speed was also objected to but in vain. The court did not appear to be accommodating the defence even on small issues.

Gen. Zia was either indiscreet or deliberately leaked that Bhutto would be punished under martial law even if he was acquitted by the High Court. Bhutto was a politician of international reputation and the case also had more political overtones than personal. After some time, Bhutto boycotted the trial and it became purely political.

Mehr Ali Anwar, a former member of Sindh Assembly from Ghotki and an old friend, met me in Lahore in the trial days.

"Sindh is on fire because of Bhutto trial." he observed.

"Why?" I asked.

"Sindhis don't believe the prosecution story," he explained. "They think Punjabis are crushing a Sindhi. It has become an ethnic issue. *Sain*, you try him in Lahore before Punjabi judges and still think it will not become an ethnic issue?"

"The murder took place in Lahore and the trial had to be in Lahore," I explained.

"I understand this but nobody in Sindh will buy these legal niceties. Sindh High Court could have tried him." He expressed the Sindhi reaction in a straightforward manner.

I found difficulty in sleeping that night. Bilqis, my wife, asked me why I was disturbed. I told her what Ali Anwar had told me.

The simple soul said most innocently, "Why are you worried? You were never fond of Bhutto."

"It is not a question of Bhutto's life. It is the likely consequences that cause me anxiety. Pakistan is falling apart on regional and ethnic lines because of this trial." I tried to explain but she was not much convinced.

"Do you think a murderer should be let off for such stupid reasons?" she asked. "Nothing will happen to Pakistan. Now don't spoil you health and go to sleep."

"I hope nothing happens to the country," I observed more to myself than her.

"You have gone crazy," she said.

"My dear, Pakistan is the name of the feelings and thoughts of Pakistanis, not just the name of a territory. Hearts break first, souls go out and the living body is then reduced to dust. Territory falls off like a dried leaf." I was addressing myself more than Bilqis and felt extreme pain in my body, especially my backbone.

I cursed Bhutto for allowing people like Masood Mahmood to be around him. Such men become law unto themselves, driving the people inexorably to disorder. Then they say that the people are mad and the *danda* (stick) should be used to bring them to their senses. Who creates the unbearable conditions and provokes them into madness? It was the same Masood Mahmood, who ordered firing that killed many students demonstrating on the language issue in Dhaka in February 1952. It was one of the first major blunders that led 20 years later to the

separation of East Pakistan. I shuddered to think what would happen further because of his recent misdeeds. Perhaps my wife was right and I had really gone crazy.

Next day I rushed to the Services Hospital for my back ache. Dr Inayat, the Medical Superintendent, carried out a thorough check-up and diagnosed diabetes.

"Do you have it in the family?" he asked me.

"No, my parents or even grandparents on both sides never had it," I told him.

He diagnosed that my diabetes was due to extreme mental anxiety. He was right. The agonies and bitter memories of the refugee camps in 1947 would shake me almost physically. The specter of Bangladesh would haunt me. Now the future of the country was causing me extreme worry. Since then I have been suffering the disease.

The country was in ferment because of the Bhutto trial. To strengthen Gen. Zia in dealing with the case, the PNA was persuaded to join his government. (My friend, Muhammad Arshad Chaudhri, became the Minister for Science and Technology.) Bhutto's party and his fans thought he was too great to be convicted nor was there enough evidence to do it. But the court, after hearing in his absence due to his boycott, convicted him and the others accused in the case. The verdict came as a shock to most people but there was little visible reaction as there was still hope. (An appeal was to go before the Supreme Court.) Begum Nusrat Bhutto, Benazir Bhutto and most of the PPP leaders and workers were detained to avoid any law and order situation. Many of the workers were given lashes in the jails to create fear in the hearts of others. The situation was tense but peaceful.

Khar flies away. I met Mustafa Khar on the Eid day after the imposition of Martial Law. He looked quite impressed by my forecast about the martial law and asked for my assessment of the future. I did not like to venture any assessment in detail but told him that martial law was likely to continue till Bhutto was popular and angry and the conditions were not conducive for indemnifying the acts under martial law. I told Khar that the immediate cause of martial law was he himself as it was widely believed that he would have caused a civil war.

"I did not do anything like that," he protested.

"Yes, that's true but this was the perception in the military quarters." Then I gave him my opinion in the light of my reading of the situation. "After Bhutto, you are No. 2 in PPP. So, they will not spare you."

"There is nothing against me," he said most emphatically. "I have not done anything for which they can lay their hands on me."

"They will find many things against you, including the Liaquat Bagh firing case," I said smilingly.

I read in the newspapers after a few days that Khar had left for London after meeting some generals. He returned in 1986, after the lifting of martial law, and was arrested at the airport. He remained in jail till the death of Gen. Zia in 1988. After his release from Adyala jail, near Rawalpindi, he came to the residence of Haji Akram, where I was also present. It was after 11 years that we had met again. The first thing he said was, "Please tell me when the martial law will be imposed next. This time I shall believe you forthwith."

"I hope that ugly moment does not come again," I replied. "Every one of us should work for the stability of democracy and the country. I hope the politicians do show the necessary circumspection. This may be the last chance." I said this with deep feelings and Haji Akram joined me in that statement.

Keeping PPP in the mainstream. Ch. Asghar Ali, advocate, my class fellow and friend, successfully defended Begum Bhutto and she was released from detention by orders of the Lahore High Court. He was very proud of having won the case. He believed that he could have even won the murder case against Bhutto with his brilliant advocacy. Not only that. He even believed that he would have successfully won the constitutional petition of Begum Nusrat Bhutto, challenging the imposition of martial law. I felt that he was arrogating too much to himself and placing too much faith in the normal process of law. Maybe because he always had a very sentimental approach in life and was deeply attached to the Bhutto family.

"The constitutional deviation has been justified and condoned by the highest judicial body in view of the extraordinary security situation and everything has to move in the light of that verdict," I observed during our discussion. "You are too late to do anything in this respect."

"Things will certainly go very bad," he agreed. "The basic law of the country has been trampled upon. We are all party to that dastardly criminality. A.K. Brohi is the greatest culprit for defending martial law in the Supreme Court. Nothing will work now. The future is dark." He burst into tears and sobbed. I could see the intensity of his emotions. I tried to console him but he was very disturbed. So I engaged him in a serious and rather shocking discussion.

"Are you worried about the fate of Bhutto?" I asked him.

"Yes, very much," he replied. "They will hang him and that will mean the end of Pakistan. Sindh will secede. Punjab will be landlocked and at the mercy of the Sikhs across the border. Frontier and Balochistan will go with Afghanistan. Khair Bakhsh Mari and Ajmal Khattak, etc., are already there. Zia is foolishly playing in the hands of India. Pakistan is falling apart." He again cried.

"You are imagining too much," I told him. "He may not be hanged at all."

"No, no, they will hang him," he again asserted. "It is an American conspiracy to destroy Pakistan."

"Bhutto is not Pakistan," I said. "You are rating him too high."

"He is the only leader after the Quaid-i-Azam who could inspire and integrate the Muslim *millat*," Asghar said. "He put the shattered pieces together, got back the occupied territory and POWs, gave an agreed constitution and held the Islamic Summit right here in Lahore. He is a great national statesman. After him will be the deluge." Now he was firm and cool, his emotionalism having gone.

"Yes, no doubt, he is brilliant," I agreed. Then, trying to shake him up, I said, "National integration suited him in post-surrender scenario so he could be the undisputed ruler and the leader of the present Pakistan without the Eastern wing."

"You are not being fair to Bhutto," he protested. "In fact, you are absolutely mean and are ignoring facts. He resolved for a determined 1000-year war against India. Army was bogged down in East Pakistan and collapsed. What could he do? He saved the remaining Pakistan when Indira Gandhi was forecasting 'another happy news' in the near future. India and Russia might have separated East Pakistan but their machinations to divide Pakis-

tanis into Pathans, Balochis, Sindhis and Punjabis was successfully thwarted by Bhutto. The language riots in Sindh in 1972 was a mischief caused directly by Russia. Bhutto must be saved, please." He was now almost begging.

"Well, I am nobody," I said. "We can only pray. But there is a lot of weight in what you say. Deprived of the hope for power, Bhutto did play into the manipulative hands of Yahya Khan after 1970 elections and did become a potent factor in disintegration. However, the beauty of democracy is that participation in power and influence keeps communities and societies united inspite of variance in culture and language. I accept Bhutto as a potent integrating force as you put it. Let him remain a symbol of national unity. The bones of dead Bhutto will become a fertilizer for a united and strong country. I wish he had not faltered at that time. But we must not do it now. You are close to Begum Bhutto. She is of Iranian origin and belongs to no ethnic group. She and PPP should become the symbol of national unity even if he is hanged. Let her or anybody else in PPP not think on ethnic and regional lines and Pakistan will be safe. Please plead this with her again and again." I put this across to him with emphasis and deep emotions.

He appeared convinced. Then he said, "Can't you convey some good sense to the Generals also? You are a very senior and sensible officer."

"I shall try but I have few connections of the right kind," I replied. "I am not very optimistic about our Generals as most of them are devoid of any sense of history. They are not statesmen. They are only agents and symbols of a dreadful force and suppression and oppression are the only methods they know. They can at the most maintain the stinking status quo. But let us try to save whatever we can." He agreed with my line of argument and said "I shall try to keep Begum Bhutto and PPP on the national track inspite of all the odds."

Then he asked me, "Any other advice to save the situation from further deterioration and save Bhutto's life?"

"I don't know," I replied. "But may be Begum Sahiba might like to mend fences with the Americans."

Asghar Ali had many meetings with Begum Bhutto and, as he told me, she stood for the national politics at all costs, even if the Generals hanged her husband. She would not stand for

anything regional or ethnic. Asghar discussed these concepts with Begum Sahiba in the presence of Benazir, who, according to him, appeared to be more sharp and understanding.

I mentioned the apprehensions of Asghar Ali to Arshad Chaudhri, now one of Zia's ministers, and requested him to try to save Bhutto in view of the serious implications. He should also try to get the death sentence reduced to life imprisonment if it was upheld by the Supreme Court. He was convinced of the need to work on this line. He also met Asghar and discussed the modalities with him. Arshad even promised to see Begum Bhutto secretly but the meeting could not take place for unavoidable reasons.

I also told Arshad Chaudhri that in my assessment PNA's role in the government would be no more required after Bhutto was hanged. The purpose of involving the PNA in government was only to get Bhutto's hanging endorsed by the PNA supporters. After that, PNA would be discarded like a used condom. He was not much persuaded by my argument but that is what happened ultimately.

I took up another point. "General Zia has started enjoying power. Now PPP and PNA will have to join hands to get rid of him."

"That is impossible," he said emphatically. "PPP and PNA will never get together."

I made the same observation to Nawabzada Nasrulla Khan at the residence of Arshad Chaudhri. He was annoyed. He did not like the inference that PNA leaders were being used and befooled by the General.

While the hearing of Bhutto's appeal continued before the Supreme Court, it was rumoured that the court was divided. As a result, it was widely assumed that the death sentence would be reduced to life imprisonment. Bhutto argued his case personally also and gave it a larger political and geo-political perspective. An attempt was made to publish his statement in the form of a book without the approval of the court and even before its submission. The copies of the book were confiscated while still under print in Lahore. It later came out in India under the title, "If I am assassinated..." Some copies were smuggled in and were photocopied and distributed widely.

The Supreme Court, after a prolonged hearing, upheld the verdict of the Lahore High Court in a 5-4 judgment. Most people hoped that Gen. Zia, who had by now become the President after the resignation of Ch. Fazal Elahi, would reduce it to life imprisonment. But those who were close to the General were certain that he was going to finish Bhutto physically. Arshad Chaudhri went to Saudi Arabia for umra where he had a dream in Makkah that Bhutto had been hanged and he had resigned from the cabinet in protest. When he narrated the dream, I said, "I hope you announce your resignation now so that Bhutto is not hanged. You will save the country from a trauma." In the event, he did not do that although I had given him my assessment that PNA ministers would be no more required if Bhutto was hanged.

A review petition was filed before the Supreme Court by Bhutto but that was also rejected after a brief hearing. Gen. Sagheer, Chairman of the Federal Inspection Commission, with whom I had worked for some time in addition to my job at the Pakistan Narcotics Control Board, discussed the implications of Bhutto case with me for many days and I always gave my view that hanging would be resented widely and intensely, particularly in Sindh, and would cause irreparable loss to national integrity. He told me that he had tried his best for clemency but Zia was adamant. He was afraid of reprisals if Bhutto was not hanged. Fear seemed to be prevailing on both sides.

"Why should the chief of army have any fears?" I asked. "Nobody can touch the army chief, at least in our country."

"Bhutto is being emotional," said Gen. Sagheer. "He should have kept quiet instead of threatening the regime." After a pause, he spoke again, "He is going to be hanged anyhow. You are an experienced police officer. Tell me, what can be done to minimize the public reaction and riots?"

"The best is not to hang him," I replied. "Try once again, please. In the other case, the announcement of a date for general elections will satisfy most people and will engage the attention of the activists. But that is being just clever to defuse the situation. The best would be to save his neck, keep him in jail and hold the elections. Then the matters will not go to the extreme." I gave my advice according to my perception in the given circumstances.

He said, "It clicks. Thank you." Then he left for the CMLA Headquarters. Once again he did not succeed in getting

clemency for Bhutto but the alternative was accepted. The elections were announced before the hanging took place.

One rope, two necks. The petitions for clemency were pouring in from heads of state to the ordinary people, from the West to the Muslim World. Tunku Abdur Rahman, the founder of Malaysia and its former Prime Minister, travelled all the way to Islamabad to restrain Zia. Ch. Fazal Elahi wrote a very moving personal letter. He also tried to see Zia but the General avoided him.

Zia was in mortal terror of Bhutto. He was certain that Bhutto would not let him live if he was saved from the gallows. (After all, a jail sentence or exile could not be for ever.) He said it all in his memorable words, "There is one rope and two necks. It will be either his neck or my neck." It was understandable in view of what Bhutto had been doing. Despite having read so much history, the condemned former Prime Minister had not learnt the right lessons.

Riaz al-Khateeb, the Saudi Ambassador, met Arshad Chaudhri in my presence and told him, "I have placed myself in a very awkward position. I had informed His Majesty King Khalid that Zia-ul-Haq will not reject his appeal for mercy as the general had personally assured me of acceptance. His Majesty then made his appeal publicly. But now it appears that Gen. Zia is going to hang Bhutto." The ambassador now sought the advice of Arshad Chaudhri, his personal friend, whether he should approach King Khalid again to speak to Zia if there was any possibility of his agreeing this time.

"There is absolutely no possibility," Arshad Chaudhri told him. "You should not embarrass your position further."

I requested Arshad Chaudhri in Punjabi (so that the ambassador might not understand) to let him approach King Khalid once again with the faint hope that it might work this time but he didn't agree to it.

"Why did you not ask the ambassador to try again?" I asked Arshad Chaudhri after the ambassador had left.

He replied, "I know for certain that Zia is not going to spare Bhutto at any cost. So why should I betray Riaz al-Khatib's trust in me and embarrass him unnecessarily."

I lost my hope at that moment to save the country from a trauma and ominous portends of the consequent disaster.

However, I did make some desperate attempts to change the situation.

"Bhutto's death will finish PPP." I went to Nawabzada Nasrulla Khan and discussed the consequences of Bhutto's hanging. He felt strongly that Bhutto should not be hanged. I suggested that he should make a public appeal. That would encourage many others to come round the idea and create an atmosphere that might compel Zia to reconsider his decision. But he was not prepared for a public statement as it would create a rift in the PNA. He, however, intended to see Zia and plead mercy for Bhutto.

On March 26, I met Maulana Maudoodi and discussed the consequences of the hanging. He believed that Bhutto was a wicked person and should meet his end for his sins.

"I am not suggesting that he is a good person," I pleaded. "He is evil, no doubt. But the people will become emotionally charged and sway in favour of dead Bhutto. He is a secularist while Zia is an Islamist. When people sway towards him and against Zia, Islam will come in a bad light. You heard about very good Muslims raising slogans of "Islam Murdabad" (Hell with Islam) in Dhaka because of Yahya's tyranny. It is not for Bhutto but for Islamic feelings that I feel concerned. Please, speak to the General and try to save Bhutto's life. Let him languish in jail and fade out without damaging the nation and its Islamic values."

Maulana Sahib was not convinced. "Bhutto is PPP. With his death, PPP will be finished. Let the evil die. PPP without Bhutto is zero. Don't worry, no damage to Islam will come." I repeated my argument three times but to no avail. The last thing he said was, "There is a lot of weight in what you say but it is better that he meets his end. Living Bhutto will be more dangerous." He looked very tired and weak. I begged his leave and left his Ichhra residence, desolate and disturbed. I knew nothing more could be done now.

"Why are you running about to save Bhutto from the gallows?" Mian Ahmad Ali asked me when he met me later. "It is obviously a political activity. You are a public servant. Isn't it against the service rules?"

"I am a servant of Pakistan, not of the people in power," I replied. "The service rules are a legacy of the British colonial rule and become irrelevant when the future of the country is at

stake. I am trying to avert a great tragedy and cannot bother about the niceties of the rules."

Cringing crookedness and stubborn strategy. The General termed the appeals of the world leaders as "an act of trade unionism by politicians to save another politician, who is guilty of murder."

At home, he wanted the participation of the politicians in the decision to hang Bhutto in order to create a permanent divide among them. They walked into his trap and the cabinet approved his decision. Although mercy was the personal prerogative of the President, the petition by some relatives, made against Bhutto's own wishes, was rejected after due consultation with every member of the cabinet. Even Arshad Chaudhri did not differ inspite of his dream at Makkah.

The general elections were announced by Zia-ul-Haq on March 23, 1979, the Pakistan Day, for October 18 the same year. The way to the gallows was now clear for Bhutto. The announcement would not only help defuse the hostile reaction on the hanging but would also pave the way to get rid of the PNA.

"Don't you think it is a perfect move?" Gen. Ghulam Hassan asked me during a visit to the Federal Inspection Commission.

"Yes, it is," I replied. "After all, you are trained tacticians and strategists and your skills are used deftly against our own people."

"You civil servants are trained crooks," he retorted. "What is the difference?"

"No difference, sir. Cringing crookedness and stubborn strategy makes a good cocktail." We laughed off a very serious matter.

I came to Lahore, very disappointed. I told Asghar Ali that Bhutto was going to be hanged and urged him to go to Sihala, where Begum Bhutto and Benazir were confined, to try to keep them in the mainstream politics. He was very sad and suffered an asthmatic attack there and then. Being her advocate, he was allowed to see Begum Bhutto but this time he was able to meet her much after the hanging. He told me that Bhutto ladies were still determined to play national rather than negative and regional politics.

Before the hanging, there were cases of self-immolation as a protest but it did not cut much ice with Gen. Zia. Haji Habib-ur-Rahman, who was then IGP Punjab, issued instructions to the police to try to save those who wanted to burn themselves. The General did not like these instructions and wanted them to be withdrawn. Haji Sahib held his ground because he was of the view that, under the law, it was a basic duty of a police officer to intervene whenever there was a threat to human life. The General, on the other hand, was of the view that if some of the self-immolators died, the others would be discouraged. Haji Sahib was transferred soon afterwards.

The end or rebirth? Arshad Chaudhri rang me up very early in the morning on April 4, the fateful day, and said, "The man has been hanged." There was a long pause. Neither I nor he could speak for quite some time. Then I just hung up. Terror ends with terror and violence begets violence, I thought. There was excruciating pain in my stomach and I felt lifeless.

The people were stunned when the news spread. There was arson and violent protest in Lahore. Begum Bhutto and Benazir were not allowed to see the body, an unnecessary caution, though the two were allowed to visit the grave later under very tight security.

Sindh went silent and the Generals were very happy that they had controlled the situation with an iron hand. In the Federal Inspection Commission, I saw the army people taking pride that the Sindhis had been terrorized into silence successfully.

Many stories were current that Bhutto was tortured before hanging or he feigned unconsciousness out of fear but they were all found to be untrue. He asked for coffee and shaved his overgrown beard as he did not like "to die looking like a maulvi." Then he walked up to the gallows. He died as a bold and courageous man, setting a very inspiring example for his followers. That one act more than anything else was to keep the PPP and Bhutto's name alive and inspiring for a long time.

After the hanging of Bhutto, Begum Bhutto and Benazir suffered solitary confinements. Murtaza Bhutto and Shahnawaz Bhutto, the two sons of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, were in England. The moment they heard about the hanging of their father, they vowed to avenge it. Soon afterwards, they formed the Peoples

Liberation Army, which was to later become Al-Zulfiqar Organization (AZO) after their base was shifted to Kabul.

After hanging Bhutto, Gen. Zia got rid of PNA also In the event, the packing-off was sugar-coated. The political ministers (all from PNA) were asked to resign on April 21 as they were to participate in the coming elections "that had to be free and fair."

The PNA fell apart. Tehrik-i-Istiqlal had already left and the other parties also went their own way. The Muslim League split into two. Maulana Kausar Niazi formed his own Progressive People's Party. Hafeez Pirzada became inactive and Mumtaz Bhutto had already opted to be a Sindhi nationalist, preaching the reorganization of the country into a confederation.

The sowing of winds. The year 1979 was a turning point in our history. The hanging of Bhutto, the formation of Al-Zulfiqar, the promulgation of the Hadood Ordinances, sectarian conflict leading to terrorism, the start of Iran-Iraq war and the Russian occupation of Afghanistan created major challenges and problems for the country. The winds sown in 1979 became whirlwinds in the coming years.

The general elections, promised solemnly for October 1979, were also postponed, this time indefinitely. Besides PPP, other political parties were also demanding restoration of democracy and holding of elections. (Jama'at-i-Islami was the only exception, its Amir, Maulana Tufail Muhammad, being hand in glove with the General.). The rumblings of a terrorist organization, called Al-Zulfiqar, were audible. With foreign aid from major powers suspended, the economic problems had become very serious. The only hope for relief lay with Saudi Arabia. So, to ensure its help, Islamization was being pursued enthusiastically despite the divisiveness it caused in the society. Iraq, in its war against Iran on all fronts, was supplying huge sums to Sunni ulema in Pakistan to take on Shias.

However, the tottering regime of Zia-ul-Haq was rescued and strengthened after the Russian tanks and guns rolled into Afghanistan. President Reagan, taking over from Carter a few weeks later, made Afghanistan the cornerstone of his global policy against "the Evil Empire." The bleeding of USSR in a way that Afghanistan became its Viet Nam was made the major U.S. objective. As a result, Pakistan became a frontline state in

the war against communism and billions of dollars in military and economic aid poured in. Humanitarian aid also flowed in for the millions of refugees entering Pakistan. Treating the refugees nicely was in good Muslim tradition and boosted the image of Zia-ul-Haq, particularly in the Muslim World.

After getting a great boost from the outside, the Zia regime was emboldened to discard any pretensions of democratic aims, if it had any. Democracy itself was called "un-Islamic." A diary of the Quaid-i-Azam was "discovered" and quoted in support of this claim. (It was never published, however.) To defuse the political opposition, well-entrenched Zia was courting the religious elements, who called him "a great Muslim soldier." Their view was strengthened by Zakat funds and Saudi rials doled out to them.

Finding a common cause. On the other hand, the efficient machinery of martial law was busy round the clock crushing its main opposition, PPP, declaring most of its politicians disqualified to take part in any political activity or to contest elections. The FIA and police were probing the land reforms cases of leaders, listing their misdeeds, failings and follies, and entangling the workers into false cases to keep them behind bars. Several hundreds were arrested, flogged and put behind bars on petty or false charges. The special and summary military courts were busy convicting the PPP diehards. Many of the known workers left the country through unfrequented routes to England, Libya, Afghanistan, India, etc., to escape the rigours of martial law.

The politicians, with no prospects of getting into power in the near future, started coming closer to find common grounds against Zia. The house of Arshad Chaudhri was (and still is) a den of politicians. There I met Nawabzada Nasrulla Khan and Rana Zafarulla, who were now very critical of the General and felt hoodwinked and outmaneuvered. They cursed Asghar Khan for misleading them regarding the elections in 90 days if martial law replaced the Bhutto government. It was early 1980 and the general elections were no longer in sight. They believed that oppression and suppression had crossed all limits and the PPP was being driven to the wall, particularly in Sindh.

Nasrulla was of the view that the PPP should not be left alone in its struggle against tyranny or it might turn regionalist.

PNA and PPP seemed to be coming closer due to the compulsions of the situation and the short-sightedness of the rulers. The battle lines for struggle and suppression were being drawn sharply although it would still take another year before the opposition parties formed the Movement for Restoration of Democracy (MRD). I recalled how A/Hameed had visualized soon after the imposition of the Martial Law that PPP and PNA would have to come together to oust the General.

Zia's Islamization. After the hanging of Bhutto, the U.S. and others had suspended aid. Zia, in search of funds, decided to please Saudi Arabia. For this purpose, he launched an aggressive programme of Islamization. He had already enforced Hadood Ordinances, which enforced certain punishments prescribed by the Sharia but had created many legal distortions. He was now keen to introduce the Islamic provisions for the trial and punishment of all criminal cases.

While working in the Bureau of Police Research, I was asked to prepare a note on the subject. I was very keen myself for the enforcement of Sharia but found that there would be many difficulties and serious rifts would be created among various sects if it was done in haste and without preparing the people through persuasion and education. The civil matters like marriage, dissolution of marriage and inheritance were already within the purview of the personal laws of ones own sect. The criminal offences of *zina* (sexual intercourse outside marriage but with consent) and intoxication had already been made punishable under Islamic laws. The other criminal laws should not yet be touched as there were too many basic irreconcilable issues between various sects, particularly Shias and Sunnis. Then the benign face of Islam needed to be made more visible rather than its punitive side.

I also gave the political perspective of sectarianism. The term "Sunna and Jama'at" itself was the name of a formula evolved long ago by Allama al-Ash'ari and then embellished by Imam Ghazali when the Batinis, Mu'tazilis, Kharjis and others were calling one another *kafirs* (infidels) on petty issues, liable to be beheaded forthwith. It was then feared that if it went on like that, every group would be a kafir in the eyes of others and the Muslim umma would be divided and completely destroyed. So it was decided by general consensus that all those who followed the

Sunna, i.e., the known path of the Holy Prophet, and Jama'at, i.e., the consensus of the majority, should not be declared kafir. But in due course of time it became a sect by itself, called *Ahl-i-Sunnat wal Jama'at.*

The Shia influence in South Asia came with the Mughal king Humayun on his return from exile in Iran. Later it became a point of conflict, especially when Muhammad Ahmad Sirhandi, better known as Mujaddad Alif Thani, bitterly opposed the Din-e-Ilahi of Akbar and the Shia creed. King Aurangzeb was his ardent pupil and hence a rabid anti-Shia. Since then a severe division between Shias and Sunnis continues.

The common animosity towards the Hindus had kept the Muslims of the South Asia united. Anything divisive now was likely to open the Pandora's box. Therefore, in my view, the enforcement of Sharia must not be rushed through without examining it in the total historical perspective. My advice was not fully heeded to and some steps were proposed. The Shias came to know about them and they picketed the federal secretariat for three days till their demands were met. That in turn created a reaction among the Sunnis, particularly Deobandis. Since then an ugly terrorist war has been going on between Sipah-i-Sahaba (Sunni) and Tehrik-i-Nifaz-i-Fiqah-i-Ja'faria (Shia), now called Tehrik-i-Ja'faria Pakistan, claiming hundreds of innocent lives on both sides. Sectarian terrorism has been one of the major causes for the vitiating of the law and order situation in the country, particularly in the Punjab. More on the subject in the chapter, "Sectarian protection to criminals."

The use and misuse of FIA

Federal Investigation Agency inquires into matters pertaining to federal affairs and investigates into offences under federal laws. It is also the main anti-corruption investigative body for federal employees, with wide legal powers. In March 1980, I was posted as Director, FIA, Rawalpindi region. My area of jurisdiction included the North West Frontier Province, Northern Areas, Islamabad and the Rawalpindi Division. In April 1981, I was transferred as Director, FIA, Lahore. In both places, I dealt with several inquiries into corruption cases, some of which have been described in the chapter, "How *not* to eliminate corruption."

Mian Muhammad Aslam Hayat Wattoo was the Director General of FIA. He was a pious, bold, firm, and truthful police officer, with unimpeachable integrity. He was like a maestro, with full grasp of his job. I had worked with him earlier also while he was the Additional Inspector General of Police, Punjab, during 1973-75.

Harassing landlord politicians. The martial law regime had raked up complaints against landlords, who were also leading politicians, for violation of land reforms regulations and, under a

martial law order, all these cases had been transferred to the FIA for investigation. Muhammad Aslam Bajwa, my predecessor in Lahore, was supposed to be an expert in land matters. Therefore, the cases from all over the country were being handled by him.

I found nothing substantial in the files. The allegations usually included pre-dating of mutations in land records or under-calculation of the produce units in collusion with the Revenue Department staff. In case of the family of Nawab of Bahawalpur, the charge was that declarations of land holdings had not been filed before the fixed date in 1972. As not filing a declaration before the due date was an offence, the CMLA Headquarters wanted action against the Nawab family. Hence, cases had been registered against a large number of the family members. But the funny thing was that the inheritance shares had not been determined by the Supreme Court and who owned how much land had yet to be decided. So the question of filing any declaration before the given date did not arise at all.

The case against Sadiq Husain Qureshi, former Governor, Punjab, and his family was based on the land allotted in 1954 under a 20-year tubewell scheme. If that land was included in his ownership, he and every member of his family would be guilty of exceeding 8000 produce units, the maximum that an individual could own. The investigation officer held them guilty not only of owning more than the permissible limit but also of falsification of the records and antedating the ownership to 1972. In the process, he declared Hafeezulla Ishaq, Deputy Commissioner, Multan, Malik Jahangir and other revenue officers guilty of forgery of the records.

I studied the file carefully and wondered why Sadiq Qureshi should have tried to acquire the ownership of the land in 1972 instead of 1974 when it would have become due, as laid down in the scheme way back in 1954, unless he had made up his mind most stupidly to trap himself and the family into criminal cases for no obvious gain. The case was thus totally baseless but Sadiq Qureshi and the relevant revenue officers were very frightened because of the martial law. I canceled the case on merit, without calling anybody for inquiry.

I canceled the other cases also in the same manner. The Brigadier incharge of the land reforms cases in the CMLA Headquarters felt very offended. He demanded my explanation in

writing. I sent him a report in writing that the very registration of the cases was without any basis. He never bothered me again.

When the subject came up during a discussion with Hafeezulla Ishaq in 1984, while we both were doing a course at National Institute of Public Administration (NIPA) in Lahore, he expressed his belief that the case involving him had been canceled because of an understanding between Gen. Zia and Sadiq Qureshi. When I told him about the actual position, he was very surprised that I could do it on my own initiative. The martial law regime, however, did succeed in cowing down the leading land-owning politicians. Most of those involved in cases of violating land reforms were to join later the nominated Majlis-i-Shoora (Consultative Council) of Gen. Zia.

Encounter with Seth Abid. I knew Ahmad Mian Somroo since he was the Senior Deputy Speaker in the West Pakistan Assembly in the late 1960s. On his request, his friend, Seth Abid Husain, came to see me one day in 1982. He requested that the appeal filed by the FIA Lahore in the High Court against his acquittal in a smuggling case against him and his associates may be withdrawn. I told him that it would be difficult as the matter was before a court of law. "Let there be a final judicial verdict on the case," I told him. He was not satisfied.

Suddenly he asked, "Has not Mahmood Bhai spoken to you?"

"Who is he?" It was my turn to ask a question.

"Mahmood Haroon, the Interior Minister," he confided.

"No, he has not spoken to me," I replied. I was intrigued.

"Not even Zia Bhai?" He asked, with surprise.

"No," I told him, without showing any surprise on his high connections, as he was referring to Gen. Zia-ul-Haq. He left me, very disappointed.

This case against him had been registered way back in 1976 after a huge quantity of gold, watches and currency was captured and seized by the police and the Rangers. The FIA had conducted the investigation and taken the case to the court. The contention of the FIA was that the goods were meant to be smuggled out of the country. The defence took the position that the goods were not being smuggled but were being collected at one place to declare as black money as the last date allowed by the government for such a declaration was approaching. (The

raid was conducted two days before the expiry of the date for filing declarations of black money.) The court accepted the contention of the defence and acquitted the accused from the charge of smuggling. The FIA had filed an appeal against the verdict. Seth Abid wanted the appeal to be withdrawn and the goods returned to him. I could not do it.

After a week, I received a copy of an order from the Federal Government that it had decided to withdraw the appeal against Seth Abid and others. The direction had been addressed to the Attorney General and a copy was endorsed to the FIA for information and further necessary action. The FIA had not even been consulted, as I was informed by Mian Aslam Hayat on my query. The Director General told me that Seth Abid had a lunch meeting with the President in the Presidency and the order followed as night followed the day. The Attorney General withdrew the appeal and the judicial proceedings came to an end.

After the withdrawal of the appeal, I wrote to the Commissioner, Income Tax, with copies to about a dozen concerned authorities, that the goods seized and deposited with the State Bank could be released only after the deduction of the tax prescribed by the Government in 1976 on the declared black money. The contention of the defence had been that the goods were collected for declaration as black money on which the lower court had based its judgment. Now tax deduction was perfectly legal after the withdrawal of the FIA appeal. I never came to know how Seth Abid felt about my letter.

Misusing authority for religion. Even the misplaced prejudices of otherwise honest public servants can cause gross injustice. One such case involved a well-educated and highly qualified manager of a nationalized industry. He was charged with having sold some steel at a price less than the market price, causing a loss of Rs 13,000 to the government. He was mal-treated by an FIA Inspector during investigation. The manager came to my office the next day, trembling and shaking with anger.

"I don't know how I have managed to reach you," he cried. "The Inspector was hell-bent on destroying me. I cajoled and flattered him and that is how I am with you."

I called my Deputy Director Ja'far Khan, a very capable and honest officer, and went into the details of the case. The steel

was sold in 1980 and the comparison of prices was being made with the market prices of 1984! Once I was convinced that the accused officer was absolutely innocent, I checked about the Inspector. He turned out to be a very honest and pious officer. I was intrigued how it all happened.

On probing, it was found that the complaint came through the CMLA Headquarters, claiming that "a Bhutto-favoured Mirzai was looting billions of rupees fearlessly." It would certainly invite the wrath of a zealot. The officer heading the corporation was in fact an Ahmadi while the Inspector happened to be a devout Shia. The Inspector, during investigation, suffered from a religious frenzy and decided to terrorize the Ahmadi. He let him go only when the accused promised to become a Muslim at the hand of the Inspector's pir. He felt proud of having converted at least one apostate with the use of his official authority. Necessary steps were taken to cancel the case. I don't know whether the conversion of the Ahmadi was permanent.

Complaints against army officers. During the early 1980s, there were many complaints of corruption not only against the civilian officers but also the army officers engaged in martial law duties. The complainants approached the FIA officers for raids and inquiries but we could not initiate any action against army officers unless authorized by the CMLA or the MLA concerned. Ironically, the incharge of the complaint cell of the CMLA Headquarters himself was, after an inquiry by FIA, found guilty of fraud and corruption and was sentenced to a jail term. He was making money by terrorizing the persons against whom he received complaints or he himself originated pseudonymous complaints and extorted money from the relevant persons! He even misused the name of Begum Zia.

An inquiry into the complaints of corruption against Gen. Fazl-i-Raziq, Chairman, WAPDA, was conducted by Ja'far Khan, Deputy Director, FIA, under the personal supervision of the Director General. He was the brother of Gen. Fazl-i-Haq, the Governor and Martial Administrator of the NWFP. Even before the inquiry could start, Qayyum Arif, the complainant against Gen. Fazl-i-Raziq, was sentenced to rigorous imprisonment for one year by a summary military court for "defaming the army by leveling corruption charges against a retired general." The complainant was very resilient and continued writing from jail to

various persons, with convincing proofs. Ultimately, the President had to remove the General and release Qayyum Arif after four months. It was proposed that the General might be sent abroad as an ambassador but the inquiry stood in the way. The inquiry officer could not help the General but the FIA headquarters did put a favourable interpretation.

There were many cases of innocent people being unnerved by the terror of martial law and forced to pay bribes. Many people lost their valuable properties to forcible possessions. In one case, an army officer in uniform took away cement and steel from the construction site of a friend of mine. Extremely agitated, my friend approached me but I had to tell him frankly that I was not in a position to help him. He then decided to turn the other cheek and went to that officer and asked him if he needed anything else. The officer shamelessly asked for more steel. My friend provided him the needed steel but could not help asking him, "Why did you decide to take away my construction material forcibly?"

"Because I needed it to complete my house," came the unabashed reply. Then the army officer elaborated his personal philosophy. "The bastard (Gen. Zia) did not give me a second chance to serve on martial law duty. I ran short of money. You dirty businessmen have a lot of money. It makes no difference to you. So I did it. Now you can do anything you like." My friend was overwhelmed by the officer's candidness and, again turning the other cheek, gave him a good job in his firm after his retirement! Now they are very good friends!

What happened to DIG Khalid Masud was stranger than fiction. He came to me for advice. He told me that a Brigadier of the Martial Law Headquarters, Punjab Zone, was demanding Rs 200,000 as a bribe for hushing up a case against him that was registered when he was DIG Bahawalpur. I thought he must be kidding but he was quite serious.

"But the Brigadier is your drinking pal," I said.

"Yes, he is but now he has turned vicious," Khalid replied. "He is very serious and has demanded the money three times. He says he has to marry his daughter."

"He is your friend. Lend him the money so that he can marry his daughter," I advised him.

"But I have got no money. By God, I have no money at all though he thinks I have been making a lot of it." Khalid explained his predicament. Then, in a conspiratorial tone, he suggested, "Why don't you arrange a raid? You are Director FIA."

I was shocked. But he insisted, as it was perhaps the only way out he could think of. I told him, "Arranging a raid against such a senior army officer would be foolhardy." I advised him to talk to some general in the army. I learnt a few days later that he had run away from the country. He returned home in 1986, only after the martial law had been lifted. He later proved his innocence and is now back in service.

The fall-out of Al-Zulfiqar. Al-Zulfiqar had been formed by Murtaza and Shahnawaz, the sons of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, soon after their father's hanging. By early 1980s, its terrorist activities had been stepped up. An attempt was made in Rawalpindi to fire a missile at the plane of President Zia. Some army installations were hit by bomb blasts or direct firing. Two prominent anti-Bhutto politicians, Ch. Zahoor Elahi and Mohsin Bhopali, were assassinated.

Al-Zulfiqar was being financed by the Afghans, Russians and Indians, with additional support from Libya, Syria, Palestine Liberation Organization and some other pro-Russia countries. Many Bhutto fans among the youngsters were available for recruitment. Many outlaws, already in sanctuaries in the tribal belt, also joined the organization for glory as well as financial support and weapons. A large number of activists had been arrested and those who knew about Al-Zulfiqar elements or were related even remotely to them, were being interrogated in the infamous Lahore Fort cells of the Special Branch. The committed workers were carrying out the assigned missions but those, who had joined due to compulsions of circumstances, were surrendering to the police and army and divulging secrets and information about their associates in various missions or still under training.

Al-Zulfiqar operations were being thwarted thoroughly and ruthlessly. The government agencies would arrest persons, even army and police officers, on the slightest suspicions of planning to overthrow the government. Mian Zaheer Ahmad, then DIG Bahawalpur, was detained in the Attock Fort as his

name had been found in the diary of a person suspected of plotting against the Zia regime. He was kept there for more than a year and nothing was ultimately found against him. His illustrious father, Mian Bashir Ahmad, who had retired as IGP West Pakistan, died of the shock. I asked a very senior general why they had become so panicky and started interning such responsible and senior officers without any solid evidence. He replied, "Everything is fair in love and war. If you are referring to Zaheer, you forget that he is also son-in-law of Sardar Ibrahim, the PPP President of Azad Kashmir." I thanked Allah that none of my relatives was in any political party.

Zahid Shamsi, nephew of my friend, Nasir Shamsi, went for *ziarat* to some West Asian (Middle Eastern) countries, including Syria. He was put in the Lahore Fort on the suspicion that he might have had something to do with Murtaza Bhutto and Al-Zulfiqar. He was doing business and had no political affiliations. Nor did he have any soft corner for the PPP. Nasir Shamsi had been screened out by Bhutto and had to leave the country. As a result, the whole family was against the PPP. But Zahid's visit to Damascus was enough to make him suffer torture in the fort. It took many months for his father to get him released. Zahid has been a psychological wreck since then.

Malik Muhammad Hayat, a 70-year-old country gentleman, along with his brother, was charged of involvement in Al-Zulfiqar activities. He was one of the first *zaildars* (nominated village elders) who resigned on the call of the Quaid-i-Azam in 1940s and since then had never taken part in politics. I was shocked by his arrest and requested a very responsible officer, who was incharge of such affairs, to look into the matter dispassionately. It took him three months to reach the conclusion that Malik Hayat had been gotten trapped by his personal enemies. Even then, it took another three months before he could be released.

When I asked the same senior officer why it had taken that long to release an innocent old man, he said, "Because the matter was very important."

"The baseless, untenable and so obviously silly complaint or the detention of the old respectable country gentleman?" I retorted.

He appeared very grim. "What are you saying? It was a very serious complaint. Hell with the old man. He does not count with us. We have to save the Islamic government of the General." I thought it better to be discreet and not say anything more. He was still furious and said, "Tell the old man to behave. Otherwise, he will be gone for ever." I was shocked, in fact, terrorized. I just thanked him for his "profound kindness."

Shortly afterwards, as the luck would have it, the same officer was charged with very serious allegations of corruption and the inquiry was entrusted by the Federal Government, of all the people, to me. I found him cringing in my office. I was correct and fair with him to the last detail. He was never sent to jail, not to talk of the Lahore Fort. He was not even arrested. Yet he was crying all the time. He was very worried that his grown-up daughter would not find a suitable match if the matter became public. (The inquiry was never made public.)

I showed him all possible human consideration but could not compromise on facts. He met his well-deserved end from the Government but I tried not to hurt his personal dignity. I could not help asking him, very politely, if he ever thought of the dignity of Malik Hayat and others like him in a similar situation. He said he had never thought beyond his own self.

Rana Shaukat Mahmood was my friend since the college days. I joined police and he became a politician, now a PPP leader. He and his wife (who has a master's degree in psychology) were arrested under Martial Law and were confined to solitary imprisonment in separate cells in the Lahore Fort. Their only child, a baby girl, was not allowed to see the parents together. She had to be brought on different days and see them separately. While Rana Shaukat was detained in the fort, his real mother died. (His father had two wives.) He was allowed to go home for three days to receive condolences. I went to condole with him. Jahangir Badar and Nazim Shah, two PPP leaders from Lahore, were also there. They were surprised to see me and were worried that the Government might not like it. I told them that I had come in my personal capacity to condole the death of the mother of my friend. But dictatorial governments are great enemies of social graces and my visit was, in fact, interpreted as indiscreet by my officers and a political activity by the Government. No action was, however, taken against me.

Injustice to Justices. Several Supreme Court and High Court judges were sent home for not siding with the regime, including Mr Justice Mushtaq Husain, Chief Justice of the Lahore High Court, who had given death sentence to Bhutto. Sh. Anwar-ul-Haq, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, who in appeal had confirmed the death sentence, was also not spared. Justice Samdani had to go anyhow as he had initially granted bail to Bhutto. When the judges were removed, a very close friend of mine overheard the General saying, "They get their salaries from us and also give judgments against us. I shall teach them a lesson."

Under the Provisional Constitutional Order (PCO), which required all judges of superior courts to take again their oath of office, the undesirable ones were not invited to do so. Because of the successful operation under the PCO, the superior courts were no longer providing any relief in cases involving human rights. It added to the despondency among the people and caused intense hatred against the regime, even among the non-PPP circles.

Suffering for the right thing. Qazi Muhammad Azam replaced Mian Aslam Hayat as Director General of the Federal Investigation Agency in early 1984. President Zia had turned sour with Mian Aslam Hayat as Mian Sahib had found it difficult to accept a recommendation by the General to promote an inspector out of tum because of his being very junior in service and not having a good service record. A *pir* of Zia had recommended the promotion and the General considered the failure to oblige a good reason to shunt out the head of the agency. Qazi Azam, obeying the wish of the President, promptly promoted the very influential Inspector.

Qazi Azam ordered me to hold departmental proceedings against Inspector Muhammad Sharif on charges of collusion with smugglers. I carried out a thorough inquiry but nothing was found. So, I recommended minor action against him for some minor lapses noticed during the inquiry. Qazi Azam was annoyed and directed me to propose his dismissal as he had already spoken to the President. I was surprised why the President should be interested in the case of a junior officer like an Inspector. I looked into the matter further but could not find anything new against him. So I reiterated my earlier report. The DG hit the roof.

"You will suffer for this," he roared.

"Why, sir? I have been correct. Why should I suffer for doing the right thing?" I submitted most politely.

"I had told you that I had spoken to the President. You have done the worst type of defiance. You will suffer for that." He repeated himself, behaving like a Pharaoh. I was transferred that very day to the Federal Security Cell, Rawalpindi.

The posting did not suit me as my children were studying in Lahore. But one has to pay the price if one chooses to be fair and correct. I did not submit to the blackmail and pressure of my immediate boss as it was against my moral grain. Many people in power, whether president or patwari, use their authority not as a trust and responsibility from Allah but as an instrument of hideous blackmail against those very people whose protection had been placed in their hands. But you can always leave the consequences of following the righteous path to Allah, who will always look after you in your hour of trial. As it turned out, Allah had destined something totally different and noble for me in that transfer. I was placed in a position where I could make substantial contribution in bringing back the country on the democratic rails and defuse the despondency, divisiveness, decay, deception and dangerous disorder.

How Zia gave way to elections

The Federal Security Cell collated and analyzed the reports received from all federal and provincial intelligence agencies about the state of affairs in and outside the country. The cell prepared a daily summary of the situation for the President, the Interior Minister, the provincial governors and some senior administrators. A fortnightly critical analysis of political and security developments was also prepared. The cell's Director General Brig. Zafar Iqbal, was a very kind, decent and thoughtful person, with a penetrating insight into human affairs. I was posted as Director of the cell in early 1989.

When I went through various reports, I found the situation in the country much worse than I had anticipated. The censorship in the country and the indulgence of the Western media because of Zia's role in the Afghan war did not allow the events to be widely known. Sindh was being consumed with hatred. Balochistan and NWFP had become open markets for the most modern and lethal weapons. With frequent violent incidents, the country was in the grip of Al-Zulfiqar, and the Afghan and Indian agents, besides the sectarian terrorists. In Sindh dacoities were committed with a nationalistic zeal and with vengeance against

the hated system. I waded through the reports of over three years and found four major areas of serious concern, besides Sindh that appeared then as a written-off case.

Gun Running. I prepared a research paper, indicating the extent of the proliferation of modern weapons being diverted from the Afghanistan war into the criminal world of all the provinces of Pakistan. My research indicated that about 80% of the small weapons meant for the jihad were being pilfered for sale in the flourishing black market. There were many places in NWFP and Balochistan where regular Juma Bazaars for auctioning of those weapons were held. I listed the names of the big dealers, the routes, the markets and the methodologies of the big business. I gave details of how criminals in the remotest villages were taking advantage of the situation and were arming themselves, ignoring the licensing system for weapons in force for over a century. The nefarious trade in arms was going on along with the booming trade of the most dangerous and potent narcotics. The social implications of the drug and weapon trades were graphically and logically described in detail, with a suggestion that immediate remedial measures must be taken.

The President, after going through my paper, called a conference of Governors in Peshawar. Laeeq Ahmad Khan, IGP Punjab, said to me, "Your paper sent shivers down my spine. I could see blood and violence oozing out of it. Things are really going to be bad."

"You and your police will have to face the music, sir," I said. "I see chaos all around in less than a decade." He totally agreed with me. The consequences turned out to be even worse and, ironically, it was I who, as IGP Punjab, had to face that music after about five years.

There was a music of another kind that poor Brig. Zafar Iqbal had to face in the conference. The paper came under severe criticism and was described by Gen. Akhtar Abdur Rahman, Director General, Inter Services Intelligence, as "extremely alarmist and panicky" and "a figment of imagination."

Back in our office, Brig. Zafar Iqbal feared that, after having annoyed the powerful DG ISI, he would be losing his job. I told him not to worry as I did expect such a strong reaction from that quarter. I put up before Brig. Zafar the entire ISI material on which my paper was based and proved that not a word was added

from our side. "Every fact and figure was reproduced from their own reports, without changing even a comma or a full stop," I said. Visibly relieved, he took all the material to Gen. Akhtar, who must have forgotten whatever had been reported by his own agency during the last three years.

The great General, not able to deny our stand, did forbid us from any "useless research" of the kind that we had carried out "unnecessarily creating panic all round." It suited him but the nation would suffer the consequences of the lack of effective action then for a very long time through violence and drug addiction. The merchants of death had been allowed to exploit the jihad in Afghanistan and create a big black business.

Sectarian conflict. An ugly sectarian conflict was raising its head in the backdrop of the Afghan situation and the Iran-Iraq war. I updated my earlier paper with latest facts and figures. I recommended a national consensus among the respective religious leaders in condemning violent means and evolving a code of conduct against speeches and literature that created hatred among various sects. I also recommended that the leaders of various sects might be taken into confidence and briefed how the enemies were using the conflict to destabilize our country. (USSR, India and Afghanistan were, through separate channels, supplying arms to *both* Sunnis and Shias.)

This paper also did not lead to any positive response. Only routine instructions were issued that "strict administrative measures be taken against the miscreants." The proposal to take the religious leaders into confidence was shot down on the ground that the foreign intervention could not be discussed at that level. I observed that it would be a sagacious measure to take relevant leaders into confidence and brief them on the machinations of the enemies in order to build consensus but it was beyond the comprehension of the tough-minded administrators. My proposal was considered political and was rejected.

When I discussed the issue with Manzoor Bhatti, a friend from college days, he observed, "How do you know the lack of consensus does not suit the General? Divide and Rule is an old aphorism."

"It might be true but serious internal disorder can never benefit any government or society," I said. "Unite and Serve should be their motto."

"You are sadly mistaken," he said philosophically. "Disorder and division are self-serving to non-political forces. If there is all peace in the country, they will not be needed." There was weight in his words.

Terrorism. Terrorism is different from the normal crime and always has political or group motives. So, it needed a different treatment. There was a need to draw a distinction between the operations of Al-Zulfiqar, the organization set up by Bhutto's sons, and those of KHAD, the Russia-backed Afghan intelligence agency, and RAW, its Indian counterpart. Al-Zulfiqar had a political motivation about the issues within the country while KHAD and RAW wanted offensive operations against Pakistan as foreign enemies. No doubt, Al-Zulfiqar also had the backing of Russian intelligence but it was in the best national interest to manoeuvre to get it delinked from its patrons. The alliance of Al-Zulfiqar with KHAD and RAW was dangerous and a subtle effort was required to wean it away from them.

My suggestion fell on deaf ears. The only prescription was force, pure and simple, on both sides though the government was supposed to show more restraint. The people were sandwiched between the terrorist acts of Al-Zulfiqar and the heavy-handedness of martial law.

The matter had reached a point of no return and could be tackled only in a wider horizon. All concerned had become prisoners of their own deeds, past and present. A new political dispensation was required but a nominated Shoora could not deliver the goods.

Dacoit menace. Dacoity in the rural areas of Sindh had become more than a usual crime. It had gotten the silent approval of the sulking Sindhis. Some jails had been broken during the agitation of the Movement for Restoration of Democracy and the violent crime now had a halo of glory, with the criminals pretending to be fighting for the rights of their suppressed Sindhi brethren. I prepared a paper, giving the perspective and emphasizing the need for immediate effective measures. (The criminal activities tend to get out of control if not curbed in time). In view of the easy availability of lethal weapons and silent social

support, I believed that the menace would grow into a festering cancer. It would be too late to come out of the situation unscathed even for those who were now silently and secretly supporting the criminals. The patrons would themselves be the ultimate victims.

I proposed that measures be taken to isolate the criminals from the approving nod of the public, not only by strict anti-dacoit operations but also through socio-political measures, before they become folk heroes like Jamalo. (Jamalo was a legendary dacoit of Sindh and his lyrical praises are sung even today.) When public peace breaks down, generally due to social and political reasons, it requires Herculean efforts to restore it. The man with the maximum physical force becomes a hero and dominates others. "Might is right" becomes the order of the day. The Sindhi dacoits were becoming local heroes with the power of their guns in comparison to the armed and uniformed Punjabi soldiers. In the eyes of the Sindhis at large, both were devoid of any moral base. So why should they not side with their own? In an angry state of mind, there is no realization of the consequences. I pointed out all the complications and subtleties of the situation but it failed to get any purposeful response. Again, instructions were issued in a very routine manner for "strict measures against the dacoits."

PPP and PNA join hands. The assessment of my friend A/Hameed way back in 1977 came true in the first quarter of 1981 when PPP and the parties in the former PNA realized that they would have to join hands against Gen. Zia. They announced the formation of the Movement for the Restoration of Democracy (MRD) in Karachi after a series of secret meetings among Begum Bhutto, Mufti Mahmood, Nawabzada Nasrulla Khan, Maulana Shah Ahmad Noorani, Sardar Abdul Qayyum, Wali Khan, Asghar Khan and other leading politicians. The only exceptions were Pir Pagara and Jama'at-i-Islami, both being very close to Gen. Zia.

I discussed this development with Nawabzada Nasrulla Khan at the home of Chaudhry Arshad in Islamabad. He was of the view that PPP was a national party and Zia-ul-Haq had driven it to the wall. There was a danger that the PPP might turn regionalist. So they had formed the MRD as a national political forum for a joint struggle for the revival of democracy.

By the close of 1983, the people had little hope of redemption. They were groaning under the worst type of tyranny and corruption. The bloody Afghan conflict created many dangers, the worst being the terrorism, promoted by India and Russia. Powerful mafias controlled narcotics, weapons and smuggling. The terrorists were causing bomb blasts, bank robberies, car bombs, assassinations and attacks on military and other vital installations. All politicians worth the name had been interned for years in their homes in their own provinces. (The joke was that they needed a visa to go from one province to the other.) Begum Nusrat Bhutto, who had gone abroad for cancer treatment, was organizing resistance against Zia from Paris while Benazir, in London for ear treatment, stepped up the struggle from there. The Punjabis were being attacked in other provinces and were fleeing in fear. The bureaucrats had been terrorized into total subservience. Justice was up for sale and the persecution was at its height, not sparing even military and police officers. The sectarian organizations were flourishing, with massive support allegedly from Iran, Iraq, Saudi Arabia and other countries to their respective protégés. Jhang, Parachanar, Dera Ismail Khan, Karachi and Northern Areas were becoming the battle fields of Shia-Sunni wars. In Parachanar and some other places, *both* Shias and Sunnis were being given weapons and funds by Russia. By identifying himself with the jihad in Afghanistan against the blatant communist intervention, Zia had become the flag-bearer of Islam, with a primitive appeal to the religious lobby inspite of the sectarian divisiveness in the country. The society found itself at the crossroads.

MRD launches its agitation. The internal suppression became so severe and unbearable that the anti-Zia political forces decided to step up the struggle to get rid of him. Therefore, the opposition alliance, the Movement for Restoration of Democracy, launched its nationwide campaign against the military rule in 1983. The rural Sindh expressed the widest and the angriest opposition to the regime. However, the Urdu-speaking Sindhis (or Muhajirs) in large cities were lukewarm as their party, Muhajir Qaumi Movement (MQM), had been manipulated by certain government agencies. Ghulam Mustafa Jatoi, Pirs of Ranipur, Makhdooms of Hala and many other prominent Sindhi politicians were in the forefront of the movement. The campaign

in other provinces, particularly the Punjab, did not pick up and was ultimately suppressed. The movement thus became more Sindhi than national and left deep scars on the Sindhi psyche.

The army quickly went for the suppression of political meetings and processions. In many meetings that I attended in this regard, I found that the senior civil and army officers were happy on having controlled the movement most effectively. They did not care about the consequences though the reports from Sindh were alarming and depressing. I felt very concerned.

Sindh was being consumed by burning hatred towards the army and the Punjab. The daily reports were frightening. The MRD movement had been crushed but diehard splinter groups were still active. The bitterness created by death and destruction in suppressing the movement was being exploited by the secessionist groups, like Jiey Sindh and SPAF, with the active support of RAW. The students were blinded with intense anger and were flying the Jiey Sindh flags. The government offices could not fly the national flag without risk.

While reading the daily situation reports, I would get very upset. The situation in East Pakistan in 1971 would often come to my mind. The face of sobbing N.A. Rizvi after the war commission hearing would haunt me. I also recalled what Mehr Ali Anwar had visualized back in 1977. I felt so worried that I could not sleep for nights. Brig. Zafar Iqbal and I would discuss the situation for hours. We were convinced that something had to be done.

Finding a way out. Brig. Zafar Iqbal went on a long tour of Sindh and carried out an in-depth study of the situation. He met people from all sections of the society, including both civil and military administrators. He came to the conclusion that the intense hatred had pushed the movement for democracy into the hands of extremists. In a detailed paper, he depicted the sense of deprivation among the Sindhis. He suggested the creation of more jobs and other social and economic opportunities for them though that could not be all. He concluded that the best way out was a real political solution, which could remove their feelings of deprivation. Anything else would be simply scratching the surface.

The paper of Brig. Zafar Iqbal did make Gen. Zia think that the nominated Majlis-i-Shoora would not help much. The

General observed that a viable alternative needed to be found out. It was a good starting point. However, there was a big hurdle in going ahead. Sindh had to be saved from the extremists but the only viable alternative was PPP and nothing short of its political strength could stem the rot. But PPP was a great anathema to the General. It was a real dilemma and we had to get out of it. Brig. Zafar, with his saint-like low profile, worked very hard for the noble objective. I joined in his efforts wholeheartedly. We would somehow bring in the need for political initiative in every daily summary that we sent to the President. We were able to turn the tide slowly but surely, with our small but steady steps. A 1000km journey begins with the first step. The General was shown a way out of the blind alley and he did start thinking of a viable political alternative with the help of moderate Sindhis.

Benazir Bhutto also gave a helping hand. In early 1984, when the separatist forces were on the rampage, a student leader of the People's Students Federation conveyed the message of Benazir to college students that they must not speak against Pakistan. Their struggle should be against martial law, not the country itself. That was the first prominent pro-Pakistan voice from the rural and purely Sindhi area after many months of the extremists going unchallenged. The student who brought Benazir's message was Somroo. (I feel very sorry that I have forgotten the full name of that great patriot.) He was hooted and harassed but he went from college to college throughout Sindh, conveying the message of Benazir.

A *via media.* In my daily summary, I highlighted this healthy development for the attention of the President, with a suggestion that something must be done to encourage the moderate elements before the scene was taken over completely by the extremists. I was happy to see that the President had underlined that portion in his own hand. I saw the light at the end of the tunnel. Somroo and other PSF students picked up their pro-Pakistan campaign throughout Sindh. They were joined by other students though there were sometimes pitched battles between them and their opponents. Unfortunately, after some time Somroo was murdered by the extremists because of his mission. But the tide had been turned.

Afterwards we heard that some heavyweights from Sindh, including Ghulam Mustafa Jatoi, had been sounded by various

emissaries to find a political *via media*, a middle way, to extricate the country out of the quagmire. But the Bhutto family was to be kept out. Jatoi was reported to be not warming up unless he had the clearance of Begum Nusrat Bhutto. Pir Pagara was, of course, with the General but he had a limited influence compared to the PPP stalwarts though he had the unflinching support of his murids and could stand up to the PPP zealots.

I was happy that the CMLA Headquarters, for once, was moving on a positive line instead of pushing the issue under the carpet or opting only for the use of brute force. I discussed the developing scenario with Arshad Chaudhri. He was happy on the pro-Pakistan stance of the PPP but himself appeared to be in a very despondent mood. He believed that nothing would come out of the exercise as the General, according to him, was "highly unreliable." "But there is no harm in trying something good," he said. "The situation is too complicated. Only Nawabzada Sahib can give a workable formula."

I listened to him carefully but thought that Nawabzada Nasrulla Khan would talk of the British democratic norms that were not likely to work under the prevailing conditions. A start had to be made with a patch-work. Once the direction was turned, the political dynamics would find their own bearings and evolve their own improvements and corrections.

Raja Munawwar Ahmad, a former PPP MPA and a very shrewd politician, was working for Gen. Zia in those days. I heard that he had already advised the General to hold elections on a non-party basis. That would cut across all parties and provide the General with a political base to consolidate his power. The big landlords and influential politicians could neither avoid the temptation of elections nor allow their political adversaries a free run. The elections would thus break the back of the extremists as well as the PPP. The formula appeared attractive and workable to Zia. It would sideline the old politicians and bring forward moderates and new faces, who would be dependent on the General and provide him with a political cushion.

General's self-interest comes first. To secure first his own position as the President, the General decided to hold a referendum on the enforcement of Islam. If people voted for Islam (which they would in any case), it would mean, through a queer logic, that they wanted Zia as President for a term of five

years from the date the new Assembly met. The referendum was boycotted by MRD quite effectively and very few voters turned up at the polling booths in spite of the threat that not casting ones vote would be an offence under martial law. The result of the referendum, however, was announced overwhelmingly in favour of Zia and a heavy turn-out was claimed while it was described by the opposition as a great fraud.

The MRD drew the inference that the elections to the Assemblies would also meet the same fate, little realizing that the candidates contesting in large numbers would generate tremendous activity and build up the tempo for large-scale participation. In the event, a very large number of candidates jumped into the arena on the basis of their political and personal background. The MRD decided to boycott the elections, although the General was prepared to waive the disqualifications made under martial law. The MRD leaders were allowed to meet at the home of Air Marshal Asghar Khan in Abbottabad. Many leaders of the MRD were inclined to participate but Benazir conveyed her opposition on phone from London.

Benazir had her own dilemma. She did not want to come back unless martial law had been lifted as she was afraid that she might be arrested on her return. If she did not return, she could not contest the elections. And if the party won a majority, any other PPP leader, such as Ghulam Mustafa Jatoi, could become the Prime Minister in her absence and she could never accept that.

If PPP did not take part in the elections, the participation of other parties was of little consequence. So the MRD decided on a boycott. The political parties thus missed the bus, to their later regret. When the elections were held, the people participated in very large numbers as they did not want to miss an opportunity to bring back democracy and have a share in power, however limited. (The local bodies were already functioning smoothly, having been elected in 1983 for the second time.) Many important members of the PPP in their personal capacity also jumped into the contest. The Assemblies became operative from the Pakistan Day, March 23, 1985. . (The date has great significance in our history. On this date in 1940, the demand for Pakistan was made. In 1956, the first constitution was promulgated, changing the status of the country from a British

dominion to an independent republic. For this reason, it used to be called the Republic Day till Ayub Khan, feeling uncomfortable with its incongruity with martial law, changed it to Pakistan Day.)

Umbrella cover continues. Martial law, however, continued as Gen. Zia believed that its umbrella was still necessary for the protection of the nascent democracy. He also decided to continue to hold the office of the Chief of Army Staff "till further orders." The constitution was amended and the new framework for transfer and sharing of power stipulated that, till March 1990, the Prime Minister would be nominated by the President. It was not an ideal arrangement but it was definitely a step forward.

Then came the issue of the nomination of the Prime Minister. The Federal Security Cell, after analyzing the situation, suggested that he should be from Sindh and be backed by Pir Pagara, who had played the most crucial role in making the elections a success in the troubled province. As a result, Muhammad Khan Junejo became the final choice.

The Federal Security Cell also pointed out that the business of an Assembly could not be conducted without a party system and party discipline. Gen. Zia was against the party system as, in his view, it was against Islam. It took a lot of effort to change his mind. I had many meetings on the subject with Brig. (Retd) Abdul Qayyum, who was now a Senator from the Punjab. Initially, he too was not in favour of forming a party. I asked him, "What is the way out? How will you run the affairs of the House? Politics has to be run on political, not regimental lines."

Finally, he was convinced. Then he wrote a lucid paper and persuaded Gen. Zia to allow the formation of the Pakistan Muslim League, with Muhammad Khan Junejo as its President. As a consequence, the other political parties also became legally permissible, if the formalities of the Political Parties Act were completed. The political game was back and the martial law receded into the background. The General was himself presiding over a political dispensation of his own brand. I thought it would now be difficult for him to kill his own baby.

After the revival of democracy, the Federal Security Cell proposed that the members of the Al-Zulfiqar should be granted general amnesty so that those who had landed themselves in an

irretrievable situation were provided an opportunity to extricate themselves gracefully. The political objectives of the terrorist organization having been neutralized to some extent, the operatives would now not only lose their direction but also their sources of livelihood. The enemy powers could use them as pawns for their own objectives. It would be, therefore, prudent to offer them the olive branch from the national security point of view also. Further, they could be kept under watch within Pakistan. Even if all of them did not return, their number abroad would become insignificant.

Our proposal was considered too risky. For whom? Not for the country if they entered the mainstream. Probably it were the members of the martial law regime who might be at risk. It needs great courage and foresight to take the right decisions at the right time.

Nawaz Sharif and I

Mian Riaz-ul-Haq, a friend and a relative, was in the Excise and Taxation Department and wanted his transfer from Sargodha to Lahore. He wanted me to talk to Brig. Qayyum, who was close to Nawaz Sharif. I knew Brig. Qayyum as I had worked with him at the Martial Law HQrs. I requested the Brigadier to speak to Mian Muhammad Nawaz Sharif, the minister incharge of Excise and Taxation.

To follow up the matter, I met Nawaz Sharif towards the end of 1984 at the Chauburji residence of Brig. Qayyum. I found Mian Sahib an innocent-looking, handsome and well-groomed young man. He showed openness, friendliness and spontaneous warmth although I was meeting him for the first time. I developed an instant liking for him.

When I made my request, he spoke to his private secretary on phone, issued clear orders for the transfer of Mian Riaz, and told him to send a copy of the orders to my residence. I was further impressed by his immediate grasp of the matter and efficient implementation without any vagueness. He did not give any impression that he was doing a favour to me. Instead, he let me feel as if I was doing *him* a favour by making him do a nice thing! He looked a different breed of a politician. I became very grateful to him not for the small favour but the graceful manner with which he did everything. His dignified gesture left a

permanent imprint of his nobility on my mind. On my way back, I had a strong feeling that he was a man of destiny. Since then I have served with him in various positions and have always found him sincere, fair and forthright even in difficult situations. Unlike calculating, cold-blooded politicians, he doesn't hesitate even in showing his anger if someone tries to be clever or betrays his trust.

After some time, I learnt that Nawaz Sharif was contesting the 1985 elections from Lahore, both for the National and Provincial Assemblies. I went to see him at his Model Town residence but he was not there. I left my phone number. In the evening I received a call from him. He asked me if he could do something for me. I wanted it to be the other way round. I asked him if I could do something for his elections in my personal capacity as a large number of my relatives and biradari members were voters in his constituency. I had developed a great liking for him and his noble bearing and genuinely wanted to do something for him.

He thanked me and said, "Only if you would do that in your personal capacity, without involving your official position in any way."

I replied, "I am not holding any important field job at present and there is thus absolutely no possibility of my using any official influence."

We never spoke on the subject again. My relatives and friends in his constituency told me that he was very popular and carried on his campaign skillfully and methodically. He won with a wide margin.

He was nominated as the Chief Minister of the province by the Governor, using his powers under the Constitution but obviously with the concurrence of Gen. Zia, while ignoring rivals from the old political and feudal families, including Makhdoom Hassan Mahmood, Makhdoom Altaf, Malik Allahyar, Mian Asif, Ch. Pervez Elahi and others.

Working in the Federal Security Cell, I was aware that the General did not want any politician, including Muhammad Khan Junejo and Nawaz Sharif, to consolidate his position and gain any substantial strength. He had used the 1985 partyless elections only as a device to come out of the blind alley in Sindh. Pir Pagara was essential for Sindh and his wishes had to be

respected. In the Punjab, however, he could have his way and picked a non-politician, who, as the Chief Minister, would look up to him in all matters. But he had definitely underestimated the capabilities of Nawaz Sharif. He had real political potential and became a much bigger leader in due course of time than most people expected.

On the road to Punjab. I met Mian Sahib again in June 1985 through Brig. Qayyum and requested for a posting in the Punjab. "I would feel extremely lucky if an officer like you is working with me," he told me. I was further impressed, rather flattered, by his observations. He promptly asked for my services from the federal government.

I was called for an interview by Ijlal Haider Zaidi, the Establishment Secretary. He asked me, "Why are you keen to go to the Punjab?" "Because I must serve for at least two years in the field to qualify for my next promotion to the rank of IGP," I replied. "My own batch mate, Abbas Khan, is already IGP in NWFP." He issued my orders for the Punjab and also promised to talk to Nawaz Sharif to give me a field assignment.

I reported to the Government of the Punjab in July 1985. I met Muhammad Siddique Chaudhry, Chief Secretary, and S.D. Jamy, IGP, and requested them for further posting. I also called on the Chief Minister and his secretary, Mehr Jiwan Khan. I explained my need for field posting to Mehr Sahib as he would have understood it better than a politician, being himself a career officer.

I waited for quite some time but neither my posting orders came nor, despite my best efforts, I could see the Chief Minister again. I was worried. Jiwan Khan too was not aware of any reason why the Chief Minister was not deciding about my posting when he had himself asked for my services with such enthusiasm. He smelt a rat. He knew that the postings were being influenced by MPAs and MNAs but I said I would be the last person to ask anybody for using his influence for me.

Dhok Khabba case. One evening in the last week of August 1985, the IGP told me to proceed to Rawalpindi during the night and take over the investigation of a case, in which nine persons had been murdered in Dhok Khabba area of Rawalpindi

city. I had not come to the Punjab to work as "OSD Dhok Khabba" nor was the investigation of a criminal case normally done by a senior DIG. Anyway, I took up the task in all seriousness.

It was a very tragic case in which all members of the families of two poor brothers, except two small children, had been murdered brutally with blunt weapons. The media naturally highlighted the case and there was a very strong public reaction in Rawalpindi, leading to arson and looting. There was widespread panic elsewhere in the country also, particularly in the surrounding Pothohar area where the heads of a large number of families are in the army or work abroad. The press described the unknown killers as "Hathora Group" because hammers or other blunt weapons appeared to have been used as murder weapons in some other cases also. It was widely speculated that the killers were backed by the Afghan and Indian intelligence agencies.

The quasi-democratic government came under great pressure and severe criticism. Rawalpindi had the best of the civil and police officers at that time, with Pervez Masud as Commissioner, Afzal Ali Shigri as DIG and Ch. Muhammad Yaqub as SSP. The Rawalpindi administration handled the public disturbances with tact and efficiency but could not work out the case.

The main difficulty in the investigation was that the entire victim family had been wiped out and there was nobody to help in any way. I listed all possible motives, including personal, family, business, political, sabotage, jealousy, betrayal, enmity, psychopathy, and examined accordingly the available evidence and clues. The possibility of burglary or dacoity was also examined. The rape and deliberate dishonoring of women were indicated by physical appearance and medical examination, showing pathological hatred. While every clue or piece of evidence was examined minutely, it led only to a blind alley.

After a few days, a similar case took place in a suburb of Muzaffarabad, Azad Kashmir. Every member of the family had been murdered with blunt weapons within minutes and without allowing any noise to be raised, indicating great expertise and elaborate organization.

In both cases a heavy hatchet was left behind at a distance, with blood on its back. It could be to mislead the police.

Apparently, nothing had been stolen in either case, ruling out burglary. If it was a special crime, was it terrorist activity or personal vendetta?

A few days later, an entire family was wiped out with blunt weapons in Dharam Pani village, near Havelian, Hazara district. There also a big hatchet was found at a distance. I visited that site also. In that case, Brig. Zafar Iqbal also joined me. We discussed all possibilities with Kamal Shah, DIG Hazara, and Zafar Qureshi, brilliant ASP at Havelian, both of whom had been working very hard on the case.

The Dharam Pani site provided a breakthrough. It was in a remote village. So, nobody from outside the village could reach there unnoticed. (Rawalpindi and Muzaffarabad sites were accessible very easily for an outsider.) The case was traced shortly afterwards. The motives were a very old land dispute and some marriage complications. The culprits had planned the offence most meticulously. One of them had even gone to see the site of Muzaffarabad case so that it could be simulated exactly to mislead the investigators. Some other cases also took place on a similar pattern but were worked out.

The Dhok Khabba case was ultimately traced out by Masood Bangash, DSP Taxila, a brilliant officer. The culprit was captured by a police patrol while he was running after committing a similar crime in Taxila. He confessed having committed many similar offences, including the Dhok Khabba case. He was a psychopath and had murdered many people only for his sadistic pleasure.

During the investigation of Dhok Khabba case, I was staying in the Punjab House, Rawalpindi. The Chief Minister Mian Nawaz Sharif would also stay there during his frequent visits to the federal capital. I tried to see him several times but in vain. Ultimately, I succeeded in November 1985.

He met me with a smiling face. Before I could even speak, he told me, "I know your problem."

"Sir, if you know my problem, why don't you give me the field posting?" I asked him, also smilingly.

He remained enigmatically silent for some time and then said, "There are some problems."

"There must be other aspirants," I guessed.

"No, no, that is not the problem although there are certainly many aspirants." Then he became silent again, leaving something unsaid. While I was wondering what it could be, he spoke again. "I do want to post you but Gen. Jilani Sahib has opposed it. He does not have a good view about you. Brig. Qayyum was there and he also did not support your case. I could have posted you if I had not discussed the matter with the Governor. Now that I have done it, I find it difficult. I don't know why he should oppose you. What do you think could be the reason? Why don't you talk to Brig. Sahib?"

I listened to him silently and intently. "Sir, I am grateful for your kindness and your confidence in me. I am thankful that you asked for my services. You were under no obligation to tell me that the Governor had opposed my posting. The Governor is your benefactor as he had nominated you as the Chief Minister. You must not embarrass yourself for my sake in any way. Please don't give me a field posting. You may even send me back to the federal government. But I would not like to go to anybody, including Brig. Qayyum. I leave everything to you."

He was quite moved. "No, no, don't worry," he assured me. "I'll not send you back to the federal government because I myself had asked for your services. Sending you back will not look nice. Anyway, I'll do something."

I thanked him and left. I was impressed by his truthfulness and sincerity. I placed my full faith in him and decided not even to remind him.

Jumping with joy. I forgot about my posting and attended fully to the arrangements for the marriage of Saira, my second daughter. Bilqis and I went to Peshawar, Abbottabad and Muzaffarabad for shopping. We wanted some light walnut furniture with carving, which Saira could take to her new home in Manchester, England.

On the last day of 1985, when martial law was to expire, we were travelling to Muzaffarabad. The moment I heard Gen. Zia on the radio announcing the lifting of martial law in Parliament, I jumped with joy and excitement. The car, which I was driving, swerved and we narrowly escaped an accident.

"Have you gone crazy?" asked my wife, very angrily.

"Yes, with happiness," I exclaimed. "Martial law is gone. Martial law is gone. Thank God, Pakistan is now safe." It was a great moment of fulfillment and I was really very happy.

"Pakistan may well have been saved," she said seriously, "but we are not safe in your hands. If you behave like this again, we will be in a ditch."

I got annoyed with her, stopped the car and said, "You are a bore and a boor." I was so excited as well as angry with her that suddenly I broke down and cried. She was utterly amazed and started consoling me. I told her not to worry as I was overwhelmed by happiness. Then I explained to her the conditions in Sindh during the martial law, especially in the last two years.

The preparations for Saira's marriage took much of my time in early 1986. The marriage was solemnized on January 27. By a strange coincidence the moment I was free, I received my posting orders as DIG Sargodha. The next morning I went to see the Chief Minister. I thanked him for my field posting and asked if there were any special instructions.

"No, there are no special instructions," he said. "Try to be fair with the people and do justice. Sargodha is politically sensitive. Look after that aspect."

I proceeded to Sargodha and took over as DIG in place of Shahid Hassan, who was posted as DIG Rawalpindi. He had come to me as ASP under training in 1972 when I was SSP Rawalpindi.

Restoring self-respect. Sargodha, Khushab, Mianwali and Bhakkar were the four districts of the Sargodha range (division). Khushab and Bhakkar had been carved out of Sargodha and Mianwali. So the Range practically consisted of the old two districts. Navid Ahsan, younger brother of Izhar-ul-Haq, my friend and class mate, was the Commissioner. The old Deputy Commissioner House had become the Commissioner House when Sargodha Division was created. Bilqis had sweet memories of that house as she had lived there in the mid-1950s when her father was the Deputy Commissioner there. Mian Shafi my father-in-law wrote his famous Urdu book, *1857*, while living in that house.

Mirza Muhammad Ali, SP Mianwali, kept the district under tight control through his hard work. Mianwali borders with NWFP and is traversed by the meandering Indus river, with thick forests along the banks. These geographic factors provided sanctuaries to the criminals and easy passage for the smugglers of firearms and drugs. Muhammad Ali was on top of them, showing remarkable competence and commitment.

Muhammad Ashraf Marath, SP Bhakkar, impressed me with his investigative talents. I came to know later that he was son of Ch. Saleh Muhammad, a competent and well-known officer, who had retired as DSP.

Rana Muhammad Iqbal Khan, SP Khushab, appeared elderly because of his silvery hair. Before joining the police, he had served in the Forest Department. He was competent and upright but rigid in his outlook.

Maj. Laeeq Ahmad Khan was SP Sargodha. His army training and background helped him immensely in his police work.

Though my job was a light charge with no major administrative headaches, I was faced with a serious but fairly common problem. While attending to my normal duties, I found a large number of appeals against punishments pending since long. I started calling the appellants and would hear them at length, asking about their family background, education and training. Every one of them would naturally try to give his best image and I encouraged them to do so. Then I returned most of the appeals for special reports from the district SPs on the present working and conduct of the appellants.

The district SPs did not warm up to my policy. To them I was being soft on punishments. But I wanted to give an opportunity for reformation to those who had lost self-respect. When I explained my thinking to them, the SPs agreed to join my efforts. In the next phase, I went to the districts, with sufficient notice, to check on the working of the appellants. In due course of time, they became among the most efficient, as their SPs told me. Far better results are possible if human dignity is kept in view while dealing with human beings. However, the humane approach was applied only where inefficiency or malingering was involved. In cases of corruption or any other criminal activities, I

gave very harsh punishments, even enhancing the penalties imposed by the SPs.

A stitch in time. I stressed timely and meaningful supervision of the subordinate staff. I explained to my SPs and DSPs that lax supervision provided the subordinates with opportunities for corruption and misuse of authority. There was no point in sleeping over the matter initially and then giving harsh punishments as injustice had already been done to the people. So, prompt and proper supervision could save the police from slipping into lethargy and indifference and creating an atmosphere of injustice.

A good administrator should keep his eyes and ears open. With efficient administration, he can make the erring subordinates avoid brazen corruption and injustice. An Inspector was investigating a murder case in which a wealthy goldsmith was the accused. I got information that the goldsmith had dispatched by truck a cow of good breed to the house of the Inspector. I sent a letter to the SP concerned, giving all facts for immediate inquiry, including the truck number and the name of the driver, as disclosed to me by an informer. The moment the Inspector came to know of my letter with undeniable specific evidence, he thought it better to get himself transferred out of the Sargodha Range. The cow went back to the rightful owner and the new officer carried out the investigation on merit. The word went round that the DIG would come to know of anything wrong that was done in the Range by any officer!

If there was a controversial case or a party contested the fairness of investigation, I would call both parties as well as the investigator of the case and spend hours listening to them. During the discussion, the fact would come out very clearly and enable the same investigating officers to reach the correct conclusions.

The party that has a weak case tries to create confusion and does not like to face an open investigation. Instead, it likes the case to be transferred to an officer with little local knowledge or one who can be influenced or bribed. A sensible officer can outmaneuver it by making his inquiries, investigations and activities open to the people, stick to truth and announce his conclusion on the spot. He should complete his work without

delay to avoid pressures. Some delays are caused deliberately by the officers for exploitation. In such cases, it is the duty of the senior supervisors to keep a vigilant eye instead of waiting until it is too late and then trying to stem the rot by harsh punishments.

After some time, my SPs were convinced that better timely information, efficiency, vigilant supervision and immediate attention to human matters would produce better results than belated frightening punishments.

Bringing out the best. I paid special attention to training, particularly the in-service training. I interviewed all ASIs under training in my range and asked them what they expected to learn at the threshold of their practical career, besides the prescribed course. They came up with useful and practical ideas. After pooling their suggestions, I issued orders that they should actually work as Muharrirs and then as investigators and their case files would be scrutinized personally by the SHO of the police station and the district SP. I myself examined some of their files. I made them work on all kinds of problems so that they could get a feel of police work under vigilant eyes of their seniors.

I interviewed all Inspectors and most of the Sub-Inspectors in my range for their investigative skills and other professional expertise. After giving them sufficient notice, I would ask them to come well-prepared with the file of a difficult case that they thought had needed their best investigative skills. Thus I tried to create in them an urge to improve their professional work and build up their pride in their performance. Issuing show cause notices, awarding deterrent punishments and keeping them under a constant terror would unnerve the subordinates and destroy their initiative. The subordinates need guidance and leadership to achieve the objectives of the organization. They must not be driven like donkeys to a dead end.

During my interviews, I discovered Sub-Inspector Malik Sher Muhammad, an officer of outstanding professional understanding and integrity. I studied the file of a murder case investigated by him. It was a case of a free-for-all fight between opposing groups during daylight in a street of their largish village. Sher Muhammad had prepared the site plan in such

detail and with such accuracy that one could draw the right inferences from it even with a cursory glance. He had recorded all statements logically, both for the prosecution and the defence. (The police officers usually avoid the recording of the defence version as it might lead to allegations of corruption or undue favour against them.)

He showed great self-confidence and sense of justice by recording truthfully and elaborately the defence version of an 18-year-old boy, who had come running from his farm on hearing about the fight. He took out a lathi from his house but did not go further than the outer door of his house as the fight was already over by then. Sher Muhammad did not include his name in the accused list but put it in Column No. 2, showing that he was not directly involved (in legal terms "not in the first degree"). The other party did not like it but Sher Muhammad had conducted the investigation so thoroughly and truthfully that his inference was upheld even by the highest court. He had the courage of his conviction, followed the path of justice, and did not fear any possible allegations.

His honest and skillful investigation ultimately showed the light of reason even to the feuding parties, who had lost dozens of their relatives over the years. They buried the hatchet at last, with Sher Muhammad as their conciliator. I promoted him as Inspector and made his investigation a model for all others.

Whispers and intrigues. During her tour of the Punjab after her return from London, Benazir Bhutto came to Sargodha in the second week of April 1986 at the head of a mammoth procession. The event passed without any incident. Jahangir Badar and Nazim Shah, PPP leaders and my old friends, came to thank me for good security measures. The democratic government had been wise in letting the pent-up feelings of PPP supporters flow out smoothly instead of bottling them up as was done by the martial law regime. The courageous gesture and statesmanship of the government won the applause of the people.

I spoke to a friend in a key position in Islamabad and complimented him for the sagacious policy. I was surprised to know that palace intrigues against the fledgling democracy were already on and intrigues were afoot to pit the President and the

Punjab Chief Minister against each other. The President had been told that Nawaz Sharif and Benazir Bhutto had made a secret deal through Jahangir Badar. That was the reason the PPP processions were getting a soft treatment in the Punjab. Somebody also put in the ears of Gen. Zia that there was no blood feud between Nawaz Sharif and the Bhutto family and they could patch up any time. At the same time, there was a talk of a blood feud between the Bhuttos and the family of Ch. Zahoor Elahi, who was said to have been assassinated by Al-Zulfiqar zealots. President Zia was also told that Prime Minister Junejo was a Sindhi and he would have no difficulty in coming to an understanding with Benazir, another Sindhi.

The whispering campaign did seem to have some impact. While Junejo was being ridiculed for taking credit for the ending of martial law, President Zia was feeling threatened, though unnecessarily. Zia had felt cut up right from the beginning when Khwaja Safdar, inspite of clear indication of the President's wish, was not elected as the Speaker of the National Assembly.

No doubt, that jolt gave birth to the formation of the Muslim League but the General lost faith in the Parliament as he might not be able to manipulate it whenever required. The Prime Minister and his ruling party had to steer between the overbearing and possessive President and the idealistic but problematic opposition within the Parliament. The street opposition of the MRD, particularly the PPP, was also threatening. It looked like walking on a tight rope and everything depended on law and order. In that backdrop, Junejo and Nawaz Sharif succeeded by adopting a bold and democratic method in handling the opposition in a civilized manner but evoked intense jealousy in the chambers of power. The emerging scenario did cause anxiety but that was part of the game, the dirty game of power.

Enter Qutab Din, the astrologer. During my brief posting at Sargodha, I met Babu Qutab Din, a very interesting old man. He came to see me in my office and told me that he was originally from the same area in India from which I had migrated. Besides the natural affinity, I liked him as a nice human being. Surprisingly, in view of his simple rustic appearance, he spoke very correct English. He explained that he had joined the Central Government Secretariat in New Delhi as a clerk after passing his

Matriculation Examination in 1932 and had worked with leaders like Patel, Nehru, Shahnawaz Bhutto and even, briefly, with the Quaid-i-Azam. The maximum time he spent was with Vallabh Bhai Patel, the strongman of the Congress government after independence. He would tell me many interesting stories about the leading figures of that period.

His real talent remained hidden until one day Haq Nawaz Kiyani, DC Mianwali, saw him with me at a lunch. Kiyani asked me, "Since how long do you know this man?"

"I met him only a few days ago," I replied.

Kiyani smiled, "Qutab Din is a great astrologer!"

"I do not believe in such things," I told him, "nor has he talked on this subject."

Kiyani told me that he had a personal experience of Qutab Din's expertise. They met about two decades ago at the residence of Mr Justice M.R. Kiyani, who died as the Chief Justice of the Lahore High Court. Qutab Din predicted many things about Haq Nawaz. He did not believe Babu then but later everything turned out to be just as predicted by him.

To an elevated position. I did not like to confront Babu Qutab Din at the lunch but later, at my residence, asked him whether he was a scholar of astrology. The self-effacing man did not admit it. When I narrated what Haq Nawaz Kiyani had told me about him, he admitted only grudgingly that he had learnt "a little about the subject." He later predicted accurately some important events of our history but more about it later. What was of immediate interest was that he predicted my transfer from Sargodha "shortly."

"But, Babu-ji, I have to complete my two years in a range," I protested. "Otherwise, I cannot be promoted. Please don't let me be transferred."

"Well, I can't do anything," he replied seriously. "That is what is my reading. You will go on an elevated position. Next year is your promotion year."

After about a month or so, he came to see me at my residence on a Friday morning. I was chatting with my friend Manzoor Bhatti.

Babu-ji asked me, "Why have you not packed up to go to Lahore." It was about 10 a.m. on June 13, 1986.

"Packing is no problem but how can I go without any orders?" I protested.

"According to my calculations, you will have to go by this evening," he said. "You will get your orders."

"I'll proceed and Bhatti can bring my luggage," I said. "But, Babu-ji, I don't have much faith in astrology."

He was quite confident and insisted that his prediction would come true. While I didn't profess any faith in his astrology, in my heart of hearts, I was wondering how he could be so sure. Nawaz Sharif had already interviewed me for the post of Additional IGP, Special Branch, Punjab, but till then I had not told anybody at all. Babu could have learnt from somewhere but that was not possible as even the IGP was not aware of my interview and the likely posting.

The same evening, I received an urgent phone call at 5 p.m. from my friend, Haji Muhammad Akram, who had become the Home Secretary by then, informing me that I had been posted as Acting Additional IGP, Special Branch, and was required to take over the charge *during the night*! Babu Qutab Din was still there. There was a twinkle in his eyes and a smile of triumph on his face when I broke the news to him. Not having followed his advice by then, the packing and winding up of other matters had to be left with Manzoor Bhatti while I drove off for Lahore immediately.

Transforming Special Branch

Special Branch, Punjab, that I headed as the Additional Inspector General in June 1986, had undergone a complete transformation from its original role of a state security agency to a political persecutor under the influence of various military and civilian dictatorships. The capture of an enemy agent or spy by chance was not ruled out but the staple target remained the political opponents.

During the British Raj, the Special Branch was a part of the Criminal Investigation Department (C.I.D.). It was a section within the C.I.D. that dealt with the effects on general law and order of political, sectarian, agrarian, labour, student and other special interest groups. Crime Branch was another section that was responsible for the detection and prevention of organized crime.

Special Branch of the C.I.D. also kept an eye on the activities of enemy spies, saboteurs, terrorists and other miscreants threatening peace and security. It collected intelligence on security threats to very very important persons (VVIPs) and vital premises and took adequate counter measures. The charter of the C.I.D. duties was, however, much larger and

included many other responsibilities, generally described as "eyes and ears of the government," suggested timely measures before the law and order could be undermined by vested interests or enemy forces. It acquired an odious reputation during the Independence Movement and the stigma continued even afterwards.

After the C.I.D. in UK was renamed as Special Branch, the example was followed here in 1950s as well as in India, Sri Lanka and other former British colonies.

The Special Branch continued to have generally the same responsibilities, except that "Crime Branch" was separated and made responsible for intelligence about and investigation of the organized crime, subversion, terrorism, violent crimes and offences threatening the security of the state. In the process of dividing the responsibilities between them, the Special Branch and the Crime Branch were made independent and the relationship between intelligence and counter-intelligence was snapped. Effective coordination between the two branches was now possible only if the Inspector General of Police had enough time for it, something he could never have, however efficient or dynamic he might be.

An elaborate intelligence network and timely action were needed to prevent and detect organized anti-state crime. The coordination and interaction, so essential for correct and timely decisions, was taken away from the C.I.D. chief without creating any responsible command as an alternative. The Crime Branch became simply a police station of the IGP, without required supporting system or resources. In fact, it was worse off than even a police station, which has an elaborate working system, with records and authority initiative. The Crime Branch staff has no original jurisdiction, only the reflected and deflected authority of the IGP. In the process, it became an investigating agency only of the ordinary crime cases that were transferred to it by the IGP. On the other hand, Special Branch became only a reporting agency, without any initiative or teeth. The performance of both Branches thus deteriorated because of the thoughtless bifurcation.

The imposition of martial law in 1958 completely changed the role of the Special Branch. The political activity was banned and politicians became the state enemies. The Special Branch focused all its energies on tracing those who violated the

martial law orders and regulations. All other duties paled into insignificance. The political parties have their own information and intelligence system but a martial law regime has to depend entirely on bureaucratic channels. Thus the Special Branch was transformed into a political wing of the martial law and its role underwent a basic change, from a state security organization to a political censor.

The successive martial law regimes emphasized and strengthened the political role and converted the Special Branch into a persecutor of politicians. The speeches of the politicians were regularly recorded by the Special Branch for prosecuting them in case they uttered any objectionable words. The articles, poems, books and press statements of the undesirable politicians and intellectuals were scanned. The worst of the political offenders were detained in the Lahore Shahi Fort and interrogated by trained Special Branch experts.

But now that the martial law had been lifted, who would be the next targets? Naturally the opposing politicians. But why not the real enemies of the country, the terrorists and saboteurs from enemy countries? The politicians can be arrested easily but the spies are always elusive. The easy-going police officers would prefer to glorify their performance by capturing sitting ducks instead of venturing into the complex and difficult area of enemy agents.

I resolved to do the harder task. My first priority was to deal with the saboteurs of KHAD, RAW and KGB, who were very active and widespread because of the Afghan conflict. Of course, I would not neglect the political field entirely and would keep a vigilant eye on the political developments that threatened public peace.

I decided to change the orientation of the Special Branch in the right direction under a phased programme and to change its role to improve its image. It was a very high target but I was determined to achieve it with patience and hard work. I had developed faith in Mian Nawaz Sharif because of his restrained and wise handling of the tumultuous return of Benazir Bhutto from London. My faith in him increased when he decided, before my arrival, to close down the Special Branch cell in the Shahi Fort although my predecessor had been dragging his feet. Such

sagacious decisions of the Chief Minister gave me courage and hope for reformation and reorganization of the Special Branch.

Nawaz Sharif had no clear understanding of the role of the Special Branch when I sought his instructions during my first formal meeting with as the Additional Inspector General of Police, Special Branch. Like any other politician or ruler, he thought that the Special Branch was meant to keep a tab on the opposing politicians and the possible dissidents in his own party. It was understandable because that had been the practice for decades.

However, I was encouraged by his moral and religious attitudes that indicated his potential for doing the right things if put in the right perspective. He was, for example, very keen that the police torture symbols of the Shahi Fort (Special Branch) and Haveli Dhian Singh (CIA center) should be closed immediately. He believed that the cells in the Fort particularly had become extremely odious and their closure would send a positive message about his government. However, in my view, the buildings did not make much difference and the real change had to be in the attitude and behaviour of the government and its police. To accommodate temporarily the Special Branch staff based in the Fort, he provided the spacious premises at the Aiwan-i-Tijarat Road (formerly Race Course Road), occupied at one time by the British Deputy High Commissioner, then the Lahore Development Authority and now by the Children Complex.

In my second meeting, I asked about his priorities for information and intelligence. He told me that he had full confidence in me and my talent and wanted me to do my best to keep him informed on all relevant issues. He told me frankly that he did not know me intimately but Haji Muhammad Akram, the Home Secretary, vouched for me and the relevant matters might be discussed with him.

Then he asked me, "What are the major areas of concern in your view?"

"Law and order, especially the terrorist activities and bomb blasts by KHAD and RAW agents," I replied spontaneously as I was prepared for the question. "If things go out of control on this front, not only the state security will be weakened but the opposition will also exploit it against you."

"Then make this as your first priority and no incident should take place. I shall hold you personally responsible for that." He spoke so authoritatively that I did not like his style and thought that perhaps I had invited trouble for nothing. With my background information and experience in the Federal Security Cell, I patiently explained the perspective and stressed the need for gearing up the entire administrative machinery to meet the challenge. The Special Branch had a vital but limited role of identifying the threat and proposing counter measures. The actual preventive and detective operations had to be carried out by the district administration. He directed me to prepare a comprehensive strategy paper, outlining the problems and their solutions. Thus I was able to focus his attention on the real problem of law and order and state security.

Later, I briefed IGP S.D. Jamy, on my discussion with the Chief Minister. He did not like my making the law and order as the biggest problem as, in his view, it amounted to a personal criticism of him. I explained my point of view but he was not satisfied. My sincere and truthful analysis was to create a permanent misunderstanding between Jamy and me but I stuck to my point of view as I had decided to put the Special Branch on the right track.

I started preparing the strategy paper as directed by the Chief Minister, listing the most critical areas where national security was threatened. The area of top concern was the terrorism of geopolitical and regional dimensions, inflicted by the Afghan conflict and the Iran-Iraq war and also being exploited by India. Second was the organized violent crime that, as a sequel to the ever-increasing illegal inflow of lethal firearms and deadly narcotics, was seriously disturbing the entire social order. Then the sectarian divide had become sharp and severe, with potential to destroy the public peace. The bitterness on the political, labour and student fronts, although diluted by free political activity, remained a serious social problem as an unfortunate legacy of a prolonged martial law.

There was a long list of other areas of serious concern and I proposed specific counter measures and strategies to meet the challenges. I also critically analyzed the shortcomings and inadequacies of the police, which were due to its having remained a victim of negligence for a very long time. It was short of funds,

lacked training, and was very poorly equipped. The transport and communications facilities to meet serious challenges were almost nonexistent. Having briefly mentioned the general state of administrative affairs, I confined myself to the Special Branch affairs, out of deference to the IGP, so that there was no further misunderstanding.

The various aspects of reorganization of the Special Branch were also included in the paper. Besides improving the buildings, transport, communications, etc., special emphasis was given to its modernization. It was shocking that an intelligence and security organization like Special Branch, Punjab, in 1986 did not have even an ordinary radio, tape recorder or a still camera, not to speak of more advanced, but still very common, equipment, like video cameras, facsimiles (fax) or personal computers.

The oldest as well as the most modern weapon with the Special Branch was the coercive use of authority through harassment and torture. The organization had stopped growing after it became a handmaid of the tyrannical system. It lost both interest and capability to handle the threats to state security and, instead, concentrated on politicians as an easy target. To cover up inadequacies and deficiencies, the material already published in the press was put up under file covers marked SECRET! The only addition used to be often false and fabricated reporting.

The paper proposed three new sections in the Special Branch:

a) *Anti-Terrorist Cell,* with adequate and specially trained staff, to concentrate exclusively on the challenge of ever-growing terrorist threats;

b) *Security Section,* to deal with threats to persons and premises of vital importance.

c) *Research and Reference Section*, with qualified staff, to analyze, synthesize and preserve the available information for its best possible use, avoiding action based purely on hunches, guesses and half-baked information;

I had noticed in my long experience that many functionaries in sensitive positions would tender extremely hostile advice to the chief executive against his actual or perceived political adversaries to cover up their own lack of cor-

rect information. They would try to win his heart by playing up his fears and phobias so that he would lean on them. Such tactics would make him neurotic and instigate him to crush his enemies with suppressive measures. The equally strong reaction of the adversaries would embroil him in an inextricable situation.

It was, therefore, not surprising that police officers in the Special Branch were reluctant to support the proposed changes because of their limited horizon and I had to goad them to follow my point of view. An exception was SP Tanweer Hameed. I was lucky to have him working with me. I gave the general outline of my perceptions to him and he did the laborious job of writing the strategy paper.

Tanweer, who was later promoted as a DIG, was a great intellectual and a very intelligent, erudite and sagacious officer, with penetrating insight into human, social and political affairs. Very well-informed about the latest developments in all fields of his responsibility, he had a special temperament for intelligence work and was, in fact, the backbone of the Special Branch. In mid-1994 he was suddenly transferred and made an OSD, technically an "Officer on Special Duty" but actually a position of disgrace. He had been working in the Special Branch for about 10 years and had never expressed a desire to go elsewhere. He took the humiliation to his heart and the tension proved to be fatal. Shortly afterwards, in August, he suddenly died. He was only 46. The Police are poorer without him.

Hameed Aslam Malik, my SP Administration, with enthusiasm for modern technology, worked hard in producing related material like slides, graphs and charts, to facilitate an impressive presentation. Ultimately, I had to seek outside help to give the strategy paper the final shape. I called upon my very knowledgeable and clueful friend, A/Hameed, who helped us in preparing a very detailed scheme on modernization for inclusion in our plan. It would take almost a year before the plan was finally ready.

I made an elaborate and convincing presentation before the Chief Minister, while others present included Anwar Zahid, Chief Secretary, Haji Akram, Home Secretary, and S. D. Jamy, IGP. The Chief Minister approved the entire scheme without any changes.

Modernization. He also approved the appointment of my friend, Muhammad Abd al-Hameed (referred to as A/Hameed in this book), as Director, Research and Reference, in the newly created Research and Reference Section. I was convinced that the insular and inward-looking Special Branch needed an outsider with modem and unbiased approach to introduce major changes in its outmoded operations. Besides having a critical eye for obvious but usually unnoticed problems, he was an expert in providing effective, practical and at the same time very economical solutions to major problems. His vast knowledge of latest office technologies was to prove of great help in transforming the organization and bringing it closer to modern times.

He made a start with telecommunications. The introduction of fax (facsimile) machines in 1987 was a real revolution, drastically reducing the huge phone call charges for transmission of daily reports from the regional offices. (Though the technology was invented about 150 years ago and fax machines had been available in the West as affordable office equipment for about 25 years, it was unknown in our country. Even its commercial import was not allowed till the ban was lifted in 1989.) The purchase of fax machines required special sanction as there was no precedent in any government department. When I took the file to the Home Secretary, he wondered what a fax machine was. "Frankly, I myself don't know," I replied. "But I do know that it would be very useful for my office." His personal regard for me carried more weight with him than the technology and the sanction was given promptly.

Then electronic PABXs, which also served as intercoms, were installed in head office as well as all regional offices. Later the leased lines linked them to form a network for instantaneous and unlimited phone calls with a fixed annual bill. The linking of computers to the network was to complete the system, which would meet all present needs.

The personal computers, another novelty in government departments then, were gradually and patiently made a part of the office environment. Since word processing was practically our only need, we had tremendous increase in speed, accuracy and efficiency in preparing reports and briefs. Besides being the first office of the Punjab government to use personal computers, the

Special Branch later became the most computerized one though the total expenditure was only a few hundred thousands of rupees.

Keeping in view various other needs, useful equipment was introduced, including audio and video tape recorders, still and video cameras. To preserve old and decaying records, a microfilming unit was set up. The library, which was in shambles, was reorganized and turned into a useful reference section.

The repair and renovation of the main head office building were going on when I asked A/Hameed to have a look at the plans. Though not an engineer, he suggested changes that led to the doubling of office space at a very small additional expenditure.

There were many other changes and improvements because of his stream of imaginative and innovative suggestions. I made a still greater use of his knowledge and experience after I became the IGP Punjab.

Anti-Terrorist Cell. For the Anti-Terrorist Cell, I sought the help of the army for top-level intelligence expertise. Ultimately, we were able to find a highly qualified and trained retired army officer, Lt Col. Muhammad Ashraf. He had done numerous courses in intelligence, counter intelligence and fighting terrorism. He was appointed as DIG (Anti-Terrorist Cell) on contract. His appointments turned out to be extremely useful and productive.

Security Section. The Security Section was to be headed by a DIG, with an SP (Survey) and other staff under him to analyze possible security threats to VVIPs and vital installations.

Training school and permanent staff. Despite their specialized and sensitive duties, the Special Branch staff got the same training as the general cadre police. A separate training school for them was, therefore, essential. As the staff needed a long stay to build up their perspective and operational skills, it was proposed that, instead of borrowing them on temporary basis entirely from the district police, 75% of the staff at lower levels should be recruited directly and should remain permanently in the Special Branch to ensure continuity. (The remaining 25% were to continue to come on deputation from the district police or other

intelligence agencies.) Both proposals were approved. The budget under various heads was also revised, rationalized and enhanced.

The construction of a sprawling complex, with the required office and residential buildings, was started at Chung, near Lahore, for the Anti-Terrorist Cell and the Special Branch Training School. The school was to have modern equipment and facilities to teach and train the staff in all needed skills and techniques, including photography, communications, sharpshooting, unarmed combat, use of fax and computer. The syllabus was evolved painstakingly after detailed discussions with the Intelligence Bureau and the Army School of Intelligence. Col. Ashraf, Maj. Qadeer, Aftab Sultan and Ch. Muhammad Ashraf Marath made significant contributions in building up the training school.

Daily Situation Report. Inspite of my great emphasis on security, political activity could not be neglected because it had the maximum bearing on the general law and order. The information on it was collected by the field staff and passed on to the head office as a daily routine. (The political criticism was mostly dropped as it only increased the blood pressure of the rulers and raised the possibility of misuse of authority.) To separate grain from the chaff, however, the volume of the Daily Situation Report (DSR) was reduced from an average of 65 to only 15 pages, reporting only what was significant from security point of view and relevant to law and order. The language of the report was changed from English to Urdu, to save time and energy wasted in translation and to eliminate the vexing problem caused by the declining number of good translators in the staff. A/Hameed dealt with many editorial and production problems relating to switch-over to Urdu. He also introduced a new and modern layout that allowed faster production and easier reading of the DSR.

Cure for administrative indigestion. The people around the Chief Minister and even my own IGP coaxed him for getting maximum information. I had to call him five or six times a day and pass on whatever information had been received by then, mostly of insignificant nature. Exasperated by the futile exercise,

I sought an exclusive meeting with him. I explained that too much and premature information could be dangerous for the chief executive, causing administrative indigestion and vomiting out of incorrect orders that could lead to chaos and confusion. The Chief Minister was, after all, not an operational officer. He should take only policy decisions and must not interfere in day-to-day measures for maintaining law and order. The district magistrate is the senior most officer on the spot and should be allowed to take operational decisions. Otherwise, the field officers may abandon initiative and always seek approval from highest authority for every small step. Mian Sahib agreed with me in principle but I could see that my suggestion had not sunk in.

"Nawab of Kalabagh was a good administrator," he said. "He was very well-informed. He knew even what was cooked in the kitchen of an officer."

"That was not the reason of his success," I replied. "He trusted his officers once they were posted after proper scrutiny. The collection of too much information would appear sneaky, destroying the bond of faith between you and your senior officers. You may tell them to follow the law and the prescribed procedure for maintaining public peace. But the clever ones would like to involve you even in minor decisions to avoid their own responsibility. Just don't be available to them for such matters. Please give only policy decisions and you would be following the wisest possible policy. The fury raised over the years by the over-reaction of petty functionaries will be spent in due course and there will be smooth sailing." I could see that my suggestion was sinking in but he could not help insisting, more out of curiosity than necessity, that he be kept well-informed about the politicians and the officers. After that meeting, the frequency of phone calls from the Chief Minister decreased to almost nothing.

Stop Chasing the politicians. "Why do you put those dirty looking pick-ups to trail the politicians?" the Chief Minister asked me one day.

My reply was, "Sir, it is supposedly to keep an eye on their activities and also to ensure their security. It has been a practice since long although it serves no practical purpose. It is

annoying for the one who is being surveilled, especially when he moves on purely private purposes, say to see a girl friend."

He smiled and said, "Chaudhry Sahib, adopt some better way. It does not look nice."

I followed his instructions in letter and spirit. There was both static and mobile surveillance on important or hostile politicians. I took measures to remove that clumsy irritant, prevailing since the British raj and used more aggressively and extensively by the martial law regimes.

The first watch I removed was from the house of Rao Rashid, the former IGP Punjab. He approached me through his friend, Malik Waris, retired SP, to restore the watch "because I feel safer from burglars and dacoits in the presence of the Special Branch staff outside my house!" I had a good laugh. That was the only purpose that was being served at such a huge expenditure!

Earlier, when I proposed to my officers to remove the surveillance from the house of Rao Rashid, they were so shocked as if heavens would fall. One SP said, "Sir, he is considered to be one of the most dangerous persons. Gen. Zia had personally ordered watch on him."

I asked him, "Did you come to know through your watch about any dangerous move by him?"

"No, not exactly," he said, slightly unhinged, "but he might have made one if he was not under watch."

"Let us not speculate and waste our scarce resources," I told him. "We should try to trace the saboteurs who are planting bombs and killing people instead of driving the poor politicians mad by our unpleasant presence." After the removal of the watch outside his house, I placed a good cook *inside* the house of Rao Rashid, who was useful both to him and me.

I removed practically all static and mobile watches, to the surprise of many politicians, who had become used to their presence. Ch. Muhammad Arshad, of Pakistan Democratic Party, came to my office and asked, "Why the friends have been removed from the residence of Nawabzada Nasrulla Khan at 32, Nicholson Road?"

"Because Nawaz Sharif does not feel threatened by Nawabzada," I said smilingly.

"He is the most intelligent and experienced politician in the country and you should be taking no risks with him," he replied in the same tone.

"We are watching only anti-Pakistan saboteurs. Mian Sahib intends to evolve decent traditions and do away with such clumsy practices. Nawabzada is no threat to the country." I told him the real position honestly and sincerely.

"I don't buy this trash," he said with a straight face. "There must be something else up your sleeves." Then, with a smile on his face, he added, "We have lost good companions and workers. Your people were very useful. We used to send them to bring tea and meals from the hotel. Then they would, of course, join us. Please restore at least one of them."

When he met me next, he brought an observation of his party chief. "Nawabzada Sahib thinks that Ch. Sardar has a sharp political brain." It seemed I was becoming a politician in everybody's eyes for unwinding the long politicized administrative tangle. The surveillance of a politician by Special Branch was considered a professional job but withdrawing the watch or not interfering in a political issue, by some queer logic, was "playing politics." A long practice can gain its own acceptability, if not sanctity. Or, perhaps a point of criticism was being taken away from the opposition. (If the government became decent, how could they criticize it?)

The closing of the Special Branch subjail in the Shahi Fort was also initially taken with suspicion. While Nawaz Sharif tried to introduce some decent traditions, he was not being believed by the opposition in view of their very bitter experience of the dictatorial regimes, who depended more on tricks than truth. I reminded Arshad Chaudhri of his own oft-repeated quotation, "Truth always triumphs." He said, "Let us see."

Advocates of coercion. Along with the healthy developments, some negative influences were also working on Nawaz Sharif. There were people coaxing him to adopt stiff and harsh measures, like Nawab of Kalabagh and Mustafa Khar. "Have maximum information on the weak points of the opponents," their line went. "Blackmail them, pressurize them with false cases and terrorize them with torture in police stations and jails. That is the way to keep the Punjabis under control. That is

the history and the temperament of the Punjab. The advice of Haji Akram, Dr. Safdar Mahmood and Ch. Sardar is all trash. Decency is weakness."

I came to know that almost half the Punjab cabinet had spoken on those lines in their exclusive political meetings. Some very senior civil and police officers had also given the same advice to Nawaz Sharif. Some old martial law stalwarts also gave him the same prescription. The Chief Minister was under tremendous mental pressure as he could not ignore such an overwhelming opinion. Consequently, in the presence of some ministers at the Lahore airport, he expressed his anger and dissatisfaction on the poor working of the Special Branch. I did not like that but preferred discretion. I assured him in the usual way that I would come up to his expectation by providing him the maximum information. I knew that he was being misled and the result would be only annoying allies and friends on one hand and politicians on the other.

One of the ministers present at the airport on that occasion was Miss Shaheen Attique-ur-Rahman, daughter of Lt. Gen. Attique-ur-Rahman, who was Martial Law Administrator and the Governor of West Pakistan during the Yahya Khan regime. She said, "The secret of my father's success as the Governor was that he knew by the minute what was happening in his province."

"Do you know who were his eyes and ears?" I asked.

"No, I don't know," she said casually, "but he was very well-informed."

"It was I who was his useless or useful SP Intelligence in the Martial Law Headquarters," I told her and Nawaz Sharif.

I knew I had deflected a possibly fatal attack on me and hoped that Nawaz Sharif would continue to follow his own instincts of decency and justice instead of using suppression and terror of the state machinery. To keep him on the right track, I said, "Sir, by defusing the MRD agitation with your firm and morally decent approach, you have already achieved a great success where so many governments failed most miserably, including the martial law regimes. Please avoid the advice of those who have failed." He was visibly convinced.

I had deliberately flattered him, although that was also a true statement, so that he could regain courage and conviction to follow the path of justice and fairplay. I played on his religious

piety as well by saying that fairness was the way to success not only in the next but also in this very world -- in the Punjab. I knew his psyche and was sure that I had him on my side.

Both Haji Akram, Home Secretary, and Anwar Zahid, Chief Secretary, were pleased when I told them what had happened at the airport. Anwar Zahid had succeeded Siddique Chaudhry as the Chief Secretary, Punjab. I knew him since he was posted as Assistant Commissioner, Toba Tek Singh, in mid-1950s and I was a student at the Government College, Lahore. He is a very fine human being and an officer of deep insight, unimpeachable integrity and high caliber.

Fighting international terrorism

During 1987 we faced the worst incidents of subversion and terrorism. The Afghan war was then at its peak. To make matters worse, Dr Najibulla, the chief of the premier intelligence agency, KHAD, also became the President of the country. So, he used the subversion skills of KHAD with redoubled zeal, in collaboration with Russia's KGB and India's RAW. The defence, communications and other vital installations and crowded public places were targeted. The targets were chosen carefully to cause maximum damage and create widespread panic.

Allama Ihsan Elahi Zaheer, a prominent Ahl-i-Hadith religious leader, was killed, along with nine others, in a bomb blast in a public meeting in Lahore in March 1987, while 64 were injured. The Ahl-e-Hadith throughout the country reacted very strongly. They suspected Shias and made them a special target of their campaign. The purpose of the enemy was clearly to pit the two sects against each other. They had already done that successfully in Parachanar and the Northern Areas. The Shia-Sunni rift had already been accentuated by Iran-Iraq war and now was being exploited by the enemy to cause destabilization and disturbances to reduce pressure on Afghanistan.

A car bomb, with 65kgs of high explosive, exploded on April 9 in the crowded Kashmiri Bazaar of Rawalpindi, killing 18 and injuring more than 50. In Lahore three bomb blasts occurred within minutes of one another at the main railway station, the taxi stand and the general bus stand, killing and injuring a large number of people. A bomb blast killed 40 persons in the Bohri Bazaar of Karachi, with hundreds injured. Air Force installations were targeted in the NWFP. There were frequent bomb blasts in refugee camps in Balochistan and NWFP. The subversive activities of the enemy agents spread even to small towns like Ahmadpur East, Khanpur, Gojra, Nankana Sahib, Murree, and even some remote villages. The bombs were planted at bridges, culverts, tunnels, railway tracks, bus stands, airports, crowded bazaars and the defence installations. The incidents naturally caused widespread panic.

The government and the administration were under tremendous pressure. The opposition alliance, the Movement for Restoration of Democracy, the ulema and the public were protesting against the government and its Afghan policy. Angry processions against the Afghan refugees started coming out. The failure of the intelligence agencies and police to apprehend the culprits came under scathing criticism but they were not geared to meet such a challenge.

I proposed the creation of an Anti-Terrorist Cell within the Special Branch to meet the situation on a top priority basis. The cell would collect and coordinate intelligence about terrorists and plan effective action. Besides utilizing the available serving personnel, I intended to employ retired police and army officers with training and experience of countering subversion and terrorism. The Finance Department, however, was non-cooperative as usual and rejected my plan. The country was in the throes of a national crisis but they had no realization of it at all. Our bureaucrats are often unrealistic and obstructive regarding a problem if they themselves are not to be responsible for the consequences. But responsibility and authority must go together for an effective administration.

I approached the Chief Minister with my elaborate scheme. He got the point in a second and called a meeting of all concerned administrative heads. The Anti-Terrorist Cell was created within 72 hours! It started working within a fortnight,

with experienced officers from the police and the army with rich intelligence background. Lt Col. (Retired) Ch. Muhammad Ashraf, with very long relevant experience, was appointed as DIG (ATC) to head the cell. Soon after, the Anti-Terrorist Cell apprehended a number of culprits, who disclosed startling enemy plans. But before narrating some of the excellent work done by the cell, let me describe how routinely and unimaginatively our bureaucrats dealt with even a crisis of national level.

Going against exculpatory attitude. Prime Minister Muhammad Khan Junejo called a meeting of the security agencies of all provinces and the federation at the Governor House, Lahore. I also attended it. Everybody present expressed concern in the usual way. There were the usual stern directions and warnings and the routine assurances of the intelligence agencies and police that they would "move heaven and earth" to find out the culprits and would "hang them upside down." The Prime Minister was concerned that his government might not become vulnerable and the administration was worried that no blame of inefficiency may fall on it. There was nothing new or analytical to give a definite direction to the entire effort nor was there any real concern and keenness to find a way out. Some snubbing and shouting did take place but no worthwhile decisions were taken.

I felt very concerned on an exculpatory attitude on a serious national issue. Being the junior most in the meeting, I initially hesitated but, perturbed on the insipid proceedings, finally asked permission to speak. I took the position that so far we had not been able to make any real breakthrough in putting our hands on the culprits and in knowing their sources and full ramifications of their dastardly activities. I said, "No doubt it is a safe presumption to blame the KHAD, KGB and RAW but our concentrated and coordinated efforts must lead us to the capture of the culprits and no resources should be spared to achieve that objective." Then I drew the attention of the high-level meeting to the miserable financial position of our agencies, which were supposed to fight a full-fledged secret war against a superpower and its allies in the region.

Having dilated on the perspective, I requested the Prime Minister to call upon the entire nation, including the opposition, to stand solidly united and fight back the attack. It was for the

leadership of the country to channelize the energies of the people. It was a different and dangerous kind of war against the nation and should not be used to make any political gains. Everyone must rise to the occasion and face the enemy. The people must be educated not only about the profiles of the terrorists but also about the security measures to thwart their attempts. The media should inform the public about the means and methods of the saboteurs. The administration and civil defence organizations should be prepared with their crisis management plans to prevent and detect terrorist activities. If the entire nation kept a vigil, the enemy agents would not be able to hit or find any sanctuaries.

After elaborating my ideas vigorously, I ended by saying, "Sir, you must have a programme to mobilize the nation to fight this war with all ideological and material resources. You must carry the opposition also with you. You may also like to address the nation."

The Prime Minister and others in the meeting listened to me with rapt attention. Then he issued detailed instructions to all concerned on the lines proposed by me. The media was advised to create security consciousness among the masses without generating panic. The press, once taken into confidence, showed tremendous restraint and deep sense of responsibility and helped in inculcating a sense of direction among the people. The district administrations formed civil defence and citizens' committees for vigilance and damage control. The people from all sections, including the opposition, were involved in crisis management at all levels. The opposition continued to criticize the failures of the government but in a constructive manner as they also had been taken into confidence and briefed at different levels. All these measures not only diverted the energies of the people away from agitating against the government but also helped the administration in tracing a few cases by timely information and constant vigil of the people.

Now see how bureaucrats react. After the meeting, a very senior and shrewd officer said to me, "You are very clever. You saved us all by involving the Prime Minister in political tactics. It was a good move although people can do nothing. The press is the most irresponsible."

I was shocked to hear such a misplaced appreciation of my ideas. There was no cleverness on my part. All I had said was

with genuine conviction. You cannot fight a powerful enemy without the active cooperation of the people, especially when they themselves are the target. The people have more resilience and fighting energy than the bureaucrats are prepared to give them the credit. You cannot fight even the normal crime without their cooperation, not to talk of a subversive wave generated and supported by a superpower. For many hard-boiled bureaucrats, the people are not relevant and for some they are there only to be befooled or exploited.

The Special Branch, Punjab, took the challenge most seriously and coordinated effectively with other intelligence agencies and the police of other provinces. The suspects and their sanctuaries were kept under a constant watch. The cooperation of the citizens substantially increased our intelligence sources and we started working on many leads. The patient hard work of the Anti-Terrorist Cell produced very encouraging results in a very short period. It not only worked out all cases of terrorism in the Punjab but most of the cases of other provinces as well.

A team of American experts visited us the next year to know how we had achieved such a high level of success. They told us that during 1987 Pakistan was the biggest victim of subversion and terrorism throughout the world. They also informed us that *our rate of success was the highest ever achieved by any country in the history of that kind of terrorism.* I gave them a briefing in detail on the methods that we had used in tracing the cases.

Lt. Col. Ashraf and his staff had really worked very hard. The retired police officers under him did an excellent job. Ch. Zaman, retired SP, had a very long experience and a deep study of the subject. He remembered the details of almost all major cases of terrorism from Bhagat Singh to date. Because of his rich experience, his hunches to determine the direction of the culprits and their likely escape routes were amazingly prescient. The Anti-Terrorist Cell prepared elaborate lists and profiles of the potential and trained saboteurs among the Afghan refugees and the Pakistanis. It took help from the Intelligence Bureau, Federal Security Cell and the police of Balochistan and the NWFP. All agencies were doing their best in helping us.

Now a few typical cases, including how we had a really great breakthrough. For security reasons, the real names of the saboteurs will not be given in most cases.

On the way to Chakwal. Two saboteurs travelling from the tribal area were under the surveillance of the Intelligence Bureau. On reaching Peshawar, the watch was taken over by the local police. The saboteurs moved from Peshawar towards Rawalpindi on the National Highway N5 (Grand Trunk Road). DIG Peshawar Kamal Shah informed DIG Rawalpindi Shahid Hassan and asked him to take over the watch from Attock onward so that the saboteurs could be captured on reaching their destination with some incriminating material or in a criminal act, say planting a bomb. DIG Rawalpindi alerted the police on the Attock bridge over the Indus river.

The DSP incharge at Attock saw the target car advancing towards the barrier at the bridge. He recognized it and stopped it. He had no means to follow it as his pick-up had a break-down. Not wanting to lose the trail, he arrested the two men. The DIG Rawalpindi informed me about it and I asked him to dispatch the two suspects to Lahore immediately for interrogation. It would have been better if the suspects had been kept under discreet watch and allowed to reach their destination but the poor state of police resources did not allow that. Even if the DSP had followed them in an easily recognizable police pick-up, the suspects would have easily eluded his rickety vehicle.

Kamal and Naseer, the two saboteurs, were put through a very searching interrogation at the Anti-Terrorist Cell. They divulged a trove of valuable information about their associates, patrons, groups, training, targets, methods, ways and means. They had a cut-out system after every group of 8 or 10 saboteurs. No group was aware of the missions of the others. However, we were able to identify the members of at least 28 such teams from the details of their combined training by the KGB staff at Jalalabad, Kabul and Tashkent. We already had some other background information and built up the perspective.

The saboteurs disclosed the *dera* (farm house) of one Saleem in the hilly area of Chakwal district where the explosives and other devices for a car bomb were hidden. Their own destination was that dera. After collecting the material from there,

they were to choose the most crowded place to park the car and explode it with a remote control. After the mission was complete, they would have gone, unarmed and undetected, to Kabul through a safe passage to receive their payment.

"Why a crowded place?" they were asked.

"Because it created the greatest panic," they told the interrogator. "We had instructions to cause the maximum loss of life. We would have been paid Rs 10,000 per dead body and slightly less per injured person. The proof would be the details of casualties in the next day's newspapers. We had already accomplished 11 such missions, including the blasts at Dera Ismail Khan, Lahore railway station and the air force targets in Peshawar."

They gave us very helpful information about 23 cases of sabotage, committed by them and some other teams. It was a very major breakthrough, making almost the entire picture clear.

"Didn't you feel pity for the innocent men, women and children killed or injured by you?" I asked them.

"No, not at all," they replied. "It was a business like any other. We were paid well. We felt happy when more people died because it meant more money. We took newspapers with us and went for other missions after collecting our money." They were not showing any remorse.

"Why and how did you choose this business instead of some other job?" I asked. They had a very strange story to tell.

They belonged to the tribal area. They had joined the Pakistan Army and were posted at Parachanar. There was a serious Shia-Sunni riot at Parachanar in which many people belonging to both sects were killed and injured. Their regiment was deployed to control the situation. Kamal and Naseer and their six other colleagues, belonging to a certain sect, felt that the colonel incharge of their unit had not used sufficient force. Otherwise, such a large number of people from their sect would not have been killed. They ambushed their commanding officer one night and opened fire on him to avenge the deaths of their sectarian brethren. Then they deserted their unit, taking their weapons with them.

Being wanted by the authorities, they crossed over to Afghanistan to save their lives. As they were now jobless, they turned saboteurs and undertook the tasks given by the KHAD.

They had the benefit of their army training. They were given further training for making and planting bombs. The early missions included planting of mines under bridges and other channels of communications. In the second phase, they targeted the defence installations. By the time we arrested them, they had become senior and were assigned major missions of mass destruction. The dera of Saleem was raided on the third day of their capture and all sabotage material was recovered. Saleem was, however, not present and could not be arrested.

This success alone helped in tracing many cases and arresting culprits throughout the country. The Anti-Terrorist Cell had successfully penetrated and broken through the elaborately laid out net and the enemy was thrown off balance, at least for the time being. The leads gathered during interrogation were passed on immediately to federal agencies and the police of other provinces. They picked up some of the saboteurs while others were apprehended in due course of time.

Blast of the footballer. A car bomb exploded in the congested area of Kashmiri Bazaar in Rawalpindi on April 9, 1987, killing 18 persons and injuring many more. Several nearby vehicles were damaged. The experts measured that the impact was of at least 65kgs of high explosive. The car carrying the explosive was reduced to smithereens. Luckily, its engine number survived as an identifiable part.

That was a valuable piece of evidence for the Rawalpindi police investigation team. As it was a Suzuki car, its manufacturer in Karachi was contacted. The sale records and other follow-up records indicated that the car had been sold to a party in Quetta. (It took the team many days to find out this elementary fact because of the haphazard way the records were kept.) In Quetta the car had changed many hands through car dealers without any change of documents. One of the car dealers gave the facial descriptions of the three youngsters who had bought the car on cash payment. The descriptions, after many studies, investigations and inquiries, led to the fact that the car had been last bought by one Ali Footballer (real name) and his companions.

Ali Footballer lived in the tribal area and did not have a good reputation. He was known for his bouts of violence and was

held in great awe. On checking, he was found to have crossed over into Afghanistan. A very long and patient watch was maintained. He came back after several weeks but nobody from the Balochistan police were prepared to lay his hands on him for fear of tribal retribution. It was very frustrating that somebody involved in such a heinous act was there but the government machinery appeared impotent against him. DIG Rawalpindi apprised the Chief Minister of the situation. He in turn talked to Gen. Zia, who talked to the Governor of Balochistan and the military commander in Balochistan for assistance. Even after all that effort at the highest level, there was hesitance in arresting Ali.

It was finally a young ASP who had the courage to arrest Ali and hand him over to the Rawalpindi police team waiting in Quetta. With Ali in their hands, the team rushed out of Balochistan at top speed before any counter-move could be made. They did not stop even to complete the legal formalities as that would have given the tribals time to cause trouble. They drove at maximum speed and did not stop before reaching Multan. Ali's tribesmen, when they came to know about his arrest, were furious and up in arms but they could do nothing as the man was already out of their reach. They attacked the ASP, who escaped with great difficulty. He was transferred to a distant place to save him from the wrath of the tribals.

Ali Footballer was subjected to a thorough investigation during which he gave all details. He had been given Rs 300,000 by KHAD to pay for the secondhand car, his companions and to meet other initial expenses. The explosives were provided to him separately. He and his two associates brought the car and the explosives on a truck; stayed for a night at Dera Ghazi Khan and reached Gujranwala the next day. There the car, explosives and other things were unloaded from the truck, whose driver did not suspect anything. Ali and his associates loaded the explosives into the car in the protection of a roadside Afghan teastall and motel. Then they drove it to Rawalpindi, parked it in Kashmiri Bazaar and exploded it with a remote control.

It took three more months before we could arrest Ali's two associates. The investigation helped us in tracing seven similar cases of Sindh and Balochistan. The pattern and patrons were also identified and were neutralized effectively. Ali was given death sentence but benefited from the general reprieve granted by

Benazir Bhutto when she became the Prime Minister in December 1988.

Many other groups of saboteurs were arrested and their stories were almost similar. The successful investigation and effective follow-up action by various teams of the Anti-Terrorist Cell broke the back of the saboteurs. Some of them were chased and apprehended even from Afghanistan. The number of sabotage incidents during 1988 and 1989 fell sharply.

Most of the saboteurs were unemployed and frustrated youth, with criminal background or association. Some of them belonged to broken families while others suffered from the betrayal of wife or beloved. There were drifting youngsters, who had lost means of livelihood in West Asia (Middle East) after Iran-Iraq war started. Some were hardened by exposure to the Afghan war itself. The enemy found it easy to exploit such elements but we were also fully determined to thwart its effects.

I briefed the President and the Prime Minister on the successful breakthrough, with facts and figures. We had listed all the accused, suspects, associates, activists, patrons, sanctuaries, methods, targets, weapons and materials along with the entire perspective of the enemy plans. During the presentation, I suggested certain measures, including technical equipment, to strengthen the Anti-Terrorist Cell. The President was so happy on our breakthrough that he said we could take anything needed for the asking. We asked for a few interrogation cells in the Birdwood Barracks in Lahore, as we did not have any interrogation cells after our vacation of the premises in the Shahi Fort. He promised to ask the army to hand over the barracks to us. We never got the cells.

In fact, the federal government did not give us even a single paisa as, by that time, the pressure of the sabotage panic was wearing off, ironically due to our dedicated efforts. This was the price of success! If we had been less successful and the threat of terrorism had been still very much there, we could have gotten every thing we had asked for.

Dealing with doves and hawks

By the middle of 1986, Benazir Bhutto announced that she would visit Lahore and launch her "Doves of Peace" campaign. The Chief Minister, Chief Secretary, IGP and others were concerned and did not know what was going to happen. Over-reaction is what the opposition always wants from the government and many governments do provide it. The response has to be balanced because too harsh or too soft reaction can only spoil matters. My appreciation was that it was going to be a non-event. Although nobody was prepared to agree with me but they also could not ignore the appreciation of the Special Branch. The meeting, therefore, decided not to over-react but Additional IG, Special Branch, would be held responsible if anything untoward happened. I accepted the responsibility cheerfully.

The "Doves of Peace" procession was a poor show. It proceeded from Lahore railway station and dispersed at the Data Darbar, after passing through narrow streets where even small number looked big. On the way, the processionists pulled down two Muslim League flags. The Chief Minister was very angry. Everybody passed the blame to me. (After all, they gleefully pointed out, I had taken "full responsibility" in advance.) I told

them that the risk was worth taking. If the police had interfered with the procession, a clash would have definitely taken place and resulted in serious injuries or even deaths. That would have suited the opposition very much and there would have been fires and disturbances not only in Lahore but also elsewhere in the country.

My explanation fell on deaf ears. A very senior and shrewd officer said, "No government worth the name would tolerate it. You have made the government and the police a laughing stock."

"On the burning of two flags?" I retorted.

"You seem to attach no importance to Muslim League flags," commented Nawaz Sharif coldly.

"No, sir, I do attach a lot of importance but the question is much more basic. Would you like to have more serious and constant trouble that has the potential of ultimately bringing down your government? It is like being penny wise and pound foolish. If you go to the press, you will see that PPP will be on the defensive. Criticize their undemocratic behaviour instead of using force that can cause violent reaction." I spoke with the maximum possible emphasis.

Ghulam Haider Wyne came to my rescue and supported my point of view. He was then asked to contact the press. When the official version was published the next day, the PPP took the position that they had not even touched the flags! They claimed that the flags had been burnt by the Special Branch people, who had been sent by Nawaz Sharif to bring a bad name to the PPP. Special Branch seemed to be getting the blame from both sides!

I took the press clippings to Nawaz Sharif. He just smiled while going through them. I took advantage of his good mood and said, "Sir, this is the beauty of a democratic system. One statement of Wyne Sahib has put them on the defensive. The use of force would have suited them and today you would have been on the defensive. The capacity of a martial law regime for use of force is many times more than yours. Even they could not crush PPP. How can you, sir? Your weapons are decency and tolerance, which are much more potent than all arms of martial law put together. You have seen that they are already on the defensive. In future, they won't bum the Muslim League flags."

"You are a good politician, Chaudhry Sahib, but I want no trouble in future," he said firmly. Indirectly, he had appreciated my approach. "Yes, sir," I said. "It will not happen in future."

On my way back, I was glad that I had put the things on the right course by proving practically that the misplaced use of administrative force in political matters was counter-productive. But it was painful to be dubbed as a politician for restraining the administration from being used for an obviously political objective. It was a cruel travesty that a suggestion to deal with political matters politically and not administratively was to be dubbed as politics.

It was not his fault alone, however. For the last three decades, there had been no political direction and everything had been done administratively. Therefore, depoliticising administration would also appear as political. That happened to me many times during my career but I always stuck to my firm belief that political matters must not be handled administratively. I was simply trying to correct misguided thinking but it had gone so deep and spread so wide that a police officer or a civil servant who advocated beating and torturing of political workers was considered a professional officer while anyone who suggested freedom of movement and expression was dubbed a politician. A society that had tolerated authoritarianism so long was bound to be affected by the environment. It reminded me of the slogans in George Orwell's classic book, "1984:" "War is Peace," "Freedom is Slavery," "Ignorance is Strength."

Clash on Independence Day. A much bigger challenge came soon after. The Movement for Restoration of Democracy (MRD) planned to start an agitation from September 20, 1986. I was asked as usual to brief the provincial cabinet. In my view, the prospects for the movement were dim as democracy had already been restored. The people would not be inspired by an action programme that lacked a clear-cut direction. So the objective of the movement was likely to confuse the people, who had recently voted for the Assemblies. Another great restraining factor was the general feeling that Gen. Zia was still around and could re-impose martial law if things went out of control. The most important factor, however, was the wisdom and sagacity of the Punjab leadership in handling the stormy tours of Benazir

after her return from England. I emphasized the last point deliberately, with the flair and charm of a salesman, bordering almost on flattery, as I wanted them not to over-react in panic. I drove the point further home by saying that the fuel for a movement was the suppression by a tyrannical government. The oppression of martial law period was now a matter of the past. Therefore, MRD movement in a democratic environment had little chance of success.

The cabinet was not only convinced of my appreciation but, unfortunately, also became euphoric. That was not my purpose. I only wanted to keep them on a balanced track without their over-reacting. Ghulam Haider Wyne proposed a public meeting at Minar-i-Pakistan by the Muslim League on the Independence Day (August 14, 1986). When we came out of the meeting, Ch. Muhammad Siddique, Chief Secretary, and Haji Akram, Home Secretary, said to me, "We have had it because of you!" (*Marva ditta ee* in Punjabi.)

The public meeting would have been, no doubt, an administrative and security problem by itself. But a bigger complication arose when MRD, playing the role of a spoiler, later announced that it too would hold a public meeting at the Minar-i-Pakistan on the same date. The two announcements generated tension and heat and created the specter of a head-on collision. The administration became panicky. Haji Akram thought that democracy had just been restored and any serious breakdown of law and order meant another martial law. There was a suggestion that the two meetings might be at different venues but IGP SD Jamy was not in favour of even that as there could be clashes en route.

The PPP later did announce that its meeting would be at the Mochi Gate ground. Even that did not satisfy the scared administration. The Muslim League leadership was also in favour of two public meetings at separate venues but the view of the panicky administration prevailed ultimately. Prime Minister Junejo, who was also President of the Muslim League, canceled the scheduled meeting and expected the MRD to do the same. But the MRD insisted on holding its meeting at the Mochi Gate. The District Magistrate banned it under Section 144 of the Criminal Procedure Code. The entry of Benazir Bhutto into the Punjab was also banned and she was arrested at the Karachi

airport before she could fly to Lahore. It was the first administrative action on a political activity since the lifting of the martial law. Gen. Zia was watching the situation carefully.

As PPP and MRD insisted on holding the meeting while the Government was determined to enforce the ban, a clash loomed as inevitable. The PPP workers had decided to assemble at the Mochi Gate at 3 p.m. on the fateful day. The police were deployed in and around the venue and on all approaching roads and streets. At about noon, Israr Ahmad, who was working as Personal Staff Officer to the Chief Minister, informed me that the League workers of Gawalmandi, led by Khwaja Riaz Mahmood, were coaxing Nawaz Sharif to have a round of the city in an open jeep as the PPP had run away from the field. Mian Sahib's going out on a round would create problems of security and law and order problems and he would be blamed also if there were any trouble when the PPP crowds came out around 3 p.m. So I briefed the Chief Minister on the likely situation and requested him not to take a round of the city. He accepted my advice. Israr saved the government from many security problems by his timely information.

Shortly afterwards the trouble started. The crowds started emerging from all sides and going to the Mochi Gate. The police tried to enforce the ban. The Circular Road became a battleground when Rana Shaukat Mahmood tried to violate the ban near Kotwali. Another group, led by Jahangir Badar and Nazim Shah, surfaced at the Lohari Gate. The Lohari Gate police station and the police vehicles parked there were fired upon and were put on fire. The policemen inside the police station felt trapped and were reported to have fired back in desperation on orders of Akhtar Ali Monga, Additional Deputy Commissioner, who was also inside the police station.

When I heard that the policemen had been encircled and were being fired upon from the crowd, I requested Maj. Mushtaq Ahmad, DIG Lahore, to rush to the spot. An effective and bold officer, Mushtaq reached the spot promptly and controlled the situation. A large number of persons violating the ban were arrested and the crowd was dispersed. In the ensuing confusion, four persons died in and around New Anarkali.

Who shot whom and who was guilty was a matter for inquiry. What was important was that deaths had occurred and that could lead to further trouble. It was a bad development for the nascent democratic setup. Home Secretary Haji Akram became very worried. He was clear in his mind that Gen. Zia was waiting in the wings. I discussed the ugly development with him on phone and both of us agreed that a very impartial and fair inquiry of the events was necessary for the satisfaction of all concerned parties.

On hearing of the trouble and deaths, Ch. Anwar Zahoor came to see me in my office. He was also worried that a black blot had come over the fair face of the democratic government and the people were condemning Nawaz Sharif for resorting to high-handedness.

"Nawaz Sharif is not even aware how the situation has developed to this point," I explained.

"But people are not concerned with that," Ch. Anwar said. "It is the net result that they see. He is the Chief Minister and has to bear the responsibility. No doubt, he is a decent person and must be upset. You should go and review the whole situation with him."

On his advice, I went to see the Chief Minister House at 7, Club Road. Mian Sahib was alone after offering his *Asr* prayers. He really looked very upset and sad. It was his first experience as Chief Minister to deal with casualties in a public disturbance.

"Sir, it was unfortunate but then such things do happen," I said. It did not console him.

"I know these deaths will give impetus to the movement of the opposition," he observed. "It should not have happened. Now that it has, administrative measures are necessary to contain the disturbances and also to ensure justice to the victims. If any functionary has exceeded his authority, he should be taken to task."

I explained the situation and suggested various measures, including a judicial inquiry.

"I am not worried about the movement," he observed. "I feel sad on the deaths. What can be done for their families, Chaudhry Sahib? Tell me that."

"Financial help is the only thing that can be done for them," I replied. He was more agonized on deaths than worried

about the administrative and political implications. I shared his concern but was more worried about the law and order aspects.

Then I went to see Haji Akram, who lived nearby, and told him about the state of mind of the Chief Minister. "He is a young and kind-hearted person and feels upset," was his instant comment.

The Chief Minister called an urgent high-level meeting to review the situation. The processions and public meetings had been banned for three days by an order under Sec. 144 of the Criminal Procedure Code. Saeed Mehdi, Commissioner, Lahore, proposed that the ban should not be extended and the MRD might be allowed to spend its fury. There was general agreement on the suggestion. The Chief Minister directed the Commissioner that special attention should be given to consoling the aggrieved families.

How to defuse an agitation. MRD, excited by the violent incidents of August 14, brought forward the date (originally Sept. 20) for the formal launching of its movement. It was a tactical mistake as it could not do its homework properly and had to start an agitation prematurely, compelled by the circumstances of its own creation. The processions were allowed but the miscreants were arrested wherever there was violence. The processions petered out in three days throughout the province except Lahore, where the daily processions were taken out for about two weeks. The strength of the processions decreased steadily with every passing day. The police had arrested most of the activists. The leaders like Jahangir Badar, Rao Rashid, Salman Taseer and Nazim Shah were in hiding while the movements of other leaders had been restrained. Benazir Bhutto was kept confined to her house in Karachi.

Once the administrative measures became necessary and were justified by the circumstances, the Punjab administration and police acted efficiently. The command had practically been taken over by the Home Secretary, Haji Muhammad Akram, one of the most efficient civil servants I have ever seen. He was very kind and fair but, when justified by law and circumstances, I found him to be totally ruthless. Why? He firmly believed that if one did not act decisively at the right moment, much bigger loss of life and property would be the result. It was the basic duty of a

sensible and committed administrator to rise to the occasion and control the situation firmly and tightly.

The MRD movement was controlled without any further loss of life but it highlighted an administrative problem. During the martial law period, authority was centralized in the capital. All arrests and detentions of suspected trouble-makers were made on the basis of the Special Branch lists, which were never comprehensive or realistic as the head office was distant and the low-level staff in the districts was not up to the mark. Based on those lists and other half-baked information, the district magistrates were issued all kinds of instructions from above. It was a very unsatisfactory arrangement, especially during emergencies or political disturbances.

I suggested to the Chief Minister that the authority should be decentralized and the District Magistrate (DM) and the Superintendent of Police (SP) in a district should be allowed initiative to act in the light of information available to them and use their powers under the law instead of looking towards the provincial capital for instructions. The DM was the legal authority and the government should not interfere except to assist him with timely information and required co-ordination. All DMs and SPs might be directed that the government expected them to maintain public order and it was up to them to detain or release any person or take any other legal action. It was a legal, fair and successful method and had been in vogue for a very long time. The Chief Minister agreed with me despite the contrarian views of the Chief Secretary and the IGP. The decision to delegate authority to the district administration went a long way in controlling the MRD movement as the responsible officers took realistic decisions on the spot instead of complying with remote and out-of-context directions from the provincial capital.

The ill-directed and ill-timed agitation of the MRD failed to pick up momentum. It got little response from the smaller provinces, especially Sindh. The 1985 non-party elections had successfully cut across the political alignments and groups. Having squandered whatever political strength it had, the MRD formally called off its fruitless agitation and, in the process, went into a political limbo for the time being.

However, the bureaucrats, adept at creating unnecessary irritations, provided causes for further hostile action. There were numerous examples of the blunders by officialdom but I shall quote only a few.

The warrants of arrests for many leaders and workers were issued during the agitation. Some of them were arrested while others went underground. Rao Rashid Khan went underground till the campaign was called off by the MRD. He had been my IGP. He approached me through his friend, Malik Waris, retired SP, and wanted to know if he was still wanted for arrest. There was no point in arresting anybody anymore as the agitation had been called off. Arresting the activists was, after all, just one of the methods to contain the situation and, if continued now, would be counter-productive and prolong the agitation unnecessarily. When I requested the responsible officers to withdraw the warrants for the arrest of Rao Rashid, they did not agree with me. They had a very simplistic approach and believed that there was no point in issuing the warrants if they were not to be implemented. I told them that the objective for which the warrants were issued had already been achieved. But my argument was to no avail. The warrants had become a great reality *per se* and the campaign or agitation was irrelevant.

I approached the Chief Minister and explained to him the futility of the pending warrants and the useless fixation of the administrative minds. He got the point immediately and ordered the withdrawal of all unexecuted warrants. The relevant officials were not happy. I also proposed that all detention orders against those already arrested should be withdrawn forthwith to minimize bitterness but that was also resisted. The officials tend to acquire a mentality of persecution and become blind to the changing realities. Nawaz Sharif, with his elastic and dynamic mind, got the point immediately and rescinded all detention orders.

On the incidents of August 14, the police registered cases of murder, arson and mischief against unknown agitators. Another murder case was registered on the complaint of a relative of one of the deceased by name against Jahangir Badar, Salman Taseer and Nazim Shah. On the other side, the PPP filed a complaint against Nawaz Sharif, accusing him of the murders. The battle was shifting from the streets to police stations and courts. The allegations from both sides smacked of vengeance

and falsehood and were likely to pollute the atmosphere and set wrong traditions.

Haji Akram felt that the process should not become ugly, throwing mud on each other.

"It won't be something new," I said.

"Yes, that is true," he said, "but this is the first incident of this kind in the administration of Mian Sahib. He is a God-fearing, decent person and we should try to save him from such acts. Some wicked persons are getting around him. Once the registration of false cases and counter-cases starts, like the Bhutto era, a vicious cycle will emerge and destroy the entire democratic set-up." He spoke with deep concern.

"What to do?" I asked.

"Let us go to him and brief him on the evil implications of the baseless cases," he replied. "Such things help nobody. In fact, they suck everybody into the quagmire out of which nobody can come out unscathed. He must set healthy traditions with a moral edge."

"Let us discuss this with IGP also," I proposed.

"No, that will spoil everything," Haji Akram said firmly. "We should convince Mian Sahib alone and save him from the evil advice of the wicked people. He should not be taken in by the cunning people. He must set noble traditions."

"Nawaz Sharif may not be even aware of these cases fully," I said.

"Yes, quite possible. Let us go and brief him." He stood up and we went straight to 7, Club Road.

The Chief Minister fully agreed with the views of Haji Akram and directed him to supervise the investigation so that nothing was done against facts and merit. We later learnt that the complaint against Jahangir Badar and other PPP leaders had come through a retired police officer.

Haji Akram observed, "Mian Sahib, please be very careful about the advice of police officers. Bhutto was doomed because of some wicked police officers around him. They knew only how to use the device of false cases. Bhutto got bogged down in the vicious circle. You must avoid that trap." Haji Sahib was very candid and forthright. And also sweeping.

The cases were disposed off on merit, without any partisan slant. Haji Akram saved Nawaz Sharif from blundering

into the delusive charm of crushing political opponents by the device of false cases. He himself had the tendency for a moral approach but Haji Akram reinforced that by wise counsel in a practical situation. Nawaz Sharif, during his entire tenure as Chief Minster, never imposed Section 144 CrPC again. He alsc did not depend on the registration of false cases or the use of coercive force. His image did suffer when he forgot or ignored this policy in a few cases particularly against Tikka Iqbal, Salman Taseer, Dr Maleeha Lodhi, editor of *The News*, Islamabad, and Ch. Ghulam Husain, owner-editor of two Lahore weeklies, *Siasi Log* and *Facts International*.

Taming the shrew. Treating political opponents fairly and humanely goes a long way in defusing them and avoiding unnecessary problems. Nazim Husain Shah, who was named as an accused in this FIR, met me twice at my residence during that period. He was very worried but I assured him that no injustice could take place with Nawaz Sharif as the Chief Minister. He did not believe that but the case was ultimately canceled. Nazim Shah or Jahangir Badar, who were not even arrested, never had the moral courage to give credit to Nawaz Sharif for at least having done justice. On the other hand, in the chambers of power, Nawaz Sharif was accused of showing a soft comer to them.

As usual, important people in Rawalpindi and Islamabad believed that the back of PPP would have been broken if its leaders had been prosecuted in that false case. They could not unlearn their belief in the use of false cases against opponents. Therefore, they were convinced that, being a rich man, Nawaz Sharif must have made a deal with PPP leaders, particularly Jahangir Badar. No less a person than the Director, Intelligence Bureau, Mian Aslam Hayat, was carried away by the rumour. He asked me a straight question, "Has there been a deal between Jahangir Badar and Nawaz Sharif?"

"No, sir, no deal to my information," I replied, "but there was a fair deal during and after the MRD campaign and that is what brought success. Success is causing jealousy and gossip. There is nothing more to it."

Mian Aslam Hayat, himself a very noble man, believed me but most of others could not accept that anybody could

achieve success without following the crooked path. Their minds had been conditioned by years of crookedness and wickedness and could not come out of it.

The MRD movement involved the participation of labour from various sectors, the Awami National Party elements being the most prominent. Tariq Latif, a very prominent labour leader, was also the Punjab President of ANP. He had been my friend since I was SSP in Lahore in 1973. Tariq told me that he would take the ANP labour out of the agitation in a phased programme of five days if he was not arrested. Nawaz Sharif, being an industrialist, did not like him personally and also considered him unreliable. As he wanted Tariq to be in jail, it was extremely difficult for me to save him from arrest. Anyway I did try.

"Sir, you want peace and I shall give you peace without violent means," I assured him. "Let me handle him. He is my friend." He consented but very reluctantly. Tariq Latif kept his promise and took out his labour force. When I told Mian Sahib about it, he said, "You are a good politician."

"No, sir, I am *not* a politician," I replied, almost protesting. "I am against unwanted use of force or chaining human beings. A good police officer should use minimum force and that too when absolutely essential. The basic job of a police officer is resolving conflicts and I have done just that." He just smiled

Ch. Anwar Zahoor and Ghulam Miran Kashmiri, two very prominent labour leaders in transport and banking respectively, were also my friends. They also took out their labour wings from the agitation. Thus, there arose no need to put any labour leader in jail. Similarly, the students were handled with decency and leniency. The dignified and sensible treatment with labour, students and political workers set a tone of non-violence for the coming years. The society had been brutalized by indiscriminate use of state terror for years and the soft treatment by the administration cooled off the heat of agitation.

The civil servants and police officers, who had no talent other than their skills of terror and torture, were very disappointed and started describing Nawaz Sharif as "a weak administrator" and me as a "politician". Such comments would also reach his ears. "Decency is weakness," he would say sometimes. I knew at

that time that some crook had been around him and I would take steps to disabuse him carefully of those feelings.

PPP rally at Toba Tek Singh. The PPP announced a *kisan* (peasant) rally in October 1986 at Toba Tek Singh. Ghiasuddin Janbaz was the main organizer. The administration was getting panicky because it was haunted by the memories of Maulana Bhashani's big and violent show at the same place during the anti-Ayub agitation. My assessment was that it was not going to be a very impressive show. Lt Col. Sultan Haider, then working in the Special Branch as an OSD, carried out a very detailed assessment and came to the conclusion that it was going to be a show of medium strength.

Ch. Siddique, Chief Secretary, disagreed with the assessment and did not want to take any risk. He had the intention to ban the rally but I opposed it on the ground that it did not behoove a democratic government to restrict arbitrarily the freedoms of association and speech. He came around but issued strict instructions to the administration for elaborate law and order arrangements. It turned out to be a mediocre show, exactly as assessed by Col. Sultan Haider.

The officers often looked askance on my repeated references to "democratic government" and "democratic norms." It was but natural after such a prolonged period of dictatorships but I continued with my practice out of strong convictions. I wanted to influence others in order to consolidate the democratic system as I had seen from very close quarters how the short-sightedness and adventurism of dictators had led to the break-up of the country. So, I consciously and loudly tried to highlight the benefits of democratic attitudes for good law and order. Law and order is disturbed by angry people, who are unhappy with the prevailing situation. If they are allowed to vent their steam through speeches or rallies, agitation and violence are averted. Democracies are wiser in law and order management by allowing the furies of rivers of anger to flow smoothly instead of erecting dikes and dams in their way. When the dams and dikes, built so carefully by dictatorships, burst, everything on the way is washed away.

Feudals conspire against Nawaz Sharif

The believers in the effectiveness of brute force interpreted the decency and fairness of Nawaz Sharif as a sign of his weak grip on the administration. The feudal elite believed that a young man with a business and industrial background, lacked the mettle to rule a predominantly agricultural province. They wished for a feudal lord from among themselves to be its ruler, riding on horse back with a whip in his hand. By the middle of 1986, Pir Pagara was making damaging statements against him. Malik Allahyar Khunda, Sardar Nasrulla Khan Dreshak, Mian Asif, Abida Husain, Mian Salahuddin, Ahmad Saeed Kirmani, Makhdoom Hassan Mahmood, Yusuf Raza Gilani and others of the old guard were openly active against him.

The hostile posture of Pir Pagara was interpreted as an indication of opposition also from Muhammad Khan Junejo, the Prime Minister and President of the Muslim League, as he was a devoted disciple of Pir Pagara. The dissidents were creating an impression that Nawaz Sharif was being disowned by the Prime Minister. They were also spreading the word that he had neither political roots nor his own group within the Muslim League and was thus unable to have any hold on the members of the Punjab

Assembly. The Assembly itself was a motley crowd of disparate individuals, having been elected on their own strength in a non-party election. They were not bound by any party discipline, which is acquired by ideological zeal or sufferings in a common struggle, something the Muslim League no longer had.

Nawaz Sharif, quite generous by nature, did favours to the MPAs and MNAs as far as possible, including allotment of residential and commercial plots out of his discretionary quota, the choicest postings and transfers to their relatives in the public service and appointments of their near and dear ones to prestigious jobs after freely relaxing the prescribed rules. He was thus becoming quite popular with them. This made the old power brokers still more averse to him. They tried to hit him below the belt by accusations of corruption and womanizing. He was a handsome young man and they would, therefore, link all types of female celebrities with him. The pernicious propaganda had little effect, however.

The power struggle was actually a kind of class war. The feudals and landlords have been sharing power with the rulers for centuries. Land had been the only source of revenue and the soldiers and the landlords acted as intermediaries between the kings and the peasants. The pattern continued during the British raj also and even after Independence. The emergence of industry and business in recent years and the migration of rural population to cities created a new phenomenon. By representing it, Nawaz Sharif was becoming a rival force in his own right. Some landlord politicians told me that if he succeeded, the way would be open to others and the feudal hold on power would become shaky. Therefore, they had to overthrow him before it was too late. And they did try.

Betting on Pervez Elahi. In July 1986, Malik Waris, retired SP, brought information that Ch. Pervez Elahi, Punjab Minister for Local Bodies, was being encouraged to jump into the arena as a candidate to replace Nawaz Sharif. Waris had learnt it from Ch. Tajammal Husain, an MNA and a very close relative of Ch. Pervez Elahi. Ch. Shuja'at Husain, son of Ch. Zahoor Elahi and a cousin and brother-in-law of Ch. Pervez Elahi, was then a federal minister. The Zahoor Elahi family was considered to be

very strong politically in the Punjab. Ch. Pervez was being egged on by Pir Pagara, who was the pir of Junejo, the president of the ruling party. All other rivals and feudals were likely to line up behind Ch. Pervez, according to their calculations.

The political scenario was really formidable. Nawaz Sharif looked like an innocent dove about to be pounced upon by hungry hawks, with their sharpened claws. I, as head of the Special Branch, informed Haji Akram, Home Secretary, of the developments. He was worried that such intrigues would be harmful to the delicate democratic setup, which had been just revived. He suggested that I should inform the Chief Minister about the likely desertion of Pervez Elahi, to be followed by Makhdoom Altaf Ahmad, Finance Minister, and then others.

"Should I not verify the information further, determine the extent of conspiracy and only then inform him?" I asked.

"Yes, that would be better but you have to be quick before it is too late," he said.

My other sources verified the information already available with us. Haji Akram got the same confirmation through his own independent sources.

I prepared an analysis of the political groupings in every district and the likely alignments if open conflict took place between the two sides. Well-informed meant well-armed. It is always better to anticipate and forestall instead of reacting to a development. I prepared charts to describe groups and relationships of MPAs and MNAs of the Punjab.

In all districts there were opposing feudal and political families, who had always been at loggerheads. My study indicated that Mian Sahib was the only leader who could keep such diverse elements together in a practically non-party house without any ideological cohesion. Ch. Pervez Elahi could, at the most, carry with him one group from every district, or half of the total MPAs. The other group would inevitably oppose him in view of its political rivalry. Thus Nawaz Sharif, a new entrant in politics without any previous alignment, would be able to carry with him the maximum number of MPAs.

Zia sits on the fence. Mian Sahib was initially reluctant to believe that Ch. Pervez Elahi was involved in wheeling and dealing against him when Haji Akram and I gave him our

information. He was, however, already aware of some moves against him through his political sources and was taking counter measures to consolidate his position. He thanked us for the timely information and analysis and directed us to keep an eye on the situation.

Haji Akram advised the Chief Minister to get the open support of Gen. Zia but I kept quite. On our way back, I told Haji Sahib that Gen. Zia was keeping his options open. He would not move prematurely as he was playing a very subtle game. He had to keep Punjab Chief Minister as a counterweight to the Prime Minister. He would come out with his open support for whoever ultimately appears certain to have the majority in the Punjab Assembly. I was aware of it through Ch. Ghulam Husain, of *Siasi Log,* Rae Saeed, MPA, and the apparent conduct of Dr Basharat Elahi, brother-in-law of the General.

"Why didn't you give this information also to Mian Sahib?" he asked.

"No way," I said. "He may lose his nerve. Let him win politically. In the process, he will be able to build up his confidence and stand on his own feet. Moreover, giving my assessment of the President's attitude now will be overstepping my brief and also risky." Haji Sahib agreed.

After a few days Ch. Pervez Elahi came out openly with his bid for power. He met me in the Assembly chambers and took me aside. "Why are you standing with Nawaz Sharif so openly and firmly?" he asked. "It is a matter of days before he falls. Everybody is with me and nobody will stand with him. Brig. Qayyum is coming from Abbottabad to support me. Why are you sticking your neck out?"

"Because he is the Chief Minister," I replied. "It is my duty to keep him informed. I am just doing my job. I am not exceeding my charter of duties nor am I taking sides. Anyway, I don't think Mian Sahib will lose. Why are you spoiling your good relations with him?" I did not mince my words.

He did not like it and said, "Haji Akram, Dr Safdar Mahmood and you are the only three officers who think that he can survive."

"May be so, but that is how I perceive the situation." I made a straightforward statement. I had to be candid with him.

Brig. Qayyum did arrive from Abbottabad and stayed with Sabah-ud-Din Jamy, IGP. He tried to work out a compromise between Ch. Pervez Elahi and Nawaz Sharif but did not succeed.

There was a state of uncertainty, with a lot of propaganda and disinformation from both sides. Each side was trying to show its strength by giving breakfasts, lunches or dinners but many of the MPAs enjoyed the hospitality of both. A feeling was emerging that Ch. Pervez Elahi was likely to carry the day as he had a political background and was supported by powerful lobbies but I stuck to my assessment.

In October 1986, the Assembly session was called for normal business. If the Assembly was prorogued without displaying the confidence of the majority in the government, the state of uncertainty would be exploited to the hilt by the dissidents. The non-democratic forces were watching the development gleefully and the apprehensions of Haji Akram about the damage to the nascent democracy were not misplaced.

Vote of confidence. Haji Akram and I discussed the situation with Dr Safdar Mahmood. He proposed that Nawaz Sharif should take a vote of confidence on the last day of the session to remove the feeling of uncertainty and to put an end to moves against him. Dr Safdar Mahmood discussed the idea with the younger brother of the Chief Minister, Shehbaz Sharif, who did not warm up and was afraid that it might turn out to be counter-productive.

We were, however, convinced that a vote of confidence was the only way out. Otherwise, the MPAs might be misled by propaganda and intrigues when they were not together at on place. We talked to the Chief Minister. I gave my analysis in writing, pointing out that at the most 18 MPAs of his party were likely to vote against him in a house of 260. So, he had nothing to fear.

The Chief Minister, after a very sentimental speech in the house on October 23, asked for a vote of confidence. All Muslim League MPAs present in the house, except five, expressed their support with a loud applause and a standing ovation. He had won the confidence of the house and secured his political future.

Nawaz Sharif used his influence and administration to consolidate his position. He used the development funds to please the MPAs, accommodated them in postings and transfers and obliged them in many other ways but refrained from using the police for coercion. Thus he was able to avoid the disaster that Bhutto had brought on himself by following the advice of some sinister and evil-minded police officers. Haji Akram was right when he advised him to avoid that kind of influence. Truth, not tricks is the only sure way to success.

Gen. Zia, during a visit to Lahore a week after the vote of confidence, came out strongly in favour of Nawaz Sharif by saying that "his anchor was strong." (His actual words were: *Nawaz Sharif ka killa mazboot hai.*) He wanted to show that Nawaz Sharif had the strong backing of the General. He also conveyed in a subtle manner that Pir Pagara and Muhammad Khan Junejo had failed to oust Nawaz Sharif.

While the General was congratulating the Chief Minister, Haji Akram looked towards me in a meaningful glance, with a twinkle in his eyes. Only we knew the real depth of the conspiracy against Nawaz Sharif and how he was brought out of it. Perhaps Mian Sahib's nobility and sincerity ultimately saved the day for him. No wonder, he even became friends again with Ch. Pervez Elahi within no time as if nothing had happened!

Thwarting trouble in Muharram

The country was back to normal political activity towards the end of 1986 as indicated by the infighting within both the ruling party and the PPP. The political process was bringing back the estranged people into the national mainstream. The struggle for sharing power within the rules of the game can save the people from adopting extreme positions. That is a blessing of the political process.

The ethnic divide in Sindh between Muhajirs and Sindhis, promoted by the vested interests, would continue as it had seeped down to the grassroots. The further sub-division in Karachi, between the Muhajirs on one side and the Punjabis and the Pakhtoons on the other, would also take its toll. However, bridges of understanding and rapprochement were being built. "Divide and Rule" was slowly giving way to "Unite and Serve." For me personally, it was satisfying to see the healing touch of a growing democratic process since I had suggested, in my summary for Gen. Zia, more than two years back, that the moderates in Sindh should be encouraged before it was too late.

But human beings, pugnacious as they are, do find causes for disturbing public peace. Due to the Iran-Iraq war and the Islamization zeal of Zia, the Shia-Sunni conflict had intensified. The Muharram processions of 1986 were, therefore, likely to be troublesome, according to our intelligence agencies. The Special Branch updated assessments about the places where the route problems and prayer timings could cause trouble, and prepared the lists of known trouble-makers of both sects. Complete information was compiled for the first time for all districts and the thick volumes were circulated to all concerned for preventive measures well in time. The Home Department, under the dynamic leadership of Haji Akram, had alerted all Commissioners and District Magistrates. He also asked them for presentations on the administrative arrangements for the *Ashura,* the 10th day of the Muharram al-Haram, first month of the Muslim calendar, when Imam Husain and his companions were martyred at Karbala, Iraq, 14 centuries ago.

I prepared a strategy paper, suggesting, besides administrative arrangements, the active participation in public forums of people's representatives (MNAs, MPAs), the councilors of local bodies, the community elders and the activist ulema of all sects. These were to be called *Ittehad bain al-Muslimeen* (Unity among Muslims) Councils and were to be formed at all levels in the province, from division, district, tehsil down to even towns and villages. I also suggested that all likely trouble-makers should be involved in the arrangements and made responsible for keeping peace so that they developed a stake in peace and not in trouble. Generally it was an ego problem for them, arising out of petty local irritations that sparked off trouble. Why not handle the trouble where it started?

Another suggestion was that a provincial minister should be made incharge of every district to effectively coordinate between the administrative machinery and the various sections of the society. To make the administration effective, the support of the people, through their elected representatives, should also be obtained. Therefore, the MNAs and MPAs should be involved in the maintenance of law and order under the guidance of the minister incharge.

The Chief Minister, in a cabinet meeting, approved the strategy proposed by me and assigned a minister to every district.

He himself presided over the Ittehad bain al-Muslimeen Provincial Council, which had representative leading ulema of all sects. He decided that the peace committee for every *majlis* or *tazia* procession should be present on the spot and move with the procession to intervene and resolve any issue that arose. He arranged for their transport and other logistical needs. The army was alerted wherever a serious threat to sectarian peace was likely. Such elaborate arrangements had never been made before as nobody had studied the problem in that detail. I had the benefit of my experience and had been keeping an eye on the problem since 1979 and had drawn up a plan to meet the likely problems.

The large funds from Iran, Iraq and Saudi Arabia going to their respective protégés on sectarian grounds strengthened them but were not meant to create trouble. There were, however, other powerful forces within and without the country which wanted to wreck the democratic set-up in the very first year of the lifting of martial law. During the martial law period, there had been sectarian clashes every year in the Northem Areas, Parachanar, Dera Ismail Khan, Bhakkar, Jhang, Karachi and other places but in 1986 the anti-Pakistan and anti-democratic forces wanted to create specially serious troubles during Ashura. Luckily, I had the latest information on their plans. In my view, the best way to fight them back was with the support and power of the people. I exposed the conspiracy of the anti-Pakistan forces by taking the cabinet, the Ittehad bain al-Muslimeen Councils and the entire administration into confidence. The enemy made its arrangements and so did we.

There was serious trouble near the Railway Washing Lines mosque in Lahore on 10th of Muharram, at an unusual time (early morning) when nobody expected it. Some unidentified strangers attacked the imam and others praying behind him and ran away within minutes. The flame had been ignited by provoking the majority Sunni sect. The peace committee and the administration faced the uphill task of defusing the situation. Then, somebody secretly and stealthily set on fire a Sunni-managed Imambargah in Mughalpura. The trouble soon spread. Within minutes clashes took place at Nabipur Shian and Lal Pul nearby.

Rana Maqbool Ahmad, SSP Lahore, a very effective and bold police officer, personally intervened to control the situation. The miscreants attacked him directly. He lost two teeth and had to be rushed to the hospital, unconscious. The attackers were aware that with Rana Maqbool around, they could not achieve their nefarious objectives. So they successfully rendered the Lahore Police leaderless. The miscreants would create trouble at one place, disappear as if into thin air and then reappear suddenly somewhere else. The administration and police geared up further and all police reserves were rushed to the troubled areas.

The miscreants had selected the new areas for trouble to divert attention and resources from the main tazia procession, which was being guarded on its route within the Walled City mainly with the help of volunteers from citizens. If the miscreants knew that, in fact, only a small force was accompanying the main procession due to emergencies elsewhere, things would have easily gone out of control. The trouble ignited in the outside areas was contained by the use of massive police force. In the evening, the usual pinpricks and stoning by a group of Haq Char Yar outside the Bhati Gate took place, like every year, and then the main procession entered peacefully Karbala Gamay Shah, the final destination, well in time. Everybody heaved a sigh of relief.

But it was too soon to stand down. After the main procession had ended peacefully, somebody fired towards the Darbar Data Ganj Bakhsh from the dark backside of Karbala Gamay Shah, killing two innocent persons. The killer or killers escaped unnoticed. The Shias were suspected as the firing had come from the side of the Karbala. The word of attack by Shias on Data Darbar spread like wild fire through the loudspeakers of the mosques of Lahore. Data Darbar is held in the highest esteem by the Lahorites and soon the whole city was in the throes of convulsions and hysteria. On the other side, Shias were giving frantic calls. Some Shia families shifted to safer places as their houses were being attacked by crowds in various muhallas.

Meanwhile, the police mobile units were moving with highest speed and efficiency. The peace committees were made more active during the night with the help of MNAs, MPAs and Lahore Metropolitan Corporation councilors. Shehzad Hassan, DC Lahore, did a great job in mobilizing all of them and they,

along with the administration, were able to contain the trouble and protect citizens from their own madness.

Intriguing scenario. To me the scenario appeared very strange. The Shias and Brelvis go very well with each other while the Deobandis and Shias remain at loggerheads. And Shias held Data Darbar as sacred as Brelvis. It was, therefore, obvious that a third party was involved. The pattern of the morning incidents also pointed in the same direction.

Haji Akram was worried that the political setup was under a serious threat as a large-scale law and order breakdown was always held against the civil administration. Therefore, the public order had to be maintained at all costs, including the imposition of curfew.

Half of Lahore, east of the Mall, was placed under curfew. Haji Sahib strongly held the view that the curfew should be enforced by the police, without calling in the army, to save the political government from the accusation that it had failed to maintain law and order. But the IGP S.D. Jamy considered the police insufficient to enforce the curfew and the army was called in. The army carried out a flag march and camped at vital positions. The actual enforcement on the ground was carried out by the police or by the peace committees.

The next day the army proposed that the whole of the city should be under curfew. The Chief Minister called a meeting to discuss the issue. The Home Secretary spoke against the proposal as the supply position of essential items had already deteriorated. The fresh vegetables, milk, fruit, fish and many other food items were becoming scarce.

A very senior officer said, "Let the buggers suffer. They will know the value of peace only then."

Haji Akram said, "The ordinary citizen is not the trouble-maker. The trouble-makers have eluded us. They might have even crossed over the border. Why torture our own people? We should also not give an impression that Lahore is under siege and the situation has further deteriorated. Instead, we should give the impression that normalcy was returning. Let us instead reduce the area under curfew and also regulate the supplies rather generously."

The Chief Minister agreed with Haji Sahib against the advice of so many other officers in the meeting. Lahore was normal in three days. If the curfew had been extended on that day, it might have taken a month to normalize the situation. And there would have been a trail of grievances of the citizens and accumulated hatred towards the government.

Gen. Zia-ul-Haq came to Lahore immediately after the Shia-Sunni trouble. The President came to 7, Club Road for the briefing. Saeed Mehdi, Commissioner, Lahore, gave him the details of the incidents, starting with a reference to a provocative sectarian speech by the well-known religious scholar, Dr Israr Ahmad. He also mentioned similar speeches of other Sunni religious leaders. The General directed that tough action should be taken immediately against all of them.

The presentation had become one-sided and the consequent action was likely to cause trouble. So, I took up the briefing and told the President that there was the other side to the coin also. The conflict was the result of speeches and actions on *both* sides but that was normal in such cases. On the fateful day, the first incident was ostensibly caused by the Shias at the Washing Lines mosque. The firing at Data Darbar in the evening apparently also came from the Shia side. But the incidents indicated a pattern of premeditated and well-planned acts of trained saboteurs. Now, if action was to be taken only against the Sunni ulema, the trouble would increase because the majority sect would have a very serious grouse. I recommended that even-handed and fair action should be taken after an impartial inquiry. I also recommended a dialogue between the leaders of the two sects. Governor Makhdoom Sajjad Husain Qureshi supported my views quite enthusiastically. The DC Lahore was then asked to act in the light of facts. If I had not intervened in time, one-sided action would have been taken, causing further trouble between the two sects.

Junejo suspects conspiracies. Shortly afterwards, Prime Minister Junejo came to Lahore and asked for a briefing on the Shia-Sunni clash. He was displeased on the briefing to the President and took it as an interference in the executive authority of the Prime Minister by the President. I gave him an hour-long

briefing on the origins and pattern of the disturbances on the Ashura, along with its historical perspective. He asked me many probing questions. He suspected that the unprecedented disturbances were a conspiracy to destabilize his democratic government and he wanted severe action against the Lahore administration.

"May be, sir," I said. "A conspiracy is not ruled out but similar or even worse Shia-Sunni disturbances have taken place earlier. In 1963, when my own father-in-law, Mian Muhammad Shafi, was DC Lahore, much worse riots took place in this very city. The same year claimed more than 200 lives during Shia-Sunni trouble in the small town of Khairpur in Sindh. The issue is basically sentimental and people suffer temporary insanity in matters of creed. The enemies of the country created trouble and then exploited the situation. It needs to be faced with courage and equanimity. Your administration acted promptly and wisely in the given circumstances."

After hearing me, the Prime Minister appeared relaxed but I sensed a widening gap between him and the President. He was also suspecting that Nawaz Sharif was tilting towards the General. My friend, Salman Farooqui, then working as Additional Secretary to the Prime Minister, told me that Junejo suspected Haji Akram and me to be siding with Nawaz Sharif.

"I am just doing my duty with Mian Sahib," I told Farooqui. "What does the Prime Minister expect of me? Does he want me not to do my duty? It is rather strange, to say the least." I was deeply hurt.

"Don't feel it," he reassured me. "You are a friend. I told you so that you remain careful. That's all."

I could see that Haji Akram and I were caught in a crossfire of jealousies and intrigues. The palace intrigues were targeting us just because we were doing our duty honestly and correctly. We could escape it if we lay low and followed a policy of drift. But a conscientious person just cannot do that. I have seen many shrewd and experienced officers, who act hypocritically and do nothing to improve a deteriorating situation, only to save themselves from any possible criticism later.

Haji Sahib and I had acted honourably and honestly during the moves against Nawaz Sharif within his party and also during the Shia-Sunni clashes, without bothering who was playing what game against whom. We tried to do our duty towards the government with the best of our abilities. We did not want the democratic set-up to be weakened as that would not have been in the best interest of the country. We handled the 1986 MRD movement differently than was done in 1983. Our handling was firm, fair and successful without any bitterness while the ruthless and thoughtless approach in 1983 had created a plethora of insoluble problems. The Shia-Sunni clash was handled intelligently, with even-handed fairness and sagacity.

We were working on sensitive and important positions in the Punjab with Nawaz Sharif, who treaded his path carefully but firmly and with the dignity of a gentleman. The infighting within the Muslim League was not allowed by him to cross the limits of decency. The troika of the President, the Prime Minister and Pir Pagara had its own subtle problems. We rendered our advice and analysis to the Chief Minister honestly and sincerely whenever and wherever required, in accordance with the rules and practices of the services.

Dr Safdar Mahmood, who was also under a cloud, attracted the ire and jealousies of his adversaries by his outstanding intellectual attainments. They resented his mature advice to Nawaz Sharif to add to his friends, not enemies. Such thinking obviously goes against the wishes of petty minds, who always wish to fish in troubled waters.

Those who were out to demolish Nawaz Sharif and could not succeed, were now taking out their frustration on the three of us by accusing us of being political activists. In fact, we always advised Mian Sahib against administrative solutions of political issues. We saved him from the usual temptation of false criminal cases against adversaries, adopted by most of the previous rulers to their own ultimate disaster. We always made a moral and healthy contribution by restraining him from the misuse of police. He himself had a pious bent of mind and we simply tried to encourage him.

The local bodies elections that nobody wanted

For the local bodies in the Punjab, 1987 was the year of elections. It was a much bigger exercise than the general elections, with more fierce contests for Union Councils, District Councils and Municipal Corporations. The constituencies were smaller, involving people more intimately. As a result, the law and order implications became more intense and widespread. For this reason, the Special Branch had to keep a very vigilant eye on the developments. Most of the Punjab MPAs and MNAs were also members of the local bodies in their home districts, holding powerful and prestigious offices of Chairmen and Mayors.

Although the elections were to be held in November 1987, I initiated election studies and surveys in the very beginning of the year. I called frequent meetings of my district officers, even down to the level of ASIs, and briefed them on how to carry out surveys of election prospects and then compare them with the previous voting patterns. They were to list the probable voting strength of thousands of likely contestants, beginning from the

ward or village and going up to the district, and then give the bases of their strength, e.g., family background, property, wealth, biradari (clan or tribe), religious influence, political groups on local or party basis. The surveys were necessary as the plans for the maintenance of public peace had to be prepared accordingly. My officers considered it a daunting task but I explained that it would not be difficult if it was started from the smallest unit, say a ward or a village. Once that stage was completed, the remaining part was only a matter of calculations and identifying groups and their links.

A/Hameed, now the Director Research with the Special Branch, prepared well-designed forms for the exercise to make it a scientific study instead of the guess work that had been the practice in the past. The areas with possible law and order threats were indicated with maps and charts for the guidance of the law-enforcing agencies at the time of elections. The staff was advised to seek the assistance of the revenue staff (mainly patwaris) in the villages and the local bodies staff in towns and cities as they had the required records.

Once the field officers completed surveys of the basic units, they became confident of their inferences. They found a definite pattern of how communities were under the influence and hold of their elders at various levels, with links of caste, creed, relations, vocations, friendships and enmities. Some of my officers, after doing the basic surveys, sounded like political pundits. It took them little more time in working out the linkages and patterns in every district and town, along with possible threats to law and order. The same data was consolidated on divisional and provincial level.

By June 1987, I had large volumes in my office with data for the entire province. With some hard work and imagination at the regional and head office levels, we also worked out the situation in the constituencies of the National Assembly and the Provincial Assembly as the area and voters overlapped. It became a very useful study for political and administrative purposes.

Our study, carried out well in time, became useful on many occasions. Now looking back with the wisdom of hindsight, I can say that the general elections of 1988 and 1990 might not have taken place at all if we had not done the study for

the elections to the local bodies in 1987. It gave the necessary courage and confidence to the ruling elite at the right moment. Otherwise, the democratic setup might have been wound up long ago. Some interesting events and the perceptions of the most important persons in the country will be related elsewhere in the book. For the present, I shall confine myself to events leading up to the local bodies elections.

Proposal for indirect election. Ch. Anwar Aziz, the Federal Minister for Local Bodies, had prepared his own assessment of the likely outcome. His conclusions was that the PPP would have a clean sweep in the local bodies elections and the Muslim League would be left with no political strength at the grassroots. After a presentation by him in March 1987, the federal cabinet decided that the mode of the local bodies elections should be changed to the benefit of the ruling party. It was suggested that the elections for the Union Councils might be held on adult franchise and then the elected members would in turn vote for the District Councils and the Municipal Corporations. He had practically proposed the revival of the Basic Democracies system of Ayub Khan under which the elections were indirect to the tiers above Union Councils up to Provincial and National Assemblies and even to Presidency.

Mian Aslam Hayat, Director, Intelligence Bureau, discussed the proposal of indirect elections with me. I told him that it would not work at all. The PPP would not participate and instead would launch an agitation. He disagreed on the boycott scenario but agreed with me that people would reject the indirect elections and it could be fatal to the fragile democratic set-up.

To thwart what Anwar Aziz had gotten approved from the federal cabinet, I worked on my own plan. I briefed Haji Akram, Home Secretary, and then Anwar Zahid, Chief Secretary, on the likely scenario in the light of my election studies. The local bodies elections were legally required to be held on non-party basis. Even if party-based, the people vote on local considerations in such elections, cutting across the party lines. Whoever would be elected would like to go with the government. Then, why spoil the existing and accepted system, which in any case would help the ruling party? The neurotic fear that the PPP

would sweep was not justified by the ground realities. The participation of PPP and MRD would help legitimize even the 1985 non-party general elections. In case of indirect elections, both would start an agitation and there would be a serious law and order problem. Both Anwar Zahid and Haji Sahib agreed with me.

All three of us then discussed the scenario with Ghulam Haider Wyne, who had good understanding of such issues. He agreed totally with us. The Prime Minister and the Chief Minister were in London that day. Wyne was so concerned that he briefed Mian Sahib in London on phone. He also agreed and promised to persuade the Prime Minister as well. There was an urgency because the Prime Minister was to announce the election mode during his address at a local bodies convention in Lahore immediately after his return from London.

I was asked by the Chief Secretary to go to Islamabad and brief Anwar Aziz also. Salman Farooqui was the incharge of the local bodies matters in the Prime Minister House. He had been himself Local Bodies Secretary in Sindh and understood the implication. I first discussed the subject with him. Iqbal Junejo, Joint Secretary in the Prime Minister House, also joined us. I had prepared a position paper on the subject. Salman and Iqbal agreed with me totally. All three of us then went to see Anwar Aziz. Sartaj Aziz joined our discussions as an expert. Anwar Aziz initially stuck to his guns but started yielding the ground before my forceful arguments.

Sartaj Aziz said, "The whole exercise is to improve the local bodies system and create linkages among villages, Union Councils and District Council for proper rural development. Why not do it?"

"You are absolutely right, sir," I replied. "But you can improve the system only if you stay in power. The proposed amendments are going to be misunderstood as a political machination to manipulate the results. All political forces outside the government will reject your proposals however well-intended. As a serious breakdown of law and order will take place, you may lose your government. Is it necessary to make all the improvements in one go? You may continue to change and improve after consolidating your present fragile position." I spoke in a very direct manner.

He was not convinced but Anwar Aziz came around. "Is there any harm if the constituencies are made smaller?" he asked. "No harm in reducing the size of the constituencies," I replied rather grudgingly as too small constituencies make election process too personal and dirty, "but the system may not be tinkered with, at least for the time being." I had done my duty and did not pursue my arguments any further.

Routing PPP or the system itself? The Prime Minister, after reaching Rawalpindi from London, flew the next day to Lahore, along with Anwar Aziz and Salman Farooqui. Farooqui told me that he had given my paper to the Prime Minister and he had agreed that the announcement of indirect elections would be counter-productive. Anwar Aziz expressed his annoyance that I had spoiled his "brilliant" scheme to rout the PPP. I smiled and said, "Sir, I do not want the whole political system to be routed." Junejo announced that the elections to the local bodies would be held in accordance with the prevailing system, to the chagrin of Anwar Aziz and many other Muslim Leaguers. Most of them held Haji Akram and me responsible for giving "the wrong advice" to Nawaz Sharif.

Malik Naeem and Siddique Kanju, two prominent MNAs of the ruling party, came to my office in the Special Branch and protested quite strongly that I had put something very wrong into the ears of Mian Sahib. I accepted full responsibility for all that had happened and suggested that they should rid themselves of the baseless fear and face PPP boldly. "If the PPP won at places, even then you would be the gainers as it would help strengthen the political system."

Then I elaborated my thinking. The opposition tends to provoke while a good government acts or reacts in a cool and fair manner. The opposition projects itself as larger than life while a good government reacts sagaciously and boldly, with calculated measures based on legal and moral values. Fear, paranoia, and neurosis on either side would spoil matters. "You need hard facts and clear perception to face the future," I concluded.

At that time most of the important functionaries were worried unduly about the outcome and were losing heart without any reason. This was not the first time that I noticed such a behaviour among the important persons in a government. Bhutto

and his functionaries had acted in the same manner in 1977. Ayub Khan and Yahya Khan also lost nerve and over-reacted when the test came. The reason for handling the 1983 MRD movement ruthlessly and callously in Sindh was in the same vein. In fact, most governments become blind and weak when they are face-to-face with the opposition as their nightmare is always that they may lose the privileges and prestige of being in government.

I have seen governments making either over-optimistic or extremely pessimistic assessments of the coming events. When feeling weak, they easily succumb to the temptation of using their coercive authority immediately and thoughtlessly. Only a wise and bold ruler would exercise restraint and responsibility in the use of state authority. He would use his powers only when justified by laws and moral norms. The fear of losing power drives one crazy. That is true also of bureaucrats holding important positions. Most of them are paranoid about losing their authority and, to save it, they overuse it very crudely and ultimately pave way for their own ouster.

Dr Safdar Mahmood, wizened by his deep study of history, always advised Nawaz Sharif to win friends, not make adversaries. His standard prescription was that rod should be used sparingly and only where very essential. He also advised Mian Sahib to hold the local bodies elections on time and according to the old system to avoid any suspicions and to ensure acceptance by the people.

Mian Sahib had to be kept on track as he was under tremendous pressure from his own cabinet and the MPAs, who were all afraid of losing the elections. PPP struck fear in their hearts, though the party was already at an ebb after the failure of its ill-timed "Doves of Peace" campaign.

My friend, Malik Saleem Iqbal, a provincial minister then, disputed my assessments most strongly while having a walk with me in the Model Town Park. He was reflecting the views of at least half of the cabinet. The important politicians around the Prime Minister worked on him and he too started having cold feet. It was, however, very difficult for Junejo to wriggle out of his public announcement. I came to know later that somebody with a wagging tongue put it in his ear that he had been misled by me as I had my real sympathies with the PPP!

The Prime Minister assigned Iqbal Ahmad Khan, his Law Minister and the Secretary General of the Muslim League, to find out the facts. He might have found it further disturbing as by now even Nawaz Sharif was suffering from doubts about the outcome! The Chief Minister was depending on my assessments of the positive outcome while everyone around him was pointing in the other direction.

A special meeting of the Punjab cabinet was called, with Iqbal Ahmad Khan present, to discuss the local bodies elections. I briefed the cabinet for almost an hour with very strong and sometimes sentimental arguments. I even warned that wriggling out of a public commitment now would be fatal and the government would lose its credibility. I was more candid and frank than perhaps required, and said, "Have the courage to face facts. In a recent by-election to the National Assembly in Khanewal district, the PPP candidate got only 18% votes in a free and fair atmosphere. In local bodies elections, party considerations will be the least important. PPP will be foolish even to participate. It will lose its national impact and will get hogged down in muhalla politics. You should take advantage of it and let the democratic process grow. PPP has much less voting strength than its capacity for agitation. Even that has been handled by Mian Sahib's sagacity quite successfully." I spoke the last sentence with great emphasis and it had the desired effect. Ghulam Haider Wyne supported me vigorously, others followed him and the stage was set. Haji Akram later said, "Your effective speech has ensured the elections." It was all for the democratic system.

It was not all-clear yet, however. Gen. Zia and Gen. Akhtar Abdur Rahman came to Lahore on their way back from Quetta. They wanted a briefing right at the Lahore airport on the law and order implications of the local bodies elections. I was ready with all facts and figures, including the number of clashes and casualties in 1979 and 1983 local bodies elections.

Gen. Akhtar was under an erroneous impression that those elections had been absolutely peaceful and without any incidents as they had been held under the martial law. He feared that the local bodies elections without a military cover might cause a blood bath and throw the country into chaos, even civil war. I

tried to convince him that there was no danger of any large-scale disturbances. The voters were spread thinly into small and numerous constituencies. The major political leaders would not take out any big processions or hold large public meetings. The clashes, if any, would be at personal levels and the police could handle them. There was, therefore, no danger of law and order breakdown at all. He was not much convinced. He believed that the Punjab might behave but Sindh would burst out into a conflagration. I told him that people behaved more peacefully in a democratic atmosphere as it was their own government and administration. He did not agree. "I don't understand. How is that? I think martial law gives better law and order."

"Sir, the law and order depends on the attitude of the people," I began. "Under martial law, they are always angry and reacting. In a democratic dispensation, they can express their anger and then relax. The attitude conditions their behaviour. People stone the government buses and traffic lights although these are only for their own benefit. Why? Because they see them as symbols of the hated government. People get crazy and behave strangely if their grievances are not heard. At present there is no such problem."

While trying to explain my point of view, I forgot that I was talking to the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. When I realized it half way through, it was too late but I tried to placate him without compromising on my point of view. "Democracy is just a treatment for the people's madness. However, it is only a comparative statement. Martial law may be good at times. Sorry, sir, I have nothing against martial law."

He felt uneasy but changed the subject. "Would you need any assistance from the armed forces during the elections?"

I promptly said, "No, sir, I don't think so. The police can handle it."

"All right, take strict measures and be careful," he said, half convinced. He talked to the President and the Chief Minister separately and then called me. "Here is a very over-confident and over-optimistic police officer," he told them. "He thinks law and order will be no problem." Zia smiled and the two generals left for Islamabad.

After the departure of the President, Mian Sahib patted me warmly, thanked me and left in his car. I did not understand why

he thanked me. I could not find out even later. There must have been some difference of opinion on some point and my arguments might have gone in his favour. Anyway, I was happy to have substantially reduced, if not fully removed, the neurotic fears of the two top generals.

In 1992, when I was IGP Punjab, I got a comparative study carried out about the four local bodies elections from the law and order point of view. The clashes, conflicts, fights, injuries and casualties during the two local bodies elections held in a democratic set-up (1987 and 1991) were much less than the two under martial law (1979 and 1983). In another study in 1992, it was found that clashes and casualties during the political, labour and student disturbances were many times more during the martial law than in the democratic period, contrary to the general belief that law and order was better during military rule. (The only exceptions were the sectarian clashes but then there was a great difference in available resources. (This has been explained in the chapter, "Sectarian protection to criminals.")

Under dark clouds. As my right eye was giving me trouble, I had to go to the U.S. for an operation before the date of the local bodies elections. While I was in Manchester on my way back, my cousin, Ghulam Sarwar, informed me on phone that Haji Akram had been transferred from the post of Home Secretary to a less important position. There was some talk, coming from the Presidential quarters, that I would also be shifted. I asked Sarwar to get more information and let me know in Manchester as I shall follow my plan and would not return before November 8.

He later told me that various elements had led Gen. Zia to form a view that Haji Akram and I were openly against him and that I had a soft corner for the PPP. Both of us were believed to have misled the Chief Minister. We were suspected to have also cornered the Prime Minister through Nawaz Sharif into making a public commitment on local bodies elections out of which he could not come out. The local bodies elections, in their assessment, would now go in favour of the PPP because of all this mischief by "the two villains." One had been sidelined while the other would be dumped on his return.

I returned on November 8 while there were still about three weeks to go before the local bodies elections. I met Aslam Khan and, through him, Dr Basharat Elahi, brother-in-law of the President. (Aslam Khan is a business partner of Dr Basharat since their Uganda days.) I convinced them that the holding of local bodies elections on the non-party pattern already given by the President would strengthen the political setup, a gift of the General himself. In fact, I had tried to support the General's system by blocking the changes proposed by Ch. Anwar Aziz. It was wrong to suggest that I had opposed him.

Both of them were convinced by my arguments. They cleared my position during a dinner with the General the same evening. The President deferred any action against me till he saw the results of the local bodies elections. He was very angry that Haji Akram and I had misled Nawaz Sharif and now everybody was trapped into holding the elections. Like most rulers, he too was paranoid and had a blurred vision. It needs the courage of conviction to see things as they really are. It was incredible that the President, with all available resources of the country at his disposal, could not make an accurate appreciation that a humble man like me had done with my own efforts.

I found Nawaz Sharif also worried and nervous. He would not warm up on my hopeful scenarios during the meetings but was graceful enough not to stop me from speaking. I could see that during my absence, the doomsayers had frightened him and held him responsible for the risky decision. He was obviously under great pressure.

In my absence, the bureaucracy, led by Aminulla Chaudhry, the Local Bodies Secretary, had come out with its coercive prescription of disqualifying the undesirable candidates before, during and after the elections. I knew it would vitiate the whole process and lead to bitterness, rejection, boycotts and agitation but the neurosis was very widespread. Being under suspicions of all kinds, I had lost some weight and felt defensive. Still I did not lose heart.

Then came a break. Some evidence was collected to show that Mian Shuja-ur-Rahman, Mayor of Lahore, was soliciting PPP support and, through banners and pamphlets, was calling himself "Awam Dost" (People's Friend, the code name

for PPP candidates to avoid disqualification). The mischief had been done by his opponents in the Muslim League itself. He had been the Mayor with the active support of the President himself and was bitterly opposed to the PPP. Dubbing him as a PPP man was obviously most ridiculous and would not stand the judicial scrutiny for a minute It would also not go well with the President. However, preparations to disqualify him were being made. The nemesis was coming full circle as Mian Shuja-ur-Rahman himself had become the Mayor in 1979 after the disqualification of dozens of councilors having PPP leanings. But disqualifying him in 1987 on similar cooked-up grounds was very much out of place.

This case helped me regain my vitality and confidence. I successfully convinced Nawaz Sharif of the ridiculous contradictions in it. He directed Hafeezulla Ishaq, Commissioner Lahore, not to proceed against Mian Shuja. I also succeeded in persuading him to drop many other glaringly false cases. I wanted justice and fairplay to prevail and bring good name to the whole process.

Once the other Commissioners came to know that I had persuaded the Chief Minister not to go for disqualification in some of the cases, they were ringing me up to save them too from the unpleasant task. I tried to persuade the Chief Minister not to use the device of disqualification at all as that was going to be unpleasant as well as counter-productive but my argument did not cut much ice with him. The fears and phobias of his colleagues and patrons were not easy to cast off.

A meeting was held on November 27 at the residence of the Commissioner, Lahore, to discuss the issue and all its legal implications. The Advocate General Punjab also attended. The Commissioners of Rawalpindi and Faisalabad also rang up there and consulted the Advocate General about the fate of the action if challenged in the High Court. They were not in favour of such action but hesitated to stick their neck out for fear of annoying the Chief Minister.

The Secretary Local Bodies insisted that action must be taken as provided under the law. My view was that the provision had become redundant after the lifting of the martial law and the restoration of political parties. It would not stand the judicial scrutiny and would create only unnecessary unpleasantness.

This cool and fair view could be adopted only if the Government was sure of favourable outcome. The confidence of the ruling oligarchy had been shaken already by the doomsayers during my absence abroad. It was an ugly scenario emerging from a phobia, reinforced by bureaucrats who always play safe by dancing to the tunes of the rulers. The frightened oligarchy was simply going berserk and could not appreciate that the PPP was going to commit a bigger mistake by diluting its strength through participation in the local bodies elections than it did by boycotting the general elections of 1985.

The meeting at the Commissioner House ended at about 11 p.m. It was decided that there would be large-scale disqualifications just a day before the elections to avoid the intervention of courts. Some thought that it was going to be "a very clever move" while I was afraid that the price of cleverness would be widespread disturbances. I was certain that the people would react very strongly and there would be a serious law and order problem. I recalled my briefing to Gen. Akhtar Abdur Rahman and his fears about public disturbances. The emerging scheme of things was also morally revolting. I left worried, visualizing the ugly scenario three days later on the fateful day of the elections.

Horrible scenario. In that state of mind I was going on the Canal Bank Road on my way home to Faisal Town. A/Hameed was with me. He feared that there might be some conspiracy to sabotage the entire democratic system. He painted such a horrifying scenario of the likely repercussions that I decided to see the Chief Minister immediately, despite being so late in the night, and asked my driver to turn on the Ferozepur Road towards his Model Town residence. I met Mian Shehbaz Sharif and told him that I wanted to discuss with the Chief Minister something of great and immediate importance.

"Why at this time?" he asked.

"Because it is immediate and important, sir." I replied to enhance suspense.

He went in and woke up his elder brother from his sleep. The Chief Minister appeared displeased as well as worried on my call at an odd time. I was prepared for that.

"Is everything all right?" he asked in a worried tone.

"No, sir," I replied. "I see serious trouble when you disqualify 50/60 PPP candidates from Lahore tomorrow or a day after. The elections might be held in comparative peace but the day after the elections the entire PPP leadership, now scattered all over the country, will gather in Lahore to exploit the issue. How will you face the entire concentrated strength? They will have a good cause to agitate. If the elections are held for those seats later on a court verdict, the PPP will carry the day. There is another important aspect: It is also basically immoral. Please don't disqualify such a large number and invite trouble for yourself." I said all that in one go, half-frightened myself as everybody seemed to have turned against my views by that time.

He got my point immediately and said that he would hold a meeting the next morning.

"That would be too late and some of the Commissioners might issue the mandatory legal notices before that."

"What to do then?" he asked.

"Please tell the Secretary Local Bodies to stop all Commissioners from any further action till the final decision is taken in the meeting tomorrow," I requested him as if asking for a personal favour. He directed the Secretary Local Bodies accordingly and fixed the meeting for the next day at 10 a.m.

"Laws are meant to be used." The meeting was attended by the Chief Secretary, the Secretary Local Bodies, the Commissioner Lahore and me. The Chief Secretary agreed with my perception and views. The Commissioner, being discreet, remained silent. He did not want to give an impression that he was not prepared to face an unpleasant situation as that could cause annoyance to the Chief Minister. I understood his circumspection. The Secretary Local Bodies was very vocal. He was all for a large-scale action and against taking any risks. In my view, the risk was in taking action, not in inaction. I repeated all my earlier arguments that the PPP was not in any position to win, nor, for that matter, any other party, including the Muslim League. Whoever won would join the government party.

The Secretary Local Bodies argued, "There is no point in having a law if it is not to be used."

I said, "It is a bad law to begin with. Even if it was a good law in a non-political environment of 1979, it was out of

place in 1987. You have a good law that a murderer is to be hanged. But you don't hang somebody if he does not commit a murder. There is no justification in applying a law which will raise avoidable problems and bring bad name to the Government. The ruling party is going to win. I am saying this with full responsibility as the Special Branch chief. Let us not blacken the face of the slowly reviving political process." I said all that with great emphasis.

Mian Sahib said, "Chaudhry Sahib, only the day after tomorrow shall we know the actual outcome. Now the die is cast and we cannot do anything. Let us use the law sensibly and carefully. There should be very few disqualifications in any local body and that too in very glaring and genuine cases. Please instruct all accordingly." Addressing the Chief Secretary while giving instructions for further action, he wound up the meeting. I felt extremely happy on having saved the system according to my perception and convictions.

The Commissioner Lahore thanked me most profusely the moment we were out of the meeting.

"Why didn't you speak in my support in the meeting?" I asked him.

"He might have thought that I was chickening out," he replied sincerely and shrewdly.

This "might" indicates a serious problem with most of the public servants because so many ruthless screenings on baseless charges have rendered them extremely insecure and totally dependent on the goodwill of the chief executive. Then there is the constant threat of whimsical transfers, that disrupt very seriously ones family life. No wonder, most of them try to imagine what will please the Chief Minister, not what will be correct for him.

The paranoid political rulers feel even more insecure than the public servants when they face a challenge from their adversaries, without analyzing its strength. Their first impulse is to succumb to the temptation of using the strong arm of administration rather than follow their own political instincts, vision and influence, which have ultimately much more strength. The military dictators also develop all kinds of neurotic fears. (When Zia talked of "one rope and two necks," he was only expressing his inner fears.) The politicians in opposition also

become neurotic when, under military or civilian rule, they become apprehensive of the misuse of the state machinery against them. I have seen that fear, real or imagined, plays the most crucial and dangerous role in polluting the entire social and political atmosphere. The rulers and their rivals prefer the dark shadows of their fears instead of the shining light of realities. In their desperation to allay their fears, they twist laws, promote criminality, crucify truth and take refuge in the shrewdness of crooked and vicious officials. They fail to realize that success lies ultimately not in tricks but truth.

The reward for vindication? The local bodies elections were held peacefully and fairly on November 30, 1987, without complaints of rigging or crookedness. The results were a mixed bag. The majority went to the ruling party, with impressive gains by the PPP. The PPP-aligned candidates even got majority in Murree, Hassan Abdal, Nankana Sahib and some other places in the Punjab. The fears of Gen. Zia, Gen. Akhtar Abdur Rahman, Malik Naeem, Siddique Kanju, Ch. Anwar Aziz, Malik Saleem Iqbal and most of my bureaucratic colleagues were belied. I was finally vindicated. However, on the basis of my long experience, I did not expect any thanks from anybody for having kept the ship on course against so many powerful typhoons. I was grateful to Allah Almighty that Nawaz Sharif followed my advice and his trust in me did not fail him. I, in fact, prayed most fervently that I might not be hurt by the jealousies of those who were proven false. But, excited by the results, they were too busy in running about to consolidate their success.

The only one to express his profound appreciation of my analysis was Malik Saleem Iqbal. "But for you, the local bodies elections would not have been held. If held at all, the indirect method would have been adopted. That would have meant total rejection and disturbances, leading to the winding up of the whole political set-up. The disqualifications at a large scale would also have blackened our face. Well done! Very well done!" I felt very happy when he paid me such glowing compliments. His next words were, however, very disquieting. "You have a very good political mind."

"No, no, I did not do all that for any political considerations," I said, feeling hurt on being misunderstood. "It

was an act of faith. It was not playing politics when I urged that administration should not be involved and used for political objectives. I only suggested that politics should be conducted on political lines and the administrative methods of disqualification must not be used. I gave you people courage through my factual analysis. Why do you call that politics? Am I a politician because I advise you not to walk into administrative snares and traps?"

"I meant it as a compliment. Please don't misunderstand." He apologized and added that Gen. Zia had the same view about me.

"All right, I'll take it as a compliment from you but without reinforcement from Zia-ul-Haq," I protested against his additional comment. "He is the President as well as the Chief of Army Staff, a strange combination, to say the least. I am sure he deems himself a professional soldier who has never played any role in the politics of the country. But then he has the cheek to call the office of the President of Pakistan as non-political. I am serving you politicians while he is dictating you. Still you call me a politician."

He simply complimented me again on my work, making me feel sorry that perhaps I had outpoured more than required.

Rush to grab the spoils. The second phase of the local bodies elections was the grabbing of the powerful and prestigious offices of the Chairmen of District Councils, Municipal Committees and Town Committees and the Mayors of the Municipal Corporations. Everybody was crazy for the spoils. Prime Minister Junejo wanted his loyalists to be placed in powerful positions, forgetting that the local bodies were technically non-political organizations and the subject was purely provincial. He was out to consolidate his position as the President of the Muslim League and the Prime Minister. He intended to call a convention of the newly elected councilors and announce a party policy for the election of the heads of the local bodies.

Muhammad Khan Junejo and Nawaz Sharif fell out with each other on this issue. Each wanted to control the local bodies to the exclusion of the other. The tension between the Prime Minister and the Chief Minister was visible and became a subject

for press comments. As it was a purely provincial subject, the Chief Minister was in a much better position to influence the outcome. So, the Prime Minister later thought it better to operate through the Chief Minister.

Soon after the election results, the Chief Secretary and I were invited to a breakfast meeting with the Chief Minister. We found there some of his very close political associates also. They were discussing very keenly the means and methods of foisting their favourites as chiefs in all local bodies. The administration was to them a readily available instrument and was to be used effectively. (The local bodies were, in any case, at the mercy of the Deputy Commissioners and Commissioners and hence they could play the decisive role.) They did not feel even the need for asking the views of the Chief Secretary or mine. Perhaps they were not even aware of our presence. In their view, the influence of the administration was the most natural and justified weapon available to them.

Towards the end of the meeting, they finally bothered to ask our views. The Chief Secretary asked me to speak. I was already feeling unhappy on the likely misuse of the administration and the consequent unnecessary bitterness that it would create. I took the position that the candidates backed by the Muslim League had won in most cases. In the second phase, it would not be wise to create conditions for an unnecessary party infighting. "Why not create conditions where majorities are allowed to make their own choices, which are then adopted by the provincial leadership? They are all your men, sir. Let the man with the maximum votes become the chief. Why create bad feelings by using the influence of the administration? I have a general idea that your favourites would carry the day in most of the places without the unpleasant intervention of the administration. Let us evolve healthy political traditions." I put across my point of view quite forcefully.

The Chief Secretary supported me fully and undertook to get reports from his officers about the actual position of various aspirants. But the advisors wanted the Chief Minister to nominate their favourites first and then the administrative machinery to ensure their election, whether they had the majority support or not. They were very keen to use the position of the Chief Minister to their local political advantage. The meeting

was, however, postponed to the following week for the Chief Secretary to get reports on various aspirants, to the great annoyance of the political advisors present, except Ghulam Haider Wyne.

The Chief Secretary was happy on my proposal but another shrewd bureaucrat felt uneasy. He took me aside after the meeting and said, "If your proposal is accepted, the administration will lose all its importance and leverage. Nominating a local body head is the right of the administration. If politicians are allowed to do it on their own, they will become too confident and powerful and the administration will be pushed to the back seat. You are being too political. Please do not press your point of view in the next meeting." His words shocked me. Was I being "too political" by suggesting that the administration should not be used for political purposes? It was a very strange and perverse thought but the officer believed genuinely that he was speaking purely professionally!

There was another view also. The politicians attending the meeting also got hold of me and tried to persuade me not to pursue my "dangerous" proposal of allowing genuine majority to assert itself. The politicians wanted interference by the administration to their own advantage while the administration was keen to interfere to keep its power leverage. Politics really makes strange bedfellows.

The Chief Secretary brought his survey reports in the next meeting. In most of the local bodies, the persons whom the Chief Minister wanted to see as their heads also enjoyed the majority. It was decided not to interfere in those places. But in Jhang, Khanewal, Lahore, Rawalpindi and a few other places, the favourites were in need of props. I was of the view that nothing like that should be done at all but I was not listened to this time and had to become quiet. I was content that I had been able to make my humble contribution at least to reduce the area of the administrative interference in a political issue. The local bodies elections were legally and technically supposed to be non-political. But all elections by definition *have* to be political. They were called "non-political" to pave way for administrative interference and the exercises of disqualifications. I reflected how mercurial the power hungry oligarchy was. They had been mortally afraid of facing the elections and now, after success,

were strutting about like cocks. Nawaz Sharif had at least the grace to listen to reason and act accordingly in most of the cases, if not all.

Greed has no limits. The next stage was even worse. The political stalwarts around Nawaz Sharif planned to win over the PPP councilors in various local bodies. The matter was discussed in a cabinet meeting where I was also present. The entire cabinet supported the view. The only honourable exception was again Ghulam Haider Wyne. To me the entire exercise appeared futile and inappropriate. Some of the wise men even advised that the PPP councilors should be disqualified if they were not amenable!

I was also asked to give my views. I opposed the plan but not on grounds of political or moral impropriety as that would not have cut any ice with them. I took a totally different position to restrain them. I said, "It will be unwise to win them over. They must not be accepted even if they wanted to come over. They are in most of the places in minority and in opposition. They must stay as a symbol of their being a minority to belie the claim of the PPP that it is the majority party in the country. The Muslim League could prove to the world that it is the real majority party. Please let them stay as an irrefutable proof of their being a minority." I could see surprise on the faces all around me. It was a very unusual reasoning but I was trying to promote political graces according to my own perception. I was speaking at the spur of the moment, without having done any deep thinking or introspection, but felt pleased with my own argument. The plan for winning over the PPP councilors was dropped.

The local bodies finally started functioning in a peaceful atmosphere. However, the ruling oligarchy, cocky and over-confident, was suffering from a surfeit of victory that was later to invite its own nemesis. The MRD and PPP suffered a serious political setback. Their defiance changed to normalization and stagnation, with little threat to law and order, but they retained their voting strength. It was a long way from the bitterness after 1983 movement to a peaceful and placid political atmosphere.

With the army having returned to its professional duties, the politicians were back to their follies. However, the

politicians, both in power and opposition, had contributed, wittingly or unwittingly, to the healing of the festering wounds. These were the blessings of a political system inspite of the kind of politicians that we have. They can always improve. If not, they can be cleansed by successive elections. All elections are not spotless but merits outweigh the demerits. The politicians must never shirk elections nor should they pollute them out of paranoia or neurosis. Fear is the father of all evils. If they face reality, people will respect them even if they lose. And they can always come back.

Democracy simply means willingness to relinquish power. Pakistan was created through an election and will stabilize if legitimacy of the government is maintained through elections and a democratic system. The threats of regionalism can be overcome only by the will of the people, not the force of the army. Never show disrespect to the will of the people. Have faith in them. Go back to them as many times as necessary. They will never betray the country and will sacrifice all for it. They are its real custodians and guardians. Don't arrogate to yourself what belongs to them. The collective wisdom of the people is much superior to the self-styled heroes.

Good-bye, Junejo *Sain*

Power, like a mistress, cannot be shared willingly. Therefore, jealousies, suspicions and intrigues are not uncommon in the chambers and corridors of power. Conspiracy theories abound and even innocuous incidents are projected as serious threats. The funny thing is that suspicions arise in inverse proportion to the initial trust.

Zia had nominated Muhammad Khan Junego, as Prime Minister, a little-known politician of mediocre abilities, in the firm belief that he would never face any problem, not to speak of a threat to his rule. But once in power, even pigmies grow in stature. Power turned a docile and inept Junejo into a man of vaulting ambitions, especially after his state visit to the U.S. Pir Pagara, in an allegory made widely known through his press statements in those days, compared Junejo with a mouse that roared and had visions of overpowering even the cat (Zia).

With neither a political base nor the loyalty of most of the MNAs (who had been elected on non-party basis), Muhammad Khan Junejo, in a travesty of facts, started claiming that it was he who had banished the martial law. (The credit deservedly went to Gen. Zia.) Moreover, rather than being grateful to Zia for bailing him out in several constitutional crises, Junejo started asserting himself. On the other side, he had morbid fears that Nawaz Sharif, with his strong political base in the Punjab, could replace

him with the help of President Zia. As a result, he made many blunders that ultimately led to his being booted out. Junejo, who had boasted that he would make the generals sit in 800cc compact Suzuki cars, left the Prime Minister House without a whimper, really like a mouse driven away by a cat.

Senate elections in 1988. Elections were due in March 1988 to half of the total seats of the Senate that had fallen vacant under the Constitution. Some groups in the Punjab tried to make it a show of strength to undermine the position of Nawaz Sharif. A large number of independent candidates filed their nomination papers and some wheeling and dealing started behind the scene. It was generally speculated that many of the Muslim League MPAs would violate the party discipline and, thereby, demonstrate Mian Ṣahib's lack of grip on the political situation. Many suspected the Prime Minister to be behind the move.

According to my analysis, based on a careful study, there was little possibility of it. Mian Shuja-ur-Rahman, Rafique Ghaori, Mukhtar Tikka, Shafiq Arif and some other independent aspirants were in the field. I knew most of them personally. They had their personal ambitions, no doubt, but I could not find any plan behind their move. But my appreciation of the situation went unheeded. The conspiracy theorists continued to unnerve the Chief Minister and some of them were sowing the seeds of mistrust by giving him the impression that the Prime Minister was behind the move against him.

The independent candidates had their own problems and would have liked to settle after bargaining, as usually happens in our politics. One had only to know their mind and objectives through political channels. Instead, I found the administration active in contacting and coercing them. I informed the Chief Minister and also dilated on its undesirable consequences. I requested him to forbid the administration to dabble in the matter and instead ask his political team to handle the matter.

He asked Ghulam Haider Wyne to get in touch with the independent candidates while I was directed to give Wyne Sahib all available information on the background and objectives of the candidates. Wyne did get in touch with them. As required under the law, every nomination paper had to have an MPA proposing the candidate's name and another seconding it. So, Wyne con-

tacted the proposers and the seconders belonging to the Muslim League and, under the party discipline, directed them to withdraw their support to the independents. They did so and most of the candidates were left high and dry.

Once they lost the support of even the sponsors of their nominations, the independents needed only a graceful way out. That was provided by Nawaz Sharif himself. Mian Shuja-ur-Rahman and Mukhtar Tikka came to Haji Akram and asked for just an interview with the Chief Minister before withdrawing. It was arranged. Rafique Ghaori also wanted to see the Chief Minister and withdrew after his interview was arranged through Dr Safdar Mahmood. So did Shafiq Arif after a similar gesture.

I asked my friend Tikka Iqbal, "You did not ask the Chief Minister for any favour for yourself or for your brother Mukhtar. Then why did you want to see Mian Sahib?"

"It was for appearance sake only, Chaudhry Sahib," he confided. "We wanted to give an impression to our constituents that we withdrew on the request of the Chief Minister. We can now maintain and consolidate our political position in the eyes of our people."

Similar was the position of the other withdrawing candidates but the opponents of Nawaz Sharif alleged some underhand dealings in their press statements. It was totally baseless as most of the candidates were very self-respecting persons of good background. Nawaz Sharif ensured a smooth *unopposed* election of his candidates for the Senate, something that was not achieved even by Bhutto. This spectacular achievement made some Muslim League circles jealous of him. Some newspapers called him "a threat to the Prime Minister." The reality was that he achieved an enviable success simply by handling a political issue politically and not through the misuse of the administration. Many considered it impossible and hence unbelievable.

Two very senior bureaucrats were annoyed with me because I had deprived them of an opportunity to please the Chief Minister through their administrative tricks. One of them called me, to my horror, "a great politician." I had done nothing more than advising the Chief Minister to refrain from using the administration.

Ojhri Camp explosion. In the morning of April 10, 1988, A/Hameed, my friend and Director Research, was in the Special Branch office in Satellite Town, Rawalpindi, when there was a very big blast somewhere nearby. While the SP pondered the pros and cons of telling his boss (me) about the explosion without first getting details, A/Hameed picked up the phone and informed me immediately about it. Soon afterwards, Mirza Muhammad Ali, SP, told me that the arms and ammunition dump at Ojhri Camp had caught fire and the missiles stacked there were raining death and destruction all around. It took many hours and many lives before it could be controlled. More than a hundred lives were estimated to have been lost, including a former federal minister and MNA from Murree, Khaqan Abbasi. There was extensive damage to property.

Anwar Zahid and I rushed to Rawalpindi for rehabilitation, relief and damage control measures. Nawaz Sharif was flying that day from Morocco to London on an official visit. He canceled his tour and rushed to Rawalpindi. He went round the city, consoling and comforting the affected people. He arranged within days on-the-spot payment of compensation under his personal supervision. It was one of the most efficient and speediest relief operations ever undertaken by a government. The dynamic leadership of Mian Sahib performed almost a miracle, overwhelming the usual perfunctoriness of the lethargic bureaucrats. It went a long way in consoling the victims.

The explosion at the Ojhri Camp caused serious differences in the ruling oligarchy. The huge quantities of arms and ammunition had been coming from abroad and were stored at Ojhri before onward shipment to the Afghan mujahideen. The camp was located in a congested city area and posed a serious danger to the people living around it. The press played up the incident to expose the carelessness of the army, particularly of the Inter Services Intelligence (ISI), which was controlling the operations. Gen. Akhtar Abdur Rahman, former ISI chief, and Gen. Hameed Gul, the current chief, were made special targets by the press. The Prime Minister constituted a three-member ministerial inquiry commission. The National Assembly wanted to discuss the issue while the opposition outside, particularly PPP,

wanted to drive the point home againstPresident Zia, who was also the army chief.

The opposition and some other forces were active in driving a wedge between the President and the Prime Minister, whose relations were already extremely strained after the Geneva Accord on Afghanistan. The President, who was the architect of the Afghan policy, felt betrayed when Junejo, under Russian and American pressure, rushed into a settlement without resolving some basic issues, especially the formation of an interim government in Afghanistan. The General was furious when he saw the Americans abandoning their responsibilities towards the suffering Afghans. Once the Russians had been humbled and hounded out, the Americans were leaving the bleeding and battered Afghan Muslims to internal strife and destruction. The General held Junejo responsible for it. In the eyes of the President, the Prime Minister had also committed the unforgivable sin of calling a conference of all parties, including the PPP, before bowing to external pressures for an accord in Geneva. Thus the General viewed all politicians responsible for the Geneva fiasco.

The Ojhri camp disaster added to the General's discomfiture, with the specter of its being openly discussed in the Parliament. The other generals were afraid that they too would be on the mat. Suddenly, it seemed that the army was in the dock and Parliament was going to be its prosecutor. That was not tolerable to the top brass. Parliament, which they had themselves created through non-party elections, was going beyond its mandate granted to it by them. They felt trapped in a blind alley.

It was obvious that Gen. Zia was convinced of a collusion between the ruling Muslim League and the hated PPP against him and the army. The situation seemed to be assuming a very dangerous dimension of military versus politicians. We were back to 1984, 1977 and 1971, with all disruptive possibilities. I was extremely perturbed as I could see that something disastrous could take place any time, wasting all the love's labour that I had put in during my days in the Federal Security Cell in 1984, writing notes for the return of democracy. Everything was about to be blown away..

I expressed my apprehensions to Dr Safdar Mahmood and Haji Akram. They already had the same fears. We thought of going over to Nawaz Sharif, who was going to Korea with the Prime Minister the next day. Dr Safdar Mahmood put across to Mian Sahib our reading of the situation most eloquently and effectively, with historical perspective, and requested him to be a bridge between the President and the Prime Minister. The situation could be defused through a controlled discussion behind closed doors in the parliamentary defence committee. To remove misunderstandings and consequent fears of the generals, Dr Safdar suggested that Mian Sahib should bring the President and the Prime Minister on one table to discuss the modalities of the parliamentary committee discussion before he and Junejo left for Korea. Mian Sahib promised to play his part for reconciliation but most probably it did not work. We could not check the developments as the events moved with lightening speed.

While Gen. Zia was still smarting under the painful feeling of betrayal at Geneva and the menacing moves of politicians on the Ojhri Camp incident, an unfortunate clash between an MPA and a few young army officers in Rawalpindi exacerbated the already tense atmosphere. The MPA announced that he would move a privilege motion in the Provincial Assembly. That added fuel to fire. As the Prime Minister and the Chief Minister were out of the country, the President called Ghulam Haider Wyne and Malik Saleem Iqbal to Rawalpindi to resolve the issue.

Malik Saleem Iqbal talked to me before meeting the President. I briefed him on the perception of the generals as far as I knew and advised him to satisfy the President that nothing irritating would take place in the Assembly. I told him, "Let one MPA suffer instead of the whole assembly. Don't push the general to a point where he finds it better to wind up the whole forum. You must remove all his fears." He agreed with me.

Saleem Iqbal discussed the matter with Ghulam Haider. Wyne thought it fit that he should plead the case of the MPA also while placating the General. No doubt, the MPA and his family had been beaten and insulted by the young officers on a marriage gathering at his own house. He had a genuine grouse and certainly needed to be consoled. The matter, however, could have been taken up separately with the General for action against

the defaulters and the issue would have been resolved in due course.

The General felt that raising the issue in the Assembly was to scandalize the army and to challenge his authority. Wyne, as a politician, explained that all issues would get defused and diluted by discussion in the house but failed to grasp the sensibilities of the General, who had ruled the country unquestioned and unchallenged for so many years. Unfortunately, he lacked the needed diplomatic skills and finesse. So, he annoyed Zia by unnecessary arguments and finally said that the whole matter would be placed before the Prime Minister and the Chief Minister on their return from abroad. He himself could have killed the issue by taking over the responsibility to resolve it as he was also a very senior party leader.

Malik Saleem Iqbal told me after the meeting that the General was very furious and had observed tauntingly, "What assemblies and what privileges of members? The soldiers also need protection from mud slinging." Saleem Iqbal feared that the General was not going to spare anybody and was "up to something very serious." That is what happened on May 29, 1988. The Prime Minister was just back from his tour abroad when the President dissolved the National and the Provincial Assemblies, using his authority under the 8th amendment to the Constitution.

Nawaz Sharif, who had accompanied the Prime Minister, rushed to Lahore from Rawalpindi. In a meeting, he disclosed that he was likely to continue as the caretaker Chief Minister, as had been indicated to him by the President. Nawaz Sharif believed that the President should be taken along carefully and tactfully to ensure another election and to safeguard the political system. "Thank God he acted as the President and not as the Chief of Army Staff," he observed.

In search of a new shape of things. In early morning on May 30, Arshad Chaudhri rang me from Karachi. "What has the President done?" His voice had anger. "Has he gone mad? He hanged one Sindhi Prime Minister and has now dismissed another. He has once again opened up the painful wounds of the

Sindhis that had started healing. Sindh still sulks. Please try to save it as you have already done silently so many times before."

"What can I do right now?" I asked. "I am totally perplexed. Please guide me and I shall try to do anything that can help the country."

He had a definite suggestion. "Zia is going to bet on Nawaz Sharif now. Both are Punjabis. It cannot work because Sindh will get estranged and go out of control. Pir Pagara cannot be helpful as the dismissed Prime Minister was his disciple. Even if he can, the injured trust cannot be restored. The only person after Benazir who can carry Sindhis with him is Ghulam Mustafa Jatoi. He needs to be associated in some form in the new set-up. Put it in the mind of Mian Sahib so that he can talk to the President."

His proposal had some weight in it. Jatoi had parted ways with the PPP and had formed his own National People's Party. NPP had many heavy-weights in its fold, including Mustafa Khar from the Punjab, but the party had failed to take off. While keeping all that in my mind, I asked him, "Have you discussed this with Jatoi Sahib? I have never met him but his party is just so so."

"I have not discussed anything with Jatoi yet," he replied. "My suggestions is only to save the country from the stupidities of the rulers."

I asked him to sound Jatoi casually before I spoke to the Chief Minister. Arshad Chaudhri had a point and Sindhis must not be alienated unnecessarily. I told Haji Akram about Arshad's suggestion and he agreed wholeheartedly that it must not become a Punjab show in the given circumstances.

Nawaz Sharif discussed the new situation with Haji Akram, who was working as Additional Chief Secretary in those days. Haji Sahib later told me that the President had advised Mian Sahib to become the President of the Muslim League and Mian Sahib had liked the idea. Haji Sahib advised against it as that would practically make it the Punjab League. It would be better if some old Muslim Leaguer from a smaller province headed it.

After two days, Arshad Chaudhri told me that Jatoi did not warm up to the idea and now I should put it across to Mian Sahib in the hope that he may pursue it on his own in the best

interest of the country. I talked to Mian Sahib but he did not attach much importance to the Sindh factor. Pir Pagara met Zia on June 8 and, considering that he was in difficulties, tried to dictate his own terms on the formation of the caretaker cabinet. The President did not yield and they fell out with each other.

I later learnt that the Pir, being annoyed on certain matters, had turned against Junejo, his own disciple as well as nominee as Prime Minister, and, in fact, even helped in his ouster. Now he expected a lot from the President but the General did not oblige.

Lure of the presidential system. Tikka Iqbal and Haji Akram believed that Sindh must not be ignored or bulldozed and Jatoi was the only option available. On the insistence of Iqbal, I wrote an analysis of the situation with security implications of the Sindh factor and gave it to Mian Sahib. On the other side, Tikka Iqbal went to Karachi and met Jatoi. He told me later that Jatoi's reaction was not very encouraging as the General, according to Jatoi, was going for the presidential form of government and there would be no scope in it for any politician worth the name.

I had also learnt that Gen. Zia was considering the presidential system as he had become allergic to the parliamentary form. It made me worried as, in my view, the presidential system would promote the regional and secessionist forces that had already harmed the country irreparably. The presidential system of Ayub Khan had created such an intense alienation and deprivation among the people and politicians that it resulted ultimately in the separation of East Pakistan.

It seemed that Gen. Zia had really gone berserk. He had started distrusting everybody and was preparing schemes for direct and personal rule, just short of martial law. He was not allowing even the expansion of the Punjab caretaker cabinet beyond two ministers and Nawaz Sharif had to work very hard to persuade him to allow more ministers. I came to know that the expansion was allowed only when the General was convinced that a larger cabinet, with its ability to influence more people, would help him in winning the presidential election.

Jatoi had the correct information about the intentions of the President but the brilliance and vehemence of Iqbal did persuade him to come out of the political slumber. Tikka Iqbal

convinced him that he should play his role, even on a low profile, to restrain the President from the precipice and himself emerge as a possible alternative from the sensitive province of Sindh. On the importance of the Sindh factor, he brought around even Nawaz Sharif, who now asked me to remain in touch with Jatoi through Tikka for a dialogue at an appropriate occasion. I came to know later that Tikka was also in touch with the President, trying to convince him that the presidential form of government would ultimately become a Punjab show, to the annoyance of smaller provinces, particularly Sindh. I was quite impressed that Tikka Iqbal was able to open windows on all sides.

Iqbal urged a political role for Jatoi but the President thought that Jatoi might not be agreeable. Tikka took on himself to persuade Jatoi that he had already done half way. He played his cards extremely well and in the best interest of the country, projecting the ill effects of the presidential form. The President had announced elections for November 16, 1988, on non-party basis despite having revived the political parties and the Muslim League having ruled the country for more than two years. One wondered how he would overcome the glaring contradiction but everybody appeared reconciled if the political process could be saved. The veteran politicians were giving mildly critical statements, only for public consumption. The General appeared adventurous while the politicians were circumspect.

The Muslim League split into Junejo Group and Nawaz Sharif Group. Both groups were for elections. Junejo, naturally, could not go along with the President while Nawaz Sharif wanted to carry the President with him so that he might not take any more drastic measures. Junejo Group wanted restoration of the dissolved Assemblies but that would definitely create complications and make the General desperate. The General had made the ultimate move and it was extremely important that everything was done to keep him on a political course.

Face to face with the General. Gen. Zia visited Lahore on August 9 for a briefing on law and order. Nawaz Sharif was also in favour of the presidential form of government and wanted Anwar Zahid and me to support the proposal. I knew that even Gen. Fazal-i-Haq, one of Zia's closest colleagues and now caretaker Chief Minister of NWFP, had not supported the idea as

it was not in line with the public opinion. As the Special Branch chief, I was asked to give my presentation to the President and the Punjab cabinet with the latest law and order situation. I was also expected to give my assessment about the coming elections. I had all the facts and figures readily available due to my earlier surveys for the local bodies elections. I projected an impressive victory for the Muslim League over PPP in the Punjab and the falling apart of the MRD as it was a movement, not an electoral alliance. Unlike 1985, this time PPP would not miss the opportunity of participating in the elections. So, I presented a victory scenario for the General and his group of the Muslim League.

Then I took up the proposed change in the form of government. The presidential form of government, I submitted, was not to the liking of the people as it tended to be arbitrary, autocratic and dictatorial. The people preferred a responsible government through Parliament. By toppling Ayub Khan, the people had given their verdict against his form of government inspite of the fact that he had done great development work. The people wanted participation in the affairs of the state through their representatives and did not want to be ruled by an autocrat.

The General heard me with rapt attention, especially when I quoted the example of Bhutto, who, in his desire for absolute authority, lost even his available authority that was returning to him anyway through a simple majority in 1977 elections. Bhutto was trying to secure two-thirds majority to amend the constitution into a presidential form. That vaulting ambition ultimately cost him even his life beside his position as the Prime Minister. Bhutto was a powerful Prime Minister. No MNA could dare go against him because of his political stature and not due to any constitutional authority. The people rejected authoritarianism of Ayub Khan and Bhutto outrightly. I clearly told the General and the Punjab cabinet that any attempt to introduce the presidential system was likely to cause widespread agitation by the MRD and other political forces.

I could see that Nawaz Sharif was feeling uneasy but Gen. Zia showed no reaction whatsoever. He was listening to my discourse against the presidential system absolutely unperturbed and with full attention.

I continued by saying that a clear lesson of our recent history was that all governments, civilian or military, had been overthrown by the people when they took away their civil liberties. On the other hand, a decent manner of governance, as being exercised in the Punjab by Nawaz Sharif, endeared the ruler to the people. The people felt happy, satisfied and secure in a free and fair environment. Mian Sahib had achieved the ideal peace not through coercive use of his legal authority but by his piety, grace and kindness and with firm commitment to equity and justice. The people responded to him with warmth and admiration. I could see that Mian Sahib was feeling pleased. In fact I was trying to bring him over to save the present political system before the adventurism of the General pushed the country back into another dark era of unbridled authoritarianism.

I carefully and tactfully developed my briefing to prove, in pleasant and palatable terminology, that an ill-conceived plan for presidential system might complicate matters. The General might lose his grip on the situation by asking for too much as had happened in the past in our country. He should manage carefully and sagaciously what was already available. In conclusion, I once again drew a victory scenario to encourage the General to preserve the present political system.

Initially I was allowed only seven minutes but the President asked me to complete my presentation without consideration of any time limit as he got engrossed in my unusually different style of briefing. After my hour-long speech, the IGP, the Home Secretary and the Chief Secretary spoke briefly, generally supporting my views. In the winding up, the President complimented me on my otherwise unwelcome briefing against the presidential system. He told the Punjab cabinet that "the advice of Ch. Sardar, although contrary to my own initial views, is extremely useful and worth consideration." Governor Sajjad Husain Qureshi and Nawaz Sharif also complimented me and conveyed their appreciation.

I was glad that I had done my job by expressing my honest views and it might help to keep the political process on the track. Malik Saleem was, however, worried that I had risked my job by going beyond my mandate.

I said, "The President has expressed his satisfaction. So, why worry?"

Malik Saleem Iqbal replied, "The General has said all that for the sake of appearance. He will harm you later on."

"I shall not suffer from any unfounded fears and I shall do my duty correctly and conscientiously," I said. I knew that many things went wrong only because of the neurosis and paranoia of the functionaries at important positions in the government. I had put across many apparently unpalatable but objectively correct views and propositions to rulers many a time in my career and they had agreed with me most of the times. Still the observation of Malik Sahib made me feel concerned and some timidity did overtake me after the briefing.

Anwar Zahid and I had a long session with General Siddique Salik, who was very close to the President. He observed that I had presented a very optimistic picture about the elections. He said, "I can't believe your assessment that the Muslim League, which is already split, can win the November elections even on non-party basis. The law and order will collapse and civil administration has no strength. It is too risky. Once the people's mandate is manifest, you can't do anything. You cannot even impose martial law after such a scenario. It will be like East Pakistan. Benazir will come and destroy everything.". Then, looking into my eyes, he added, "Chaudhry Sahib, you have been unfair to the General."

I found him too frightened. Anwar Zahid also tried to convince him but he would not change his mind. I asked him the basis and grounds for his pessimistic view. He said that they had many assessments from many quarters. "You are the only one with an optimistic view. You cannot read the writing on the wall." I felt concerned that he would later wash away the healthy impact of my briefing on the President. I showed him the voluminous copies of my surveys to prove my impartial and factual assessments but to no avail. I pointed out how frightened everybody was even at the time of the local bodies elections and I was the only one whose assessment was vindicated by later events but he was not impressed at all. He thought the presidential system was the only way out. Such inflexible and pessimistic opinions were either based on propaganda or on gut feelings. Fear played a major role. I could see that the generals and politicians both had a pathological fear of the elections.

Split in the Muslim League. After my vigorous briefing on August 9, Gen. Zia decided to go ahead with the November elections. He also decided to try to unify the Muslim League, after choosing its head from a smaller province. He got in touch with Pir Pagara and through him persuaded Muhammad Khan Junejo to step down in favour of Fida Muhammad Khan, an old Muslim Leaguer from NWFP. The Muslim League Council (Fida group) met in Lahore on August 12 and ratified the agreement. All important Muslim Leaguers from all over the country attended the meeting and decided to hold a combined meeting of both groups in Islamabad the next day to merge the groups and to elect Fida Muhammad Khan unanimously as the President of the Muslim League.

Nawaz Sharif asked me to check from Tikka Iqbal if Ghulam Mustafa Jatoi would join the Muslim League. Tikka knew that Jatoi was in Islamabad and went to see him there. Mian Sahib also wanted to see Jatoi. He asked me to go to Rawalpindi as he himself was going there for the Muslim League meeting. I met him in the morning of August 13 in his Railway saloon in Rawalpindi. He wanted Tikka Iqbal and me to remain available as he wanted to see Jatoi after the meeting. According to him, it would take very little time as everything had been already settled by the Pir and the President. Tikka and I went to the Holiday Inn (now Marriott) Hotel in Islamabad and waited for him in the lobby while the meeting was going on in the hotel. The meeting turned out to be that of the Fida group only and the combined meeting was to take place in the Islamabad Hotel (now Holiday Inn).

Tikka met Mian Sahib in the Holiday Inn lobby and advised him not to go to Islamabad Hotel. His view was that the majority was with him in the Holiday Inn and there was no need to go to the splinter group, who would definitely create trouble. But Nawaz Sharif did not agree with him and told him to come along to Islamabad Hotel and from there they would go to see Jatoi. Tikka was not happy to be in the Muslim League crowd but anyway he and I went to the Islamabad Hotel after about half an hour of Mian Sahib's departure, and waited in the lobby. While we were enjoying our cup of coffee, Qamar-uz-Zaman, Private Secretary to the Chief Minister, came running and told me

that there was trouble in the meeting and that Rana Naeem and other companions of Junejo had attacked Mian Sahib. Tikka and I went in to see what was happening. We saw that there was a lot of shouting in the hall from both sides but there was apparently no security threat to anybody. We came back to the lobby and finished our coffee.

There was no merger of Fida and Junejo groups. Instead, Junejo and Hamid Nasir Chattha later issued a statement against me, claiming that Nawaz Sharif had brought the Additional IGP, Special Branch, and his men into the meeting. It was a white lie. There was not a single man from the Special Branch and I was noticed there only because I had come from the lobby with Tikka for a short time. My presence was exploited to bring a bad name to Nawaz Sharif. I asked my old friend, Aziz Qureshi, a leading member of the Junejo group, "Why such a baseless statement has been issued against me?" His frank reply was, "It was a political game and there is nothing against you personally." I protested vehemently but they were not regretful. They did not bother that the people who read the newspapers believed that I had gone into a political meeting, despite being a public servant, to help Nawaz Sharif. My mere presence was blown up out of proportion to create an impression that the Chief Minister, contrary to facts, depended totally on administrative machinery for his politics.

Before he left the hotel, Mian Sahib asked me and Tikka to come to the Frontier House. There he told us that he wanted to meet Ghulam Mustafa Jatoi, along with Zafarulla Jamali, Chief Minister, Balochistan, and Fazl-i-Haq, Chief Minister, NWFP. Jatoi declined to come to the Frontier House.

It was then arranged that all of them meet at the home of my friend, Ch. Muhammad Arshad. I took Nawaz Sharif and the other two Chief Ministers to the residence of Arshad Chaudhri and Tikka brought Jatoi there. It was a long meeting. I don't know what passed between them but Tikka told me later that Jatoi declined to join the Muslim League and instead proposed an electoral alliance of the Muslim League and his NPP. Jatoi and the three Chief Ministers decided to finalize their alliance after meeting the President. Jatoi met the President the same evening and discussed the possible electoral alliance of the Muslim League (Fida group) and the NPP. According to Tikka, Jatoi was of the view that a much better political arrangement would be

possible if the President could nominate Jatoi as the caretaker Prime Minister. I said, "That should not be a problem for the President if he has already decided not to go for a presidential form of government." Tikka decided to see the President himself and had a long meeting with him on August 14. He told me that the President had agreed to nominate Jatoi as the caretaker Prime Minister. Iqbal said Jatoi was very happy when he told him about the President's decision. Tikka told me that he had also informed Gen. Hameed Gul, Director General, Inter Services Intelligence, about his meeting with the President. But the entire political landscape changed completely with the sudden disappearance of the General from the scene after the crash of his plane near Bahawalpur on August 17.

PPP's Gang of Four. The Muslim League was not alone in having internal strife. The PPP was having its own bout. By early 1988, there appeared to be a shift in its political fortunes in the Punjab. The elections to the local bodies and then unopposed election of the Muslim League candidates from the Punjab to the Senate built up the image of Nawaz Sharif and his party. The atmosphere of the country was also different, with practically no restrictions on political activity and no restraints on the press. Most of those who had left the country due to martial law were back and were resuming a normal life. The bitterness of flogging and jailing appeared to be a matter of the past. The defiance, which had been the hallmark of PPP, was giving way to normal politics of power, offices and elections. The defeat in the local bodies elections and the lack of any cause for agitation had thrown it off balance. There was despondency and infighting within the party, leading to drift and lack of direction. There was even some talk of internal differences and the emergence of groups in the party.

The newspapers carried stories of "the Gang of Four," who had serious differences on policy issues with the party leadership. Malik Waris was working with Rao Rashid and they had their law office in the Shah Jamal Colony. I went to see Waris there. He told me that Rao Rashid, Mian Ihsan, Afzal Sandhu and Malik Meraj Khalid were fed up with the PPP. Rao Rashid himself was in a bad shape. Waris wanted me to talk to Nawaz Sharif and bring the four stalwarts closer to the

Government. I did not like to do that and discouraged him. I had already spoken against such wheeling and dealing when the Muslim League wanted to win over the PPP councilors after the local bodies elections. Waris repeated his proposal again and again for months. Afzal Sandhu and Mian Ihsan also talked to me and suggested that Rao Rashid should join the Government as a minister and they would all join the Muslim League. They were confident that Malik Meraj Khalid would also follow them.

The proposition and their insistence were quite tempting to the Government but I was averse to it. Waris took up the matter with Haji Akram also but he too had the same view. In fact, Waris lost his temper with Haji Sahib for not helping him in the matter. On the persistent insistence of Waris, I met Rao Rashid at a dinner at Waris's residence. Rao had serious differences on some basic policy matters with Benazir Bhutto and wanted to see Nawaz Sharif. I told Rao that he had spent a very long time in political struggle as a PPP stalwart and all that would be lost overnight. In fact, I persuaded him to think more before taking that kind of a major decision. He insisted that I should help him in getting an interview with Mian Sahib and then it was up to him to play politics or not. He had been my boss as IGP Punjab and I held him in high regard for his honesty and integrity. So, on his insistence, I talked to Mian Sahib. Nawaz Sharif invited Rao Rashid for a breakfast meeting. Waris took Rao to the residence of Mian Sahib. I did not like to be even around. The two met for two hours. Rao Rashid told me later that he was very impressed by Mian Sahib, found him a very genuine person and would like to work for him.

They did not meet again for some time. Rao asked me to arrange another meeting with Mian Sahib along with Mian Ihsan and Afzal Sandhu. On their insistence, I did it. (Meraj Khalid never warmed up to the idea, at least to my knowledge.) Mian Sahib wanted to induct Rao as his minister but they wished that he should join as a federal minister. (The Assemblies had already been dissolved and interim governments were working in the center and the provinces.) On August 17, 1988, Nawaz Sharif went by the first available morning flight to Rawalpindi to discuss the proposition with Gen. Zia but he had already left on his fateful tour to Bahawalpur. Mian Sahib went over to Murree and decided to take it up on the President's return from Baha-

walpur. But that was not to happen. Destiny had different designs. The President's plane crashed. Suddenly everything changed. Rao Rashid went to Karachi and took charge of the central election office of the PPP, probably forgetting his serious differences with Benazir. A curtain of silence was drawn immediately on his earlier plans.

Ironically, the very much same Rao Rashid later became Establishment Advisor to Benazir and charged me of indulging in politics! He even issued press statements to that effect against me. He also issued orders for my transfer from the Punjab to the Center and then suspension from service with the ultimate objective of my dismissal. He obviously suffered from hidden fears that his opportunism and betrayal of PPP might be exposed by me but such a thing was absolutely against my grain. I never spoke on what I knew about his somersaults and suffered the long and painful period of my absolutely unjustified suspension silently, patiently and with grace in line with my professional ethics of the highest orders.

The crash at Bahawalpur

It was the fateful afternoon of August 17, 1988. Dr Muhammad Arif, Ch. Manzoor and A/Hameed were sitting with me in my office when Mirza Muhammad Ali, SP, Special Branch, Rawalpindi, informed me that, according to army sources in Rawalpindi, the C-130 carrying the President and others had crashed near Bahawalpur shortly after its take-off. Everybody was stunned. I rushed to IGP Nisar Ahmad Cheema. Both of us then went to Anwar Zahid, the Chief Secretary, to discuss the crash and its possible repercussions and implications.

Malik Abdul Majeed, Commissioner Bahawalpur, gave us the information available from the airport tower so far. Our immediate suspicion was sabotage. While we were still trying to get more details, Ch. Aminulla, Commissioner Lahore, came to the office of the Chief Secretary. He said, "The people are suspecting Mirza Aslam Beg, Vice Chief of Army Staff, for the crash."

"How is that possible?" asked the Chief Secretary.

"Because he saw the C-130 going down from his own plane that had taken off immediately after the presidential plane and did not land at Bahawalpur or Multan to find out what

happened. Instead he headed off straight to Rawalpindi. His unusual behaviour in the circumstances has intrigued most people." When I checked with my staff, they also were getting similar reports about the public reaction. It was strange that such a word should spread so fast.

Anwar Zahid tried to get in touch with Nawaz Sharif, who was in Murree but had already left for Rawalpindi immediately after learning about the crash from Commissioner, Bahawalpur. The Chief Minister went straight to an emergency meeting, called by Ghulam Ishaq Khan, Chairman, Senate. The Chief Secretary arranged to call him out and gave him on phone the available details about the crash. He also told him what the people were saying about Gen. Aslam Beg. Mian Sahib said the General was also in the meeting.

The Chief Secretary asked him about the likely shape of things on which the Chief Minister asked him for his advice instead of replying to his question. We had already discussed the issue among ourselves and our consensus was that the constitution must be followed in letter and spirit and the elections should take place as already announced. Anwar Zahid gave his advice on the same lines and also gave a hopeful assessment of the election outcome as we had indicated in our presentation to the late President on August 9.

"Will that assessment still hold after this incident?" asked Nawaz Sharif. The Chief Secretary looked towards me while keeping Mian Sahib on the hold.

I said spontaneously, "Yes. In fact, sympathy wave will improve the prospects. Gen. Zia had his own following and that will swing the outcome totally in favour of the Muslim League." Anwar Zahid conveyed my assessment to Mian Sahib.

After the phone call was over, Anwar Zahid asked me, "Have we not given him too bright a picture?"

"No, sir, it is quite realistic," I replied. Ch. Aminulla and Nisar Cheema did not agree with me. They believed that the PPP would sweep the elections. Anwar Zahid agreed with me but doubted that Zia had any following. I, however, stuck to my view. I was vindicated when huge crowds went spontaneously to attend the funeral of the General. The Afghan war had made him a hero to a large section of the society.

Saeed Mehdi, Commissioner, Rawalpindi, informed us later that the high-level meeting had decided to follow the constitution and go ahead with the elections as scheduled. The meeting also decided to honour all decisions of the late President in this regard and make no changes. The advice of Anwar Zahid to Mian Sahib was sound and timely. It gave the needed courage and correct direction to those who were deciding the destiny of the country at a critical juncture. Ghulam Ishaq, being the Chairman of the Senate, took over as the acting President, as provided in the constitution. Gen. Aslam Beg became the Chief of Army Staff and Admiral Srohi took over as the Chairman, Joint Chiefs of Staff.

The IGP and Hameed Aslam Malik, DIG Security, Special Branch, went to the crash site for investigation while Anwar Zahid and I went to Rawalpindi to see the Chief Minister and attend the funeral

Many leading Muslim Leaguers suggested that Nawaz Sharif should distance himself away from Gen. Zia as that would be advantageous to him politically but he did not agree. He said, "He was my benefactor. I shall always hold him in high regard. I don't care for the election outcome though I have a feeling that we shall get more votes because of him." I was impressed by his high moral sense. The impressive funeral gathering the next day confirmed his feelings and my initial assessment.

The inquiry into the crash. The police initially considered the crash an accident but later registered a case of murder and sabotage. I directed Lt Col. (Retd) Muhammad Ashraf, DIG, Anti-Terrorist Cell, Special Branch, to assist in the investigation, besides Hameed Aslam Malik, DIG Security. The police inquiry and investigation could not find any worthwhile clues to the tragedy. There was no specific prior information from any intelligence agency about any tangible security threat. A threat to the President's life could be suspected from many sources, including Al-Zulfiqar, PPP, USSR, India and even the US, but for the purposes of investigation it amounted at the most to conjecture.

As the debris had spread over a radius of only a few hundred meters at the crash site, it appeared that the plane had hit the ground first and then scattered into pieces and caught fire. If,

on the other hand, it had burst in the air, the pieces would have spread over a radius of several kilometers. The evidence of the eye witnesses also indicated the same conclusion. Anything like a missile hitting from the outside or any explosion through a device inside the plane would have blasted the plane high in the air and scattered the debris over a vast area. The behaviour of the plane after the take-off pointed to a lack of control on the hydraulic system or other mechanism as, according to the eyewitness villagers, it was going right and left or up and down, with jerky movements. It hit the ground almost intact. As the front portion and the nose had gone several meters into the ground, some of the bodies were not burnt totally inspite of the inferno caused by the large quantity of oil in the burning plane.

The President's visit was exclusively under army arrangements wherever he went during this official military tour. Even the security arrangements at the airport were under the army control. Even the information about the tour itself was received by the civil administration from the army channels, not the Presidency. The civil administration did its job correctly as far as it was concerned and there were no security lapses worth the name on its side.

The police security guard at the plane told the investigation team that one of the doors of the plane was repaired by the technical staff of the plane while it was parked at the Bahawalpur airport. That door could have flung open in the air, disturbing the balance of the plane. The investigation considered all possible angles and assumptions including the most unlikely. The luggage and the presents for the VVIPs were brought in the plane by very responsible army officers. The certificate of mechanical fitness of the plane was signed by the pilot himself. One thing that was very clear was that the plane did not explode in the air. Therefore, the presence of high explosives was ruled out. Whether the door opened during the take-off or hydraulic controls went haywire could be determined only by the experts.

The police investigation could not give any conclusive opinion as those who could tell the last-minute story had all perished with the plane itself. Allama Arif-ul-Husaini, a Shia leader, had been murdered a few days back and the Shias were extremely agitated. The General was hooted and was even called

his murderer when he went to attend his funeral at Peshawar. Keeping that aspect in view, the investigation team looked for a suicidal missionary also but nothing concrete could be found on that ground also.

The most plausible theory that emerged was that the cockpit crew was rendered paralyzed by a nerve gas immediately after take-off and thereby they lost control of the plane.. An expert report indicated that some traces of that gas had been found at the crash site. If so, it could be placed only by one of the technical staff, who was ready to die himself or placed it without knowing its evil effects. (No unauthorized or unchecked person could have access to the plane.) Who could or did actually plant such a gas capsule in the cockpit could not be ascertained as most of the evidence had perished with the plane. A very thorough investigation was conducted by all agencies on that aspect, including the army and air force teams, but nothing more than a studied speculation could be made.

The investigation was later conducted also by FIA and several high-level commissions with the help of top national and international experts but nothing came out of it. The U.S. Bureau of Investigations also failed to find anything inspite of the death of the American Ambassador in Pakistan and a senior U.S. Army officer in the crash. Many responsible and well-informed persons have accused America of involvement as Gen. Zia was said to have outlived his usefulness for it after the withdrawal of the Russians from Afghanistan. May it be like that but solid evidence was difficult to find. The case still remains untraced and shrouded in mystery. Perhaps, as predicted by Qutab Din, it was destined to happen like that.

Uncanny predictions of Qutab Din. Babu Qutab Din, my astrologer friend, used to come from Sargodha to visit me. In April 1988, he stayed with me for three days and made some startling predictions.. During our walk in the Model Town Park, he said, "The stars of Gen. Zia-ul-Haq have gone berserk. He is now doomed. He cannot survive in power." I was surprised but did not take him seriously. In my view, the General was going quite strong. The political system evolved by him was functioning smoothly and there could be no ostensive threat to his position. When I did not react to his forecast, he was visibly

annoyed. He felt insulted as I was not believing him. To get my full attention, he asked me to stop and then said, "You are not listening to me with any interest. Zia will die. Death will hover over him like a vulture after 6th of August this year and he may die any day after that."

I was naturally shaken but did not show it. To ward off his annoyance, I said lightly, "I hope he is not killed in some attack or something like that. The security of the President is the responsibility of the Special Branch also and I would be in serious trouble if any lapse occurred in the Punjab, my area of jurisdiction."

His spontaneous reply was, "I don't know exactly what will happen to him but it will be only a miracle if he survives. Any way, no harm will come to you."

He again complained that I was not taking him seriously. However, by that time I had become very attentive. We sat down on a bench. He said he had made his calculations very carefully and many times and every time the conclusion was the same.

"In that case," I said, with some concern, "Nawaz Sharif will have no future and might go into political wilderness as his mainstay is Gen. Zia."

"So, *this* is what you think of him," he observed tersely.

"No, no," I protested. "He is very kind to me. I wish him all well. But there is tension between him and the Prime Minister. After Zia, he will become weak and will be ultimately thrown out by Muhammad Khan Junejo. This is my assessment."

"Nawaz Sharif will play a very significant role in the future politics of the country," Qutab Din replied with confidence and vehemence. "Nobody can harm him. Everything will move in his favour. A time will come when he will help both Zia and Junejo and even their families. His stars are very strong and I am saying this on the basis of my careful calculations."

I was puzzled, "What will happen to the Assemblies?" I asked.

"The whole system will be wound up," he replied. (His Punjabi words were: "*Sara tanta ee muk jae-ga.*")

I knew the tension then going on between the President and the Prime Minister on many small as well as big issues, especially after the explosion in the army ammunition stores at the Ojhri Camp in Rawalpindi. In a long sitting with Malik

Naeem, I had expressed my apprehension that the President might use his authority to dissolve the Assemblies but in my heart of hearts I did not believe that he would take this ultimate step. Inspite of my inside information about the differences between the President and the Prime Minister, I did not give much weight to the astrological prediction.

When I heard the announcement regarding the dissolution of the Assemblies on May 29, 1988, I thought there was certainly something in what Babu Qutab Din had foretold. Babu was in Lahore the next day, saying proudly, "Didn't I tell you?" I expressed my appreciation of his expertise.

Babu Qutab Din was again in my office on August 6. Ch. Muhammad Arshad, A/Hameed and some others were also there when he claimed that Zia-ul-Haq's days were numbered. I still could not believe him. He took Arshad Chaudhri to the side room of my office and repeated his prediction.

When, on August 17, Mirza Muhammad Ali first gave me the information about the crash of Zia's plane, Qutab Din's prediction flashed in my memory.

He met me many times afterwards but I no longer disputed his knowledge till he predicted his own death one day. How could he know about his own death? I thought some weakness in his profound knowledge of astrology must have cropped up. He started crying and told me that he was really going to die after 2 1/2 months. I tried to console him but he was too sure of his astrology. He really died after 2 1/2 months, on January 28, 1989. I have been remained wonder struck since then; a very strange phenomena.

The road to 1988 elections

After the initial convulsions and setbacks, including the after-effects of Zia's death, the country was soon in the grip of an election fever. Nawaz Sharif addressed a series of large public meetings throughout the country, attracting responsive crowds. He organized a steering committee, consisting of senior Muslim Leaguers of all provinces, including the Chief Ministers. He also formed a representative committee of top party leaders for selecting candidates who could win mainly by their personal influence. It included leaders like Mian Abdul Sattar Laleka, Malik Naeem, Siddique Kanju, Malik Saleem Iqbal and Ghulam Haider Wyne.

The Chief Minister Secretariat asked for the copies of the studies and surveys that had been carried out by the Special Branch for the local bodies elections and then linked to the National and Provincial Assembly constituencies in the Punjab. The copies were then passed on to Asif Vardag and Sattar Laleka. The two worked round the clock and were always ready with their proposals for the approval of Mian Sahib whenever he returned from his whirlwind tours. Nawaz Sharif was lucky to have such brilliant brains available to him.

The two-man committee proposed panels of candidates for every National Assembly constituency in the Punjab along with a pair of candidates for the corresponding Provincial Assembly seats. (Every National Assembly constituency covers approximately the areas of two Provincial Assembly seats.) Working very patiently, Asif Vardag pored over the analysis reports and surveys to propose panels of candidates. Sattar Laleka, on the other hand, had so much personal knowledge of the local and regional politics and politicians that he independently evolved his own panels. The panels prepared by the two had the same names in 95% of the cases! When I came to know about Laleka's vast and deep political knowledge, I named him "a living encyclopedia of politics."

To look after the publicity matters, Nawaz Sharif formed a committee, consisting of celebrated professionals like Siraj Munir, Husain Haqqani and Mujib-ur-Rahman Shami. I met Siraj Munir in the Chief Minister House for the first time. I was enamoured by his sharp intellect and depth of knowledge. He carried himself with great dignity and grace and spoke with penetrating wit and wisdom. (He died in late 1990 at the age of 38. "So wise so young, they say, do never live long," says Shakespeare in *Richard III*.)

Husain Haqqani was brilliant, dynamic and a great writer of invaluable worth. Mujib Shami was an acclaimed writer, an experienced journalist and the owner-editor of *Zindagi* weekly and *Qaumi Digest* monthly, both in Urdu. The leader of the team was Altaf Hassan Qureshee, the mature maestro of great intellect and wisdom, with a measured pace born out of the confidence given by a rich experience of life, journalism and a deep sense of history. (He is the chief editor of *Urdu Digest* monthly and the General Secretary of the Pakistan Institute of National Affairs.) Somewhere in the background of the formidable committee was Dr Safdar Mahmood, the great historian with all his intellect and brilliance.. Nawaz Sharif was his student in the Government College, Lahore.

The untiring efforts and efficiency of the publicity committee took the wind out of the sails of the PPP. Siraj Munir told me that the thrust of their campaign was to remind the people of the high-handedness and tyranny of the earlier PPP government in the 1970s under Z.A. Bhutto. (The negative projection of the

earlier period, I told Siraj Munir, might not help as the intervening martial law period had surpassed the PPP government in tyranny. He did not like my remarks as he was a great fan of Gen. Zia.)

They also projected the decent and benevolent style of Nawaz Sharif's governance. It seemed that they had captured the inner feelings of the people. Mian Sahib had not ruled the Punjab with a penchant for subjugation and suppression in the name of law and order. He was fair but firm, not yearning for false impact through bitter and coercive measures. He believed in truth, not tricks. My surveys already indicated success for the Muslim League in the Punjab but the projection of Nawaz Sharif's fair and decent approach to both friends and foes was to make victory a certainty.

No victory without Jama'at. One day Mian Sahib asked me for a study on his own constituency in Lahore. I presented him the analysis with facts and figures, quoting 1985 results. He was happy that he had secured more than 60,000 votes in 1985.

"Nobody can defeat me," he smugly said. "My seat is safe."

"Unless you get the Jama'at-i-Islami votes, sir," I commented.

"Why?" he asked. He was puzzled.

"Because you also got the PPP votes in 1985 as the party had boycotted the elections then," I explained. "This time half of the votes will go to PPP and half to you. That means equal chances on both sides. You may even lose unless the 17,000 votes of the Jama'at-i-Islami come to you."

I did not mince my words, or rather facts and figures, as it was my duty to tell him the truth. He got worried. I told him that Maulana Fateh Muhammad, Amir, Jama'at-i-Islami, Punjab, whom I knew from my Rawalpindi days, had asked me to convey to him that the Jama'at wanted to cooperate with him in the elections. He was not very fond of the Jama'at because of the constant misconduct and high-handedness of its student wing, Islami-Jami'at-i-Talaba (IJT). He asked me to suggest to Maulana Fateh Muhammad that the Jama'at-i-Islami should not put up a candidate against him. I told him that it was a purely political matter and should be taken up by himself or some other political colleague.

I also told him that the situation in many other constituencies was the same as in his own. The Jama'at votes varied from area to area and were transferable on the direction of the leadership. I showed him through a consolidated chart the JI votes in various constituencies and how they could tilt the balance either way. That was the reason Maulana Fateh Muhammad suggested cooperation at the party level.

The prospect of a greater success finally persuaded Mian Sahib to agree to the suggestion of Maulana Fateh Muhammad. He asked Sattar Laleka, Malik Naeem and Siddique Kanju to talk to Jama'at-i-Islami through Liaquat Baloch and other JI members of the now defunct National Assembly. As cooperation between the two parties suited Liaquat Baloch and other JI candidates also, conducive atmosphere was created through dialogue and both sides started coming closer to each other.

IJI comes into being. Before his death, Gen. Zia had been wooing Ghulam Mustafa Jatoi to satisfy the Sindh sensitivity. In fact, he wanted him to join the Muslim League after he had dropped the proposal for the presidential system but Jatoi offered instead an alliance between the Muslim League and his National People's Party. Tikka Iqbal had joined the NPP and was keen that the alliance, already approved by Zia, should be formed. He was also keen that Jatoi should become the caretaker Prime Minister, as decided by Gen. Zia on August 14. He requested Gen. Hameed Gul, Director General, Inter Services Intelligence, that the new set-up might be informed about the decisions taken by Gen. Zia before his death.

The issue of the appointment of a caretaker Prime Minister was taken up in a meeting of the Emergency Council on August 27 but President Ghulam Ishaq did not agree although he was told that it was a constitutional requirement. He threatened to resign if the council pressed the point too much. The President did not want to give an impression that he was being dictated by the generals. He had also sensed that Gen. Aslam Beg had become defensive and vulnerable after the rumours that he was involved in the death of Gen. Zia. Ghulam Ishaq wanted to rule himself for the interim period as he was known to enjoy wielding arbitrary authority

There were two major cases, by Muhammad Khan Junejo and Benazir Bhutto, before the Supreme Court and the Lahore High Court that could have direct impact on the political situation. Junejo had moved for the restoration of the National Assembly and Benazir for elections to be held on party basis. Nawaz Sharif, however, did not bother about the cases and concentrated all his energies on the election campaign. He believed that he stood to benefit in any case. If the Assemblies were restored, he would return to power. If, on the other hand, the elections were held on party basis, he would be ready to rally around himself all anti-PPP votes. He had a clear direction for the future whatever the judgments of the superior courts.

The superior courts decided against the restoration of Assemblies and in favour of party-based elections. This caused an impetus to political alignments. The Muslim League, Jama'at-i-Islami and NPP came closer to each other as the elections drew nearer. Ch. Muhammad Arshad had initiated the NPP factor to create a soothing effect in Sindh. Tikka Iqbal gave it the practical shape by convincing Jatoi and President Zia. Nawaz Sharif carried the idea to its logical end. Maulana Fateh Muhammad took the initiative in bringing the Muslim League and Jama'at-i-Islami closer to each other. Abdul Sattar Laleka, Malik Naeem and Siddique Kanju made it a reality through Liaquat Baloch, who convinced Qazi Husain Ahmad, Amir, Jama'at-i-Islami. Gen. Fazal-i-Haq, Chief Minister, NWFP, also influenced Qazi Husain Ahmad. Tikka Iqbal requested Gen. Hameed Gul to help speed up the formation of the alliance as it was the wish of the late President. Gen. Hameed Gul was so engrossed in the Afghan war that he referred Tikka Iqbal to Brig. Imtiaz. Iqbal was not much impressed by Brig. Imtiaz, whom he had met for the first time.

As Tikka told me, Mustafa Jatoi invited Nawaz Sharif, Gen. Fazal-i-Haq and Qazi Husain Ahmad to discuss the shape of alliance at the home of Dr Sarfaraz Mir of NPP in Islamabad. Brig. Imtiaz brought in Pir Fazal-i-Haq. Gen. Fazal-i-Haq had prevailed upon Maulana Sami-ul-Haq. The next day the parties of Fakhar Imam and Agha Poya also joined them. Thus came into being an electoral alliance against PPP, to be called *Islami Jamhoori Ittehad* (Islamic Democratic Front), which was later known by its Urdu initials, IJI, even in English. Jatoi was elected

as its first President and Prof. Ghafoor, of JI, as the Secretary General.

The formation of the IJI was not the brainchild of any individual. It evolved over three months, helped by various persons and circumstances. The dissolution of the Assemblies and the dismissal of a Sindhi Prime Minister on May 29 and the crash of the Presidential plane on August 17 precipitated its formation as a compulsion of the new situation. The fear of the PPP electoral victory brought all anti-PPP political forces together. The same factor compelled the two groups of the Muslim League to reunite, with Junejo as the president of the united party.

On the other hand, the PPP was left alone as the MRD fell apart over the allocation of seats. Then PPP leadership made a big blunder. Over-rating its popularity, it caused internal bitterness and differences by arbitrary distribution of tickets to personal favourites. Many PPP aspirants, who had made sacrifices for the party and had been loyally serving it for long, were refused tickets. Some of them contested independently and caused the defeat of the party candidates by cutting into their votes. Some of them even accused the party leadership of selling the tickets.

The IJI showed excellent planning. Instead of allowing a fixed ratio of candidates to every party in the alliance, Asif Vardag proposed that the candidates likely to win should be given tickets irrespective of the allied party to which they belonged. The formula solved a major problem that was causing dissension in the PPP. The standing of every candidate was tested with statistics and surveys of the Special Branch. The hard and honest work of the Special Branch had replaced the usual guesswork in such matters. Every party was convinced of the veracity and impartiality of the surveys.

The IJI designed a simple green flag, with nine stars on it. It reminded the people of the nine-party Pakistan National Alliance, which had launched a successful movement in 1977 against the tyrannical Bhutto government.

Special Branch surprises both sides. The elections were arranged and conducted under the supervision of the judiciary. In every district, the District and Sessions Judge was the Returning

Officer. The executive was kept away from the electoral process and was to concentrate on maintaining law and order only.

Our latest surveys indicated a slight edge to the IJI in the National Assembly seats in the Punjab and a comfortable victory for the Provincial Assembly. Both sides were attracting big crowds. Benazir was popular but Nawaz Sharif was also not lagging behind. He had gone on a whirlwind tour of the province, attracting unprecedented crowds. The posters with his attractive portrait were in great demand. Benazir made a tactical mistake in her speech at Sargodha, criticizing Nawaz Sharif as a Punjabi show-boy. That statement, showing Benazir's ethnic bias, helped Nawaz Sharif and swung many a vote in his favour in the Punjab.

The elections to the National Assembly took place in a free, fair and peaceful atmosphere on November 16. The PPP got a slight edge over the IJI in the Punjab. The provincial elections on the 19th, however, gave a comfortable majority to the IJI over PPP, with 33 independents. The Special Branch, on the basis of its surveys, had forecast the victory of those very independents before hand and Nawaz Sharif had already been in touch with them. As the results came in, he would pick up the phone and congratulate the winning independents. Due to his timely personal initiative, 32 independent MPAs out of 33 joined the Muslim League the very next day. By the time the PPP thought about them, it was too late. To cover up its failure, the PPP leadership later falsely accused Mian Sahib of having used administrative machinery to win over the independents. He did not use the administration for this matter at all, not even his political party. He approached them all personally.

The Special Branch forecast was correct up to almost 95%. Those who believed that I had given a very rosy picture to Gen. Zia and Nawaz Sharif were surprised. In fact, the stunned IJI leadership, including Mian Sahib, believed that I was "a wizard" while the PPP leadership viewed me as "wicked." Both were off the mark. I had just done my job with my eyes and ears open and went into details without any prejudice before formulating my views or forecasts.

I worked with dedication so that democratic process might stabilize and flourish. If I had not given my honest assessment about the election outcome and Gen. Zia had continued to believe the gloomy and unrealistic forecasts that he had been receiving

from all sides, the democracy would not have survived for long. I had also contributed to the revival of the political process and the consequent 1985 elections. I gave encouragement for the 1987 local bodies elections when everybody in the high circles was chickening out. I gave them the courage to face the 1988 general elections boldly and squarely by giving correct and realistic forecasts instead of the usual guesswork. I knew that all rulers had been turned neurotic by their intelligence agencies, which gave panicky reports to save their own skin if anything went wrong. I did not like to cheat anybody. I wanted the elections to take place and that needed courage in the ruling elite.

The PPP leadership believed, most erroneously, that I must have done something wrong to manipulate the results to conform to my own forecast. Otherwise, they wondered, how could I predict so correctly? I felt dismayed and disturbed when I heard that my honest hard work and proper understanding of the situation were being misinterpreted by PPP leaders to cover up their own failings. Some people, like Rao Rashid, who were the prisoners of their own propaganda and make-believe world, had given an unrealistic and rosy picture to Benazir of a resounding victory in the Punjab. When the results came contrary to their assessments, they made me the scapegoat instead of facing and stating the truth to their leadership.

They did not happen to realize that I had worked hard, honestly and with commitment to democracy. If the elections were not held, how could they come in power? The elections were held because the people who mattered were made aware convincingly that the PPP was not likely to have a total sway. I had the same view even immediately after the tragedy on August 17. How could there be any rigging when judiciary was managing the elections? What could the poor Special Branch do? It could, at the most, put up its assessments but had little influence or authority.

The official influence did go in favour of IJI but that was not the whole story. The dynamic, sincere and clean leadership of Nawaz Sharif, with his politics of decency, had touched the hearts of the people. The effective and intelligent publicity and better candidates could not be easily defeated. The PPP had isolated itself arrogantly, resulting in a split in the MRD, while the anti-PPP parties had united to rally the votes and resources behind

them. It was very strange that the PPP was casting doubts on the same elections that had catapulted it into power and led to the defeat of people like Jatoi and Junejo.

Split mandate. The elections produced mixed results. The rural Sindh gave an overwhelmingly sentimental verdict in favour of the PPP, totally routing all other parties. On the other hand, the Muhajirs, concentrated in urban centers like Karachi and Hyderabad, voted on ethnic lines exclusively for the Muhajir Qaumi Movement. The ethnic divide in Sindh became very obvious although it was not difficult to anticipate it as the oppressive martial law had driven the people into smaller identities for self-survival. Balochistan had largely followed the tribal lines, with Nawab Akbar Bugti dominating the scene. The Pathan-Baloch divide was manifest in the backdrop of a destabilized Afghanistan. The North West Frontier Province gave a split verdict for the major parties, the PPP, the Muslim League, Awami National Party and Jami'at-i-Ulema-i-Islam. The disturbed Afghanistan and defeated USSR could no longer cast their long dark shadows over the province and the political destinies of all parties were now within Pakistan after a favourable geopolitical change. The people of the Punjab gave a really split mandate, with a slight edge to the PPP in the National Assembly and a clear majority to the Muslim League in the Provincial Assembly.

The political scenario that emerged after the elections had built-in checks and balances. After getting rid of the military autocracy the voters now rejected party dictatorship. The people voted for democracy in the real sense but the three main leaders had little experience in running and managing a democratic system. Benazir Bhutto had suffered under martial law and the bitterness in her heart was overflowing. Altaf Husain was a reactionary, the product of a suffocation created by the bigotry and violence of Jama'at-i-Islami in Karachi. Nawaz Sharif had, no doubt, managed the MNAs and MPAs in the Punjab for three years but he had to carry the unwholesome burden through a system of spoils against his own natural inclinations.

The political parties have ideologies and issues while individual politicians have their own interests. The partyless elections of 1985 produced MNAs and MPAs without any party

glue or goals. Nawaz Sharif carried the liabilities of the individualistic politics and tried to create some ideological cement for the scattered bricks while at the same time learning and graduating into party and power politics. He assumed to himself the role of a defender of the new evolving political system under attack from the PPP. The old guard, like Nawabzada Nasrulla Khan and Wali Khan, were still in search of the ideal democratic practices that could help steer the ship as stabilizers only after the young angry leaders had blown out the heat of their hatred against each other.

Mustafa Khar had fallen out with Jatoi when the latter went into alliance with Nawaz Sharif. Khar wanted to join the PPP but met with stonewalling from Begum Nusrat Bhutto. He went his own way and won two National Assembly seats from Muzaffargarh, his home district. Khar and the MRD parties abandoned by the PPP were to play a very significant role against the PPP Government in the near future.

The numbers game and three wise men. Considering the mixed election results, there was jockeying for power. Benazir Bhutto demanded immediate transfer of power as her party had emerged as the largest single party in the National Assembly although it did not have the required majority. She blamed the establishment for intrigues to keep her out of power at the federal level. In the Punjab, the Chief Minister Secretariat was humming with political activity as the IJI parties were euphoric on their impressive score in the province.

The numbers game started most seriously. Nawaz Sharif contacted most of the political leaders outside the IJI, including Altaf Husain, of MQM, and Maulana Fazal-ur-Rahman, of Jami'at-i-Ulema-i-Islam. I saw, at 7, Club Road, Qazi Husain Ahmad and Prof. Khurshid, of Jama'at-i-Islami, discussing the emerging political scenario with Brig. Imtiaz. They calculated that Nawaz Sharif could become the Prime Minister with a "taxicab majority" of two or three members if all smaller parties in the house could be coalesced. (The term "taxicab majority" originated in England in 1964 when the Labour Party won a majority of only four seats. The joke was that if four Labour MPs were held in traffic while going to Parliament in a taxi for a

crucial vote, the government of Prime Minister Harold Wilson could fall. The government, however, continued even with a majority of a single seat until it called early elections, and lost!)

The three wise men appeared to be very serious about forming an IJI government at the center and I listened to them silently. Thinking about the sentimental vote by the rural Sindh, I was afraid that there would be serious trouble if Benazir was kept out of power. The 1984 scenario also started haunting me. I could not remain silent.

"Qazi Sahib, statistics cannot stand before a storm," I said. "How will you control Sindh even if Mian Sahib becomes the Prime Minister? There will be perpetual trouble. Sindhis will feel cheated. It looks like a misadventure." They did not like my intervention.

I discussed it later with Brig. Imtiaz alone also. He had a horrifying plan. "Even if it did not work, Mian Sahib could dissolve the National Assembly and ask for fresh elections."

"Why bring a bad name for Mian Sahib by such a suggestion?" I asked. But he had his own dreams of glory and power and did not like my views.

It appeared that the ground for another martial law was being prepared. I advised Mian Sahib that he had a great future and should not try to become the Prime Minister with an ephemeral majority. If he was pushed by circumstances into dissolving the National Assembly, the taint of an undemocratic action would damage his future prospects. "Let somebody else play that role," I said. "It looks like a trap to me." He listened to me and remained silent. Either he did not like it or wanted to think it over.

"Not at the cost of Pakistan." I discussed the scenario with Farid-ud-Din Ahmad, Secretary to the Chief Minister, and the disastrous path on which Mian Sahib was being led. He agreed with my views. Then I discussed it with Anwar Zahid, the Chief Secretary, who also agreed with my views and suggested that all of us should go to Mian Sahib together and put across our point of view. Anwar Zahid, Farid-ud-Din and I met Mian Sahib at 7, Club Road, in the evening. (Haji Akram was down with a serious heart attack.)

Anwar Zahid was very analytical and persuasive and dilated in detail on the likely evil consequences but Mian Sahib looked quite tempted to become the Prime Minister. It was, after all, but natural that a young man in such a situation should aspire for the highest political office. But we sensed some danger for the country in that scenario. I knew that patriotism was the weak point of Nawaz Sharif. So I decided to play on that theme.

I picked up the argument and drew a graphic scenario of likely blood bath and subversion in the rural Sindh. I could see that he was beginning to visualize the difficulties arising out of a people's revolt. I told him that the army failed to control the situation after the 1983 MRD movement and Gen. Zia finally had to opt for a political initiative to improve matters. I said, "Nobody should try to reverse that healing process, especially after the people have given their verdict. We know what happened in East Pakistan after the elections. When you go against the general feelings of the people, the result is always a disaster. If that blunder is repeated now, history will never forgive us. Sindh will be burning. Communications will be disrupted. The rail and road links will be cut off. Nothing will move upcountry from the Karachi port. Economy will come to a standstill. Sir, Prime Ministership at what cost? Not at the cost of the country." I had become quite sentimental. I could see that he too had become emotional as his face by now was glowing.

"Not at the cost of Pakistan," he said finally. "Not at the cost of Pakistan. Not at all. But are you sure that the events can take that kind of turn."

I was exhausted emotionally by that time. So Anwar Zahid said, "Yes, absolutely. Sardar is hundred per cent right."

"In that case I drop the idea." He had made up his mind. "Everything of mine is for Pakistan. My honour, life, property, family and children are all for Pakistan. I hope Pakistan remains safe in Benazir's hands. Sindhis are good people. She is not much of a Sindhi, anyway."

Nawaz Sharif, I knew, was a politician of a different mould ---- a man of deeper commitment to Pakistan than his own person. I was extremely impressed; in fact I have been his admirer since that great moment.

Benazir on war path against Punjab

Nawaz Sharif stopped vying for the office of the Prime Minister but Benazir was not content. She was determined not to let him become even the Chief Minister of the Punjab. She demanded that power should be transferred first in the center and only later in the provinces so that she, as the Prime Minister, could direct the Governors to subvert the political realities. To avoid any partiality or coercion, the President decided that the National Assembly and the Provincial Assemblies would meet simultaneously and all elected leaders of the houses would take oath at the same time. But Benazir Bhutto tried to stop Nawaz Sharif from taking the oath of office. Before even becoming the Prime Minister herself, she asked Governor Makhdoom Sajjad Husain not to administer the oath but he did not succumb to her pressure. He had to pay the price when he was removed after only a few days and replaced by Gen. Tikka Khan. Ghulam Ishaq Khan did not want to change Makhdoom Sahib but she put up Tikka Khan as the presidential candidate. Ghulam Ishaq Khan, as a bargain, had to appoint him as the Governor in return for the PPP support to him as President. The dirty politics by PPP had started.

The PPP leadership was not prepared to respect the verdict of the people in the Punjab. Tikka Iqbal happened to meet Ch. Aitzaz Ahsan and Rao Rashid in Islamabad. In their view, Nawaz Sharif was no politician. He was only "a spoiled businessman, who would not stand the pressure of even an income tax officer or a police DSP." They expected the Punjab government to fall within days.

The PPP leadership certainly had bad intentions and it did not take long to show it. In a move intended clearly to destabilize the Punjab government, it recalled, within a fortnight of Benazir's taking over, some senior officers, including Anwar Zahid, Chief Secretary, Khalid Javed, Chairman, Planning and Development Board, and me, without consulting the provincial government as required under the rules. It also posted substitute officers, again without consulting the Chief Minister. Nawaz Sharif was stung.

If the Chief Minister had no control over his officers, his authority would be eroded. The Punjab government, therefore, wrote back that no such postings or transfers could take place without mutual consultation as laid down under the rules. The matter was then kept under consideration for legal examination by the federal government.

Insults to Nawaz Sharif. After having been unsuccessfully blocked from taking oath of office as Chief Minister; falsely accused of rigging elections and now a blatant attack on his authority, Nawaz Sharif decided to hit back. He decided that he would not receive the Prime Minister at the airport when she came to Lahore on December 25. It would widen the gulf of differences further. Anwar Zahid and a few others tried to persuade him to reconsider but he would not change his mind. Rao Rashid requested me to persuade the Chief Minister to receive the Prime Minister. (After all that the federal government had done to Nawaz Sharif in just a few days, it still had faith in his decency.) I promised to do my best.

Rajiv Gandhi was visiting Islamabad for the summit meeting of the South Asian Association for Regional Cooperation (SAARC) on December 29. This gave me an opportunity to play on Mian Sahib's patriotic feelings. When I found that he was not amenable to usual arguments, I said, "Rajiv Gandhi is coming after a week. Will you like the country to appear divided on the

eve of his visit? If you do not rise to the occasion, you will be held accountable at the bar of history." He heard me intently and went silent. Then he had to go to the bathroom for ablution for prayers. I wondered what would be in his mind and waited anxiously. On his return, he said, "I shall receive her for the sake of the country."

Then he turned to a mundane issue. "What about the PPP workers? They always misbehave."

"We shall make good security arrangements," I assured him.

He made me personally responsible for keeping the PPP workers at a distance from him. I told Rao Rashid that Mian Sahib would receive the Prime Minister at the airport provided the PPP workers were restrained and behaved properly on the occasion. He promised to ensure that.

It was a false promise. When Nawaz Sharif went to receive her, the PPP workers misbehaved with him. Perhaps he was given the affront deliberately. Even Benazir failed to control her partymen. She received him in the plane and then left in a procession of her unruly workers.

Her henchmen also contrived the recovery of a low-intensity fishing bomb by an ASF officer, ostensibly from a flower pot at the outer gate of the airport, and tried clumsily to project it as an attempt on her life. It was a total lie. They were depending on tricks, not truth.

Benazir was overbearing and insolent when she visited the Chief Minister at 7, Club Road in the evening even though he presented her a beautiful shawl as a token of goodwill and cooperation. Later, she deliberately insulted the Chief Minister by downgrading his protocol during the banquet for the visiting heads of the SAARC countries in Islamabad. She destroyed an excellent opportunity of smooth sailing for her governance.

It did not make a good beginning. She appeared to be on a warpath rather than trying to consolidate her position and authority. Instead of such petty attacks, a small measure of tolerance and accommodation would have mellowed Nawaz Sharif into a cooperating junior partner in the federation. Perhaps she had a different perception because of her having been nurtured in an atmosphere of suffering and intense hatred.

Benazir pampers Rajiv. Benazir went out of her way to please Rajiv Gandhi when he visited Islamabad to attend the SAARC summit meeting. She even ordered the removal of a road sign indicating Kashmir House, a building of the Azad Kashmir government. Benazir may be playing to his sensitivities in appreciation of the help given by him and his mother, Indira Gandhi, to her and her mother during the difficult days under Zia dictatorship. But it was too much when we were told that Kashmir was not to be mentioned as a disputed area even in our secret security orders, which were strictly for our internal use. The orders of the Prime Minister were carried out although Rajiv could have serious security threat from the suffering Kashmiris.

More was to come. It was very painful for the police and army security officers, including me, when we heard Rajiv mention Kashmir as an integral part of India in the joint news conference while Benazir only gave a broad smile, sitting next to him in the VVIP Room at the Rawalpindi airport. It hurt all Pakistanis when they read about it in their newspapers next morning. I and my officers on security duty saw that she was pampering Rajiv with servility, without caring for the dignity of the country, not to speak of her own.

In those very days it was in the air that she had supplied secret information to Rajiv to help crush the freedom struggle of the Sikhs. On becoming the Prime Minister for the second time, she herself admitted in a BBC interview that Khalistan would have come into being if she had not helped Rajiv.

By-election results shock PPP. After the candidates elected from more than one constituency in the Punjab vacated their extra seats, by-elections to nine seats of the National Assembly and four of the Provincial Assembly were announced. The by-elections were generating much heat and the newspapers projected them as a tussle between the two governments rather than two political parties. The federal government used all its authority, influence and resources to overawe the provincial government. Ghulam Mustafa Jatoi, IJI chief, who had lost from his home constituency in Sindh in the general elections, was now a candidate from one of the safe seats in Muzaffargarh, vacated by his close friend, Mustafa Khar. Benazir viewed Jatoi as a real

threat because, as a senior Sindhi politician, he could gather around him other veteran politicians like Nawabzada Nasrulla Khan and Wali Khan. She wanted him to be defeated by any means, fair or foul, and diverted all resources of the federal government to the constituency for the purpose. Even armed men were brought from Sindh to overawe the voters but the Punjab police arrested them.

Gen. Tikka Khan, the Governor, called a meeting to assess the election situation and the likely outcome. On the basis of my studies and surveys, I gave him my candid and calculated forecast. According to my estimate, IJI was expected to get seven out of the nine National Assembly seats in the Punjab, with only two going to PPP. He was displeased with my forecast. This was not fair. I told him that I had performed the same duty for the 1970 elections, when he was the Martial Law Administrator in the Punjab. Even then he had not liked my assessments although my predictions had come true. He was visibly peeved. When the results came, IJI did win seven seats, including that of Jatoi, and two went to the PPP.

Expecting appreciation for my accurate assessment of the outcome, I went to see the Governor. Instead, I found him furious. He could not believe that such accuracy was possible and thought that, on the instructions of the Chief Minister, I had done some "scientific manipulation" to achieve the desired results. I explained that I had done a good job by keeping my eyes and ears open but he was not prepared to face the truth.

Senator Gulzar Khan told me later that Tikka Khan was very annoyed with me. He said to Gulzar, "Sardar was a good officer. He has been lured and spoiled by Nawaz Sharif. He has played some trick and got results in favour of IJI." My trick was truth, nothing but truth. I did not expect such words from him as I always held him in high regard because of his honesty and integrity. I felt very hurt and offended.

Goliath attacks David. The federal government was very disappointed by the results of the by-elections in the Punjab and did not take long to show it. Like Tikka Khan, Benazir had also been told that I was somehow responsible for the miserable failure of the PPP, not her party leaders running a lousy election campaign. Therefore, without waiting for a settlement of the

differences on rules with the Punjab government, the Prime Minister ordered me to report to the federal government immediately. I sought permission of the Punjab government to hand over my charge but the Chief Minister did not allow me. Before passing the orders in writing, he called me to his office.

"You have served with me honestly and diligently," he said. "I wish you continue to do the same but I do not want that any harm should come to you. I shall not like officers to suffer because of the political differences between the Punjab and the center. So, if you think your career will be affected, I can allow you also to hand over."

I was moved by his personal interest in my welfare. He tried neither to overawe nor to persuade me. He could easily have his way because I needed a good report (Annual Confidential Report) from him on my performance during the past three years of my service under him. (The federal government, under the rules, cannot judge the performance of an officer without a report from the provincial government under which he has been serving.) On the other hand, the federal government was trying to use me merely as a pawn in a game for petty political objectives.

But it was a game that both could play. During my meeting, Mian Sahib said, "In place of the officers recalled by the federal government, I am going to post provincial officers who are not under the thumb of the federal government." The mere thought was horrifying even though it would have been paying the federal government in the same coin and would have completely frustrated the federal government attempts to terrify other senior officers into ignoring the authority of the Punjab government.

My fear was that the divisiveness in the country would increase if the provincialization of the services took place All-Pakistan Services were one of the strongest links between the federation and the provinces and the ouster of their officers from a province at a large scale would cause great harm to the concept of federation. I did not like to become the cause of the winding up of the All-Pakistan Services to the detriment of the country. So, I urged the Chief Minister not to provincialize the services even if he lost politically. He took some time to understand the

implications. Once the point sank in, he said he would stick to the normal practice for the sake of the country.

But he could not ignore the fact that his control on the administration would be lost if the federal government continued to terrify and pressurize the officers through arbitrary postings and transfers. He had a very valid point. I explained that both the federal and provincial governments were supposed to follow the constitution, law and the rules.

"Then why does the federal government not follow the rules?" He showed his exasperation.

"They should," I replied. "Even if they don't, you should. In the national interest."

"If I do not allow you to hand over the charge, will that be according to the rules," he asked.

I replied, "Yes, sir. You can write to them for further mutual consultation between the two governments." He again said with visible genuine concern that he did not want me to be harmed in anyway.

Vindication in court. The federal government, however, had no such consideration while trampling over laws and rules, even norms of decency and propriety, to get me under its thumb. Rao Rashid approached me through his friend Malik Waris many times and promised any posting that I wanted after I had obeyed the whims of the federal government. I weighed my personal interest against that of my country and the service to which I belonged. To uphold the glorious traditions of my service, I had declined a well-intended offer by Benazir's father even for an out-of-turn promotion way back in 1973. Now she wanted me to ignore the same traditions for the sake of a cushy job and help her achieve an evil objective.

Rao Rashid, former Inspector General of Police, who himself had been a law-enforcing officer all his life, also had no regard for the traditions of his own service and tempted me again and again with a good posting. I decided to stick firmly to the rules.

Having failed to frighten or tempt me, the Prime Minister placed me under suspension. To add insult to injury, Rao Rashid made many damaging press statements against me, falsely

accusing me of taking part in politics. Instead of replying to him, I continued to suffer silently, without telling anybody how keen Rao had been to switch over his loyalties from Benazir to Nawaz Sharif just before the death of President Zia changed the whole situation.

During a chance meeting at the airport, with Rana Shaukat Mahmood, a PPP leader, accompanying him, Rao Rashid haughtily asked me, "Why are you defying the federal government?"

"I am not," I replied. "I am only following the law. I, as a humble public servant, am respecting the law while the mighty federal government is flouting it. Please have some respect for law. On my side, I am doing my best."

Throwing me a challenge, he arrogantly said, "Then why don't you go to the court?"

I did. Having failed to persuade the federal government to see reason, I approached the Lahore High Court. My stand was vindicated, inspite of the hectic efforts and arguments of Yahya Bakhtiar, the Attorney General. My case was pleaded by S.M. Zafar, one of the most brilliant legal brains in the country and my teacher at Law College, Lahore. The case was prepared most laboriously and patiently by Syed Zahid Husain, advocate, who worked as a junior to Zafar Sahib in his chamber. Ch. Manzoor Ahmad, my class fellow in college and batch mate in service, helped me and Zahid Husain a great deal in the preparation of the case with his deep and wide grasp over rules and regulations.

The position taken by me stood the test of the Constitution and the law, starting with the Government of India Act of 1935 to the latest rules under the Civil Servants Act of 1973, which vested the authority for initiation of any proceeding against an officer belonging to an All-Pakistan Service entirely and exclusively in the provincial government under which he was serving. It was but logical because the federation could not function if the authority was not shared equitably and appropriately between the center and the provinces. But the PPP leadership had yet to learn to abide by the law and live in peace with political opponents in the provinces.

Hunting, hounding and haunting. About a week had passed since my suspension when the federal government recalled

IGP Punjab, Ch. Nisar Ahmad Cheema. In a high-level meeting, with the Chief Minister presiding, I was asked to take over as the IGP but I politely declined as it would have been inappropriate in view of my suspension by the federal government. (More about it in the chapter, "On not becoming the IGP.")

Anwar Zahid and I recommended that Ch. Manzoor Ahmad, who was then serving as Secretary Population Planning, in the Punjab, be posted as IGP. Crossing all limits of propriety, the federal government and Rao Rashid pressurized Ch. Manzoor not to take over as IGP but their attempts did not succeed.

Haji Muhammad Akram, Additional Chief Secretary, Dr Safdar Mahmood, Information Secretary, Ch. Manzoor Ahmad, IGP, and Rana Maqbool Ahmad, SSP Lahore, were then transferred unilaterally by the federal government in September 1989. The Chief Minister allowed them to leave as he did not want them to be harmed. He had by now become confident that he could fight the PPP politically and the administrative props were not very important.

It was, however, difficult to stomach the transfer of Ch. Manzoor Ahmad to the center. It was the second time in a row that the IGP had been recalled. If it went on like that, the Punjab government would have been driven not to have a PSP officer as the IGP. The Chief Minister, therefore, made up his mind to employ on contract some retired police officer and appoint him as the IGP.

While the federal government was being short-sighted, the Chief Minister was seeking too much security. It could become a new pattern for the future whenever there was hostility between the center and any of the provinces. As more and more officers were recalled by the federal government, the provincial government would replace them with officers of provincial services or even with retired officers on contract. In the process, the entire structure of All-Pakistan Services was likely to crumble. Like me, the Chief Secretary also was extremely worried. The system had to be saved.

With his permission, I met O.A.U. Essani, the Principal Secretary to the Prime Minister, and made him aware of the dangers to the service structure and the federation if a retired officer was employed as the IGP. Essani, an officer of profound understanding, got my point immediately. I requested him to

prevail upon the Prime Minister to let Ch. Manzoor come back as the IGP Punjab. Nawaz Sharif would also accept him. He talked to Anwar Zahid and between the two of them they managed to get back Ch. Manzoor and post him again as IGP Punjab.

Encounter with Asif Zardari. While still in Islamabad after meeting Essani, I had a chance meeting with Asif Ali Zardari, the husband of the Prime Minister. Haji Akram and I went to see Sh. Mansoor, former MNA from Gujranwala. While we were having a cup of tea at his Islamabad residence, Asif Zardari dropped in along with Kh. Tariq Rahim. Asif was in his polo kit, with long riding boots on. I was meeting him for the first time. He looked young, smart and quite attractive. In my heart, I appreciated the choice of Benazir.

Asif was startled when I was introduced to him. He instantly asked, "You are the same Sardar Muhammad Chaudhry who is after our job?"

"I am not after your job, sir," I replied. "Rather, it is the other way round. I am a humble public servant. I never violated any rule or code. I have been suspended for nothing and made a scapegoat." I was very soft and slow.

He continued to stare at me and then said, "You don't look that terrible. You appear to be a nice guy."

I was puzzled. "I beg you pardon, sir?"

Haji Akram broke in and I became silent. Asif also relaxed and conversed in fluent Punjabi. He blamed Rao Rashid for worsening the relations with the provincial government as, according to him, they had little exposure of the Punjab. He, in fact, asked Haji Akram and me for help in improving relations with the Punjab.

Haji Akram told him, "Nawaz Sharif is a very nice man and has been kind to us. We shall not work against him or be a party to harm his interests in any way."

Zardari replied, "That is what I expect of any honourable man. I respect you for that."

"An understanding for a working relationship between the center and Nawaz Sharif is necessary," Haji Akram advised him.

"On my part, I promise to work on these lines." Asif Zardari agreed.

I never met Asif Zardari again. Haji Akram informed the Chief Minister about our chance meeting with Asif and the proposal for a dialogue. Haji Sahib worked on it but a working relationship could not emerge. The things had gone too far, beyond the point of no return.

Benazir's fury did not spare even public servants connected or related to any IJI politician. Such officers were hunted, hounded and haunted to make them toe the line. The PPP government was following in the footsteps of military dictators, who had harassed even good officers, including Rao Rashid. I expected at least Rao to desist from doing to officers what he himself had suffered. But human beings seldom learn lessons from their own past.

As a contrast, Nawaz Sharif showed generous accommodation even to political opponents. He knew that many relatives of the PPP leaders were serving in the Punjab government but he did not take any mean or petty action against them. Despite being under the greatest pressure from the federal government, he remained correct and kind. The wife of Aitzaz Ahsan, teaching in a provincial educational institution, was never disturbed, although Aitzaz, the federal law minister, was making personal attacks on Nawaz Sharif. (She proceeded on leave voluntarily to remain with her husband in Islamabad.) A nephew of Rao Rashid was serving in the Special Branch *under me* but he was treated on his own merit and not as Rao's relative. Mian Sahib, however, faltered in case of Salman Taseer, a provincial PPP leader. Salman indulged in unbridled personal slander against him. Mian Sahib, reacting strongly, put him in jail. When I tried to advise restraint in this case, he did not like my advice. Well, nobody is perfect.

Attempt to overthrow Nawaz Sharif. The PPP federal government was setting unhealthy traditions in politics by indulging in unabashed vindictiveness against Nawaz Sharif, his family and those even remotely related to him. The nationalized banks were refusing loans to the Ittefaq Group of industries of Mian Sahib's family. The railway, the main carrier of the imported scrap to the Ittefaq Foundries, refused to provide wagons from the Karachi port on one pretext or the other. WAPDA, the

only electricity supplier, was directed to put the heat on but itself turned out to be on the wrong side of its dealings with the Ittefaq industries. (WAPDA admitted to have collected excess payments!) *Jonathan,* a ship carrying scrap for the Ittefaq Foundries, was refused berthing at Karachi port for months. (It became a subject of biting and hard-hitting advertising copy by my friend Siraj Munir for a press campaign.) The PPP leadership was committing similar or even worse atrocities to its rivals than it had suffered under the Zia regime, losing its image and moral position among the people.

Having been frustrated in its attempts to browbeat Nawaz Sharif into submission, Benazir decided to overthrow his government. A task force of ministers, advisers and PPP leaders descended on Lahore, carrying bags of money and offers of jobs. Their objective was to buy sufficient number of IJI members of the Punjab Assembly to demolish the government of Nawaz Sharif. As the Special Branch chief, I would keep Mian Sahib well-informed of their activities, which involved the worst form of horse trading ever seen.

The first victims were the IJI MPAs and MNAs, who were somehow defaulters in their loans taken from the Agricultural Development Bank. They were asked to pay up immediately. They were, however, promised not only relief but also further loans if they would desert Nawaz Sharif. The honourable and dignified MPAs, with good family backgrounds, did not succumb to pressures or temptations. The great scions of the soil stood the ground as a rock and did not waiver. The Punjab government, in fact, became stronger as five or six PPP public representatives, feeling extremely disgusted with the unseemly conduct of their own leadership, decided to support Nawaz Sharif. The PPP horse traders suffered a severe setback when their hectic running about, conspiratorial meetings and offers of money failed to win over even a single IJI MPA. When they beat a retreat, many money bags were empty. After all, brokers could not be expected to work for free, even if there was no deal. Many a crook had become richer, dirtier and uglier.

Opposition joins hands against PPP. The undemocratic and immoral moves of the PPP leadership to demolish the elected

government of the Punjab were detested even by those who were not its direct victims. They were unhappy to see that Akbar Bugti, the Balochistan Chief Minister, was also at the receiving end. Zia Shahid, then the editor of a leading Urdu daily, *Pakistan*, met Shehbaz Sharif, younger brother of the Chief Minister, and proposed the formation of a grand alliance of all political parties opposing the PPP. In the same week, Arshad Chaudhri made the same proposal. Ghulam Mustafa Jatoi was also very active for the objective. The idea was, however, resisted by Ch. Shuja'at Husain and Ghulam Haider Wyne, who were keen to retain their positions as leaders of the IJI and the Muslim League parliamentary parties respectively in the National Assembly. Nawaz Sharif, who in the meantime had been elected as the President of IJI, was also wavering in supporting the formation of a combined opposition initially but came round to this idea of an alliance of political parties opposed to the PPP. Jatoi was quite keen to become the leader of the combined opposition in the National Assembly also.

Nawabzada Nasrulla Khan played the key role in bringing together all former MRD elements, which had been betrayed and abandoned by Benazir after coming into power. Thus the Combined Opposition Parties (COP) came into being with a bang. Mustafa Jatoi became its head as well as the leader of opposition in the National Assembly. The strength of opposition suddenly rose to 94 in a house of 237. As all opposition parties lined up against the ruling party, the tables were turned on the federal government. Having already lost much of its support, it stood isolated after the formation of the COP. Now it was itself on the defensive, instead of the Punjab government.

Altaf Hassan Qureshee, of *Urdu Digest,* organized a series of meetings at his Pakistan Institute of National Affairs during and after the formation of the COP. He would invite intellectuals, politicians, ulema, lawyers and others from all provinces to discuss social and political issues and propose measures to bring the people of various regions closer to each other emotionally as well as politically. They were worried about the growth of ethnic, regional and sectarian divisiveness.

The formation of COP was viewed by the participants as a positive and healthy development, representing all schools of thought and all sections of society. The presence of the parties of

right as well as left and the representatives of all regions and sects on a single platform could be used for bringing the people closer to each other by healthy cultural and political activity. Siraj Munir wrote a very thought-stimulating paper, giving the rationale of the COP as a solace for the injured national body politic and the psyche. He compared Pakistan to a bouquet, with flowers of multiple colours. The ideals and responsibilities had to be shared through tolerance and accommodation. The paper gave an agenda for national integration. It was, in my view, a call to "Unite and Serve," in contrast to the policy of "Divide and Rule" of the people in power. Its copies were supplied to all national leaders. Mustafa Jatoi was delighted to read it and so were Nawaz Sharif and others. The leading Urdu daily, *Jang,* published it in two installments.

Khar, as usual. The preparation for a vote of no-confidence against the Benazir government was the next logical step. Nawaz Sharif and Mustafa Jatoi won over the MQM, which was already fed up with the attitude of the PPP. Through his friends in the NWFP, Nawaz Sharif worked on the MNAs from FATA (Federally Administered Tribal Areas), who were the major political support left with the PPP. The opposition also had the support of some of the estranged PPP MNAs.

On the other hand, Nawaz Sharif's flanks were in disarray. I had been transferred by Mian Sahib from Special Branch to the Anti-Corruption Establishment under strong pressure from some of his close associates. Arshad Chaudhri appeared to be on the periphery although he had played the pivotal role in winning over the MQM. Tikka Iqbal was removed from the office of the Special Assistant to the Chief Minister.

Then came a much worse setback. Ghulam Mustafa Khar, who was aware of the secrets and moves of the combined opposition, joined Benazir and offered to save her government with the valuable information with him. She accepted him with open arms, despite his past attitude towards her party. He moved fast and won back some of the unhappy PPP MNAs and also three of the IJI MNAs. PPP took its MNAs to Swat to avoid any desertions while the opposition MNAs were taken to Murree and other places in the Punjab. The COP had 107 votes and needed only 12 more to bring down the government. It finally gathered

more than 119 MNAs but, in a disastrous blunder, did not keep all of them under one roof to assure the weak-minded that they were on the winning side. As a result, there were desertions. Still, on the day of counting, Benazir government survived with a very thin margin.

The mercurial character of Mustafa Khar played a key role in the fortunes of the PPP. He brought the defeated Jatoi into the National Assembly by getting him elected from his own area. Then he changed sides and went to save Benazir's government. He emerged as very strong but soon fell victim to the jealousy of his opponents in the PPP hierarchy. The same Khar would later cross swords with Benazir after she, having made use of his services, discarded him. He would then help bring down her government shortly afterwards, though in a different manner, and become a minister in the caretaker cabinet of Ghulam Mustafa Jatoi! It was quite a feat.

Former IGP duped by S.I. During the hectic PPP efforts for every single vote to defeat the motion of no-confidence, Commander M.A.R. Ariff, a retired Inspector General of Police and a former Commander in the navy, fell victim to a swindler. He knew Sub Inspector Raja Arsal and his father, both of whom had served under him. Raja Arsal was in touch with Raja Afzal, Raja Iqbal Mehdi and some other IJI MNAs of Jhelum area through Raja Akram, a devotee of Imam Burree, a famous saint buried near Islamabad. Raja Arsal told Commander Ariff that at least seven IJI MNAs were ready to switch their loyalties to the PPP for Rs 20 million each. Some token money was to be paid to them in advance.

Commander Ariff and Noor Muhammad Lund, MNA, took Arsal to Hakim Ali Zardari, the father-in-law of Benazir. He settled the bargain and asked his son to advance Rs 10 million to Arsal as an advance. Ariff stood guarantor for Arsal. Asif Zardari gave them a briefcase containing Rs 10m. They took the money to the home of Raja Akram. From there Raja Arsal took the briefcase, with the entire amount in it, and managed to slip away in the car of Ariff.

Commander Ariff was in serious trouble. His car and credibility were gone. And Asif Zardari threatened him that his

house in Islamabad would be taken and his son, a DSP in Islamabad police, would lose his job if the advance money did not come back.

Ariff sought my help of all the people in tracing Arsal. I was shocked as only a few months ago he had tried to play a fast one on me. He had come to see me and offered to make available the support of two PPP MPAs from Sargodha if Nawaz Sharif was prepared to spend money. As I pointed out, he should have realized that I, as a public servant, could not get involved in politics, not to speak of such dirty games. So, I advised him to contact Mian Sahib directly. But he insisted on going through me, harping on "the brotherhood of police service." The more I refused, the more he pressed. That made me suspicious. Finally, to his great dismay, I put my foot down and told him point blank that I would have absolutely nothing to do with his proposal.

After he left, I wondered why he was so keen to involve me in his game. Only three days later I came to know the reason. Rao Rashid, a former IGP and now a Special Assistant to the Prime Minister, had publicly accused me of being involved in politics and the federal government had suspended me on this charge. But there was no proof. To get some evidence against me, another former IGP had been set upon me. (*That* was "brotherhood" -- Mafia-like, that is.) It turned out that Ariff had a concealed taperecorder on him and was keen to have me say something that he could pass on as incriminating material! To this day he believes that I am not aware of his trick. So, in the same belief, he had sought my help to save his skin. And I promptly agreed, ignoring his impudence and what he had tried to do to me.

After a few days, an acquaintances of Ariff saw Arsal parking his car at Data Darbar (tomb of Data Ganj Bakhsh, the patron saint of Lahore) and told me. The family of Arsal lived in Shahdara. I rang up DSP New Anarkali, Ch. Muhammad Ashraf Waraich, and gave him the information. He set up a trap and arrested Raja Arsal. Arsal confessed everything during his interrogation by Col. Ashraf and his staff in the Anti-Terrorist Cell of the Special Branch. The car was with his brother, a major in the army, and was also recovered. Half of the money had been passed over to Raja Muhammad Afzal, IJI MNA from Jhelum.

Having panicked on Arsal's arrest, Raja Afzal rushed to the Anti-Terrorist Cell to see him. (He was afraid of being exposed before Nawaz Sharif.) The moment he was alone with Arsal, he fell on his feet, begging him not to mention his name. Arsal didn't have to. Afzal did not know that he was creating incriminating evidence against himself as his entreaties to Arsal were being secretly recorded!

Asif Zardari and Benazir were horrified when they leamt about the arrest of Raja Arsal because it could lead to the exposure of their horse trading, along with solid evidence. They did their best to hush up the matter. As I was then Director, Anti-Corruption, I was not directly concerned with the case. Moreover, I was not keen to blackmail the Prime Minister inspite of what she had done to me. It was enough for me that Commander Ariff was off the hook, his house remained with him and his son continued in his job.

BB government dismissed. *The Nation*, a leading Lahore-based English daily, splashed an exclusive story by its editor, Arif Nizami, on its front page on August 6, 1990, that the President had decided to dismiss the Benazir government, using his powers under the 8th amendment to the Constitution. (Its sister newspaper, *Nawa-i-Waqt,* also had the same lead story.) Mian Abdul Sattar Laleka told me that the President was addressing the nation in the evening and was sending the Benazir government home. The Prime Minister, however, was blissfully unaware of her fate because none of her agencies had any inkling of what was happening practically next door in the President House nor did they bother to verify the newspaper report. Such was the efficiency of her intelligence agencies, on whom she had always totally depended as her eyes and ears. No wonder, she could not make a counter move and had to suffer for her misplaced faith.

The President did act in the evening and dissolved the National Assembly, with elections to be held on October 24. Ghulam Mustafa Jatoi was appointed as the caretaker Prime Minster. Nawaz Sharif advised the Governor to dissolve the Punjab Assembly. Mian Muhammad Azhar was appointed as Governor of the Punjab in place of Gen. Tikka Khan and Ghulam Haider Wyne was made the caretaker Chief Minister.

Haji Akram and I attended the oath-taking ceremony of the new Governor and the Chief Minister. Nawaz Sharif was also there. Somebody suggested to Mian Sahib that Col. Khalid, Military Secretary to the Governor and son of Tikka Khan, should be replaced. He did not agree. He said the public servants should not be viewed as partisans even if somebody was very closely related to a politician. Col. Khalid continued to be the M.S. to the Governor during the tenure of Mian Azhar.

My long period of suffering ended with the dismissal of the PPP government. Jatoi, as the Prime Minister, withdrew the orders for my suspension and reinstated me in service. He also allowed my upgradation to Basic Scale 21 as all my batch mates had been given this grade during my suspension.

Nawaz Sharif on center stage

"What will be the outcome of the coming elections?" Nawaz Sharif asked me at the oath-taking ceremony of the new Governor and the caretaker Chief Minister at the Governor House in Lahore on August 6, 1990, the day Benazir government was dismissed. Though I no longer had the benefit of the Special Branch resources, I could safely predict, on the basis of my previous experience, that the Combined Opposition Parties (COP) would get over 90 National Assembly seats from the Punjab. He felt happy but termed it "too optimistic" as Haji Akram's forecast was for over 70 seats. I explained that my assessment was based on one COP candidate contesting against one PPP candidate. (Ch. Muhammad Arshad, as he told me, had convinced Jatoi and others that the PPP had little chance if one-to-one formula was adopted.)

"If one-to-one formula had been adopted by the anti-PPP parties in 1970, there would have been a clear defeat to PPP even then," I told Mian Sahib. "The chances of PPP are definitely dimmer now after 20 months of misrule and corruption."

Pir Pagara did not agree with my assessment when I met him at his residence. According to him, the one-to-one formula

was not going to work nor had it ever worked in the past. He had been heading many parliamentary boards and had observed that the distribution of tickets caused problems even within individual political parties, not to talk of a large alliance like COP. I told him that Arshad Chaudhri had done a good job, basing his exercise on the data of 1985 and 1988 election results and the surveys of the Special Branch, Punjab, that he had consulted at the Chief Minister House. In earlier elections, such useful and well-arranged data was not available. The exercise for selecting candidates, as far as IJI parties were concerned, had already been carried out in 1988. The remaining parties did not pose much problem as far as Punjab was concerned, with Nawabzada Nasrulla being the only prominent person from the Punjab to be adjusted. The other provinces had clear-cut political alignments and choosing COP candidates, who were likely to win, was not difficult.

After hearing my explanation, Pir Pagara thought that it could be done if parties did not ask for quotas on party basis and accepted the winning candidate in a particular constituency, irrespective of his party within COP. I talked to him again after a few days. He was absolutely certain that the COP could get a landslide victory if tickets were given only to the candidates who were likely to win in their constituencies.

Nawaz Sharif and Arshad Chaudhri pursued the idea and convinced the leaders of other parties in COP. The meeting of the COP for selecting candidates, held under the chairmanship of Mustafa Jatoi, decided the awarding of 170 tickets without any problem. The remaining 20 were decided the next day, also on one-to-one basis. The very few seats that caused some problems were left open without any bad blood. It was a very intelligent beginning for the COP.

The PPP, on the other hand, went for alliance with very insignificant parties, including Tehrik-i-Istiqlal and Tehrik Nifaz-i-Fiqa-i-Ja'faria. Then the name of the alliance, Pakistan Democratic Alliance, was totally unknown and had a serious identity problem. PPP made a grave tactical blunder by abandoning its own name, which was very well-known and also had an emotional attachment for its voters. The party was carrying other burdens too. The cases of corruption and maladministration during its recent rule were widely known.

There were references for disqualification against Benazir and her associates in superior courts, initiated by President Ghulam Ishaq. The establishment was also tilted against the ousted party.

In that perspective, it was but easy to make a safe guess about the success of the COP, especially when I had the advantage of my experience of the Special Branch and its realistic data. My forecast of 90 National Assembly seats was too optimistic for most politicians, administrators and intellectuals but there was no doubt in my mind.

Two days after the dismissal of the Benazir government, Malik Meraj Khalid, Sardar Farooq Leghari and Khwaja Tariq Rahim met me. They wanted to challenge the President's proclamation in the courts and were very hopeful of their success. They asked me to persuade Nawaz Sharif to join them in going to the courts for the judicial revival of the assemblies.

"How can I take your proposal to Nawaz Sharif when the two cases are of different nature," I told them. "The Punjab Assembly was dissolved on his own advice as Chief Minister while the National Assembly had been dissolved by the President."

"We will do something about that also," said Kh. Tariq Rahim, Bar at Law, without explaining what it could be.

"Well, I cannot give him bad advice," I said firmly. "Mian Sahib also is shrewd enough to understand the implications. I think the best will be to ensure that elections do take place on October 24. There will be many people and forces trying to spread fears and phobias on all sides. You will have to defeat them."

They did not like my candid views. They were living in a make-believe world and wanted to come back into power without having to face elections. It appeared that they also lacked comprehension of ground realities.

Attempt to bring in martial law. Siraj Munir, who had joined the staff of Ghulam Mustafa Jatoi, the caretaker Prime Minister, was spending most of his time in the Holiday Inn (now Marriott Hotel) in Islamabad. I went to see him there and found a computer and some staff in his room. It could be official staff and equipment but did not turn out to be so. Aziz Qureshi was also staying in the same hotel, in another room. Haji Qadar Gul,

the former MNA from FATA, too was around. After some time Khwaja Khairuddin also arrived, although he was living in the Prime Minister House. Ostensibly, the group was meeting its own expenses but somebody must be backing them. I could not find out who.

All of them were my friends. They were all convinced that the country would be destroyed if elections were held. They firmly believed that PPP was going to win again and this time would destroy the army with vengeance. They strongly felt that the country had always been harmed by elections and was even split because of the elections in 1970. I disputed their assessments strongly but was intrigued why the group was trying to subvert the electoral process by raising baseless fears.

Khwaja Khairuddin said, "You are the only one who thinks COP can win. I see a repetition of 1954 when Juktu Front won in East Pakistan. I had predicted that but Kamal Azfar's father, who was the Chief Secretary, did not agree with me. You bureaucrats are all the same. We need a strong and stable government to save the country. Civilian governments are always shaky and weak. Only army can save us." The others endorsed him enthusiastically. I was shocked. The harrowing scenes of 1971 in East-Pakistan and of 1983-84 in Sindh haunted me.

I bluntly asked them, "Do you want martial law?"

"That is the only way out," said Siraj Munir.

I reminded them of the situation in 1971 and 1983-84 and said emphatically, "Thank God, Zia-ul-Haq gave us the elections in 1985 and the country was saved. It is not elections but refusal to hold elections that harms the country. It is the non-acceptance of results that harms the country. For God's sake, have the heart and face elections. PPP will not win, I can assure you. Even if it does, it will be better to let it rule than to have martial law."

They were unmoved. Perhaps their motivation was too strong for my words to change their minds. Siraj finally said, "It is not the question of PPP or COP. All civilians are the same and the country is not safe with them."

I mentioned the group's activities to Arshad Chaudhri. He said this "election *roko* cell" seemed to be working to block the elections. After a few days I managed to get a copy of the computer printout of a well-argued position paper, prepared by the group to justify the imposition of martial law. I showed the

paper to Arshad Chaudhri, Haji Akram, and then gave it to Anwar Zahid, Chief Secretary, Punjab. The conspiracy to block the elections was exposed successfully by Arshad Chaudhri through the media.

Converting the doomsayers. Towards the last week of September, I got a phone call from Gen. (Retd) Rifaquat, who was not much acquainted with me. He told me that Altaf Hassan Qureshee and Zahid Malik were also with him. He asked me about the likely outcome of the elections. He did not believe me when I gave him my forecast in brief. However, he told me, he was impressed by what he had heard of my understanding of elections. Altaf Qureshee had informed him about my assessments for the coming elections and how true my forecasts had been in 1988. He invited me to come over to Islamabad for a discussion.

Gen. Rifaquat, Altaf Hassan Qureshee, Zahid Malik and I went over the list of contestants from the Punjab, analyzing every constituency. I had the data on which I had based my assessments, with break-up of the voters in every constituency. After our prolonged discussion, the General was convinced that COP would certainly get at least 74 National Assembly seats in the Punjab but didn't agree on my figure of 90. All assessments given to him till then by various agencies had painted a very dismal picture, as he told me. He talked to Fazal-ur-Rahman, Secretary to the President, on the green phone (hot line intercom) and informed him about my assessments and that he himself was now convinced that COP would get at least 74 NA seats from the Punjab. He desired that President might be informed.

Later, he took me to Flashman's Hotel in Rawalpindi so that I could explain the reasons and grounds for my assessment to a number of prominent journalists, including Z.A. Suleri, Mujib Shami, Mustafa Sadiq, Inquilab Matri and Muhammad Salahuddin. They wanted a quick briefing but I said I would not give them vague and generalized guesses. Instead, I would proceed constituency by constituency, with facts and figures, and leave the conclusions to them. It was a prolonged session. Some of them did not believe what I was saying and preferred to have a nap. Most of them, however, did get convinced when I gave them full details.

Inquilab Matri said, "You are saying all this with an air of certainty."

"Yes, because I took great pains to study the data and the relevant factors," I replied.

The next day I was called to the Presidency. Brig. Ajaib, Military Secretary to the President, along with Ch. Shaukat Ali, Secretary, Election Commission, had a long session with me to analyze the problem constituencies in the Punjab. I told them that there were no problem constituencies, except one in Jhang where Begum Abida Husain was contesting. Ch. Shaukat had a pessimistic view. He had hunches but little specific information or data. He doubted even Nawaz Sharif's own constituency. I told them that nothing could be farther from truth. Anyhow. they listed a few such constituencies in the Punjab, though unnecessarily in my view. I told them that the polarization at the level of the ordinary people was so intense that there was no need to worry about any of those constituencies. The people would vote only for one of the two sides and the independents or turncoats of either party would have little chance.

One such constituency in their view was that of Ijaz-ul-Haq, who had entered politics after the death of his father, President Zia-ul-Haq. They were worried about the negative voting for the third candidate, Riaz Husain Shah, who had secured about 35,000 votes in 1988, and tried to persuade him to withdraw. In my view, it was unnecessary as Riaz Husain would get very few votes because of the polarization this time. (He did not withdraw and secured less than 3000 votes!) Contrary to the fears of Ch. Shaukat Ali, Nawaz Sharif won from all his constituencies with big margins. Begum Abida Husain lost, inspite of favourable reports.

I, along with Haji Akram, had a long session with Ijlal Haider Zaidi, who was also monitoring the elections. I had not worked with him earlier but found him extremely intelligent and brilliant, with an excellent understanding of the political scenario. After three days of discussions, he was fully convinced of the accuracy of my assessments. In fact, he relied so much on my views that I was not allowed to go back to Lahore till the polling on October 24.

Most of the important people in the chambers of power had convinced themselves before the dismissal of Assemblies

that the PPP was dead and gone. But it no longer appeared to be so in view of the reports that they were getting large crowds at PPP meetings and processions. Now they were nervous and doubtful about the outcome. It was shocking how the big bureaucrats were totally out of touch with reality and how little affinity they had with the people. They lived in a make-believe world and yet arrogated to themselves the right to decide for the people. Our friends in "the election *roko* cell" in the Holiday Inn were also driving them paranoid. More than anybody else, it was Ijlal Haider Zaidi, who gave others the needed courage to face the elections.

Altaf Qureshee later told me how I was brought into the world of doomsayers. He had met President Ghulam Ishaq and Gen. Aslam Beg and found both of them extremely worried about the outcome of the elections. When he found the situation very gloomy, he suggested that I should be consulted as, according to him, I had a more correct and positive picture. "That is how you were called in," he disclosed. I was happy that I was able to give them enough courage to remain on the political track. I removed their unfounded fears to a large extent. Otherwise, I shudder to think what they would have done in desperation. Who knows, the friends in the Holiday Inn might well have succeeded in having their way.

"Carry them all with you." The results of the elections proved that my assessment was quite accurate. In fact, the COP got a few seats more than my forecast figure of 90 for the Punjab! The influence of the administration and the government worked in favour of the COP but there was no objectionable manipulation or any kind of rigging. The magic was in the one-to-one formula.

On the election day, Nawaz Sharif met me at the Lahore airport at midday on his way to Faisalabad along with Haji Akram. He again asked for my assessment. It was the same. I was cool and calculating like any professional. And he still had his doubts. It was natural because he had too many stakes.

As results poured in during the night, Nawaz Sharif was carried away by the landslide victory of COP. While talking to somebody on phone, he said that the Muslim League alone could form the government, without the support of any other party

Haji Akram intervened immediately to correct him. "Every party of IJI and COP has contributed to success," he said. "You must not say anything that might upset the alliance. You have to carry them all with you if you want to be a successful Prime Minister and a national leader." He got the point but it was distressing how his mind was working. Later on, some of his short-sighted friends, particularly non-political elements, did alienate him from his allies and ultimately caused his downfall.

I had told Roedad Khan, Ijlal Zaidi and Gen. Rifaquat that the results would not be accepted by the losing side. "First, it is a long tradition in our country that defeat in elections is never accepted gracefully," I pointed out. "Secondly, the press has failed to accurately reflect the public mood, making the results very unexpected." I suggested that the COP should celebrate the victory in a big way. How would the people perceive the reality of their verdict unless it was also made manifest through celebration?

Haji Akram suggested the same to Nawaz Sharif in the late evening of the election day. Mian Sahib decided to go to the Badshahi Mosque for thanksgiving prayers. He was advised against open celebration by Brig. Imtiaz and some other timid bureaucrats, who feared trouble. They had little political sense. The lapse was exploited by the adversaries slowly and steadily, casting doubts on the transparency of the elections, even leading to a change in the course of history. If there had been widespread public expression of victory, the events might not have taken an ugly tum in 1993.

The "transparent elections" of 1993 were, in fact, the positive reaffirmation of the 1990 elections. If the COP had been intact and had used the one-to-one seat formula in 1993, there would have been a repeat performance of 1990. My assessments of 1987, 1988 and 1990 were vindicated by the results of 1993 elections.

After the massive mandate for COP, especially from the Punjab, it was but natural that Nawaz Sharif should become the Prime Minister. The caretaker Prime Minister Mustafa Jatoi, who had also been elected from Sindh as well as Sialkot, proposed the name of Mian Sahib in the National Assembly while the former Prime Minister and the President of the Muslim League, Muhammad Khan Junejo, seconded the proposal. It was a great

day that a popular Punjabi politician was elected with an overwhelming majority of the house and wide support from all over the country. The political process had healed the wounds in less than seven years. In 1983, Jatoi's mother, for the first time in her life, led a procession that was shouting, "Punjabi fauj murdabad" (Down with Punjabi army) and now Jatoi was proposing the name of a Punjabi for the highest political office. And it was being endorsed by another former Sindhi Prime Minister. I had always believed that the political face of the Punjab would be more pleasing and attractive than its stern military one. We would have escaped the humiliation of 1971 also if we had a political face even then.

How *not* to eliminate corruption

The elimination of corruption has always been one of the biggest demands of the ordinary people and the loudest slogans of the opposition. But what happens when the rulers do decide "to eliminate the corrupt officers?" How are the lists prepared? From where does the evidence come? What are the real objectives of the rulers? How do FIA (Federal Investigation Agency) and the Anti-Corruption Establishment do their job or are expected to do it? And what is the result? Here are some eye-witness accounts of what happened behind the scenes during the rule of Ayub, Yahya, Bhutto and Zia.

It all started with Ayub Khan. The first major operation took place and some of the most outstanding civil servants of known integrity were thrown out on charges of corruption. Most of the victims were said to be those who had somehow failed to please the generals. Dr Abdur Rahim, a well-known agriculture specialist, told me about the trouble that Zafar-ul-Ahsan, Chairman of the Thal Development Authority, had with Gen. Azam Khan, one of the closest associates of Ayub Khan. (Azam Khan was the first general to taste the powers of martial law during its

imposition in Lahore city in 1953 at the peak of the agitation to get the Ahmadis declared as non-Muslims.)

The general wanted Zafar-ul-Ahsan to allot him 100 squares (2500 acres or 750 hectares) of land in the Thal area of the Punjab under the tubewell scheme. The scheme envisaged that land would be allotted to those who would install tubewells and financial grant for tubewells would be given to those who already owned land. One had to have one or the other and the general had neither land nor tubewells. Still he wanted the government land to be allotted to him and then financial grant against that for tubewells! When he was told that it will amount to fraud, he became furious. The axe fell on Zafar after the generals came into power.

Zafar-ul-Ahsan was a man of great vision. He initiated the creation of the national airlines, PIA, housing schemes of Gulberg and Samnabad in Lahore, the planning of Jauharabad and, of course, the reclamation of the Thal desert. Zafar was held in such a high esteem that on his dismissal I saw, for the first time, tears in the eyes of my father-in-law, Mian Muhammad Shafi. He thought it the murder of excellence and injustice of the worst order.

The firing of 303. In the martial law headquarters in Lahore during the Yahya Khan regime, Col. Qayyum dealt with the corruption cases against the civil servants. A list of allegedly corrupt officers was prepared, which was to ultimately include 303 officers. ("303" attracted the public fancy as it was also the common name of the very popular .303 Enfield rifle, the deadliest weapon then.) SPs Sabah-ud-Din Jamy and Qamar-i-Alam, of the Anti-Corruption Department (both to later become IGPs), were always in attendance and would rush to my room, terrified, whenever the Colonel gave them a severe tongue-lashing, or "a good bullshit" as they often say in the army, for not meeting his demands. He wanted that all those who had been listed must be penalized. That required evidence and the Colonel demanded that evidence must be produced *even if it was not there!*

Haji Habib-ur-Rahman, SSP Lahore, was also in the list of the 303. One of the charges against him was that he took two truck-loads of sand free of cost from a contractor. It was a

ridiculous charge but the officer had to be framed for "creating an impact on the bureaucracy and the people."

I attended a high-level meeting in which Brig. Sherbaz also participated to discuss the 303 issue. Everybody was emphasizing that maximum evidence be collected.

"Was the list prepared without any evidence?" I asked.

"It was prepared on the basis of intelligence and corroborating evidence will be collected later on," I was told.

"Then it should not have been announced before the evidence was available," I observed.

"These are the orders of the President and are not open to discussion. The police officers have been asked to provide evidence or they will be dismissed for inefficiency," I was told.

"But that is unfair both to the police as well as to the 303 officers," I protested but in vain.

During the daily tea break, Brig. Sherbaz said that I had taken a wrong position. "The 303 officers must be dismissed and jailed whether there is evidence or not."

"But why?" I asked.

"After the announcement of the list, the officers are like injured snakes. If you do not kill them, they will attack you. Take out their poisonous fangs now before they sting you," he said with a loud laugh.

"It is extremely unfair," I persisted. "Justice is supposed to be done without fear or favour."

Brig. Sherbaz and Col. Qayyum, unable to refute my arguments, were extremely annoyed. "Sardar, you too should have been placed in that list." I was frightened and stopped arguing.

I mentioned the incident to Sh. Izhar, my lawyer friend. "You are a fool," he said. "Justice and martial law do not go together. Martial law is for impact, not justice. A bulldozer and the scale of justice are two entirely different things." He was not far from truth.

I found fear all round. All wisdom pales before authority and here was an absolute authority devoid of any reason. The bulldozer was too heavy for the scale of justice. The 303 officers had to be reduced to pulp to make others the most obedient servants. "It is a dose of discipline," as Brig. B.M. Mustafa in the Martial Law Headquarters put it.

Most of the 303 officers were ultimately retired or dismissed from service. (I was glad that Haji Habib-ur-Rahman was cleared of the charge of receiving free truck-loads of sand.)

Bhutto's 1300. Not having learnt any lesson from the folly of the army junta, PPP leadership was to commit its own disastrous blunder. While travelling from Rawalpindi to Larkana with Bhutto in the presidential plane, I noticed that Rafi Raza and Khalid Hassan, two of his closest associates, were dictating a speech. It was to be delivered by Ghulam Mustafa Jatoi, a federal minister, to announce the dismissal of 1300 "corrupt officers." ("Screening" was the term used.) Jatoi was also with him.

I knew that the public servants were very scared because of the official pronouncements against corruption. Yahya had taken action against 303 of them not long ago and shaken their confidence. So, once again I took upon myself to argue for sanity.

"Can't you withhold this action and try to stabilize the institutions if you really want to put the pieces together?" I asked Khalid Hassan and Rafi Raza. After some effort, I managed to bring them around. Rafi Raza talked to Bhutto, who almost agreed but said, "Let us discuss it with Khar also." During a stopover in Lahore, the issue was discussed at the Governor House. Mustafa Khar said, "We have a commitment to the people. The action against the corrupt officers has to be taken." They were going to dismiss these officers and then try them under martial law. (Yes, martial law! It was still there and Bhutto was the country's first and only civilian Chief Martial Law Administrator.)

After the discussion they mercifully decided to retire the "corrupt" officers and take action only against whom there was strong evidence. Waqar Ahmad, who became the Establishment Secretary, was one of those minds-too small to understand that greater the insecurity, the stronger will be the temptation to misuse authority for one's personal benefit and secure future.

The 1300 government servants were retired compulsorily and prematurely. It was such a thorough job that the list included some who had already retired and even some who were dead! DIG Qazi Muhammad Azam, my former somewhat difficult boss but an honest police officer, was one of them. So was my close

friend, Nasir Husain Shamsi, of Income Tax Department. BBC commented, "Ayub Khan turned out 100 officers, Yahya Khan threw out 300. Now Bhutto has expelled 1300. Corruption in Pakistan seems to have increased in the same ratio."

Gen. Ishaq, Military Secretary to Bhutto, confided in me that the objectives were to create an impact, frighten the officers, get rid of anti-PPP public servants and make others do the bidding without demur in future. He had heard similar talk earlier also when he was the Military Secretary to the previous President, Yahya Khan.

Zia gives a free hand. Gen. Zia formed the Federal Inspection Commission for "the eradication of corruption in the public services." Maj. Gen. Sagheer Husain Shah was its first chairman while Brig. Sabir, Brig. Naeem, Col. Sarwar and two police officers, Nawaz Swati and Khwaja Tufail, were the other members. I was nominated as a member in addition to my job in the Pakistan Narcotics Control Board. Gen. Zia addressed the first meeting and gave us complete authority of action against anybody at any level. "You are free to punish, put in jail and dismiss anybody you like," he told us. "There is no need to maintain any file or record. Your personal satisfaction is enough."

I was shocked by the completely free hand being given to us. I had seen how the cases of 303 were dealt with in the Yahya period and also the slipshod method by which 1300 public servants were shunted out by Bhutto. There were very negative consequences on the morale and performance of public servants. In fact, corruption had increased instead of decreasing. I had seen many dramas for impact and the present one appeared to be the most bizarre, by giving us unlimited authority without any responsibility. The balance between authority and responsibility is a basic principle of good administration but here it was being thrown to the winds.

I was very worried about the thoughtless approach towards the public services while the other members were extremely happy on their powers. I expressed my initial fears to Nawaz Swati, a police officer of the level of IGP, but he showed annoyance with my views. He said, rather patronizingly, "You are a strange person. You are being given powers and you think

it is dangerous because these can be misused for personal motives. You should feel happy on being so important."

As usual, I was staying in the Government Hostel in Islamabad. Khwaja Tufail also stayed there. We travelled back together from the Presidency in Rawalpindi. He was also not happy on my views.

"You are a philosopher and there is no philosophy that can help things," he thought. "Only *danda* can eradicate corruption."

"More thoughtless and powerful use of danda will mean more corruption," I said. "Absolute authority corrupts absolutely. The first thing you should do is to go and dismiss your IGP. Throw him out of his office and that will create real impact, to the loud applause of the people." He did not get the point. I might well be talking Sinhalese to him.

Inam-ul-Haq and DIG Khalid Masood were also staying in the Hostel. They were shocked to know about the authority that Gen. Zia had given to the Commission.

"The first thing I am going to do with that authority is to dismiss both of you immediately and create the desired impact," I joked. They didn't laugh. Instead, both became very nervous. I did not realize that even a joke from a man in real authority could unnerve even very close friends. "Come on, I was just joking," I said sheepishly. If even a joke could unnerve close friends, I wondered, what would be the condition of the poor souls who were not even known to the very powerful members of the commission?

I requested Inam and Khalid to help me draw up a charter of duties for the commission, with clear legal and jurisdictional extent and limitations. The main points that emerged were that the commission must confine itself to, among other things, the matters pertaining to (a) the federation, not provinces, (b) executive authority, not judicial, and (c) issues that are not already pending in courts.

"It'll have great impact." The next day I asked Gen. Sagheer whether we could take immediate action against the ordnance and supplies wings of the army where the corruption was said to be quite rampant.

"No!" he shouted.

"But why not? We civilians may not but you as a general may take action. Otherwise, it would look discriminatory." I left him thinking and confused.

The same day he was visited by an Income-Tax Commissioner with evidence of tax evasion against six federal secretaries. The general called me. He was beaming when I entered his office.

"Be ready. We have got a real good case. We will take action today and the whole country will be shaken up. It will have a real great impact."

Hearing his words, I became nervous myself. The general was sipping coffee. I requested him to order some coffee for me also as I wanted to think during that time. He rang the bell.

"May I know the names of the secretaries if that was not a secret?" I asked him very casually. Among others, he named Aftab Ahmad Khan, the Secretary for Economic Affairs, F.K. Bandial, Secretary Labour, and Aslam Abdulla, his immediate predecessor.

"What are the amounts evaded by the defaulters if we have the figures?" I inquired, trying to be helpful. He checked up with Brig. Sabir on the intercom. The figures ranged from a few thousands to, in case of Aftab Ahmad Khan, only Rs 27.

That gave me a point. Aftab Ahmad Khan was in Paris that very day, negotiating a package deal with the Aid-to-Pakistan Consortium of the World Bank. Telling the general about this, I asked him, "Sir, are you going to make Pakistan a laughing stock in the international community by dismissing Aftab Ahmad for Rs 27 only? I don't believe what that mad income tax man brought to you."

I spoke very emphatically. Gen. Sagheer was so moved that he got up from his chair and hugged me most warmly.

"Thank you very much, Sardar," he spoke with feelings. "It would have been most embarrassing. Most of them are my friends. I would have demolished the government of Gen. Zia-ul-Haq. You saved us all. Thank you so much." He asked Brig. Sabir to pend all action on that matter.

Then he called Janjua, his Personal Assistant, and asked him to check all of his own income tax returns. Turning to me, he spoke again, "Sardar, do you know I have never read my tax returns. I sign whatever is put up to me by my PA. That must be

true of those senior officers also, who are busy in national affairs. I am really sorry. I was going to make a serious blunder."

"All is well that ends well, sir," I said, with satisfaction.

The moment I came out of the general's office, I walked into a den of howling wolves. All other members, military as well civilian, cursed me for spoiling such a good *shikar*. They won't even let me speak. Col. Sarwar even called my "an agent of bureaucracy." I reacted strongly and asserted, "I am not an agent of anybody. I am a bureaucrat of standing myself and I am proud of that." Saying that, I walked out.

I was really pained when a senior man like Nawaz Swati, otherwise an honest person, later accused me of "subverting the whole scheme" of Gen. Zia. He might show his own efficiency by making out a subversion case against me. Everything was possible where checks and balances did not exist and unlimited authority was concentrated in a few hands. I was just trying to create a balance and said to him, "Sir, fair deal is the best deal. We owe this to our people and also to our colleagues." He did not appear much impressed.

Inam-ul-Haq, Khalid Masood and myself drew up a nine-page charter of duties for the Federal Inspection Commission. I submitted it to Gen. Sagheer Husain. He liked it, approved it and sent it to Gen. K.M. Arif, with a D.O. letter for getting the approval of the CMLA Headquarters. The same draft, with minor amendments, was adopted and promulgated as a martial law regulation, making the FIC a recommendatory body. After inspection and collection of evidence, it could only recommend further action by the competent authority.

Axe on police officers. During the Zia regime, a heavy axe fell on the Punjab Police. For showing a soft corner to the self-immolating PPP protesters, Haji Habib-ur-Rahman was replaced by Qazi Muhammad Azam as IGP Punjab. One reason for preferring Qazi Azam was that he had a personal grudge against PPP as he had been screened out by Bhutto soon after assuming power. Qazi Azam worked with vengeance and selected 18 Punjab police officers for compulsory retirement. The list included officers known for their professional excellence, like Mian Sultan Asghar, Zakauddin Shafi, Mushtaq Bukhari, Malik Waris and Ch. Zaman.

I asked Brig. Ata Muhammad, who was an adviser to Gen. Sawar Khan, the Martial Law Administrator for Punjab, the reasons for throwing out such good police officers.

"They were the most corrupt," he said.

"No, sir, you have your information all wrong," I told him. "They are among the best and the most honest. I belong to that department and know them all."

"We wanted to create an impact and they were all very cocky," he said without any feelings. "It will frighten the others."

"Why do you play all these games, sir?" I asked angrily, recalling similar actions by Ayub, Yahya and Bhutto that promoted insecurity and injustice rather than eliminating or even reducing corruption. "They have their families and children. The others in service, feeling insecure, will start accumulating money for the rainy days, which are becoming far too frequent."

He was annoyed by my critical approach and said, "I don't understand what you are saying."

"Of course, you cannot understand." Then recalling his visit to my office in December 1971, when he was looking forward to becoming in a few days the Military Governor of East Punjab, I retorted, "I still miss being SP Amritsar, sir." He left in a huff.

Corruption case against Bhuttos. Some time in the middle of 1980, when I was Director, FIA, Rawalpindi, the Deputy Attorney General of Pakistan came to my office and told me that the Government had decided to file civil suits against the Bhutto family for inappropriate and illegitimate expenditure of government funds on improvements in the family houses, at 70, Clifton, Karachi, and Al-Murtaza, Larkana, after having them declared as official residences of the Prime Minister. The evidence was to be provided by the FIA Rawalpindi as my predecessor, Ch. Badar-ud-Din, had investigated the matter. The criminal proceedings were not possible as the accused (Bhutto) was now dead.

I went through the files and found that some expenditure from government funds had been incurred on raising the height of boundary walls, sentry posts and airconditioning, etc., as security measures. I recalled my visit with Gen. Ishaq, the Military Secretary to President, to the two places in early 1972 for their

security survey and had proposed these very steps. Bhutto was averse to the changes because he did not want any disturbance to the symmetry of the buildings that, he proudly mentioned, had been designed by a famous Italian architect. He also told Gen. Ishaq to drop all that because he had no money and would have to sell some land to meet the expenses, which he did not want to do.

When I studied the files now, I found that the approval for expenditure had not been given by Bhutto or even by any of his staff. When those improvements were undertaken much later, the relevant public works officer had sent only a copy of his letter for the information of the Military Secretary. I could see that some overzealous officer had shown his initiative, something not unusual with obsequious bureaucrats.

I suggested to the Deputy Attorney General, "Why don't you recommend to the Government that it should remove the improvements, particularly airconditioning equipment, instead of filing civil suits that might be dismissed?" The Prime Ministers all over the world entertain diplomats and state guests at their estates and funds have to be spent for their security. The case of Bhutto was not unusual. But the government was bent on finding out and using whatever it could against the Bhutto family.

"The evidence is not sufficient for the cases," I finally said.

"Then collect more evidence," the Deputy Attorney General demanded. He was less concerned with the merits of the case and more with the wishes of the rulers.

"There is none more and I have no intention of manufacturing any," I replied. The civil suits never saw the light of the day although they went on pestering me for more evidence.

In the same vein, Syed Nasir Rizvi, the minister in charge of the Capital Development Authority, and Kazmi, Chairman of C.D.A., were arraigned on charges of misuse of transport, etc., for election purposes in 1977 elections. I studied the files and found the evidence scanty and sketchy. To me the whole exercise looked as mere harassment. I didn't know whether Nasir Rizvi and Kazmi were honest or not but there was little to prove anything and I decided not to proceed any further with the cases. Nobody reminded me either.

Similar was the case of Shehzad Sadiq, the oil and gas expert fresh from America and full of zeal and energy to strike oil and gas in his homeland. He had ignored the sacrosanct but obstructionist rules, that were designed more to stifle initiative and dynamism than to achieve any noble and higher objectives. There were four cases registered against him as Chairman of Oil and Gas Development Corporation. All were of frivolous nature, one involving a misuse of Rs 65! Some vested interests wanted to harass him and he had already left the country, frustrated and in fear of prosecution.

I closed many such cases of doubtful nature registered against important personalities although none of them ever met me or I ever wished them to know.

The birds of Canary Isles. Towards the end of 1980, I received a file from the FIA head office for inquiry, under personal orders of Gen. Zia. The papers disclosed that 12 Pakistan army officers were placed for an under-cover operation, involving huge dealings in arms and money, in the Canary Islands, famous Spanish tourist resort in northwest of Africa. Five of the officers found it more lucrative to work for similar operations in connection with Iran-Iraq war instead of the operations in Afghanistan. They had deserted and were not traceable. I studied the file again and again but there was nothing that I could do about the matter. The officers were not in the country and the inquiry would only make public a secret and sensitive operation. The serious concern of Gen. Zia over indiscipline and corruption of the army officers was understandable but FIA was not the right channel for action. The army itself was better placed to look into such things. In an angry state of mind, he had simply overestimated the capability and reach of the FIA. I took back the file personally to my Director General, gave him my views and left it with him. I don't know what happened afterwards to that file and the officers though I heard later that many other ambitious and adventurous souls followed the footsteps of the birds of Canary Islands.

The inquiry into the case of Mr Justice Safdar Shah of the Supreme Court had already taken place before I took over as Director, FIA, Rawalpindi. He had dissented with the majority

view and favoured the acquittal of Bhutto in the murder case. The file indicated that he had acquired an LL.B. degree from an Indian University in the name of another Safdar without attending the classes. The original Safdar was supposed to be in Karachi while the university was across the border. The judge secretly crossed over to Kabul and then went to London to die there in misery. I don't know what would have been the result of the case if put to judicial scrutiny but perhaps the fear of martial law had the better of the judge.

Blinded honesty. Ch. Muhammad Khan, Deputy Director, Federal Investigation Agency, Multan, a competent and honest officer, conducted a raid on an income tax officer, Shaukat, for taking bribe for showing favour in a wealth tax case. The tainted currency notes were recovered lying in an envelope on the office table of the officer. The case attracted great publicity and was widely appreciated. The martial law authorities approved it for trial in a special military court. I also took it to be a solid case.

After a few days, Iftikhar Bajwa, Commissioner, Income Tax, told me that the young officer was an honest person and might have been trapped by someone out of spite. "But my Deputy Director is also a very honest man," I told him. Later my friend, Arshad Chaudhri, who belongs to Multan, also spoke to me as the father of the accused had met him and expressed suspicion that one of his estranged distant relatives might have set up the trap.

I went to Multan and looked into the matter in great detail. Ch. Muhammad Khan was convinced of the veracity of the case. It was a red-handed capture but, significantly, the bribe money had not been recovered from the officer's "exclusive personal possession," to use the official jargon for a pocket. (The envelope could have been placed on the table by somebody without the officer noticing it.) I checked the record and found that there was no case of wealth tax pending with the accused officer. Even a notice for such tax had not been issued to the concerned party. On further probe, the petitioner turned out to be a person without any trade or profession and thus there was no question of his being liable to any wealth tax. Now even Ch. Muhammad Khan started having second thoughts.

Ultimately it transpired that the distant relative, already suspected by the father of the accused officer, had conspired with the petitioner. The relative was jealous of the young man having joined a superior service and was determined to destroy his career. He paid the petitioner Rs 500 to set up a trap for the officer and the FIA.

Then a problem arose with the martial law authorities. They would not release the officer even on bail though we had found him not guilty. They suspected that the FIA was being "soft to a corrupt officer, who had been captured red-handed." A very shrewd senior officer advised me, "Prosecute the accused even if he is innocent. Otherwise, the martial law authorities are likely to form an adverse view about you too. Forget about his innocence and being victimized. Better save yourself."

Despite his elderly advice, based on his experience, I was determined to do justice without fear or favour. I went to the Deputy Martial Law Administrator (D.M.L.A.), Multan, and informed him about my findings. He was convinced and released the officer on bail.

The case did not end there. Now the tables were turned on the prosecution. The D.M.L.A., in his wisdom, wanted that action should be taken against the magistrate and the FIA staff who conducted the raid. I explained to him at length the difficulties of the FIA as the petitioners could be very clever and slick in creating fake but convincing situations. The staff had raided in good faith. The real culprits were the petitioner and the jealous relative and I promised necessary action against them. Only then the D.M.L.A. let the matter rest. I canceled the case and filed prosecution proceedings against the petitioner. The petitioner, in turn, moved as many as 23 applications with totally baseless allegations against me to the CMLA/President for taking off the hook a "corrupt" income tax officer. I was in serious trouble and had to explain my position many times. At one stage my resolve to stick to truth was badly shaken but, thank God, I did not stumble.

The dispensation of justice is an onerous and difficult duty and needs vision, openness, courage and a total commitment to truth in the face of all odds and risks of misunderstandings. In spite of the honest FIA officer, Muhammad Khan, the poor income tax officer suffered due to conspiracy of circumstances

and machinations of a wicked relative. People can go to any length to hurt others.

The near fatal carelessness. The carelessness or routine handling of a case can cause a disaster. Some refugees occupied some agricultural evacuee land in a village near Gujranwala in 1947. In 1973, the government gave proprietary rights to the occupants of such lands all over the country. The occupants in this case, like others, became owners after paying the dues at the rate of Rs 100 per unit. The government later canceled the scheme but those who had already deposited the dues were not affected. When a road bypassing the city was constructed, the land became very valuable.

Somebody jealous of the land owners moved an application to the martial law authorities that land worth Rs 80 million had been misappropriated by them in collusion with Shahid, the officer incharge of the scheme in that area. The case was dealt with superficially at the investigation level and the accused officer was never asked for his explanation. The one-sided view prevailed at all levels and the case was recommended for trial under martial law regulations. The file went to the Ministry of Interior for the sanction of prosecution. Shahid's own wife, as the Section Officer incharge, dealt with the file in routine and signed the sanction orders!

The couple got the shock of their life when the FIA officers went to arrest Shahid. Zia-ul-Hassan, Joint Secretary, Ministry of Interior, asked me to look into the case again after hearing the officer. He told me on phone, "Mrs Shahid is sitting in front of me, with tears in her eyes. She had not taken due care in processing the case of her own husband."

I looked into the case carefully and there was not even an iota of evidence against the poor man. He had taken charge of that area eight years after everything had been done and completed. The allottees had occupied the land in 1947 when Shahid was not even born! The basic flaw in the proceedings was that the point of view of the officer had not been asked for, as required under the rules, at any level and stage of the inquiry and investigation. The case, therefore, had to be canceled.

Afzal Agha became the Chief Secretary of the Punjab in the last days of Ayub Khan and continued in that position till 1974 when Hanif Ramay replaced Mustafa Khar as the Chief Minister of the province. Agha was dubbed as Khar's man and was transferred. As if it was not enough, the FIA was asked to register a case against him for having a financial share in a wine vendor's business. On inquiry, it was found that the license of the vendor had been issued in 1947 and it was impossible to accuse Afzal Agha of providing patronage at that time unless the last two digits were reversed and the year 1947 was read as 1974! I had served with Afzal Agha. He was a very efficient, decisive, fair and honest administrator of great charm and moral integrity. Bhutto treated him shabbily by getting such a baseless case registered against him. Seven painful years had passed before I saw the file. I canceled the case.

The genesis of anti-corruption bodies. I felt extremely relieved when the Chief Minister posted me as the Director, Anti-Corruption, Punjab, in September 1989 as it was a job with much less tension. After a hectic tenure of more than three years as Additional IGP, Special Branch, I did deserve some rest. Just for doing my duty honestly, I had been all the time in the crossfire between IJI and PPP. I had been persuading and encouraging all concerned to keep the country on the political course. There were many among the generals and the Muslim League leaders, who did not have the heart even to face elections to the local bodies, not to talk of general elections.

After encouraging democracy, it was now my job to discourage corruption. I was not to deal with a new phenomenon, however. After the administrative reforms of Lord Comwallis, the corruption in public services had become rare. The officers were well-paid while there was little inflation till late 1920s. They were well supervised, but had security and stability of service also. The system of administration and services was equitable, with streamlined rules and regulations and well-defined areas of authority and responsibilities. The concentration of authority was minimum. Wherever it existed in certain high offices, the open public check and accountability had also been provided.

During the Second World War, the pressures of resource mobilization in India led to complaints of corruption on a large scale in the supplies wing of the army. The virus spread and required the creation of anti-corruption bodies like the Special Police Establishment (later replaced by Federal Investigation Agency, FIA) at the center and Anti-Corruption Departments in the provinces. Lord Wavel, the second last Viceroy in India, recorded in his diaries with concern that the Anti-Corruption Department was being used more to frighten and blackmail the honest officers than dealing with the corrupt ones.

Irresistible temptations. After Independence came the problems of insecurity and uncertainty. The temptations of evacuee properties were too much for many weak characters. The insecurity about future, the advantage of social anonymity and the temptation of becoming rich overnight caused corrupt practices in the allotments and occupation of the evacuee properties. However, the religious and moral fervour and the zeal to make an honest beginning in the new country saved most of the people and public servants from falling prey to the temptations. They had respect for law and a determination to build their country on moral foundations. The dedicated officers like Qudratulla Shahab, G. Ahmad, Mian Anwar Ali, Qurban Ali Khan and Agha Shahi were shining examples of unimpeachable integrity and devotion.

The floodgates of corruption were opened after the constitution and the laws of the land were trampled upon by the generals, destroying the very basis of the system of checks and balances. The highest court in the country legitimized the abrogation of the constitution under "the doctrine of necessity." Might was, thus, given the right to call itself the right. The authority was concentrated in a few hands and those with absolute authority became absolutely corrupt, without fear of any public accountability. The law and moral values of the society were openly flouted. The students, labourers, teachers, cultivators, "maulvis", shopkeepers and all others started using their collective might to justify whatever they wished. The moral crisis was on.

The successive governments since the 1960s practised and promoted unchecked and uninterrupted corruption. They

destroyed the system by concentrating authority in a few hands and, at the same time, made public servants feel insecure by screening out honest and talented officers out of personal jealousies and vindictiveness. They used the Anti-Corruption Department to catch the honest and self-respecting public servants on technical grounds and allowed the real dishonest ones to have their day, of course, to mutual advantage.

Creating a terror. With an awareness of the historical background of the department that I was now heading, I wanted to improve things as far as I could. As had always been my practice, I opened my doors to anybody, who wanted to see me to explain his point of view. My long experience as a public servant had taught me that open-door policy was the only way to minimize the tyranny of petty officials.

I was horrified to find case files pending as far back as 20 years ago! Some of the oldest and honest hands in the office, like Ch. Allah Bakhsh and Sheikh Khalil, believed that the delay created the required terror of the Anti-Corruption Department. "But that is not the spirit of justice," I told them. "If a man was innocent and honest, how will he feel and react to delays?" That had never occurred to them. I told them, "I shall initiate some inquiries against you people and then keep them pending." I was, of course, not going to do that but they really got worried. Such a threat might, however, make them realize the evil consequences of their stupid practice. It really did.

Hearing the other side. I went through the pending files and called the public servants against whom the complaints had been filed. The question uppermost in my mind was why they did not pursue their cases. Because of the fear and terror of the department, I was invariably told. Even in cases without any solid evidence, they had no faith that they would get any justice. They thought it better to let the sleeping dogs lie. To ensure their slumber, they would bribe some of the lower officials.

Many so-called serious cases of corruption were actually the result of departmental intrigues and jealousies to block the promotions of rivals. The honest and the innocent were the worst hit. Their clever and resourceful rivals would not only get

complaints moved against them but also arrange their projection through the newspapers.

Some of the victims of intrigues had become nervous wrecks and suffered from neurosis, after having been defamed among their friends and family members. They even refused to believe that I genuinely wanted to do justice. Whenever they did confide in me, I was horrified to hear what they had been suffering and for what.

A highly qualified engineer, with foreign training, was charged with the misappropriation of a tea set. The inquiry had been pending for the last seven years. Many a time he wished to run away from the country but had to change his mind because his widowed mother could not go with him. Sometimes, in sheer desperation, he even wished her to die! The case had sapped all his creative energies. It was a cruel maneuver by some of his colleagues to keep him out of the line of promotion. I finally ended his agony by canceling the case.

Putting on the track. While I was engaged in the study and analysis of pending cases, I was lucky that Syed Azhar Hassan Nadeem was posted as my Additional Director. I knew him as a sensitive soul, a poet of merit and an intellectual of deep understanding. At the same time, he was as bold as a police officer should be. At the start of his career as an ASP, he had received a bullet in his chest while trying to maintain peace at Kalabagh, in Mianwali district. As SSP Gujranwala during martial law, he refused a very attractive temptation from a smuggling magnate. He earned great public respect by his service wherever he was posted.

Syed Azhar Nadeem took over my headaches and concerns. Along with Rana Wasey, Sheikh Khalil and Ch. Allah Bakhsh, he finalized the old cases on merit. I was happy that the officers came out of the spell of their warped thinking that keeping human beings under mental torture for an undefined period was in any way helpful. It was not easy to make them unlearn the perverse values inculcated by the successive wicked governments. But once they were back on the rails, I had a smooth sailing.

The tricks of the trade

The unwise rulers are always tempted to use *danda* (stick, a symbol of force) to get their way with their opponents and have a tight control on law and order. They easily find clever and wicked policemen and civil servants, who are too willing to do their bidding without bothering about moral scruples. The main recipe of such officers is to initiate false cases. There are other tricks of the trade also. Then there are the foibles of the misguided officers. Though such things are always counter-productive, the rulers are duped easily. Some officers are so transformed that they adopt wickedness as their only policy and lead the rulers to their doom. I came across many such cases during my career.

I had been appointed the SSP Lahore immediately after the United Democratic Front agitation in 1973 against the PPP government. During the movement, Maulana Saleemulla had been sent to jail for taking part in the movement. His son, a college student, was also arrested by Lahore Criminal Intelligence Agency (C.I.A.). His worried wife came to see me. I checked with Ch. Muhammad Sadiq, DSP, C.I.A., and was told that the boy had been found in possession of a bomb by the traffic police on the Mall. On further checking, I found that the boy had, in fact, been arrested from his house and the story of his possessing

a bomb was obviously wrong. I ordered that he may be got released on bail but the DSP was reluctant. His plea was that the boy, along with others, had been arrested to crush the agitation. "But this is no way to do it," I said. I got all the students in similar situations released on bail, including Maulana Saleemulla's son. But the experienced shrewd DSP thought I was being naive and simplistic.

Hameedulla Khan, head of Al-Uqab, a youth organization, was arrested for possessing a bomb. Hameedulla had done his M.A. and was the Secretary of the Punjab University Students Union only a year earlier. The allegation was that the bomb had been found in the drawer of a table in the office of his organization. I smelled a rat because I knew him not to be anything like a terrorist. So I decided to talk to him first.

"Why were you keeping the bomb?" I asked. He showed total ignorance about any bomb. I related the story as told to me.

"My organization has no office at all," he replied. "How could there be a table to hide a bomb?"

His story was found to be correct on checking. I asked Ch. Muhammad Amin, SP Cantonment, why a false case had been registered. He said it was done on the directions of Sardar Wakil Khan, DIG, Special Branch, to "frighten and control" the students. "What an immoral, illegal and stupid method to control students!" I exclaimed. I got Hameedulla released from the false case immediately. Of course, I was thought inexperienced and sentimental by many a shrewd old guards of imperial vintage.

A dispute was going on between Tahira Masud, then a well-known television artist, and her husband, Ch. Masud. As Tahira was active in Tehrik-i-Istiqlal, the dispute was being exploited by the ruling PPP. She, along with her eight associates, was arrested by the Civil Lines police station in a dacoity case for allegedly forcibly possessing her disputed house and the things in it. All the eight alleged associates were students belonging to Tehrik-i-Istiqlal Students Wing.

When SP Cantonment gave me the details, I doubted the veracity of the case. While I was discussing it with the SP, a call came for me to see the Governor. When I reached the Governor House, I found DIG Sardar Wakil Khan, and two Special

Assistants, Ch. Talib Husain and Sh. Javed-ur-Rahman, waiting for me instead of the Governor. They asked me to arrest a few other people also in that case and gave me a list of 67 persons, including Sh. Hafeez and Sh. Nazir, of Bhaati Gate, who were active members of Tehrik-i-Istiqlal.

"It will not be proper," I said. "Besides being immoral, it will bring a bad name to the Government." Wakil Khan reacted very strongly on my moralistic tone.

"Don't argue with me," he roared. "You are under orders to arrest them. The Government knows better what is good or bad for it. The Tehrik-i-Istiqlal will be crushed with the arrest of these people."

I retorted instantly, "The Government should pass orders in writing. Only then I shall make arrests."

Sardar Wakil was extremely annoyed with me. However, Ch. Talib and Sh. Javed understood my feelings and, changing their tone, asked me to "help" the Government.

"The best help to the Government is to do justice and not to politicize an otherwise technical case," I replied. "I shall not be a party to bringing a bad name to the Government."

I left the room and went immediately to the apartment of the Governor to see him. He called me in and I told him what had just happened. It transpired that Khar had not called me and the move of his Special Assistants and the DIG Special Branch was their own. I requested him to restrain them from such acts as it had already brought a bad name to him.

I don't know what later transpired between the Governor and others. To my knowledge, Khar or Bhutto never showed any interest in the case. Such false cases are mostly the result of the cleverness of people like Sardar Wakil and Ch. Muhammad Amin, who expect rewards for pleasing their bosses.

Tahira and her associates were released on bail within two days and the case was dealt with only on facts and merit. Hafeez Khan, a handsome young man, was one of the detenues with her. They fell in love during detention. They married after Tahira got a divorce and left politics.

The road to Larkana. A function was to be held at Larkana by the Prime Minister in honour of foreign diplomats based in Islamabad. Wakil Khan, DIG Special Branch, was asked

to send Mumtaz, a popular dancer and film actress, for performance there. He asked Ch. Abdul Ghafoor, SP City, Lahore, to arrange it. She was busy in film shootings and expressed her inability but Wakil Khan wanted her to go at all costs.

So, "action" started. The SHO Tibbi police station, not finding the artiste in his area of jurisdiction, got hold of her old mother and confined her in the police station. This made the young artiste very furious and she flatly refused to go to Larkana. She had good connections in high places. The film studios went on strike against the maltreatment and the dancing girls of Shahi Muhalla, her colleagues, came out in protest. The famous poem of Habib Jalib was widely quoted: *Larkane chalo, warna thane chalo.* (Go to Larkana or you will have to go to a police station.)

I was not aware of these developments until I received a call from SP, Larkana, that the artiste had not reached there.

"I am not aware of any such arrangement to be made by me," I told him.

"But Bhutto Sahib was told that SSP Lahore will dispatch the artiste," he told me.

On checking, I came to know that Wakil Khan had conveniently shifted the blame for failure to me!

Before I could think of a way out, my Reader came to my rescue. "Sir, I can dispatch the artiste immediately to Larkana," he offered.

"How?" I asked.

"She is one of my disciples," he explained. He was a Sayyed and a pir of many singers and dancers.

"Please do that," I said, gratefully.

The artiste went to Larkana promptly and happily.

Our rulers, who depend on the police so much, do not realize that a normal police officer is so tactless that he is not capable of handling even a dancing girl!

Honesty at what cost? Injustice is sometimes done for strange reasons. And the person doing it himself one day faces it under Allah's own judicial system. Ch. Sultan Ghani, DSP Old Anarkali, a very honest and intelligent officer, was investigating a murder case while I was SSP Lahore. I received several representations that two of the three persons nominated as

accused in the First Information Report (FIR) were absolutely innocent. The DSP also confirmed it verbally after his investigations but hesitated to record his opinion.

"Why?" I wondered.

"I shall be accused of corruption by the other party if I discharge these two," he told me.

"Why are you afraid of a baseless allegation?" I asked him. "Your honesty is well-known."

"Sir, I want to protect my name and reputation." He had his own justification.

"At what cost?" I retorted. "Getting two innocent persons convicted on false accusations?"

It appeared to be a strange kind of honesty that could sacrifice justice to a fear of false allegations. An honest officer had no qualms in giving more importance to his own reputation and image than to grave injustice to two innocent persons. I had no option but to hand over the case to another officer who did justice on the basis of facts.

Despite his great care and caution for his image, Ch. Sultan Ghani later did face cooked-up charges in some other case and was prematurely retired. (He started legal practice in Sheikhupura and is doing very well.)

Many years later, he came to me and wanted me to speak to my brother-in-law, Humayun Shafi, then ASP Sialkot, who was investigating a murder case. According to Ch. Sultan, there was only one real culprit while two of his relatives had been involved falsely in the case. I reminded him of the Old Anarkali case. He was very repentant. Humayun Shafi, to his credit, followed the truth boldly *without my speaking to him* and discharged the two innocent persons.

Secret of success. Honest people sometimes commit gross injustice to advance their career or remain at a prestigious job. SP Ch. Sharif Cheema was a very honest officer but felt proud of having done nasty things at a public meeting in Tajpura, Lahore, addressed by Mustafa Khar after he had fallen out with Bhutto.

"Why did you do all those dirty things?" I asked him while talking to him at the residence of our friend, Malik Waris.

"I did the right thing because orders from above have to be obeyed whether right or wrong," he replied. "Otherwise, the Government would have shifted me."

"So what?" I asked. "Transfer was hardly worth compliance with illegal orders."

"Sir, I joined the police as a constable and have always obeyed the orders of my superiors. That's how I have become an SP." He gave his secret of success. There are many others who do the same.

Poetic justice. I was very fond of Ustad Daman, the famous Punjabi poet. So, soon after taking over as SSP, Lahore, I went to see him one evening at his one-room humble abode near the Badshahi Masjid. He was surprised to see me and started speaking in his defence.

"I have no weapons," he pleaded. "My books are the only dangerous weapons that I have." He had been sent to jail for possessing a hand grenade before my posting as SSP Lahore.

"Ustad-ji, don't worry at all," I assured him. "I have come only to see you." But he would not believe me at all. The SSP was too big an officer to be calling on a humble man like him.

"Let us go and not waste time," he said. "I am not going to be taken in by your clever talk."

He appeared very angry and annoyed in view of the harassment and shabby treatment that the police had given him. It took me quite some time to convince him that I had really come only to pay my regards to him. Then he relaxed and we had a long talk.

"I am fond of whisky and the police could have put me in for that," he said. "The people would have believed it also. But it was very foolish of the Government to 'discover' things like grenades to keep a poor old man like me behind bars." I agreed with him fully. Since then we remained friends till his death. He stopped writing what the Government considered objectionable although we never discussed that aspect.

Daman's arrest was a case of gross mishandling, trying to control a popular poet through prosecution on baseless charges.

"Why such a false case was registered," I asked the SP concerned.

"This was the only way to keep such a dangerous man under control," he replied. "The Government wants such people to be bridled and we taught him a lesson as was done by me to another troublesome poet, Habib Jalib, in the early 1960s on the instructions of the Nawab of Kalabagh. I was the SHO Old Anarkali at that time." He stated his philosophy with great flair, trying to impress me.

"Did it stop Habib Jalib from writing his verses against Ayub Khan?" I asked him.

"No, the bastard became more defiant and, in fact, brought down Ayub Khan," he admitted.

"Then why don't we learn any lesson?" I asked.

"Sir, this is the only easy way out," he pleaded. "What else can we do when we are asked to control them? These poets are mad people and do not listen to us. We have no other method except putting them behind bars through such cases."

Then he tried to teach me something. "You should not raise too many queries, sir. You are young and I am about to retire. You will be in trouble and fail as a police officer." He was now speaking in a fatherly manner.

He told me that he had worked also with my father-in-law when he was the Deputy Commissioner of Lahore. "I advised Mian Shafi also not to show keen interest in the Ghilaf-i-Ka'ba displays along with Maulana Maudoodi but he was a sentimental Muslim and suffered for that," he told me. "He was removed as DC. It is likely to happen to you too." It was a dire waming of the coming doom from somebody who knew better.

"No, I don't want any successful tenure if it is based on wickedness." I was speaking more to myself than to the old, sly and shrewd SP, with 37 years of experience in dirt and deceit. "Let us follow the truth and not institute any false cases."

After three days, the same SP came to me and broke down in tears.

"What is the matter?" I asked him.

"I am being dismissed on an old flimsy charge of instituting a case against a PPP stalwart who is now a very important person. He thinks that was a false case against him."

"Was it really a false one?" I asked him teasingly.

"The then government was against these bastards and I did this for that government. Now I am doing the same for them. They should appreciate this and not humiliate me in my old age." He was cursing the Governor, the Government and everybody else in the foulest possible language. "It is very mean and unfair on their part to treat me so shabbily. I must have justice and mercy."

I spoke to the IGP and pointed out that the man was left with only seven months before his retirement became due and some consideration might be given to that. He spoke to the Governor and the old hag was allowed to proceed on retirement.

Misguiding the rulers. I received a letter with the orders of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, then President, written on it in his own hand, for the recovery of an "abducted girl" and the arrest of the culprits "most immediately." I was SSP Rawalpindi then. The complainant was a PPP worker of Murree, who had alleged that his graduate sister had been forcibly abducted by his neighbour with the active help of Raja Muhammad Sarwar and Raja Ghulam Sarwar, two well-known transporters and zamindars of Ghora Gali, near Murree. He also alleged that the Raja brothers had done the ghastly act to terrorize a devoted poor PPP worker as they were very influential and belonged to the Muslim League. Bhutto was naturally upset and wanted immediate action.

I weighed the whole available information, went to Murree personally and met the complainant also. A case was registered and three teams were formed for the recovery of the girl. But I did not want to arrest the elderly Raja brothers until the girl had been recovered because her being a graduate indicated that she was an adult and might have gone of her own accord. I was acting in the light of my experience and moral propriety although many police officers advised me that the two brothers should be arrested promptly to satisfy the President even if they were not even remotely connected with the affair. But I did not want to damage the reputation of two respectable citizens for the rest of their lives without any valid reason.

The girl was recovered from a remote area of Dargai in the NWFP after 21 days of hectic efforts. She was produced before a magistrate as required under the law. She deposed that

she had gone with the accused boy of her own volition and had legally married him. She was an adult and had the legal right to do so. She refused to see her brother as she was afraid of his retribution. (Their parents were not alive.)

"Sir, what should I do now in view of the clear orders of the President?" the Station House Officer (SHO) asked me. An order was an order for him whatever the actual situation might be, especially when the order was from the highest authority.

"Just follow the law," I told him.

The case was canceled and the boy was released. But the complainant could not be satisfied until he had avenged the dishonour to his family, even though the fault lay with his own sister. He met Bhutto at Murree and protested very loudly against all of us, dubbing us "the most corrupt" and "under the influence of the capitalists and jagirdars." The President became very angry, believing that his clear orders had been defied. He ordered Saeed Ahmad Khan to look into the matter and get all the accused behind bars.

Saeed Ahmad was a retired police officer and should have understood when I explained to him the facts and circumstances of the case. On the contrary, he went on advising me to put Raja brothers behind bars to satisfy the complainant and to cool off Bhutto. My sense of duty and justice, however, did not allow me to do so and ultimately I declined to oblige him. He was furious and felt insulted.

Trying to frame a charge of inefficiency against me when everything else was on my side, he asked me to explain in writing why it took 21 days to recover the girl "in violation of the clear Presidential directive for immediate recovery." I sent him a detailed reply, describing the hectic efforts by the police and also quoting the verbal discussions in which he had suggested unnecessary arrests just to satisfy the President. At the end of my letter, I wrote, "I am sure the President does not wish anything contrary to law." Saeed Ahmad put up my reply to Bhutto, with his own note that "the SSP has beaten about the bush." Bhutto wrote on the file, "Hell with it. The girl must have been lusty." Gen. Ishaq, Military Secretary to the President, showed me the noting and told me, "Bhutto has asked me not to send this file to Saeed Ahmad Khan."

Zahoor Elahi abduction case. After a few days of my taking over as SSP Lahore, I received a phone call from somebody, whose name I don't recall, that one Shafi had been abducted and was being carried away towards Chung, west of Lahore. He had already informed the police emergency center and requested immediate help. I asked the police control to take all necessary action immediately. I had no idea what was going on.

After a week or so, I was at the airport to receive the Governor. Wakil Khan also came there.

"You have been quoted as a defence witness in a petition by Ch. Zahoor Elahi in the Lahore High Court," he told me. It was a surprise for me.

"What is the matter?" I asked. He then told me about the phone call and my consequent actions and asked me not to make any statement about that before the court.

"I did receive the call and I shall have to own that and stick to truth before the court," I told him.

"That will damage the Government position as the person alleged to have been abducted is relevant to the Zahoor Elahi case," he said

"Then how is the Government concerned with that and why should I tell a lie?" I asked.

"You don't understand the implications," he told me surreptitiously in a whisper after taking me aside. "Ch. Zahoor Elahi has been dispatched to Balochistan to be tackled there and we don't want any traces left here."

"If I am called, I shall not say anything false before the court," I told him most firmly. He was all fire and fury and called me a fool on my face. I just smiled. Then he threatened that he would complain to the Governor against me. I remained silent. Mustafa Khar arrived and was taken aside by Wakil Khan for quite some time. Then I was called by the Governor to join in their conversation.

"Why are you not listening to Wakil Khan?" Khar asked me. I told him that the episode would put the Government in a tight corner.

"How?" he asked me. I narrated the whole story and the background given by Wakil Khan. Khar was surprised and asked Wakil Khan, "Why I was not informed about all this?"

"Orders from above, sir," Wakil Khan replied sheepishly.

"But who spoke to you?" Khar demanded angrily.

"Mr Saeed Ahmad Khan," was the reply. Khar walked away.

I learnt later that the petition had been withdrawn and Ch. Zahoor Elahi returned from Balochistan safe and sound. He was a prominent Muslim League leader, Secretary General of the party during Ayub Khan period, and now a bitter opponent of Bhutto. He was later assassinated, allegedly by some Al-Zulfiqar elements.

After some time, Saeed Ahmad Khan came to Lahore and threatened me with dire consequences for having spoiled their game. I was very polite with him and tried to convince him that such things were likely to boomerang and that I had told everything to the Governor also. He was furious and said, "I shall sort out your Governor also." He looked very swollen-headed and menacing while I remained polite, but without compromising on any principle.

I reported this incident to IGP Sahibzada Raoof Ali as I had already briefed him on the earlier episode at the airport. He felt disturbed. He considered Saeed Ahmad a dangerous person. He took me to the Governor in the evening and discussed the incident.

"I have already discussed the matter with Bhutto Sahib," the Governor told us. According to him, Bhutto had told him, "I don't know what these wicked police officers are doing behind my back. Don't let them do anything stupid."

"Keep an eye on Wakil Khan," he advised the IGP.

"Sir, request Bhutto Sahib to bridle such people before they do greater damage," the IGP suggested to the Governor.

On the way back, Sahibzada Sahib said, "Now Saeed Ahmad Khan will start intriguing against Khar. I shall handle Wakil Khan. You don't have to worry."

"How can they act independently?" I asked.

"They can and they are acting to increase their own importance," he replied. "Saeed Ahmad Khan, Masood

Mahmood and Wakil Khan cannot but act evil. It is a dangerous trio and they will try to trap all of us in the snare of wickedness and violence. Just remain alert."

While going home, I dropped at the residence of Haji Akram, who was the Home Secretary by then. I told him the whole story. I was surprised that he already knew about the earlier airport episode. (Khar himself had told him.)

"Mustafa Khar has a very high opinion of you," he assured me. "So, you should not worry at all."

"I am not worried about myself," I said, "but about the whole system. These people cannot grow beyond filing false criminal charges and creating dangerous situations to force the political opponents to kneel down before them."

"This is what police officers can and will do," he said. "Bhutto will be destroyed by these police officers, who know only the evil ways. As for you, keep a low profile for the time being."

It was perhaps the best way out under the circumstances.

On not becoming the IGP

After getting the vote of confidence in the Punjab Assembly in October 1986, the Chief Minister asked me to become the Inspector General of the Police (IGP). I declined politely, saying that I was still very junior. But he said he knew that Abbas Khan was junior to me in my batch and was already IGP NWFP. (He must have checked with the Establishment Division.) "But, sir, I have not been formally promoted to the rank of IGP," I added.

Shortly afterwards, a meeting of the federal promotion board was called. I came to know that in the marking system I was short by two marks. I went to see Aftab Ahmad Khan, Establishment Secretary, and told him about my problem. I was meeting him for the first time. He told me that Brig. Zafar Iqbal had already spoken to him. Then he said, "I read all the papers written by you in the Federal Security Cell. I have never seen papers written by a public servant with such depth and vision. You put Pakistan on rails at a critical juncture. You will be promoted definitely. This is my responsibility. Don't worry about the marks. Officers like you are an asset for the country."

Saying that, he got up from his chair, came to me and embraced me warmly. I was moved by his kindness and warmth.

The promotion board cleared seven officers for promotion to the rank of Inspector General of Police. I was the last on the list. The summary for promotion was sent to the Prime Minister for his approval. Mirza Muhammad Ali, SP, Special Branch, Rawalpindi, informed me that IGP S.D. Jamy had met Junejo. After that the Prime Minister approved the promotion of the first five officers on the list and dropped the last two names, of Ch. Manzoor Ahmad and mine, on the ground that only five clear vacancies were available. Muhammad Ali had learnt that the entire exercise was to get my name excluded from the formal promotion list so that I might not be eligible to become the IGP. Jamy must be feeling insecure in his seat.

But promotion was my right. I brought it to the notice of the Chief Minister. He spoke to the Prime Minister, who took the plea of lack of vacancies. Nawaz Sharif explained that I was already holding a cadre job of Additional IGP on acting basis. There was a need for only one more vacancy and he would take Ch. Manzoor Ahmad also in the Punjab, who was immediately above me in the promotion list. On the insistence of Mian Sahib, the Prime Minister approved our promotion after a month. After my formal promotion on regular basis, I continued to work as Additional IGP, Special Branch. The services of Ch. Manzoor were placed at the disposal of the Government of the Punjab.

I suggested to Ch. Manzoor that he should thank the Chief Minister for his help in promotion. I took him to Navid Ahsan, Secretary to the Chief Minister, who immediately arranged the interview. Ch. Manzoor went in while I sat with Navid. Within a few minutes, Manzoor came out, smiling as well as visibly surprised. We were also surprised that his interview was over so soon. I asked him, "What is the matter?" But he went on laughing.

Finally, Ch. Manzoor told us that he had hardly opened his mouth to thank Mian Sahib for his help in promotion than he said, "No, no. I have not helped you. Ch. Sardar has helped you. I wanted his promotion. You were senior to him. So we had to promote you. I don't know you. He speaks good of you. Welcome to Punjab. I shall give you a suitable posting."

Ch. Manzoor was meeting Mian Sahib for the first time and was extremely impressed by his truthfulness. He said, "He is an angel in such times. How will he survive in politics? People try to put you under obligation even for petty things. But here is a man who got me promoted and also transferred to the Punjab but he does not want to give even the impression of being a benefactor. He is really a very noble man." I told Manzoor how I had landed in the Punjab. "He is a politician with a difference, a man of a different hue and destiny," I said.

No wish to be dubbed an intriguer. The second time I was asked to become IGP was in February 1987. Nawaz Sharif took Haji Akram and me to the Linear Park, Model Town, for a walk. ("Linear Park" is a typical bureaucratic name for a long but very narrow green strip along Ferozepur Road, near the home of Mian Sahib. The people have a better sense and call it "Nawaz Sharif Park.")

He asked Haji Akram to persuade me to take over as IGP as I had been promoted formally by that time.

"Why are you afraid of becoming IGP?" Mian Sahib suddenly asked me.

"No, sir, I am not afraid," I replied. "I don't want to be viewed as an intriguer. Jamy tried to block my promotion so that I could not succeed him. Now if I succeed him, he will go around saying that I had intrigued against him. Nobody will accept my version that I had earned the position on merit. I care more for my self-esteem and dignity than the prestigious office of IGP. I know it will come to me whenever Allah wants that way."

Haji Sahib said, "Don't be afraid of what other people or your colleagues may say. You are senior and competent." Then, turning to Mian Sahib, he added, "Issue his orders, sir. He will take over." I had to be silent after what Haji Akram had said and our walk meeting ended at that note.

On the way back, Haji Sahib expressed his annoyance on my "philosophic and timid attitude." He upbraided me, "You had behaved in a similar manner and observed the social niceties when Qazi Azam had posted you as DIG Rawalpindi."

I told Haji Sahib, "I shall do whatever you and Mian Sahib decide."

I was mentally prepared but the orders never came. I don't know why nor I asked anybody. I was also not keen and continued to do my own job.

The Punjab Cabinet was meeting in the Jinnah (Town) Hall of Murree in July 1987. Sardar Arif Rashid, a minister, complained against the misbehaviour of a traffic ASI with his wife but IGP Jamy defended the ASI vigorously. The other members of the cabinet also had certain complaints against the police. There was a heated discussion and the atmosphere became tense. The Chief Minister also intervened.

Jamy was in a bad temper. Sitting next to him, I advised him to cool down but in vain. He complained of too much political interference and said that the administration had gone to dogs. (He was largely right.) When the atmosphere became too tense, all officers, except the Chief Secretary and the Home Secretary, were asked to leave the meeting.. I came to know later that the IGP, after a long discussion, was asked to improve matters within a month. In the following month, Jamy was transferred and Ch. Nisar Ahmad Cheema took over as the acting IGP.

No wish to be on a weak moral ground. After about a month, my friend Khaliq Awan met Anwar Zahid, the Chief Secretary. Anwar Zahid told Awan, "I am keen to make Cheema the IGP as he is my friend but so is Ch. Sardar. I hope Sardar will not mind." Awan already knew my mind and said, "I know Ch. Sahib is not keen to be IGP. You can go ahead with Cheema."

Khaliq Awan conveyed to me the views of Anwar Zahid and I went to see him. I told him that I was not keen to be the IGP and was happy where I was. He thought I was not coming out with my true feelings and it took me some time to convince him that I meant what I had said. I knew I still had a long time to go and impatience had never been my weakness. This time Nawaz Sharif did not ask me directly to become the IGP as he might be thinking that I was still not willing to shoulder the responsibility. Soon afterwards, Nisar Cheema was made the IGP.

Nisar Cheema was suddenly transferred and recalled by the federal government in early 1989. The Chief Minister called a meeting to decide about the new IGP. It was attended by Ghulam

Haider Wyne, Ch. Shuja'at Husain, Ch. Nisar Ali, Anwar Zahid, Chief Secretary, Malik Majeed, Secretary to the Chief Minister, and me. I was asked to take over as the IGP. It was the third time that Nawaz Sharif had offered me the prestigious and powerful job.

I thanked the Chief Minister for placing his trust in me but expressed the view that it would be inappropriate and incorrect to elevate my position immediately after my suspension by the federal government. (I had been suspended only a week or so earlier.) I did not like that he and I should take a position that would be morally unsound after taking a stand on principles. I would have been personally vindicated, no doubt, and my family, upset on my suspension, too would have been consoled. But I wanted to be correct. Otherwise, my pride of professional rectitude, that I had preserved so assiduously throughout my career, would have been destroyed. I had never taken my job as a source of power or authority but as a mission to uphold the majesty of law. The authority was essential only for discharging my responsibilities that I always considered a sacred trust from Allah Almighty.

The views expressed by me surprised everybody in the meeting. There was a wide appreciation of my attitude. Anwar Zahid was especially very generous. He and I then recommended that Ch. Manzoor Ahmad be posted as IGP. (He was then serving in the Punjab as Secretary Population Planning.) The federal government and Rao Rashid, not wavering in their wicked attitude, pressurized Ch. Manzoor to refuse the posting but their efforts failed and he took over as IGP.

No wish for a reward. After the elections in 1990, Anwar Zahid, who had been selected by Nawaz Sharif to be the Principal Secretary to the Prime Minister, asked me again whether I wanted to be the IGP Punjab.

I replied, "Yes, but after some time. Let my friend Ch. Manzoor have a respectable tenure."

"Are you sure that you are saying this after due deliberations?" he asked. "If so, I'll tell Mian Sahib."

"Certainly," I told him. "I am quite happy as Director Anti-Corruption." So, Ch. Manzoor continued as IGP.

Mian Sahib thought that I had suffered so much for his sake and must be compensated by a prestigious posting. I told him that I had taken a stand on principles and in accordance with law. It was enough for me that my position had been vindicated by the Lahore High Court. I did not need any compensation. I have always viewed a senior post as an onerous responsibility rather than authority to be flaunted and enjoyed. I relish performing my duty correctly and as a contribution to the welfare of my people. It gives me satisfaction and happiness.

I also declined an offer of the post of the Director General of Federal Investigation Agency in 1990 because Wajahat Latif, my friend and batch mate, had been there only for three months and I did not want to disturb him. Anwar Zahid asked me to become IGP Sindh but I preferred to stay as Director, Anti-Corruption. Then he wanted me to become the Director, Intelligence Bureau, the senior most position in the police cadre. Dr Safdar Mahmood and Haji Akram, my close friends, also advised me to become the DIB. I liked the job as it suited my temperament but the incumbent, Zafar Iqbal Rathore, had been there only for four months and I thought he too should complete his tenure gracefully.

The post of Director, Intelligence Bureau, was offered once again in another way. Shehbaz Sharif, younger brother of the Prime Minister, invited me to a dinner and sounded me about it but I did not warm up. I thought the Prime Minister himself should have talked to me for such a sensitive job. I did not want to take any posting, however important it might have been, as a favour from anybody as being under obligation, or even a feeling of it, could affect my sense of judgment.

The public servants are not playthings. They have duties to discharge. The postings and transfers are not only important for a public servant and his family, particularly for the education of his children, but are also of paramount importance for the government and the people. To have efficient and effective administration, the right man must be at the right job and at the right time. The postings must not become a measure in the hands of rulers and administrators only for pleasing or penalizing public servants. For a clean and efficient administration, the career advancement should not even occur to a senior administrator. It should follow a definite streamlined pattern. The pride and self-

respect of a public servant must not be damaged. There are the service and seniority rules to free the officers from such worries and to enable them to work with full dedication. I have seen many honest officers fumbling before their seniors and flattering them to save or advance their careers. The seniors then play with their desires.

Most of my friends were surprised by my attitude. In fact, they even held it against Mian Sahib as if he had let down an officer, who had staked his whole career for him. When I would explain the real position, they would call me crazy. Khawar Zaman, my class fellow and batch mate, observed, "Some people think that you consider the position of IGP beneath your dignity and are aiming much higher."

"I am not without a posting and Director Anti-Corruption is not a bad posting either," I told him.

"Our colleagues do not understand it," said Khawar, who had already been the IGP Sindh. "They are surprised that you have declined such good offers from Mian Sahib. They would have jumped at the first such offer. Therefore, there must be something more to your refusal."

"IGP is the highest position for a police officer," I said. "We both joined as ASPs and wish to end our careers as IGPs. How can I aim higher when that is the highest position? Unless I go to Mian Sahib and ask him to vacate his own office for me!" We both had a hearty laugh.

Many people continued to interpret my attitude in their own way but I treated them with the indifference of Plato, who called public opinion "a shadow of the shadow and farthest from reality."

No wish to be pushed around. Then a crisis suddenly developed and the circumstances changed with such a lightning speed and in such a manner that I could not refuse any more and had to takeover as IGP Punjab.

On June 17, 1991, a traffic ASI misbehaved with two Muslim League members of the Punjab Assembly in front of the Assembly chambers. They had coloured sheets on their car windows, a violation of rules against which the traffic police were then running a vigorous campaign. When they did not take th

policeman's objection seriously, considering it an insult by a lowly public servant, the ASI too became adamant. He even took out his service revolver on them.

The Assembly was in session. The MPAs, emotional and agitated, rushed into the hall and protested very strongly on their humiliation. They demanded stern action against the ASI and SP traffic. Other members, who all belonged to the party in power, not only supported the demand but also wanted the transfer of the IGP as many of them were not happy with him for one reason or the other. Then most of the MPAs came out on the Mall in a protest procession and refused to come back till their demands were met. Ghulam Haider Wyne, the Chief Minister, lost his nerve. To pacify his own party MPAs, he ordered action against the ASI and the SP. He also transferred the IGP.

Ch. Manzoor was away to Sargodha on tour and rushed back to Lahore. I came to know of the developments in the evening and went to see him. He was more surprised than shocked on his transfer. It was the worst form of pressure and interference to ask for the transfer of the IGP for the misconduct of an ASI but the MPAs wanted to assert themselves.

In reality, the MPAs were fed up with the merit policies of Ghulam Haider Wyne and Ch. Manzoor Ahmad. They wanted the things their way. They wanted SHOs, DSPs and SPs of their own choice in their constituencies and under their own diktat. But if they could have it, the administration would become partisan, their political opponents would be victimized and the impartiality of the investigating officers would become suspect. The people would lose faith in the police officers, who would be under the thumb of their local political bosses.

The Chief Minister and the IGP had been trying to check the deterioration in administration through a strict policy of merit. The MPAs were extremely unhappy and had been grumbling about it. The incident provided them with an immediate excuse to put pressure for the transfer of the IGP and the Chief Minister succumbed to it.

Administratively, it was a very unhealthy development. The police generally felt offended. The press also went against the irresponsible behaviour of the people's representatives and supported the law enforcer. (In fact, the ASI became a minor public hero.) In my view, the transfer of the IGP needed to be

canceled to restore the impact of the administration but it had been announced on radio and television by the time I discussed it with Ch. Manzoor.

The next day I received a phone call from the Prime Minister. He asked for my views on the incident in Lahore and then called me to Islamabad. Anwar Zahid, Principal Secretary, and Saeed Mehdi, Additional Secretary to the Prime Minister, wanted me to become the IGP. Saeed Mehdi was particularly keen for my appointment as he believed that I was the only one who could handle the police and the MPAs equally well, firmly and tactfully. He had already drummed it into the ears of the Prime Minister and others around him.

I met the Prime Minister at 7 p.m. on June 18 with Ch. Nisar Ali, Special Assistant to the Prime Minister, and Anwar Zahid. The Prime Minister believed that the administration would become very weak if an IGP could be shifted in the manner it had been under pressure from the MPAs. He was feeling very perturbed and even thought of countermanding the orders of the Chief Minister. I endorsed his views. However, Anwar Zahid believed that in that case the Chief Minister would have to resign and there would be serious political and party problems. Ch. Nisar Ali agreed with him. I made it clear that the administration had already fallen apart. If the MPAs continued to interfere in postings, transfers and other administrative affairs, there could be anarchy. Even the government could fall because of maladministration.

"We need the goodwill and support of the MNAs and MPAs also," said Ch. Nisar Ali.

"Yes, I know," I agreed. Then I dilated upon some basic issues in case they were thinking to post me as the IGP. "If I am the IG, I must be given a free hand. You may handle it politically. You may call a meeting of MNAs and MPAs and discuss it openly. Tell them that they should not allow themselves to be exploited by clever public servants who seek postings of their choice. I'll also ensure that my officers do not go to them to seek their support and favour but I shall also not brook any interference in the administrative affairs. I assure you that I shall try to minimize your political problems from the public representatives also but there is a limit to which one can accommodate them. I

shall not allow any injustice on any grounds, nor the ruling party politicians will be able to shelter criminals on one pretext or another. I shall see to it that my officers and subordinates become public officials of justice and fairplay. You give me your support and I shall give you good police. With that you can ensure good governance, which means being near to the hearts of the people."

They all agreed with my views. It was decided that a party meeting would be called to discuss the issue and the Assembly members would be asked not to interfere in administrative matters of the police.

Nawaz Sharif appreciated my frank analysis. As desired by him, I went again to the Prime Minister Secretariat the next day. Saeed Mehdi told me that the Chief Minister and the Chief Secretary also wanted me to be the IGP and they had already spoken to the Prime Minister. They were aware of the resentment in the police ranks on the humiliating manner in which the IGP had been transferred and believed that I was the only one who could carry along both the policemen and the MPAs. He alerted me to remain ready to take over immediately as the Prime Minister had already decided to post me as the IGP. Ch. Shuja'at Husain, Minister for Interior, met me in the office of Anwar Zahid and congratulated me on becoming the IGP. At that moment it became clear to me that now there was no escaping the responsibility.

Anwar Zahid and I were called to the Prime Minister's chamber. Mian Sahib said, "Chaudhry Sahib, I am going to Lahore tomorrow. I want to see you in uniform at the airport there. Wish you good luck in the new assignment. You will have a free hand." He left no possibility for any further discussion. I thanked him for placing his trust in me and left his chamber, burdened with a very onerous responsibility. I received him in the uniform of the IGP at the Lahore airport in the afternoon of June 20, 1991, after having taken over the charge that morning.

Ch. Nisar Ali, who accompanied Mian Sahib, complimented me on "looking smart and towering above others around you."

"Thanks for your compliment," I replied. "My height, inherited from my tall parents, is six feet but that doesn't mean I am imposing."

Serving at the top

Ilyas Mohsin, a colleague and a friend, gave me a book, "Policing with the Consent of People," written by the chief of the London Metropolitan Police. I returned it after reading it with interest. He was fascinated by the book and was disappointed when I did not praise it much. He would often discuss the contents with me and urge a similar system in Pakistan. In my opinion, it was not relevant to our conditions. When he kept on insisting and even called me "a traditional tyrannical police officer," I had to finally tell him that policing of that kind was not possible in our country.

"Why?" he asked me angrily.

"Before you have policing by consent, you have to have governance by consent of the people," I replied. "What do you say about martial law? Do you think it is with the consent of the people? Policing by consent represents the whole system. Let democracy be restored and we will try to evolve such policing by phases and degrees. For the present, you and I can do nothing except read about such excellent concepts that are out of context for us. In the meantime, I hope Gen. Zia does not ban your favourite book!" He heard me in rapt attention and then said, "Yes, you are right. The whole system needs to be reoriented. We are free only in name." The year was 1980.

When I took over as the Inspector General of Police, Punjab, in 1991, I had the concept of policing by consent clearly in my mind but I had a long way to go. I had been practising it earlier at junior posts. This time I needed the support and understanding of the entire community. Before I could reach the community, I had to have the unqualified understanding and support of my own officers and men. I had to carry the executive and the government with me. I had to get closer to the judiciary to convince them that we were going to remove the dust from our books of law and rules. I had to explain my point of view to all sections of the society and get their active support. The agenda was daunting.

The challenges on the ground demanded a response of almost superhuman dimensions. The criminals were having a free run and crime rate was soaring. Crime had become organized, violent and profitable. The smuggling and trafficking in narcotics was rampant at a large scale, under the patronage of influential persons. A common view had emerged over the years that if somebody could become the absolute ruler of the country with the might of arms, why not have domination in ones own city, ward or village by the might of ones illegitimate arms?

The population explosion, urbanization, unemployment, drugs, and the breakdown of moral, social, religious and family values had created their own complications. The defective examination system and a premium on marks had introduced corrupt practices that destroyed the morals and the sacred relationship between the teacher and the student. The drop-outs from schools and colleges were having kicks through crime. The schools and colleges had become nurseries of crime and immorality, producing young criminals unknown to the police.

The economy was suffering and investment was declining. The banks and business houses were being looted in daylight. The abduction for ransom had become common. The businessmen and their families had to move under security guards. The only business flourishing was that of private security agencies.

The government was desperate as the crime situation was getting out of hand. The Prime Minister had to cancel his important tour to Japan because of the panic caused by the massacre of a family in Islampura (formerly Krishan Nagar) area

of Lahore. The normal activity was coming to a standstill while fear and confusion reigned supreme.

The only remedy that could occur to the rulers and the bureaucrats was to suspend the SHO, DSP or SP of the area where some violent and sensational crime took place. The officers on the receiving end would rush to their patron MNA or MPA to save themselves from the blind wrath of their superiors or the government. They also avoided to register such cases as far as possible so as not to provide a cause for their own suspension.

The demoralized police had no capacity or capability to face the well-armed, fast-moving criminals. Against a criminal's Kalashnikov or Uzi of the latest design, the policeman had unserviceable weapons of the early part of the century, with little ammunition. While the criminal had the fast moving vehicles of latest models, the poor SHO had years old rickety vehicle, if at all, to chase him. The police had no systematic records of crime and criminals. Whenever some sensational crime took place, they were perplexed and did not know what to do and from where to start. The government gave the handicapped police no resources to meet the frightening challenges.

The Punjab Police were no longer an efficient body of professionally trained and dedicated officers and men. The Force was no more a symbol of law - an instrument of justice. It appeared as a tormentor to the public and was a perpetrator of tyranny and injustice in the view of courts. It was a crowd in uniform, recruited and groomed to terrorize the people through brutalities and prop up unpopular governments and dictatorships. It had become the strong arm of the executive instead of law, carrying out ruler's orders, right or wrong. It was an obedient servant not of rules but of rulers, interested only in saving jobs. It was a travesty of facts to designate the police as a law enforcer.

I knew the Punjab police quite well as I had served in the province during most of my service. I was under no allusion about the feelings of the people. I also knew that the functions of the police were such that it could never be popular even in the best of times. It was, however, not impossible to earn the respect of the people.

Their senior officers, instead of solving the problems of subordinates and guiding them, were all the time scaring them

with draconian punishments. The officers had, in fact, adopted an exculpatory behaviour to save their own skin. They had little courage to be realistic and truthful and passed all the blame downward for everything going wrong, alienating the subordinates by their insensitivity.

The successive commands had failed most miserably to inspire confidence in the lower echelons. They provided them with no guidance, no training, no equipment, no arms, no transport, even no working place. Many policemen in large cities had their police stations in tents and took refuge at night in mosques, orphanages and poor houses. Nobody had ever bothered to see how they were surviving.

I found the Punjab police demoralized, despondent, corrupt, callous, directionless, overwhelmed, and alienated both from its own command and the people. I was not happy to take over as its chief but, having accepted the responsibility, I decided with full determination to try to lift it up from the morass in which it had fallen. The change had to come from within and we had to help ourselves. For me it was an act of faith. I decided to act on my own and motivate every section of the society to unite and act against crime and criminals. My motto was "faith not fraud, truth not tricks."

Good smile and a deaf ear. I was most respectful to my seniors but I also did not want anything inappropriate and improper to take place. I had to shore up the collapsing system and restore the discipline and morale of my force. Immediately after I took over, I transferred many officers, who had become the favourites of important persons. They made hectic efforts and brought tremendous pressure on me but I did not change even a single posting. Even in other cases, I did not heed to unjustified demands for postings or transfers.

The Prime Minister called a party meeting at Murree. The Chief Secretary and I were also called there to meet the Prime Minister and the Chief Minister afterwards. In the meeting, it was decided to give the IGP a free hand and not to interfere in the administrative affairs. During the lunch after the meeting, Amjad Waraich, an MPA from Gojra, Faisalabad district, came to me, along with Ch. Pervez Elahi and a dozen other MPAs, and asked

that DSP Nabi Bakhsh Lak be shifted forthwith from his constituency.

"Why?" I asked.

"I have been told on phone that he has arrested my brother Khalid for the possession of an unlicensed Kalashnikov," the MPA replied. "This is a great insult to me and I cannot face my people." He was strongly supported by his colleagues.

I promised to check the facts but they insisted on immediate transfer. I referred to what they had decided a few minutes earlier in the party meeting but in vain. I gave a good smile and turned a deaf ear. They went to the Chief Minister, who desired me to shift the DSP. I did not want to embarrass him in the big crowd of the MPAs and did not say anything. Later, after I had explained to him the nature of the case, he directed me to deal with the matter on merit. I did not transfer the DSP though the MPA continued to pressurize the Chief Minister and cabinet members with the help of his other colleagues.

Ultimately, the matter was raised in the cabinet. They wanted me to satisfy the MPA but I stuck strongly to my position. "It is my legal duty to get the brother of the MPA convicted and I shall do my duty without fear or favour," I told the cabinet. "The possession of illegal weapons is not only a serious offence in itself but also facilitates and promotes other crimes. If I am to let him off because he is the brother of an MPA, how can I take action against others? I want the party decision about noninterference to be implemented in letter and spirit." I did not transfer the DSP and the Chief Minister did not press me further.

In a similar matter, Mian Muhammad Azhar, the Governor, asked me during a meeting to act against my better judgment. I declined politely but he continued to insist, embarrassing me in the presence of the Chief Secretary, Home Secretary and other officers. He did not stop even at that. Implying a threat, he observed that "the previous IG had to go due to a similar attitude." That was too much. "You have to first change me, sir, before doing anything else," I told him. "I had shown no keenness for becoming the IG. I would like to do things in my own way." He had to eat a humble pie in the presence of Rana Maqbool, DIG, Lahore, and SSP Ch. Tanveer Ahmad and others in the meeting. It was a matter of principle.

Otherwise, I had nothing against Mian Azhar. I knew him since long as a very fine person. To his credit, he did not have anything against me after that unpleasant exchange.

General's justification. Gen. Asif Nawaz, Chief of Army Staff, wanted for his cousin DSP Hamid Nawaz a posting of his choice. I could not oblige him because Hamid's reputation was not good. When the General talked to Ch. Nisar Ali, he was told that Hamid was corrupt according to the IGP. "So what?" Gen. Asif roared. "All policemen are corrupt." He then approached Shehbaz Sharif, the Prime Minister's brother, who spoke to me but I stood firm because I wanted every policeman to know where the real authority lay. When the same Hamid Nawaz showed great bravery in arresting a dangerous gang of criminals, I called him myself and gave him a better posting as a reward.

There was another case relating to the General. The posting of Inspector Anwar Virk, an honest officer, in Jhelum, did not suit Raja Afzal, an IJI MNA of the area. He incited Gen. Asif Nawaz to an extent that he spoke against me to Anwar Zahid, alleging that I had posted the inspector as a favour to Ch. Khadim Husain, MPA, who was from my "biradari". It was totally wrong. I saw the General in Rawalpindi. After I explained the real situation, he was quite apologetic and admitted that he had been misled.

In matters of promotion also I put my foot down and refused to be a party to out-of-turn promotions unless merited because of extraordinary gallantry. The dearest friends and nearest relatives of mine were very disappointed as I did not make even a single exception. I had to take a very firm and rigid attitude against my own natural inclination as I wanted to improve the falling standards of discipline and performance. But it was quite tiring to do all that with a smile on my face!

The Prime Minister wanted to promote Mirza Muhammad Ali, a fine officer otherwise, out of turn and post him as DIG Faisalabad. I resisted it to the last even after Ghulam Haider Wyne and Ch. Nisar Ali had failed to prevail upon the Prime Minister to change his mind. I called Mirza Muhammad Ali and conveyed my strong displeasure and disapproval on this kind of approach. I also did not oblige the Prime Minister when he

desired strongly that the motorcycle pilot of his entourage be given out-of-turn promotion. He was decent enough not to press me further after I explained that it would set a bad precedent.

Open Door policy. There was the other side of the coin. Some of the subordinates, unable to get justice, were seeking the help of politicians to secure their *legitimate* rights! They had to be saved from the insensitivity of their own officers. If the subordinates are sure of getting their rights normally, they will never compromise their self-respect and go to influential people for help.

To strike a balance and ensure justice, I opened my doors to all, from the constables upwards, to hear their points of view and grievances. I urged my DIGs and SPs also to open their doors to their subordinates and demonstrate fairness and sense of justice in service and welfare matters. The officers, as a class, had been distancing themselves from their subordinates to avoid allegations of tyranny and corruption, which arose from the passing down of illegal orders of illegitimate governments. They would hide themselves behind the sanctity of the orders of the rulers, irrespective of their being legal or illegal. They had to get rid of that complex and share the responsibility of improving the situation along with their subordinate staff.

There was no point in the officers dubbing the police station staff as bad as a class and presuming their own selves as angels. The police station staff had the immediate responsibility as the people in distress had to go to them first. But they had no guidance from their seniors, no resolute support, not even a sympathetic understanding. Naturally, there was despondency, callousness and corruption. It was for the senior officers to take them out of the morass.

Initially, my views seemed heresy to them. They had mostly looked down upon their subordinates while I was asking them to treat them almost at par. DIGs and SPs had less courage and understanding than many constables but how could they accept it? My ideas were disturbing to many but I was determined to shake them out of their snuggery and push them into the churning wheels of life and activity.

Seminar in Sargodha. I asked the senior officers to talk one-to-one to the policemen at the lowest levels but they were reluctant. They agreed in the DIGs conference but most of them did not follow it up. I watched and waited patiently but nothing happened. Then I decided to show them the way.

On my request, Ahmad Nasim, DIG Sargodha, a very enterprising and intelligent officer, organized a seminar on the working of police stations. It was attended by police officers of all levels, professors, lawyers, judges, magistrates, intellectuals, journalists, councilors and MNAs and MPAs of the Sargodha division. I myself went to attend it. Excellent papers were read and various points of view were expressed freely. The result was a deep and wide understanding of the police working.

We encouraged free discussion and criticism. The policemen expressed their limitations and difficulties while others had their complaints. There were moments of friction but some bridges of understanding were also built. The policemen were being accountable to the people while MNAs and MPAs were expressing their resolve to stand for justice and peace. The DIGs and SPs listened intently while it was explained how SHOs and Muharrirs of police stations met emergency calls without any resources. The frank talk in the seminar indicated that, ironically, the people had a much better understanding of the poor state of a police station than SPs, who confined themselves only to fault-finding through inspections.

Fateh Sher Joiya, SSP Sargodha, with his deep understanding of human affairs, and Mian Muhammad Asif, his brilliant and articulate Additional SP, with a poetic flair, did an excellent job in organizing the seminar and working out its details. They conducted the seminar on ideal lines and made it a model for others. I encouraged other DIGs and SSPs to follow the Sargodha example in their own ranges (divisions) and districts and would myself attend their seminars.

The crusade for truth. The day after the seminar I addressed a large gathering of policemen -- constables and above -- of the Sargodha range. My subject was truth as a panacea for all our maladies. I explained that dependence on lies was the major cause of our ills, such as registration of false cases or not registering cases at all, padding to prove a false proposition and

the jugglery of statistics. It also led to the earning of rewards and promotions by showing false performance through planted and false recoveries of arms or drugs or stage-managed encounters with criminals. Such practices had denuded the police of all credibility. It was, in fact, a blind jump into the deep darkness of self-deception.

After my address, I invited comments from the audience. The policemen working in police stations made an important point. They were rightly afraid of the stereotyped forms of inspection and Annual Confidential Report (or "Annual Confidential Revenge," as Uncle Sargam, the popular television puppet, calls it) that depended heavily on statistics, compelling them to cook up figures. It was decided there and then to change the forms. Khalid Latif, Director, Research and Development, was given the task and he designed realistic and improved forms for inspections and ACRs. A general feeling of security among the people, not the beguiling figures, was made the yardstick to judge the efficiency of a field officer. A commitment to truth and the satisfaction of the people was better than vague assertions and statements.

The policemen, who wanted to practice and follow the truth, were handicapped also by the formalities and rigidities of our legal system. Sometimes a culprit could not be convicted because the evidence did not meet the precise requirements of the law. In the beginning, the courts understood the problem and allowed some latitude. If other evidence was convincing, a court would still convict a thief of ornaments even if he was clever enough to convert them into shapeless and unidentifiable gold. The flexibility, however, later came to be exploited by the unscrupulous dictators and rulers to get their opponents convicted on false charges and by the policemen themselves for personal motives.

Similarly the police station staff, afraid of being suspended forthwith, used to try not to register cases of dacoities, banditry, burglary, car-lifting, abduction for ransom and other serious crimes against property. I stopped the thoughtless and short-sighted suspensions in such cases. After that, the police station staff would not hesitate in registering cases freely and the curse of burking was minimized.

As in Sargodha, I addressed large gatherings of policemen throughout the province. Their response was very stimulating. It was heartening to see them speaking up frankly and boldly. A sub-inspector openly said that, in his experience of 28 years, lies never caused any harm; it was truth that led to trouble. The policemen, therefore, were always surprised when they would hear from me that no harm would come to them if they were truthful. I would assure them on this point and they would resolve to follow it, in some cases for the first time in their service. My crusade for truth started bearing fruit. To help achieve the objectives, I had to make many basic changes and innovations, some of which are described below.

Annual Administration Reports. Salahuddin Niazi, DIG Crime Branch, pointed out that the annual administration reports gave only statistics that made little sense. He proposed that the reports should instead be descriptive and have details on various aspects. I decided that these annual reports should become a good source of information on all aspects of police working and should be in Urdu to enable better understanding by the entire staff.

Khalid Latif, in consultation with A/Hameed, prepared a new format for the annual administration reports. The topics included a brief history of the district, its topography, demography, administrative set-up (courts, police, jails), state of crime and an analysis of its various aspects, maps and graphs, measures to control crime, welfare of policemen, buildings, transport, equipment, discipline, morale, sports, the life sketches of police martyrs and the biodata of the retired police officer in the district.

The draft format was circulated among all DIGs and SPs. Maj. Mushtaq Ahmad, DIG Multan, and Ahmad Nasim, DIG Sargodha, suggested many useful improvements. Syed Azhar Hassan Nadeem, DIG Gujranwala, made it more elaborate and comprehensive. Taking all suggestions into consideration, the outline was given the final shape. The report would be a comprehensive critique of the district in the form of self-inspection, delineating the areas of strength, weakness and concern. While writing the reports, the officers had the occasion to review in depth their working and areas of responsibility. Many of them

later told me that they had become more cognizant of the issues and problems in their areas and how to deal with them after preparing those reports. The new standardized format of the annual administration reports for the districts was adopted and adapted for all units, branches and wings of the police, from the police stations to the Central Police Office itself.

Hundreds of copies of district reports were printed and supplied to all police offices in the province, including police stations. Copies were supplied to the Home Department and the district magistrates to make them aware of the state of crime and the decay in the criminal justice machinery. Even educational institutions and public libraries were placed on mailing lists to increase public awareness and to provide source material for study.

The reports were to serve as guidelines for planning and development and a source of reference material. These were also to help in identifying priorities and determining targets for the coming years. As every district SP tried to do better than his predecessor, the standards of content and quality of reports would have continued to improve. With every report having about 200 pages on average and with 34 districts in the Punjab, a 34-volume encyclopedia of about 7000 pages was produced. If the reports are continued to be produced every year, it can be easily imagined how much useful data and information will be accumulated over the years for reference and research. In due course, the contents of all reports can be fed to a computer and form a very valuable database.

Policing by objectives. In one of the DIGs conferences, Syed Azhar Hassan Nadeem proposed that the concept of "policing by objectives" should be introduced and incorporated in the annual reports. For this purpose he advocated that in all ranges, districts and subdivisions arrangements be made for obtaining the views of local people about the policing of the area and for ensuring their cooperation in preventing crime. The idea was liked by other officers. We asked all police stations, districts, training institutions, branches, and wings to review their working, determine the problem areas and target them for solution and remedy during the next year. Every area or unit had a different problem of top priority. Some had the problem of drugs,

some had car thefts while others had the fear of dacoits. Each unit had to determine its own priorities and targets in consultation with its own personnel and a cross-section of society falling within its jurisdiction. I went to various divisions to hear their presentations and found that most of them enjoyed their newly founded self-realization. The sense of responsibility to eradicate crime came out of their personal motivation and not through an order from the above. SP Malik Khuda Bakhsh Awan suggested that the priorities and objectives should become the last chapter of the Annual Administration Reports. It was done.

Raising the morale. Ch. Tasaddaq Husain SP Bhakkar, with extraordinary comprehension of human affairs, suggested that an inspiring motto for the police should be introduced in Urdu for inscription on all police publications and buildings. Syed Azhar Hassan Nadeem had already introduced the motto of "truth, integrity and courage," taking it from one of my speeches. Ch. Muhammad Yaqub, DIG Faisalabad, proposed the inscription of a well-worded statement of intentions in the beginning of the police publications. I circulated all the suggestions to get opinions of others. Most officers considered it unnecessary for such an obvious thing but I wanted inspiring words to come out of every mind and heart. Ch. Tasaddaq told me later that he received from his district alone more than a hundred versions of the police motto.

During a presentation on priorities and targets in Faisalabad, a constable from Jhang, Muhammad Zubair (C-1272), spoke extremely well. His list of priorities included: (a) to be alert while on patrol duty, (b) to keep an eye on criminals, (c) to eliminate them with bravery, and (d) a commitment to truth. But he added that he was the lowest in rank and his priorities were of no consequence. I made a note of his determination as well as his self-deprecation.

During my concluding address to the large police gathering, I pointed out that the highest priority of the IGP and the government was a committed and confident constabulary. It was a basic requirement of the system. That was why the largest expenditure in the police budget was on the constabulary. While stressing their role, I said their priorities were of great importance and could lay the foundation of peace and order in the society.

Their hearts and souls were needed in the fight against crime and terrorism. The protection and promotion of crime over the decades could be challenged only by lion-hearted constables. I could see their faces lightening up. Perhaps they never expected such words from an IGP.

Postings by consent. After I had created an awareness in the force that they had to look up only to their command, I started asking for their options for postings and transfers, keeping in view their personal and family problems. I introduced a system of collective consultation and encouraged the officers to talk freely and frankly, including the affected officers, before deciding about postings and transfers. This made it possible to place the right men at the right positions with the least inconvenience to officers or their families. Once the officers and men came to know the genuineness of my approach, they responded most enthusiastically They regained their self-respect and would no longer humiliate themselves in seeking outside help in matters of postings or promotions. The problem of sifarish was over for me as well as for them. In my two years as IGP, I made no postings under outside influence. It was always within the family of police.

As any officer could see me any time, I came to know the personal problems of many of them. For example, Munir Pahari had kidney trouble, the dignified DSP Malik Iqbal had the problem of nerves and Liaquat Bodla had a heart ailment. I considered it my primary duty to post them where they could do their duty with least inconvenience. I adjusted a DSP to an innocuous job in Multan as he needed to stay there to look after three of his children with demented brain growth. Before the elections in 1993, he was shunted off to the other end of the province when the "neutral" government made unprecedentedly large-scale transfers to show off its neutrality. (How was that poor DSP going to influence the elections in any way?)

Institutional cooperation against crime. The police are a part of a complex criminal justice system and I needed the support of all other organs to do my job. I was lucky that my Chief Minister, Ghulam Haider Wyne, was very honest and firm. Having a humble beginning in life, he realized how important the

recognition of merit was to allow a fair opportunity to all. He struggled for the supremacy of merit most steadfastly and patiently but had to face limitations in the given circumstances. He was never overbearing and gave us full support whenever required. He had no complexes and was always open to reason. The only prejudice he had was for the Muslim League and that did create problems for other allies in IJI, but not for the administration.

Pervez Masud, Chief Secretary, who had been my class fellow in the Government College, Lahore, was most understanding and helpful. We had served together earlier also when he was the Deputy Commissioner and I was the Senior Superintendent of Police in Lahore in 1970s. Ch. Nazir Ahmad, Home Secretary, with his rich experience of administrative and judicial work, was our guide and a wise counsel. (His predecessor, A.Z.K. Sher Dil, was soon elevated as the Chief Secretary of Balochistan and we lost his dynamic and erudite companionship.) Mehr Jiwan Khan, Additional Chief Secretary, was a very effective, wise and sagacious officer. His mature and calculated analysis and advice were always very precious. I had served with him when he was the Home Secretary. G.M. Sikandar, Secretary to the Chief Minister, was a real gem of a man, very wise, helpful to all and always smiling. Salman Qureshi, Additional IGP, being forthright and pragmatic, was a great help. He gave a real push to many of my programmes that I shall shortly describe in detail. Major Ziaul Hassan Addl. IG Special Branch was just excellent in that field. Nothing escaped his vigilante. It was a really good team and we leaned on one another for solace and guidance in difficult times and tasks.

We had great support from the judiciary also. The beacon light and a symbol of justice and fairplay was Mian Mahboob Ahmad, the honourable, noble, pious, charming and ever-smiling Chief Justice of the Lahore High Court. He was of immense help in enhancing judicial efficiency, controlling crime and promoting peace. He took stern judicial notice in some cases of heinous dacoities, banditry and drug trafficking, in which some subordinate courts had granted bail to the accused. He had a great emotional aversion to narcotics and supported strong action against the dealers of death and destruction. Malik Maqbool Elahi, Advocate General, and his Assistant, Nazir Ahmad Ghazi,

with their great legal lore and brilliant exposition, joined us vigorously in the fight against crime. Nazir Ghazi untied the complicated and intertwined knots of the wicked mafia to harass the police through planned filing of writ petitions and malicious prosecutions. He worked to save the precious time of the courts by exposing the traps of clever criminals. He also prepared a useful guide for the police investigators to avoid legal pitfalls.

The institutional harmony among police, executive and judiciary was most essential to combat crime. The Chief Secretary, the Home Secretary and I jointly toured the province, addressing the police and the magistracy and urging them to rise to the occasion while the Chief Justice invigorated the Sessions Judges and the judicial magistrates. We decided to set our own house in order by harmonizing the working of the administration in line with the requirements of law. The police, magistracy and judiciary at the district level had carved their own fiefdoms and were working at cross purposes, to the ultimate advantage of the criminals, who could play one against the other through their clever machinations. We revived the tripartite meetings among the Sessions Judge, the Deputy Commissioner and the Superintendent of Police of every district to integrate their institutional efforts against the criminals.

The personal commitment and excellent equation of the heads of judiciary, administration and police at the provincial level were of great help in fighting crime. Before they had got together to take stock of the ground situation, it was not difficult for bandits, dacoits and drug dealers to get bail, even before arrest. Maj. Mushtaq Ahmad, DIG Multan, discovered a frightening picture when he analyzed the decisions on bail applications, based on five-year records of the police and courts in Multan. It appeared that the dangerous criminals had little to worry about legal retribution. The bails were arranged automatically by powerful crime syndicates. Most of the criminals managed to come out of jail within weeks and months. Then they would be back in business. The victim would be too terrified of the criminal after his release on bail and, as a result, his case would end in a smoke.

Maj. Mushtaq collected and tabulated the relevant data and presented it in a conference of the DIGs, where the Home

Secretary was also present. Salahuddin Niazi, DIG Crime Branch, discussed the data with the Chief Justice of the Lahore High Court, who took measures that remedied the situation to a large extent.

Restoration of prosecution to police. The prosecution of cases had always been with the police and the district administration. During martial law, it was taken away from the police, under a concept that was a thoughtless imitation of the American system. It was not realized that in America the system favours the criminals, with hardly one percent of the accused finally ending up in jail. The reason lay in the lack of any accountability of the prosecution.

In the new set-up, the District Attorneys were not accountable to anybody if they failed to get convictions. They would blame the police for inadequate investigation, often falsely and without fear of verification by anybody. The complainant was keen at the most for the recovery of his stolen property or snatched car. Once he got it, he was neither interested in getting the accused convicted nor had the courage to pursue powerful criminals. Everything was thus left to the mercy of the District Attorney, who was not answerable to anybody if he failed. On the other hand, he could be lured or pressurized into not doing his duty. The legal deterrence to crime was thus lost due to fear and fraud. Even after the police arrested a criminal, it could not ensure his conviction. And the high and the mighty were not even aware of what was happening.

On our persistent demand, the responsibility for prosecution was given back to the police but only in minor cases. It was only an eye-wash. The prosecution in cases of heinous crime, the real problem of the society, still remained with the District Attorneys. Still it made some difference as we were able at least to attract attention of those who were sleeping over a volcano about to burst.

Training in arms. "Please guard my people with dedication and courage," was my message to my men. I decided to motivate and train them so that they had the courage and confidence to face criminals. On my request, SP Humayun Shafi studied the situational responses of a policeman and how these

could be sharpened with good training. A policeman was always in a complex situation of many dimensions and was supposed to respond with initiative and alacrity.

Humayun prepared a long list of the situations that a policeman had to face, from traffic point or street patrol to dacoities and hostage-taking. The number ran into hundreds. Against the criminal, who had the latest lethal weapons, the policeman had no modern arms and the ammunition was extremely scarce. Even what was available could not be used due to lack of training.

No wonder, the policemen were terrified while the criminals had become daring. There were dark clouds of fear everywhere. The senior police officers were being escorted by heavily armed contingents. Were I took over as IGP, I was shocked to know that half of the police were engaged in the protection of their own officers! Who was then going to protect the ordinary people?

To indicate my objective and set the tone, I, as IGP, discarded my own static and mobile guards as well as the escort. Not that I was not afraid of any assault on me. But I was more concerned about the security of the people and my own men. I told everybody that it was no policing if a policeman has to guard every door. It was the whole system of protection and security that had to work effectively.

To deal with training problems, I formed a committee of senior officers, with training and army background, to prepare a crash programme for weapons training. The committee, headed by Salman Qureshi, Additional IGP, included M.R. Zia, Commandant, Sihala College, DIG Maj. Mushtaq Ahmad, DIG Maj. Akram and Humayun Shafi, Assistant Inspector General, Training. They devised new and short courses. The range DIGs ran special training courses with the help of local army formations. Maj. Mushtaq, DIG Multan, Irfan Mahmood, DIG Dera Ghazi Khan, Rana Maqbool, DIG Lahore, Azhar Hassan Nadeem, DIG Gujranwala and Ahmad Naseem, DIG Sargodha, took special interest in training batch after batch to keep the men in the highest state of training and preparedness. The short and tough courses gave the constabulary great confidence to face the criminals.

To solve the basic training problems, the need for resources was obvious. We prepared plans, indicating the minimum requirements. But inspite of our entreaties and presentations, the government and its Finance Department showed little interest in building the necessary bulwark against the on-coming flood of crimes.

Plan for city policing in Faisalabad. The phenomenal growth in cities had made policing very difficult. The easy availability and proliferation of modern weapons had led to a wave of violent crimes. The business centers and banks were specially targeted for the readily available cash. The hideouts for criminals in cities had grown safer and it had become easier to store stolen property and keep abductees for ransom. The criminal could operate easily and unchallenged as the policing had not kept pace with the growth of the cities. (The planners of suburbs had not provided for police stations, posts or even kiosks.) Even the police patrol or presence was non-existent, not to speak of crime intelligence. The police were only reacting, and that too to law and order problems, not crime.

The policeman, faced with elusive and dangerous criminal, was perplexed and dejected. The senior command, with no awareness of the situation on ground, was only snubbing and pressurizing the subordinates, placing them on law and order duty during the day and on meaningless patrolling at night. By remaining on duty 24 hours, the policemen were extremely fatigued, lost health and temper, and delivered nothing. The situation was really desperate and demanded reorganization and resource mobilization at a very large scale. The government, even after becoming aware, did not come to our help. We had to make do with whatever we had.

Ch. Iftikhar Ahmad, SSP Faisalabad, came up with a very imaginative plan to increase effectiveness of policing within the available resources. He, with Khuda Bakhsh Malik, SP City, a promising and resourceful young officer, drew up a comprehensive plan for policing and patrolling in Faisalabad city as a whole while maintaining the legal entity of every police station.

The city was divided into business and residential zones and then sub-divided into patrol beats for day and night watch.

The static check posts and mobile patrols were organized and linked with the integrated watch and ward system. The communication network was modified accordingly. The observation records, crime records and identities of criminals were converted into operational information. Networks of current information were evolved to achieve the basic objective of prevention and detection on the site, besides its use as an investigation aid. The patrols, properly armed and briefed daily, clearly knew what they would be looking for. Other allied issues were also covered. The two officers, with the help of their subordinates and the guidance of DIG Ch. Muhammad Yaqub, and later DIG Mirza Muhammad Ali, put in place an extremely efficient functioning system.

The plan, as it evolved and was implemented, led to impressive and effective police presence at manageable distances. It also allowed for an eight-hour shift system to ensure some rest and recreation for the over-worked policeman. The investigation staff, which was separated from others, now had sufficient time to concentrate on their cases. So, it worked out most of the heinous dacoities and felonies and led to the arrest of many gangs. As the watch and ward also turned out to be extremely effective, there were practically no dacoities and violent crime against property for months.

The people felt the change. The Chamber of Commerce and Industry of Faisalabad and the Anjuman-i-Tajran wanted to express the gratitude of their community and give awards to the police. They requested the Chief Minister to be present on the occasion but he could not find time for a whole year inspite of their repeated reminders. If the wave of violent crime had continued unabated, he would have promptly found time to listen to complaints, condemn the police and demand "immediate and effective action." Unlike success in other fields, peace in society is an orphan.

Ch. Iftikhar wrote the details of his plan for urban policing and circulated it among all officers. He made a presentation on it in a meeting of the DIGs and SPs. The Faisalabad plan, with some modifications, was followed in several other large cities of the province. (Not in Lahore, though, as will be explained below.) It could become still more useful if additional resources were provided in personnel, transport,

communications, arms and ammunition, buildings, police posts and police kiosks. The government, unfortunately, did not give any priority to such excellent plans for social peace. It loosens its purse strings only when there is panic all around and it has fear of its own life. It seldom realizes that peace precedes progress and disorder leads to destruction.

The plan for Lahore. The problems of Lahore city were different from other big cities. Therefore, a new plan for the reorganization of the Lahore metropolitan police were prepared, though it was similar to Faisalabad as far as watch and ward was concerned. Indefatigable DIG Rana Maqbool Ahmad, with imagination, innovation and the advantage of having served as SSP Lahore for four years, led the team that prepared the plan. He was assisted by a very honest, hardworking and intelligent Tariq Khosa, the SSP, a galaxy of brilliant SPs like Kalab-i-Abbas, Hamid Mukhtar Gondal, Dr Shafique, Ch. Sajjad, Zubair, and experienced DSPs like Ahmad Khan Chaddhar, Ghulam Muhammad Kalyar, Raoof Dogar, Masood Aziz, Iftikhar Peerzada and others.

They organized impressive and rapidly reacting squads on motorcycles. A squad would be a pair of motorcyclists and every motor cycle would carry an armed pinion rider. A squad's coverage was equal to four foot patrols.

A systematic reorganization of the city traffic was made, proposing additions and adjustments in staff and zones. The main emphasis was on more one-way diversions and removal of encroachments. The direction was right but many socio-political compulsions caused hindrances. A new division, with five subdivisions, was proposed to be created, headed by a Superintendent of Police. Inspite of their best efforts, however, the Lahore police could not work out an eight-hour shift system as the government was not prepared to provide the required resources.

A meaningful reorganization, with long-term objectives, was proposed for the Lahore Central Intelligence Agency (CIA). It was proposed to create five zones, each under a DSP, with necessary staff and resources. However, there would be only one centralized Crime Record Office, equipped with fax and computer facilities. The plan indicated a clear need for functional

bifurcation and specialization, particularly for the crimes against property, like dacoities, car theft, burglaries, bank robberies, and other serious crimes. The intensive use of computers for crime records was proposed, including links with the CPO and the Crime Branch.

A systematic approach for the identification and tracing of the criminals was initiated, with an elaborate system of still and video photography of criminals. A video clip of a criminal, made while he was under arrest even for a day or was about to be released from jail, would show him moving about and talking. The clips, to be recorded on properly indexed videocassettes, would help in identification subsequently. The CIA teams would go to the scene of a heinous crime and, beside lifting finger prints, etc., would show the victims the photographs of various suspects. Many a time the victims would recognize the culprits and it would become easy to trace them. The officers incharge of other district CIAs were called to Lahore for a presentation and were advised to follow the example of Lahore CIA as a model, with necessary local adjustments. (More on the subject of records in the chapter, "Restoring crime records.")

The old image washed away in floods. The police did a splendid job during the devastating floods in 1992. The policemen, at the peril of their own lives, were the first to reach the disaster areas and saved hundreds of thousands of children, women and men from the crushing waves of furious rivers. It was the emerging noble thinking that promoted the concept of service to citizens. The moment I learnt about the oncoming disaster from Nasim-uz-Zaman, the always alert SP Jhelum, I directed on the wireless network that the police of the districts falling on the lower affected areas of the Chenab, Jhelum and Indus rivers should move out immediately for rescue and relief work. They obeyed promptly. They pulled out, at time forcibly, the people of the affected areas, who were unaware of the impending disaster. (Here the use of force was fully justified, in the best interest of the people themselves.)

The policemen organized relief camps and supplies of food and water, even contributing from their own salaries. They guarded the abandoned property and cattle with such dedication that not a single incident of theft took place in the affected areas.

The people were really surprised and admired the policemen who were serving them in the true Islamic spirit. The police officers did a splendid job in organizing rescue and relief work in their respective areas. Every policeman went out of his way and beyond the call of his duty. The people could hardly believe their eyes when they would see DSPs, Inspectors and Sub-Inspectors, in their uniforms, working *physically*, carrying earth and sand sacks on their backs for the repair of the breached embankments of rivers and canals. It inspired even the silent spectators to give a helping hand.

Inspiration is always stronger than indictment. SI Sultan Ahmad, of Gujrat, at the risk of his own life, saved at least 300 souls from a marooned village. Nawaz Sharif was overwhelmed when the rescued villagers described with deep gratitude and admiration how Sultan Ahmad did it and profusely praised his courage and dedication. The Prime Minister gave him well-deserved out-of-turn promotion on the spot. There were similar stories wherever the Prime Minister went to see the affected areas. The police were not only being respected and admired but had, in fact, become quite popular. Everywhere the air was filled with genuine slogans of "Police Zindabad."

Even the policemen in districts that were safe from floods organized relief supplies to the affected areas. They contributed to the Prime Minister's Flood Relief Fund out of their own pockets and also organized contributions. The national press generously eulogized the missionary spirit of the police.

Some streak of jealousy surfaced among other services on the "unusual and odd behaviour" of the police, according to their perception. Some even thought that it was "not professional work," forgetting that the real profession was service to humanity, particularly in disaster situations. In the Police Rules of 1934, such duties were listed by the British rulers themselves as police duties. It were the servile pseudo-imperialists who dragged the police away from service to their own people and instead made violence their vocation and then interpreted it as "police professionalism."

A very senior and sober bureaucrat said, "Don't tell me that they all have become angels in a short time."

I replied, "Well, even if they are not, I'll continue to try to make at least some of them angles. Anyway, it is better to be a good human being than an angel."

The hard-boiled bureaucrat was not much moved, believing that I was being romantic and emotional. "Don't worry," he said. "You will be soon disappointed and disgusted. They are nothing but corrupt and callous to the core. Deal them with a heavy hand, show no kindness and give them a good dose of punishment. You will be successful and will be known as a terror for a long time. I am telling you as a friend. Otherwise, you will fail."

I was extremely shocked, hearing such words from a highly educated and experienced administrator, supposedly from the cream of the nation. At that moment, he appeared to me nothing but a trained and tyrannical crook of the lowest cunning.

Seminar on police in a free state. I was brooding over the thinking of people like him when I heard him saying, "You are organizing a seminar on police, I hear."

"Yes, sir, I am trying to organize a seminar on the role of police in a free state," I replied.

"It will be a sheer waste of time and energy with no professional advantage at all," he opined. "Rather it will divert the attention of the police from catching burglars, dacoits and bandits."

I did my best to explain to him how important it was to analyze the situation and to carry the people with us but it all went over his head. Perhaps the exercise of authority over the years had turned his head. He was not alone. There were also many others to whom the idea of a seminar on such a vital issue was a waste of time. The police profession, according to them, was only the coercive use of force against the people to keep them in control.

We made elaborate preparations for the seminar. Long discussions were held to finalize the topics and their outlines. Eminent intellectuals were requested to select topics of their choice and were provided needed assistance in preparing their papers. The arrangements were at a very advanced stage when the axe fell and the maneuvers to get the seminar canceled succeeded. Healthy thinking is anathema to sick minds.

Patching up enmities. The criminals in our society take clever steps to conceal their operations. Their beguiling manners confound the politicians, religious leaders, community elders and sometimes even the law enforcers. A large number of criminals and toughs were found to be prospering by exploiting the enmities and hatred of the old zamindar families in the villages. Every feuding family had engaged its own ruffians to protect and guard it against its enemies.

The gun-totting guards, however, do not come cheap. Their loyalty has to be ensured by good pay and benefits. If unhappy, they can desert or, even worse, switch over to the rivals. But the zamindars can meet their demands from their own resources only to a certain limit. Beyond that, they have to overlook while their guarding crooks make money on the side by banditry or other crimes. The zamindars are pushed to a point where they not only have to protect the criminals but may even end up themselves as partners in crime.

Somebody had to pull them out of this morass. The police, which should have done it, were unfortunately themselves exploiting the disputes and enmities to their own advantage. It suited the police if there were more and more cases by rival parties against each other. It was the proverbial monkey getting the best of the fight among the cats.

Most of the enmities in villages had been caused after the introduction of the Basic Democracies system in the early days of Ayub Khan. The constituencies for election to Union Councils were extremely small. As a result, there was friction in all relationships, even within families, making politics very personalized and shaking the very roots of the peaceful rural society. The disputes and fights over land, water and women had always been there but the number was small. Basic Democracies not only increased the number tremendously but would also reopen the healing wounds at the next elections. The petty disputes over the years turned into severe enmities, with private armies of criminals destroying the peace of the society in the name of protecting their patrons. In one of my speeches, I named the phenomenon of keeping criminals for protection as a *badmash pal scheme* (Plan for Fostering Thugs).

I decided to make a beginning in my own humble way. I toured the province along with a celebrated and experienced officer, Ch. Mukhtar Ahmad Gondal, who had retired as DIG and had tasted, so to speak, "the hot and cold of life" and gained deep insight into rural life. We together urged the officers and men to collect details of disputes and enmities, analyze their causes and prepare the lists of influential persons who could arrange permanent compromises.

After the introduction of an Islamic law on settlement of disputes and compensation to victims of crimes (*qisas* and *diyat*), the compromises had become easy and legal. I, therefore, urged the policemen to do their duty. They responded with the zeal of true Muslims and patriotic Pakistanis.

The statistics on old enmities were staggering. The deteriorating situation turned out to be much worse than I had imagined. Fateh Sher Joiya, SSP Sargodha, with the help of community elders, arranged as many as 4000 compromises in his district in one year alone, in some cases dating back to 1960s. And, according to his estimate, these were not even one-tenth of the total!

In Sheikhupura, SP Tariq Saleem Dogar and Waseem Afzal, Deputy Commissioner, successfully brought together two families, which had been feuding for long, and helped them to patch up. The compromise took away the protection cover of the criminals engaged as guards of the respective families. When left on their own, the isolated criminals were arrested easily within a month. It turned out that they had committed at least 374 dacoities in the nearby 19 villages during the last three years!

In Gujranwala, the campaign for compromises by SSP Malik Iqbal led to a patch-up even in a case where the number of murders on both sides had crossed a hundred.

The police and administration worked very hard and arranged for tens of thousands of such compromises all over the province.

Revival of *panchayats* urged. To eliminate the major cause of enmities in the rural society, I advocated everywhere, including the Punjab Cabinet, for the abolition of the Basic Democracies system and in its place the revival of the *panchayat* system, that had successfully resolved disputes and maintained

peace in our villages for centuries. The Union Councils, divided on political lines, were partisan by their very nature and could not play an impartial and judicial role in reconciliation efforts. The panchayats, consisting of village elders respected by all and elected only by consensus, could easily reconcile the petty disputes before their worsening into enmities. After the fall of Ayub Khan in 1969, amendments in laws relating to Union Councils drastically reduced their powers and their role in the rural life, especially in resolving disputes. Still the elections to these useless bodies claim a very large number of lives, *many times more than in the general elections!*

District forums. Zafar Ahmad Qureshi, SP Kasur, had a sharp mind and true commitment to his job. He, along with Junaid Iqbal, Deputy Commissioner, used the concepts of community policing and reconciliation of old disputes in a more comprehensive manner. The two officers called a meeting of all MNAs, MPAs, Chairman of District Council, heads of municipal bodies, and all magistrates and DSPs of the district. The people's representatives, after thorough discussion, vowed to join the fight against crime and criminals without fear or favour. They pledged not to support or protect any criminal in any manner as they realized that the criminals were beguiling them and their workers in devious manners and were creating a general impression as if the MNAs and MPAs were themselves patronizing the criminals to terrify their rivals.

The platform evolved by SP Kasur included all political groups of the district, eliminating the possibility that some deviation might take place later. (If anybody tried to cover up something, the rival group was bound to point it out.) They also resolved not to use *sifarish* (recommendation) for posting or transfer of any public servant and to desist from interfering in any administrative matter. The measures for minimizing enmities and effecting stable compromises also became the responsibility of the district forum.

The district forum also decided that no request for the transfer of any case investigation would be made by anybody. The frequent transfer of investigations not only hampered the progress of cases but also diluted the responsibility of the local police, who could blame ineffective prevention and detection of

crime on frequent transfers of investigation to other agencies. If there was any complaint of miscarriage of justice, the matter would be placed before the forum for redress.

It was decided that the district forum would meet every month to take stock of the state of crime and other related issues. While the public representatives vowed to make their workers active against the criminals, the SP and the Deputy Commissioner pledged solemnly to take immediate action against any subordinate, who failed in his lawful duties.

The experiment of the Kasur administration was a great success. In just three months, the crime in the district became negligible. The general administration also improved substantially. The chronically absent doctors, school teachers and other government servants, who were used to only collecting their salaries, started reporting for duty regularly. They knew that now no MNA or MPA would speak for them and they might lose their jobs. The collective will was working with a resounding success.

I wrote to DIGs of ranges and SPs of districts to follow the Kasur model. I went to most of the places myself and explained the concept to administrators, police officers and public representatives. Most of them took it up most enthusiastically. At some places, the political factionalism caused problems. Outstanding work was done there by my friend, Ch. Wajid Ali Khan, a dynamic MPA from Sheikhupura, with the help of his deep knowledge and understanding of the political groupings. He was nominated by the Chief Minister as the provincial co-ordinator for the purpose.

A new precedent was established in Okara where Rana Akram Rabbani, the leader of the opposition in the Punjab Assembly, was in the forefront in the formation of the forum. The bitter rivals like Yaseen Wattoo and Manzoor Ahmad Wattoo, the Speaker, vowed together to fight the crime. Ch. Wajid Ali Khan made such a moving and convincing speech that all factions of all political parties in Okara joined in the crusade against crime.

In Rawalpindi, Ch. Wajid Ali Khan accomplished the feat of persuading Ch. Nisar Ali Khan and Raja Basharat to sit at the same table.

In Sheikhupura, Ch. Ashraf Marath, SP, was initially hesitant as he was not much convinced of the usefulness of such a

forum. However, after arranging two meetings on the insistence of Ch. Wajid Ali Khan and seeing the consequent rapid reduction in crime, he warmed up so much that he planned to organize such forums down to the police station level.

Fateh Sher, SSP Sargodha, and Nasir Durrani, SP Attock, went even further and organized such forums even in villages of their districts. Subsequently, as SP Sialkot, Zafar Qureshi succeeded in bringing all public representatives at one forum. The code of conduct, evolved by consensus, went a long way in eradicating the practice of making frequent requests for transfer of investigation of cases and using political influence in postings & transfers.

Rana Maqbool, DIG, Lahore, and Tariq Farooq, Commissioner Lahore, organized a meeting of the forum at Alhamra Art Center, Lahore. The invitations went to all MNAs and MPAs of Lahore district, the Mayor and councilors of the Lahore Metropolitan Corporation and others. The response was so great that the other two halls of the Alhamra complex were also full as the Volunteer Corps Against Crime, after coming to know about the meeting, decided to join it.

Later on, the Prime Minister issued instructions to his party and the administration to join the crusade against crime on the same lines as we had been doing. The results were spectacular.

Brainstorming

The state of crime in the Punjab was very grave when I took over as IGP Punjab in 1991. There were frightening crimes of violence. The police, working under great pressures, were afraid of the Kalashnikov-carrying gangs of criminals. The government and the criminal justice administration were bewildered and perplexed. The officers, while always trying to avoid any risks to their jobs, had lost initiative or imagination to deal with the problems of crime or law and order.

I found the officers and ranks behaving like dumb driven cattle. Like their counterparts in other departments and institutions of the state, the policemen had been indoctrinated and traumatized by various martial law regimes into robotic submission and subservience. They had been conditioned to only receiving orders from the above and carrying them out blindly. The serious challenges of crime could not be met squarely without the willing participation of the entire rank and file. To inject vigour and spirit, it was necessary to change the whole approach to the problem.

One of the methods I employed effectively was to hold a series of conferences of Deputy Inspectors General of Police and other senior officers to discuss in depth the main issues and how to deal with them, in short as well as long term. The conferences were different in nature from the previous ones. I did not give

any stereotype orders or threats of punishments. Anybody could do that as I had seen in many such meaningless conferences. I wanted my officers to apply their minds and come out with their best suggestions for solving the problems instead of merely obeying the orders of their superiors. I wanted this process to reach even the lowest levels of the force.

I made a start with the conferences of DIGs and senior SPs at the provincial headquarters. These were followed by smaller ones at the range (divisional) headquarters where I would call at least half of the range DIGs, SPs of nearby districts and DSPs of the range along with relevant staff officers of the Central Police Office, like DIG Crime Branch, and Director, R&D. Inspectors and selected Sub Inspectors would also participate in the discussions.

The provincial and other conferences were organized after brainstorming over many days to select subjects and issues. The officers would write papers on subjects of special interest to them. The agenda and the papers were circulated in advance so that the participants could come fully prepared. Committees were constituted to monitor preparations and to ensure meaningful outcome.

The preparation of agenda and other paper work was undertaken most efficiently and thoughtfully by Salman Qureshi, Additional IGP, Maj. Zia-ul-Hassan, Additional IGP, Special Branch, Khalid Latif, Director R&D, Salahuddin Niazi, DIG Crime Branch, and M.A. Hameed, Director, Research, Special Branch. Ch. Ghulam Haider, SP Survey, Special Branch, and Dr Tariq Khokhar, ASP, arranged recording and publication of the conference proceedings in special issues of *Muhafiz*. Similar arrangements were made at the divisional level.

The conference at the divisional headquarters would be enlarged the next day and held in a playground or parade ground so that the constabulary could also participate and give their observations and suggestions. The DIG, SPs, DSPs and SHOs were asked to hold such meetings on the same pattern in their own areas of responsibility.

The proceedings were recorded and published in Urdu in the next issue of the monthly magazine of the range for the benefit of the entire force. The proceedings of the DIG conferences at provincial headquarters were published in Urdu in

Muhafiz, the Punjab Police magazine, for distribution among all policemen and officers of the departments related to criminal justice administration.

Wide participation. The items on agenda were mostly the practical problems faced by the police not only in the Punjab but also other parts of the country. For decades the successive governments and the senior command of the police had failed to attend to such matters. The long neglect had created a very serious situation not only regarding crime but also police management. I considered it my duty to not only attend to the neglected issues but also suggest realistic solutions, with maximum participation from the highest to the lowest levels with their respective horizons.

To broaden the scope of discussions and the flow of ideas, I would also invite senior police officers from other provinces, Azad Kashmir and federal police agencies to attend the provincial conferences. Qamar-i-Alam, IGP Sindh, Sarosh Raoof Alvi, IGP Azad Kashmir, Masood Shah, IGP NWFP, Gauhar Zaman Mohmand, IGP Balochistan, Abbas Khan, Commandant, Police Academy, and their officers took keen interest.

The conferences at the provincial level were attended, invariably or occasionally, by the Chief Secretary, Home Secretary, Law Secretary, Excise and Taxation Secretary, Advocate General, and the Registrar of the High Court. The protocol was that the senior most among the participants would preside over the session. At the divisional headquarters, the Commissioners, Deputy Commissioners and Sessions Judges would also attend and give sagacious suggestions. The same pattern was followed at lower levels of the criminal justice administration.

Typical agenda. To indicate the scope of the discussions, the agenda for a three-day DIGs conference held in early 1992 is given below:

- A review and analysis of the crime situation.
- The role of Special Branch in the fight against crime.
- The bogus and inadequate sureties to organized criminals.

•The fake registration documents for vehicles and tampering with their chassis and engine numbers.

•The issues relating to illicit weapons, narcotics, theft of vehicles, adulteration, identification of racketeers and crime intelligence.

•The strategy for action against court absconders and proclaimed offenders.

•The issues relating to easy registration of all cases and their prompt and quality investigation, causes of acquittals by Speedy Trial Courts and proper prosecution and presentation of cases in courts.

•A plan for city policing in Faisalabad, including distribution of work, shift system for staff, and improvement of the police image.

•The negotiation techniques to deal with collective behaviour of citizens and pressure groups.

•The police command and challenges to morale and discipline.

•The preparation of Annual Administrative Reports of districts, subdivisions and police stations.

•The measures for the modernization of the Criminal Records Offices in police stations and the Central Intelligence Agencies in districts.

•The contingency plans and training requirements at district, subdivision and police station levels to deal with violent criminals and outlaws.

•How the police should deal with cuts and other methods of stealing water from river canals.

•The management of traffic in cities and on highways, including problems caused by traffic hazards and commission system in the transport business.

•The personnel matters, including departmental proceedings, inquiries, appeals, orderly rooms, and annual confidential reports.

•The police requirements for transport, telecommunications, arms and ammunition, office equipment, and their purchase and distribution.

•The long- and short-term strategy for training and its equipment needs.

•The participation of community in policing, including the role of volunteers, members of Assemblies and local bodies, village nambardars and chowkidars, Qaomi Razakars, civil defence personnel and private security agencies.

•The preparation of the profiles of police heroes.

•The welfare measures for police shaheeds and ghazis, including welfare funds in districts.

•The improvement of police relations with the news media, and matters relating to police magazines, annual publications and police libraries.

•The celebration of the Shaheed Day, the Police Week, and other cultural and sports activities.

•The prospective planning and the preparation of a five-year plan and the next year's budget.

The following topics were selected specially for further group discussions:

- The measures against the theft of cars.
- The organization of nakabandi and barriers in rural and urban areas.
- The organization of beat system in urban areas.
- The success story of community policing in Gujranwala Range.
- The causes and remedies for delays in investigations.
- The search for an ideal relationship between the police and the press.
- The measures and techniques for the eradication of narcotics.
- The prevention of harassment to women in urban public places.
- The coordinated build-up and maintenance of records in police stations, subdivisions, districts, ranges and the Crime Branch.

Towards modernization --- and back

"There is nothing more difficult to take in hand, more perilous to conduct, or more uncertain in its success, than to take the lead in the introduction of a new order of things." This quotation from "The Prince," the classic book by Niccolo Machiavelli, sums up what I faced in my efforts to introduce modernization in the police.

Modernization was most urgently needed in restructuring the communications system and the office operations of the police to allow for prompt exchange of crime records and information and the improvement of efficiency. Before it could be undertaken, the basic familiarization was needed at various levels. A/Hameed, Director, Research, in the Special Branch, had the expertise and the patience to look into the nuts and bolts and start work on the project.

I am not a technology buff but his master plan was not difficult to understand. Some of its clear and very practical objectives were:

a) to allow every police officer (from the IGP down to ASI) to be able to talk to any other officer at any time and

anywhere in the province (ultimately in other provinces also if they had similar networks);

b) to transmit written messages instantaneously to every operational field unit (patrol units, mobile or on foot, investigating units, checkpoints, units on law and order duty, units on security duties);

c) to have electronic exchange of correspondence and information among all offices through fax and computer;

d) to increase office efficiency and control of paperwork through gradual increase in the use of computers at lower levels;

e) to preserve all records on microfilm and optical disks at the district level and its duplicates at provincial level;

f) to introduce modern office equipment of various types to reduce expenses and improve efficiency.

Anybody could suggest these objectives but the strongest point of the plan was that A/Hameed wanted the maximum value for money and talked of lakhs (hundreds of thousands) of rupees, instead of crores (tens of millions) for implementation of various phases. (He had already done some of these things in the Special Branch, at a very, very low cost.)

Some progress was made, despite many bureaucratic and procedural hurdles. Electronic exchanges (PABX) were installed in all district headquarters, with enough capacity to provide internal intercom facility to almost everybody in the office who needed it. Personal computers were purchased to supply three to four units to every district office and more to other units, with quantities to be increased as utilization increased. A fax machine was installed in every district and range office.

Much more was to be done. One proposal was to link all offices down to subdivisions through leased phone lines (often called "hot lines"). A/Hameed held a long meeting with senior officers of the Pakistan Telecommunications Corporation (formerly Telephone and Telegraph Department), supposedly the best experts in their field. When he outlined the ultimate objectives of his project, they indicated their inability even to comprehend it. ("It will be very complicated," they moaned.) "Don't worry about the complications," A/Hameed, a self-taught layman with no formal background of telecommunications, assured them. "Only provide us the leased lines and we shall manage the rest." Even that could not be done at an affordable

cost. With the leased phone lines being too expensive, A/Hameed planned an alternative province-wide phone network for the internal use of the department, with practically no recurring costs.

A/Hameed faced a similar mind-set in the private sector. He held long meetings with senior executives of Paktel and Instaphone, then the only two companies operating cellular (or mobile) phone networks in the country. He proposed to each company that it should allocate a small percentage of the idle capacity of its transmitters and set up a closed network for the internal use of the police within the province. A police officer would be able to talk on his cellular phone to all on the police network but not to other subscribers of the company. The phone company would charge the police a fixed monthly amount per phone irrespective of the number of calls made to and from it. (The police would either purchase or rent the phones.)

Everybody was to benefit. The police officers would be able to talk to their colleagues anywhere and anytime in the province. The police department would save the present uncontrolled charges for official local and long distance (trunk) calls and would instead pay a fixed (*but far less*) amount irrespective of the number and duration of phone calls. And the cellular phone company would be getting substantial additional revenue with its *idle* transmitter capacity. In addition, it could also use the police model to set up similar networks for other government departments. The executives, who were supposed to jump at any idea that benefited their company, could not comprehend the implications of the novel but basically very simple plan. The best they could offer was some discount on the standard charges. So much for the superiority of the private sector, which is supposed to be far more flexible and willing to accept new ideas, especially when it has the collaboration of foreign multinational corporations.

A/Hameed, though disappointed, applied his mind and soon came up with an alternative plan that was much better and far less expensive! It would provide almost the same facility as a cellular (mobile) phone but at little recurring cost.

Learning from neighbours. Meanwhile, it was decided that a team of senior officers should visit the neighbouring

countries with similar circumstances to learn how their police departments were coping with their problems and what could be adopted or adapted usefully by us. The team, headed by Ch. Nazir Ahmad, Home Secretary, Punjab, included Khalid Latif, Director, Research and Development, Muhammad Abd al-Hameed, Director, Research and Reference, Special Branch, and Rafi Pervez Bhatti, Director, Provincial Control Room. It visited Malaysia, Singapore, Sri Lanka, and Bangladesh during February and March 1992, and studied their systems of computerization, telecommunications and the maintenance of records. (It could not go to India due to a visa problem.)

All four countries had been British colonies and inherited similar police systems. However, they went into different directions after Independence. Singapore, the richest, went for the most expensive and sophisticated systems. But money could not buy efficiency, integrated nationwide coverage and easy access to users even for a state of only three million people. For example, all data for vehicles was not available at one place and there was no alternative way to get details about a vehicle from the central computer if its registration number was not known. (As if using fictitious number plates was impossible!) The central database was not connected even with all police posts in the island state, with an area less than that of a tehsil in the Punjab, because, as a police post incharge told A/Hameed, "It would cost too much money."

The Malaysians were also on the same track, expecting money to solve all problems. Despite having spent a lot of it, they had connected only one-fifth of their districts and didn't know when money for the rest would be available. And the data took 90 days to reach the central computer center! The adverse impact was also visible of the Malays being less hard working than the Chinese and a preference to Bumiputras (Sons of the Soil) in government jobs.

Sri Lanka, despite having little resources, had two great achievements to show. A/Hameed visited their central telecommunications center that connected all parts of the country with the capital. He was delighted to see that the practicability of some of his own ideas had been confirmed by their system. It was a foreign aid project, with everything supplied on a turnkey

basis. Yet A/Hameed noted certain deficiencies. For example, there was just one phone to convey messages in emergencies to the top leadership, including the chiefs of the armed forces.

The second success was entirely their own. Their finger print bureau had made up for lack of money with ingenuity in computerizing the matching of finger prints. Taking a very simple route, they had developed four-digit codes for classifications of finger prints and stored the data on a personal computer. The original prints were stored on microforms, which took about 95% less space than paper records.

On A/Hameed's request, DIG Mahesan Selvaratnam, who was extraordinarily courteous and helpful, arranged for him an additional visit to the finger print bureau (while rest of the team was enjoying an excursion in Maldives) so that he could study its operations in greater detail. A/Hameed was convinced that we should take the Lankan route in maintaining finger print records at provincial as well as district level. It will not only be very effective but would also cost peanuts, only a few hundred thousands rupees.

During a briefing on the insurgency in the south, it was pointed out that one of its main causes was the control of the politicians on government jobs. The *sifarish* (recommendation) of MPs alone could ensure a job, not a candidate's merit. The obvious result was extreme frustration among the educated and qualified young men and JVP, the Marxist organization behind the insurgency, exploited the situation. There is certainly a lesson for our MPAs and MNAs who want all recruitments in government departments only on their personal recommendations. They care more for their votes than the interests of the society.

While moving about in Colombo, A/Hameed was struck by the basic traffic problems of the capital. Very easy solutions to some of them occured to him. He hopes for an opportunity some day to discuss them with the relevant authorities.

The Bangladesh police did not have to change its set-up after separation from Pakistan. The only difference was that it came directly under the Interior Ministry after the provincial Home Department disappeared. They have, however, introduce

the commissionerate system in four largest cities, for which many of our police officers are still yearning.

After A/Hameed outlined his plan to modernize the telecommunications system of the Punjab police during a meeting of the team with the senior police officers, keen interest was expressed and he was asked to give more details about it. He offered not only to tell them everything but also help them in implementation if he could have more time. He would still love to go and do it if and when he can.

A visit to the Ansar Academy, near Dhaka, was very rewarding. It is a training center for volunteers who promote nation-building activities in their villages. The academy, in its sprawling complex, also trains men and women in various trades and skills so that they may earn a living on their own. Several hundreds of thousands of volunteers had been trained. A/Hameed very much wished to learn more about the Ansars so that he could prepare a plan for a similar organization.

About 300,00 rikshas (unofficially twice that number) cause a serious traffic problem in Dhaka. When a signal light turns green, they move in big waves, literally flooding the road ahead. But no political government can dare take them off the roads or even reduce their number because of the likely consequences. Another consideration is that it is the most economical and convenient mode of transport for the ordinary people.

The extremely warm reception to our team, better than it even dreamt of, showed how much love the Bangladeshis have for Pakistanis. Very senior officers received it at the airport. The best rest house in Dhaka, where usually foreign VVIPs stayed, was reserved for it. Two cars were on standby all the time. For almost every meal, they were the guests of somebody. They were treated as VIPs wherever they went, even in the Rajshahi jail! No wish was too much for the hosts. An unscheduled visit to the police academy near Rajshahi, in the extreme northwest of the country, was promptly arranged for the whole team when Khalid Latif, overwhelmed by nostalgia, wished to go there. And a very polite and efficient officer, Abdul Mannan, accompanied the team everywhere.

A/Hameed's impression was that the Bangladeshis felt so close to us that they would like to physically lift their country and place it along our borders, if they could help it!

A/Hameed, on the basis of his own previous studies and his observations during the study tour, started work on an integrated computerization and telecommunications system and a system for records maintenance. There were several other projects he had planned. Facilities were to be provided for micro-filming and duplication of all records of all police offices, including hundreds of thousands of finger prints. Hand-held tape-recorders, compact cameras and other useful but inexpensive items were also to be introduced for field duties. All these projects would have taken some time to complete but everything came to a standstill after I was transferred. If I had some more time, the planned improvements would have been in place but that is life.

Guilt by association. One big project of A/Hameed had a better luck. In late 1993, Ijaz Akram, after his promotion, was appointed DIG Telecommunications. With a zest for modernization and a desire to impress his peers, he came to A/Hameed for some good ideas for his branch. A/Hameed, always keen to give a helping hand for a good cause, suggested a computer-based telecommunications network to replace the outmoded, wasteful and unreliable teleprinter system. He had already worked on it but was not getting any support for its implementation after my transfer as IGP. He also urged the promotion of computer literacy at lower levels in district offices.

Ijaz Akram adopted the orphan baby with open arms and started working on it earnestly. He also gave special emphasis to widespread computer training. With qualities of a good leader and a spirit of dedication, he was determined to try to meet some of the most basic needs of the police.

While working on the communications network, his staff calculated that the police would be saving over 10 million rupees *every year* after implementing the plan! That would be in addition to tremendous improvement in operations, increase in efficiency and saving in manpower.

Somebody joked that after getting such a money-saving plan, the government would be fully justified to keep on paying full salary to A/Hameed for the rest of his life even if he did not do any more work. The government probably heard it. In March 1994 he was suddenly made an Officer on Special Duty, which meant being paid for doing absolutely nothing! Since he had been recruited specifically for the Special Branch, he could not be transferred and posted anywhere else. But who cares about niceties of law and rules.

A/Hameed was thrown into limbo for very petty considerations. Some police officers who hated him for his brains and also wanted to be in the good books of Manzoor Ahmad Wattoo, the Chief Minister, accused him of being a crony of Nawaz Sharif and urged his immediate transfer. The poor man was never close to Mian Sahib even when he was the Chief Minister, nor got any special benefits of any kind that cronies often get. As for passing on intelligence, not even any ordinary official brief, report or file of the Special Branch would go through him, not to speak of secret ones. The most secret documents that came to him were newspapers and magazines! It was a different story that he could glean more intelligence from reading them than the entire Special Branch put together could manage on its own. On the other hand, for seven long years he devoted all his time and energy in studying the operational problems of the police and trying to find solutions for them. His pioneer work brought quite a revolution. But that doesn't count at all when petty selfishness and phobias take supreme priority.

There was another and deeper reason. A/Hameed was a harbinger of improvement and modernization, which require a state of mind that is willing to accept new thoughts and new ways of doing things. But such a change is anathema to most bureaucrats. Always looking for precedents and feeling very secure in status quo, they are extremely reluctant even to agree to the need for a change, not to speak of accepting it. (While the purchase of computers for the Special Branch was being discussed in my office, a supposedly well-read and intelligent DIG asked, "What will be the benefit of computers? We are doing quite well even without them.") The risk of failure or embarrassment in trying new means and methods is too much for them. At the same time they also hate their inadequacies to be

exposed to others. Therefore, they want things to remain just as they are. They dare not break the "wisdom barrier," to use A/Hameed's phrase, and are quite happy to waddle in the swamp of ignorance. No wonder whatever had been built up painstakingly by him and by me started coming down after we were not there. And the demolition was carried out with vengeance.

The immediate reason why A/Hameed suffered was "a guilt by association," which is the basis of many bad things the policemen do. Since he was very close to me and I was under clouds, some persons thought they could benefit by dubbing "the friend of an enemy" as an "enemy." Never mind how much damage they would be causing to an innocent person and the police themselves. And the Chief Minister, without even the elementary formality of verifying the accusation from independent sources, took no time in falling into the trap. It is typical of our rulers. They never hesitate in believing if they are told that there is even a remote possibility of somebody hurting them. *Kan ke kachche* (incredulous), as we say in Urdu. An observation of Aristotle gives very relevant advice. Somebody told him, "I have heard something against you from a reliable person." The great sage replied, "Anyone who speaks against others cannot be a reliable person."

To elaborate the point, A/Hameed loves to quote a story. A fox was seen running in panic. Somebody asked why. "Camels are being rounded up," the fox explained. "But you are certainly not a camel," she was told. "Of course, I know I am not," the wise animal replied. "But suppose somebody in authority calls me a baby camel (*bachcha-i-shutr*) and orders me also to be caught. How can I then save myself?"

Restoring crime records

An integrated system for records of crimes and criminals is indispensable for successful police working. The crime against property is committed after careful preparation for the concealment of both the stolen property and the criminal. The crime against person, like murder and hurt, on the other hand, is often committed impulsively. For centuries, the society had been generally static. The criminal, till now, operated in and around the village of his residence and the police, taking the police station as the basic unit, listed the rogues villagewise in its area of jurisdiction. As the criminals often remained within their own areas, the police knew them and kept them under a watchful eye.

As the society became mobile and urbanized, a need was felt for centralized records. The maximum centralization visualized in the 1930s was at the district level as the criminal, though sometimes operating beyond his village, was hardly reaching beyond his district. The Central Intelligence Agencies (CIAs) were thus established in all districts to maintain records of criminals with description of their physical features, speech, religion, residence, the usual methods, hideouts, associates, patrons, etc. It was a great advancement for those days in this

part of the world. The CID at the provincial level also had records but more concerning political, terrorist and sectarian activities.

After might became right in 1958, the priority of the police changed from curbing crime to curbing people. The police were more after the likely adversaries of the dictator than the burglars preying on ordinary citizens. As a result, the maintenance of crime records suffered from neglect. The personal files and history sheets of criminals disappeared and many of them were to become later the members of Basic Democracies to gain protection! In the changing milieu, the records of the police stations and the CIAs fell into disuse and were neither properly maintained nor updated regularly. On the other hand, new, unrecognizable faces entered the organized criminal world and, to boot, they were very mobile. Even trying to trace them was like groping in the dark, not to speak of catching them.

By 1991, when I took over as IGP, there were practically no records anywhere. A generation of police officers had grown up without being aware of the usefulness of this effective instrument of police working. There were some experienced officers here and there with patchy personal knowledge about the crime and criminals but there was no way to have an integrated and comprehensive picture of the state of crime. A perplexed police officer would come to me and bemoan that some unknown desperate youngsters descended from somewhere and disappeared God knows where after committing crime, without leaving any traces. Some would even hallucinate and blame some anti-Pakistan foreign forces.

The situation, according to my reading, was the result of a long neglect and its cumulative effect had rendered them blind and ineffective. Only the professional skills and the light of the records could show them the way. As most of the officers were not aware of the usefulness of records, they would give me blank looks whenever I would talk to them on the subject. On the other end were some officers, who had been abroad and talked of advanced technologies for finger print records, computers, photography, etc., but did not have the slightest idea how to apply them actually on the ground. We could not use the latest technologies in a vacuum because whatever system we had was

no longer working. A computer, for example, could not produce any results if there was no information to feed it. It was necessary to restore the previous system of crime records and then mould it to suit the modern gadgetry.

I put practically everybody on the job. The range DIGs and district SPs were made personally responsible for updating the records of active criminals committing crimes against property. In the process, they not only rebuilt the records on the old formats but also added their own variations of registers, forms, photographic albums, video tapes for gait and speech peculiarities, etc.

Habibulla Niazi, DIG Rawalpindi, took very keen interest and designed 30 new registers to record the latest methods of criminals. Ahmad Naseem, DIG Sargodha, Aftab Sultan, SP Khushab, and Fateh Sher Joiya, SSP Sargodha, did a marvellous job by updating all records in a very methodical manner. A meeting of the representatives of all CIAs was held in Sargodha so that they could observe closely the system and its implementation and then adopt it.

Nasir Durrani, SP Attock, and Ashraf Marath, SP Sialkot, both very intelligent sons of celebrated police officers, devised their own computer programmes for identifying and detecting criminals and storing information about them. They gathered useful data, especially about stolen vehicles, and used it effectively to trace the criminals. They gave their presentations in a conference of DIGs so that the system could be introduced in other districts also.

Rafi Ahmad Pervez Bhatti, very knowledgeable on the subject, prepared a comprehensive paper on crime records. He discussed the ways not only to restore the old records but also to make them accessible to all users with new technologies. He proposed that data should flow from the police stations to the district CIAs, the ranges and ultimately the Crime Branches of the provinces, which should have a centralized data bank. The data should be available immediately through a telecommunications network for use in the daily operations anywhere in the country.

With the reconstruction of the crime records, I was trying to kindle the dark and dangerous path of the police so that they did not grope in the dark alleys aimlessly. Some light, though only flickering, did blaze their trail.

Records bring success. It is not the physical fighting capability alone that can give the police an upper hand and success against the criminal. It is the combination of professional skills and sound organization, coupled with the right cause and motivation, that provides the real strength to the police.

A case of abduction for ransom was a good example. Moon, the only son of a factory owner in Pakpattan, was abducted during daylight. The police came to know about it indirectly as the parents were afraid that their son might be harmed if they reported the crime. The initial information about the abduction and the vehicle used for it was sketchy. It was also not known in which direction the criminals had gone. It was only by chance that a servant had noticed the boy being forcibly pushed by the culprits into a car.

The telephones of the boy's father were put under observation. The demand for ransom came after three days. We knew the abductors had to make elaborate arrangements to hide the abductee and then negotiate the demand for ransom. Therefore, keeping in view the rendezvous indicated by them for delivery of money, the police could guess their location. On the basis of information from the phone conversation of the abductors, Malik Khuda Bakhsh, SP Pakpattan, concluded that they were somewhere in Kasur or Lahore district. He studied the records for identification of possible gangs and, by process of elimination, narrowed his search down to three.

He arranged for an effective and constant coordination with the Lahore and Kasur Police. As police vehicles were not only obviously identifiable but were also not dependable on the road, the surveillance of the suspects was carried out discreetly in personal or borrowed vehicles. The communication was marvellous and information was promptly available to every policeman involved in the operation.

On the fateful day, the father of the abductee went to the given place with the ransom amount. Two culprits came armed in a car. They also had a follow-up car at a safe distance, with their armed companions in it. The victim's father, with the briefcase in his hand, came out of his car. As the culprits moved towards him, some "labourers," working in the nearby fields and

on the road, pounced upon them. Arms came out in seconds from both sides. The culprits were killed on the spot.

Their companions in the follow-up car reversed and, while firing, tried to run away. They were ambushed by the armed "labourers" near them. They, however, did manage to get away but one of them, injured by firing, was left behind as he had stepped out of the car during the battle. He divulged that the abductee was hidden in a village near Pattoki. As a result of the consultation of records, the place was already under watch. After the specific information was passed on the wireless network, the abductee was recovered safely before the mauled, desperate and fleeing culprits in the follow-up car could reach him.

The "labourers" in tatters working near the rendezvous were a DSP, an Inspector, a Sub-Inspector, an ASI and some constables, all of them commanded and controlled through small wireless sets by the SP, himself in tattered clothes. The recovery of the unharmed boy was enthusiastically celebrated in Pakpattan and the SP and his team were warmly congratulated and feted by grateful and admiring citizens.

The police officers, who used to give me blank looks when I would emphasize the usefulness of the records and speedy transmission of needed information, were now convinced. The use of records helped us in solving many apparently hopeless cases. The modern mobile society expected modern means and outlook from the police. It was no longer possible to accept a constable taking information sheets on foot in a leisurely style from one police station to the other months after the crime and that too out of a fear of the impending inspection. My emphasis on better records started bearing fruit as examples of unusual successes accumulated.

Two most dangerous criminals of Balochistan were shopping in Layyah when an ASI and two constables recognized and arrested them because they had seen their photographs in one of the police magazines started on my initiative.

Hamid Mukhtar Gondal, SP CIA, Lahore, and son of Ch. Mukhtar Ahmad Gondal, a retired DIG, worked out a case of abduction for ransom of a young man from Kamoki, mainly by concentrating on the crime records and the modus operandi. He

was able to zero in on the culprits and arrested the ring leader merely on suspicion on the basis of his study of relevant records.

But it was only a studied suspicion. The accused was a student leader and, in the absence of any solid proof, resisted the pressure during interrogation. But Hamid, in the light of records, was absolutely certain of his guilt. The accused ultimately confessed and pointed out the hiding place in an underground cellar. The abductee was rescued, half dead for lack of oxygen. If Hamid had not quickly drawn the inference while working on his records and moved fast, the abductee would have died of suffocation. The records gave instant light to the police and a new lease of life to the victim.

Fighting car thieves with records. The theft of cars had become endemic and organized in Multan while the police were in total disarray, having no idea of what was happening. Mirza Muhammad Ali, SSP Multan, carefully built up elaborate records of known car thieves, with their ages, methods, vulnerable areas, routes of escape, hideouts, cover-ups, and channels for the disposal of the stolen cars. He identified the gangs and their accomplices, the skillful forgers who changed the serial numbers of engines and chassis, the staff of the Excise and Taxation Department who helped in the registration of the stolen cars on false documents, the patrons who arranged the follow-up stages after the theft, like nearby or distant hiding places, sale of stolen cars, bail after arrest, etc.

In the light of his studies, Muhammad Ali took counter-measures and preventive steps. His pains paid off and car lifting almost ceased in Multan. He wrote a paper on the subject and I made it a model for the whole of the Punjab.

As a follow-up, the records of car thieves and stolen vehicles were prepared throughout the province. The information was transmitted and exchanged speedily. Nasir Durrani computerized the data on cars crossing the Attock bridge, the entry point for NWFP and the tribal area. We proposed to do the same at other entry and exit points of the Punjab. The police placed under watch the places where vehicles were disposed off and converted, like Bilal Ganj in Lahore, where a new car could be dissembled into spare parts in minutes.

Ch. Tasaddaq, SP Bhakkar, with the help of reconstructed records, traced a large racket of car stealers and sellers, with its tentacles throughout the country. It had the patronage of influential MNAs and MPAs, who would buy the stolen Pajeros with false documents at 1/10th of the market price. (Pajero, of Mitsubishi of Japan, has become a four-wheel-drive vehicle of prestige for the feudals.) The master forger had a chain of his pupils throughout the country.

When Ch. Tasaddaq refused to yield to the pressures of the influential politicians, the gang managed to manipulate the legal procedure. The relevant magistrate would not give physical remand of the accused without which the investigation could not proceed further. The SP locked horns with the magistrate, with help from the Session Judge and the Deputy Commissioner.

The magistrate, however, went a long way in trying to help the criminals. He threatened the police investigators with prosecution for contempt of court. He falsely accused the investigator of having snatched the case file from him. He also approached the Commissioner and the Chief Secretary with baseless allegations against the investigators. The Chief Secretary was initially so enraged that he demanded immediate action against the relevant police despite my explanations. Ultimately, he cooled down only after the Commissioner verified that the magistrate had been telling lies.

The gang of culprits then filed a writ petition in the Lahore High Court with concocted allegations against the SP. Through manipulation, the allegations were turned into headlines of newspapers the next day to build further pressure. The Governments, both provincial and federal, wanted immediate action against the investigation team due to pressure from the involved MNAs and MPAs, who were now panicky and wanted the investigation to stop. I told the government that the administrative decision must wait until the judicial verdict. Tasaddaq stood his ground and proved, with records of the previous court proceedings, that the same forger and his gang had filed as many as 87 writ petitions on similar grounds against various police officers to thwart successfully further investigations.

This time the forger's luck ran out. The High Court dismissed his writ petition. Rana Ijaz Ahmad, advocate, appeared

for the petitioner while Nazir Ahmad Ghazi, Assistant Advocate General, defended the police. Rana Ijaz felt very concerned for the forger. Shortly afterwards, SP Tasaddaq and his DSP, who was conducting the investigation, were transferred and the forger once again managed to go free on bail. But by now all facts and records were with the police. He was involved in hundreds of such cases and was wanted not only in Bhakkar but also elsewhere, including Sindh and NWFP. The beneficiary MNAs and MPAs, once they came to know all facts, helped the police in the recovery of stolen vehicles, even those under their own use. The forger and his companions were ultimately convicted in many cases.

Many such gangs were smashed by intelligent police officers with the help of records. Aamir Butt, Faizi and others, while brandishing arms, would snatch cars in broad daylight and would replace them with better vehicles at will. They roamed about the country, armed and in strength. Zafar Qureshi, SP Kasur, and his ASP, Dr Shafique, arrested them and many others after fierce encounters. The records helped a great deal in getting their convictions.

One such gang divulged during interrogation that the sitting Vice-Chairman of the Rawalpindi District Council was one of them. Eight stolen vehicles were recovered from him. He was released on bail within days as he was "an honourable man," like Brutus in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. He was, however, challaned before the court for trial on the strength of the records.

For another gang, the patronage came from a federal minister. His cousin, Jhelum Khan, ran a roaring business in stolen vehicles at Miran Shah. The police were collecting evidence to link the minister when three of his henchmen were killed in an encounter near Gujrat. The criminals had snatched a car and were running away in it. The police waylaid them on receiving information on wireless. They opened fire on the police. A splendid fight took place on the National Highway N5 (G.T. Road) in broad daylight. The desperadoes died in action but martyred one constable and injured three others.

At Balloki canal headworks on the Ravi river near Lahore, a car was stopped for routine checking. When the police asked for their identity, they showed a chit from Maulana Sami-ul-Haq,

of Jami'at-i-Ulema-i-Islam, and claimed to be his workers. While one police party engaged them in talking, the other searched the vehicle. The search yielded not only a big cache of arms but also a bomb of high potency. It was intended to be thrown on the police if an attempt was made to arrest them. They tried to run away but it was too late. Nor could they use the bomb.

During interrogation, they divulged that they had taken hundreds of vehicles into the tribal area of NWFP, where the normal laws still do not apply even five decades after Independence. They also had a hideout at Raiwind, near Lahore, for safe parking of the stolen vehicles until their disposal. It was a spacious underground construction while there were ordinary shops on the surface. Nobody suspected anything from the outside.

Becoming the biggest magazine publisher

The electronic and print media, which had helped in widening the wedge between the symbols of law and the people, had to be persuaded to change its trends. However, before approaching it, it was essential that our own house should be in order. A message had to reach the last constable that the primary role of police were to enforce the law of the country and not just to uphold.the authority of the government. It was necessary to build bridges of understanding between the police and the people for a joint fight against crime. The addresses and circular letters on the subject by me and the officers were not enough. A lot of effort was needed to change the orientation and direction of a force of over 80,000.

The genesis. One of the most economical and effective method of reaching the entire force was through our own print media. In fact, A/Hameed, who has a considerable experience and a deep study of journalism and publishing, had been urging me to start a regular publication for internal communication between the command and the ranks. In his view, it should be functional, using simple printing and paper, and must be so

inexpensive that the department might be able to make free copies available to practically every single policeman. When I would stress communication with the people, he would recommend another magazine as the objective then would be *external* communication. Our discussions continued for several days during our regular daily afternoon walk in the Central Model Town Park. Finally, I let him have his way and he planned its production and publication.

The Punjab Police magazine, which over the years had changed its title from *The Sentinel* to *Muhafiz* and its language from English to Urdu, was practically once-in-a-year affair because of lavish expenditure on production and printing. A small number of copies were printed and free distribution was only among those who mattered. Others could buy the magazine but few could afford it because of the high price, certainly not the constables, who should have been the real target.

A/Hameed started a plain type of a magazine. It had a small volume of 32 pages (in multiples of 16 to save on paper and printing). The printing was in only one-colour (black) on inside pages while the title was in four colours but without extra printing cost because it was a by-product of colour advertisements on the back or inside cover pages. The paper was newsprint, the cheapest quality available for magazines. As a result, the cost per copy was only a few rupees. Thus, the monthly expenses were not much and could be easily met with only a few regular advertisements even though 5000 copies were printed and packets of multiple copies were distributed free to all police offices, down to all police stations and police posts. Every policeman thus had access to the magazine. If he wanted to buy his own copy, the cost was less than that of a soft drink.

The contents of the magazine were also of professional interest. A special feature was the reprinting of the circular letters issued by me as IGP. The way things normally work, the IGP's circulars simply get filed at the receiving end. Nobody bothers to bring them to the notice of even the office people, not to speak of the staff in the field. The police stations, which have to implement the instructions ultimately, seldom get a copy. The magazine thus brought the instructions of the police chief to the notice of everybody. The minutes of the high-level meetings,

such as the conferences of DIGs, were also to be reproduced to make the policemen aware of the thinking at the highest level.

Many people, however, failed to understand the philosophy behind the magazines. For them, *Muhafiz* had to be a glossy magazine, "a prestigious publication" as they put it. It did not matter if, as a result, it did not reach everybody or its expenditure was not easy to meet.

Therefore, the plain vanilla was turned into tutty fruity after two issues. And, as A/Hameed could not be expected to abandon his convictions and thinking, the editing and production were entrusted to his colleague DIG Tanweer Hameed. He did make the magazine glossy and prestigious. But he had to personally pay a tremendous cost in time and energy. The financial problems also took their toll and gradually the production standards had to be lowered.

The main objectives of the magazine, in my view, included the creation of general awareness about crime and criminals. The policemen were to be informed about the successful investigative methods, the ways to overcome the obstacles in arresting desperadoes and the clever moves of criminals to hoodwink the police and the law. They were also to be made aware of the need for self-respect and pride in duty, the moral satisfaction in rendering service to humanity and the deeds of the gallant policemen who faced danger courageously and took risks consciously in the performance of their duties.

The main target was communication within the police with some interaction with the people. The best way would be stories of actual performance. The police handles thousands of cases that are more interesting than the best fiction. There are many lessons to learn and many lessons to teach others. I proposed that every policeman should write the most interesting, exciting, challenging and satisfying cases or episodes of his professional life.

The range magazines. To get maximum involvement in the exchange of knowledge and experience, I discussed the proposal with all DIGs. Some of them proposed that the ranges (divisions) should bring out their own magazines. It was a good idea and I approved it.

Rao Iqbal, SSP Rawalpindi, was the first to bring out a range magazine, *Police Khabarnama*. In the first issue, ASP Bani Amin narrated details of some difficult and complicated investigations and wrote the profiles of *shaheed* (martyred) police officers and their inspiring acts of gallantry. The magazine became popular and was keenly awaited by the constabulary. It covered regimental activities, sports, *langar* (mess) talk, even news about colleagues and their families. It brought smiles, sometimes tears, to the policemen.

DIG Ahmad Nasim and SP Mian Muhammad Asif brought out *Police Times* from Sargodha on a similar pattern. Their editorial staff was entirely from the police. Constables Musharraf and Ashraf and ASI Manzoor turned out to be among the finest writers.

The Sargodha magazine created a stir with its story on the tracing of a blind murder case with the help of a mare. The victim was found killed in his village house during the night. Nobody had seen anybody coming or going. There were footprints of only a mare and the same were washed out by rain the next day. Leaving no traces at all, the murderers seemed to have committed a perfect crime.

The perfection, however, had a fatal flaw in the form of an astray mare. It was found wandering about 30 kms away from the scene of the crime, with nobody claiming ownership. The police inferred that the murderers might have used the mare to travel. An intelligent and experienced Inspector set the mare free to roam, while a team of policemen kept a distant eye on its movements. The theory was that a horse, when left free, always returned to its home.

The mare kept on moving and running in a zigzag manner for a week. On the 8th day, it started galloping in a straight direction. With the investigation team on its heels in a jeep, the mare finally entered a house and started neighing noisily. The place turned out to be its former home, about 120 kms away from the scene of murder.

The former owner told the police that he had sold the mare two months ago to two persons of a nearby village. According to the police record, both were hired assassins. They were arrested forthwith. They confessed, handed over the murder weapon and told the whole story. They had been hired by an

executive engineer of the Irrigation Department, who wanted to eliminate the man who had married his beloved many years ago. The killers used the mare for the crime and, while fleeing, abandoned it near a canal where a car was waiting for them to take them to their homes 120 kms away. They were sure that they had left no trace at all!

When Muhammad Ali, the famous film actor, read the story, he was so fascinated that he wanted to make a film on it. I don't know what happened to his project but at least three other such cases were worked out soon after the investigators read the story in the police magazine. For example: DSP Rana Aslam worked out a case during the night after the crime, after travelling 30 kms alternately on foot and horseback along with the horse. The story taught police officers a useful method of investigation, vindicating one of the objectives behind the magazines.

The first issue of the Lahore range magazine projected the inspiring story of the valiant fight and martyrdom of gallant and pious DSP Iftikhar Khara. There were also soul-stirring poetic tributes to the shaheed in emotive and elegant diction. Besides the fact that Iftikhar deserved the rich tributes, the story inspired many other police officers to face the criminals boldly, even if it meant risking their lives. Another objective of the magazines was being served.

The magazines of Faisalabad, Dera Ghazi Khan and Bahawalpur followed the same pattern and contributed to enlighten and inspire the officers and the constabulary. The photographs of the wanted criminals were published, enabling the constables to recognize them if they came across them. It was one of our main objectives. Shahid Iqbal, as SSP Dera Ghazi Khan and later as SSP Bahawalpur, took keen interest in the preparation and production of the magazines of respective ranges. He also produced very useful, informative and comprehensive annual administration reports.

In Gujranwala, DIG Syed Azhar hassan Nadeem with the active involvement of SSP Malik Iqbal, SP Masood Bangush, SP Tahseen Anwar Ali and SPs Ashraf Marath and Zafar Qureshi brought out a literary and enlightening magazine, *Police Ke Shab-o-Roze*. Ch. Mushtaq and Ahmad Zaki, DSPs, with SI Ghulam Abbas, took pains to educate others through their essays in a direct but interesting manner and also benefited them with their

skills and experience. The poems by Syed Azhar Nadeem and Khadim Husain Bhatti in praise of the martyred police officers were very inspiring.

The most regular and best-produced range magazine came from Multan. Maj. Mushtaq Ahmad, DIG, and Mirza Muhammad Ali, SSP, put their heart and soul in it. They developed a plan to make their magazine, *Police Mag*, self-financing through adequate advertisements and sales. Its quality of contents and production encouraged the sale of copies outside the police also. They were lucky to have Shahid Naseem, an outstanding writer, as the Honorary Editor. He made the magazine consistently interesting and useful. The contents covered not only case studies but also important professional subjects and current affairs. Personnel matters were discussed in a humorous vein in an interesting column by the SSP himself.

DIG Mushtaq introduced the writing of actual case studies as a compulsory subject in the range police training schools. Every trainee police officer had to write at least one case. The idea was to get interesting material for publication in the magazine. (In Sihala Police College, its Commandant, M.R. Zia, did the same, though for *Muhafiz*. Later I made it compulsory in all police training institutions throughout the province.) The result was a flood of case studies and stories, making it impossible to publish them all. A competition was then introduced to select the best stories for publication.

The ignorant and the jealous. As it happens with all new ideas, there was considerable criticism of the magazines. There were people not only in bureaucracy and the government but also within the police themselves who could not comprehend how the flowering of self-expression, sharing of knowledge and internal communication could benefit the professional performance of the policemen. They also failed to note that police forces everywhere have their magazines. And there must be some valid reasons why the armed forces everywhere also have their own regular publications. Not finding anything specifically wrong, they took the plea that it was "not professional work" as if the promotion of knowledge, inspiration and self-respect was unprofessional activity.

Some journalists were also critical, mostly due to cynicism, jealousy and ignorance. They could not tell their readers that the police, contrary to the media image of an evil incarnate, had taken such a positive step. Then they were also jealous that the police magazines were of very high professional standards. And they knew little about the psychology of motivation and inspiration in a large disciplined force. A report in a leading English daily (*The News,* Oct. 8, 1992) was headlined, "Punjab Police becomes biggest publisher in country." It was true that, with one central and eight regional magazines, we *were* the biggest publishing house. The reporter, however, did not intend to compliment us.

On the other hand, some prestigious publications showed positive reaction. The leading magazines like *Qaomi Digest* and *Urdu Digest* regularly reproduced stories from our magazines. Leading dailies like *Jang*, *Nawa-i-Waqt* and *Pakistan* did the same in their colour supplements.

After I was transferred, most of the magazines ceased publication while others became less regular, mainly due to three reasons. First, all new projects need commitment and support at the highest levels for quite some time in order to continue and thrive. Secondly, permanent editorial and production arrangements at the local level, unaffected by transfers of higher officers, are essential for a regular publication. Thirdly, the sources for revenue (mainly advertisements) should be regular and, keeping in view elementary economics, the expenditure must not exceed the available funds.

Bringing the police and people closer

Once the people realized that the police were putting in genuine efforts in the fight against crime, they gave their cooperation in all forms and without any reservations. They even fought against the bandits along with the police and dozens died or were injured. As the public faith in the police increased, the citizens came forward with useful and timely information about the dangerous criminals. The atmosphere improved so much that even witnesses would come forward willingly to depose against the criminals. The setting up of speedy trial courts also helped the matters. The forces of law were getting strengthened while the criminal was being denied tacit and silent support of the community. The community was reverting to peace with itself and its police in the fight against crime.

The active support of writers, journalists and intellectuals was needed to create public opinion against crime and criminals. I requested Syed Azhar hassan Nadeem, DIG Gujranwala, himself a poet and writer of great charm, to arrange discussions on the concept. Many renowned writers and intellectuals like Ashfaq Ahmad Khan, Altaf Hassan Qureshee, Amjad Islam Amjad, Mujib Shami, Ata-ul-Haq Qasimi, Hassan Rizvi, Abdul

Qadir Hassan, late Dildar Pervaiz Bhatti and others accepted the invitation.

We discussed in depth the causes of growing criminality and its tolerance by the society. The consensus was that the community had to be made aware of the harmful consequences of abandoning the rule of law. There was no reason for living with crime and its perpetual fear. The anarchic state of crime had grown over the decades due to the society accepting and not condemning the culture of dictatorships. Once the violation of the basic law of the country was tolerated, the seeds of criminality were sown. The state became a symbol of lawlessness after the "original sin" in 1958. Force was supposed to be the strong arm of law but since then the law became the servile servant of force. The crime culture not only grew but was being glorified. As the people respect and are influenced by the writings of the intellectuals, the latter had to fight against crime and criminal mentality with pen while the police were fighting it with, so to speak, their sword, or physical force. The legal and moral forces of the society had to be strengthened through close mutual cooperation.

Once the great brains realized the gravity of the situation, they decided not to glorify criminals in any form. The villain had to be called a villain, whether he stole a buffalo or abrogated the constitution.. The social tolerance and glorification had made crime profitable but it must not remain so. The criminals, who stole millions, must not be allowed to become respectable by spending a portion of their loot on good causes.

Rana Maqbool Ahmad, DIG Lahore, another bright police officer, followed up the theme quite vigorously. He took another route and arranged a series of addresses to the policemen by intellectuals like Altaf Qureshee, Mujib Shami and Ashfaq Ahmad (popularly known as "Talqeen Shah," the main character played by himself in his radio programme, one of the longest running in Asia).

I arranged similar meetings at other places between senior police officers and intellectuals for interaction and understanding the view of one another. The experiment was very rewarding for both, especially the policemen, who had an opportunity to talk of things other than crime and criminals and broaden their mental

horizon. Pursuing the idea, Ahmad Nasim, DIG Sargodha, and SP Mian Asif, organized similar meetings of policemen with Vazir Agha, Prof. Asghar, Prof. Haroon and others. Ch. Muhammad Yaqub, DIG Faisalabad, and Iftikhar Ahmad, his SSP, had a stimulating gathering on the lawns of Radio Pakistan.

The intellectuals, lawyers and journalists agreed with us on the basic theme but had a long list of complaints against the actual working of the police. "What we are doing is the first step," I explained to them. "It will take a long time and a lot of hard work before we can steer our course in the right direction. The whole society will have to make its contribution before we can succeed. It is easier to promote evil but very difficult to follow the right path. Righteousness demands sacrifices and the policemen have been laying down their lives and limbs. Therefore, let us not desert hope and help one another."

Community policing. To promote the concept of closer relationship between the people and the police, we devised the strategy of introducing community policing. It would make the police accountable to the law-abiding citizens and also allow them to work in unison with each other. Syed Azhar hassanNaeem, DIG Gujranwala, had studied the system of community policing in the United Kingdom and started adapting it to local conditions. Before launching the plan, an independent survey was conducted through the Sociology Department of the University of the Panjab in the area of Model Town police station in Gujranwala. The main complaint of the residents of the area was not the fear of violent crime but the insensitive and rude behaviour of the police. The other problems were secondary and the surveyors listed them in order of priority.

DIG Syed Azhar Hassan Nadeem and SSP Malik Iqbal did their planning in the light of the survey. The DSP of the area was Ch. Mushtaq Husain, an intelligent and dedicated officer. Malik Iqbal and Mushtaq, after in-depth discussions with the residents, introduced the system of neighbourhood watch. Its essence was that the neighbours had to interact closely with each other and keep a watchful eye on strangers, intruders and suspicious characters. The police helped them to stamp their valuable articles with invisible ink and to sand dust registration numbers on the windscreens of their vehicles. The security and

locking systems were streamlined. The telephones were listed and connected with the police station with a simple device. The young students were briefed on the methods of abductors or saboteurs and were trained to take precautions. The police station was provided with an ambulance for use in emergencies like road and other accidents, fires, heart attacks, etc. The patrolmen were selected and briefed to be friendly with the residents of their beats. They were to stay for at least a year in the area to be familiar with its problems. A spacious reading room with a library was provided in the police station, making it look more like a community center.

The community policing did wonders. Even, the encroachments were removed voluntarily. The wagon stands were removed by transporters from the congested areas simply under moral pressure of the community. The drug pushers and other criminals moved away from the area as they now stood isolated and exposed. The residents started keeping their streets clean on their own. The positive energies of the populace were channeled. The Gujranwala police, with its professional skill and moral approach, achieved an unprecedented success and the police and the people became friendly.

The police came closer not only to the public but also won the whole, hearted support of the Commissioner Kamran Rasool and his Deputy Commissioners.

The Gujranwala experiment in community policing was replicated at other places in the province. Fateh Sher Joiya, SSP Sargodha, and Nisar Ahmad Saroya, his SP, CIA, under the supervision of DIG Ahmad Nasim, organized the active elements from various sections of the society, including professors, students, lawyers, labour leaders, journalists, businessmen and women against crime. The students were in the forefront of the fight against crime. A notorious family of drug dealers ran away from Sargodha under social pressure.

Volunteer force. In their own version of community policing, Rana Maqbool, DIG, and Tariq Khosa, SSP, raised a volunteer force of educated and dedicated young men, with nominated supervisors, in every muhalla of Lahore. The councilors of the Lahore Metropolitan Corporation were the most

active participants in the fight against crime. The *kachchi abadis* (shanty towns) and some suburbs, which had become nurseries and sanctuaries of crimes and criminals, were cleared up by the volunteer corps, penetrating where police could not.

The Lahore police also replicated with success the Gujranwala experiment of neighbourhood watch in the Defence Housing Society (actually Lahore Catonment Cooperative Housing Society) police station area, under the supervision of DSP Azmat Gondal. Zulfiqar Cheema, SP City, organized the students, in consultation with their teachers, for regulating the traffic in his area during peak hours and on specified days.

Ch. Sajjad Ahmad, his successor, galvanized the people of the old walled city area into a guardian force to maintain peace during Muharram. He even inducted the students of *madrassas* (religious schools) of the area in the voluntary security corps raised by him. The ulema, like Ajmal Qadri, who had earlier patronized the bands of trouble-making *Haq Char Yar* organization, were later organizing the peace corps at the time of Ashura. The prominent residents of the area were serving drinks and food to the policemen and volunteers on duty. The likely disturbers of peace had become the peace-keepers when they were invited to participate in the arrangements. When Ch. Sajjad gave them the freedom and responsibility to manage their own affairs, they rose to the occasion magnificently.

Syed Azhar hassan Nadeem and Rana Maqbool held meetings with the religious leaders to channelize their energies and speaking powers to create public awareness and motivation to fight against the law-breakers. I myself held many meetings with them and reminded them of their duty, as prescribed in the Holy Quran, to forbid people from evil and ordain righteousness. Some standard sermons on the subject, prepared by Nazir Ahmad Ghazi, Assistant Advocate General, and Dr Zafar Iqbal Noori, were also circulated among the ulema. We urged them that, instead of criticizing each other and driving people to fight against their rival schools of thought, they should speak against the law-breakers and direct their energies for their elimination.

Syed Azhar Hassan Nadeem concentrated mainly on the younger generation. He addressed students in schools and

colleges of the Gujranwala Division, highlighting the great deeds of the police shaheeds and emphasizing the need to uphold the law. It was a fight between right and wrong, good and evil, he would say. The students and teachers would stage entertaining but instructive tableaus, depicting the police as symbol of goodness and bandits as villains. The students would proudly wear the police uniform. The performance did yield handsome crops of pride all round.

The media joins in jihad. A stage drama to glorify the splendid deeds of the police shaheeds at Gujranwala attracted unprecedented crowds and applause. The management had to extend the drama shows many times at the insistence of the people and it got a packed house for months. Now that they could sleep peacefully at night, they no longer considered the dedicated policemen as villains. The climate changed visibly when the people found police following the right course.

In recognition of selfless service of the police to the people the Gujranwala Chamber of Commerce & Industry arranged a meeting which I also attended. They offered a free ticket for performance of umra in Saudi Arabia and a shield to DSP Mushtaq declaring him the best policeman of the year. Public support also helped us in bringing about a visible change in the attitude of ordinary police functionaries. Head Constable Boota &, Constable Aslam did not yield to the temptation when they were offered Rs. 8,25,000 as illegal gratification by a thief only if they could let him go. This unprecedented act of honesty and commitment to duty made the Anjman-e-Tajran Gujranwala arrange a big function in the honour of these policemen. Tariq Aziz introduced them to the nation in his Television Programme "Nelam Ghaar". A clsoe understanding with the community was paying dividents!

In Lahore, Sultan Rahi, the popular hero of Punjabi films, staged a drama on police shaheeds at the Open Air Theatre in Bagh-i-Jinnah (formerly Lawrence Gardens). It attracted big crowds for months. It had to be suspended only on the advent of Muharram. The policeman suddenly became a hit as a hero in dramas and films. It was no longer the policeman who had been the butt of ridicule.

I addressed meetings of film producers, story writers and directors, urging them not to glorify crime and violence. They were initially reluctant, afraid that it would not be good business. They believed that people liked the glorification of crime. Israr Ahmad, an officer with deep interest in music and other fine arts, convinced them, with facts and figures, that most of the films that projected violence and crime had flopped. Still they were hesitant.

But when they realized, after the success of the stage drama, that the mood of the people had changed and they wanted to see the defenders of law as their heroes, the same directors and producers were after me and Israr, seeking our assistance in filming real stories of the shaheeds and ghazis and the most spectacular police encounters. The wind had turned in favour of law and its symbols. It was the sacrifices of the brave officers and men that had done the miracle. The deeds spoke louder than any propaganda. DIG Syed Azhar Hassan Nadeem helped in the making of a film on the Ojla Kalan encounter, which was shown in cinema houses in the Punjab for months.

Radio and television also joined in the fight against crime. Radio Pakistan started a popular weekly programme, "Muhafiz," produced by Raza Kazimi, a senior producer. It was broadcast simultaneously from all radio stations in the Punjab. Rana Wasey, SP Crime Branch, worked very hard for making the programme a great success. A large number of panel discussions were organized by the radio authorities on the rule of law, on the instructions of Abdul Khaliq Awan, the Director General. Ahmad Hassan Sheikh, Managing Director, Pakistan Television, also took on himself the duty of building up the forces of law. He ensured proper coverage to the deeds of the gallant police officers. A popular drama series, "Deevar," based on actual crime stories, was broadcast on the national television network for 13 weeks during prime time. It was brilliantly produced by Muhammad Azim against heavy odds and on very tight schedules, and very ably written by Shahzad Ahmad, a very eminent Urdu poet and an outstanding writer on psychology and other subjects. There were many other programmes in which policemen were invited to participate, especially DIG Tanweer Hameed, who did very well as a spokesman for the police.

The national press, usually hostile towards police in the past, developed a realistic and helpful attitude. Special issues of newspapers and magazines were brought out, eulogizing the valour and courage of the policemen. For the first time ever, headlines and news reports started using the term "shaheed" for the policemen, who died in encounters with criminals.

Constable's prayer. Dr Zafar Iqbal Noori, a friend and a former student leader, was so inspired by the deeds of the valiant policemen that he wrote a very moving poem, "The Prayer of a Constable." The constable seeks the blessings of Allah Almighty for success in his struggle to remain on the right path when there are temptations and evils all around him. He prays for the victory of the *lashkar-i-khair* (army of goodness). The poem became the police anthem and was widely circulated. It was to be recited on important occasions. The police band composed a very moving tune while Radio Pakistan popularized it by making it the signature tune of "Muhafiz," its weekly programme.

Nazir Ghazi called the motivational campaign for upholding the law and truth, with the dedication of a true Muslim, as *hayya ala al-falah* ("the call towards welfare"), the phrase used in azan, the call for prayers.

Sectarian protection to criminals

The terrorist and subversive activities, after their peak in 1987, increased again in 1990 and 1991. This phase was also the direct result of the Afghan crisis even though it was after the withdrawal of the Russian forces. Some of the guerrillas, who had unbounded religious zeal and were trained in war conditions in Afghanistan, took to the crime world in Pakistan and made a special target of their rival sect. The sectarian terrorism, because of its ideology, its exploitation by the enemies of Pakistan and the easy availability of weapons of all kinds, created a dreadful scenario of organized cold-blooded murders and dacoities.

The sectarian organizations provided the only blanket of protection to many criminals, who had been abandoned by politicians and others. I explained the complex situation to many Shia and Sunni leaders but, blinded by their strong prejudices, they refused to open their eyes to reality.

Even the authorities at the highest levels had little understanding of the phenomenon. The Interior Ministry, on the advice of the Intelligence Bureau and the ISI, proposed to ban both the Sipah-i-Sahaba (Sunni) and the Tehrik-i-Nifaz-i-Fiqa-i-

Ja'faria (Shia). It was a very naive view and could not help in solving the problem in any way.

It was just not possible to seal and flush out the imambargahs and mosques that provided sanctuaries to criminals of the two sides for misplaced religious sanctity. The sectarian leaders planned killings and sabotage activities in their places of worship, justifying it in the name of religion and as a measure of self-defence.

The criminals used for the purpose had their own objectives. They knew that nobody could touch them as long as they were operating from the places of worship under a cover of religious duty. They could thus safely continue drug trafficking, gun-running, banditry, abduction for ransom and other crimes. The targets were usually the members of the opposing sect. The abductees were kept in the mosques and imambargahs, and were tortured, sometimes even killed.

If both leading sectarian organizations were banned, they would certainly protest loudly and use their links in the political parties. The government would be on the defensive, not knowing what to do next. The higher courts would have also found the action unjustified unless satisfactory proofs of the criminal planning and acts were provided. The intelligence agencies were, as usual, vague and indulged in wishful thinking. (After all, it is the government that ultimately has to face the consequences, not the intelligence agencies.) On the other hand, the agencies could not provide any definite proof of foreign funding when we all knew that the two organizations had powerful and resourceful foreign patrons.

A high-level meeting was called in Islamabad to decide about banning the two sectarian organizations. Everybody was for an easy way out for banning. So, I decided to raise a basic question. I asked, "Are you interested in eliminating or minimizing the real problem or simply in making this meeting appear as a success? Even if you take a decision to ban the two organizations, it will have no effect unless it was backed by our capability on the ground. We have little capability so far and still less information. The strong wall of insulation around the sectarian organizations, created by religious frenzy, has to be pulled down sensibly but strongly. I am trying to penetrate their inner circles. Let me isolate the criminals and crush them. Only

then the problem will become easy to tackle. It is always the criminals who are hired to create confusion and disruption. It is my firm belief that no power on earth, despite all its resources, can disrupt our peace if we control and crush the criminals."

The participants in the meeting were not pleased with my views. They had grandiose plans of "ruthless suppression and bulldozing measures to crush the enemy agents." But how? They had no clear idea - only tall claims full of verbosity and meaningless wordy warnings that is usual with non-serious wandering minds of our administrators blinded by authority.

Breakthrough in Layyah. The Special Branch Punjab identified the dangerous and violent criminals, who had been operating under the cover of sectarian organizations. I advised the range DIGs and SPs of the affected districts to go after the real criminals, not the persons who, under pressure from either sect, had been named falsely in FIRs or in investigation reports. As a result, the police did show the nerve to stick to truth with courage and conviction.

The first breakthrough was made by Dera Ghazi Khan range police during the investigation of the murder of a religious leader. As the matter is in the courts, naming anybody from any side will create complications. Therefore, only the outline of my strategy and police methodology will be given to indicate the dimensions of the problem.

The real culprits were arrested and interrogated. With patience and painstaking hard work, the entire background and planning were discovered. The patrons of the culprits created all kinds of pressures, including agitation and big processions. However, DIG Irfan Mahmood stood firm. I advised him to explain the truth with evidence to even those who agitated or brought delegations. I knew truth would have its own way because people would sense it, including the lower ranks of the involved organizations themselves. Slowly and steadily, the truth would demolish the bulwarks raised on the piles of lies.

The Layyah breakthrough gave us more extensive information on the accomplices and methods of the culprits and helped in working out many other cases. In one such case, six desperadoes were arrested from a house in Dera Ghazi Khan. They were planning to loot the salaries of teachers from the

school cashier, who was to disburse the amount on the first day of the month. The money was to be spent on getting released on bail the accused arrested in the Layyah case. If the accused were not bailed, they were to be snatched from police custody on their way to the court.

During interrogations, it was learnt that three of their accomplices had gone to the Afghan refugee camp in Mianwali to get more lethal weapons for their mission. On getting information in time, the Sargodha police intercepted and arrested them. Some of the criminals had fought in Afghanistan and had become hardened by fighting but the skill and courage of the police paid off in penetrating the network. Some of their patrons protested vehemently but the police followed the truth. When the video recordings of interrogations were shown to the protective ulema, many of them withdrew their support.

"We have to survive." As a result of the investigation, the police then arrested many members of sectarian organizations involved in serious crimes like dacoity and murder in various parts of the province. Two young men were arrested in Narowal. During further interrogation, they divulged that they and their accomplices had committed hundreds of dacoities and murders. They had killed two police constables while fleeing after a dacoity in Shah Jamal, Lahore, gunned down a marriage party going in a bus in Narowal, looted trains and trucks, robbed even army officers and soldiers in Sialkot and had committed so many other dastardly acts of crime. They identified and led the police to 18 of their criminal associates, who were on a banditry rampage throughout the province. They were picked up with great difficulty and hard work. Surprisingly, they were young, sturdy, religious men and all had fought in Afghanistan. They were using the cover of Sipah-i-Sahaba, although the organization claimed to be unaware of their criminal activities.

In Ahmadpur East, a maulvi was killed. The people captured red-handed two of the fleeing culprits. During interrogation, they disclosed that they belonged to Nifaz-i-Fiqa-i-Ja'faria and were involved in scores of dacoities. Their third accomplice, who ran away from the spot, was a medical student from Khangarh, Muzaffargarh district. They had also thrown a bomb in the house of another imam masjid, killing or injuring his

whole family. They believed that they were doing a religious duty in such cases.

"But why crimes like dacoities?" they were asked.

"Because we have to survive to be able to kill the enemies," they explained nonchalantly. Five of their other accomplices were arrested in due course.

The Rawalpindi police arrested five bearded bandits in a hot pursuit while they were running away after committing a dacoity in Sadiqabad muhalla of the city. They tried to take refuge in a madrassa run by Sipah-i-Sahaba. They had committed dozens of thefts and dacoities in and around Rawalpindi, having been inspired by the examples and exploits of some of their seniors, who were doing the same as a religious duty.

In Faisalabad, the police went in hot pursuit of bandits, who were fleeing after committing a bank dacoity and killing a police constable on guard duty. They were arrested from a Sipah-i-Sahaba mosque where they had taken refuge. In the presence of their leaders, they led the police to the recovery of hand grenades buried in the courtyard of the mosque. They had also been to Afghanistan.

In Lahore several such gangs of dacoits were arrested. Fourteen members of three different gangs were extremely proud that they had always targeted for looting the houses and shops of only the opposite sect and none else.

Both sides were indulging in cold-blooded murders and were committing planned crimes of the most reprehensible nature. (Only a few incidents out of thousands have been narrated here.) It was no longer a situation created at the spur of the moment out of religious frenzy. The criminals, for their own advantage, had given a dangerous dimension to the existing sectarian hatred and bigotry and were exploiting it most callously. The country was fast moving towards mayhem. Somebody had to have the vision to see through the game and save the country with courage and conviction. The Punjab Police took it on themselves as a patriotic duty, without passing on the blame to others or seeking simplistic solutions like banning the sectarian organizations.

The battle of Jhang. The worst hit district in the entire province was Jhang, known for the legendary love story of Heer and Ranjha. It had become a ghost city as a large part of the population had fled, afraid of the collusion between the bigots and bandits. The city was in the grip of terror and was ruled by Kalashnikovs. The policemen living in the muhallas were more obedient to the gun-toting toughs than their own seniors. The slightest suspicion of having passed on any information meant death to these policemen and their families. The sources of information had dried up and the administration was totally in the dark, reacting to violent and ruthless murders in a desultory and confused manner.

After clearing other districts to some extent, the police now started tightening the noose around the mafia in Jhang. By now, the religious leadership of both sects was also on the defensive when we arrested a large number of criminals, who were under their protection. (It was a variant of the *badmash-pal scheme* of the village zamindars, who protect criminals for their own objectives.) I confronted the leaders of both sects with details of cases and evidence against individuals. They were extremely embarrassed. I told them how the criminals were using their cover for their own wicked objectives of pushing drugs, trading in weapons, committing dacoities and even running gambling dens and prostitution rackets.

I selected Rana Abdul Wasey, a very intelligent, experienced and brave officer, for posting him as SP Jhang. He began with an analysis of the situation in its historical and social perspective. Big Shia zamindar families had always dominated the politics in Jhang though majority of the population was Sunni. After Independence, a flux of primarily Sunni refugees came from India. After settling down, they tried to dislodge the Shia families from positions of political power. The anti-Shia rhetoric was used by the Sunni ulema to dissuade the Sunni majority from voting for Shia candidates. The ploy worked and ultimately even a leading politician like Syed Abid Husain (father of Abida Husain) was defeated in elections to the National Assembly. The political origins of the machinations, in due course of time, grew into enmities on both sides.

Rana Wasey mapped out the activists of both sides and, patiently and painstakingly, identified the desperadoes and their hideouts. The Special Branch provided him further information pertaining to activists and criminals, obtained through the interrogation of culprits, who were arrested in other districts but had links in Jhang.

With the help of specific information from outside Jhang, Wasey's men succeeded in arresting two Shia culprits immediately after the murder of a Sunni religious leader. Their interrogation led to a major breakthrough into their network. Seven of their associates were captured immediately and many more later. The impregnable fort of fear started collapsing. Three criminals, belonging to Sipah-i-Sahaba, were arrested for dozens of terrorist activities. Their arrest uncovered most of the latest linkages with various tribal and political groups that were exploiting religious sentiments and providing protection and patronage to criminals. The Jhang police confronted such zamindars and businessmen with solid evidence of their involvement with criminal elements. They were defensive and promised to help law instead of lawlessness. Rana Wasey's hard work, analytical approach, deep insight and bold attacks on the previously inaccessible hideouts of criminals were now bearing fruit. The dare-devils, who had been earlier deriding the incompetence of the police, were now facing a determined challenge.

Unfortunately, Rana Wasey suddenly fell seriously ill. We could not afford to relax the mounting pressure. Pervez Masud Chief Secretary and I selected Rana Muhammad Nawaz, another very competent and courageous officer, as SP Jhang. Rana Nawaz carried on the crusade of isolating the criminals from their religious and political patrons and picking them up one by one. They and their patrons became increasingly desperate as the police continued to close in. Some of them filed writ petitions in the Lahore High Court, exposing their vulnerability. The desperadoes, who used to be certain that the police could neither penetrate their network nor touch them, had been demoralized by the successful captures of some of them and now they were either on the retreat or searching sanctuaries.

Reaping the whirlwind. At that stage, the senior most religious leaders from both sides complained many times to me of police "high-handedness." I confronted them with facts and urged them to disassociate themselves from criminals. I told them that they were playing with fire. Those very criminals would not hesitate in killing any of them if it suited their nefarious purposes. The criminals could not be relied upon even by their own parents what to talk of them.

I had no specific information about any threat to sectarian leaders at that time but they thought that I had been able to read what was in their minds. They told me separately that *every one of them was under that kind of threat from the criminals!* The sectarian leaders had themselves become hostages to the very desperadoes whom they had been using for their purposes earlier. Thus everybody was caught up in the web of criminality.

The beguiled religious leaders of both sects requested me (separately, of course) to save them from the situation in which they had landed themselves. Ch. Wajid Ali Khan, MPA, came to their help on my initiative and advice. He held a series of meetings with the leaders of both Sipah-i-Sahaba and Tehrik-i-Nifaz-i-Fiqa-i-Ja'faria and brought them to a better understanding. (Each side secretly helped the police in tracing and arresting the desperadoes of the other side.) Ch. Wajid then arranged meetings of the leaders of both sects with the Chief Minister and the Prime Minister. They were moving towards the ultimate sectarian peace and harmony.

The police, meanwhile, were chasing the criminals, who were now comparatively more isolated and exposed. Salim Fauji, their daring leader, was killed in a splendid police encounter. The murderers of the Jail Superintendent, Jhang, were arrested. Three most dangerous killers ran away from Jhang in disguise but could not escape the ever-vigilant eye of the Sargodha police. They were arrested and sent to Jhang to meet their nemesis in accordance with the law. Thanks to the hard work of imaginative, intelligent and bold officers like Rana Wasey and Rana Muhammad Nawaz, Jhang was no more under siege.

A big function was arranged in Jhang in honour of the policemen who had restored normal life to the city. The people generously praised the valour and skill of the police. Love and

admiration, through moving poetry, was showered on the gallant officers who had laid down their lives for the peace of Jhang. Nusrat Fateh Ali performed to the ecstatic crowd in the vast stadium from early evening into early morning, in celebration of the blissful peace that had at long last descended on the city of Heer and Ranjha.

Maulvis burn copies of Quran. Some religious elements, whom peace did not suit, went berserk. In Chiniot and Faisalabad, the police arrested the most perfidious criminals who had set on fire copies of the Holy Quran. They were backed by a known and apparently well-respected religious group. Now the very venerable ulema approached Mirza Muhammad Ali, DIG Faisalabad, to hush up the matter. Most people of the area, however, did come to know that copies of the Holy Quran had been burnt to involve the rivals in cases and to create disturbances throughout the country. But the mischievous elements thought it would restore their importance. They were not only playing to the tune of foreign forces but also to their own avarice and wickedness.

It was importance they were seeking and I was willing to give them a great deal of it. At the same time, I wanted them to work in a positive manner for the welfare of the society. I issued instructions to all officers to invite all venerable ulema, give them due importance and request them to motivate the people to join a "jihad" against crime and evil, as enjoined by the Holy Quran instead of earning importance by negative means. In this way, their energies would be channelized in the right direction and they would refrain from causing any new mischief to gain importance. My officers worked on those lines and the ulema also responded positively. They had to otherwise they would stand exposed. I wanted them to be correct not cringing. They thought it better to behave and distance themselves from the hard boiled text book criminals. The best policing is by isolating the criminal and allowing him no subterfuge.

Rafi Ahmad Pervez, a very intelligent officer with penetrating insight into the matter, on my request, prepared a very scientific and comprehensive study for the benefit of the Punjab Police officers. With the wide circulation of that thick volume of their wicked deeds, identities and methodologies the criminals

hiding and hedging behind the "sacred" sectarian scene stood exposed. The scourge ceased at least temporarily by enhanced detective capability of police and not sheer draconian dictatorial style stupidity.

Jihad against drugs

Presence and possession of Narcotics are not only crimes by themselves but are the cause of some of the worst crimes in our society. The most frightening are the drug-related crimes being committed by the addicts themselves to satisfy their urge for the required doze.

Salman Qureshi, Additional IGP Punjab, and Salahuddin Niazi, DIG Crime Branch, carried out research on the subject. The results were horrifying. The young men of 18 to 28 years, belonging mostly to middle class families, were committing burglaries, thefts, dacoities and other crimes to satisfy their needs for the costly heroine. After they were hooked under the influence of bad company, they needed much more than their pocket money could allow to buy the daily dose. They would steal first from their own homes. Then they would join the wide world of crime and steal wherever they could. As the addiction increased, the frequency and scope of crime also expanded.

Our research indicated cases where sons had murdered even their parents to get their money and means for the purchase of drugs. A foreign-educated addict son killed his father and mother in cold-blood and put their bodies on fire in their own car, only because they were not willing to meet his ever increasing demand. He was the only son and the father was a retired Lt Colonel. There were so many similar cases everywhere, among

the rich as well as the poor, the educated as well as the ignorant, in cities as well as villages.

I called a meeting of the DIGs and other senior police officers to discuss the drug-related crime. Salman and Niazi explained the enormity of the problem with facts and figures. Khalid Latif, Director, R&D, mentioned some cases where the sanctity of family relations had collapsed under the irresistible craving for drugs. Brothers had raped and murdered their sisters, husbands had sold wives for prostitution, fathers had raped and butchered their daughters, servants had killed their masters, teachers had sold their students. DIG Tanweer Hameed, in a research and strategy paper, quantified the problem and proposed remedial measures. There were other useful analytical reports also.

We decided that first we must put the total picture before our own force and make them aware of the situation. Second, we must brief the courts with facts and figures. Then we must create awareness among various sections of the society to get their cooperation. We knew that the district administration and police were the only effective organs that could produce results. And it was the police that had the real reach.

The senior officers addressed the junior officers and the constabulary and explained to them the evil consequences of the drugs on our society. They emphasized its eradication as a national cause. The constabulary, so motivated, vowed to eradicate the curse at all costs. The courts, under the noble and pious Chief Justice Mian Mahboob Ahmad, were already strict against the drug pushers. The Deputy Commissioners and SPs addressed the bars, ulema, journalists, intellectuals, teachers, students and other sections of the society to increase their awareness of the menace. The administration organized seminars, processions and walks against narcotics. The federal and provincial ministers led processions of people from various walks of life. The MNAs, MPAs, councilors and lawyers were also in the forefront. The maximum enthusiasm was shown by the students. At some places, the sale points of drugs were physically attacked by the angry processionists. It struck a real terror among the drug pushers. Many of them ran for their lives. In some cases, the lawyers refused to defend them in courts.

When I learnt about the moral approach by the lawyers I called another meeting of my officers to emphasize our responsibility and obligation to avoid any false planting of drugs on innocent persons. We had to come up to the expectations of the people, the lawyers and the courts who had placed so much trust in the police. The police did not betray their trust and during the campaign there was no complaint of any false recovery or planting of drugs on any innocent person. The constabulary were highly motivated by their officers and chased the drug pushers everywhere. They fought a continuous war and many of them died in the process.

The Mianwali and Attock police took such a vigorous and comprehensive action that the big barons in the tribal area of NWFP stopped the dispatch of heroin consignments to avoid captures. They wanted to wait till things cooled down but the police had vowed to keep the heat on constantly. Mianwali and Attock were the two main entry points from the NWFP into the Punjab because of the only two bridges over the Indus river near the two cities. Once the two routes were closed, the whole Punjab ran short of drug stocks. SP Mian Muhammad Asif at Mianwali and SP Nasir Durrani at Attock had motivated their constabulary to such an extent that they hunted and haunted the smugglers even on the other mostly unfrequented crossing points on the Indus. In one case, a patrol of the Mianwali police, consisting only of constables, intercepted three *kiraya-kash* (paid carriers), interrogated them there and then and made them to divulge their connections. As a result, 12 other carriers were captured with big consignments and, at the same time, a hideout was raided in Sargodha, which yielded large quantities of hashish, heroine and also a large number of rocket launchers and Kalashnikovs. Ch. Iftikhar Cheema, the Sessions Judge, Sargodha, a very honest and dedicated judicial officer, sentenced every one of the culprits to rigorous imprisonment of 20 years for various offences within days of the capture.

The Rawalpindi police intercepted two carriers with their consignment. During interrogation, they disclosed their connections in Lahore, Bhai Pheru (near Lahore), Kasur, Okara and Bahawalnagar. Simultaneous raids were organized on 23 of their hideouts and huge quantities of weapons and heroin were recovered from there. The Session Judges were prompt in

punishing the drug dealers, sentencing some of them for even more than 60 years. The inaccessible underground cellars of notorious drug pushers were broken open. The notorious dealers like Sharifa and his sons in Bhai Pheru, Sardara in Okara, and Sharif Wattoo in Bahawalnagar were brought to justice. Most of them had scores of cases against them but still managed to go on bail. But this time the judges gave them immediate and severe punishments.

The filthy rich smugglers were very perplexed and wondered what had happened to the police. What had happened was that the police had been made aware of the horrors of the drug menace and had been motivated to do their moral and legal duty to eradicate it. So were the courts. Now the matter was no longer being taken in routine.

The patrons of the merchants of death were also having a difficult time. Mirza Shams-ul-Hassan, SP Okara, forced the notorious Dhakkoo family and Sheikh family of Okara out of the dirty business. Mian Zaman, a federal minister, tried to help them but met with a stonewall. He met the Chief Minister, who asked me to transfer the DSP who had arrested the Sheikh family. When I explained the background to the Chief Minister, he did not press for the transfer. Mian Zaman then approached Mian Shehbaz Sharif, younger brother of the Prime Minister. When I explained the situation, Shehbaz Sharif also distanced himself from the matter. Finally, Mian Zaman himself got dissuaded when Mirza Shams, on my advice, gave him full details of the activities of the drug dealers.

The police of the Kasur district meticulously traced, arrested and challaned the culprits, led by its upright chief, Zafar Qureshi, SP, and his conscientious ASP, Dr Shafique. Sardar Ghulam Farid, Sessions Judge, Kasur, gave life imprisonment to most of the drug smugglers.

Zafar Qureshi, later as SP Sialkot, completely eradicated the drug menace in the district with the help of his hardworking and devoted officers and men. He threw an open challenge that he would pay Rs 10,000 to anyone who could point out any place in the district where heroin could be found. He withstood tremendous pressures and met the challenges with courage and devotion. The Chief Justice of Pakistan and the Chief Justice of

the Lahore High Court praised his efforts profusely during their visit to Sialkot.

Some big bosses of the crime world, while themselves being in jail, continued to operate in drug trafficking and other profitable crimes through their second-line operatives outside. They would use even mobile telephones. DIG Tanweer Hameed, of Special Branch, collected necessary information about them. Ch. Nazir Ahmad, who also controlled the jails as the Home Secretary, was provided the details and he took strict measures to make the jail inmates inoperative.

It was not always a smooth sailing. The police had to pay a very high price. A large number of policemen died gallantly doing their duty or rather going beyond the call of duty. Maj. Mushtaq, DIG Multan, lost some of his brave officers and men while fighting the drug barons in Multan, Khanewal, Kabirwala and Sahiwal. DIG Irfan Mahmood also lost his gallant officers and men in Muzaffargarh and D.G. Khan. So did DIG Rafique Haider in Bahawalpur, Rahim Yar Khan and Bahawalnagar.

The problem, however, had been bridled. The heroin became scarce and the addicts started dying everywhere. Due to non-availability of heroine, seven addicts died in Okara in one day, three in Rawalpindi, 27 in Lahore and so on. Initially I couldn't care less because I thought it was a good riddance. But then the number ran into hundreds and it became a human problem of serious dimension. The miserable addict was not the villain but, in fact, the victim. So, I talked to the government and health authorities but they were tardy in arranging treatment. The doctors and hospitals estimated millions of rupees for the treatment projects. I was on the horns of a dilemma. I could not go lax on the campaign, started with so much efforts and pains, but I also felt sorry for the wretched dying addicts. The policemen themselves found a way out. They were so motivated that they rose to the highest level of compassion and themselves organized treatment centers for the miserable addicts in the police lines and police hospitals. The policemen donated blood and medicines from their own pockets. The people appreciated the noble gesture of the police and joined in a big way in the rehabilitation and treatment of the addicts. They overwhelmed us with their generosity by donating medicines, funds and other

resources. After some time, the police treatment centers became self-sufficient because of the public help. The deputy commissioners were very helpful and enthusiastic for setting up treatment centers. I visited the treatment hospitals and saw humanity in misery and agony. But it was a great consolation when I would receive hundreds of letters of thanks from the parents, brothers or sisters of the wretched addicts under treatment in the police hospitals.

The success of the campaign was widely noted. The U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency and the U.N. officers for monitoring narcotics control were delighted and surprised on the unprecedented success. They visited many districts to see the results for themselves. The American Ambassador and the Counsel General visited Attock, Sialkot and Kasur and appreciated the police performance. Malik Muhammad Nawaz, the Chairman, and Malik Nazir Ahmad, the Secretary, of Pakistan Narcotics Control Board, specially came to me and Pervez Masud, the Chief Secretary, to express their appreciation on the effective action taken by us. Rana Chandar Singh, the federal minister for the narcotics control, convened a special meeting and wanted to know the secret of our success. I explained that the most important factor behind our success was the proper awareness of the problem and to eradicate it the necessary harmony between the police, the courts and the people.

Honouring those who never die

There was a marvellous deed of devotion to duty and courage in early 1992. On February 19, DSP Zamurrad was on a watch duty near Wazirabad, on the intersection of the National Highway N5 (G.T. Road) and a small canal road. He had heard on wireless that a bank had been looted in Gujranwala and the dacoits were fleeing. Soon a vehicle approached the intersection. Its occupants, noticing the police party and apprehending checking, suddenly started firing with Kalashnikovs. The DSP was hit on the head and went blind with the impact but he did pass on the information on the wireless network before going unconscious. His two gunmen engaged the attacking criminals and burst the tyres of their vehicle. The injured DSP was later rushed to the Gujranwala district hospital.

The battle of Ojla Kalan. The desperadoes abandoned their vehicle, went into a nearby *dera* (farm house) of village Ojla Kalan, held hostage the children and women there and took positions behind the walls of houses. The police of the Gujranwala district, already out on the chase, converged on the hideout. Malik Iqbal, SSP Gujranwala, and Khadim Husain

Bhatti, his Additional SP, also rushed there. So did Masood Bangash, the SP of nearby Gujrat district. DIG Syed Azhar Hassan Nadeem took over the command on the spot.

The criminals had the protection of the walls. On the other hand, the policemen were totally exposed as there was nothing on the flat land behind which they could take positions. Then there was the disturbing problem of the hostages, forcing the police to be extra careful in its manoeuvres. In such a situation, if the police make a hasty move, they take a great risk. If they do not move, the criminals have the sway and may even slip away. The policemen had a very difficult choice.

An inspired body of men, they were ready despite very heavy odds to take any risk, even at the cost of their own lives. They were further encouraged by the hundreds of men from nearby villages, who joined them, some of them with their own licensed weapons. Syed Azhar Hassan Nadeem found it difficult to control their enthusiasm.

The firing from the criminals kept the policemen pinned down in their positions. Despite being without any protection, the policemen not only clung to their precarious positions but also advanced, crawling on their bellies. They could also be indiscriminate in their attack but were concerned about the safety of the hostages.

The encounter was extremely bloody and fierce. In an eight-hour duel, the police finally overpowered the criminals and rescued all hostages, unharmed. Two of the bandits were killed while the third one fled, taking advantage of the darkness that had crept by that time. He, too, in a subsequent armed encounter with the Gujranwala police within 48 hours of the occurrence at Ojila Kalan, was killed. However, the loss of police was colossal. Eight officers and men laid down their lives while 23 were seriously injured. While fighting shoulder to shoulder with the police, two of the villagers also got serious bullet injuries.

It was night by the time the mission was accomplished. I, with Rana Maqbool Ahmad, DIG Lahore, and Ch. Wajid Ali Khan, MPA, rushed to Gujranwala district hospital where the injured were being treated. Khushnood Lashari, Deputy Commissioner, Gujranwala, a noble soul, had taken charge of the

arrangements there as the senior police officers were still at the scene of the encounter.

The people's solidarity with the police were very moving. Thousands of them had gathered at the hospital, donating blood, supplying medicines and everything else needed in that emergency. It were the citizens who were making arrangements to take the more seriously injured policemen to the hospitals in Lahore. The hospital was filled with flowers and presents from the citizens. They were saluting and admiring the policemen for their bravery and commitment to duty. Syed Azhar Hassan Nadeem and Malik Iqbal were received as heroes on their arrival at the hospital. I could see the deep respect earned by them by their splendid deeds.

The warmth and enthusiasm of the citizens were overwhelming. The policemen had earned people's love by sacrificing their own lives and blood. Once the rightful role of the policemen as law enforcers was restored, they became real guardians of society with determination and high morale. The two were no longer adversaries.

Carrying a great tradition. The solidarity and esprit de corps of police were marvellous. Inspector Farooq Khan and Sub Inspector Amanulla Khan were the two real brothers together in that battle. When Farooq was hit by a bullet, Amanulla wanted to rush to him but was stopped. Instead, his colleagues moved ahead despite heavy firing and rescued his injured brother. Six of them were seriously injured in the effort. Farooq breathed his last in the hospital while Amanulla Khan continued to fight till victory was won. The last thing Farooq Khan wanted to know before his death was whether the hostages had been rescued.

Farooq was carrying a great tradition. His father and grandfather had served in the police and so did his other five brothers. His pious mother, no doubt agonized over her son's death, was proud of him. While talking to Rais Qureshi, of Urdu daily *Mashriq* and a close friend of Farooq, she said, "I shall get a feeling of fulfillment if all my sons lay down their lives in the service of my country." (She had six sons, all in police.) Then she went into *sajda* (prostration) before Allah Almighty in thanksgiving. When Rais Qureshi narrated the incident, at the Lahore Airport there were tears in many eyes, including those of Prime Minister Nawaz Sharif.

There were many emotional scenes the next day at the funeral prayers of the great martyrs in the Gujranwala Police Lines. Thousands had gathered to pay their homage. Ghulam Haider Wyne, Chief Minister, Pervez Masud, Chief Secretary, Ch. Nazir Ahmad, Home Secretary, Kamran Rasool, Commissioner and many senior officers were also there. After the prayers, they visited the hospital to meet the valiant injured officers and men, who were all in high spirits.

The Chief Secretary, while talking to DSP Zamurrad Khan, told him that the government had sanctioned a handsome reward for him. Zamurrad, who still could not open his eyes, said, "Thank you very much, sir. But I am alive and don't need any reward. Please arrange sufficient funds for the poor policemen, who have laid down their lives or were injured. Please look after their families and I shall feel rewarded." His devotion to his men was touching.

Examples of great courage. The glorious deeds, projected through our police magazines and the national press, further motivated the rank and file of the police. By now the morale and motivation were so high that there was little need to push them into engaging the criminals. They were pouncing on them like eagles. The organized and violent criminals were on the run as the police were on their heels everywhere.

Shahadat follows prayer. DSP Iftikhar Khara had hardly finished his *isha* prayers when he was told that Baqir Shah, the scourge of Sheikhupura district, and his gang had murdered a person and were carrying the body in the boot of a stolen car. Within minutes, Iftikhar was in their hot pursuit.

Iftikhar took over the fleeing murderer and his companions. While Baqir Shah had dozens of murders to his count, Khara had gone into more than 100 such encounters. There were bursts of bullets from both sides. Baqir and his companions were killed, to the great relief of the people, but Iftikhar had to make the supreme sacrifice for this deed, along with his gallant gunman Shafqat.

It was an agony for me to lose such brave men but it brought honour and peace. The piety was pitted against evil and succeeded gloriously.

Iftikhar Khara, an old Ravian and a religious man, was son of Ch. Sultan Ali, a well-known scientist and head of the Botany Department in Government College, Lahore, and nephew of Ch. Sardar Ali, who retired as SP, with a great reputation for integrity and efficiency.

"I did it for Pakistan." On Eid day, Inspector Shabbir Niazi, with his team, was on patrol duty on the Canal Road, near Mandi Bahauddin. When, on suspicion, he signalled an oncoming car to stop, bullets rained on his jeep, injuring everybody inside. The police team fired back and killed one of the culprits, while others ran away on foot, leaving behind their stolen car. One head constable breathed his last on the spot. The other critically injured policemen were taken to the hospital by the people. Shabbir Niazi was brought to Lahore Mayo Hospital.

I went to see him, along with Syed Azhar Hassan Nadeem, DIG of the range. Shabbir was conscious and in high spirits. He was not concerned much about himself but was worried about the martyred head constable. He was also keen to know whether the culprits had been arrested.

"We will promote you and reward you," I told him.

He showed little reaction. Then he said most soberly, "Sir, it was my duty. I am happy that I did it honourably. I am proud that none of my men turned his back. I have done it for Pakistan and not for promotion. I request you to pray to Allah that I meet Him as a *shaheed*." I was moved by his brave words. After the usual consolation, I left. He appeared all right.

In the evening, Syed Azhar Hassan Nadeem rang me. "Sir, that gallant officer has passed away," he informed me.

"But he looked all right." I could not believe him. "How did it happen?"

"He was talking to his relatives when he died." Azhar said "In death I found a smile on his face." Allah had granted him his wish to be a shaheed.

"Thank God, I have done my duty!" Saleem Fauji, a desperado aligned with Sipah-i-Sahaba, a militant Sunni sectarian organization, was killed in Jhang in an encounter with the police. His companions got enraged and mobilized their religious zealots into a fury, as if he was a saint. They in tum created a bigoted emotional frenzy in the city. The Shias panicked and gathered in

an *imambargah* to save their lives. The furious crowds surged and surrounded them, determined to burn them alive. The police guards and detachments were outnumbered. It was a touch and go situation. The reinforcements had to reach somehow the besieged and beleaguered minority and the encircled police in whatever way possible otherwise a great tragedy was inevitable.

Inspector Umar Hayat Wattoo, a lion-hearted officer, took four of his companions and pushed through the crowd in an armed personnel carrier to make way for reinforcements. The APC meandered through the thick crowd, which had all kinds of weapons and appeared determined to kill the terrified men, women and children huddled in the imambargah. The crowd started retreating and regrouping but its fury seemed to have weakened. But for his timely and bold initiative, they would have been butchered.

The rabble-rousers and their rabid patrons were disappointed as they were denied their prey at the last minute. Disappointed but determined not to give in, they made the police themselves their target. They hit the armed personnel carrier, carrying Umar Hayat and his men, with a rocket launcher from a distant hideout, piercing its petrol tank. The carrier burst into flames. Two men were burnt there and then while three were rescued. They were badly burnt and were lifted to the Combined Military Hospital at Kharian in a helicopter dispatched by Ghulam Haider Wyne, Chief Minister. The army doctors did their best to save them but they breathed their last one after the other.

Umar Hayat, while in death throes, felt very concerned about the besieged children and women. He was very happy when informed about their safe rescue. "Thank God, I have done my duty," he said. He breathed his last immediately after that. He and his men laid down their lives courageously and saved the country from the worst possible Shia-Sunni disturbances, which would have been certainly caused if the imambargah in Jhang had been burnt. They wrote with their blood a glorious chapter in the annals of the Punjab Police.

Bravery against criminals. There were many glorious examples of fight against criminals. SI Rana Altaf was killed in Sheikhupura while coming out of a *hamam* (public bath) as he would not allow the sale of drugs anywhere in his area. A very

big crowd gathered to pay well-deserved homage to the departed soul. Amanat Ali Amanat, a popular poet of the area, wrote a long poem in his praise. Nawaz Sharif visited his home to console his bereaved family. The MNAs and MPAs of the district also came to pay their respects.

In Faisalabad city, six dangerous criminals had been terrorizing the citizens. They had been trafficking in drugs and weapons while their accomplices committed dacoities and collected ransom. They would abduct beautiful girls of respectable families and molest them. Sometimes they were hired to rape girls and women of enemies. They were killed in a splendid daylight encounter, under the command of Mirza Muhammad Ali, DIG, and Iftikhar Ahmad, SSP Faisalabad. A special thanksgiving was arranged by the citizens to honour the fighters for peace,

There were also individual cases of great bravery. ASI Abdul Sattar in Mianwali made the trade of the drug mafia impossible. It hit back in cold blood and martyred him in a well-planned ambush. DSP Abdul Hameed Niazi was given a hero's reception in Faisalabad for tackling single handedly Zulfi, a terror of the city.

There were hundreds of spectacular encounters with the outlaws in which scores of valiant policemen met an honourable death and hundreds of them were seriously injured *but none of them received a single bullet on his back.* It simply means that none of them tried to save his life by running away. A policeman, unlike an army soldier, always has a choice: to fight or not to fight. He can easily move aside to avoid any risk to his life and the criminals are always willing to offer great benefits for doing so. But these officers and men were ready to make any sacrifice in the service of their society. It was a glorious chapter of courage and conviction.

Hundreds of desperadoes were killed and injured while others were on the run but the police had to pay a very high price. Those fighting the enemies of society were earning honour for themselves and their colleagues. A few names that come to mind are Sultan Ahmad Garha, Ijaz Husain Shah, Zafar Iqbal, Nasrulla, Ch. Umar Hayat, Zahid Murad, Afzal, Abdul Hameed, Musa Khan, Ghulam Husain. They were the martyrs for peace

Speech contests. Humayun Shafi, Assistant Inspector General, Training, proposed a speech contest among the trainees on the gallantry and heroism of the policemen, who had laid down their lives in the performance of their duties. He prepared a plan and later improved it and made it comprehensive with help from A/Hameed. The contests were arranged in all units, districts, ranges and branches of the province. The final contest was held in Gujranwala, in which the winners at the lower levels from all over the province took part.

The vigorous and inspiring speeches in various contests, heard by thousands of policemen, highlighted the bravery and courage of the police martyrs and created an emotional atmosphere and noble sentiments in the force. It was difficult for many people to even imagine its ennobling influence on the psyche of the policemen. At many places they announced their determination to rise above the consideration of rewards and fight the crime and criminals as a service to the country, following the dictates of Islam and their conscience. Most of the winners donated their reward money to the Shaheed Fund, out of which financial aid was given to the families of the martyred policemen.

The speech contest was introduced as a permanent feature and detailed instructions were drawn up by A/Hameed. Some of the best speeches were published in the police magazines. The speeches were also videotaped and were shown repeatedly on the television sets in the police lines for constant morale-boosting.

Those who had seen the gallant fights themselves and had poetic abilities, wrote moving poems and songs. Among the best were those by DIG Syed Azhar Hassan Nadeem. In some cases, the poems were recited and sung by the leading singers free of cost. The audio and video cassettes were played in the police lines. The police bands adopted some of the most stirring tunes and would play them on various occasions, paying tributes to their brave colleagues.

Khadim Husain Bhatti, Additional SP, Gujranwala, composed fine poems on the subject, inspired by his personal experiences in gallant fights. He had faced death himself in many encounters and also seen the valiant jawans laying down their lives courageously. His Punjabi compositions touched the hearts and inspired the men to achieve the supreme heights of bravery.

Honouring the shaheeds. The number of policemen killed and injured at Ojla Kalan was the largest in any single encounter in the history of the force. To commemorate their supreme sacrifice and to make them a source of inspiration for others, I declared February 19 every year to be the Police Day. The final of the speech contests on Police shaheeds was held on that day in 1993 to mark the beginning.

I issued instructions that, as a mark of respect, the graves of the shaheeds in every district be visited on that day by suitably commanded police contingents in ceremonial dress. The families of the shaheeds were to be visited on every Eid-ul-Fitr by senior officers, accompanied by suitable presents for their children. Such visits turned out to be very rewarding. The whole village or muhalla would feel honoured and large crowds would gather to pay homage to the shaheeds. It was a great consolation for the families and very inspiring for the force.

Full salary for the "ever living." Nawaz Sharif, as the Chief Minister, sanctioned Rs 300,000 for the family of every shaheed and half of that for every seriously injured policeman. Ghulam Haider Wyne, who succeeded him, approved the payment of full salary to the family of every shaheed till his due date of retirement as he would have himself received if he were alive. He had a very remarkable justification for this decision. While addressing the policemen in the Lahore District Police Lines, he declared that shaheed, according to the Holy Quran, was not to be called dead. "How can we stop his salary when he is deemed to be alive?"

District Shaheed Fund. Death, however glorious, does cause financial problems for the surviving family members. The policemen of the district usually contributed one day's salary for the family of a shaheed. To provide for immediate assistance, in addition to what the government would do, I decided that a "Shaheed Fund" would be set up in every district on permanent basis. The deputy commissioners, in coordination with other departments, contributed generously to the Shaheed Fund. The district councils, municipal corporations, municipal committees, chambers of commerce and industry, trade associations and other bodies started contributing handsomely to the Fund also. The whole community wanted to honour those, who gave their own lives to protect their life, property and honour.

Monuments for shaheeds. To commemorate the heroic deeds of policemen, monuments started coming up in several cities. In the police lines, monuments were built and barracks and buildings were named after them. Local bodies named roads and buildings after the names of local police heroes. The major road junction near the Ravi bridge was named after DSP Akramulla Niazi. In Gujranwala city, life-size paintings of shaheeds were displayed at major road crossings.

The Punjab cabinet decided that next of kin of a shaheed, who could support his survivors, would be recruited forthwith in the police. The commissioners and deputy commissioners took keen interest in allotting agricultural land and residential plots to the families of shaheeds. They also made adequate arrangements for good education, free of cost, of the children of the shaheeds. In Gujranwala, the widow of a shaheed was keen for quality education for her sons. Kamran Rasool, the Commissioner, made permanent arrangements for their education at the Divisional Public School.

Tributes from people's representatives. The devotion to duty and the supreme sacrifices of the gallant and dedicated policemen were eulogized most profusely in the National Assembly and the Punjab Assembly. It was a touching scene when a resolution, paying glowing tributes to the valour of the police, was moved in the Punjab Assembly by the leader of the opposition, Rana Akram Rabbani, of PPP. It was passed unanimously. It was not just the party in power but the whole house praising the police for its services. It was a visible proof that the police were upholding the law and serving the people without any distinction or political bias. It was, in fact, a well deserved tribute to the even handed enforcement of law in upholding the most glorious tradition of justice, equity and fairplay by the dedicated police, that had vowed for the RULE OF LAW and not the RULE OF RULER. It was our good luck that at that juncture we had rulers like Mian Nawaz Sharif and Ghulam Haider Wyne, who had the courage and conviction to uphold the RULE OF LAW and were not afflicted by any arrogance to rise above law and decency like the constitution killing dictators and the draconian feudal barons.

The short of Benazir's 'long march'

Benazir Bhutto, co-chairperson of the Pakistan People's Party and leader of the opposition in the National Assembly, was pining for a return to power but had no prospects in the near future. And she was not willing to wait until the term of the Nawaz Sharif government was over and new elections were held.

Suddenly she got an inspiration and announced on November 10, 1992, that she would launch a "long march" towards Islamabad just eight days later. It was a surprise for everybody because there was no political unrest to justify such an agitation. Then, barely a week was not enough time to organize such a big move. The COP and IJI components, dissatisfied with Nawaz Sharif, had fallen apart but the Prime Minister still had an overwhelming majority in the National Assembly. And the way he had worked hard during the floods, visiting all affected areas, had made him quite popular.

There were indications that the inspiration for the "long march" had come from powerful quarters. Dr Maleeha Lodhi, a well-known journalist and the editor of the English daily, *The News*, Islamabad, was reported to be in very intimate contact with

Gen. Asif Nawaz, the Chief of Army Staff. She was also very close to Benazir Bhutto.

The Punjab Chief Minister called a meeting to discuss Benazir's call. Besides Shehbaz Sharif, Ch. Pervez Elahi, Arshad Lodhi, those who attended it included the Chief Secretary, myself and the Additional IGP, Special Branch.

To everyone the call appeared to be enigmatic. There was consensus in the meeting that the people were not in a mood for agitation. Then why a sudden call for it? On being asked for an assessment, I said, "The move appears to be a result of desperation. According to my information, Benazir is pregnant. Her husband has been in jail for the last two years. She is feeling very awkward that she is having a baby while her husband is in jail though he was allowed to spend time with her during his visits to Islamabad to attend the National Assembly sessions. She was sure that her husband would be released after completing the period of two years after which it became mandatory for the court to grant bail. But the government had changed the law. He is still in there and she doesn't know how to explain her pregnancy to the people. I think the situation will change if her husband is released on bail."

Everybody laughed. I said I was not joking. Wyne Sahib turned to the Chief Secretary, who said laughing, "Such information is only with Ch. Sardar." I insisted on the accuracy of my information about Benazir's pregnancy, "I am the IG and you have to believe me." The meeting, however, gave little importance to my information.

After discussion on various aspects of the planned agitation, the Chief Minister decided that it should be handled in accordance with law and the circumstances on the ground. Our appreciation of the situation was that there was little possibility of any public enthusiasm or violence. If PPP did indulge in violence, the local officers would take necessary action.

It's just a procession. The next day the Prime Minister held a meeting in the Governor House, Lahore. The participants included the Governor and the Chief Minister, relevant officers of the Punjab and Islamabad administrations, some federal ministers (Mian Abdul Sattar Laleka, Ch. Shuja'at Husain, Sh. Rashid

Ahmad), the Director, Intelligence Bureau, and the Director General, ISI.

Brig (Retd) Imtiaz Ahmad, DIB, in his analysis, gave a very grim picture, as if an invading army was about to move in. He told the meeting that the PPP crowds would come well-prepared and armed. If they were allowed to enter Islamabad, they would occupy the Presidency, the Prime Minister House, the parliament house and the television and radio stations. Lt Gen. Javed Nasir, DG, ISI, developed the siege scenario further and urged the banning of the planned public meeting at Liaquat Bagh, Rawalpindi, and stopping at the river bridges at Attock and Jhelum the processions coming from the NWFP and central Punjab respectively. He even went so far as to suggest that the PPP processions must be stopped at the very source in every city, without realizing how widespread conflict and trouble it would cause throughout the country. Both officers showed little understanding of political dynamics.

Nawaz Sharif, as Chief Minister, Punjab, had faced many similar situations in a cool manner. But the DIB and DG, ISI, had drawn such a frightening scenario that I was afraid he might take a wrong decision. The Islamabad administration also appeared totally terrified, as I gathered from my discussion with Jahanzeb Burki, IGP, Islamabad.

So, after getting permission to speak, I started giving my views. "I think our appreciation goes wrong when the term 'long march' is used, conjuring up a great fear. Instead, if we call it a procession, everything will fall in place. In fact, it will be nothing but a procession. Mian Sahib, since 1986 you have always allowed opposition processions to spend their fury and peter out. Please treat this procession also the same way. Moreover, you cannot ban and stop such activity in a democratic set-up. It is not a martial law situation. The military plan, given by Gen. Javed Nasir, is not relevant at all. You are a politician and should take a political decision. Let them go to the parliament house. If they indulge in violence, you can always use legal force against them. You can even call in the army. Any way, the move is not likely to attract popular support and could, at the most, become a show of party workers. So, please, I repeat, don't call it a long march. It is just a procession. Nothing will happen if it is allowed to reach the Parliament building."

All ministers agreed with me. Ch. Shuja'at, in a truly political manner, went on to suggest that the government should instead provide refreshments for the procession. But Jamshed Burki, Interior Secretary, and Jahanzeb Burki, IGP Islamabad, were very frightened and did not want to take the slightest risk. They proposed that nobody should be allowed to enter Islamabad at all. In fact, they wanted the entire Punjab constabulary to be placed at their disposal in Islamabad. I offered the whole of it.

Pervez Masud, Chief Secretary, went on even to propose that Islamabad and the Punjab might be treated as one administration and the procession might be allowed on his responsibility. He was going out of the way only to help and take the responsibility for smooth administration but Jamshed Burki interpreted it as an encroachment on his authority. Saeed Mehdi, Chief Commissioner, Islamabad, was the only one to agree with us. He offered to discuss arrangements with the local PPP leadership to regulate the procession in case it was permitted.

The Prime Minister agreed in principle with the proposal of the Punjab government to allow the public meeting at Liaquat Bagh, Rawalpindi, and the follow-up procession on the announced date of November 18. The final decision, however, would be taken in Islamabad by the Interior Minister after discussing with the Chief Minister of the NWFP, and the Prime Minister of Azad Kashmir, as the processions were to come from these two areas also. He also issued instructions that the term "long march" should not be used on television and radio.

Bureaucrats overwhelm politicians. The Interior Secretary, DIB and DG, ISI, pumped up the hardliners like Ch. Nisar Ali and Malik Naeem to such an extent that we were not even listened to in the next meeting. The DIB spoke so forcefully that Ch. Shuja'at Husain, Interior Minister, raised his hands in the air and announced that he dared not take any risk as it appeared that Islamabad "was going to be under attack."

Similarly, the army officers, working in very vital positions as intelligence chiefs but with no understanding of the political dynamics, were putting the Prime Minister on a collision course by creating baseless fears. The paranoia of martial law days was back, thanks to their success in shaking the self-confidence of Nawaz Sharif, something that, to my knowledge,

had never happened during the previous six years. That was the greatest harm they could cause him. I felt sorry for him when he joined the meeting and took the final decision not to allow the public meeting and the procession. It did not augur well for him and democracy.

Ghulam Haider Wyne held another meeting in Lahore and decided to handle the matter tactfully and softly. Section 144 of the Criminal Procedure Code had to be imposed in Rawalpindi and the planned public meeting in Liaquat Bagh was banned in view of the federal government decision. Similar action was taken in a few other districts. The district administration and police were, however, advised to ignore the processions and release the PPP workers even if they had to be arrested temporarily to maintain law and order.

The Islamabad administration, on the other hand, took a very tough line, bordering on clumsiness. The foreign television stations showed pictures of the police charging Benazir Bhutto and Ghulam Mustafa Jatoi with lathis. It was not required at all. Inspite of all efforts to stop them, they slipped into Rawalpindi, where DIG Habibulla Niazi, politely and tactfully, drove them away in their own vehicle to the State Guest House. The democratic government got a bad name only because of an erroneous appreciation of the situation by unduly frightened people with no administrative experience in civilian affairs or political understanding.

By contrast, the PPP leaders were treated in the Punjab so nicely that they found it hard to believe their eyes. In Gujranwala the police had to detain Begum Nusrat Bhutto, Jahangir Badar, Ghulam Mustafa Khar and Aitzaz Ahsan. They were lodged comfortably in a rest house. They were looked after so well that Aitzaz could not help asking DIG Syed Azhar Hassan Nadeem why he was so nice to them. Azhar told him that it was simply out of common courtesy. But Aitzaz refused to believe that the police were doing it on its own.

"I know you people have been given the "bamboo" well and proper by General Asif Nawaz," he said.

"I am not aware of any instructions from anybody," Syed Azhar Hassan Nadeem tried to assure him. "I am doing it only as my duty."

"No, no, it is not that at all," Aitzaz insisted. "I know from where the instructions are coming. President elect Clinton has also warned you not to touch us. He and Asif Nawaz will not let any harm come to us." Then, in the typical style of PPP leaders, he warned him, "When we come into power, we shall settle all scores with officers who misbehave with us."

Syed Azhar Hassan Nadeem did not know how to remove the misconception. But if a top PPP leader was so sure of support and sympathy coming from the army chief and the President-elect of the U.S., it was clear from where the inspiration for the "long march" had come.

In our jurisdiction in the Punjab, we decided to follow the law and propriety. Action was taken only where it was absolutely essential. The police were instructed not to interfere at all in the "train march" and then the "road march." There were some small gatherings on the way. In fact, the police were not even deployed at most places. In my view, the move had no popular appeal and I did not want to waste time and energy of the police.

However, Ch. Nisar Ali and Jamshed Burki felt jittery. Ch. Nisar Ali conveyed to me and Pervez Masud "the displeasure of the Prime Minister for being soft." Both of us told him that we would talk to the Prime Minister ourselves and we did at the airport. He denied that he was displeased with us. He told Pervez Masud that he had full faith in our talents and wanted us to deal with the situation according to the circumstances.

The so-called "long march" did not evoke much response. The administration did not mishandle it in the Punjab in spite of the pressures from the Interior Ministry and Ch. Nisar Ali. There was no lathi charge or use of force even when some of the processionists burnt the door of the Punjab Assembly. The Speaker, Manzoor Ahmad Wattoo, was extremely perturbed and talked to me in great anger but I refused to over-react.

The organizers of the processions were denied any casualties or provocations that they would have loved to have to build up their agitation. The Punjab government handled it with sagacity and tact inspite of the furious disapproval of President Ghulam Ishaq, who was extremely unhappy that we did nothing to "crush them properly."

Some in Islamabad even called Pervez Masud and me "timid" for our rectitude. We did not bother much about it as we had been through such things throughout our careers. We were, in fact, proud that our approach caused no loss of life or limb and saved a legitimately elected government from being sucked into an imbroglio by the conspiracies of some of the most powerful persons.

Benazir was naturally very frustrated as her move failed to cause even a ripple and left for London "for being sick." Asif Zardari was released on bail and joined her before the birth of a daughter. The government of Nawaz Sharif behaved in a friendly manner and Benazir did not have to face any embarrassment regarding pregnancy. She was worried unnecessarily.

The "long march" turned out to be a procession of little consequence. The term, made famous by Mao and his followers in China, had been misused by the PPP for something that was neither long nor much of a march.

The year of big changes

The year 1993 had hardly started when Gen. Asif Nawaz, Chief of the Army Staff, suffered a heart attack and died. The selection for his successor led to the great divide between the President and the Prime Minister. Some talk of the growing differences between the two had already reached me. According to Arshad Chaudhri, the differences started over the selection of the successor to Gen. Asif Nawaz and got accentuated after the unanimous election, on the proposal of Shehbaz Sharif, of Benazir Bhutto as the chairperson of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the National Assembly. The President considered it a blatant betrayal by his own protégé, Nawaz Sharif, whom he had helped in coming into power, after dismissing Benazir Bhutto and filing references against her in the superior courts for getting her disqualified for political activities for years to come.

Initially, I did not give much weight to what Arshad Chaudhri had said but it was confirmed by a strong statement of the Prime Minister against the Eighth Amendment to the Constitution (that, *inter alia*, deals with the powers of the President to dissolve the National Assembly). He had also told me that the disgruntled and disaffected political figures opposed to Nawaz

Sharif were ganging up to exploit the differences between him and the President. I was concerned that my vigorous campaign against crime would suffer a serious setback if political destabilization and uncertainty overtook the country because of the fight between the President and the Prime Minister.

I happened to meet Nawaz Sharif on March 16. While discussing other matters, I asked him whether he had really developed serious differences with the President. He was rather evasive. I thought perhaps he did not like to discuss with me a sensitive issue like that. Then he said, "I am surprised why the President is gunning for me. I have not done anything against him."

"I hear he wants to be re-elected as President as his term will be over towards the end of the year," I observed. "You and Benazir have come closer and he feels threatened." He told me that he had nobody else in his mind as a candidate except Ishaq Khan.

"Then, sir, why don't you go and clearly tell him to remove his misunderstanding?" Then I suggested another point. "Now that you have established a cordial relationship with the leader of the opposition, you can tell the President that he could expect to be elected even unanimously like the last time. He would appreciate that."

I heard his wistful words, more to himself, "I wish he had not started the dirty game. He need not. It was unnecessary." I pretended not to be listening to him.

Then he asked abruptly, "But why are you worried?"

"Sir, a large number of my policemen have sacrificed their lives while fighting criminals. Any political uncertainty will harm my anti-crime drive. If the police are required to deal with street agitations or the new elections, its attention would be diverted. Only the criminals will benefit. Please give us some respite from frittering away of our energies." I spoke quite passionately.

"Chaudhry Sahib, you have really done a great job. The serious crime is on the decrease. There was a time when I had to cancel my tour of Japan because of the crime situation in the Punjab. But you must improve it further. Don't worry about our differences."

The wind changes direction. I had known Mian Sahib and his temperament for so many years. He was capable of rising above his personal ego and interest if he was made to realize that it was a call in the national interest. So, eschewing his pride, he did meet the President on March 22 but the old man was too stubborn and annoyed. The ice did not melt.

In the second week of April, I was surprised to read in the newspapers the allegation by the widow of Gen. Asif Nawaz that he had been poisoned. She pointed the accusing fingers towards Brig. (Retd) Imtiaz and Ch. Nisar Ali. The government immediately formed a judicial commission of inquiry, headed by Mr. Justice Shafi-ur-Rahman of the Supreme Court. The commission found the allegations to be baseless but the vested interests continued to repeat the accusations in the press.

Then some of the federal cabinet ministers started resigning one after the other. Some Muslim League MNAs also changed sides but the Prime Minister still enjoyed a clear majority in the house. Then Benazir suddenly returned from London and, in a clear indication of a collusion, openly joined hands with the President.

The capital was rife with rumours that the President was about to dissolve the National Assembly. Nawaz Sharif made a very hard-hitting speech against the President on radio and television on April 17 and accused him of plotting against the popularly elected Prime Minister. The very next day the President, fearing his own impeachment, dissolved the National Assembly after he came to know that the Speaker had called a session.

Sardar Balkh Sher Mazari was sworn in as the caretaker Prime Minister. The caretaker government decided to transfer Pervez Masud, Chief Secretary, me, Rana Maqbool, DIG Lahore, and Maj. Habibulla, DIG Rawalpindi, as we were supposed to be very close to Nawaz Sharif.

I did not even go to my office as I was sure of being shifted but the orders of my transfer were not notified. I later came to know that my transfer was held back at the last minute as I was deemed to be popular and highly respected in the rank and file of the Punjab Police. They feared that my sudden transfer might cause unrest. Once I came to know that, I put my foot down and declined to relieve any of my officers. The government had to cancel the transfer orders of other police officers also.

My position was misunderstood by Ghulam Haider Wyne, against whom a motion of no-confidence had been successfully moved by Manzoor Ahmad Wattoo, Speaker of the Punjab Assembly and a member of Wyne's own Muslim League. In a rage, Wyne, in a press statement, falsely accused me of using my influence against him. I had always held Ghulam Haider Wyne in the highest esteem but I could not help it if my force liked me. I was proud of having been absolutely correct in my conduct in a very difficult situation. Being a responsible public servant, I could not act as a partisan even though in my personal capacity I very much liked both Nawaz Sharif and Wyne. I was only a humble public servant, not a politician, nor even a public figure. The mere fact that I had not been transferred by the new government due to its own apprehensions was no justification for Wyne to blame me for his own political failure in defeating the move of Manzoor Wattoo.

I protested to Wyne Sahib on phone the moment I read his statement. He felt extremely sorry and said that he had done it in indecent haste. Ch. Pervez Elahi, who had given a similar statement against me, also felt sorry when I spoke to him. Both of them met me later and expressed their deep regrets on their statements. But the damage had been done to me by their dragging me into their own political game. Ch. Pervez Elahi and Ghulam Haider Wyne promised to hold a press conference to clear my name publicly but it never happened.

Between Wattoo and Wyne. Meanwhile, events were moving very fast. The Supreme Court declared the action of the President illegal and unconstitutional and restored the National Assembly along with the government of Nawaz Sharif.

Manzoor Ahmad Wattoo, who had become the Chief Minister after the vote of no-confidence against Ghulam Haider Wyne, thought that he could not rely on me in his political fight against Nawaz Sharif as I would show due respect for Mian Sahib. Like Wyne, he too was mistaken as I was only a public servant and had no political role. I would have continued to remain as correct as I was when he himself had moved a motion of no-confidence against his predecessor. My absolute rectitude was resented by both Wyne and Wattoo at a critical juncture in their political careers. Ones correctness of behaviour is easily construed as a

fault by either side in a conflict but that is the lot of a public servant, especially a policeman.

When a motion of no-confidence came against Wattoo, he wanted the support of the entire administration openly for him. I was a problematic IGP from his point of view as I was not allowing him any political consideration in the postings or transfers of officers. But I had done the same in the case of Wyne also. In fact, I had agreed to become the IGP only when Nawaz Sharif agreed to give me a free hand in running my department.

Wattoo wanted an outstanding and honest SP like Rana Nawaz to be transferred from Jhang because he did not suit some of his MPAs. Rana Nawaz was the same SP who had successfully curbed the festering cancer of sectarian terrorism in Jhang and saved the entire nation from a perilous situation. How could I allow him to be disgraced? I told G.M. Sikandar, Secretary to Chief Minister, to convey to his boss that he would have to find another IGP if he wanted to succumb to political pressure even in the case of a superintendent of police of such sterling qualities.

Wattoo was unhappy with me on some other matters also. "I want to be ruthless and don't want to hear no, even if I am wrong," he once told me. I knew he did not have criminals in mind. For him I was the wrong kind of an officer as I was blocking so many things that he wanted to be done. I was always against ruthlessness in political matters because in the past I had seen the havoc played by the rulers who practised it.

On May 29, 1993, Ch. Habibulla, the Secretary of the Punjab Assembly, disappeared. He was a very vital figure in the political wrangling between Ch. Pervez Elahi and Manzoor Wattoo regarding a motion of no-confidence against Wattoo. The Secretary was supposed to have received a notice for a no-confidence motion but was not traceable since then. The police had registered a case of his abduction. Wattoo was getting impatient and annoyed with the Lahore Police and wanted Habibulla to be traced and recovered "immediately, before the evening of May 31." I told him that such cases take time and have to be worked out with patience. He was dissatisfied and wanted "indiscriminate action."

He also wanted to change the entire Lahore Police set-up "to create a real impact," a typical terrorizing act of inadequate rulers. I did not agree with him. DIG Ahmad Naseem had been posted only a few days back. Tariq Khosa, SSP Lahore, was one of the finest officers I had. So was Zubair, SP Cantonment. Still, Wattoo was bent upon transferring all of them in one go. I insisted that it would be administratively wrong.

He then made up his mind to act against me also. So during the meeting in the evening of May 31, 1993, he decided to remove me from the post of IGP Punjab and make me an OSD, something he had no authority to do. (The posting of an IGP is decided by the federal government, not a provincial government.) Not bothering about the legal propriety and unwilling to work with such a difficult boss, I decided to call it quits. I chose disgrace where to obey would not have brought honour.

I formally thanked him for relieving me of the onerous and tortuous responsibilities of a very difficult assignment and left the meeting. The DIG, the SSP and the SP Cantonment also thanked him and followed me.

I spoke on the wireless network and thanked the entire police force for its co-operation and marvellous devotion to duty during my command. I came home relieved of all responsibilities, anxieties and worries that had been placed on me by the people, the police and the government. I was satisfied that I had been doing my duties according to my concepts, capabilities and conscience. I acted as I wanted in any given circumstances. I had not succumbed to do what was not correct. I was also extremely proud of those who had laid down their lives in performing their duty. I had a vision that the police should find their real bearings and be a moral force, a strong arm of the law and a guardian of the people. I had made my contribution but much remained to be done. I hoped that at least some of my colleagues would continue to follow the path that I had shown, with the torch of truth in their hands, not a bag of tricks. With such thoughts, I had a very sound sleep that night after a very long time.

The next morning I woke up to a very disturbing situation. No police officer was prepared to take over the positions vacated the previous evening. Everybody declined on one pretext or

An innocent abroad

In 1975, while serving in the Pakistan Narcotics Control Board, I was sent on my first official foreign tour, to attend an international congress on alcoholism in Bangkok. I was travelling out of Pakistan of the first time. The experience turned out to be quite exciting. Salman Farooqui, Secretary, Excise and Taxation, Sindh, was the other delegate from Pakistan. He has a fascinating personality and is very dynamic and imaginative in his official work. Like me, he is a great believer in consultation and public participation in administration. These methods had helped him in increasing many times the receipts of public revenues in Sindh. In Bangkok, we would walk most of the time. He was a very pleasant company.

The congress on alcoholism was inaugurated by the Prime Minister of Thailand. Everybody spoke against alcoholism but the ceremony ended with alcohol being served along with other refreshments! The delegates from Egypt and Saudi Arabia, like us, noted the contradiction in precept and practice.

We were later taken to a pleasant and comparatively conservative city, Chiang Mai, third largest in the country, in the extreme north. I called it Lahore of Thailand and Bangkok as Karachi, to the dislike of Salman. We were then taken in a helicopter to the tribal area along the border, where poppy was grown and the United Nations had started a crop substitution pro-

gramme. (The area covering parts of three neighboring countries -- Thailand, Burma and Laos -- is called the "Golden Triangle" as it is still one of the largest suppliers of narcotics in the world.) The project was successful though many poppy farmers enjoyed the backing of the warlords of Burma and Laos. The programme included on-the spot agricultural loans to cultivators and also arrangements for marketing of their crops. The tribal area was hilly, green and without any roads. The inhabitants were primitive, with their own old mores and methods. The women covered only the lower portion of their bodies. An unmarried girl could mate with anybody she liked but never after marriage. Different people have different customs and cultures.

On our return from Chiang Mai, we travelled by a bus from the airport to our hotel and were surprised to find the Prime Minister of Thailand and his ministers in the same bus. It turned out that he was using the public transport to emphasize the need for austerity in public life. The Prime Minister was quite unassuming and simple even otherwise. I wished we had some one like him. We had Z. A. Bhutto then. So you can imagine my surprise.

At the popular Pattaya beach, near Bangkok, a lady delegate from Brazil was constantly looking at me while I was engrossed in a discussion with a delegate from the Netherlands at our lunch table.

"You appear quite civilized," she said to me. I was flabbergasted.

"Beg your pardon?" I expected an explanation of her remark.

"Are you from Pakistan?" A question came instead.

"Yes," I replied.

"Oh! I thought Pakistanis were uncivilized brutes but you speak softly and in good English," she said with amazement. I was shocked and also angry.

"I am sorry, madam," I told her firmly, "you are insulting my country. Do you think speaking English is a sign of being civilized? I don't bother about myself but you have no right to insult my country. You owe me an apology."

"I am really very sorry," she said, "but I read somewhere that Pakistani soldiers raped millions of Bangladeshi women.

That was horrible. But I am very sorry. I should not have said that to you." She got up in a hurry.

"That was only Indian propaganda," I told her while she was leaving.

I remained extremely upset that evening and could not sleep. It was the worst thing that could happen to me. I suffered a bout of uncontrollable motions that happens whenever I am very disturbed and upset. A Pakistani was suffering for the misdeeds of Gen. Yahya Khan and his ilk.

Begum Salman Farooqui joined her husband towards the end of our visit to Thailand. She helped me in my shopping for my wife and daughters. We later travelled together to Singapore.

While marvelling at the cleanliness of Singapore, I carelessly threw the butt of my cigarette on the road. My friend from PIA picked it up immediately. I felt extremely embarrassed and apologized to him. He was not being merely civil.

"If you had been caught," he told me, "there would have been a heavy fine." The reason for Singapore being so clean was no longer a mystery.

Peace precedes progress. In October and November 1975, I attended a seminar on narcotics in Tokyo. I, like other trainees and participants, stayed at the Tokyo International Center. It was quite an experience meeting with people from so many countries. A pleasant subject for a Pakistani was cricket and the worst possible was the army action that had led to the creation of Bangladesh.

While visiting Yokohama, I came across a Sikh cloth merchant, who originally belonged to Lahore. He was very hospitable. When he found out that I was also from Lahore, he flatly refused to charge me anything for a suit length that I had bought from him. It took me quite an effort to persuade him to charge me at least his own cost.

Aftab Sahib of Pakistan Television, who had been there for about three months and was quite familiar with the city, took me to an Indian restaurant at the Shinju-ku railway junction. Although it became a familiar scene later on, my first view of the underground and surface station was fascinating and spell-binding. A sea of humanity seemed to be on the move, smoothly

and noiselessly. Everybody was moving purposefully, with measured but fast steps. The place, inspite of congestion, was without any litter or dirt. Nobody threw anything on the ground except in the dust bins. It seemed to be grooming from the childhood that kept the huge city clean and was not the result of coercion, as in Singapore,.

The police had the latest equipment made in Japan. The movement of traffic in the entire city could be monitored from a small hall in the police headquarters, with closed circuit television network on the roads and streets feeding the control room. There were thousands of police kiosks, mobile cars and motorcycle patrols on the roads, all connected with the control room through wireless, telephone and built-in computers in vehicles.

Nothing could escape their notice, it seemed. Up to 1950s, the same was said about a Station House Officer in Pakistan but then he was left way behind after the society denied him the needed resources. I asked a Japanese police officer whether the police felt any constraints on resources.

"No, no constraints at all," he replied. "We get everything for the asking because security of life and property has always been assigned the first priority. Even after the defeat in the war in 1945, police expenditure was a top priority as it was realized that no reconstruction or progress could be made without internal peace. The police were reconstructed and developed as an essential element for industrial development."

There is a definite correlation between peace in society and economic development. Peace must come before progress is made. Miamoto, the President of Pakistan-Japan Friendship Society, said, "We are lucky in a way that the 1945 defeat removed our foggy thinking and we are now marching for the conquest of the world through peace rather than war. Our most important peace, however, is internal. That is why we place police requirements at the top of our agenda."

Indians eat a humble pie. In the seminar on narcotics, the case studies and country reports provided useful information for planning strategies to fight the menace of availability, supply and addiction of narcotics. The exchange of information about criminals was frank and forthright. The Americans and

Australians particularly emphasized that violence and crime were on the increase in their countries because of the drug addiction. They had facts and figures to prove it. The smugglers, when in a tight corner, did not hesitate in killing policemen and judges, they said. The addicts were committing burglaries and killing their own parents to satisfy their needs. The entire social and moral order seemed to be breaking down. Such a situation appeared to be far off in Pakistan in 1975.

In my country report, I described the steps being taken for narcotics control with the help of charts, graphs and maps. The measures being taken in Pakistan were appreciated widely, except by Indians. The Turkish and Sri Lankan delegates later spoke to me and resented the Indian attitude. I waited for an opportunity to strike back.

In their country report, the two Indian delegates claimed that India had no problem inside the country. The only one had been created by smuggling of all kinds of narcotics from Pakistan. They built-up an elaborate theory that the smuggling of narcotics was generated and backed by China with all its might and resources, and in collaboration with Pakistan, to destroy the human resources of India. It was a very mean attack against both Pakistan and China and I had to defend both. (China was not represented in the seminar.) I could have said that the baseless allegation was of a purely political nature but I did not want any delegate to carry a suspicion that Pakistan might be involved in some kind of international intrigue against India. The Sri Lankan delegate raised a strong protest against the Indians. I told the Chairman that I would like to reply to the Indian allegations. The Chairman wanted that no acrimonious exchanges should take place. I assured him that I would discuss the subject only in a professional manner.

I was cool and candid in my reply. I pointed out that smugglers of all nationalities were involved in the illicit trade, including Indians and Pakistanis. The law enforcement agencies of all countries were engaged in the war against them. The smugglers were the enemies of entire mankind, especially of the countries to which they belonged. No country or government was or could be a party to their nefarious activities. They were the criminals of the worst order and deserved no mercy anywhere. Pakistan, for one, would never defend a Pakistani smuggler of

narcotics. Then, suddenly raising my voice, I demanded, "The Indian delegates have accused Pakistan and China of collaboration in smuggling narcotics into India. I would like them to provide me here and now any concrete proof that they have so that severest possible action may be taken against the criminals." Then I sat down. The hall fell so silent that one could hear a pin dropping on the carpeted floor. Of course, the Indians had nothing concrete to say in response and had to eat a humble pie. Nobody seemed to have briefed them that they could not get away with baseless accusations against other countries in an international seminar. They never tried to be troublesome again, however.

The seminar ended with the delegates singing their folk-songs. I presented, in my absolutely unmusical voice, a couplet of *mahiya*, a popular form of Punjabi folk poetry.

On my way back, the plane stopped at the Beijing airport for five hours due to technical reasons. The Chinese at the airport showed special regard to the Pakistanis. A Japanese sitting next to me in the plane became ecstatic while looking forward to tasting a well-known Chinese rice wine after a long time as he had been able to visit China again after 21 years. I made it sure that I did not sit next to him on our take-off from Beijing.

At the airport, I noticed that there were two clocks with a difference of 12 minutes. It could not be the indication of two different time zones. Intrigued, I probed and found that one of the clocks had fallen behind for the last three days and it would take at least another day to correct it after proper authority was received. In 1975, China had a long way to go to catch up with the rest of the world.

The flying back from Peking to Rawalpindi was one of the most splendid and gorgeous experience of my life. The highest peaks of Karakarum and the Himalays were almost touching the outstretched wings of our plane. It was a full moon lit night spread and shivering over the continuous sheet of snow doubly triply whitened further by the magically bewitching moonlight. It was impossible to take your eyes off the fascinating scene. I felt like a sparrow charmed by a snake.

In late 1976, I was at the other end as a host to the delegates to an international workshop on treatment and rehabilitation

of addicts, held in the Inter-Continental Hotel, Rawalpindi. It was organized jointly by WHO and PNCB. Many countries, including Turkey, attended the workshop. I took the Turkish delegates to Taxila and Swat for sightseeing. Among many other interesting things, they told me that Afyun was the name of a city in Turkey around which most of the country's poppy was grown. I told them that *afyun* was one of the common names for poppy in our country also. I found that Urdu and our regional languages share many words with Turkish.

First visit to England... I was nominated for a seminar on narcotics, to be held in Washington DC in January 1978. I left Rawalpindi for London in late December. It was my first visit to UK and USA. Mian Muhammad Sarwar, a friend and a relative settled in Manchester, also travelled by the same flight after spending his vacation here.

After arrival in London, we left for Manchester by road. It was quite an experience to travel on the motorway. It would have been built soon in our country also, thanks to Nawaz Sharif, but Benazir turned it into a simple highway after coming into power again in 1993. Again, it was decided to complete it as planned but after about a year and at a much higher cost.

Mian Abdul Majeed, the elder brother of Mian Sarwar, took me around to see places in and around Manchester. The family was most hospitable. Humayun Sarwar, the elder son of Mian Sarwar, a very pleasant and handsome young man, looked after me like a son. I developed great liking for him. Later he was married to my second daughter, Saira.

Mian Majeed took me to London by rail on my way back. I was very keen to visit the city as I had heard and read so much about it, like every child born in the British colonies, but seeing it was an anti-climax and dissolved all those romantic visions. I did see the well-known places that invariably attract most tourists. Wajahat Latif had been posted to London by that time and we had our dinner with him.

... and to the U.S. After the brief but very pleasant stopover in England, I flew to Washington DC An officer of the Drug Enforcement Agency received me at the airport.

A friend and a relative, Dr P.M. Toor, an aeronautics expert, who lived in Atlanta, Georgia, came all the way to Washington for three days and took me around to introduce the city to me.

Dr Muhammad Yaqub, my class fellow in college, worked in the IMF. (In 1993, he became the Governor of the State Bank of Pakistan.) He and his charming wife often took me to shopping malls in and around the city. It was my first experience and I enjoyed walking around and looking at immense variety of things under a single roof.

One day, while walking on my way back to my hotel, I was caught in snow and a strong wind. I was carrying a few things in my hand but it was so cold and chilly that I could hardly keep my hands out of my pockets. I would shift the shopping bag from hand to hand again and again. The distance of just about one kilometer looked such a long journey that I thought I would not live long enough to make it. Having lived all my life in warm climate, I am always afraid of cold and snow but this experience was really frightening. It was a very pleasant change when I went to see Dr Toor in warm Atlanta. He took me around in his multi-purpose Wagoneer. The seminar organizers took us to Chicago, Kansas City and other places. America is really fascinating - a land of plenty and large things. Seeing is believing but most of it is the result of honest hard work and the well channelised energies of a migrant society, as every migrant society is always vibrant and full of life.

U.S. still a tribal society. The exchange of information was of immense value at the seminar on the enforcement methods and measures against narcotics as the delegates presented their country reports, followed by lively discussions. An American, while describing the difficulties of enforcement, said that the primitive and tribal societies, like Turkey, Afghanistan, Iran, Pakistan, etc., posed a serious problem and the law enforcement agencies there sometimes had to fight almost a war. There was nothing very derogatory but the delegations from Turkey and Afghanistan took serious exception to the statement. There was quite a crisis and a heated debate started. Though Pakistan had also been mentioned, I initially remained silent. The Turkish and

Afghan delegates implored me to join them as they found themselves handicapped in English inspite of the available translation facilities. In view of the special relations between Turkey and Pakistan, I joined the discussion with full gusto.

The point I tried to make was that the U.S. society was also still tribal by any definition. The communities still retained their separate ethnic identities and groups according to their area or country of emigration. They still practised some of the customs of the countries of their origin like England, Ireland, Denmark, Germany, etc. I quoted from a few books and the weekly newsmagazine, *Newsweek*. I referred specially to the still unabsorbed and unsatisfied Black population despite its having lived in the U.S. for generations. I made a long and vigorous presentation to prove that the U.S. society was as tribal as any in the world. The Turkish, Afghan and some other delegates were so happy that they elected me as their spokesman. The Americans were also not unhappy. In fact, they agreed to a large extent with my argument except that the tribal laws were not practised anywhere in the US. My reply was that the Red Indians, now called Native Americans, did practice tribal customs among themselves. They had no answer. So pleasantness prevailed again.

The price of liberty. I found the police in America to be well equipped, well trained and very efficient. And yet the crime, especially the organized and violent crime, worried them very much. To get an answer, I observed their working very closely. I watched the court proceedings, visited the jails and even joined them in night patrols. In one instance, a car ahead of our patrol car attracted the suspicion of the patrolman. He pushed a few buttons and the full information was available to him from the control room within 2-1/2 minutes. It was a stolen car, snatched 23 minutes earlier. A street battle appeared imminent to me. Within less than a minute, a number of police cars, including two armored vehicles, reached the spot. The thief and his car were overwhelmed without giving him any opportunity of any reaction. I was very impressed but thought it might be a put-up show for me with a decoy in the so-called stolen car. I checked up with the other record at their elaborate and impressive control room and found that it was a genuine case. Their reaction time to a distress

call was less than five minutes on the average and, in most cases, even less than a minute.

I asked many American police officers why the crime was out of control inspite of such elaborate arrangements for fighting it. They gave several reasons, including too many guns, social inequity, legal difficulties, heterogeneous immigrants, deprivation of the Blacks, and so on. Their consensus was that the society was paying the price for civil liberties, and voluntarily. They admitted that crime in many countries of Europe and Asia was under better control but they also felt that the crimes committed in the name of state and society in those countries were also of much darker dimensions. In the name of public order, coercion and tyrannies prosper. The forefathers of America revolted against that system and their descendants were not going to return to the dark ages. The policemen were very proud that they submitted to judicial scrutiny and would not prosecute anybody unless they had sufficient convincing evidence.

Wherever I went in the U.S., people asked about the fate of Bhutto, who was then under trial, and showed their concern. On the last leg of my visit, I went to the forest of concrete called New York. My old friend, Nasir Husain Shamsi, came to pick me up. He was extremely happy to see me after a long time. We talked about our days in the Government College, Lahore, our activities in the Friends Circle, a body we had formed as students for free discussions, our scholarly discussions with Mian Muhammad Shafi, later my father-in-law, and, of course, Bhutto's case.

Nasir's father was my headmaster in Toba Tek Singh and was known for his piety. Nasir was in the Income Tax Service, that he had joined through the Central Superior Services competitive examination. The axe fell on him during the "screening" of public servants in the early days of Bhutto government. As a result, he had to leave the country and struggle long and hard in a foreign land to make a new start. For these very personal reasons, he could be justified in hating Bhutto from the core of his heart. But he too did not like him to be hanged.

Nasir and his charming wife showed much warmth and took me to see the World Trade Center, the Wall Street, Statue of

Liberty, UN building, the Times Square and other places of interest.

Dr Khursheed Ahmad, another friend of college days, was also in New York. He and his wife also looked after me for a few days in New York.

Seeking forgiveness. On the way back, in February 1978, I flew from New York to London and stayed for a day in a hotel with my friend, Ch Anwar Zahoor, who was attending a course there on labour problems.

I had planned to perform *umra* on my way back and had asked Bilqis to join me in Jeddah from Lahore. At the airport, I was received by ever-smiling Iqbal Mueen, the Counselor in the Pakistan Embassy. Iqbal Mueen, a very dear friend, was my class fellow in college. I stayed with him while Bilqis joined me the next day. Iqbal and his wife were wonderful hosts and we enjoyed our stay with them. They made our stay very comfortable and took us around for shopping and sightseeing. Tariq Mahmood, a nephew of mine, was also in Jeddah and met me at the airport by chance. He was quite fluent in Arabic although he had been there only a few months.

Iqbal Mueen, his wife, Tariq , Bilqis and I performed umra on a Friday in Rabi-ul-Awwal, the month in which Prophet Muhammad, peace be upon him, was born. We started in the morning. On the way, we saw the site of the Hudaibiya peace agreement between the Holy Prophet and the Quraysh of Makkah (formerly Mecca), the greatest act of statesmanship in human history. From there, the road passes through a slightly more hilly area. I was getting emotional as we were getting nearer. The high minarets of the Masjid al-Haram were visible from afar. Then came the city of Makkah. I was almost shivering with emotions, having seen in reality what I had dreamt of my whole life. Here were the hills, the streets and the places where the holiest of the holy and the greatest of the great of the entire mankind had walked in flesh and body. When we entered the holy precincts, the first look at the Ka'ba froze me. I was overwhelmed by the experience and the sight and felt extremely dwarfed and overawed.

After Juma prayers, we performed the umra through a guide. Bilqis and I were lucky to be able to have kissed the holy

black stone every time during the seven circles around Ka'ba. We offered *nafal* prayers at Maqam-i-Ibrahim and sipped water from the perpetual fountain of Zam Zam.

Many friends and relatives had asked me to pray for specific submissions but on my first visit to Makkah I forgot everything. In fact, I was lost even to my own self. It was on the second visit on the way back from Madina that I remembered the requests. Mian Riaz-ul-Haq had no male issue and had asked me to pray for a son for him. I prayed with devotion twice for a son for him and both times the face of a handsome child emerged before me. I thought the prayer had been granted by Allah, the Merciful. I also heard being said that the baby should be named Jamal Mustafa. Allah gave a son to Mian Riaz the same year and the parents named him Yusuf Jamal Mustafa. Mian Riaz is the son of Mian Ahmad Ali, who helped arrange my marriage and was a very close friend of Mian Muhammad Shafi, my father-in-law. Riaz is also the maternal uncle of my son-in-law, Humayun Sarwar.

After umra, we went to Mina and Arafat, visited Mount of Mercy and saw the Hira cave from a distance as I found it difficult to climb. The visit was extremely rewarding in spiritual terms. We asked for forgiveness for our sins and lapses and prayed most fervently to Him to keep us on the right path.

After umra, Bilqis and I travelled to Madina by road. On the way we stopped at Badr and prayed for the souls of the martyrs of the Battle of Badr. We reached Madina in the afternoon. The high minarets of the Masjid-i-Nabawi were visible from far away. Approaching the dream city of my life, I felt ecstatic and lifted up spiritually. I felt having achieved my cherished goal of life.

We stayed in the Pakistan House situated in front of the Bab-i-Jibreel of the mosque. We paid our respects every day and that gave us great peace of mind and comforted our hearts. We were lucky to have prayed in the holy mosque on the place where the Holy Prophet himself used to pray. We also visited the historical places around Madina.

Second visit to the U.S. I developed an eye defect and was advised a lens transplant in the U.S. I went in October 1987 and got my eyes treated in Pittsburgh, where Dr P. M. Toor, my

friend and relative, was then living. Toor was Ph.D. in aeronautical engineering and was holding a high position in the Lockheed Corporation, among the largest in the world.

The operation of my eye was over in half an hour but I had to spend two hours more in the hospital for stabilization. The doctors applied local anesthesia and I could feel their tinkering with my right eye. I was advised occasional check-up every fourth day for a fortnight. During that period, Dr. Toor took me around for sight-seeing. I was enthralled by the famous Niagara Falls. Both my sons, Haroon and Irfan, then studying in the States, were also with me. They pointed out how people were going behind the big fall in their boats. I noticed that the boats were entering from the sides of the fall into the hollow between the rock and the fall. The very idea of going behind that huge fearsome fall gave me shudders. It was a real wonder and kept me absorbed for hours together.

The reasons why ?

The headlines of crime stories in daily newspapers often create panic among the ordinary people. They think that they are not getting the protection of life and property that they have a right to expect as citizens of a civilized country. They do not understand why it is so. The reason most often heard is that the police are inefficient and corrupt but very few people realize that the malady lies much deeper. There are many causes for the present crime and law and order situation and involve many others besides the police. Some of the main ones are discussed very briefly below.

Glory & Sanctity to law-breaking. When governance is without a moral sanction, the credibility of the enforcement of law is severely damaged. Even genuine actions against crime and criminals become suspect in the eyes of the courts, creating scope for lenient treatment to criminals. The judicial control is loosened as the distinction between the criminal and the political opponent gets blurred.

After the Constitution was abrogated in October 1958 and the action was upheld by the highest court in the country, the breaking of laws got sanctity, both from the executive and the judiciary. As a result, "right is might" became "might is right" and the "rule of law" was taken over by the "law of the ruler."

The criminal justice administration through the due process of law gave way to all kinds of short cuts and quick fixes. Various groups started appearing on the scene and exerting their pressures on the basis of their vested interests. The supremacy of law was superseded by the superiority of authority.

The denial of justice drove the deprived groups to take the law in their own hands and use whatever "might" was available to them. This criminal mentality was accepted widely, leading to the glorification of crime through news media, films and literature. This acceptance in turn further reinforced the criminal mentality, throwing the society in a churning whirlpool of wickedness, law-breaking and adoration of brute power.

The law enforcement was degraded into the enforcement of the ruler's authority, first by martial law authorities and later by the successive civilian administrations. The coercive force, always being counterproductive, destroyed the remaining semblance of rule of law and promoted moral and social disorder. Force can be fruitful only as the strong arm of law for upholding the rule of law and not the rulers.

The intelligence agencies have always been above law. On the pretext of cultivating sources, they condone crimes such as smuggling and narcotics. The national interests are, however, not always served.

The disregard for rule of law affected even the army, the most disciplined force anywhere. Gen. Asif Nawaz, Chief of the Army Staff, is said to have told his officers not to bother about established cannons of justice and discipline in having their way. It led to many serious incidents. There was a planned attack on the Gulberg police station in Lahore by armed army personnel during daylight while hundreds of people watched in awe. In Bahawalpur, two medical doctors were beaten merely for overtaking an army jeep. In Gujranwala a magistrate and the traffic police had to beg for their life for challaning a wrongly parked car when it turned out to be that of a general.

When I took up such cases with Gen. Asif Nawaz, he agreed very reluctantly to take action against his men and only after I pointed out that unchecked indiscipline would ultimately become a serious problem even for the senior army command. He promised "to slit their throats" but I never learnt about any action taken by him.

In fact, he went beyond failing to punish indiscipline; he even protected criminals. During the army action in Sindh in 1992, he made Muhajir Qaumi Movement his only target, though he was supposed to act against dacoits and gangsters everywhere in the province. Some gangsters in MQM fled to Lahore. Helped by timely intelligence, the police were able to arrest all of them. Gen. Asif Nawaz wanted me to release them. "But they are murderers and criminals," I told him. "Their arrest will help in achieving the objectives of the army action." But he had some other objectives in mind. "You are not fully aware of the situation in Karachi," he said. "I want to set these thieves to catch bigger thieves." I, however, did not give in.

He then approached the Prime Minister. Whatever he told him, the result was that Nawaz Sharif rushed immediately to Lahore and held a high-level meeting right at the airport. My arguments cut no ice with him. Then the Additional IGP, Special Branch, Maj. Zia-ul-Hassan, narrated the details of the criminal acts of those under arrest. When he insisted, rather emotionally, that the arrests were justified, the Prime Minister, instead of changing his mind, lost his temper. The tremendous pressure of the army chief seemed to be showing itself. So, we had to find a way out to allow release on bail. The same criminal elements later reappeared in Karachi as "MQM Haqiqi!" The Chief of Army Staff was their patron.

Dual standards. The privileged sections of the society consider it below their dignity to respect the restrictions of law. The politicians, religious leaders, public servants, students etc. openly flout laws and get away with it. Only the ordinary citizens are supposed to obey the law. The Holy Prophet once observed that many a community was destroyed because their elite did not apply the laws to themselves.

Erosion of patriotism. The military and civil bureaucracies colluded to deny the people the right to participate in the management of their own affairs. The consequent despondency eroded the patriotic sentiments that strongly move the people to guard against and ward off crime and law-breaking. The love of the country and submission to its laws are always closely related. Lessened love leads to lawlessness.

Breakdown of moral values. The moral values of a society sanctify its laws. An aversion to legal norms, particularly

since 1953-54, finally dragged us towards illegitimacy in 1958. The humanizing moral and intellectual factors have been giving way to the drive for material development while the spiritual needs of human beings were ignored. The values, so essential for cohesion and harmony of a society, were placed under a great strain by the shimmering mirage of unabashed thirst for material comforts. The rat race was bound to take its toll.

The dehumanized and brutalized environment, priding on the violation of the Constitution and law, not only condoned crime but even encouraged it. The symbols of wealth like banks, markets and plazas attracted criminal acts by the have-nots in whose perception most of the owners of these places were themselves robbers. The injured and misguided psyche of the have-nots was on the rampage, manifesting itself through crime.

Media goes astray. The obsession with making money took the entertainment media towards vulgarity and obscenity. The media, especially local films, imported films (on videocassettes), western and westernized music, and local as well as imported newspapers, magazines and books, paved the way for the loosening of moral restraints and the erosion of social values. The media lost its own sense of direction and, instead of reinforcing them, started demolishing the bulwarks of society against evil influences.

Lure of evacuee property. Before Independence, Hindus and Sikhs owned most of the businesses and properties in cities. Their exodus to India offered opportunities to get rich quickly. Many refugees grabbed properties either without genuine claims or worth far more than what they had left in India. Fraud, cheating and deception, both among the claimants and the bureaucrats, severely damaged the moral fiber of the society. Virtually interminable litigation followed when people either did not get fair compensation or were unwilling to give up what they had usurped. While it had been going on for more than a decade, the scheme drawn hastily by the Ayub regime for permanent settlement made matters worse.

Disaster in education. The educational system left by the British was not conducive to the needs of an independent country. Instead of improving upon it, the situation was made worse in 1955 by making the marks obtained in an examination as the sole criterion for determining merit. As a consequence, the

intellectual ability and the understanding of a subject were ignored in the mad race for getting highest possible marks by hook or by crook. The parents set a deplorable example for their children by condoning as well as using unfair means for getting best possible examination results.

Rise of sectarianism. The accentuation of sectarian bigotry is fraught with grave dangers, whether intended as an easy way into politics or as a proxy war under the influence of other countries and with their financial support. The efforts to have a muscle power provide a safe haven for criminals, who commit various crimes with a religious sanction behind them. Sectarian cover is the most protective for the scoundrels.

Social injustice. While successive governments did promise to implement the Islamic principles of fair opportunity and economic welfare, little was actually done. The inequities became so glaring over the years that the less privileged were driven to desperation. The islands of prosperity became the targets of hatred and the vulgar and ostentatious display of often ill-gotten riches added fuel to fire. The rulers have never realized that social peace is possible only with justice and equity.

Internal terrorism. When governments resort to dictatorial and undemocratic practices to deal with their opponents, any redress through law and courts becomes impossible. The denial of justice makes defiance of law, even terrorism, the only practical alternative. At a mass level, agitation and movements emerge that degenerate into violence and terrorism until the government collapses. In the process, the respect for authority decreases while criminals have a field day under the cover of political activities.

Crime of affluence. The collapse of family as an institution and the disintegration of social norms under foreign influences caused crimes of affluence. The educated young men of rich families would commit violent crime just for the sake of fun. To get rid of the boredom of a life without challenges, they would commit even dacoities. They had no fears if getting caught as they were sure that the wealth and high position of their parents would get them out of any trouble. The police and the people were helpless against them.

Crime of poverty. The expanding educational facilities and inadequate job opportunities led to an increase in the number

of educated (but unskilled) youth looking for employment. The inner frustrations and the family pressures for earning a living forced many young men to resort to a life of crime. They joined their contemporaries in a similar predicament and formed criminal gangs, creating a new phenomenon for the police and the people.

The collapse of criminal justice system. The criminal justice system was evolved over a long time as an integrated structure. While the police arrested criminals and provided strongest possible evidence against them through painstaking investigations, the courts ensured that the offenders got deterrent punishment after their offence was satisfactorily proved under the law.

As undemocratic practices crept into politics, criminals found protection and encouragement from the rulers themselves. On the other hand, arbitrary and tyrannical methods were encouraged to suppress political opponents. As a result, the courts were no longer certain that a person standing in the dock was a real culprit, that the evidence produced against him was genuine and, worst of all, whether their judgment would be honoured in letter and spirit.

As the justice machinery weakened and the bulwark against crime and criminal collapsed, despotism and tyranny increased but without any decrease in crime.

External influences. While the internal factors play the dominant role in the crime situation, the external influences also affect it. The major influences in recent years have been the result of the "jihad" against the Russian occupation of Afghanistan. The failure to end the special status of tribal areas also had its impact on crimes.

Haven in tribal areas. Having failed to enforce their laws in the tribal areas along the Durand Line, the border with Afghanistan, the British left the tribesmen to manage their affairs in accordance with their own customs and traditions. Government officers, called "Residents" or "Political Agents," were appointed to keep in touch with the tribal chiefs and keep them within more or less safe limits.

After Independence, the brown sahibs, who had been working as slaves under the British raj, allowed the anomalous

situation to continue and made no serious effort to integrate the tribals with the rest of the country. As a result, what was a crime in the rest of the country was not always so in the tribal area, making it a safe haven for criminals.

Tribal areas encourage crime also by providing refuge to fugitives in return for money or other inducements. Since the normal laws do not apply, it is up to the tribal chiefs to hand over criminals to the police. Some criminals even form syndicates in collaboration with some unscrupulous tribals.

During the early years after Independence, a beginning was made in smuggling to Pakistan the goods imported ostensibly for sale in Afghanistan. As the exorbitant duties on legal imports made the smuggled items much cheaper by comparison, the illegal trade flourished. A market at Bara village, in the tribal area on the outskirts of Peshawar, did such a roaring business that "Bara Markets" of smuggled items sprang up in most major cities. Their popularity symbolized the violation of import laws at a very wide scale and the failure to close them indicates the impotence of the law enforcers.

Drug menace. After having a big success in smuggling, the tribals turned to other lucrative businesses such as narcotics, which made them notorious all over the world. Though foreign markets were much more lucrative, narcotics, riding on the waves of corruption, found their way in the local market also. The drug addiction, a very expensive habit, leads to crimes by desperate individuals.

Some natural plant drugs, like *bhang* (cannabis) and opium, have been available in our society for centuries. Their use was, however, confined to a very small number of people and was never liked socially. In recent decades, the West not only introduced refined derivatives, like cocaine, morphine and heroin, but also gave acceptance, even respectability, to hard drugs. The production of drugs and their smuggling to the West became the only source of survival for many Afghans after the war when no aid came from the West to revive their devastated economy.

Starting with our high society, which promptly embraces every Western fad and fashion, the drugs travelled downward as their availability increased and price came down after the production increased for domestic supply as well as export. The drugs offered an easy escape from the frustrations of modern life

but the addiction turned within no time into financial and physical ruin of families. Crime, by individuals as well as gangs, was close behind. As the supply and use of narcotics expanded, the related crime also increased. The abundant drug money made matters worse by raising corruption to dizzying heights.

Kalashnikov culture. In 1980s during the "jihad" in Afghanistan against the Russian occupation, arms and ammunitions poured in from various countries under U.S. sponsorship. The merchants of death diverted such huge quantities to Pakistan that a Kalashnikov became cheaper than a television set. While criminals bought the assault rifles like the proverbial hot cakes, the police could be only at the other end of their barrels. What in 1950s was a trickle of pistols and ordinary guns coming from small manufacturers of Dara Adam Khel, a village in the tribal area, turned into a flood of modern weapons of world suppliers during 1980s. Such proliferation of deadly weapons was bound to have a devastating impact on the crime situation.

The easy and cheap availability of a lethal weapon like Kalashnikov has changed the psyche and style of criminals. When faced with ill-equipped and demoralized police, they no longer have any fear. By brandishing his automatic weapon and firing a few rounds in the air, a criminal can easily escape without any fear of hot pursuit or even resistance by anybody. The police are cowed down because of their inferior weaponry.

Illegal aliens. People have always been migrating to other lands. Easier means of transport of this age allow them to go much farther from their homes. Migrations are often due to compulsions of circumstances or lure of better prospects. The mass killings immediately after Independence forced millions of people to move across the borders. In 1980s the Russian occupation of Afghanistan forced over three million to seek refuge in our country. In Karachi, better prospects have lured hundreds of thousands from Bangladesh, India, Burma, Sri Lanka and other neighbouring countries.

The migrations also brought criminals, especially who knew well how to operate within their respective communities. Both crimes and criminals of foreign origin were unfamiliar to our police. The language and cultural barriers added to the

problem. The ill-trained and ill-equipped police find it very difficult to cope with the unusual crime situation.

Foreign terrorism and sabotage. The Hindu psyche, notwithstanding pious protestations to the contrary, has never been reconciled to the creation of Pakistan. The "foreign" Muslim rule over India for almost a thousand years has been too much to stomach for the Hindu society and the intense hatred for the Muslims has been consuming it for centuries. When the time came to settle the score after the end of the British raj, the creation of a new country for the Muslims frustrated the Hindu designs. No wonder, India has always been causing trouble for us on one pretext or the other.

Sabotage and terrorism by India have, therefore, been going on with varying degrees of intensity, sometimes with the collaboration of its allies in the north. Foreign terrorism was at its peak during the jihad in Afghanistan in 1980s, leading to many other criminal activities, especially gun-running and narcotics. Such activities lured many with criminal background as big money and other attractive incentives were offered to local saboteurs and terrorists. (More on the subject in the chapter, "Fighting international terrorism.")

The handicaps. While there were many social factors that affected the crime situation, there have been several reasons why the police and the judicial authority were made ineffective, either due to lack of attention or by deliberate measures to satisfy ulterior motives.

Alienation of people. The use of the police by dictatorial and undemocratic rulers for imposition of their arbitrary orders and for coercion against opponents and rivals turned the people against the police. It was no longer considered a guardian of the law and a protector of the weak. The society, no longer at peace with itself, was forced to come to terms with the criminals instead of looking towards the police. Crime was bound to have a sway.

Misuse of police. The rulers have been treating the police as nothing more than their private militias. In the name of security, policemen have to stand on duty for hours along the entire route of a VVIP. In case of VIPs, the armed policemen have to serve as guards at their residences or to accompany them as bodyguards or as pilots or mobile escorts. The only purpose of

the guards, often not authorized under the law, is to bolster the ego of the VIPs and impress their rivals and voters.

Besides waste of time and energy, the police manpower, already far below requirements, has to be diverted from crime prevention and investigation duties. It will be a great relief to the exhausted and demoralized police if it is relieved of such forced labour.

The police force and energy are also frittered away on guarding petrol pumps, banks, diplomats, judges, administrators, even on protecting religious fanatics and trouble makers from their own enemies! Many of the guard and security duties can be taken over by private security agencies. Judicial duties like service of summons and warrants should be performed by a separate force.

Unplanned urbanization. The natural increase in population and the accelerated migration from villages over the decades disturbed the social balance in cities. The failure of authorities to provide and maintain public utilities led to tensions. The lack of suitable jobs made the lure of crime irresistible. Shanty towns mushroomed, with dark and dingy hideouts for criminal activities. The anonymity of urban life provided another advantage.

On the other hand, the number of jobs did not keep pace with the growth in urban population. Then the businessmen and industrialists, who collectively create more jobs than the government, got such a disastrous blow from Bhutto's nationalization that only recently did they find it possible to stand again on their feet. The morals and law were the inevitable casualties of the ill-advised policy.

The lagging needs. The human society needs balance in its efforts to change or improve its conditions. As long as the roads were unpaved and both the bandit and the policeman were on horse back, the odds were even for them. When a farm-to-market road is paved for the benefit of the farmers, the same road enables a criminal to make good his escape in a fast moving vehicle. The obvious conclusion is that mobile police with good telecommunications and strategic checkposts should also be provided along with a new road. Or else the society will have to pay a price for the imbalance.

In cities and towns that are expanding rapidly, there is seldom adequate provision for new police stations and posts to deal with the crime in the new population centers. Often even land is not reserved for police buildings. On the other hand, criminals plan ahead and set up havens for themselves. No wonder the new and comparatively well-off inhabitants clamour for police protection when they become victims of crime. They had better take the town planners and the development authorities to task.

Every development plan must have a security scheme as a part of the project. As the cities grow, detailed surveys of their security needs must be made and the governments must make necessary investment. Delhi is about 50% bigger than Lahore in population but its police are more than three times larger. The planning and allocation of resources does make a big difference.

Abolition of a public support system. In the past we used to have a very efficient system of policing even in the dispersed and far-flung villages through their own elders and men of standing, who carried titles of respectability. In Punjab some titles for these honorary functionaries were *Zaildar* (nominated head of a *zail*, a group of villages), *Safaidposh* (respectable person, literally "wearer of white clothes"), *Nambardar* (responsible for collection of revenue in a village, literally "nominated"), etc. They had employees like chowkidars who were paid for collectively by the village landlords and cultivators.

This system, with an auxiliary force in thousands, provided the most efficient support to the criminal justice administration at the grassroots without any cost at all to the government. The criminals knew that it would be difficult to escape the ever alert and penetrating eye of the all-pervasive system.

Naively, the system was done away with soon after Independence as "a legacy of the colonial rule" but without replacing it with anything better than poorly paid, ill-trained, demoralized constables, with little local respect and influence.

Basic Democracies in place of **panchayats.** For thousands of years, *panchayat* had been the collective wisdom of a village. Elected by consensus, it was the collective leadership as well as the local court of law. No doubt the institution deteriorated during the British raj when the government began

nominating its members. Rather than reviving and revitalizing the system, it was scrapped by the Ayub Khan regime. In its place "Basic Democracies" were brought in, with both judicial and administrative powers. With direct election at the lowest level, there were indirectly elected tiers at tehsil, district and division levels. The basic units, called "Union Councils," also formed the electoral college for the National and Provincial Assemblies, even the Presidency.

The scourge of the system was the introduction of elections at the lowest level, which pitched family against family. The local rivalries and enmities, which usually remained dormant, were revived to play the dominant role in elections and continued with greater intensity till the next round. Since the number of votes was the only criterion for elections, the criminals and their patrons also jumped in the field to gain a cover of respectability and swayed the voters with money or muscle power. The administration, which was expected to keep the electoral college on the right side of the rulers, also played its role.

The judicial powers of the Union Councils were subsequently withdrawn with an amendment in the relevant law. Now there is no authority at a village level to punish even petty criminals. Every case has to go to the courts through the police and the procedural delays and corruption work to the advantage of the criminals.

A/Hameed wrote a comprehensive paper, "Crime Control through Panchayats," which was published by the Peasant Commission (now defunct) of the Punjab Government. His analysis showed that about 90% of the cases registered by the police in the Punjab could be dealt with by the village panchayats if these were revived properly. He even drafted a new compre hensive law, a vast improvement on the two Panchayat Acts of the colonial period. If the proposed law is passed, the crime will be under very effective control at least in rural areas, which have over two-thirds of our population.

Escapism of courts and senior officers. The courts and the police depend on each other to do their job. The harmony between them came under strain when both suffered pressures from dictatorial and undemocratic regimes. If the objective is to ensure social peace through justice, truth has to be the basis of all

investigations and prosecutions so that courts can arrive at the right and just verdicts. The police and the lower courts, however, became victims of a suffocating atmosphere of falsehood, created all round them by the highest in power.

The upright judges and senior police officers tried to remain unsoiled through escapism instead of activism. Those who adopted moral and legal positions were thrown out of jobs through screenings or punished in other ways. The passivism for survival, born out of extreme insecurity, took the shape of over-formalism by courts as well as senior police officers. They gave the entire responsibility of maintaining public peace to subordinate functionaries and allowed them to discharge it according to their own lights, methods, manners and resources. The role of guiding and keeping the subordinates on the right track was abandoned.

Cynicism creeped in among the senior officers and led to a very destructive negativism. They became very critical of their subordinates and suppressed any dissent however wise or useful it might be. The healthy tradition of resolving difficult issues through discussion and consultation was discarded. Under such circumstances, it became impossible to deal with crime and criminals with determination and cohesion.

Stripping of the district magistrate. The powers and authority of the district magistrate were reduced in the name of separation of judiciary and executive but no effective substitute was provided. The district magistrate used to be the pivotal coordinator of the executive and judicial efforts to keep the crime and criminals under control. He was the chief magistrate, principal prosecutor and the officer responsible for the maintenance of public peace and order. No doubt many powers were concentrated in him but it was essential for crime control and speedy justice and, of course, under the scrutiny of High Courts as the scheme of law stood then. Every act of District Magistrate and his magistrates was challengeable before the Highest independent court of law. But when the axe fell on the constitution itself everything fell apart. More than the District Magistrate the real monsters were the constitution killers, who were accountable to none whomsoever and whatsoever. But the citizens, depressed and deprived of all their basic rights riveted their entire attention and took out their ire on the institution of

District Magistrate instead of the real culprits who actually trampled all the checks and balances of laws and rule of law.

The authority of the District magistrate was demolished under misconceived notions of justice. The support of the village police were the first to be taken away. Then the Bhutto government deprived him of many of his powers although in theory he still remained responsible for law and order. Later some more powers were taken away. The sessions judge, to whom many of these powers were transferred, was responsible for justice but not for law and order.

The Ayub regime involved the deputy commissioner in development activities, which is a cushy and lucrative function compared to the difficult, dreary and unpleasant job of fighting against crime. Once the deputy commissioner assumed the role of a developer, he practically became too busy to perform his functions as the district magistrate. The criminal was then free to operate at will. The only organ left to suppress the crime was police, which can arrest and investigate but has little legal authority to punish. It is the district magistrate who can be a real deterrent to criminals by detaining and punishing them.

Once the district magistrate preferred to abdicate his functions of law and order to the police, misuse of force was inevitable. The police, under pressure of the rulers, started depending more and more on the use of illegal force. It spent all its energies on prosecuting the opponents of the rulers through false criminal cases. The criminal justice system lost its credibility.

The superior courts and the sessions courts under them assumed the role of actively protecting the rights of the persecuted. In so many cases the prosecution was so malicious for political reasons that the sessions courts suspected even the genuine cases against real criminals. The courts were not sure as to which was a genuine criminal case and which was a frame-up. Thus the real criminal got the benefit of doubt in far more cases than due. Because of the politically motivated prosecutions, the judicial mind was tilted more towards the accused than the victims of crime.

The delicate balance between the authority to crush crime as well as to ensure justice was lost in the process. The criminals on the other hand ganged up to defeat the system. The victims of

crime suffered and started losing hope. Some of them opted to take the law in their own hands, causing further deterioration. They had nobody with sufficient legal and moral authority to look up to for redress. The system was fighting against itself and not the criminals.

Since then we have ended up in creating all kinds of courts sitting in the very lap of the administrative departments under no well defined judicial hierarchy scattered all over the cities with little majesty or morals. People are confused as such courts have turned out to be less judicious than even the much maligned monstrous District Magistrate. They are popularly known as "*Mamay de Adalat*"(maternal uncle's court). What have we gained? We have landed ourselves in the process in a very sad state of affairs. We are in a quagmire of our own follies. Something more basic, needs to be done than mere slogan-mongering. It needs an ACT OF FAITH of the highest order to restore hope in the power and process of law.

What law and order needs ?

After Independence in 1947, the law and order was not given the priority that it had during the British raj. The British administration did not neglect health care, education, railways, canals, communications, etc. but their first priority always remained the law and order. The priority was reflected in the attention and resources devoted to it. The people appreciated it and many still talk about it nostalgically.

Independence did not mean that all the good things done by the colonialists should be undone. The successive governments, however, continued to do so in case of law and order, neglecting their basic duty to the people. The budget for law and order and criminal justice administration continued to be reduced over the years. The police budget for the Punjab in 1947 was 11% of the total budget. It was brought down drastically in the very next year. It increased very slowly and has been hovering around 5% in recent years. (Details are in the chapter, "Some facts and figures.")

Perhaps the rulers thought that, in view of the extremely scarce resources and the huge burdens of the post-Independence problems, they should save as much as they could. The

expenditure on law and order appeared to them to be not absolutely essential. The thinking could be justified for the time being but, unfortunately, it continued in the successive years even after the situation had stabilized and the functioning of the government had returned to normal. Though the annual expenditure of the Punjab government continued to increase over the years, the ratio allocated to law and order remained more or less static. On the other hand, the population and its needs for security continued to increase.

The courts have been short of judges, magistrates, staff, equipment, even stationery. According to an estimate, about Rs 1000 million are collected annually in the Punjab from court fees and other judicial charges but only one-fourth of the amount is spent on the courts. If the budget of the courts is separated from the general budget and the entire revenue is placed at the disposal of the High Court for spending on new courts and improving the conditions of the present ones, there will be a tremendous improvement in the judicial system. Not only the huge backlog of pending cases in all courts can be eliminated but delays in future can also be avoided.

Law and order cannot be maintained in thin air. The police must have a physical presence wherever it is needed. It is, therefore, elementary that they require manpower, buildings, arms and ammunition, equipment, communications and many other essentials in proportion to their obligations to the people and their increasing requirements. For those not familiar with the needs of the police, particularly the bureaucrats who control the purse strings, it will be helpful to briefly review the main requirements.

The ruling elite and the intellectuals must realize the importance of internal social peace without which societies perish more quickly than from external aggression. In fact, external threats invigorate a society while internal disorder destroys it. It is of paramount importance that the society and the government assign this aspect its due priority and allocate adequate resources.

Buildings. Inspite of a phenomenal rise in the requirements of the continuously increasing population, funds were never provided for the additional needs of the courts and the police. Very few new buildings have come up while the old buildings have not been repaired. *Out of the 592 police stations*

in the Punjab, only 188 are in proper buildings! It is pitiable to see the policemen living and working in tents in sun, rain and cold. Just one cracker is enough to immobilize them and prevent them from pursuing fleeing criminals. The barrack and residential accommodation for the constabulary are not only miserably inadequate but whatever is available is also in the most dilapidated condition. It is mostly in a much worse condition than the accommodation available to prisoners condemned to death! On the other hand, the senior officers, through gross misuse of public funds, furnish their offices like suites of posh hotels. The attitude is simply woeful, producing despondency and unrest among the lower ranks.

The condition of lower court buildings is similar to that of police stations. In most cases, new court buildings have not been constructed nor the present ones expanded inspite of tremendous increase in population and the number of pending cases. Most are dilapidated. In most cases the space is grossly inadequate even for minimum court requirements.

Arms and ammunition. It may not be intentional but the fact is that the police have been practically being disarmed over the years. While Kalashnikov have become a standard weapon for criminals, most of the policemen are still saddled with .303 Enfield rifles of the early part of this century. Revolvers and pistols are also of the same vintage. Most of these weapons just don't work. Then a policeman is allowed to fire just a few bullets to practice and that is all the training that he will get during his entire service. With the expired and rusting ammunition, a policeman, when he opens fire, is more likely to injure himself than the fleeing criminal. A few modern weapons that are displayed in Lahore and other major cities cover up the deplorable condition at most places. The ill-armed policemen are absolutely no match to the well-armed criminals and, obviously, cannot overpower them and make an arrest. An ill-armed policeman is as effective as a scarecrow.

Insufficient manpower. To meet the basic needs, a policeman is required for every 400 of population according to international standards. As a result of constant "economy" in the police budget, the ratio has dropped to one for well over 1000. There is just no way to make do with inadequate manpower because the police have to be physically present to do their job, whether it is watch and ward or investigation. If it is not possible to provide basic education and health to increasing population without more teachers and doctors, how crime can be controlled without extra policemen? If additional funds can me made available for education and health, why not for policing?

Similarly, the number of judges at all levels is insufficient. As a result, the number of pending cases goes on increasing, with consequent delays in judgments. Justice delayed is obviously justice denied.

Office requirements. Those who talk of the need for a modern police and judicial procedures do not know that our police stations and courts do not have even the most essential items. The furniture is never enough and whatever is available is in a very bad shape. If you see a new chair, it is almost always due to the personal resourcefulness of the man sitting in it. There is just no budget for stationery. It is not surprising that a *thana muharrir* (who writes reports in a police station) may ask a complainant to bring paper and pencil and a lower court judge may request the defence lawyer to do the same for writing court proceedings. Those who talk of computers, cameras, taperecorders, copiers, investigation kits and other modern equipment do not bother to know that even manual typewriters, if available, are decades old and barely working.

Transport. Compared to the fast-moving criminals in powerful vehicles of latest models, the

minions of law are seen in worn-out, rickety and slow-moving museum pieces, chasing shadows and evading realities. Why should a criminal worry about being caught? He can do his job in good time and leisurely. The cynical news reporters and the self-conceited rulers are always quick to complain when the police do not reach a spot in time. But they fail to realize that the policemen just do not have adequate transport to meet their expectations. If a police station has a single dilapidated jeep, over 10 years old and maintained by the Station House Officer out of his own pocket, how does one expect chases like those seen in foreign television serials?

In 1970, a protest march reached the residence of Gen. Tikka Khan, the Martial Law Administrator. In a rage, he wanted to know why the police did not reach in time to disperse the agitators. As the liaison officer, I was asked to explain "the gross negligence of the police." My reply was simple. The policemen had to go from the Civil Lines police station, near the Assembly chambers, all the way to the cantonment area but they had no transport readily available. If they had commandeered a public bus or truck, they would have been hauled up by the martial law authorities for "gross misuse of their authority." So the annoyed general should have been satisfied that the policemen finally did manage to reach his residence and ensure that its tranquillity was disturbed no more.

Communications. Telephone has always been recognized as absolutely essential for police operations and yet all police stations and other field offices still do not have it. Even where available, there is never enough budget to meet the bills. As a result, either phones are disconnected or the SHO has to pay the bills on his own. Similarly, wireless sets are also not

available to all police stations and field officers. Funds are often insufficient even to replace the obsolete sets, not to speak of buying new ones. Fax machines and computers are obviously only on the wish list of all those who need them. More on the subject in the chapter, "Towards modernization -- and back."

Crime records. Crimes are investigated and prevented through skills, not by coercion. The crime record is the most effective instrument for keeping crime under control. If the records are not there or are maintained in a haphazard manner, the discriminatory misuse of powers becomes common, leading to oppression and injustice. So good policing always needs a systematic and operationally useful system of records. In our police stations, there is inadequate collection of the finger prints of suspects and criminals and insufficient cataloging and categorization of criminals, both in custody or wanted. There are also no aids and kits for recording special gait and voice traits, identity marks, photographs, etc. Personal failings and inefficiency are, no doubt, there but there cannot be any improvement if the wherewithal required for the purpose is not available. And it does not cost a fortune. More on the subject in the chapter, "Restoring crime records."

Training. The facilities for training in policing skills are woeful. There are neither enough training institutions nor are the necessary resources provided. The training in firearms is grossly deficient for there are neither enough arms nor ammunition. The investigation skills cannot be taught properly as the required equipment and facilities are not available. Merely parading and teaching the law does not go very far. Thus, the training institutions are churning out

only the most servile and subservient robots instead of skillful, professional and intelligent officers of law.

Crime intelligence. Police and criminals keep their eyes on each other. It is the clash of their intelligence that determines the outcome. If the police are more successful, the criminal goes underground. If they falter, the criminal dominates the scene.

The flow of crime intelligence to police dried up after the collapse in early 1950s of the public support system of crime intelligence (like zaildars, nambardars and chowkidars in villages) and later due to the alienation of the people under dictatorial regimes. It was thus deprived of the most important weapon for its fight against crime. Due to lack of funds, the police could not fill in the vacuum through its own professional intelligence, which costs much more than intelligence through social contacts and influence. Both types of intelligence were done away with, one for lack of vision, the other for lack of funds.

Operational intelligence. Similar is the story of operational intelligence, which is available in small quantity and that too in a disjointed and disorganized manner. The casual and on-the-spot intelligence cannot be utilized fully for lack of effective and timely communication. The report of the incidence in a remote area reaches the police too late. Before it is converted into operational information, the criminal reaches his haven. Even in sprawling cities, the criminal has outpaced the police. The police have poor capability to respond to a distress call in time for lack of timely communications, lack of transport and poorly equipped manpower. All the police can do is to come out in strength at some of the road crossings to show their presence. But they are blindfolded, so to speak, as they do not have the slightest idea what they should do.

(Blind dogs running after fleeing deers, to quote a Punjabi saying.) Their *nakabandi* and checking is nothing more than harassment to ordinary citizens.

Prosecution. The supporting services and branches of the police suffered the worst from the misplaced bouts of economy. The Prosecution Branch failed to attract qualified law graduates due to very poor salaries. Instead of enhancing their pay scales, the branch was attached with the Law Department for better salaries. Why not the same pay raise within the police? Because the police in general were not to be paid better. In the process, the command and control on prosecution by those responsible for law and order were completely lost. The bridge between the police and courts collapsed and the control on crime through prosecution was loosened.

The control on prosecution was then replaced by persecution by brute force, first of police, then of even army, little realizing that legal prosecution and court verdicts are the only effective methods of crime control. Mere arrest without follow-up in courts can only bring repression. The courts, whether civil or military, should not be expected to punish criminals through stiff sentences in the absence of sufficient evidence. Any short-cuts for short term objectives, however noble, ultimately lead to tyranny and inequity, resulting in disorder, not peace. The well-integrated and effective system of criminal justice has been destroyed more often for economy and sometimes for unrealistic and romantic objective of speedy justice.

Traffic branch. The traffic branch, inspite of the phenomenal increase in the number of vehicles and the hazards on the roads, remains untrained, understaffed and unskilled. The whimsical rulers, always in indecent hurry, have not been able to decide on the nature of its

organization, command and control. They oscillate from the commands of national level to the operational controls of local bodies and end up deciding nothing as it will cost some money. Rather than spending money on such uninspiring and unromantic matters, the mighty money managers save it for roads and luxurious vehicles that may move around unregulated to their ultimate destruction through accidents. According to the wizards of finance, it is wasteful to spend money on training drivers, putting up safety signs, regulating the mad rush or controlling overspeeding.

Other agencies. Same is the story of the Central Intelligence Agencies (in districts), Crime Branch, Security Branch, Special Branch, Finger Print Bureau and other services necessary for effective policing. In fact, these branches are much worse than the general police because of their lack of resources and also clout. They do not have any databanks of essential facts and records on the basis of which they could seek guidance for their functioning. The only asset they possess is their authority and they misuse it to the hilt. Authority without resources, restraint and responsibility can be extremely dangerous and counter productive.

These agencies, which are supposed to be supporting and co-ordinating the field policing activity, have become stagnant and useless. Data building, analysis, co-ordination among police stations, districts and provinces, transmission of operational information in time, synthesis of inferences for actions and operations, specific crime intelligence and other essential moves and modes of these agencies need funds for their infrastructure and operations.

There can be no progress without peace and peace is possible only through justice and fairplay.

The ruling elite and the intellectuals must realize the importance of internal social peace without which societies perish more quickly than from external aggression. In fact, external threats invigorate a society while internal disorder destroys it. It is of paramount importance that the society and the government assign this aspect its due priority and allocate adequate resources.

Some facts and figures

Facts speak louder than words. The following tables indicate the present strength of the police and the resources made available to them to meet the needs of the entire province. The figures speak eloquently about the lack of even the basic requirements. Those who expect our police to be like that of the Western countries may keep in mind that the Punjab is bigger than every country of Europe, except Russia, and can even rank in the top 25 countries of the world in population. Then they can compare the strength and resources available to the Punjab police with theirs.

The following are the subjects of the tables and graphs:

- The strength of the Punjab police.
- The distribution of the police strength.
- The buildings for police stations.
- The allocations to the police in non-development budgets.
- The allocations to the police in development budgets.
- The distribution of police budget for 1994-95.
- The allocations to the police for durable goods.
- The present position of police transport.
- The present position of wireless sets.
- The requirement of wireless sets.
- The police encounters, 1986 to June 1993.
- Graph of all reported crime from 1947 to 1995.

- Graph of all reported murder cases from 1947 to 1995.

Table One: **The Strength Of The Punjab Police In 1994**

DESIGNATIONS	*NUMBER*
Inspector General of Police	1
Additional Inspectors General of Police	2
Deputy Inspectors General of Police	19
AIGs and SPs	134
ASPs and DSPs	451
Inspectors	1,701
Sub Inspectors	3,606
Assistant Sub Inspectors	6,627
Head Constables	9,893
Constables	65,665

The territorial jurisdiction in the province is divided into 8 Ranges (Divisions), 34 districts and 142 subdivisions, headed respectively by DIGs, SSPs/SPs, and ASPs/DSPs.

The number of police stations is 592 (390 rural, 232 urban).

The number of police posts is 190 (115 rural, 75 urban).

With the total estimated population of the Punjab being 66,989,000 (44,070,000 rural, 22,914,000 urban), the ratio of police to population in the province comes to approximately one constable per 1020 persons. With total area being 205,345 sq. kms, the police to area ratio comes to one constable for over three square kilometers.

Table Two: **The Distribution Of Police Strength**

BRANCHES	*NUMBER*	*PERCENTAGE*
Police stations	29,203	29,203
Punjab Constabulary	11,763	13.35
District and Range Reserves	4,246	4.82
Police offices	3,985	4.52
Traffic Branch	3,471	3.94
Prosecution Branch	2,050	2.33
Crime Branch & Dist. CIAs	2,437	2.77
Special Branch	1,899	2.16
Telecom. and Transport	4,989	5.66
Guards	11,447	15.26

BRANCHES	*NUMBER*	*PERCENTAGE*
Escorts for prisoners	1,994	2.26
Training institutions	1,443	1.64
Lady police	603	0.69
Miscellaneous	8,569	9.72

The strength in the police stations is for investigation of cases as well as watch and ward duties.

Miscellaneous includes orderlies, line staff, tear gas squad, drill staff, leave reserves, etc.

Table Three: **The Buildings For Police Stations**

BUILDINGS	NUMBER
Police stations in proper buildings	188
Police stations in buildings unsuitable for use	250
Police stations in rented buildings, shops, tents, etc.	135
Buildings under construction in 1994	19
Total buildings needed to be built (rural: 292, urban: 93)	385
Building for police stations built since 1947	48

While the population increased over three times since Independence, the number of police stations was not even doubled. The number of police stations rose from 302 in 1947 to 592 in 1994, an addition of 290 only.

Table Four: **The Allocations To The Police In The Non-Development Budgets Of The Punjab**

(Amounts in million rupees)

YEAR	*PUNJAB*	*POLICE*	*PERCENTAGE*
1947-48	200.7	24.7	11.00
1951-52	2,278.7	30.4	1.34
1961-62	4,437.2	82.8	1.87
1966-67	4,077.0	127.7	3.10
1971-72	3,457.9	71.9	2.08
1972-73	4,088.5	87.8	2.15
1973-74	6,077.9	93.8	1.54
1974-75	8,265.4	131.9	1.60
1976-77	13,036.0	273.1	2.09

YEAR	PUNJAB	POLICE	PERCENTAGE
1977-78	15,383.9	298.6	1.94
1978-79	13,076.0	312.9	2.39
1979-80	13,895.1	310.0	2.23
1980-81	14,766.6	378.8	2.56
1981-82	12,189.2	431.6	3.05
1982-83	21,228.7	497.9	2.35
1983-84	24,012.9	619.0	2.58
1984-85	21,848.0	842.1	3.85
1985-86	25,679.1	994.5	3.87
1986-87	31,601.1	1,394.4	4.41
1987-88	38,806.6	1,711.6	3.90
1988-89	39,870.0	1,780.6	4.25
1989-90	42,591.8	1,648.5	3.87
1990-91	46,719.0	2,485.5	5.32
1991-92	55,828.5	2,762.0	4.95
1992-93	63,207.6	3,264.6	5.16
1993-94	73,686.3	3,756.7	5.10
1994-95	83,020.8	3,948.0	4.76

Table Five: **The Allocations To The Police In The Development Budgets Of The Punjab**

(Amounts in million rupees)

YEAR	PUNJAB	POLICE	PERCENTAGE
1981-82	335.00	2.64	0.78
1982-83	405.00	1.74	0.42
1983-84	422.00	3.63	0.86
1984-85	430.00	5.51	1.28
1985-86	567.00	5.40	0.94
1986-87	660.13	6.59	0.99
1987-88	892.02	7.52	0.84
1988-89	745.00	8.51	1.14
1989-90	716.90	5.24	0.74
1990-91	766.00	7.00	0.91
1991-92	999.22	8.79	0.88
1992-93	1200.20	9.34	0.78
1993-94	1151.89	5.85	0.51
1994-95	1028.34	8.70	0.84

Table Six: **Distribution Of Police Budget For 1994-95**

(Amounts in million rupees)

EXPENDITURE HEADS	*AMOUNT*	*PERCENTAGE*
Pay and allowances	3,331.8	83.63
Commodities and services	568.5	14.40
Purchase of durable goods	0.0	0.00
Repair of durable goods	60.5	1.53
Transfer payments	17.2	0.44
TOTAL	3,908.0	100.00

Commodities and services include POL (petroleum, oil, lubricants), tavelling allowances, bills for telephones, electricity and gas, and charges for stationery, printing, etc.

Purchase of durable goods includes purchase of transport vehicles, wireless sets and other equipment.

Transfer payments include rewards for outstanding performance of duty, allocations to Shaheed Funds and funds for secret services.

Table Seven: **The Allocations To The Punjab Police For Durable Goods**

(Amounts in million rupees)

YEAR	*TRANSP.*	*TELE.*	*ARMS...*	*OTHERS*	*TOTAL*
1984-85	11.7	0.7	0.0	1.8	14.2
1985-86	38.8	11.3	2.0	1.6	53.7
1986-87	120.6	49.4	23.1	4.9	198.0
1987-88	60.0	15.8	15.1	3.8	94.7
1988-89	73.5	0.0	0.0	0.0	73.5
1989-90	12.3	0.0	0.0	0.0	12.3
1990-91	178.3	25.0	40.0	11.0	254.3
1991-92	34.7	5.8	46.7	9.6	96.8
1992-93	141.2	12.7	19.2	18.3	191.4
1993-94	65.0	3.1	0.0	8.5	76.6
1994-95	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0

TRANSP. includes all motor vehicles.
TELE. includes telecommunications equipment.
ARMS...includes anti-riot equipment.

The entire allocation in 1993-94 was only for Lahore city and the newly created districts of Mandi Bahauddin and

Hafizabad. There was no allocation for the normal requirements of the police.

Table Eight: **The Present Position Of Transport**

TYPE	*QUANTITY*	*USABLE*	*UNUSABLE*
Pick-ups	1,069	785	284
Jeeps	519	409	110
Carriers	467	402	65
Cars-	278	196	82
Ambulances	16	16	0
Recovery vehicles.	9	7	2
APC	9	4	5
Escort cars	4	4	0
Fork-lifters	2	2	0
Motorcycles	1.546	1,296	250
TOTAL	3,919	3,117	802

Carriers include troop carriers, prison vans and mobile canteens.

Police stations without any pick-up 128
ASPs and DSPs without a jeep 85

A vehicle is considered to be unusable after having run 250,000 kms or after five to six years of use. Under this formula, about 387 vehicles are supposed to be replaced every year *only to maintain the present number*, at a cost presently estimated to be Rs 320 millions.

Table Nine: **The Present Position Of Wireless Sets**

TYPE	*QUANTITY*	*USABLE*	*UNUSABLE*
Mobile	2,782	1,510	1,272
Pocket	2,091	1,165	926
Base	1,109	889	220
Portable	547	127	420
H.F.	115	53	62
TOTAL	6,644	3,744	2,900

Table Ten: **The Requirement Of Wireless Sets**

LOCATION	*QUANTITY*
Police stations without any wireless set	130
Police posts without any wireless set	145
Police kiosks without any wireless set	86

Table Eleven: **Police Encounters, 1986 To 1990**

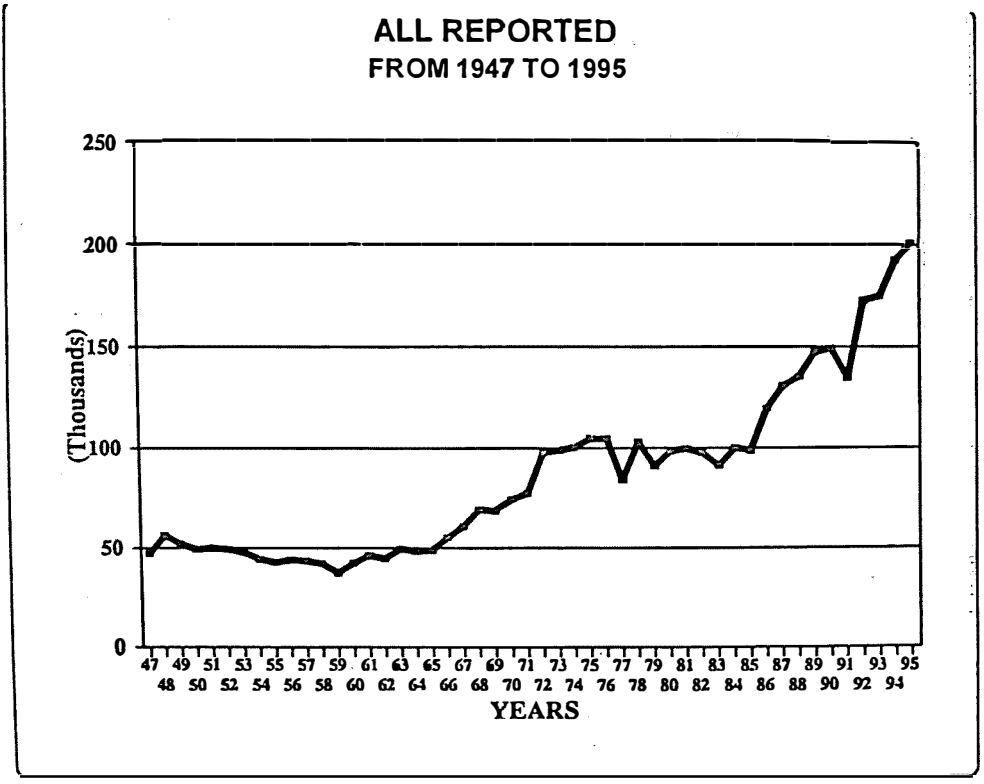
NUMBER	*1986*	*1987*	*1988*	*1989*	*1990*
Encounters	16	28	68	60	167
Policemen shaheeds	14	18	18	07	19
Policemen injured	45	48	34	35	43
Criminals killed	10	16	36	15	69
Criminals injured	15	09	08	17	32
Criminals arrested	N/A	N/A	N/A	136	315

Table Twelve: **Police Encounters, Jan. 1991 To June 1993**

NUMBER	*1-5/1991*	*6-12/1991*	*1992*	*1-6/1993*
Encounters	94	120	197	86
Policemen shaheeds	07	10	41	07
Policemen injured	18	43	108	52
Criminals killed	38	56	88	37
Criminals injured	17	28	38	24
Criminals arrested	118	216	327	98

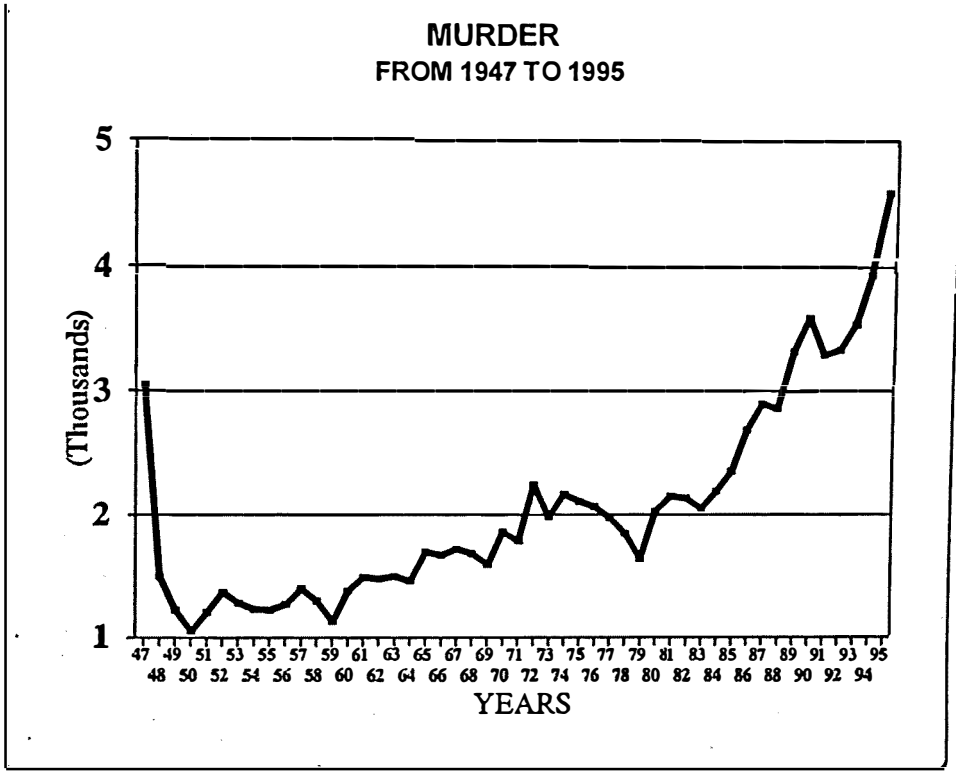
The author was the IGP Punjab from June 20, 1991, to May 31, 1993, and most of the encounters in the above table took place during his tenure.

Graph One:



The crime soars up suddenly from 1960 onward after the initial impact of Martial Law because of blatant disrespect to the constitution & law by the Martial Law authority that was followed in thought & action by the people especially crime prone elements. The crime has since been rising constantly.

Graph Two:



High rate of Murder in 1947 depicts loss of life during communal riots/massacre. The butchery of constitution & law by the Martial Law after its initial impact gives impetus to crime increasing it gradually with a horrendous rate till date.

Epilogue

There was a police strike in February 1972 in Larkana, President Z.A. Bhutto's home town. The policemen had gone on strike and protested in front of Bhutto himself against the abusive attitude of the local PPP leadership and workers when he had gone their for *shikar* (recreational hunting). Mian Anwar Ali, Director, Intelligence Bureau, told me that the President wanted somebody reliable from Rawalpindi to go and look deeply into the matter. Mian Sahib believed that I could do the job to the President's satisfaction.

I reached Larkana the next day. Yousaf Orakzai, IGP Sindh, was already there that day. Noor Elahi Laghari had been posted as the new SP of the district and had taken over the same day.

I gathered views of most of the relevant policemen. They stated that they had voted for PPP and were as loyal to Bhutto as anybody else. But they were upset because they were getting threats of dismissal for allegedly having collaborated with Yahya Khan. Normally policemen would not have bothered about such threats but now PPP was in power and the threats could easily lead to action.

Basically it was a crisis of confidence as there could be hardly any collaboration of a poor constable or a sub-inspector with the previous regime. Therefore, I recommended in my

report that the confidence of the force must be restored immediately.

The strike was also a protest against other simmering causes. I found that the police, particularly the Police Lines reserves, were resentful of their working conditions, low pay, long working hours and generally the raw deal they got. I forewarned that similar incidents could happen at other places also. To others, the striking policemen of Larkana would look like distant heroes. Therefore, basic measures needed to be taken immediately by the senior police command and the Government.

The Larkana strike was called off but a similar one took place shortly afterwards in Dadu and then in Hyderabad. I went there also and gave my comprehensive report to Mian Anwar Ali. He discussed the report with Bhutto but no positive steps were taken to ameliorate the miserable lot of the poor policemen. Instead, the approach adopted was authoritarian, not sagacious or realistic. Later, Mian Sahib would ask me half jokingly almost daily, "How are the Distant Heroes?"

As necessary measures were not taken in Sindh, the strikes soon spread to the NWFP and then to the Punjab. The problem had recurred with all its fury. However, instead of facing the realities, Bhutto looked for more sinister reasons for the mischief. He would like to see the hands of Russia, India, NAP and others behind it and wanted to "nip the evil in the bud with full force." DIB, civil servants, senior police officers and even generals advised him against the use of force but he was adamant. He even went to the extent of ordering Gen. Gul Hassan, the army chief, and Air Marshal Rahim Khan, the air force chief, to bombard the Peshawar Police Lines by artillery and air respectively. They requested him to review his orders in view of its serious implications. They delayed action on the pretext of planning and reconnaissance, which Bhutto interpreted as defiance and disobedience.

In the meantime, persuasion as well as threats from the senior police command had made the striking policemen to agree to call off the strike. In the Punjab Sahibzada Raoof Ali, DIG Rawalpindi, and other senior popular police officers had worked hard behind the scene. They assured the policemen that no harm would come to them. Once the atmosphere became conducive, a

deadline to call off the strike was given by Governor Mustafa Khar. The strategy worked. Mustafa Khar addressed a large public meeting in Lahore and warned the striking policemen that severe action would be taken against them if they did not report for duty. The police strike ended with a whimper, providing a great boost to the PPP, Khar and Bhutto but no lessons were learnt. So the business continued as usual. The government was high-handed and the policeman became more and more callous and corrupt.

The police mutiny in India. The trouble was not confined to Pakistan alone. In May 1973, the police constabulary in the Uttar Pradesh state of India rose against the Government and even came eyeball-to-eyeball with the army. It was an event of great concern to police authorities all over South Asia. Due to similarity of organization and service conditions, the virus could spread and it could happen somewhere else also. Sahibzada Raoof Ali, who was by then IGP, Punjab, was, therefore, very keen that the mutiny in India should be studied and the factors behind it be analyzed. The study should also point out the lessons to be learnt.

A/Hameed was the most suitable person for such work. He had also accompanied me on my request to Larkana for the inquiry into the police strike there. Therefore, I requested him to undertake the project. He came to Rawalpindi from Lahore and stayed with me for several months.

The first problem he faced was the lack of necessary raw material. The reporting of the mutiny in the national press had been very sketchy. Even the British papers, which usually give considerable coverage to South Asian affairs because of the nostalgia for the British raj in this region, had not done much better. There were also no other studies of similar kind as no police officer or administrator had ever ventured into such a field.

A/Hameed believed that the needed material on the events and various aspects of the mutiny would be available only in the Indian newspapers. So, I arranged to get all leading English dailies not only for the period covering the events but also of several weeks afterwards during which comments and analytical reports on the mutiny might have appeared.

The total was about 500 copies. It was a huge stack to discourage any ordinary soul but A/Hameed was undaunted. In fact, he was glad that now he would be able to make his study really comprehensive. Day after day and from morning to night, he continued to scan the newspapers very methodically. He would not move from his seat at all nor take any break except for meals. One casualty of his sedentary work was a sofa of the SSP House that got a deep depression under his weight.

After about two months of continuous daily work, he collected the basic raw material and started the process of selecting, categorizing and condensing it. Then came the writing. So much cut-and-paste, typing, retyping and proof-reading was involved that A/Hameed regrets to this day that no computer was then available to him to take the physical drudgery out of the job. (Well, the first personal computer in the world became commercially available two years *after* his project was over! He is always ahead of time.)

The research itself was not easy. For example, not a single newspaper had given more than a few words or a single sentence about the leader of the mutiny. A/Hameed collected all these bits and pieces to prepare a profile of Ram Badoria, a head constable with an M.A. degree. The extraordinary man was so devoted to his colleagues that he refused promotion to become an Assistant Sub Inspector in order to avoid losing his membership of the association, of the policemen.

The result of A/Hameed's hard labour was a very useful 87-page report, covering all aspects of the event. As the conditions in India and Pakistan were similar, the report became very relevant for us. Sahibzada Raoof Ali read the report with great interest and praised it profusely in a meeting of his staff officers. He also arranged for the distribution of copies among other police officers. A/Hameed used to joke that if a copy of his report found its way across the border, the Indians would be very impressed and would be giving credit to our agencies for doing "excellent intelligence work!"

The report confirmed my findings of the Larkana report but with much more substance and evidence. Poor working conditions, long hours of duty, lack of accommodation, inadequate transport, low salaries, overeducation and, most

important, disregard for their self-respect, were the major causes besides many other factors.

Behaviour with public. I never forgot the lessons of inquiries into police strikes. One was regarding the police behaviour with the public. After taking over as SSP, Lahore, I found that one of the basic problems was the rude attitude of the police. Everybody, including labour, students, journalists and ordinary citizens, was unhappy with the rough attitude and foul language of policemen. On the other hand, the policemen were convinced that they were following the right path and doing their job effectively.

I talked to them candidly and frankly. Many of them would not buy my recipe of politeness and firmness based on law and justice. They came up with the argument that most people in power had been using foul language and strong arm tactics for effective administration, like Ghulam Muhammad as Governor General, Yahya Khan as President and Amir Muhammad Khan of Kalabagh as Governor. "Why anybody should object to us alone?" they asked. "We behave better than most of the rulers."

Higher educational standards for policemen are often discussed in our society but without proper analysis and perspective. A myth prevails that highly-educated constables will automatically improve their behaviour but it is not always true. Education must be correlated to the nature of job and the adequacy of remuneration. Otherwise, it will cause distortions in the organization and problems for the individual policeman. If a graduate is given the guard duty, he will consider his education unutilized, even wasted. A frustrated man is more peevish and is likely to misbehave. The police reforms should be a comprehensive package, covering all aspects. This was one of the lessons I learnt from A/Hameed's study.

Not a drop to drink. I requested A/Hameed to list as an outsider the reasons for the rough behaviour of the policemen. I studied his list and looked into the causes analytically, in the light of my own experience and inside information. The picture that emerged was really very dismal.

The abysmal living conditions were a major cause of rough behaviour. The constabulary in Lahore had no place to

live. The population of the city had grown more than 15 times and the manpower also had been increased (though certainly not proportionally) but without making any increase in their already very meager accommodation, both married and unmarried. (The married accommodation was for less than 2% of the police strength and most of it was in a dilapidated condition, having been built during the 19th century.) Even many of the buildings for offices, police stations and police posts were either dilapidated or did not exist at all. New residential and industrial colonies had come up but there was no provision for police buildings.

The District Police Lines, where thousands of policemen reside, had no drinking water as the tubewell had been out of order for the last *ten* years. (To survive, they were *stealing* drinking water from the pipes of the Lahore Municipal Corporation and a nearby mosque.) Gulberg, Ichhra, Samanabad, Model Town and other posh areas had no buildings for police stations or police posts. The transport and communications were in a miserable condition. There were no funds to pay phone bills or gas bills; no funds for the repairs of the few official vehicles, not even for the repairs of the arms. The policemen had not been trained at all as there were no training facilities or even time for training. The more I looked into the miserable situation, the more I became discouraged and demoralized. The task was really daunting.

The rot was the result of neglect over a very long period. The successive governments never provided the required finances. The police had been kept on the hook all the time for upholding unpopular governments but the senior police command and the governments never looked into the internal problems of the policemen themselves. The rulers and senior administrators were always demanding that agitators must be kept away so that they could enjoy their powers without any disturbance. They paid no heed even to crime as criminals did not disturb their personal peace. The criminals were a problem of the ordinary people, not of the elite who, in any case, had police guards to protect them and their residences.

Natural allies. When the policeman was left to fend for himself, his natural and willing ally would be the criminal and the

law-breaker. So the neglected policeman slided towards the criminals and opted to live by misusing his legal authority to his own advantage. The authority is a sacred trust from Allah but the policemen followed in the footsteps of the rulers, who were proud of violating even the basic laws of the land. The fatigued and famished policemen, without home or hearth, living away from the civilizing influence of their families, dehumanized and brutalized by the use of naked force for illegitimate and criminal rulers, were prone to colluding with criminals, especially the organized ones, and taking it out on the poor citizens. No wonder they were rude and crude, rough and tough.

It was a very agonizing analysis that A/Hameed and I made by observations on the spot and from his research on the police mutiny in India. How could I alone successfully draw them nearer to people against such heavy odds? However, fortified by my faith in the goodness of human nature, I took it on myself as a mission to bring the policemen closer to the law-abiding citizens.

Taking officers out of the rut. Beside meetings and addresses on the benefits of service to humanity, I used to take my officers out of the normal police environment and initiated exchange of views on subjects like poetry, music and art. Once I took them to the Lahore Shahi Fort for the "Light and Sound" show, which depicted the history of the fort. The imperial dialogues, the classical music and the varying effects of light and sound had a visible impact. Next I arranged a *mushaira* (poetry recitation by poets themselves) of the police officers. This created a very healthy atmosphere and, in the process, the latent talent of many officers was discovered and recognized. I took them for working picnics to Kamran's Baradari (in midstream of the Ravi river), Shalamar Gardens, Changa Manga Forest Park, Balloki canal headworks and other recreational spots around Lahore. I organized regular regimental activities, like kabaddi, volleyball and basketball matches and other sports, variety shows, folk music contests, etc. The most thrilling items turned out to be tug-of-war and *gulli danda*.

Gradually, I could see the officers coming out of their shells. By taking them out of their daily routine for some time, I was helping them to relax their minds and become receptive to

human values. A few relaxing and refreshing moments during the daily drudgery started to remove the fatigue effects of years.

It was an encouraging beginning in my efforts to turn the tide. I tried to re-educate the policemen by various means to respect the rule of law and morality. The executive and judiciary also helped, displaying a commendable team spirit. The very enthusiastic response from the people from all walks of life took us a long way in our crusade against crime. They joined the war in every possible way and even sacrificed their lives along with the spirited policemen in encounters with criminals.

The inspiration worked wonders in many cases when the policemen no longer feared even death in fighting criminals. Like a battle for army soldiers, an encounter with criminals is a test of bravery for policemen. A demoralized force avoids a face-to-face fight as far as possible. After all, fighting means a real possibility of injury, even death. No wonder, the annual number of encounters of the Punjab policemen with criminals had been mostly in two digits (16 in 1986, 28 in 1987, 68 in 1988, 60 in 1989 and 167 in 1990). In 1991, however, the figures jumped to 119 in the first six months alone. The figures for 1992 and 1993 (six months) were also very high. (More details in a table in the chapter, "Some facts and figures.")

The moving spirit stemmed the rot to some extent but it could not make up for the massive efforts, money and time that were needed to bring about a visible change. The crime situation was still very grim, much worse than I have been able to describe. In fact, what we see is not even the tip of the iceberg, only the surface of the moral and social decay that gives a frightening view when we look closely.

Why? Because we have defied the wisdom of centuries and accepted might as right. The moral and legal values were ridiculed while their violation was tolerated, justified, even glorified. As a result, the whole structure of the society began to collapse, giving way to crime syndicates and mafia.

It is shocking to hear highly educated people in high positions say that the police alone are responsible for controlling crime. The police, no doubt, have the vital role of arresting the accused and collecting evidence against them but their role is very limited in the wider perspective. The real authority and

responsibility for punishing criminals lies with the courts of justice. Unfortunately, the role of the courts has also been relegated into the background by the ruthless and illegal rulers and the administrators flouting constitution on the slightest pretext. Thus the time tested criminal justice system was allowed to decay. In fact, destroyed by the stupid and shamelessly immoral adventurers.

The police are in a very deplorable condition. More than half of the police stations in the Punjab have no buildings. Some are even in tents! The barrack accommodation in the police lines is for no more than 15% of the force. Some seek shelter in mosques. (Nobody tries to find out where the rest go to sleep for the night.) The accommodation for married personnel is only for less than 3%. (Where do the 97% keep their families?) The arms for fighting criminals consisted mostly of .303 Enfield rifles from the early part of the century. The transport, if available at all, is rickety and worn out. The communication network is patchy, with Morse code telegraph still being used at places. There are so many other problems and all need resources.

The situation is made much worse by very frequent transfers of Station House Officers (SHOs). According to an official study, in July 1991 there were just 37 out of 556 (or 6%) SHOs in the Punjab who had been serving at their police stations for more than a year. The average tenure was less than six months for 29% and less than even three months for 44% of SHOs! What efficiency can be expected of them if they don't have time even to know the staff under them, not to speak of the area under their jurisdiction?

Not even peanuts for peace. Where are those who talk all the time of "strong action" and "the use of an iron hand" when the budgets are prepared and the police are denied even absolutely essential funds? The "iron hand" has been rusting and wearing out due to prolonged neglect and lack of planning and is no longer able to take even "weak action." The vociferous pronouncements and promises are never followed up by action to meet even the basic needs of crime fighting.

The criminal justice has never been a priority of any government since Independence. It suffered even more after it

was classified as "non-development expenditure." The "baboos" of bureaucracy never realized that no development was possible unless there was peace in the society. The misguided governments, trying to impress the people with grandiose projects, forgot that their first duty was to protect the life, property and honour of their citizens and provide them justice. Good government means peace and justice. The development will follow if the people have the will to improve their lot.

The misguided rulers tried to bring material development at the cost of social order. They even reduced funds. The Punjab Police budget in 1947 was 11% of the total government budget and that too was on a reduced scale because of the post-war economy. By early 1990s, the police budget had come down to less than 5% of the provincial budget. In fact that too was an increase. At one stage in 1970s, the ratio had even fallen below 3%.

It should not have surprised anyone if the police performance continued to deteriorate. Fighting spirit and dedication to the job do help but are not enough. There is a limit to the neglect that an organization can sustain. Here it was colossal. In fact criminal. Therefore, to rebuild the shattered police and to meet the increasing policing needs of the society, I prepared a comprehensive five-year plan. The whole package would not have cost more than two billion rupees per year and yet, in five years, not only the neglect of the past decades would have been met but some modernization would also have been possible. Considering other government expenditures, the price of peace would have been peanuts.

There were a series of meetings, both at provincial and federal levels, to consider the demand for more funds. The Prime Minister and the Chief Minister both were very keen that the capability of the police must increase. But their controllers of finance, who get sadistic pleasure in rejecting even very genuine requests for funds, did not want to "waste money on the callous and ruthless police." I could not let their presumptuousness go unchallenged.

"Yes, you have a point," I said in one such meeting with them in Islamabad. "Then why not wind up the entire police department? Why do you blame the police alone? Everyone of

us is callous. You too are no paragons of virtue. All you are doing in your airconditioned offices is basically only an accountant's job. And yet you condemn the policeman, who fights the criminals at the risk of his life. He displays more dedication to duty despite severe hardships and miseries. Still he is better behaved than even some of your best. The gallant policeman faces bullets every day so that the myopic "baboos" like you could sleep in peace." I was really furious but my strong words did have some effects. Instead of total refusal, I got a paltry sum of Rs 250 million for 1991-92 and that too as a one-time grant. This is how the bureaucracy works in utter disregard for the basic needs of the society.

I was painfully conscious that the innumerable sacrifices of the policemen had stemmed the rot but then the government became oblivious of its responsibilities. If the policemen had not been doing their job so well, the frightening and sensational crimes would have been going on. The robbers and dacoits would have looted some of the bureaucrats also. Then there would have been a panic and money would have been given to the police merely on asking instead of fuming and fretting over its very essential demands.

After that meeting, I suffered a bout of agony, worst in my whole career. The moment I was alone in my rest-house room, I cried for the valiant officers and men, who had given their lives in such a large number for the peace of the society. I felt that I had failed them. They were and are great people and only Allah can reward them. They walk into the jaws of death on the orders of their commanders. The ordinary people did show the highest regard for the shaheeds, built monuments in their honour and looked after their children and families but the thoughtless cogs of the bureaucratic machine failed to realize even the basic needs.

Something that money can't buy. The governments have to reconsider their priorities. When their allocation for the external defence can be the second biggest item of expenditure in the federal budget, and that too not subject to audit, why can't they spend equal to just one or two percent of it extra for the internal defence of the country? The war for internal security goes on every single day and night of the year and policemen are being killed and injured. No defence comes free, external or

internal. If the representatives of the society can sleep peacefully at night, it is not because they have provided for the internal security as adequately as they have done for the borders. Nobody grudges the expenditure on external defence, especially when we are faced with an enemy like India. But the internal defence can be strengthened and brought up to the desired standards by providing only a tiny fraction of what is squandered annually on "development."

If the present rot continues, the society should dread the day when it will have to face the inevitable consequences. The policeman is no longer an illiterate or semi-literate villager, who suffered hardships and gross neglect because he had no better alternative at home. Now even constables are required to be educated, at least up to secondary school (matriculation), and many have higher education. They are acutely aware of what others are getting elsewhere in government and in private sector with equivalent or even less qualifications. (A bank's guard, for example, is far better off than a constable, with a fraction of his daily duties.) Why should they continue to tolerate subhuman conditions?

The society should dread the day when the policemen decide to change their lot. It is the only organized force that has legal powers to arrest and prosecute. If the policemen rebel and decide to use their powers for their own benefit, the present level of corruption and persecution in the police will pale into insignificance.

The day of reckoning will certainly come. But by then a colossal cost would have been paid through loss of life and property. Will the society continue to be oblivious of its responsibilities till then? The people who demand the police to attain the European and American standards should also compare the budgets and the working conditions. They are not grateful that our crime is still far less. If money is too precious to be wasted on the police, wait for the day when you will be holding bags full of money and there would be no takers to provide peace and order. You cannot simply buy solutions to basic problems whenever you wish. Internal security is not like a pill for a headache.

All in the family

Mian Muhammad Shafi was the finest human being I ever met in my life. He was in the Provincial Civil Service (PCS) and had served as Deputy Commissioner in Sargodha and Lahore. In 1965, when he emerged as the focal point of my life, he was a Secretary to the West Pakistan Government.

He was an eminent scholar, an intellectual, a sportsman, a connoisseur of classical music and an ardent lover of literature and arts. He wrote *1857*, a great book in Urdu on the war of independence (what the British called the Great Indian Mutiny) just before its 100th anniversary in 1957. He was a superb calligraphist and produced several masterpieces. He almost touched perfection in his conduct and achievements.

He had a very impressive and attractive personality. His greatest quality was his nobility and humility in temperament. He was kind and affectionate to all, "full of the milk of human kindness," as Justice Sajjad Ahmad Jan, of the Lahore High Court, put it.

Mian Sahib was devoid of the usual bureaucratic haughtiness and was, as Maulana Maudoodi used to say about him, "an embodiment of humility and gentleness as prescribed by Islam." But he also had great strength of character and would act boldly and firmly when necessary. He would never yield to any undesirable pressure, even from the so-called giants of his time,

like Nawab Amir Muhammad Khan of Kalabagh, the legendary Governor of West Pakistan, and President Ayub Khan himself. He was described by Shorish Kashmiri, in his weekly magazine, *Chatan,* as a personification of Allama Iqbal's concept of *Mard-i-Momin* (True Muslim).

Rehmat, an old servant of Mian Shafi, had become like a member of his household. Mian Sahib had raised him since infancy after the early death of his parents. He was well-known to me also. He met me by chance during my visit to Lahore in May 1965 and suggested that I should marry Bilqis, the young widowed daughter of Mian Sahib.

I knew Mian Shafi and his family since 1950 when he was posted as the Sub Divisional Magistrate (SDM) at Toba Tek Singh. I would spend most of my time in his company to learn and absorb his lofty thoughts. I admired him and his family but it never occurred to me that I could marry in that family. It was also unimaginable in view of my family's humble position in life.

I knew Bilqis. I had seen her growing from childhood to a smashing beauty, with a very noble modesty inherited from her parents. She was only 23 when her husband died in 1963, leaving behind two daughters, Anjum, 2, and Saira, only a few months old.

When Rehmat gave me the proposal, Bilqis was 25. I felt ecstatic but extremely confused. I asked Rehmat, "This will be my extreme good luck but will Mian Sahib agree to it?"

"Mian Sahib has gone to Germany on an official visit and may consider the matter on his return," he replied. Rehmat had made the proposal on his own and became nervous a little later.

"You should broach the subject with Begum Sahiba and not Mian Sahib," I advised him, referring to Bilqis' mother. "He may not like the idea and it may instead cause him unnecessary irritation."

The proposal gave me happiness beyond imagination, not only because I liked Bilqis and her family but also that I would be following in the footsteps of the Holy Prophet.

Rehmat later told me that Begum Sahiba was agreeable and so was the maternal grandfather of Bilqis, Khan Bahadar Maulvi Abdul Aziz. On learning that, I broached the subject

through a friend, Mian Ahmad Ali, who was very close to Mian Shafi.

Mian Shafi was back from Germany after a few days. Mian Ahmad Ali told me that he had agreed though initially he had some hesitation, for quite an unexpected reason. "It will not be fair that Sardar should marry a widow even if she is my own daughter," he was quoted as saying. "He deserves better proposals after joining a prestigious service like the Police Service of Pakistan."

I was moved by his consideration for me. "I shall take it as a great favour and honour if the proposal was accepted," I told both Rehmat and Mian Ahmad Ali. Ahmad Ali conveyed it to Mian Sahib. The initial news of acceptance in principle was brought to me by Mian Ahmad Ali.

I told my elder sister and her husband, Noor Muhammad, who lived in Krishan Nagar (now Islampura) of my intention. Both were quite pleased. My sister and Bilqis were close friends also.

Noor Muhammad had an interesting secret to disclose. Abdul Ali Khan, a shoe-maker who lived nearby and dabbled in astrology, had told him, after the tragic death of her husband in 1963, that Bilqis and I were going to be married in about two years. Noor Muhammad had not taken him seriously until that day. Quite surprised, I went to see him the next day. Since then Khan Sahib has been my friend.

My sister cleared the proposal with our parents and, after their approval, approached Begum Shafi formally. Once it became final, after the usual ifs and buts, I broke the news to two of my very close friends, Sardar Zafar Ali and Sher Muhammad Khan Lundkhawar. Both expressed great happiness as they knew Mian Sahib and his family quite well. Leaving further arrangements to my sister, I returned to Abbottabad.

The news reached relatives and friends very quickly. Some did not like it and tried to dissuade me. Hameed Patwari, a friend and a relative, opposed the proposal on *biradari* (community or tribe) basis. (We are Gujjars while Mian Sahib's family belongs to Arain biradri.) He had an alternative proposal from a Gujjar family, who were very rich and could boast of having a summer house right in Abbottabad. I was facing much

pressure and persuasion from many others. Some who had never even bothered to talk to us in earlier days, were now coming with very attractive proposals. However, I was unwavering. Money or material comforts had no special attraction for me. The prospect of getting a huge dowry also had little temptation for me because I have always been against this great social evil, prevailing in some areas due to Hindu influence. (In Balochistan and NWFP, it is the husband's family that pays *valvar*, the equivalent of dowry, to the bride's family.)

Rush to *nikah* and *rukhsati*. To avoid further pressures, I asked Mian Ahmad Ali to arrange for my *nikah* (marriage vows) at the earliest. He said the family had to make many arrangements and the end of 1965 would be the earliest possible. I thought of consulting Abdul Ali Khan, the astrologer, and went to Lahore to see him. His calculations indicated that the marriage would be solemnized in the second week of June, i.e., the very next week. That was earlier than even I was prepared for!

Reinforced by Khan Sahib's prediction, I took up the matter myself with Maulvi Abdul Aziz, maternal grandfather of Bilqis and a venerable old man with very strong religious beliefs. I played upon his religiosity so tactfully and cleverly that he prevailed upon others for almost immediate nikah. It took place on June 10, 1965, at 8-A, Club Road, GOR-I, Lahore, the official residence of Mian Shafi, with very close family members and friends present.

Now that nikah had taken place, I also wanted immediate *rukhsati* (leaving of wife to live with her husband). I also wanted to avoid dowry and other wasteful expenditure. So, I consulted Sardar Zafar and we evolved a strategy. It surprised everybody.

The next day, as planned, I bought a large number of toys from the famous Anarkali Bazaar for Anjum and Saira and went to see my in-laws. This created a very pleasant atmosphere in the house. I played with the little girls. My sisters-in-law, Aamina and Najma, were also a pleasant company, frequently cracking jokes.

I was keen to see Bilqis and talk to her but she was nowhere to be seen. Here luck and the grand old man, Maulvi Aziz, helped me. Saira started crying for some reason and would

not stop despite best efforts by me and Maulvi Sahib. Her mother got perturbed and rushed to the drawing room, where we were sitting. The moment she noticed me, she shied off and turned to go back. The grandpa asked her to stay back. "There is no harm in being with your husband," he explained. "It is in accordance with the Sharia."

Bilqis first consoled Saira and then sat with me. I was transported to heavens. Maulvi Sahib got up, saying that he was going for prayers.

Now at last we had time for a heart-to-heart talk. She was pleasantly communicative. We knew each other already but this was a new relationship. I was impressed by her cultivated manners and beauty but her truthfulness was overwhelming. She expressed her extreme happiness on my marrying her.

"You should not say that," I said. "It is *my* good luck to wed a beauty like you."

"It is the other way round," she said diffidently and shyly. "There have been few good proposals, almost none, and my family was extremely worried about my future. You have come like an angel."

I did not expect such honest and candid talk from her. It was pleasing for my ego. My respect for her brimmed up and only tears could express my feelings. The same was the case with her. At that very moment we reached a complete understanding that remained as a great asset throughout our married life. We differed intensely on many issues in later life but the mutual respect and understanding never left us.

I was allowed to take her out that very afternoon. I started persuading her to accompany me to Abbottabad. She thought it would look unusual and out of place but I was not to be deterred. The very next day, June 12, I purchased two airline tickets for Rawalpindi. I gave her the tickets and told her that I would come to pick her up for the flight next day. She was very hesitant and nervous but I did not give her time to say anything and left for Samanabad where I was staying.

As I expected, Rehmat came to see me, followed soon after by Mian Ahmad Ali. Both pointed out that the family needed time to arrange for clothes, furniture and other usual

household items. My sisters-in-law too were quite upset as they needed time for the usual arrangements. But I was not persuaded.

I accompanied them and was presented before Mian Shafi. I was quite nervous as it was difficult to face him. I was never in favour of dowry and other such traditions but it was impossible for me to argue with Mian Sahib out of extreme reverence and respect. Anyhow, I said we would collect the things later. Maulvi Sahib came to my help once again and used his veto in my favour. My total expenditure on marriage was Rs 364, including the ring, the only ornament I presented to Bilqis. As an officer of a prestigious service, I could (and some believed *should*) have a lavish function but I was determined to practice austerity.

After we got married, Bilqis told me that once I, as the Secretary of the Dramatics Club of the Government College, had invited her and her eldest brother, Ahmad, for the play, *Julius Caesar*. In the rush, I inadvertently stepped over her foot that hurt her badly. But, due to her shyness and modesty, she did not utter a word. I apologized for my clumsiness after so many years but it felt charming - very charming.

First son. On February 26, 1966, I was blessed with a son. I came to Lahore where Bilqis was staying with her parents. My parents and sisters also came and we celebrated the arrival of the baby. Najma, my younger sister-in-law, selected Haroon as his first name and I gave him as surname, instead of my own, the name of Maulvi Abdul Aziz, his maternal great grandfather. It was an expression of my extreme gratefulness to Maulvi Sahib for so many of his kind gestures. He had no male issue and was very happy when he was told about my decision.

I brought Bilqis and the baby to Dadu. Anjum and Saira, except for occasional visits, would stay with their maternal grandmother as they could get good education only in Lahore.

The weather was very hot in Dadu. Mian Sahib sent an airconditioner for the baby from Lahore but it would not work due to low voltage. I asked Bilqis to engage a maid servant to look after the baby but she opposed the idea. She believed the maid servant would not clean the utensils properly and it could cause sickness to the baby. Moreover, she wanted the boy to be

with the mother most of the time so that he did not learn bad habits from a servant. I was very pleased with her attitude and her arguments. She stuck to this approach during her whole life.

I was blessed with another son, Irfan, on September 15, 1967. It was a Friday and my mother was home to attend to Bilqis. Soon the lady doctor also arrived. His birth coincided with *azan* for Friday prayers. He too was given the surname, like his elder brother, of the late Maulvi Abdul Aziz.

Saima, our last child, was born in the early hours of June 22, 1972, in Rawalpindi. Bilqis would have preferred another son but I was very happy because I had been wishing for a daughter. She has always brought good luck to me. She always has a smiling face. Surprisingly, she closely resembles my mother in so many ways. Her presence has always been of great comfort, almost of spiritual dimensions. Strangely enough, she has never even fallen sick. Bilqis and I would often wonder about the reason.

While in Lahore, Haroon was taken to school rather early and, as a result, he developed a fear of school. I told Bilqis to wait for some time before trying again. Otherwise he would always remain afraid and might even develop hatred for studies. She was rather impatient but did listen to me.

There was a nursery school on the same street where we lived in Satellite Town, Rawalpindi, during my posting as SP, Special Branch. I would take both Haroon and Irfan for a walk in front of the school. Initially, we would go in the evenings only as Haroon would start running away after seeing the school children. Later I would take them around in the mornings also. Slowly they became familiar with the school. It took Haroon several months to overcome his trauma while Irfan, with no such unpleasant experience, had no problem and was the first to join. Haroon followed his younger brother soon afterwards and both of them became good students. Except for this early effort to familiarize them with the school environment, I had no personal involvement in their later education. Bilqis relieved me not only of this but also of many other responsibilities and chores of household, allowing me to attend to my official work without any distraction.

After the untimely death of Mian Shafi, described in the chapter, "From mountains to desert," the family of my in-laws had to face several other deaths one after the other. My mother-in-law, Jamila Begum, showed great courage and strong faith in Allah. She undertook the daunting and difficult task of the education and upbringing of her three still young sons and two daughters, besides Anjum and Saira. While her husband was alive, she never had to deal with the outside world, including management of the property scattered at various places. I got the pension and some other matters settled but there were many other problems. She handled the great responsibility with grace and saintly perseverance. Her second son, Abbas Shafi, though still an Intermediate (Second Year) student, became of great help to her and the whole family. The family would take many years before coming out of the grief and returning to normalcy.

"Make a solemn pledge." Our eldest daughter, Anjum, was engaged in July 1984. It was going to be the first marriage in our family. Manzoor Bhatti and Abdul Khaliq Awan, my close friends, would join me in doing shopping for the marriage. Bilqis and my daughters would join us when their expert advice was needed.

In March 1985 we travelled to Abbottabad for shopping. With me were Bilqis, my mother-in-law, Saira and a host of my nephews and nieces. My mother-in-law suffered a severe heart attack at 10 p.m. I made an emergency call to Kamal Shah, DIG, Hazara, my colleague and friend, to arrange for a doctor. I wanted to rush myself to bring a doctor but my mother-in-law stopped me firmly. She said, "I know it is a heart attack. I am not going to survive it. I am worried about Anjum and Saira. Please make a solemn pledge to me that you will take the entire responsibility for their marriages so that I can leave this world in peace."

"I shall take full responsibility," I assured her. "But please don't loose your will power. You will be all right, *insha'allah*." I felt very sad. It is not easy to say good-bye for ever to somebody so close and kind.

Bilqis, Saira, nephews and nieces all started crying. Saira, our second daughter, who had also been engaged only a few days ago, felt most disturbed. My mother-in-law was a very pious and

religious lady. She directed all around her not to cry as she was going to meet her Creator shortly. She asked me to convey the same to her sons and other daughters. Then she recited *kalima* three times in a clear voice and became silent. Kamal Shah reached with the doctor but she had already passed away.

We postponed Anjum's marriage from March to May 17, 1985. We all missed her grandmother most painfully at the wedding.

First grandchild. Anjum did her MBBS and so did her husband, Muhammad Amjad, but neither is in medical practice. They are doing a very successful business of property management. Amjad's father, Ch. Ghulam Husain, now retired, was a celebrated and noble officer of the Provincial Civil Service and served as Deputy Commissioner, Lahore, for four years. (Anjum has the distinction that both her grandfather and father-in-law served as Deputy Commissioners of Lahore.)

The day I took over as Additional IGP, Special Branch, Punjab, on June 14, 1986, Anjum and Amjad were blessed with a beautiful and charming daughter. Bilqis said she felt having grown old on becoming a grandmother and I did not miss the opportunity to tease her, as if it was different in my case! Ch. Ghulam Husain, the paternal grandfather, named the baby "Samar" (Fruit). She brought my elevation in office and also the family reunion by my posting once again to Lahore. We celebrated her birth as a good omen. Anjum and Amjad were blessed with a son on May 7, 1987. He was named Murtaza.

Bilqis and I were having tea in the morning of November 13, 1988, when I saw a crow sitting snugly on our boundary wall. "Some good news is coming," I told Bilqis. "It is generally believed in our villages that the sighting of a crow in this position brings some happy news." I had hardly spoken the words when the phone rang. Ch. Ghulam Husain was on the line. He broke the news that Anjum was blessed with a son, later named Mustafa. The crow flew away the next moment. I wondered if there was really something to the popular belief. Samar, Murtaza and Mustafa are now growing into brilliant young students.

Saira, our second daughter, was married on January 27, 1986 to Humayun Sarwar, son of Mian Muhammad Sarwar and

grandson of Mian Ahmad Ali, who had played an important role in my marriage.

Saira did her MBA from the Punjab University while her husband, Humayun Sarwar, graduated from the London School of Economics. Both are in the family business of garments in Manchester.

In 1987, while I was in Pittsburgh, USA, for my eye operation, I learnt that our second daughter, Saira, was blessed with a son in Manchester on October 24. Bilqis, naturally very excited, rushed from Lahore while I joined her in Manchester from Pittsburgh. The baby was named Hassan Mustafa Sarwar.

About two months after the birth of Mustafa to Anjum, Allah Almighty gave us another grandson, born to Saira in Manchester on January 5, 1989. Saira and Humayun named him Qais. Both Hassan and Qais now go to school and are shaping into lovely young scholars. They visit us almost every year as Mian Sarwar is very keen that they should nurture roots in the land of their paternal great grandparents. In 1937, Ch. Shah Din migrated from his village Malri, in Jullundar district, to Manchester, England, in search of a better life. His sons, Mian Majeed and Mian Sarwar, worked hard along with him and subsequently built their own flourishing businesses.

Saima's engagement and marriage. My friend, Nazir Ahmad Ghazi, Assistant Advocate General, had been pressing me for long to accept the proposal of Chaudhry and Begum Abdul Karim for the hand of my youngest daughter, Saima, for their eldest son, Naveed. But I had little time to attend to personal matters. Bilqis, on whom I could depend to handle it, was no longer there to help me. On one occasion, when he reminded me about Chaudhry Sahib's proposal, I had said, "I shall decide about it the moment I am transferred from the post of IGP."

I was just putting off once again a difficult decision but Ghazi took my promise on face value and, like a good legal mind, made a careful note of it. So, the morning after I was transferred, Nazir Ghazi was at my house. I had to surrender before his unbeatable logic. I had always liked the match and finally accepted it. I knew that Ch. Abdul Karim was held in very high esteem in the business circles for his honesty and integrity and his family was one of the finest, with great traditions of nobility and

decency. Naveed, who looks after the family business along with his father, is a very fine young man, with good grooming.

The engagement was held in early June and the marriage took place on December 2, 1993. Both Saima and Naveed are graduates from the University of the Panjab. On October 19, 1994, they had their first child, a daughter. She was named Iman. Mrs Karim loves Saima like a mother, taking all my worries and anxieties in the absence of Bilqis. Iman is growing into a bright and playful pet of her parents.

Haroon's marriage. Haroon, my eldest son, followed my footsteps and joined the Government College, Lahore. From there he went to the University of Engineering and Technology, Lahore. Then he completed his studies at Colgate University in the U.S.

Haroon had joined the Citibank, Lahore, during the lifetime of his mother. Bilqis was in search of a bride for him since then and had finally set her eyes on Charmaine, daughter of Begum and Khwaja Sharif Ghafoor, with a very noble Kashmiri family background. Three days before her sudden death, Bilqis had insisted that I accompany her to Ghafoor Sahib's house to ask for the hand of Charmaine but I could not because of pressing official preoccupations. Now that I was free, Bilqis was gone. Such is life. Severe and sad I was very keen to fulfill her last wish soon but Ghafoor Sahib took a long time to decide.

Mian Muhammad Sarwar, Saira's father-in-law, had come from Manchester. On my request, he along with my cousin, Ch. Ghulam Sarwar, approached Khwaja Sharif Ghafoor but he was not forthcoming. Mian Sarwar stayed back for almost six months at the cost of his business till Mr and Mrs Sharif Ghafoor consented to the match. I felt relieved, having fulfilled the last wish of Bilqis. Ch. Sarwar, my cousin but more than even a brother, took in hand all wedding arrangements. His younger brothers, my sisters and nephews were also quite active in making the arrangements. Haroon and Charmaine were married on December 24, 1993. We had a very enjoyable evening after walima on the 25th, with the world famous singer, Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan, performing late into the night.

Chairmaine did her B.Sc. in biochemistry from the Kings College of London University in England. She has also drunk deep at the fountains of knowledge at the Oxford University. She is a well-groomed, sagacious and affectionate lady of charming manners. She has filled the great vacuum in the family, caused by the demise of Bilqis.

Chairmaine has brought much happiness in our life. She takes good care of me and my old father and runs the house most meticulously. When I decided to write this book, she arranged the writing table with proper light. She also presented me with a very fine pen, made by Cross, a famous American company, with which I wrote the entire manuscript. I wrote almost daily from January 16, 1994, and finished on April 13, with my cups of tea being replenished silently by Charmaine.

On October 9, 1994, at 9:10 p.m. at Lahore, Haroon and Chairmaine had their first child, a son. He was named Asfandyar, which in Farsi means a gift of God. Asfandyar smiles in a very pleasant manner that gives me a strong feeling of the spiritual presence of his great grandfather, Mian Muhammad Shafi. Allah has blessed them with a beautiful daughter on July 9, 1996 at 5.15 p.m. Chairmaine & Haroon have given her the beautiful name of Aleezza.

Irfan's studies. Irfan, my younger son, has been an outstanding student and always secured high positions in his academic career. He did his Senior Cambridge from the Aitchison College, Lahore. He graduated in industrial engineering and economics, with honours, from the prestigious Columbia University, New York. On his return, he started teaching at the prestigious Lahore University of Management Sciences (LUMS), the first private university in the country. In view of his outstanding academic record, he was offered scholarships by several American universities. He preferred his alma mater Columbia and did his M.S. with great distinction. He has always been scholarly and fond of books. Now he has done his M.B.A. as well and is working in a prestigious Bank in New York.

The first memorable gift. In the last quarter of 1979, Bilqis became very ill and weak. She was in Lahore with the

children while I was in Islamabad. My mother-in-law, Jamila Begum, took her for a medical check-up. The doctors advised the removal of her uterus by operation on which she became very nervous. I came to Lahore on leave and prepared her for the operation in a manner that she entered the operation theater with a smiling face. The operation, in spite of her diabetes, was successful. During the operation, blood transfusion was required. The blood group of my dear friend, Ch. Anwar Zahoor, matched her group and he donated happily and with enthusiasm. My cousin, Ghulam Sarwar, and I shared the day-and-night vigil during her stay in the hospital. Although our children were quite grown up by that time, I found them very worried. My mother-in-law and sisters-in-law took care of them.

Bilqis was not fond of jewelry and I had never presented her any. Anyway, she was so beautiful physically as well as spiritually that she needed no jewelry. At the time of her operation, I felt like making a present but kept it a secret from her. On her recovery, I presented her 12 bangles of gold. She felt delighted and then, being her usual self, said that the money should have been saved for the children. Anyway, she wore the bangles, saying, "I shall keep them for Saima." She always wore those bangles and vowed never to take them off. It was a very painful moment when I saw the nurses take them off on her death. Anjum and Saima were in New York at that moment. Now Saima has that present from her loving and doting mother.

Devoted servants. Rahim Gul, a Pathan from Hangu, Kohat district, came to me in 1967 as an orderly after my posting as ASP, Qurban Lines, Lahore, and never left, even after his retirement as a head constable in 1986. All these years, he has been a very loyal, sincere, honest and devoted member of the family. His loving eyes saw my children grow from infancy to youth. He learnt driving and took the responsibility of taking the children to their schools and colleges and bringing them back, punctually and safely. His affection, however, did not keep him from being firm when necessary and the children obeyed him without demurring. (He could not help being blunt, even with adults when he felt justified.) Haroon, who was then only a little older than his son Asfandyar is now, started calling him "Gulla." The other nicknames used by the children over the years were

"Khan" and "Khan Baba" until they recognized his present status as an elderly family member by calling him "Baba Rahim Gul."

His affection and devotion became obvious soon after his coming to me. In June 1967, Bilqis had to rush Haroon to Mayo Hospital in a state of very high temperature. Rahim Gul (along with driver Rab Nawaz) accompanied her. On the way, Haroon fainted and came to consciousness only after he was in the hands of doctors.

They were all home when I returned, unaware of the harrowing experience they had gone through. I was laughing and playing with Haroon while Rahim Gul was giving me the details. My nonchalant attitude disturbed him. "What kind of a person are you, Sahib?" he could not help protesting. "The child was almost gone. We have been through hell. And you are behaving so callously." Tears were rolling down his cheeks.

Two years later, Irfan had a very high temperature, going up to 106 degrees Fahrenheit (41.11 Celsius). His body had to be placed on ice to bring down the temperature. There were so many other things to do. Rahim Gul did not have a wink of sleep, night after night, until Irfan's temperature became normal - what a fine human being. His devotion and love has never faltered.

Muhammad Sharif, from Chelianwala, Gujrat district, came to me in 1980. He is a good cook and excels especially when there are many guests. There is absolutely no doubt about his devotion. His extreme dutifulness in serving my parents has earned my lasting gratitude. His vigorous massage relaxed my muscles whenever the physical tensions forced me to stop my newly started occupation of present writing.

Two painful deaths. The years 1991 and 1992 brought the most sorrowful events of my life.

I loved my kind and pious mother the most in this world. Mian Muhammad Bakhsh, my spiritual mentor, had explained the supreme kindness of Allah with reference to the kindness of my mother. She had always remained my source of emotional strength. She had an unshakable faith in Allah even in the most adverse circumstances.

She led a very simple life even when we became comparatively better off. She had never put on any ornaments,

even when everything was so good before migration from India. I had grown up from her lap into manhood, holding the senior most positions in the police, but I felt perfectly protected only when she would take me in her loving arms the moment I came home. It was so soothing that I would forget all my worries. She had developed arthritis in her old age but bore the pain with great courage. The doctors told me that she was in great pain but she controlled herself stoically. Whenever we asked her about it, she put up a very brave face for our consolation. She did not want me and my sisters to worry about her. She was kind and courageous in the extreme.

I got her admitted in the Services Hospital, Lahore, for treatment. I would visit her in the morning and again in the late evening. My wife, sisters, nieces and everybody else in the family would be with her. She had grown very weak and emaciated. She was in great pain and started remaining half-conscious.

On October 27, 1991, I had to go to Islamabad for a very important meeting. I went to see her and told her that I would go to Islamabad but return in the evening. She prayed for me as usual, wished me safe journey and said, "Do not worry about me. I am absolutely all right. Go and do your duty properly." I returned by the last flight from Rawalpindi late in the same evening and went straight to the hospital from the airport. She took me in her loving arms and said, "Why did you come? You must be tired, having travelled so far. You should have taken proper rest." Even in that state of half-consciousness and excruciating pain, she was worried about my health and comfort. She was worried if I had proper food during the day. She was an extremely loving mother, with all cares and concerns about her son. It was going to be her last concern.

The next day, October 28, she breathed her last at 11 a.m., reciting Kalima. Her face in death radiated a transcendent light. She appeared in perfect peace. For me, she was so much and everything in life. While returning after her burial in the Faisal Town graveyard, I felt very weak, as if all my strength had been taken away, a gaping emotional vacuum. I felt concerned about my old father left alone but he felt more concerned about me.

Bilqis, my life companion of 27 years, died after a very brief illness at 11:30 a.m. on July 20, 1992. She was in good health. She got loose motions on the 18th and took an overdose of Imodium, a banned medicine, on the advice of a half-baked lady doctor. That medicine, as the doctors explained to me later, immobilized and blocked her digestive system and bowel movement. She had considered it only a minor ailment. When her stomach pain did not subside, she asked a driver to take her to the Services Hospital on the 19th. The doctors realized the serious complication and admitted her immediately in the hospital. I was not aware at all that she was there.

Najma, her younger sister, phoned me from the hospital. She said, "Bikki Apa is admitted in the hospital. She says call Sardar." I was shocked. Then Najma said, "Apparently she is all right. Don't worry though she is in low spirits and feels that she may not survive. That's all." I rushed to the hospital. I tried to console and comfort her as she was in great pain. She was all the time asking for Saima, who was then in New York. "Please get Saima back. Call her near me." I promised to get Saima back immediately. Saima had accompanied her eldest sister, Anjum, for the eye treatment of Mustafa, Anjum's youngest son, to New York, where Dr Tanvir, the younger brother of my son-in-law, Amjad, was working.

The doctors worked hard and did their best for Bilqis. Ja'far Iqbal, Punjab Health Minister, and his wife, Ishrat, were all the time there in the hospital. Haroon, Najma and Humayun donated blood for her. Bilqis stabilized next morning and doctors thought she was out of danger. Najma, who had been awake the whole night, went home for a wash. My friend, Nazir Ghazi, advised me to have a cup of tea. I was happy that she was improving but it turned out to be transitory.

And suddenly heavens fell. Bilqis went into a coma, never to come out. Something went out of me. She was gone forever. "She is no more," I heard the doctor saying as if from far away. I felt it was end of me and then I saw Haroon and Irfan. The moment I noticed them, I suppressed my emotions. I don't know why and how. But it was automatic and natural. I had to console them. My parental concern overtook me. A nurse removed the golden bangles I had given her on her operation in 1979. She had never removed them herself in her life.

Bilqis was simple and sincere, absolutely undemanding. She took great pleasure serving me and the children. My parents were so happy with her as she nursed them with love and devotion. She was so much and everything for me. I suddenly felt enfeebled as if all charm of life had gone.

My father, who was in good health otherwise, went down suddenly after her sudden death. Anwar Zahoor one day asked him the reason. "Bliqis's death has ruined the personal life of my son. I worry about him all the time." Parental concern never abates.

The most difficult moment came when I had to inform Anjum and Saima in New York and Saira in Manchester. Nobody, Haroon, Irfan or Amjad, had the heart to break the sad news. I had to do the most painful duty. The girls could not believe that their loving mother was gone. They cried and wailed, so far away on the other side of the world. I don't know how but they managed to travel alone in grief. The grave enclosing their mother awaited their mournful wailing. It was heart rending. Bilqis was buried in the evening of July 20, on the side of my beloved mother. There lay the two noble souls, side by side, in eternal peace in the graveyard of Faisal Town. My mother and my wife played the most important part in shaping me into what I am. I owe so much to them.

My father breathed his last peacefully while asleep in the early hours of May 27, 1997. His grandson, my younger sister's son Abdul Wahid, lying next to him, did not find him in any pain or restlessness in his last moments. He was a towering personality with a strong mind and physique dependent on none to the last. He had eaten well and gone to the bathroom the evening before without any support. He was then above ninety. For a few moments on his death, I felt like a small child. The sky seemed to have fallen! I felt helpless and insecure as I used to be in my infancy. Although I was myself sixty by then but the moment had shaken my whole being completely baring me before the merciless time like a new born babe. The protective canopy had collapsed.

He was laid next to my late mother and wife -- the three dimensions of my complete self, whatever I was and I am. May

Allah always shower His unbounded and limitless mercy on them and grant His peace!

From Allah originates all life and living and to Him all returneth. Another life beyond death continues hither as well as thither. Saira and Saima have been blessed with another baby each. Life continues in varied forms. Old leaves fall but fresh ones do sprout. I recall from my early childhood memories when my grandmother used to muse a Punjabi couplet:-

(Pipple Dya Pattaya Keeun Khur Khur Lai Oo
Pichlian Tur Jana - Rutt Navian Di Aai Oo)

How true.

Life will always, Allah willing, continue but let me stop my narration here.

Abbreviations

ACR	Annual Confidential Report
ADC	Additional Deputy Commissioner
AIG	Assistant Inspector General of Police
ANP	Awami National Party
ARMS	Includes anti-riot equipment.
ASI	Assistant Sub-Inspector
ASP	Assistant Superintendent of Police
ATC	Anti-Terrorist Cell
AZO	Al-Zulfiqar Organisation
BD	Basic Democracy
BA	Bachelor of Arts
BB	Benazir Bhutto
BBC	British Broadcasting Corporation
CD	Compact Disk
CDA	Capital Development Authority
Ch.	Chaudhry - title of honour and distinction
CIA	Central Intelligence Agency
CID	Criminal Investigation Department
CMLA	Chief Martial Law Administrator
COP	Combined Opposition Parties

CPO	Central Police Office
CrPC	Criminal Procedures Code
CSP	Civil Service of Pakistan
CSS	Central Superior Services
DAC	Democratic Action Committee
DC	Deputy Commissioner
DCC	Digital Compact cassette
DG	Director General
DIB	Director of Intelligence Bureau
DIG	Deputy Inspector General of Police
DM	District Magistrate
DMLA	Deputy Martial Law Administrator
DMS	Deputy Medical Superintendent/Deputy Military Secretary
DO	(demi-official)
DSR	Daily Situation Report
FATA	Federally Administered Tribal Areas
FIA	Federal Investigation Agency
FIC	Federal Inspection Commission
FIR	First Information Report
FSF	Federal Security Force
GHQ	General Headquarters
GOR	Government Officers Residences
GPO	General Post Office
GT Road	Grand Trunk Road
HC	Head Constable
IB	Intelligence Bureau
IGP	Inspector General of Police
IJT	Islami-Jami'at-i-Talaba
IMF	International Monetary Fund
ISI	Inter Services Intelligence
JI	Jama'at-i-Islami
JUI	Jamiat-i-Ulma-i-Islam
KGB	Russian Intelligence Agency
KHAD	Afghan Intelligence Agency
LLB	Bachelor in Laws

LUMS	Lahore University of Management Sciences
MA	Master of Arts
MBA	Master of Business Administration
MBBS	Medicine Bachelor
MLA	Martial Law Administrator
MMPI	Mobile Motor Patrol Inspector
MNA	Member of National Assembly
MPA	Member of Provincial Assembly
MQM	Mohajir Qaumi Movement
MRD	Movement for Restoration of Democracy
MS	Military Secretary
NAP	National Awami Party
NIPA	National Institute of Public Administration
NPP	National People's Party
NWFP	North West Frontier Province
OSD	Officer on Special Duty
PABX	Private And Branch Exchange
PCO	Provisional Constitutional Order
PCS	Provincial Civil Service
Ph.D	Doctor of Philosophy
PIA	Pakistan International Airline
PLO	Palestine Liberation Organisation
PNA	Pakistan National Alliance
PNCB	Pakistan Narcotics Control Board
POL	Petroleum, oil, lubricants
POW	Prisoner of War
PPP	Pakistan People's Party
PSF	People's Student Federation
PT	Physical training
PTA	Provincial Transport Authority
RAW	Research And Analysis Wing of Indian Intelligence Bureau
SAARC	South Asian Association for Regional Co-operation
SB	Special Branch
SDM	Sub Divisional Magistrate
SDPO	Sub Divisional Police Officer

SHO	Station House Officer
SI	Sub-Inspector
SP	Superintendent of Police
SPAF	Sindh Peoples Association for Freedom
SSP	Senior Superintendent of Police
TELE	Includes telecommunications equipment
TRANSP	Includes all motor vehicles.
UDF	United Democratic Front
UK	United Kingdom
UN	United Nations
USA	United States of America
USSR	Union of Soviet Socialist Republics
VCR	Video Cassette Player
VIP	Very Important Person
VOA	Voice of America
VVIP	Very Very Important Person
WAPDA	Water and Power Development Authority
WHO	World Health Organisation
YMCA	Young Men Christian Association

Glossary

Addas	Terminals
Afyun	Opium
Allah-o-Akbar	Allah is Great
Allama	Scholar
Amlas	Berry like Fruit, Good for Pickles
Anjuman-i-Tajran	Organisation of Traders
Ashura	10th of the Islamic month of Moharram, when Hussain, the grandson of Prophet Mohammad (Peace be upon him), was martyred in Karbala (Iraq) in 61 A.H.
Asr	Prayers before sunset
Azad,	Independent
Azan	Call for prayers
Baba-Ji	Elderly Person
Baboos	Bureaucrats; Clerks
Bach More Ton	Beware of Sharp Turns
Bacha	Baby
Bachcha-I-Shutr	Baby Camel
Bachchoo	Sonnie(sunny)
Badmash Pal Scheme	Plan for Fostering Thugs

Baithak	Poor man's drawing room
Bambu Kat	Motor Cycle
Bazigars	Gymnasts
Ber	Berries
Bhang	Marijuana
Biradari	Community or Tribe
Bolian	Caustic Couplets of Punjabi Folk Lore
Bumiputras	Sons of the Soil
Challan	Final Charge Sheet
Challaning	Act of Submitting the finial charge sheet before a court of law
Chatan	(Literally Rock) - a famous Urdu Magazine
Chatnee	Souse
Chowkidars	Guards
Chumars	Tanners
Crores	Tens of millions
Dacoit	Robbers
Dal Roti.	Staple food - literally Pulse and bread
Danda	Stick - a symbol of force
Dangar Khana	Animal house
Data Darbar	Shrine of Saint Ali Hajveri at Lahore
Deevar	Literally means a wall - a famous drama serial on Pakistan Television.
Deobandi	A religious school of thought
Dera	Farm house
Dhole And Tammak	Drum and the mega drum
Eid	Muslim festival on the completion of the month of fasting
Es Paghal Ne Marva Ditta Ey	This mad man has caused serious trouble
Fajr	Morning prayer
Fatiha	To express condolences
Gaddi Dogs	Dogs of Gaddi hill tribe
Gaddis	Nomadic tribe
Gari, Sawari, Amanat Tumhari	The vehicle and the passengers are a trust in your hands.

Gatka,	Game of smartly turning bamboo sticks
Ghazis	Holy warriors
Gherao, Jalao	Picketing and burning
Goondas	Rogues
Gullidanda	A game by a short stick hitting the sharpened small wood block
Gur	Cubes of Brown sugar
Haal	Dancing in a spiritual trance
Hadood	Limits
Haji	One who has performed pilgrimage to Mecca
Hakims	Local healer
Hamam	Public bath
Haq Char Yar	The four friends of the Holy Prophet of Islam - a sect
Har More Se Maot Jhankti Hai	Death is stalking at every turn.
Hartal	Strike
Hathora Group	Hammer group
Hayya Ala Al-Falah	The call towards welfare - This is success
Heer And Ranjha	Local folk love story
Imambargahs	Worship place of Muslim Shia sect
Insha'allah	God Willing
Isha	Night Muslim prayer
Islam Murdabad	Down with Islam
Islami Jamhoori Ittehad	Islamic Democratic Front
Islamist	One who holds Islam as his political creed
Ittehad Bain Al-Muslimeen	Unity among Muslims
Jalebis	A local delicious sweetmeat
Jawans	Men
Jiey Sindh	Long live Sindh
Jiyalas	Devoted followers
Juma	Friday
Kabaddi	A local game played by young men
Kachcha	Low area around the river

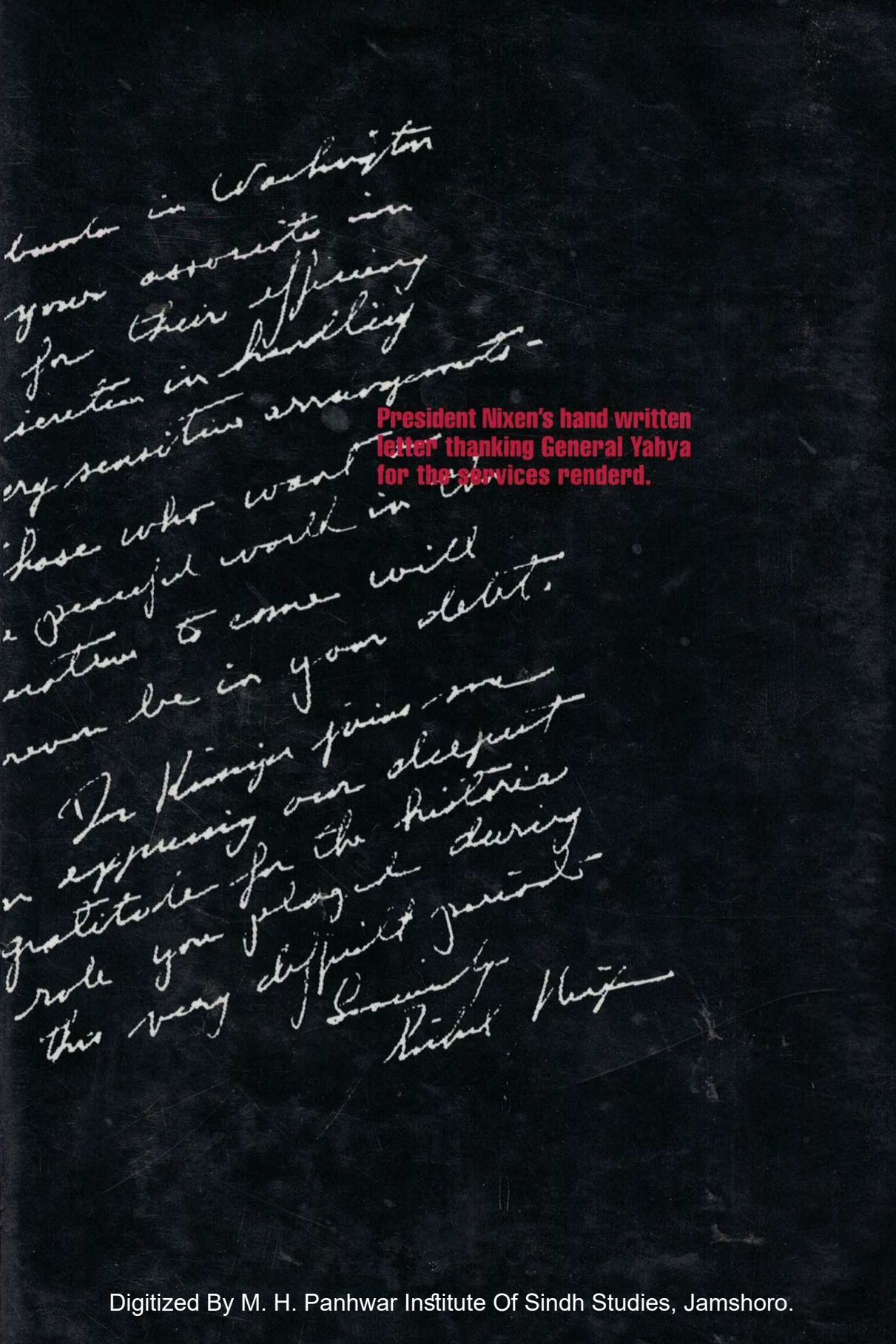
Kachchi Abadis	Shanty towns
Kafirs	Infidels
Kalima, Darood	Saying pious religious incantations to seek God's blessings
Kan Ke Kachche	Credulous, gullible
Kanjar Khana	Whore house
Karnal, Jarnal Ki Sarkar Nahin Chale-Gi.	The government of colonels and generals will not be allowed to continue
Kassi	Shovel
Khabarnama	News Bulletin
Khatarnak Driving, Bhianak Anjam.	Dangerous driving, horrible end.)
Khudda Line	Innocuous posting
Kiraya-Kash	Paid carriers
Kisan	Peasant
Kohloo	Bull driver oil expeller
Lahorites	Residents of Lahore city - Pakistan
Lakhs	Hundred of thousands
Langar	Mess
Langar Khana	Eating house
Larkane Chalo, Warna Thane Chalo	Go to Larkana or you will have to go to a police station
Lashkar-I-Khair	Army of goodness
Lathi-Charge	Charging with bamboo stick
Luddi, Dhamal	Punjabi folk dance
Madrassas	Religious schools
Mahbooba-I-Pakistan	Beloved of Pakistan
Mahiya	A Punjabi folk tune
Majlis	Council or Association
Majlis-I-Shoora	Consultative Council
Mamay De Adalat	It literally means Maternal Uncle's Court - a court of one's own choice
Mard-I-Momin	True Muslim

Marva Ditta Ee	Got in trouble
Mashriq	East ( ) An urdu daily
Maulana	A Muslim religious scholar
Maulvi	A Muslim religious scholar
Millat	Nation
Modus Vivendi	Living method
Moti	Fat woman
Muhafiz	Protector (an urdu magazine)
Muhajirs	Refugees
Muhallas	Wards
Muharram	First month of Islamic calendar year
Muharrirs	Writers or copiers
Mukti Bahini	Army of Deliverance
Mureeds/Murids	Followers
Murshid	Religious mentor
Mushaira	Poetry recitation by poets themselves
Nafal	Non-obligatory worship
Nakabandi	Police Picketing
Na - Manzoor	No! No!
Namazis	Muslim worshippers
Nambardar	Village headman
Nath	A circular ornament worn by prostitutes at the nose end
Nath Force	Regiment of prostitutes
Nawaz Sharif Ka Killa Mazboot Hai	Nawaz Sharif's anchor was strong
Nelam Ghaar	Auction House(hall) - a well known Pakistan television programme
Nikah	Marriage vows
Nizam-I-Mustafa	The administrative system of the Holy Prophet
Pajeros	The make of a fashionable Jeep
Pak Nama	Name of a newsletter in Urdu
Pakoras	Fried gram flour dumplings of local style
Panchayat	Council of village elders
Patwari	The lowest official dealing with land matters and revenue
Pawindas	A seasoned migratory Afghan tribe

Peepal	A local big shady tree
Pehle Ihtesab, Phir Intekhab	First accountability, then elections
Pir	A religious guide (Literally elder)
Pir's Urs.	Annual congregation at the abode of the religious guide
Police Ke Shab-O-Roze	Literally means days and nights of the police - a police magazine brought out by the Gujranwala Range police in 1992-93
Policewallas	Lowly policeman, used as a derogatory term
Punjabi Fauj Murdabad	Down with army from Punjab
Qabza Group	Organised Mafia specialising in illegal land occupation and possession for illegitimate benefits
Qaomi Razakars	National volunteers
Qaumi Digest	An Urdu magazine of repute
Qawwali	(Literally loud vice) a religious course sung loudly by a large team of singers
Qisas And Diyat	Provisions of Islamic Laws
Ragis	Singers
Raj	Rule
Raj Karega Khalsa, Baqi Rahe Na Ko	The Sikhs will ultimately rule and nobody else will remain
Register Sifarshat	Register of Recommendations
Rickshaw	Taxi scooter specially designed for the purpose
Roko	Stop
Rukhsati	Leaving of newly wed wife to live with her husband
Sadhus	Hindu saints
Safaidposh	Respectable person, literally "wearer of white clothes
Safbandi,	Living up
Sain	A simple pious person
Sajda	Prostration
Salaam	Salute
Samar	Fruit, name of my grand daughter
Sara Tanta Ee Muk Jae-Ga	The whole system will be wound up

Sarpanch	Head
Sarsabz	Literally fruitful meaning successful investigation
Shahadat	Martyrdom
Shaheeds	Martyrs
Shaitani Charkha,	Satanic wheel
Shakkar	Unrefined sugar, made in villages directly from sugarcane juice
Shamilat	Village commons - joint land holding of all the villagers
Sharia	Code of Islamic laws
Shaukat-I-Islam	Glory of Islam
Shikar	Recreational hunting
Shia	Shi'ite Sect of Islam
Shura	Consultation
Siasi Log	Name of an Urdu magazine
Sifarish	Recommendation
Sufi,	Mystic
Sunna	Following the examples of Holy Prophet of Islam
Tahajjad	An optional but highly desirable prayer after midnight
Tamasha	Fun
Tangas	Local two wheel horse-drawn coach
Tashkand Ho Gia, Bhutto Tera Kia Hoga,	Tashkand Accord has taken place what will happen to you O! Bhutto
Tats	Long jute mats
Tazia	Prototype of Iman Hussains's mausoleum taken out on the tenth of Muharram by Shia sect of Muslims in honour of the martyrdom of Imam Hussain - the grandson of the Prophet of Islam
Tez Chalo-Ge, Jald Maro-Ge	If you drive too fast, you'll die too soon.
Tez Raftari, Jan Par Bhari	Over speeding endangers your life
Thana Muharrir	Policeman who writes reports in a police station
Thanedar	Station House Officer
Udhar Tum, Idhar Ham	You there, we here

Ulema	Religious scholars
Umina	Muslim nation
Umra	Religious visit to the holy Kabba at Mecca
Urdu Digest	A Celebrated Urdu monthly magazine
Urs	Death anniversary
Valvar	Equivalent of dowry, to the bride's family.)
Wadaras	Feudal landlords
Zaildar	An honorary office for a respectable elder of a group of adjacent villages
Zakat	Islamic dues - money on the rich
Zail	Group of villages
Ziarat	Visit; name of a town in Balochistan province in Pakistan where, the founder of Pakistan convalesced before his death.
Zina	Sexual intercourse outside marriage
Zindabad	Long live
Zindagi	Life, name of a celebrated Urdu weekly also



President Nixen's hand written letter thanking General Yahya for the services renderd.

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