

# Jinnah A Political Saint



**Mian Ata Rabbani**  
(ADC to Quaid-e-Azam)

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Mian Ata Rabbani was born in Jullundher City, East Punjab. He graduated from Muslim University Aligarh where he excelled in cricket and football.

He was commissioned in the Indian Air Force V.R. (Volunteer Reserve) in 1941. He had two operational tours in World War II in Burma as fighter pilot, once with 20 R.A.F. Squadron and second time with 10 R.L.A.F. Squadron flying spitfire aircraft. He was a Qualified Flying Instructor (QFI) with A2 category and exceptional assessments. He instructed in all the three R.A.F./L.A.F. flying training schools in India.

On independence, he had the singular honour to be selected as the first air force aide-de-camp (ADC) to the Founder of the Nation and the first Governor-General Quaid-e-Azam Muhammad Ali Jinnah. In fact he was one of the three privileged persons to fly with Governor-General designate from Delhi to Karachi on August 07, 1947.

After his seven months stint as Aide to the Quaid, he reverted to the air force and served as Chief Ground Instructor (CGI), Chief Flying Instructor (CFI) and Chief Instructor (C.I) at P.A.F. College, Risalpur. He had the rare distinction of commanding five stations/bases of Pakistan Air Force, an all time record in any air force. His other assignments during the service included, Deputy Director and Head of Joint Intelligence Bureau, Inter Services Intelligence Directorate (ISI) and Assistant Chief of Air Staff (Administration) Air Headquarters. He is also a graduate of R.A.F. Staff College, Andover (U.K) and Joint Services Staff College, Latimar (U.K).

He served as Pakistan's Air Attache in Washington D.C. and Air Advisor in Ottawa, Canada. He was awarded the coveted medal of "Legion of Merit" by the Government of the United States. He was the 4th Pakistani, at that time (1964) after Field Marshal Ayub Khan, Lt. Gen. Hayay-ud-Din and Admiral Ahsan to be so honoured.

He retired from the Pakistan Air Force in 1967. He is settled in Karachi.



**Nazaria-i-Pakistan Trust**

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## Message from the Chairman

Nazaria-i-Pakistan Trust is a national academic-cum-research institution for promoting and projecting the ideology of Pakistan as enunciated by Quaid-i-Azam Muhammad Ali Jinnah and Allama Muhammad Iqbal. To fulfill this role, the Trust's programmes aim at highlighting objectives for which Pakistan was established, recalling sacrifices rendered for achieving it, and creating awareness among people, particularly young generations, about its ideological basis and its glorious Islamic cultural heritage. The Trust feels that its efforts can bear fruit if it succeeds in equipping the youth with authentic knowledge about the inspirational teachings and achievements of our Founding Fathers, Quaid-i-Azam Muhammad Ali Jinnah and Allama Muhammad Iqbal. With this aim in view, the Trust carries out multi-faceted activities, one of which is production of literature which not only disseminates knowledge about the great Pakistan Movement but also fills our hearts with feelings of pride on our successful struggle for independence, makes us conscious of our vast national and human wealth, and unfolds our capabilities to face the future with confidence.

It must be admitted that although, after suffering huge losses of life and property, we ultimately succeeded in achieving Pakistan under the epoch-making leadership of Quaid-i-Azam Muhammad Ali Jinnah, we could not make it an ideal Islamic State as visualized by Quaid-i-Azam and Allama Iqbal. After the death of the Father of the Nation, his unfaithful successors deviated from his path and turned Pakistan into a playfield of civil and military dictators. The Quaid-i-Azam delivered us from the slavery of Britishers and Hindus but we have now fallen into the trap of another type of slavery, namely military overlords. To free ourselves from its clutches and all other types of overlords, we must seek guidance from the nation-building thoughts and actions of Quaid-i-Azam and Allama Iqbal who aspired to

make Pakistan a truly modern democratic welfare state based on the shining teachings of Islam.

As pointed out before, our main focus is on younger generations who were in the forefront in the struggle for Pakistan and who can even today play a similar role in building up Pakistan into a modern democratic and welfare Islamic State. The students' favourite slogan during Pakistan Movement was *Pakistan ka matlab kiya: La Ilaha Ilallah*. Through this slogan the Muslim youth saw a dream of regaining our past glory and establishing our own free Muslim State in our homelands.

The Quaid-i-Azam was fully conscious of the mighty role which students played in the past and could play in the future. Addressing a deputation of students on 31 October 1947 he observed: "Pakistan is proud of its youth, particularly the students who have always been in the forefront in the hour of trial and need. You are the nation-builders of tomorrow and you must fully equip yourself with discipline, education, and training for the arduous task lying ahead of you. You should realize the magnitude of your responsibility and be ready to bear it."

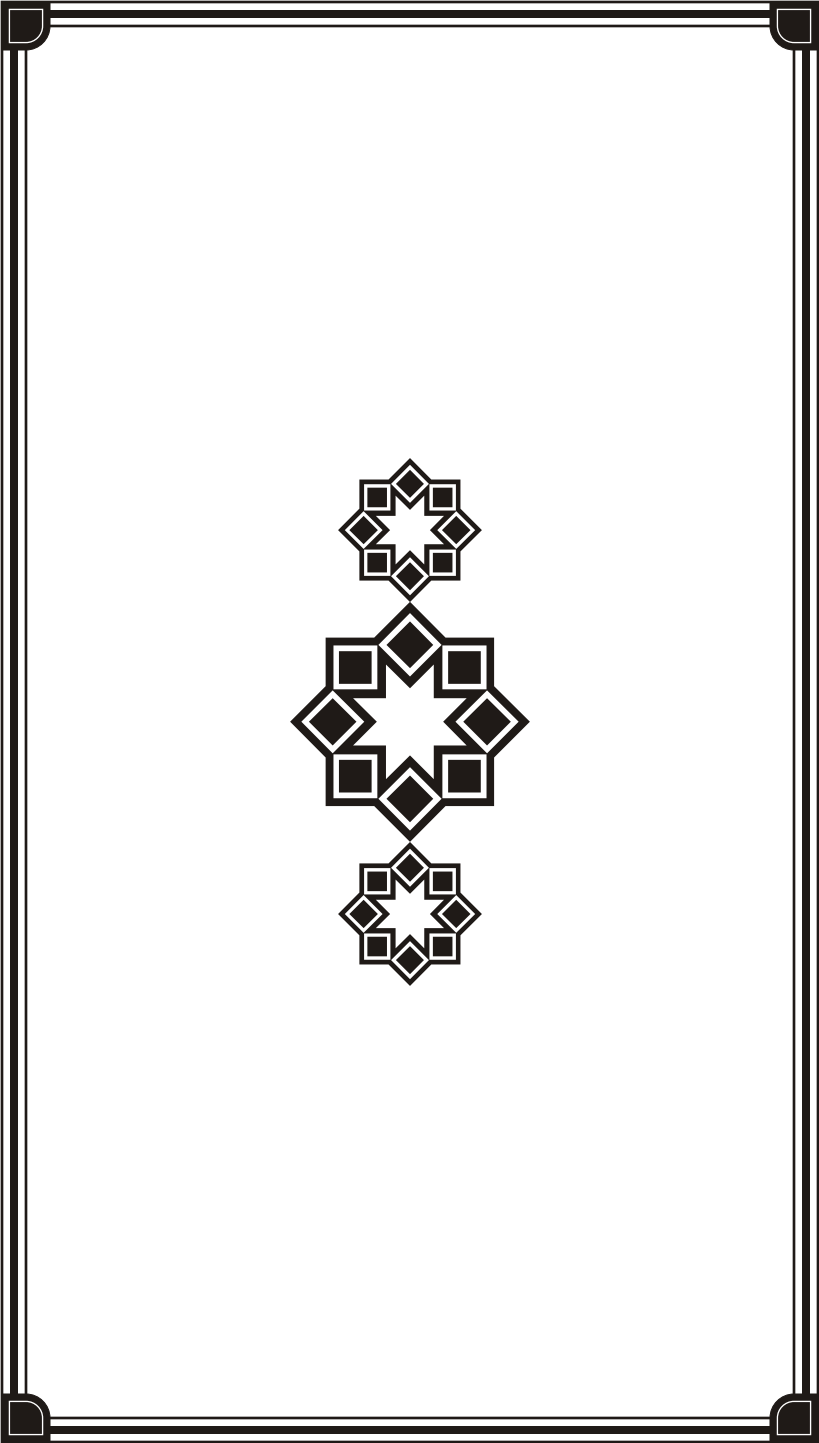
The truth is that we have long neglected the youth and our educational system does not inspire them to give their best in the building up of Pakistan economically, socially, politically and even educationally. Inspiration comes through ideological education, which in our case involves a study of two-nation theory derived from Islamic Ideology which motivated the great Pakistan Movement and on which is raised the edifice of our nationhood. It is this ideological education which the Trust seeks to impart to the Pakistani youth through its publications, including the present one. I hope, this literature will inspire the Pakistani youth to rise above provincial, linguistic and sectarian rivalries and make them apostles of national unity and territorial integrity.

**Majid Nizami**

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## **About the Book**

In just over seven years, from 1940 to 1947, Quaid-e-Azam Mohammad Ali Jinnah transformed Asia. He woke sleeping giants, the Muslims of South Asia, and gave them a free homeland they had never dreamed of. He ended their slavery, which had consumed their vitality, dignity and wealth for nearly two centuries since their treacherous defeat at Plassey in 1757. He gave them back their pride as a ruling power of the vast sub-continent for over 1000 years. In the words of historian Stanley Wolpert: “Few individuals significantly alter the course of history. Fewer still modify the map of the world. Hardly any one can be credited with creating a nation-state. Mohammad Ali Jinnah did all three.” These are the most astounding historical developments any one of anxious readers is likely to experience and ask: What was the kind of man who could do what he has done.

This book is an attempt to answer that question by looking at that remarkable man through a window of his personal habits, traits and attitudes.

This window has been opened by a person no less than Quaid-e-Azam’s own trusted Aide-de-Camp

Mian Ata Rabbani. Inside the window we see an extraordinarily elegant, graceful, tastefully dressed, tall, handsome, erect and witty man with a monocle on grey silk cord and a stiff white collar which the famous British journalist Beverly Nicholas saw him wearing even in the hottest weather of Bombay in 1944.

These are manifestations of his outside elegance. What was his inside like? The more you read about the day-to-day characteristics, attributes and temperament of the charismatic personality inside the window, the more closeness you find between his outside elegance and inside flawless approach to life. Confident, indomitable, steadfast, resolute, impeccable, unpurchaseable, courageous, full of pride! You keep coming across many other superlatives; a man of cold logic, deft reasoning and topmost legal brain, superbly eloquent, invincible, unconquerable. These statements are not false ornaments of flattery. They have come directly from the heart of the author and his well-researched knowledge.

What to talk of the author? Even contemporaries of Quaid-e-Azam were full of amazement at the strength of his character and did not hesitate to shower lavish praises over his achievements. The celebrated

British diplomat Lord Listowel rated Mr. Jinnah as a bigger political giant of the twentieth century than even General de Gaulle. American President Harry S. Truman considered him as the recipient of a devotion of loyalty seldom accorded to any man. His highness Sir Agha Khan III said of him: “Of all the statesmen that I have known in my life—Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Churchill, Curzon, Mussolini, Mahatama Gandhi—Jinnah is most remarkable. None of these men in my view outshone him in strength of character and that almost scabby combination of precision and resolution.” Even Quaid-e-Azam’s bitter critics considered him as outweighing Truman, Stalin, and Attlee put together (*Daily Amrit Bazar Patrika* of 8<sup>th</sup> August 1947) and as hard as diamond with all the diamond’s brilliance (*Daily Statesman*).

Peeping through the pages of this book the reader will see Mian Ata Rabbani in a constant state of love and mesmerism while serving Quaid-e-Azam as his Aide-de-Camp. He found his job as the toughest, hardest and at times most grinding but loved every moment of it for it turned out to be most rewarding, engaging, exciting and enjoyable. And why it should not have been so because he was spending the most precious moments of his life with a

man whom Beverly Nicholas called as the most important man in Asia who could sway the battle of politics in Asia this way or that as he chose, for his 100 million Muslims would move to the left, to the right, to the front, to the rear at his bidding, and nobody else's.

Mian Ata Rabbani deserves thanks of the entire nation for capturing some precious moments of Quaid-e-Azam's life and character as he saw them, thereby enabling the reader to have a deeper view of who the man of destiny was and why he succeeded in achieving what he achieved.

**Dr. Rafique Ahmed**  
Vice Chairman

## PREFACE

Pakistan gave Muslims of the Sub-Continent an identity and an Independent homeland as a safe haven. The architect of the “Miracle of the Twentieth Century” is no other than Quaid-e-Azam Muhammad Ali Jinnah. In this book certain selected articles written by me from time to time, on and about the Quaid-e-Azam are clubbed together for the benefit of readers particularly the young students. These articles are not part of any mini-biography of the Great Leader whom Beverly Nichols called “A Giant” but only dwell on certain facets of his sterling character.

I was his “Aide” for seven months from August 7<sup>th</sup>, 1947 to March 1948, when I stood behind him and watched the nostalgic events of the birth of Pakistan from the grand stand. Such opportunities come very rarely in one’s life time.

Pakistan is sixty one years old now but during this short span of time it has drifted from its moorings. The sad part of this misfortune is that our younger generations are oblivious of the “Why” of Pakistan. The innocent youngsters perhaps imagine that this comfortable and plentiful life that they live in and enjoy today had always been all milk and honey even in pre-independence days in India. It had never been so.

It is need of the hour to familiarize the younger generations with the “Why” of Pakistan. In this exercise the focus has to be on the Person of Jinnah, the Quaid-e-Azam who changed the map of the world to our benefit. Jinnah and Pakistan are synonymous.

The task is stupendous. All credit to Nazaria-i-Pakistan Trust Lahore who under guidance of its Chairman Mr. Majeed Nizami and Dr. Rafique Ahmad the energetic and innovative Vice Chairman took this task in hand with great success. The Trust has published a number of books, booklets, brochures and pamphlets on Quaid-e-Azam and Nazaria-i-Pakistan. I personally appreciate Dr. Rafique Ahmad’s initiative in collaborating some of my articles published in the media on national days, in the form of a book. I am sure it will interest the youngsters and help them know about some facets of Quaid-e-Azam’s character and basics of the ideology of Pakistan.

Readers please bear in mind that the book is neither a biography nor history, so you may not find continuity in the text. It is a collection of articles written from time to time spreading over a number of years with inevitable repetition of certain facts in various articles. Keeping this fact in view, each article should be read independent of each other.

Ata Rabbani

Karachi,  
September 26, 2008

## **MY LEADER**

Muhammad Ali Jinnah was born on December 25, 1876, in Wazir Mansion, New Naham Road, Khara-Dar, Karachi. He took his early education in Sindh Madrassatul-Islam, Karachi. Muhammad Ali was 16 years old and student of Fifth Standard English (under matriculation) when in 1883 he left for England for studies and apprenticeship in business administration in the head office of Graham Trading Co. He joined Lincoln's Inn and graduated from there in two years with distinction. Mr. Jinnah once confided that "he was the youngest student ever to be called to the Bar".

He grew up to be tall, handsome, erect, graceful with chiseled features like a Greek God. He was always elegantly and tastefully dressed. He wore Savil-Row tailored suits and the silk cord of his monocle matching the colour of the suit that he wore. This appendix of his dress became known all over as was the 'Windsor knot' of then Prince of Wales. British Viceroy's like Harding, Chelmsford, Reading and Halifax all thought that Mr. Jinnah was "the best dressed gentleman they ever met in India".

Mr. Jinnah was always self confident, indomitable and full of pride and as a matter of principle he would

never entertain favours from anyone, or accept any give-away as gesture of benevolence.

Early in his professional career, at the expiry of six months temporary assignment of the vacant post of Presidency Magistrate, when Sir Charles Ollivant, member for the Bombay Executive Council offered him a permanent job at a higher salary, he spurned the offer saying, "Soon, I will be daily earning that much amount, that you have offered me". Such was his confidence and faith in his ability and the world saw that within a couple of years he was one of the highest paid lawyer in the country.

Lord Reading, the Viceroy of India offered him Knighthood, which Mr. Jinnah declined saying that he prefers to be called plain Mr. Jinnah than Sir Muhammad Ali Jinnah. It is interesting to know that after Mr. Jinnah's refusal to be Knighted, when Lord Reading at an informal reception, turned to Mrs. Maryam (Ratti) Jinnah and asked her to request her husband to agree to be Knighted, she promptly retorted, "If my husband accepts Knighthood, I will ask separation from him".

Years later, Mr. Ramzay MacDonald, the British Prime Minister, said to Mr. Jinnah, "You know that we are hoping to grant self-government to India and I shall need men like you to be Governors of Provinces". Mr. Jinnah promptly replied back, "Mr. MacDonald, are you



trying to bribe me?” It was against Mr. Jinnah’s grain to accept favours.

Mr. Muhammad Ali Jinnah, Bar-at-Law, made his debut in politics as a staunch nationalist. Within a short period of his joining the Congress in 1905 he made his mark and was soon counted as one of its front rank leaders. With his true nationalistic approach to politics he came to be known as ‘Ambassador of Hindu-Muslim unity’.

The question then intrigued; what was it that changed Mr. Jinnah’s thinking so radically? There must have been some thing very fundamental that disillusioned this “Ambassador of Hindu-Muslim Unity and idol of young Indian nationalists of 1920s” and turned him into an avid champion of the interest of his community. Mr. H.V. Hodson, an eminent British historian sums up Mr. Jinnah’s character thus, “One thing is certain he did not change for any venal motive. Not even his political enemies ever accused Jinnah of corruption or self-seeking. He could be bought by no one, and for no price..... He was a steadfast idealist as well as a man of scrupulous honour.”

He could not be bought, he could not be lured, then what was it that brought this radical change in Mr. Jinnah? The answer to this question of change of his ideals lie in the deeds, rather ‘misdeeds’ and behaviour of the Congress leaders. He became thoroughly disenchanted

with the two-faced policies and distinct contradictions in the lofty ideals professed in public and actual deeds of the so called “nationalist” Hindu leaders. The History of the Congress is replete with instances of deliberate efforts to undermine Muslim interests with a view to amalgamating their separate identity in the bigger whole. To enumerate a few examples:-

- Congress’ opposition to separate electorates.
- Opposition to and later agitation against the partition of Bengal which eventually they got annulled in 1911.
- Repudiation of the Lucknow Pacts.
- Rejection of Jinnah’s Fourteen Points.
- Refusal to form Coalition Ministries with Muslim League in the Provinces where the Congress won majorities in the 1937 elections, as assured both by the Congress and the British Government in discussions that preceded the 1935 India Act.
- Imposition of Hindu Culture in Government offices and educational institutions in Congress government provinces.
- Introduction of Wardha Scheme Primary education.

- The launching of a mass contact movement amongst the Muslims by-passing the League and all other Muslim leaders.

Disgusted with the hypocrisy and double standards of the top brass of the Congress leadership, Mr. Jinnah left for London in October 1930 to settle and start his legal practice there before the Privy Council.

The thirties was a crucial period for the Muslim community in the subcontinent when Muslim politics was in a state of flux and they were heartlessly being tossed about in the stormy winds of politics and they drifted aimlessly like a rudderless ship in the angry sea of politics. At this time of despair and despondency when all seemed lost, there appeared on the dark horizon, a silver streak of hope. Mr. Jinnah was persuaded to return home to assume the stewardship of the battered and demoralized Muslims. He returned to India in 1934 and appeared on the scene like a super star, a star of hope for the Muslims and one destined to dominate the future political scene in the sub-continent.

Within a very short time of his return from his self-imposed exile in England, this idol of the young Indian Nationalists of the twenties, now turned into a champion of the hitherto neglected cause of the Muslims. He assumed the key role in the political life of the subcontinent. It was however, in March 1936 and the venue was Delhi when Mr. M.A Jinnah finally decided

upon his future course of action and sounded a clarion call to the Muslims to unite. He said, “We must think of the interests of our community..... The Musalmans and Hindus must be organized separately and once they are organized thus, they will understand each other”. This was a turning point in the history of the sub-continent.

The die was cast and from this point of time onwards there was no obstacle insurmountable. The response from the Muslim masses was historic and they rose as one man at his call and like a storm swept everything before them.

Inspite of his frail health the Quaid-e-Azam worked tirelessly and galvanized the Muslims of India into a nation. The name of Quaid-e-Azam acquired a magnetic perception for the Muslims of India, they trusted him and reposed complete faith and confidence in his judgment and the advocacy of their cause. The Nation was now ready, he gathered the pieces that were drifting in the wind of political wilderness and molded them into a powerful and solid whole. The Muslims now became a political force to be reckoned with, both by the Hindus and those sitting in the Viceregal Lodge.

Every passing day increased the popularity of Mr. Jinnah and Muslim India’s faith in his leadership and ability to deliver the goods on their behalf. The snowball action started and the Muslims flocked to swell the ranks of the Muslim League. The so called Nationalist Muslim

leaders stood isolated. The Muslim community now stood as one behind the “Man of Destiny”. It was now 1940. He decided that the time was now ripe to indicate its “destination” to the Muslims of the subcontinent.

On March 23, 1940, under the shadows of the majestic Badshahi Mosque at Lahore, he said:-

***“.....We stand unequivocally for the freedom of India. But it must be freedom of all India and not freedom of one section, for worse still, of the congress caucus and slavery of Musalmans and other minorities”. “..... I appeal to you, to organize yourself in such a way that you may depend upon none except your own inherent strength. That is your only safeguard and the best safeguard. Depend upon yourself”.***

Pre-empting British thinking on the future constitution he warned the British:-

***“.....We and we alone wish to be the final arbiter, we do not want that the British government should thrust upon the Musalmans a constitution which they do not approve of and to which they do not agree..... I make it plain from this platform, that if any declaration is made; if any interim settlement is made without our approval and without our consent, the Musalmans of India will resist, and no mistake should be made on that score.”***

Elaborating the point of NATIONHOOD and the demand of a separate HOMELAND he argued:-

**“..... It has always been taken for granted mistakenly, that Musalmans are a minority. The Musalmans are not a minority. The Musalmans are a nation by any definition. Even according to the British map of India, we occupy large parts of the country, where the Musalmans are in majority.....such as Bengal, Punjab, NWFP, Sind and Baluchistan.....the Hindus and Musalmans belongs to two different religious philosophies, social customs, literatures.....they belong to two different civilizations.....their aspects on life and of life are different...Hindus and Musalmans derive their inspiration from two different sources of history. They have different epics, different heroes, and different episodes, very often the hero of one is a foe of the other and like wise the unity of India dates back only to the British conquest and maintained by the British bayonet.....”**

Winding up his case for a separate homeland for his Nation he summoned up thus:-

**“.....Musalmans are a nation according to any definition of a nation and they must have their homeland, their territory and their state.”**

Turning to his people he said:-

**“..... I have placed before you the task that lies ahead of us. Do you realize how big and stupendous it is. Do you realize that you cannot get freedom or independence by mere arguments? .....come forward as servants of Islam, organize the people economically, socially, educationally and politically and i am sure that you will be a power that will be accepted by everybody”.**

Thunderous applause and Quaid-e-Azam ‘Zindabad’ and Pakistan ‘Zindabad’ slogans ranted the air of Lahore.

Mr. Jinnah, a brilliant and astute lawyer that he was, his natural gift of eloquence, cool thinking, cold-blooded logic of his arguments, forceful style of advocacy, dauntless courage combined with political foresight that he was endowed with, made Mr. Jinnah the key figure in the politics of the country from then on. With his political sense and acumen he could foresee things far beyond, much ahead of any one else. During Congress/League negotiations in the forties when all the ‘wise men’ of the Congress Working Committee would sit together for days to make out the Congress case; whereas Mr. Jinnah’s response on behalf of the Muslim League would come within a day or so that would outsmart them all. The one man ‘think tank’ of Muslim India would sit down and calmly dictate replies to these communications

from the All India Congress Committee. Tackling dexterously, point by point, all their salient propositions and demolishing their arguments one by one, the Quaid in his characteristic style, at the same time, would be building up his own case with logic and deft reasoning. He would in his counter attack thus throw the Congress on the defensive or even force it to retreat. He was like the Grand Master making his subtle moves on the political chess board of the subcontinent.

He knew the weaknesses of his people, was aware of the organizational deficiencies that the Musalmans suffered from and he was also conscious of the vacillating nature of most of the Muslims, they only like to talk and no constructive thinking or actions. Some even scoffed at his proposed “destination”. He was very sure and said, “We shall achieve Pakistan and of course, he who laughs last, laughs the best”. The whole world saw that within a short span of only five and half years, from the day of this prediction the word “shall” was turned into the word , ‘have’, when the Nation could proudly claim, ‘We have established our Pakistan’. His prophesy came true. Such was the kind of rapport that this Man of Destiny had with Destiny.

His critics may call him cold, aloof and even arrogant; but it is only this far that they could go and no more. Even the most bitter opponents of Mr. Jinnah could not help but admit the sterling qualities of his character,



uprightness, integrity, and incorruptibility. They knew he would never compromise on principles.

The creation of Pakistan is often referred to as a miracle of the twentieth century. It is rightly so, besides, many political, economic, ethnic and social impediments, the Colonial powers holding the subcontinent to ransom were against the division of India. History bears testimony to the fact that India was never one, it was never a unified whole. His Majesty's Government, however for reasons best known to them, was keen to preserve the artificial unity of their Indian empire. Some of the contemporary British writers taking their cue from the White-hall, took the same line. Maybe, they genuinely believed in it and liked to think of India as an indivisible whole. As such, any person working against this concept was dubbed by them as 'rigid' and 'stubborn' and Mr. Jinnah, to them was that person. In doing so they betrayed history and maligned their profession. The defaced version of history may only have a temporary impact but truth must prevail in the end and Mr. Jinnah is a shining example of this dictum. No person, no matter how mighty his pen, can tarnish the image of Mr. Jinnah.

“Noor-e-Khuda hai kufar ki harkat peh khanda zun  
Phoonkon say yeh charagh bujhaya na jai ga”.

*(Daily THE NEWS, September 11, 2002)*

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## **JINNAH: A POLITICAL SAINT**

Mr. Muhammad Ali Jinnah was a remarkable person, an extra ordinary statesman and unique for his political sagacity. He was no Wali or Saint in terms of religious terminology but he was certainly a political saint for the muslims of the subcontinent. Whereas the walis and saints did a great service to Islam by converting countless infidels to the true faith and spiritually guiding faithfuls to follow the right path, Mr. Jinnah as a political saint turned the muslim minority of the Indian Sub-Continent into a nation and emancipated them from the evil axis of Anglo-Hindu tyranny and domination by guiding and leading them to the eventual goal of Pakistan, a safe heaven for them and established the largest muslim state. The services of Mr. Jinnah as political saint are no less momentous to the muslims of South Asia as those of the spiritual walis and saints to Islam. The clerics and the orthodox may not agree with me but in the present day and age, facts of history cannot be ignored. Let us not forget that Islam is a progressive religion and we must interpret it in the context of present day thinking.

M.A. Jinnah was a known name the world over even in the early twentieth century. He was respected as steadfast, resolute and an impeccable leader with the highest integrity. He was considered as one of the top

most legal brains of South Asia. The true standing of an individual is always reflected in what his contemporaries think of him. Harry S. Truman, President of the United States of America said of him, “Mr. Jinnah was the recipient of a devotion of loyalty seldom accorded to any man”. His Highness The Agha Khan III ranked him very high amongst the contemporary world figures. He said, “Of all the statesmen that I have known in my life, (believe me, he know very many) – Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Churchill, Curzon, Mussolini, Mahatma Gandhi – Jinnah is the most remarkable. None of these men, in my view out shown him in strength of character and that almost uncanny combination of precision and resolution as Mr. Jinnah.” Similarly, Lord Listowel, senior member of Clement Attlee’s cabinet said, “I would rate Mr. Jinnah as a bigger political giant of the twentieth century than even General de Gaulle.”

Even those in the opposite political camp praised his qualities of head and heart. Mr. M. K. Gandhi, his political rival in South Asia, in one of his letters to Mr. Louis Fisher wrote, “Mr. Jinnah is incorruptible and courageous”. Another Indian National Congress ex-President, a former Governor and Federal Minister and a renowned poetess Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, named Mr. Jinnah “ambassador of Hindu-Muslim unity and one of sub-continent’s tried and impeccable leaders.”

The media is a reflection of public opinion. International and local newspapers wrote highly of Mr. M.A Jinnah. The World's renowned newspaper, THE TIMES wrote, "Few statesmen have shaped events to their policy more surely than Mr. Jinnah. He was a legend even in his life time". Two of the leading newspapers of sub-continent, THE DAILY STATESMAN OF INDIA referred to him "seemingly as hard as a diamond, he had all the diamond's brilliance." Another renowned newspaper, AMRIT BAZAR PATRIKA from Calcutta wrote on August 8, 1947, "Jinnah outweighs Truman, Stalin and Attlee put together". A great tribute from a well-known staunch pro-Akhand Bharat newspaper of volatile Bengal.

Well, ladies and gentleman, that was Mr. M. A. Jinnah of the early twentieth century!

Mr. Muhammad Ali Jinnah started his political career in 1905 as a staunch liberal from the platform of the Indian National Congress. The same year along with Gopal Krishna Gokhale, a foremost Hindu nationalist, he represented the Congress in England to plead the Indian case for self-government. Mr. Gokhale was impressed with him and remarked, "He has the true stuff in him and that freedom from all secretarian prejudice which will make him the best ambassador of Hindu-Muslim unity." A year later in 1906 he served as secretary to Dadabhai Naoroji, the then Congress President, a position that was

considered a great honour for any budding politician. The same year, in the Calcutta session of the Congress in December 1906, he made his first political speech in support of self-government. In January 1910, he was elected from Bombay with a thumping majority to the Imperial Legislative Council of India.

Mr. M.A. Jinnah forcefully advocated the need of Hindu-Muslim unity and passionately expounded the cause of Indian freedom in and outside the Indian Legislative Council. He raised his voice against every system that discriminated between human beings and against every institution violating the dignity of man. He opposed colonialism. In his home constituency of Bombay, he was the President of the Bombay branch of the Home Rule League. Bombaites recognized his services to the cause of Indian freedom, towards Hindu-Muslim unity and to the people of Bombay and constructed a Public Hall in his name. Jinnah Hall still stands in Bombay as a monument of his sterling services to the people of that city.

Muslim League was formed in 1906 in Dacca but in spite of great persuasion including that of his friend H.H. The Agha Khan III he did not join the Muslim League. It was only when the Muslim League at his instance in 1912 adopted self-government for India as its goal that Mr. Jinnah in 1913 joined the All India Muslim League. Three years later he became its President. Now he

was member of both the All India Congress and All India Muslim League and in this unique position he tried to bring the two organizations closer and as a result of his efforts, the Congress-League Lucknow pact of 1916 was signed, detailing a joint scheme for post-war reforms and conceding Muslims the right to separate electorates.

The parting of ways with the Congress came in 1920 when in the Nagpur session of the Congress, M.K. Gandhi changed the Congress creed to direct action and non-cooperation. Mr. Jinnah also resigned as President of Home rule League when Gandhi after his election as its President in 1920 unilaterally changed its constitution and nomenclature. So the year 1920 marked a clean break between Mr. Jinnah and all that the Congress stood for.

Mr. Jinnah now started to concentrate on reorganizing the Muslim League that was in disarray both at the central and provincial levels. It was an uphill task because he had to struggle single-handedly on this gigantic task but he was not deterred. Remember he once said, "Most of the coins in my pocket are base coins" or words to that effect. But it must be said to his credit that he used these "base coins" very judiciously for the Muslim cause. However, he had the unstinted support and loyalty of many young and budding politicians like M.A.H. Isphahani, Raja of Mahmoodabad, Iftikhar Mamdot, Sardar Shaukat Hayat and Qazi Muhammad Isa. With his determination, uncanny resolution and help of

this young brigade he shaped the League into an effective political body.

With all his dedication to the League and the Muslim cause, Mr. Jinnah considered Hindu-Muslim unity as pre-condition for Indian freedom. He attended many unity conferences, suggested incorporation of the muslim demand for a federal structure as against the unitary form as envisaged in the Nehru Report for India's future constitution. All his suggestions were streamrolled. He then came up with his famous "Fourteen Points". These points became the combined voice of all the Muslim organizations and the basic Muslim demand at the ensuing Round Table Conference in London in 1930 – 32.

Congress-League relations as propounded and advocated by Mr. Jinnah took a sudden confrontational posture starting with the outcome of the 1937 general elections under the 1935 Government of India Act when the Congress swept the polls. In the Muslim minority provinces, inspite of a tacit pre-elections understanding, the Congress of Nehru refused to accommodate the elected Leaguers except for those who were prepared to merge with the ruling party.

This was followed by Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru's "two forces" doctrine in 1936 being inserted into the body politics of India when he stated that "there are only two forces in India today – The British imperialism and the Indian National Congress representing Indian

nationalism”, to which Mr. Jinnah retorted that, “I refuse to accept this. There is a third party in this country as well and that is Muslim India”. Jinnah was dismayed and with a heavy heart finally pulled down the curtain on Congress-League collaboration and finally closed the chapter of hindu-muslim unity, that up to that day was the core of his politics and panacea for the Indian Independence.

In the 1937 general elections, the League came out very poorly. In the Punjab, one of the four Muslim majority provinces League could account for only two seats in the provincial assembly and even out of these two, one legislator became a ‘lota’ at the time of ministry formation, leaving a sole League representative in the assembly. Congress volte-face to accommodate League representatives in Hindu majority provinces and then Nehru’s “two forces” doctrine injected into Indian body politics, finally forced Jinnah to take the cudgels on behalf of his community that was so far floating like a rudderless ship in the stormy waters of Indian politics.

The year was 1937 when Mr. Jinnah took up the task of welding the disjointed pieces together and brought them up to the status of a nation from that of a minority community. This was the first step that he had in mind for advancing to their final emancipation. For doing this he met with lot of resistance from within; there were the feudals who were eager to protect their jagirs and positions bestowed on them by the British and then there were the



clerics who even called him “Kafir-e-Azam” and Pakistan as “Dar-ul-Harb”. He remained undaunted and continued with his task of consolidating the down trodden community and organizing the League at all levels. Disregarding his ill health he worked hard, infact very hard with selfless devotion and as a result he won the hearts of the overwhelming majority of Muslims. People trusted him, his integrity, his political acumen and statesmanship. In his mammoth public meetings where almost over eighty percent of the participants could not understand even one single word of English, they would listen to him in pin drop silence and amazingly would clap and raise zindabad slogan at the points of emphasis in his speech.

It was universally known that elderly people in the remote villages when talking to young people hearing radio or reading newspaper would ask, “what has Baba said today?” but in the same breath would reply themselves “whatever he has said must be true”. These villagers would call Jinnah, ‘Baba’ with affection.

Harry Truman, a former President of America could not be more right when he said, “Mr. Jinnah was the recipient of a devotion of loyalty seldom accorded to any man.”

The grateful nation called him “Quaid-e-Azam” the great leader. From Mr. M.A. Jinnah in the teens he was Quaid-e-Azam in the late thirties, to his people and to the world at large. Even Gandhi in his letter on 16 January 1940 was obliged to address him as “Dear Quaid-e-

Azam". It was in this very letter that Gandhi, perhaps sarcastically asked him, "shall I call you Quaid-e-Azam or continue to address you Mr. Jinnah as before". To which the Quaid-e-Azam retorted "Call a rose by whatever name you may, it will always smell like a rose."

Mr. Jinnah was a one man 'think-tank' of the Muslim League and Muslims of the sub-continent. Congress Working Committee with all its top brass including Mahatma Gandhi, Nehru, Patel, Azad and the rest deliberating together for days would come up with long winded arguments confronting the League on national and party issues. Quaid-e-Azam then would dictate to his personal assistant in one sitting, comprehensive and irrefutable replies to all the points raised by the Congress. Similarly on the conference table, he was more than a match to Mountbatten, Nehru or Gandhi.

Always elegantly dressed in his Saville Row tailored pin-striped suit or wearing a flawless cream coloured sherwani and Jinnah cap he attended conferences, participated in round table talks with the Viceroy and Congress leaders and travelled in style in the 'first class' at his own expense from town to town to address public rallies in English where almost over eighty percent of his audience could not understand a word of English but they raptly listened to him in silence. The Muslim masses were one behind him but some big name Muslim politicians for their personal ends particularly in the Muslim majority

provinces of Punjab and Bengal were ‘with him and not with him’. Some such politicians joined Viceroy’s Defence Council against the advice of Mr. Jinnah and later when threatened to be expelled from the Muslim League, many of them blatantly resigned from the Council.

After World War II the Labour government of Attlee decided to free India and transfer power to the elected representatives. The political climate in India during the Congress rule in Muslim minority provinces after 1937 elections was hurting the Muslims. There were even calculative attempts to obliterate the Muslims as a separate cultural entity. The Muslims for their own safety drifted away from the mainstream Indian national politics.

Mr. M.A. Jinnah was now the Quaid-e-Azam and the established leader of Muslim India and All India Muslim League as the sole representative body of the community. Quaid-e-Azam knew that the time was ripe and on 23<sup>rd</sup> March 1940 under the lofty minarets of Badshahi Mosque Lahore, he declared Muslims as a nation and demanded a separate homeland for the Muslims of the sub-continent. The resolution known as the Pakistan Resolution was moved by Maulvi A.K. Fazal-ul-Haq of Bengal. The whole of Lahore ranted with Pakistan Zindabad slogans. There was no stopping them and the surge for an independent country that started with the passing of this Resolution snow-balled into a revolution and within seven years on August 14, 1947 the

independent Muslim state of Pakistan appeared on the map of the world. Jinnah the Political Saint had done it.

After the passing of the Pakistan Resolution in March 1940 this became a passion with Muslim India which threatened to change the trend of Indian politics from ‘Indian Independence’ to Divide and Quit.

The British government saw the weight behind the Muslim demand and in 1942 sent Sir Stafford Cripps with certain proposals for the transfer of power. Congress and the League, both for their own reasons rejected the proposals.

The 1945/46 general elections gave Muslim League a unique position. There was a clean sweep when the League captured all the 30 seats in the Central Legislature and 423 out of the total 493 seats in all the 11 provinces. Quaid-e-Azam was now in an impregnable position of his demand for a separate homeland for the Muslims. British government was determined to transfer power but were keen to retain the unity of the country.

Once again in 1946 the British government sent what is known as a ‘Cabinet Mission’ to resolve the constitutional deadlock. The Mission presented its plan that envisaged three federal groups – two comprising the Muslim majority provinces, linked to the centres in a loose federation with three subjects only. The third group was the rest of India. All India Muslim League accepted the plan as a strategic move and as a first step for the

attainment of their final goal. The Congress also accepted the plan but soon realized its long term implications and resiled from its stand. On the Congress rejection, the Muslim League also renounced its acceptance and observed 16<sup>th</sup> of August as a Direct Action Day. Hindu India reacted and there was lot of bloodshed as a result.

Lord Louis Mountbatten, the last Viceroy of the British Crown arrived in India mandated to hand over power to the Indians preferable as a united India. Mountbatten's conduct as an honest broker left much to be desired and then the dubious border alignments by the Radcliffe Commission are a subject for separate consideration. The Radcliffe Award was so blatantly prejudiced against Pakistan through Mountbatten/Radcliffe axis that even Mr. Beaumont secretary of the Commission had to say, "Grave discrete to both". (Mountbatten and Radcliffe)

To sum up and to back my assertion of Jinnah – A Political Saint, I will repeat the words of Prof. Sharif-ul-Mujahid with his permission of course when he said, "Jinnah had termed the Muslims a separate entity in 1935. He upgraded them to a third party status in 1937 and to nationhood in 1940. And within seven years he secured a national home-land for that nation." That was SAINT JINNAH – the invincible!

*(Daily THE NEWS, August 14, 2007)*

## **MY ASSOCIATIONS WITH THE QUAID-E-AZAM**

I am Ata Rabbani honoured and privileged first Air Force Aide-De-Camp to Quaid-e-Azam Muhammad Ali Jinnah, Governor-General of Pakistan. I joined Quaid-e-Azam's staff at noon on August 7, 1947, exactly two hours before he left 10-Aurangzeb Road for the last time on his way to the Palam airport. I was one of the three privileged persons to fly with him from Delhi to Karachi as Governor-General (designate) on August 7, 1947.

I was his aide for seven months and with all the proximity of being on his personal staff, it is a fact of life that during this period I NEVER HAD THE HONOUR OF SHAKING HANDS with him. It was not because he did not like any one of us, nor can I recollect that at any time or any incident when he was ever upset with our antics. He was always kind and tolerant to his personal staff with one exception and that was the Comptroller of the Household, Major Mc Coy. The Quaid would get upset at the very sight of "Mr. Mc Coy" as the Governor-General preferred to call him. May be his mannerism, his bearings, handling of the décor of the 'house' or his very face, that irritated the Quaid and "Mr. Mc Coy" would be in trouble. We called Mc Coy as Quaid's punching bag. He obviously did not last for long.

The Governor-General was always formal and correct. He addressed us as “mister” so and so. He preferred to address those in uniform as “mister” rather than by their rank.

I served Mr. Jinnah as his aide not only as a routine service posting but with passion and devotion. His personality grew on me and I always desired to be close to him and serve him. It would be wrong to say that I admired the man from my childhood because during my school and college days, my interests were focused on out-door sports and politics was not my cup of tea. Born, bred and raised in an orthodox muslim family where almost all the elders except my father, had each performed the Haj for more than once, particularly in those days of camel back rides from Mecca to Madina Munawwarah; but they were no clerics. We were advised to follow the Islamic injunctions but were never forced to adhere to them rigidly. Personally, I was fond of Islamic history with the generals like Khalid-bin-Walid, Tariq-bin-Ziad and Sultan Salahuddin Ayubi as my favourites; so a streak of hero worship was there in me from childhood.

I joined Muslim University Aligarh for my graduation and it was there that I saw and heard Mr. Jinnah for the first time. His charismatic personality had a magical inspiration for me. After graduation I joined the Royal Indian Air Force in 1941 and with the passage of

time my fondness for Mr. Jinnah turned into a passion to serve him, perhaps as his personal pilot.

In the run-up to the 1945-46 general elections in India, Quaid-e-Azam appealed for contribution of “silver bullets” to fight the elections. Infringing all service regulations, I started to collect “silver bullets” from muslim officers and even from airmen and eventually managed to collect Rs. 27,521 and 10 annas. In the meantime I was posted to Calcutta where I happened to meet the dynamic Mr. Hussain Shaheed Suhrawardy, Chief Minister of Bengal. I requested him to present my humble contribution to the Quaid-e-Azam, who was to visit Calcutta to wind up the league election campaign in Bengal. Suhrawardy turned around and suggested that wouldn't I like to do it personally. He could arrange that. It was a God sent opportunity. On the appointed date and time I reached Park Road residence of Mr. M.A.H. Isphahani, where the Quaid usually stayed when visiting Calcutta. Mr. Suhrawardy was also present.

### **My First Handshake with Quaid-e-Azam**

Mr. Suhrawardy introduced me to Quaid-e-Azam. I saluted and presented my humble contribution. He got up and extended his hand towards me. I grabbed it and shook it with warmth and respect. This was my FIRST handshake with the number one man of Muslims of the subcontinent. He said, “Good show young man, it is a lot



of money. It will be of help. Thank you.” I thought that the ritual was over and was about to depart, when he spoke again. “Wait a minute; I have to give you a receipt for it and a piece of advice.” He then wrote the receipt and pointing his right hand index finger towards me, said in firm tone, “Don’t do it again. You know, you could be court martialled for it and even be dismissed from the Air Force.” These words of advice to me by Mr. Jinnah bear deep connotation with a clear pointer of his thinking regarding the role of the armed forces.

My selection as Aide-De-Camp to Quaid-e-Azam as Governor-General is in itself a fairy-tale story that would need an independent chapter.

We were three aides, one from each service, and each one of us used to get a day off after every third day. One day, when off duty I was summoned by the Governor-General, who said, “you know Mr. Rabbani, the Air Force commander Mr. Perry Keene was with me this morning with a request to relieve you to join Risalpur Flying School where they are hard pressed for flying instructors. This was his third visit in this context. I have decided to relieve you; if the Air Force ‘must’ have you, then you must go”.

The date was 19 March 1948 when I went to take leave of him before leaving for Risalpur, I took with me his well published photograph wearing a sherwani and Jinnah cap, hoping to get it autographed by him as a

memento. He looked at it, stood up and walked away with it to his private study next door. He came back after a while with his prized photograph, dressed in a three-piece with a cigar in hand, standing in front of the marble fireplace in the living room of his Malabar Hill residence in Bombay. This photograph was taken by Miss Margrate Burkwhite of Time magazine in the year 1945. Quaid-e-Azam liked the photograph and wanted it to be adopted as his official portrait. As LIFE and TIME magazines held the copyright, they turned down the Government of Pakistan's request and sent only six complimentary copies. Quaid-e-Azam brought one of these six copies for me and when he was about to ink his autograph on the beautifully patterned carpet I ventured to suggest that he kindly autograph it on the legs of his trousers where the writing would be more prominent otherwise any inscription on the carpet would blend into the background. He stopped, looked at me with his penetrating eyes, as if saying, "you fool, I do not want to spoil the crease of my trousers" and without looking up again autographed it on the carpet. He said everything without saying any thing.

### **My Second Handshake with Quaid-e-Azam**

"Good luck". That was all that he said, when I finally begged leave of him. He for the SECOND time extended his hand towards me. I caught hold of his hand

with both of mine and looked up in his eyes. He read my feelings and gave a nod of approval. I KISSED HIS HAND and without looking into his eyes again, saluted and left.

This was a very very rare happening and I was overwhelmed with his parting gesture. He always abhorred display of such feelings towards him. I recollect, after his first Eid-ul-Fitr prayers in Pakistan on 18<sup>th</sup> of August, 1947 in Karachi, some enthusiastic admirers tried to kiss his hands. He was upset and annoyed and pulling away his hands with a jerk he said, “Don’t do it. I hate it.”

*(Daily The DAWN, August 14, 2007)*

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## **EMERGENCE OF PAKISTAN**

It was 14<sup>th</sup> August 1947, the D-day. The dawn of the day saw hectic activities all around. City of Karachi was all decked up and ready to see the rising sun of freedom. Enthusiastic crowds delirious with joy thronged the city streets, dancing and prancing. They were jubilant, happy and shouting Pakistan Zindabad slogans.

The main attraction of the day was the state-drive, culminating in the Proclamation of Independence and hoisting of Pakistan Flag atop the National (Sindh) Assembly building. The route of the state-drive from Governor-General's house to the Constituent Assembly building was lined up by jubilant crowds on both sides of the roads. Balconies of all the buildings enroute were crowded with women and children waving flags and shouting Zindabad slogans. At the Constituent Assembly building, the venue of the event of the proclamation of independence, there was lot of activity with members in their sherwanis and lounge suits hurrying to their seats and other distinguished visitors filling up visitors galleries much before the scheduled time. It was a full house and the visitors galleries were overflowing. Lady Mountbatten and Miss Jinnah sat in the Governor-General's box.

Governor-General's Bodyguards with lances in their hands were posted on the steps leading up to the



The Author with Quaid-e-Azam When he landed at Mauripur Airport, Karachi on August 7, 1947.

main entrance of the Assembly building and along the corridors around the main hall. Capt. Sahibzada Yaqoob Ali Khan Commandant of the Body-guards and Maj McCoy the Comptroller were already there, checking the deployment of Body-guards and reception arrangements, respectively. Outside the premises of the Assembly, all roads leading to the Assembly were chocked with people, many perching on tree tops, and telephone poles and other vantage points. They were all there to see the history being made.

At 8 am, Gul and myself left for the Assembly building. We took a pilot escort to lead us in order to get us through any possible traffic jams. We sped through the designated State - drive route, which was thronged with enthusiastic crowds eagerly awaiting the appearance of the State-coach. Simple people in the streets were so eagerly expectant that at quite a few places as we drove by they took the Governor-General house car with a pilot escort as the real State-drive procession and broke into spontaneous applause and shouts of 'Zindabad'. We had timed the state coach to reach the Assembly in 50 minutes and accordingly gave a specific speed to the Adjutant of the body-guards, who was leading the mounted contingent

and to the 'coach' car driver to be maintained through out the drive.

The open car, carrying the last Viceroy of India and Governor-General (designate) of Pakistan led by the lone police pilot on a motor-cycle followed by the mounted contingent of Governor-General's Body-guards left the House at 8.10 A.M. sharp. All along the route, ceremonial arches and gates were erected and people raised voice furious slogans, "Pakistan Zindabad, Quaid-e-Azam Zindabad" and showered maunds of flower petals on the coach. Body-guards in their scarlet and gold ceremonial uniforms with lances in their hands and riding their well trained and beautiful charges were a big attraction for the crowds, it was a spectacular pageant, like of which they had never seen before. They applauded and with full throated abandon Body-guards had made their mark.

A "Wembley" like roar in the distance indicated the approach of the procession and as the cavalcade turned in for this final run up to the outer perimeter gate of the Assembly, the roar travelled with it indicating the approximate distance being covered. There was excitement all around and every one was anxiously waiting. Then the buglers posted on top of the Assembly building, heralded the arrival of the state-coach. All eyes turned to the perimeter gate and the first to emerge through the gate was the police pilot and then the Adjutant of the body-guards riding on his white mount leading his

contingent. The much sought after state-coach followed. There was a sudden burst of cheers and the whole air ranted with 'Zindabad' slogans. The Body-guards aligned themselves to make a straight pass in front of the Assembly entrance steps, where we were all waiting to receive the Coach. The clattering of the hooves of the horses made enchanting noise. First, the Bodyguards passed by the steps and stopped some distance away giving enough room to the State-coach to be on the exact spot in front of the entrance of the Assembly building. The coach stopped in front of the massive stone entrance to the Assembly. It was right at the stroke of 9 a.m. that Gul and I led the last Viceroy of India and the Governor-General (designate) of Pakistan to the speaker's rostrum. As soon as they entered the Hall, everybody present including those in the visitor's galleries, stood up and gave them a prolonged standing ovation.

Then there was silence, the moment of expectations had arrived and every body was waiting with thumping hearts to hear the normalization of the creation of Pakistan by the last Viceroy of India on behalf of his Majesty King George the Sixth of England. Col. Curri, Military Secretary to the Viceroy, placed a little stand on the table in front and then kept a folder on this stand. A little pause and then H.E. Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten of Burmah, the last Viceroy of India rose to do his last act as the King's representative. Tall and handsome attired in his



Admiral uniform wearing his ceremonial gongs and medals he stood up and in his characteristic style read out in measured tone the proclamation of Independence issued by H.M. King George VI, King of England, Head of the Commonwealth and Defender of the Faith. It was all done in style, antics of showmanship synonymous with the name of Mountbatten.

Immaculately dressed in a white sherwani and gray Jinnah cap, the Governor-General (designate) of Pakistan stood up, fixed his monocle and read out his acceptance speech from a paper in his hand. Remarkably composed the Quaid-e-Azam was all dignity and personification.

Formally thanking His Majesty the King and Lord and Lady Mountbatten for “his gracious message” and their good wishes he assured His Majesty of Pakistan’s goodwill and friendship to the British nation and the King, as the Crown head of the British. Then alluding to Lord Mountbatten’s reference in his speech, to Emperor Akbar’s tolerance towards minorities during his reign, Mr. Jinnah thundered, “The tolerance and goodwill that Emperor Akbar showed to all the non-Muslims is not of recent origin. It dates back thirteen centuries when our Prophet (PBUH) not only by words but by deeds treated the Jews and Christians, after he had conquered them, with the utmost tolerance and regard and respect for their faith and beliefs. The whole history of Muslims, wherever

they ruled, is replete with those humane and great principals which should be followed and practiced.

I assure you that we shall not be wanting in friendly spirit with our neighbours and with all nations of the world”.

The last British Viceroy had formally handed over power. Ceremony over, the two dignitaries walked back to the main entrance of the Assembly building, where they were joined by members of Constituent Assembly and other distinguished guests, to witness the last ritual of the termination of British Raj and birth of the new state. Union Jack that flew atop the main entrance of the Assembly building was then slowly hauled down to the tune of buglers blowing the ‘retreat’. The Union Jack thus lowered, was neatly folded and ceremoniously handed over to Lord Mountbatten by the Quaid-e-Azam. The Governor-General (designate) then hoisted the green and white flag to the booming of 31 guns’ salute. Pakistan was born. Pakistan – the biggest Muslim state and the fifth most populous state in the world emerged on the map of the world.

*(Daily THE NATION, August 14, 2001)*

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## **QUAID-E-AZAM AS GOVERNOR-GENERAL (DESIGNATE)**

Quaid-e-Azam Muhammad Ali Jinnah was Governor- General (designate) from 7<sup>th</sup> August, 1947 to 14<sup>th</sup> August 1947. During these seven days he attended many social functions and met a large number of Muslim League workers and elite of the city. However, most important of them all was his historic and soul stirring address to the members of the constituent assembly on 11<sup>th</sup> August, 1947. I was in attendance.

Constituent Assembly of Pakistan met for the first time in Sindh Assembly building on 11<sup>th</sup> August, 1947 and unanimously elected Quaid-e-Azam as its first president. The President elect then delivered his historic speech, a master-piece of his legal genius and constitutional mind. He briefly highlighted salient features of policies to be followed by government of the new state.

He reminded the constituent Assembly of its two main functions, viz. framing of the future constitution of Pakistan and of functioning as a full and complete sovereign body as federal legislature.

About the treatment of minorities and their status in social and state affairs, he stressed on the principle of equality in these words: "...everyone of you, no matter to what community he belongs, no matter what relations he

had with you in the past, no matter what is his colour, caste, creed, is first, second and last a citizen of this state with equal rights, privileges and obligations...We are starting with this fundamental principle that we are equal citizens of one state...All these angularities of the majority and minority communities, the Hindu community and the Muslim community—will vanish. You will find that in course of time Hindus would cease to be Hindus and Muslims would cease to be Muslims, not in the religious sense, because that is the personal faith of each individual, but in the political sense, as citizens of the state.”

This address of August 11 and subsequent address of August 14 at the Pakistan’s constituent assembly taken together are the Magna Carta of Pakistan.

Here the point to remember is that whereas he spoke of the “rights and privileges”, he also made them conscious of their “obligations” to the state. He told them that it is no one way traffic—always take, take and take but you have certain commitments to the State as well.

Mr. John F. Kennedy said the same thing, some 14 years later, in his inaugural address as President of the USA in 1961, when he said, “Ask not what your country can do for you, but ask what you can do for your country!” Quaid-e-Azam beautifully summed up all that in 1947 in one word “obligations”.

The last social function of Quaid-e-Azam in life, as Mr. Jinnah, was the banquet he gave in honour of Lord and Lady Mountbatten of Burma on 13<sup>th</sup> August, 1947 after their arrival in Karachi for Independence Day ceremonies.

The next morning, on 14<sup>th</sup> August, 1947 Pakistan emerged as a sovereign state when the union jack was hauled down and Pakistan flag was hoisted at the top of Sindh Assembly building.

*(Daily THE DAWN, August 14, 2002)*

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## **QUAID-E-AZAM IN GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S HOUSE**

A Dakota (DC-3) aircraft of Viceroy of India's Flight, carrying Governor-General (designate) of Pakistan, his sister and the two Aides-de-Camp touched down at Mauripur airstrip on the evening of 7<sup>th</sup> August 1947 amidst unprecedented scenes of enthusiasm and rejoicing, ever witnessed before. There was a mammoth crowd waiting to welcome their leader and now the Governor-General (designate) of the largest Muslim state in the world. The aircraft had hardly stopped and the pilot, an RAF Squadron Leader, was still going through the drill of switching off its two engines when the hitherto seemingly disciplined crowd, became hysteric and disregarding all rules of safety engulfed the aircraft like a swarm of bees. It was a fascinating spectacle but the vantage point to enjoy such a sight could be any but the cockpit of an aircraft with its engines running. It was a frightening sensation for me as a Pilot because I could visualize the consequences of such intimacy between the running engines of an aircraft and people. I sat tense in my seat, praying to God, to spare any such disaster. My fellow passengers, unmindful of the tragic consequences of such a rush on the aircraft, sat in their seats and enjoyed the

enthusiastic welcome. A scenario that I would love to experience again and be a part of it.

Quaid-e-Azam watched all this scene from his aircraft seat window. I guess, he did not approve of this indiscipline and I was right. The door of the aircraft was flung open and all was set for the Governor-General (designate) to disembark. Ahsan whispered to the Quaid, “All is set for you to alight Sir”. The Quaid-e-Azam sat still and said, “No: I don’t like this. I don’t like this. Let them clear the area first”. There was an uneasy hush in the aircraft.

There were no formal ceremonies. It was the arrival of a Public leader and the reception was also a public reception, a free for all. Welcoming over, Quaid-e-Azam drove to the Government House, now re-designated Governor-General’s House. There is something about this house for me, now that whenever I drive past on what is known as Aiwan-e-Saddar Road or look into the House, sitting in the Chandni Lounge from top of the Hotel Pearl Continental, I get nostalgia. Memories of this House are still stored fresh in the computer of my brain. Quaid-e-Azam’s first entry into the Governor-General House is as clear to me today as if it was only yesterday. I remember his car entering gate No. 1, the main gate opposite YMCA, guards presenting arms and the car casually wheeling along the slightly arched drive way leading to the main portico. After going a little distance, the car

stopped, Quaid-e-Azam alighted and gracefully walked through, what we may term as civilian guard of honour, formed by the entire house-hold staff of G.G. House, standing on both sides of the drive way. Quaid-e-Azam acknowledged their welcome greetings by raising his hand in his familiar style. He was flanked by Miss Jinnah and myself on either side. Thus in this formation the Governor-General (designate) entered the portals of what was to be his seat of Government for the next thirteen months.

I am privileged to be his Aide-de-Camp for the first seven months of his tenure as Governor-General. I had the good fortune to witness from the grand stand and be a part, of coming into being and the historic initiation of a new state on the map of the world.

Lucky were the people who had the honour to be in the camp of the Quaid and struggled for freedom of Muslim India under the undaunted and scrupulous leadership of Father of the Nation. They deserve our gratitude and we salute them. It is only because of their efforts and sacrifices that we, today have our own country and can aspire to reach the pinnacle of the highest rung of the ladder and call ourselves President, Prime Minister, Commanders' of Armed Forces and so on, otherwise we would have been reduced to hewers of wood and water in a United India.



The theme of this composition is, Quaid-e-Azam in the Governor-General House and it scans the period from 7<sup>th</sup> August, 1947 to 11<sup>th</sup> September, 1948. This time frame may broadly be classified as pre-oath taking and post-oath taking periods. In this pre-oath taking period of seven days – 7<sup>th</sup> August to 14<sup>th</sup> August, 1947, three important functions were held, functions of major historic significance and in these functions, the Governor-General (designate) in his speeches outlined guide lines of future policies of the new state. His address to the members of the Constituent Assembly of Pakistan (11<sup>th</sup> August, 1947) was most significant. It is a piece of literature, high mark of his legal genius and a masterpiece of his constitutional mind. It is the Magna Carta of Pakistan. In this address he covered all aspects of Pakistan's internal and external policies. It was in this soul searching address that he uttered these memorable words, "Everyone of you, no matter to what community he belongs...no matter what is his colour, cast, creed, is first, second and last, a citizen of this state, with equal rights, privileges and obligations..."

The post-oath taking period 14<sup>th</sup> August, 1947 to 11<sup>th</sup> September, 1948, may be further bifurcated into two, more or less, equal periods, where the first half spanning from 14<sup>th</sup> August 1947 to April, 1948 was full of activity when the Quaid made momentous decisions and took very active interest in the development of the nascent State. The second half of this period was comparatively quiet

because of the ill health of the Governor-General. In June 1948, he was moved to Ziarat where he was laid up and advised complete rest. In between, on 1<sup>st</sup> July, 1948 he did come down to Karachi once, for the opening ceremony of the State Bank of Pakistan. It was indeed very brave of him to undertake that journey because at that time he was distressingly very unwell.

August 7, 1947 is the cut-off date from the past for the purposes of our topic, it is date when Quaid-e-Azam entered the G.G. House and with this move a new chapter was unfolded. Dual responsibility that of leader of his people and Governor-General of the State devolved on his shoulders. It required distancing himself to some extent from his political involvements to enable him to attend to the affairs of the State. It did not mean a clean break or that the old guards ceased to exist for him, no, nothing of the kind, stalwarts like Nawabzada Liaquat Ali Khan, Sardar Abdurrab Nishtar, Khawaja Nazim-ud-Din and others were very much there and their talent, dedication and services were now all the more needed to run the affairs of the State.

The Quaid-e-Azam was now Quaid-e-Azam Muhammad Ali Jinnah, Governor-General of Pakistan. That was the difference. The transition in relationship with his former Muslim League cabinet and now the Cabinet of Government of Pakistan was smooth. They were his men then and they would always be his men here

after. To them he was Quaid-e-Azam, the Great Leader and the esteem, love and regards they always had for him was voluntary and from their hearts and this new position or designation of Governor-General made no difference in respect of his authority over them and the respect and regards that his colleagues nurtured for him. In intelligence, intellect and political acumen, he was way above his political associates in the Muslim League and they were all conscious of it. They always looked up to him for a lead. I may be permitted to say that they were overwhelmed with his personality out of respect and admiration, like an old time school boy is, or let us say, was, afraid of his teacher with emotional attachment and admiration. It may not be true of present day school boys but then we are talking of the older generations. This explains many things like the decorum, propriety and a kind of nervousness on the part of his colleagues, when in his presence.

A person of the stature of Khawaja Nazim-ud-Din abhorred the very thought of displeasure of Mr. Jinnah. Khawaja Sahib as Chief Minister of East Pakistan on one of his routine consultations visits to the Federal Capital came to see the G.G. for any last minute instructions before his return to Dhaka, the next day. It was usual for Khawaja Sahib to drop in the A.D.C's Office, after his meetings with the G.G., for a cup of tea and a few minced meat patties, that he relished. This time, like always, we

had arranged some patties from café Grand from across the road. After his scheduled meeting, the Chief Minister East Pakistan visited us as usual and while he was enjoying his patties, there was a buzz from the G.G. I executed myself and rushed to attend to the boss. Knowing Khawaja Sahib's routine, the G.G. enquired, "Is Mr. Nazim-ud-Din still with you?" I replied in the affirmative, he then instructed me, "Alright; ask him to see me at ten tomorrow morning". On my return I conveyed G.G's wish to Khawaja Sahib. He was not prepared for it and spontaneously said, "Oh, no, it is not possible...very important meetings with foreigners are already programmed for me at the other end..." I politely tried to convey to him, "Well sir, the G.G. desires to see you tomorrow. About the administrative arrangements like reservation of your seat to Dhaka etc, we will take care of it and you don't have to worry about that". In the meantime G.G. called again. After giving me some instructions, when I was about to leave he asked me if I had informed "Mr. Nazim-ud-Din" about his meeting tomorrow. I replied, "Yes sir, but Khawaja Sahib feels that he is rather committed at the other end including a meeting with a foreign delegation about some projects in East Pakistan". The G.G. cut me short and said, "Go and tell him, I will see him tomorrow at 10 A.M. sharp." I came back to politely suggest to Khawaja Sahib once again to postpone his departure as G.G. wishes to see him

on some important matter but he would not take the hint. In the end I had to tell him that he had no option. On his repeated insistence I repeated G.G's words in direct speech and this upset Khawaja Sahib, extremely. He was flabbergasted and said, "Yes, yes. It is no problem. The meetings can easily be postponed, what is there in it. You are right. Please arrange my air passage for the day after".

Another gentleman politician, the tall, soft speaking, sports loving and beetle (Pan) chewing Nawab Iftikhar Hussain of Mamdot, Chief Minister of the Punjab, was so very shy to face the Quaid that he would never open his lips when in the presence of Mr. Jinnah but his devotion and loyalty to his leader, like that of his late father, was total.

Swashbuckling Mr. H.S. Suharawardy would not appear before Mr. Jinnah, in his usual care free dress and flamboyant swagger. In September 1947 when he crossed over to Pakistan after his sojourns in the Ashrams of Bengal along with Mahatma Gandhi, he came to see the G.G. He was dressed in a cream colour sherwani with all its buttons open, as usual. His hair disheveled. I conducted him to G.G's study but before I could open the door for him, he held my hand and asked me, "Please wait" and hurriedly buttoned up his sherwani right upto his neck, combed his hair with his fingers and then offered to proceed.

This, always had been the pattern of relationship between ‘the Great Leader’ and his colleagues in the party.

Quaid-e-Azam was not a man of pomp or show and there was no showmanship either in public or in private. As G.G. he always drove out of the House with only one pilot escort, riding on a motorcycle in front and with one break down car in the rear. This was all the cavalcade that comprised the entourage of the creator of the nation state. No roads were blocked and No traffic was stopped for Governor-General’s car. About fifteen minutes before G.G.’s departure, the traffic police on the intended route was forewarned by a police sergeant riding on a motorcycle about the expected drive past of the G.G. Thus alerted, policemen controlling traffic on road interactions, on sighting Governor-General’s Pilot escort from a distance, would then stop the crossing traffic, on intersections only, thus giving a free run to G.G.’s car. He stuck to his principles till the last whiff of his life and this is how he rode even on his last drive on that fateful afternoon of 11<sup>th</sup> September, 1948 from Mauripur airfield to the G.G. House. It is not known, even if the Pilot escort was there to lead him in, on his last journey. Only an ambulance carried the stretcher of the ailing Governor-General, almost on his death bed. There was no break down ambulance or no second car. According to Miss Jinnah’s book ‘My Brother’ the ambulance carrying

Father of the nation ran short of fuel and the dying “Man of Destiny”, the architect and creator of the biggest Muslim state in the world, lay helplessly on the roadside for over an hour, in that humid heat of September, with flies buzzing all over him and a desperate sister struggling to waive them away and waiting in anguish for help. This was not only callous but criminal negligence and height of incompetence that cannot be pardoned.

This was how we repaid our benefactor, our gratitude to the man who galvanised us into a Nation and got us a homeland. We have now the audacity of making it a ritual of paying hypocritical lip service on his death anniversaries and birthdays without scant regards to his ideals. Shame be upon us!

*(Daily THE NATION, September 11, 2002)*

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## **PAKISTAN'S FIRST EID-UL-FITR**

Eid-ul-Fitr, is the gift of Almighty Allah to Muslims on having completed fasting for the month of Ramadan. Eid-ul-Fitr always brings great joy and it is a festival of happiness and rejoicing and on this day the devout Muslims dressed in their best clothes throng to Eidgahs to offer two Rakats Wajib as thanks giving to their Creator for enabling them, in His mercy, to keep fasts for the holy month. It is a collective thanks giving for those who have fasted for the blessings of and in obedience to the Commands of the Almighty. Tuesday 18<sup>th</sup> August, 1947 was the first Eid for Muslims of the subcontinent as Pakistanis and a befitting culmination to a spate for rejoicing and merry makings that started in the wake of the Proclamation of Independence and advent of the new state on 14<sup>th</sup> August, 1947. This Eid was a special Eid because it was for the first time after nearly two centuries that they were celebrating Eid as free citizens of an independent state. This Eid, therefore, had a special significance for them.

Quaid-e-Azam got ready early that morning and was coming down the stairs when I met him. "I am early! We shouldn't be late", he remarked. He was in a cheerful mood and had the enthusiasm of the young to go to the Eidgah and join in prayers. He briskly walked to the car and we left for Eidgah at Bunder Road, now M.A. Jinnah



Road, to offer Eid prayers. I was the fortunate one to accompany him. Quaid-e-Azam was happy and relaxed. On the way to Eidgah I saw yet another side of the Quaid. So far we had known him as a leader, a politician, a legislator, a lawyer and a well dressed and a westernized man in manners and etiquette but today I was pleasantly surprised when he gave me a masterly discourse on the philosophy and significance of Ramadan and Eid. As his limousine left the Governor-General house he asked me as to how many days in the Ramadan I had fasted. "About half of the month, Sir" was my reply. "Why half of the month? Why not the full month? You are young and healthy". To this I meekly replied that, "I was on the move Sir for most of the month", "you should complete the counts now that you are settled". He then went on to explain to me in depth the significance and the philosophy behind fasting. He said that besides the religious spirit and purification of the soul, "...fasting teaches mankind discipline, self control, self sacrifice and devotion, abstention from all evil for one month, prepares him to face all forces of evil with discipline and determination. Besides, it tones up the physical system and is good for health. But one has to be careful at iftar as here again it is discipline which requires us not to over eat to make up for the lost meals during the day."

I am the product of a conservative and religious Muslim family. I had been raised and educated in Islamia

High school Jullundher, MAO College Amritsar and Muslim University Aligarh. I mean no disrespect for my religious teachers but I do not recall any body in my life who explained the rationales and the benefits—spiritual and physical—of fasting with such lucidity and impact and so comprehensively as did the Quaid-e-Azam. Looking back at the pre-partition days, I wonder how ignorant about Quaid's beliefs were those Ulemas who opposed him in India because they accused him of being westernized and irreligious and yet migrated to Pakistan once it was established. On reaching Eidgah, Quaid-e-Azam was received by the caretaker of the mosque, who escorted him to the prayer ground. Prominent leaders like M.A. Khuhro, Mr. I.I. Chundrigar, Raja Ghazanfar Ali Khan, Hasham Gazdar were already there. One thing was noticeable that in spite of the mammoth crowd that had gathered at Eidgah knowing that the Quaid was to offer his prayers there, the people showed great restraint and discipline and there was no attempt at mobbing of their beloved leader. There was no slogan raising. As the Quaid passed by them, they simply stood up and waived to him with love and respect in their hearts expressed through their eyes.

The prayers were lead by Maulana Zahoor-ul-Hassan Darras. After offering the prayer, the Quaid sat quietly and listened to the Khutbah. At the end of the Khutbah, the Quaid first exchanged greetings with the

Imam Sahib. He then met and exchanged Eid greetings with those around him including the leaders present. Thank God there was no madcap enthusiast to dare and greet him with the traditional Eid bear-hug. Nobody had the guts to break the barriers of his reserve. A couple of people, when shaking hands, tried to kiss his hand but he sharply withdrew it with a frown and a loud “NO”. While this was going on, the crowd around the Quaid started to thicken and sensing his vulnerability because of Eid traditions of greetings, I expressed my anxiety and suggested to move out. The Quaid readily agreed. As he sat in the car the Quaid-e-Azam instructed the driver to take a different route for the return journey. Yet another finer point in the tradition of the Hadith of the Holy Prophet (PBUH). En route to the Governor-General house when people in the streets suddenly saw, what by now had become a familiar sign—the police motorcycle escort and the Governor-General’s car flying his pannel and a blue light on its roof, the pedestrians on pavements and shopkeepers stopped work and came running out of their shops just to cheer and wave at their Governor-General. They raised Alla-ho-Akbar and Pakistan Zindabad slogans and the Quaid cheerfully waved back at them.

There was an open house for two hours for all those who wanted to come and wish Eid Mubarak to the Governor-General and Miss Fatima Jinnah. The Prime Minister with Begum Liaquat Ali Khan, cabinet ministers

with their wives, ambassadors, senior civil and military officers, politicians and the elite of the city called on the Governor-General to felicitate him and Miss Jinnah on the auspicious occasion of Eid. Later a visitor's book was kept in the hall for latecomers to sign their names.

*(Daily THE NATION, December 06, 2002)*

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## QUAID-E-AZAM AUR MAIN

I am Ata Rabbani honoured and privileged first Air Force Aide-De-Camp to Quaid-e-Azam Muhammad Ali Jinnah, Governor-General of Pakistan. I joined Quaid-e-Azam's staff at noon on August 7, 1947, exactly two hours before he left 10 Aurangzeb Road for the last time on his way to the Palam airport. I was one of the three privileged persons to fly with him from Delhi to Karachi as Governor-General (designate) on August 7, 1947.

Who is an "aide-de-camp"? Those young uniformed officers with medals on their chests and aglets dangling from their shoulders are essential ceremonial appendents to VIPs at public and official functions. Who are they and what is their job?

The Concise Oxford Dictionary defines aide-de-camp, ADC for short, sometimes pronounced ad-ekong, as an 'officer assisting a General by carrying orders, etc'. The Chambers Twentieth Century Dictionary calls him 'an officer who carries the orders of a General and acts as Secretary: an officer attending a King, Governor, etc. This 'assistance' usually embraces the social and personal fields as well. The glamour of the job has always been and remains attractive even today, the envy of all eligible young officers. To qualify he need not necessarily be a

genius, but he has to be sharp, intelligent, quick-witted, smart and well-mannered. For selection as an ADC, pedigree and good looks usually take precedence over other qualifications. It was true in the past and it is so even today. An ADC is taken in as member of the household and he becomes a part of the official and private social life of the family. It is a job of trust and confidence and that is why, very often, the sons, nephews and scions of loyal and trusted allies and friends are preferred. Quite a few aides have ended up as sons-in-law of the house. In the past it was often by design, now it happens by accident, but it still happens. In the short history of Pakistan it had happened twice; daughters of Ayub Khan and Nawaz Sharif married their aides.

It is the dream of most of the young and upcoming officers in the armed forces to have a stint in their careers, as aide-de-camp, ADC for short. Because apart from the glamour, projection and contacts that he acquires, he learns a lot from a wider spectrum of life, which is not available to him in the confines of his service.

The author was Aide-de-Camp to the Quaid-e-Azam as Governor-General of Pakistan from August 7, 1947 to March 1948. The story of his selection as aide to the Quaid is narrated here in his own words, in the first person.

I joined the Royal Indian Air Force in 1941 as a

pilot and a devout follower of Mr. M. A. Jinnah. I had a dream to be his personal pilot. It was almost an impossible possibility but the Almighty willed to fulfill my ambition and the political situation took such a turn that the sub-continent was to be bifurcated into the two independent dominions of Pakistan and India and I was fortunate to be selected as aide to the Quaid. My dream came true.

### **Selection as ADC**

The fairy tale story of my selection as ADC to the Quaid-e-Azam starts from here.

In mid-1946 I was posted to Command the Indian Air Training Corp, Muslim University Aligarh. I found that only 45 cadets were on the rolls and they too were not very serious. I analyzed the reasons for this apathy and came to the conclusion that all that was needed was motivation. To generate interest I chalked out a programme of one and a half hours flying every day during peak hours in the evenings when the maximum number of students were out of classrooms and hostels and were on the play grounds, around cafeterias, or out for a walk on the roads. It worked. Within a couple of weeks my office was inundated with applications for enrolment as cadets. I had a wide choice and selected 250 of the best boys as cadets and froze the rest of the applications.

The ground was now set for serious training in aeronautics and general services training like drill, etc.

The opportunity came our way to show the flag when in March 1947, Nawabzada Liaquat Ali Khan, then Finance Minister in the Interim Government of India and Sardar Abdur Rab Nishtar, the Communications Minister, both old Aligarians, paid their routine visit to their old alma mater. Their engagements started with the presentation of a Guard of Honour followed by a march past by the cadets of the Indian Air Training Corp. Traditionally this privilege was the prerogative of the University Officers Training Corp (U.O.T.C) but this time we ended their monopoly and the Air Training Corp was given the opportunity. This big breakthrough gave the Air Corp great exposure. After the parade the honored guests took time out to have tea with the cadets and evinced keen interest in the activities of the Air Corp. In their speeches in the Union Hall the same evening, they both paid tributes to the training and standard of proficiency of the Air Training Corp.

During the tea interlude, was my first meeting with the future Prime Minister of Pakistan and little did I know then that this short interaction with the number two leader of Muslim India would prove to be the 'big leap' in the fulfillment of my dream - my appointment as aide-de-camp to 'my Leader'.

Ignorance is not always bliss. On 4 July 1947, I proceeded on a month-long annual leave to my home town, Jullundur city, in East Punjab. In there on the



surface the atmosphere was relaxed. There was little of that depressing, suffocating fear felt in the Muslim minority areas. While the Muslims in the Punjab gloated over their self-styled victories during clashes with the Hindus and Sikhs earlier in the year, their enemies with the backing and active help, particularly of the Sikh States of the Punjab, were training and arming themselves for a decisive showdown. But for a person like me, who had personally witnessed war preparations and the threatening posture of the opposite side, this peaceful, relaxed and happy scenario in Jullundur looked unreal and false. The Jullundries were so ignorant and oblivious of what was happening around them that my family and friends were insisting that when returning to Aligarh after leave, I leave my wife behind in Jullunder and collect her later on my way to my new posting in Pakistan.

During my leave I received three telegrams from Air Headquarters Delhi, instructing me to report back immediately without specifying the reason for my recall. I ignored these urgent calls and continued to enjoy my leave.

By now the rioting and killings in the Hindu majority provinces had assumed alarming proportions but our people there were still complacent and unaware of the dangers ahead. Sadly the Jullundri Muslims were slumbering and all efforts to bring home to them the realities of the impending dangers were futile. All my

warnings fell on deaf ears. Their typical reaction was, "We will teach them a lesson. We have done it in the past and will do it again. Don't you worry." Ignorant and foolhardy, they continued to think they were invincible. On the night of August 4, 1947, we boarded railway train called the 'Frontier Mail' for Delhi.

### **PANIPAT KA MAIDAN**

It was now August 5, 1947, and the train was merrily steaming towards Delhi. The morning sun was not quite over the horizon yet, when I dimly heard the familiar squeaks of the train brakes. Within a few moments the 'Frontier Mail' came to a halt with a jerk. The noise of the vendors' shouting their wares, the shuffling of the feet of the coolies under the heavy loads of trucks and bed-rolls, and the voices of passengers shouting directions to each other, filtered through the windows of my compartment. I lowered the shutters of a window and looked out at the crowded platform. I saw the bearers carrying stacks of breakfast and morning-tea-trays for the 'bara sahibs' were rushing about the compartments. The board on the platform read 'Panipat Railway Station'. Delhi was still a couple of hours run from here.

It was a pleasantly cool morning and the refreshing breeze touching my still half - closed and drowsy eyes caused my thoughts to wander over the glorious exploits of the past associated with the vast maidan that lay across

the Railway Station - the memorable battlefield, where the destiny of India was thrice decided, thus changing the course of history of the subcontinent. The words 'Panipat-ka-maidan' had always fascinated me as a student of history, giving me a feeling of pride and satisfaction for reasons unknown to me. It was a spontaneous emotion that I cannot fully explain. This huge maidan was now lit up with the crimson glow of the rising sun giving this fateful battlefield the proverbial blood drenched colour associated with the three battles so bitterly fought there. In my imagination I could visualize Babar moving amongst the corps of the fallen Lodhi Afghans and Ahmed Shah Abdali, sword in hand, trampling on the skulls of the slain hordes of the Maratha confederacy. Then my thoughts switched to the present glorious successes of the fourth and most important victor of Panipat, Quaid-e-Azam Muhammad Ali Jinnah. This time the battle was not confined to the plains of Panipat alone but had been fought throughout the length and breadth of the country. It had been fought in the rugged hilly terrain of the N.W.F.P., in the green fields of the Punjab and UP, in the lush green paddy fields of Bengal, in the tea gardens of Sylhet, in the deserts of Sindh and the far flung corners of the South, right up to Raskumari. This was the battle of the ballot, fought with more determination than the battles of the sword and the Commander of the victorious forces this time was not a tough, broad shouldered and rugged

figure like Babar, Akbar or Ahmed Shah Abdali but a tall, lean and elegant personality, known for his impeccable taste in clothes and correct manners. But this undisputed leader of a hundred million Muslims of India had many qualities in common with his three illustrious predecessors, like dauntless courage, inspiring leadership, rocklike determination, devotion to and a steadfast belief in their cause. All four were masters in their respective fields - the first three in the art of the sword and the last one in the art of politics. "Handsome in his person, his address engaging and unaffected, his countenance pleasing and his disposition affable". This is how Farishta, the historian, described Babar, but the description fits the Quaid also, making one wonder if it was said about one, or the other. All the four conquerors achieved their glorious victories at the head of small and comparatively poorly equipped forces as compared to the enemy hordes that they had to face - Babar's ten thousand men against Ibrahim Lodhi's one lakh, Akbar's twenty thousand against one lakh men of Hemu, and Abdali's eighty thousand against three lakhs of the great Maratha Confederacy. In the battle of the forties it was Quaid-e-Azam's one hundred million poor Muslims against five hundred million Hindus backed by the Anglo-Saxon might. Whereas the third battle of Panipat is considered the biggest battle fought over the centuries between the Hindus and the Muslims, the 'fourth' battle should be

regarded even greater as it was fought against the combined forces of the Hindus and the British authority in India. The results of each of these battles changed the course of history of this subcontinent completely. By defeating Ibrahim Lodhi in 1526, Babar established an empire, and by destroying Hemu in 1556, Akbar secured it. Ahmed Shah Abdali the victor of the third battle plucked out the Maratha thorn from the side of the Muslims forever. The victor of the fourth battle, the Quaid-e-Azam, in 1947 established the independent State of Pakistan - the largest Muslim and the fifth largest state in the world.

My thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a knock on the door of my compartment. It was Noor Elahi, my old bearer. He poked his head into the compartment with his familiar grin and early morning greetings of Asalam-o-elakum. He brought a bed-tea tray for my wife and a newspaper (Dawn) for me. I opened the sports page of the newspaper, because this was the page that I always looked up first in those days and for many years afterwards. My wife got busy with her early morning cup. While perusing the pages of 'Dawn' I came across a news item concerning a name which attracted my attention. It said that Mr. M.A. Jinnah, the Governor-General-designate of Pakistan was scheduled to leave for Karachi on August 7, and that the selection of his personal staff was being finalized. On reading this, a spontaneous wish-cum-prayer leapt from

the depths of my heart and I thought to myself, I wish I could be one of those lucky ones to be selected. My wife, who must have seen the disappointed look on my face, asked me if everything was all right! I read the news item out to her with a weary sigh and shared my vanishing wish. Before she could even react I continued telling her with feelings of disappointment that if the Quaid was leaving for Karachi on the seventh that is in two days time the selection of his personal staff must have already been finalized. Reading the disappointment writ large on my face, my wife tried to console me by remarking that I should not feel so disheartened for who knows I might still be appointed his personal pilot or his next Military Secretary. The subject was closed. But with this sense of deprivation hanging heavily on my subconscious, it was no wonder I remembered little of what else I read or saw as I glanced through the rest of the newspaper.

At about eight in the morning the train steamed into Delhi Railway Station and came to a halt on platform number 4. I was busy supervising the coolies collecting our baggage in the compartment when a familiar voice hailed me from the platform. It was my wife's youngest uncle, who was posted as Major in the GHQ (General Headquarters Army), India. I was rather intrigued to find him there as I had not expected him to receive us at the railway station. He said 'Ata, yar, you are a strange fellow! Where the devil have you been? Air Headquarters

have sent you three telegrams and Janjua (later Air Commodore Janjua) has been after my life to find out about your whereabouts'. I inquired anxiously if every thing was all right. Having tested my patience sufficiently he broke the news. He said, 'You have been selected as ADC to Quaid-e-Azam.' I was stunned yet greatly excited by the good news. I felt like yelling 'hurray' but remained speechless with joy. The suddenness of this news was unbelievable. With the fulfillment of my most cherished dream, 'wishes' seemed to have become the proverbial 'horses' which I will soon be riding.

I hailed a taxi cab and started for New Delhi where AHQ was located. During the taxi ride my thoughts were disjointed and incoherent. I was confused by the miracle that had happened. My imagination was running wild with the mood rapidly changing from joy and pride to fear and despondency lest the appointment was changed due to my folly of not responding to AHQ calls. If that happened I would never forgive myself. I really had some very anxious moments because I did not want to lose the one chance I had been dreaming of all my life, which luck had now thrown in my lap. At last AHQ barracks appeared and I motioned the driver to stop at the entrance. I jumped out of the cab and hurriedly made my way to Janjua's office where he greeted me affectionately and then inquired where I had disappeared. I told him that as a matter of fact the three recall telegrams sent by AHQ

during the last week of July 1947 were received by me, but I ignored them believing that the AHQ people were trying to spoil my leave as usual. He then instructed me to go and see Chaudhry Muhammad Ali, the Secretary-General- designate of the cabinet of the Government of Pakistan, immediately, who was expecting me.

Chaudhry Muhammad Ali, was happy to see me and remarked, "for the last ten days we have been trying to find your whereabouts but God alone knows where you were hiding. We nearly pronounced you "missing believed kidnapped." He then advised me to report to Nawabzada Sahib at his residence, 8-B Harding Avenue, immediately. I reached Gul-e-Raana, at about 1 p.m. and reported my arrival. A liveried servant escorted me to the drawing-room. I was hardly seated on a comfortable sofa, when a deep voice said, "Rabbani why are you sitting there all by yourself. Come and join us here.' This was the voice of Nawabzada Liaquat Ali Khan, the Finance Minister of India and the Prime Minister-designate of the new State of Pakistan, calling for me from the dining table, where the family was already half way through their lunch. Begum Liaquat Ali Khan, with her usual charming smile, invited me to join them for lunch. I hesitated but Nawabzada Sahib intervened and addressing me said, 'You could not have had your lunch as yet,' and without waiting for my reply added, 'sit down my son and join us, you seem to have forgotten your Aligarian manners where



we do not wait for a second invitation to eat. Nawabzada Sahib opened the conversation "Rabbani how would you like to be an ADC to the Quaid-e-Azam?" "I will love it Sir, it is a great honour and privilege for me. I am very happy," was my reply. During the course of the conversation Nawabzada Sahib mentioned that they had been expecting me for the last one week or so, and jokingly remarked, 'The Air Force people thought that you had gone underground.' I then narrated the story of the 'three telegrams'. At this he had a hearty laugh and patted me on my back.

Lunch over, Nawabzada Sahib while walking away from the table whispered to himself, ' I better check up with Mr. Jinnah; he wanted to see you.' After a telephone call he came back and told me, 'Get going boy, you better go and see the old man now. He wants to have a chat with you. My car will take you to Aurangzeb Road and then will drop you wherever you want to go.' I thanked him and Begum Liaquat for their kindness and took their leave.

I carry very pleasant memories of this unexpected lunch, though I could not eat much because of the excitement - thoughts of my new job and my first introduction to the Liaquat family. They were delightful people, very warm and hospitable. I was delighted by their informed ways. He was kind and considerate - a true Aligarian in every way.

## **Crucial Interview That Lasted Six Minutes**

I left Gul-e-Raana for the crucial interview with the greatest living leader of the Muslims of the subcontinent. I was tense and nervous, and literally had cold feet. I had been through many an interview before but this one was an extraordinary one with an extraordinary person, the architect and creator of the biggest sovereign Muslim State in the world. I was overawed. Suddenly the car slowed down and wheeled into a gate bearing the inscription '10 Aurangzeb Road'. As the car stopped in the porch, a bespectacled gentleman promptly came out of an adjoining room to greet the occupant of the car. Perhaps he expected Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, as it was his car that I was riding. He seemed visibly disappointed when he saw me emerging out of that car alone. I introduced myself and informed him of the purpose of my visit. He asked me to wait there and went back to his room. It was a hot August afternoon with a strong loo (very hot wind) blowing from East to West and there I was standing in the verandah nervously waiting to meet my leader. A young Naval Officer in his whites emerged from the same door where moments earlier the first gentleman had disappeared. He scrutinized me for a while and then

withdrew without saying a word. Oh boy, what a reception! Was it cold! Bewildered, and harassed by the heat, I stood there licking my parched lips. Then came the moment I had been waiting for. In the reception-hall, adjoining the open verandah where I was waiting, there appeared in the distance, a tall and stately figure meticulously dressed in a biscuit-colour suit. He walked across the hall from left to the right with that typical erect and elegant gait, all his own. When half-way through the hall he gave me a fleeting glance and paused for a moment. Then he was in the verandah moving towards me. I clicked my heels and saluted. He said, "You must be Mr. Rabbani." I nodded a yes. It was only a nod because momentarily I lost my voice and became speechless finding myself face to face with the man Beverly Nichols called a 'Giant'. "So you have arrived. What happened, what was keeping you away?" he inquired. I repeated the three telegrams' story and felt that he disapproved my action. He then asked me a number of personal questions. Lastly he asked me if I had any previous experience of this type of a job but without waiting for my answer said, "But it does not matter. Be here at noon on August 7, ready to leave for Karachi, thank you." The interview was over, and the Quaid started to move away. I saluted. He paused, turned his face towards me and said, "You may tell Liaquat that I approved of his choice."

The interview lasted for about five to six minutes

and was conducted while standing in the front verandah of 10, Aurangzeb Road. A long cherished wish and a dream of mine was now a reality. The miracle had happened. I was now ADC to the Quaid-e-Azam, the Governor-General of Pakistan - my leader. It was unbelievably true. What luck! I could not have asked for anything more. I would like to express my feelings of gratitude to Almighty Allah. 'Some call it luck, for me it was the will of God.' And I am thankful for His blessings and kindness.

The message that the Quaid-e-Azam gave me at the end of the interview was passed on to Nawabzada Liaquat Ali Khan who had recommended my name. I was told by AHQ (India) that when a number of names of the Air Force Officers for the selection of an ADC to the Governor-General of Pakistan were submitted to Nawabzada Liaquat Ali Khan for consideration, he put a line across all those names and wrote back, 'I want the officer who was incharge of Air Corp at Aligarh.' He did not remember my name but thank God he remembered me as being incharge at Aligarh and asked for me. This is how it happened - as simple as that.

I was Quaid-e-Azam's aide for seven months and with all the proximity of being on his personal staff, it is a fact of life that during this period I never had the honour of shaking hands with him. It was not because he did not like anyone of us, nor can I recollect that at any time or any incident when he was ever upset with our antics. He

was always kind and tolerant to his personal staff with one exception and that was the Comptroller of the Household, Major Mc Coy. The Quaid would get upset at the very sight of "Mr. Mc Coy" as the Governor-General preferred to call him. May be his mannerism, his bearings, handling of the decor of the 'house' or his very face that irritated the Quaid and "Mr. Mc Coy" would be in trouble. We called Mc Coy "Quaid's punching bag." He obviously did not last for long.

The Governor-General was always formal and correct. He always addressed us as "mister" so and so. He preferred to address those in uniform as "mister" rather than by their rank. It would be wrong to say that I admired the man from my childhood because during my school and college days my interests were focused on out-door sports and politics was not my cup of tea. Born, bred and raised in an orthodox Muslim family where almost all the elders except my father, performed Haj for more than once particularly in those days of camel back rides from Makkah to Madina Munawwarah where two of my ancestors lie buried; they were not clerics.

We were advised to follow the Islamic injunctions but were never forced to adhere to them rigidly. Personally, I was fond of Islamic history from my childhood, from days when I could not even read or write. I used to listen to the stories narrated to me by my elders, of the valour of the warriors and famous generals of Islam

like Khalid-bin-Walid, Tariq-bin-Ziad and Sultan Salah uddin Ayubi as my favorites; so the streak of hero worship was there in me from childhood.

I joined Muslim University Aligarh for my graduation and it was there that I saw and heard Mr. Jinnah for the first time. His charismatic personality had a magical inspiration for me. After graduation I joined the Royal Indian Air Force in 1941 and with the passage of time my fondness for Mr. Jinnah turned into a passion to serve him, perhaps as his personal pilot.

*(Daily THE DAWN, August 14, 2007)*

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## **FLAG STAFF HOUSE**

Flag Staff House Karachi, property of the Quaid-e-Azam was much in the news in the eighties. Much was written in the newspapers and spoken from public platforms as to the possible uses that this house could be or should be put to. Divergent suggestions were propounded when a Commission headed by Mr. M.A.H Isphahani was constituted to sort out the issue and give its recommendations. The Commission decided for preservation of the House as a relic of the Father of the Nation but the Government took a long time to make up its mind and eventually decided in 1984 that “the Flag Staff House be renovated/restored for use as a museum to house the relics of the Father of the Nation” The cost of the project was estimated to be around twenty millions rupees. However, for reasons unknown, the implementation of the Government’s decision on the recommendations of the Commission had been unduly delayed but it is now hopefully expected that renovation work will soon be completed and the museum will be ready for public viewing.

As Flag Staff House is linked to the name of the Quaid, the Nation wants to know all about it. Questions generally asked are: Why is it called Flag Staff House?

When was it purchased by the Quaid-e-Azam? How much he paid for it? Did he ever live in this House, if so, when and for how long?

I can satisfy some of these queries from personal knowledge gained during my association with the Quaid's house-hold but statistical data and other details will have to be left for research scholars to dig them up from record books and offer comments.

Flag Staff House is located at a busy junction from where roads radiate to all the four sides of the compass. It is a multi roads intersection previously known as Palace Cinema crossing. Sind Club, Hotel Metropole, Services Club, Hotel Avari Towers and the Flag Staff House are all located on the five corners of this very busy circus. Its location is most appropriate for housing the Quaid-e-Azam's museum because of its location and convenient accessibility to the tourists. It is within walking distance practically of all the five star hotels in the town, Sind Club is across the road, Karachi Gymkhana and Karachi Club are around the corner. Farere Hall, another place of historical importance is within stone's throw from here and it is conveniently located near and on the road from Karachi Cantt. Railway station to the shopping centres of Bohri bazaar and Zebun-Nisa Street.

The House stands on a big plot of land sprawling over 2.5 acres and is skirted by roads on three sides. The house comprised double storey main building and an



annexe connected with the main house through a covered corridor. There are about a score out-houses and four garages besides a number of guard houses. It is built in lime stone masonry with sloping roofs covered with red tiles. The architecture is in line with other prominent Karachi buildings typical of 19<sup>th</sup> century British built buildings in the sub-continent.

The House was leased by Cantonment Board for the Army as residence for the local British Garrison Commander of Karachi. Traditionally, the residence of the local Commander in a Cantonment in the sub-continent was the only bungalow that flew a flag, a mark of distinction and was known as Flag Staff House. Hence this name. This tradition still continues in Pakistan and the residences of Pakistani Commanders in Cantonments still bear the same name. The last occupant of Flag Staff House Karachi, incidently was Gen. Sir Douglas Gracy who was later appointed Commander-in-Chief of Pakistan Army.

In the G.G's House we heard that Flag Staff House is the property of the Quaid but no more than this till about two months later when G.G. decided to visit the Flag Staff House. I was to escort him on this visit and when I entered his room I found Quaid scanning some old drawings. He neatly folded these drawings and handed them over to me. The Quaid was in an unusually good mood and I saw him for the first time in a hurry. He called for Miss Jinnah,

“Fati hurry up, let us go.” On the way to the Flag Staff House, which is not far from the G.G. House in any way, addressing me he said, “Flag staff house is good but my bungalow on Malabar hill was different.” He was obviously very fond of his Malabar Hill bungalow and many a times he recounted special features of this famous ‘residence’ of “the most important man in Asia”. He often talked about it to us while sipping coffee after a quiet dinner, when he would go into the details of its various facets, its commanding view, its architecture, special features of the drawing room like the marble panelled fire place of which he was very fond, the living and working areas and of course its garden. Miss Margaret-Burkwhites, special photographer of the Time and Life magazines in 1945 photographed Mr. Jinnah standing in front of this fire place of his drawing room with a cigar in his hand. Quaid-e-Azam liked this photograph and wanted to adopt it as “official” photograph for display in Pakistan Embassies abroad.

He further confided, “I did not have a place of my own to live in Karachi so I purchased this house. It is a pretty old bungalow but it has potential.” Just to advance the conversation I enquired as to when he purchased this House to which he simply said, “Recently.” This was another trait of his indomitable legal mind in that he could be brief and without giving any details yet answer a precise question correctly. As we reached the guns-

studded gates of the Flag Staff House, Quaid's penetrating eyes were actively engaged in taking stock of the surroundings of the House and the garden around. The garden was neglected and there was no much of greenery around. The drive from the gate to the main House is short and in seconds the limousine, flying G.G's flag, entered the porch, which looking by present day sizes of cars is of very moderate dimensions. Ghulam Nabi, Chief driver of G.G. House garage who was driving the Quaid stopped the car, pulled the parking brake and opened the door of the car and out came the owner of the House, with a faint smile of contentment on his lips – a rare phenomenon. He stood in the porch for a while, looking around and then walked into the House saying, "Let us move in." He walked through the main house, the annexe and surveyed the plot area and the surroundings with a critical eye. In the annexe he remarked, "This will be my study." Inspection tour over, the Quaid sat in the North corner room and called in the artisans – mason, carpenter, painter etc. one by one, in the presence of a contractor and directly gave them instructions for the renovation of the House. He was very unhappy with the gardener for not properly maintaining the garden and the lawns and instructed him to get the garden in shape as quickly as possible.

The way he scrutinized the requirements and deficiencies in the House and the prompt instructions that he issued for its renovation and furnishing gave me an

impression as if he wants it to be ready for immediate occupation. Democracy is a process where according to Allama Iqbal:-

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So in this system one can expect imponderables. I felt the Quaid had the vagaries of this in mind. The way he was trying to get the Flag Staff House ready in a hurry, gave one an impression that he was perhaps thinking of Mr. Winston Churchill who was unceremoniously rejected by his ungrateful nation in the very first general elections after successfully leading his country through “Blood and toil” to a grand victory in World War II. In the case of Quaid-e-Azam such an eventuality was unimaginable but in democracy it is a technical possibility, howsoever remote it may have been. Quaid-e -Azam being a devoted democrat and a realist kept this in mind and was mentally prepared to leave Governor-General’s House. Such was his commitment to democracy that in spite of being the creator of Pakistan he did not think it to be his divine right to permanently stay in the Governor-General House.

The historical fact is that the Quaid-e-Azam never lived in the Flag Staff House. Miss Jinnah, however, moved in it two days after the death of the Quaid-e-Azam in September, 1948.

*(Daily THE DAWN, January 04, 2000)*

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## **TAKING PRIDE IN BEING PAKISTANIS**

The general elections of 1946 finally sealed the fate of the Hindu dream of Akhand Bharat. The sub-continent was to be divided and its modalities were agreed upon between His Majesty's government, the Congress and the Muslim League. The period of August 1947 onwards was very crucial for the nascent state of Pakistan. The difficulties were numerous, from putting the government machinery in some shape, to problems like lack of economic resources, shortage of skilled manpower, lack of housing facilities, regrouping of its armed forces and the influx of refugees. The way the nation responded to these challenges was simply remarkable. The ceremonies and official functions connected with the initiation of the new country were both fascinating and emotional.

It is necessary to briefly refresh the memories of those few belonging to the old guards who were witness to this transition and acquaint readers, particularly the younger generations of Pakistanis, with the background of the long and arduous road to freedom that their forefathers had to tread to clinch this prize – Pakistan.

Pakistan is the blessing of the Almighty to the Muslims of the sub-continent where they could live without any fear of domination of a ruthless Hindu majority. The pathway to Pakistan was not an easy one and the Muslims of India were made to suffer many trials

and tribulations to reach their goal. Their struggle started with the disintegration of the Mughal Empire. The reminiscences of this journey are both painful and rewarding, in the way that it provides many lessons for those who care to learn.

The generation that endured this agonizing time, struggled for its very survival and later helped to build the new state is now fast withering away. After it, there will be no link left between the past and the present. It is, therefore, very relevant that Pakistan-born Pakistanis should know, “Why Pakistan”, and the saga of the relentless struggle for freedom waged by the Muslims of India over a long period of nearly two centuries. It will make them conscious of the values and importance of Pakistan.

Presently, the situation on the ground is pathetic. It is rather sad that with the passing away of the old guards and the passage of time, the enthusiasm and the spirit that brought about Pakistan is also waning.

Our people have become unmindful of the blessings of Pakistan and the most reprehensible and unforgivable part of it is that the affluent sections of society appear least concerned with the weal or woes of their hard-won country. Some have even started to question the very need of establishing a separate state. Unfortunately, their number is increasing. Their main topic of discussion these days is money. Late night parties

and dances are their favourite pastimes and as long as they get their entertainment, they are not pushed. Most of them have their children getting education abroad and if these arrangements are not disturbed, they could not care less. This is their life style, the height of present day fashion.

The result is that the new generations are oblivious of the “why,” and “how” Pakistan was born. They opened their eyes in the laps of luxury where everything was provided for them. They are unmindful of what would have been their position and that of other Muslims like them, if Pakistan had not come into being. This poser is hypothetical for them, they refuse to look at the past, nor do they care for the future, their only concern is for the present and as long as they are having a good time and their activities are not interfered with they are happy. These generations have developed a different concept of life and they think differently. Even for social work, they organize dinner and dance parties and collect funds for charities on the beat of the Indian Bhangra drums.

No one is against having fun, in fact it is very necessary to relax and enjoy to overcome the tensions of everyday life, but the point here is that with all these pleasure games, the youngsters on whom the future of Pakistan depends, must remember their past because all successful nations get guidance and learn from their history. The creation of Pakistan is often referred to as a miracle of the twentieth century. It is rightly so. The

creator of this miracle is no other than Quaid-e-Azam Muhammad Ali Jinnah, who first single handedly welded a disjointed minority into a nation, gave them a direction and finally with his charismatic leadership led them to their goal of an independent country. The name of Mr. M.A. Jinnah will go down in history like that of George Washington. It is, however, a pity that after just over half a century the name of this greatest benefactor of Muslim India of the twentieth century is beginning to be confined to history books only. We have already put Mr. Jinnah's principles and his motto of "Unity, Faith and Discipline" on the back burner and forgotten it. One thing we still do as an annual ritual is to pay him lip service on his birthdays. There appears to be a deliberate attempt on the part of some individuals on behest of the promoters of Akhand Bharat or some agencies to downplay the name of the Quaid. After over half a century of independence, in certain circles, the question is now being raised "Why Pakistan." This is being done only to create confusion, dissatisfaction and despondency. We must not let this happen. The nation will not allow this to happen.

Who is to blame for this state of affairs? The younger generations including those of the middle age groups who crossed the borders in 1947. Not entirely, to an extent yes, but the major blame for this apathy on the part of the young generation towards Pakistan and its founding father must rest on us, the senior citizens. We



are to blame, for we failed to acquaint the new breed of Pakistan with the “why” of Pakistan. We are to blame because we did not cultivate in them patriotism and the spirit to take pride in being Pakistanis. We are to blame because we failed to bring home to them the truth that the future of their children and their children’s children is linked with the destiny of Pakistan. We the senior citizens failed.

Ungrateful nations, who forget their past and do not honour their benefactors, end up in disaster. Have fun by all means but do not forget your identity and remember Pakistan is your identity.

Speaking of identity, there are disturbing ripples of secularism, regionalism, sectarianism and even of separatism. We see a mad rush for American, Canadian and Australian visas, huge sums of money being siphoned out of the country, and the exodus of trained, competent and technical manpower. The reasons given are collapsing economy, denial of rights to smaller provinces, Kalabagh Dam, corruption, violation of Human Rights in certain cases, dominance of one particular province over the others and so on. Any one and every one seeking quick political prominence raises the bogey, God forbid, of “Pakistan in danger, Pakistan on verge of disintegration” and threatens an East Pakistan like scenario of 1971. Some so called foreign ‘experts’ on south Asia, like Robert Kaplan even went to the extent of predicting, (God

forbid), the collapse of Pakistan by a certain year. Our demoralized people pass on such rumours as bewailing over Pakistan's future has become their drawing room gossip.

Admittedly, problems do exist, obviously exaggerated to some extent, but there is certainly no reason for despair and to become so desperate. It is a temporary phase. Pakistan has weathered many a storms in the past and these will also pass away, 'Inshallah'. These are normal problems that most of the countries of the Third World face. These could be solved amicably across the table, provided we show the will and determination for the sake of the country, which is our pride, our identification.

There is still time to gather the pieces. Let us start right away by educating our people, particularly the younger generations, about Pakistan, the "Why" and "how" of it, and about the dedicated man who guided this once rudderless ship safely to the harbour. He was no Columbus, he knew his destination and stuck to his chartered course with determination, defying all odds that came his way. Let us drum into our coming generations: Pakistan is here to stay even if the waters of the Indus stop flowing into the sea.

Let us, the senior citizens of Pakistan, take up the challenge and lead our juniors by educating and

convincing them of Pakistan's viability, invulnerability and its bright future. Let it not be said that, "we failed".

It is also the responsibility of the government of the day to expound the Two Nations theory, dilate on the Muslim struggle for freedom, explain the teachings of the Father of the Nation and project his personality, lofty principles and statesmanship. Not merely by showing some slides of his sayings on the PTV screen, as is being done at present, but by regularly holding meaningful seminars and discussions on the Quaid-e-Azam, his teachings and personality, evolution of the Two Nation theory and the emergence of Pakistan. The main target should be the school going children and for this purpose the education Ministry may even set up a special cell to evaluate, select and induct standard books in the syllabus of the primary, middle and high school classes. Books on these subjects should also be made available in the libraries of all colleges and universities. A serious and concerted effort is required to monitor this subject of Pakistan studies in the educational institutions.

In my own humble way, I made feeble attempt and wrote a book "I was the Quaid's Aide-de-Camp" specially for the benefit of the younger generations on whose strong shoulders now rests the destiny of our country. The book was launched on March 28, 1996 by the then Prime Minister and was given extensive coverage on the electronic media and in the press. The Prime Minister,

while launching the book, was very appreciative and said “It is an education to read Rabbani’s book. It is fortunate for us and for our children that Cdre. Rabbani has preserved such an intimate portrait of the founder of Pakistan. For this, we will owe you a great debt of thanks. Generations of Pakistanis, yet unborn, will come to honour and understand the Quaid because of your efforts. This book is an incredibly useful addition to literature on Quaid-e-Azam.”

With such a lavish citation for the book, by no other than the Prime Minister of Pakistan and particularly repeated references to the youth and even to generations “yet unborn”, I was expecting that the educationists and those guiding the destiny of the Education Ministry would react positively and make use of the book for the benefit of the youngsters by making it easily accessible to the schools, colleges and universities. The Urdu translation of this book would have been useful for students of lower classes. But, unfortunately, no one in the Education Ministry seems to be interested in educating the young ones who need to be educated. Actually there was no one there to follow up on the book launching speech and the Prime Minister’s words were left only for TV and press coverage. It is indeed a pity.

*(Daily THE NATION, November 19, 2000)*

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## **HONOURING THE MAN WHO GAVE US PAKISTAN (PART ONE)**

December 25 is a day of rejoicing and merry making the world over. This is one day which is universally celebrated and enjoyed in all the five continents, by all nationalities and people of all religions. Ostensibly celebrated as birthday of Prophet Christ but celebrations are not confined to Christians only and the holy date caught universal fancy to become world celebrations day.

December 25 has special significance for Pakistan. Muhammad Ali Jinnah was born on this day. No one could visualize then that this new born son of Jinnah Poonja, who coincidentally shared the birthday date with Christ, one day will change the geography of the subcontinent and give us Pakistan.

Nation called him 'Quaid-e-Azam', the great leader, but it is not what, I and you, as his admirers make him out to be but it is what the world thinks of him that matters. Wise men all through had maintained that true assessment of a person is what his contemporaries, adversaries/ included, think of him. Balancing on this yardstick, Mr. M.A Jinnah stands out as a beacon of light amongst his peers as a person, as a politician and as a statesman. World luminaries of his times, including his

arch rival Mahatama Gandhi, placed him on a high pedestal, that give glimpses of the person that was Jinnah.

His Highness Sir Agha Khan III said of him:

“Of all the statesmen that I have known in my life—Clemenceau, Lloyed George, Churchill, Curzon, Mussolini, Mahatama Gandhi - Jinnah is most remarkable. None of these men in my view has out-shown him in strength of character and that almost uncanny combination of precision and resolution”.

Mahatama Gandhi admits in his letter to Mr. Louis Fisher:

“Mr. Jinnah was incorruptible and courageous”.

Mr. Harry S. Truman said:

“Mr. Jinnah was the recipient of a devotion of loyalty seldom accorded to any man.”

Lord Listowel rated him higher than general de-Gaulle: “I would rate Mr. Jinnah as a bigger political giant of the twentieth century than even General de Gaulle”.

Similarly, in spite of all the prejudices, the top Indian newspaper had this to say about him:

The Daily *Statesman* wrote:

“Seemingly as hard as diamond, he (Mr. Jinnah) had all the diamond’s brilliance”.

*Amrit Bazar Patrika*, Calcutta wrote in its issue of 8<sup>th</sup> August, 1947:

“Jinnah out weights Truman, Stalin and Attlee put together”.

Muhammad Ali Jinnah was schooled in Madrassatul-Islam Karachi, called to the Bar from Lincoln’s Inn

and returned to Karachi as Mr. Muhammad Ali Jinnah Bar-at-Law to start his legal practice in the city of his birth. However, he soon shifted to Bombay for better opportunities. In Bombay, in the initial stages of his professional career, he faced hard days and for nearly three years, he waited for a brief, but he stuck it out with determination, perseverance and faith in himself. This was the character of the man. Once he got the break then sky was the limit.

The life and achievements of Mr. M. A Jinnah, “the most important man in Asia” as Beverly Nichols called him, is a fascinating study. There are many facets of his brilliant career—Jinnah the lawyer, Jinnah the parliamentarian, Jinnah the politician, Jinnah the ambassador of Hindu-Muslim unity, Jinnah the constitutionalist, Jinnah the Quaid-e-Azam, Jinnah the founder of the State of Pakistan.

He distinguished himself in all fields of his activities and excelled in them all. “No one dances center stage when he is around” is the story of the towering personality of Mr. Jinnah.

This was Mr. M.A Jinnah, who brought about the miracle of the 20<sup>th</sup> century and gave us Pakistan, the largest Muslim State, and the 5<sup>th</sup> largest state in the world. It is different that only sixty years after the demise of its founding father, we made a mess of it all, due to our follies.

Pakistanis as a nation owe him a debt of gratitude, which we can not fully repay but we certainly can and

should remember him and the sterling qualities of his character.

In Pakistan, December 25 is celebrated with great fervour and the date is looked forward to, specially by the elite, for Xmas/Winter balls and gala parties in the hotels, clubs and private homes. Not all those who celebrate are Christians. They are only a microscopic minority, but it is celebrated by a large number of Pakistanis, as a day of festivities.

Let us give this date a name and a purpose. Let us celebrate December 25, birthday of Muhammad Ali Jinnah, as a National Day and mix pleasure with a purpose. Let us dedicate this day to the Quaid-e-Azam and associate his name with all our merry making activities of the day. Let us for instance rename Winter Ball as Quaid-e-Azam Day Ball, I am sure it will not offend anyone. Unfortunately many of us particularly the younger crop, who celebrate this day are fast forgetting the 'why' of Pakistan. These youngsters are only aware of the name 'Mr. Jinnah' and no more, and if this apathy continues, a day will come when they may not even remember who Jinnah was. Associating the name of Quaid-e-Azam with this day, may one day spark the flame of curiosity in them to explore; who was this man Jinnah and what did he do to deserve this recognition and thus make these people conscious of the blessings and necessity of Pakistan. As for the ordinary citizens of Pakistan, it will be a reminder of the spirit of 'Pakistan Movement' and renewal of their pledge to the man who



gave Pakistan, to make this State modern and a model, so that we take pride in being Pakistanis.

However, only playing birthday songs on Radio Pakistan and showing a few slides of his ‘sayings’ and melodies like, “Meer-e-Karwan hai Muhammad Ali Jinnah” will not do. We must have meaningful programmes, discussions and seminars on the personality and leadership of the Quaid-e-Azam. Among others, our main focus should be on younger generations, college and school going children because there in lie our future hopes. Let us start educating them about the ‘why’ and ‘how’ of Pakistan and the man who made it possible for us to live in an independent country.

Today more than ever, the need is to rediscover the spirit of ‘Pakistan Movement’ and Quaid-e-Azam’s motto of Unity, Faith and Discipline, which is almost lost to our new generations. Let us make a beginning and attach a purpose with our pleasures. The purpose is to rejuvenate the ‘Pakistan movement spirit’ and revive the memory of our benefactor and rekindle his motto of Unity, Faith and Discipline. In this lies our salvation and glory of our country.

Let us make December 25 birthday of the Quaid-e-Azam, a National Day.

*(Daily THE NATION, December 25, 2000)*

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## **HONOURING THE MAN WHO GAVE US PAKISTAN (PART TWO)**

This is not a new coined slogan but a follow up on what I suggested, exactly a year back on December 25, 2000. I wrote an article under the same caption which was published in ‘The Nation’ dated 25 December, 2000. It was a coincidence that the same day, on the birthday of Quaid-e-Azam, the Chief Executive and now President of Pakistan, General Parvez Musharraf announced “the year 2001 as the year of Quaid-e-Azam.”

I expected that with the Chief Executive’s implicit desire and government support to commemorate the memory of the father of the Nation, something concrete would emerge. The year is almost over and I am constrained to say that nothing, repeat nothing is on the ground to show that Chief Executive’s desires have been given concrete shape. All that , one can see around, particularly after the tragic events of September 11 in the USA, is that before the “News”, PTV runs a slide for a few seconds with Quaid-e-Azam’s photograph with a revolving green circle around it with a jingle “Pakistan hamari jan, sub say Pehlay Pakistan” (Pakistan is our soul, Pakistan is most important). I am sure that was not all that

the Chief Executive meant when he declared, “the year 2001 as the year of the Quaid-e-Azam.”

It is a pity that nothing is being done to halt the trend of drifting away from the ideology of Pakistan, particularly amongst Pakistan born generations. The young Pakistanis should know and remember that Pakistan was NOT a gift from any one to us. It was achieved after a long and relentless struggle. Pathway to Pakistan was long and arduous and Muslims of the subcontinent were made to rove countless deserts of wilderness and deprivation and wade through many rivers of blood, and suffer deprivation, trials and tribulations to reach their goal—Pakistan. In the process, millions of lives were lost and heinous crimes against our women folk were committed by the majority community. Pakistan is the blessings of Almighty, it provided a safe haven to the Muslims of India, where they could live with peace of mind.

Come, December 25, birthday of the Father of the Nation. M.A. Jinnah by sheer coincidence shared his birthday date with the birthday of Prophet Christ and also by default the festivities connected with this date are shared. But life achievements of Mr. Jinnah were no coincidence, it was no fluke or chance that he excelled and distinguished himself in all fields of his interests. He achieved this by dint of hard work, legal brilliance, political acumen, uncanny statesmanship and remarkable

negotiating skills and brought about the miracle of the twentieth century in the form of Pakistan.

In the absence of any action despite the directive to the government, I revert to my suggestion made in my article *I*, a year back on this very day that we associate this week of celebrations with the name of the Quaid, in the hope that this may, spark a flame of curiosity amongst the forgetful nation, to know, who was this man, Jinnah. But this is not the end all. Government and our 'intellectuals' should work out plans to remind Pakistanis, particularly the younger generations, the debt they owe to this man, Jinnah and thus revive the ideology and spirit of the 'Pakistan Movement' because Jinnah and Pakistan are inseparable.

We, the senior citizens of Pakistan have failed in our duty to indoctrinate the younger generations about the concept and ideology of Pakistan. The result is obvious; the Pakistan born generation is oblivious of the blessings and invocations of Allah in the form of Pakistan. With this lack of knowledge and ignorance of the struggle for survival in Akhand Bharat, they are unmindful of what would have been their plight and that of other muslims like them if Pakistan had not come into being. They refuse to look at the past, nor do they care for the future, their only concern is today. As long as they are having a good time and their activities are not interfered with, they could not care less. These generations have developed a

different concept of life and they think differently. Even for doing social work, they organize dinner and dance parties and collect funds for charities on the beats of Bhangra drum of Indian performers.

No one is against having fun, in fact it is necessary to relax and enjoy to overcome the tensions of life but the point here is that with all these pleasures, these youngsters on whom depends the future of Pakistan, must remember their past because all successful nations get guidance and learn from their history. Unfortunate nations, who forget their past and do not honour their benefactors, soon go into oblivion and end up in disaster. **HAVE FUN BY ALL MEANS BUT FOR GOD'S SAKE DO NOT FORGET YOUR IDENTITY AND REMEMBER; PAKISTAN IS YOUR IDENTITY.**

*(Daily THE NATION, December 25, 2000)*

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## **9/11 AND QUAID-E-AZAM**

Pakistan and the U.S.A., by coincidence, now have something in common. It is the date of the century, 9/11. On this date in 1948 Pakistan lost its founding father and then 53 years later in 2001, U.S.A. had the New York Twin Towers blown up. The similarity ends here.

Pakistan since 1948 mourns its loss with dignity, in a noble and sober manner, whereas the U.S.A has gone berserk in pursuit of Bin-Laden, Taliban and Al-Qaeda.

September 11, 1948 was a 'bleack' day for Pakistan, when only after 13 months of its coming into being as an independent state, the advice, wisdom and guidance of its creator was lost to it. It was a pity that the Quaid-e-Azam did not live long enough to put Pakistan on a sound path towards democracy and to give the country its constitution.

Another tragedy struck Pakistan soon after when its first Prime Minister was struck down in broad daylight at a public meeting in Rawalpindi. Thus deprived of two of its top leaders in quick succession, plunged the country into political chaos and Pakistan had to wait till 1973, for a viable and unanimously acceptable constitution.

Mr. Muhammad Ali Jinnah did not keep good health but without showing any semblance of his health handicaps he led the struggle for the emancipation of his

community with dauntless courage and determination. He led the battle almost single handedly and transformed All India Muslim League, hitherto a party of arm chair politicians into a mass movement that brought about the miracle of the 20<sup>th</sup> century; the establishment of Pakistan, the largest Muslim and fifth largest state in the world.

Had Lord Louis Mountbatten known of Mr. Jinnah's state of health at that time, he for sure would have deferred the decision on partition of the subcontinent and the political map of South Asia could have been different today.

1947 was the year of his triumph, the year successfully culminating his life long struggle for finding a safe haven for his people, in the emergence of Pakistan. He took his success in a stride without exhibiting any semblance of pride or arrogance. He was the same Mr. Jinnah, the Quaid-e-Azam. However mental strains and physical demands of this long struggle took their toll and his thin frame started to show the pressure. During independence ceremonies he looked tired and exhausted but he refused to submit to his health handicaps. He was always prompt and punctual and whenever ADC on duty presented himself to accompany him to a ceremony/function, he always found the G.G. ready and dressed for the occasion. Handsome, that he no doubt was, he looked like a Greek God, attired in his three piece suit

or cream colour sherwani and the audience admiringly looked at him and adored his looks.

Determination and ‘never say die’ were two of the many sterling qualities of his character. It is a fact of his life that he always disregarded the advice of his doctors and continued to work hard and meet his official and social obligations. But one cannot fight mother nature. In spite of all his fighting qualities he could not ward off the effects of ‘old age’ and his illness took its toll. With every passing day he was growing weaker but he never bowed to the inevitable and always kept a brave front. He attended his office regularly and in the afternoons when he retired for rest, he invariably took his ‘work home’ and while resting on a sofa with his legs stretched, he would peruse through the pile of files stacked by his resting place. That was the man, who gave the message “Work, work and work”.

The last time I met the Quaid-e-Azam was on April 13, 1948 when he visited Risalpur and ‘named’ Flying School as Pakistan Air Force College.

During the visit to Risalpur he looked fine. He was erect, smart and elegant as usual and walked with poise. He was firm on his feet and had all the vigour and energy to meet and exchange pleasantries with all those present. But then within couple of months his health took a sudden twist for the worse and he rapidly lost strength and became weak. He was advised complete rest in bed and



was soon taken to Ziarat for a change of climate and detachment from day to day affairs of the state, which was not possible while in Karachi. But the situation did not improve and he continued to sink physically deeper with every passing day.

A real fighter that he was, he gallantly defied his illness and flew down to Karachi for the opening ceremony of the State Bank of Pakistan. He travelled lying on a stretcher but walked in his indomitable style to the stage to perform the ceremony. It was indeed very brave of him to defy all, including his doctors, to make this trip to highlight the significance of the State Bank in the country's economy.

Strains of this recent visit to Karachi completely broke him down and it became evident that he could fight the inevitable, no more. It was September 11, 1948. Gasping last breaths of his eventful and a very successful life, the man of destiny, set out on his last journey to his final resting place in Karachi, the city of his birth, the city that he liked and the capital of the fifth largest state in the world, that he founded.

Reception at Mauripur Airfield left much to be desired and Quaid-e-Azam Muhammad Ali Jinnah, Governor-General of Pakistan arrived uncared, unsung and neglected. It is not known, even if the pilot escort was there to lead him in, on his last arrival. Only an ambulance carried the stretcher of the ailing Governor-General,

almost on his death bed. There was NO breakdown ambulance and NO second car. According to Miss Jinnah's book "My Brother" the ambulance carrying the Father of the Nation ran short of fuel and the dying "Man of Destiny" lay helplessly on the road side for over an hour with flies buzzing over him and a desperate sister struggling to wave them away and waiting in anguish for help. This was callous, criminal negligence and height of incompetence that cannot be pardoned.

It appears a blatant and deliberate disregard of all norms of protocol and G.G. House arrangements with regard to Governor-General's movements. Military Secretary should have been impeached for not providing for a break-down ambulance. It was a pity that no heads were rolled and the matter drowned in the sorrows of nation's loss. Now we have the audacity of making it just a ritual of paying hypocritical lip service on his death anniversaries and birthdays. It is need of the hour to educate upcoming generations of Pakistan about the background of relationships between Muslims, Hindus and East India Company, leadership of the Quaid-e-Azam, the struggle and coming into being of Pakistan. They should know all this to fully appreciate the blessings of being Pakistanis. Pakistan is their identity.

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## **MY LAST BREAKFAST WITH QUAID-E-AZAM**

I had the privilege to serve Quaid-e-Azam Muhammad Ali Jinnah, Governor-General of Pakistan, as his A.D.C., for over seven months; from 14 August, 1947 to 9 March, 1948. I joined the Quaid at Delhi on 7 August, 1947 and was one of the four passengers on board the silvery Dakota (D.C. 3) aircraft of the Viceregal Flight, that brought the Governor-General designate of Pakistan to Karachi. The other three passengers, besides the Quaid, were Miss Fatima Jinnah, Lt. Ahsan, naval A.D.C. and myself.

P.A.F was short of flying instructors and after only two months, the air force became desperate to get me back on active flying duties. The Quaid-e-Azam was not happy to relieve me, not that he was extra fond of any one of us, as he was always reserve and formal with his staff as with every one else, but he just did not want any change in his personal staff.

Air Vice Marshall Perry Keene C-in-C R.P.A.F made two unsuccessful visits to the G.G.House to request the Governor-General for my release but the G.G. declined. It was only during his third audience that the Quaid-e-Azam agreed to relieve me to return to the

Airforce for instructional duties at P.A.F. Flying School, Risalpur.

In mid March I was flown in a special aircraft from Karachi to Risalpur and joined the Flying Training School as flying instructor.

Last time I had the honour to share the breakfast table with the Quaid-e-Azam was in the cool of Frontier Province, in the exotic settings of the lush green lawns of the Officers Mess of Pakistan Air Force Flying School, Risalpur, re-christened by him an hour earlier, as “Pakistan Air Force College”. The Governor-General was on an official visit to the N.W.F.P and P.A.F. Flying School Risalpur was the first military establishment of Pakistan, to be visited by the Head of the State, a unique distinction.

It was April 13, 1948, a perfect spring day with clear blue skies. A gentle refreshing cool breeze was blowing from the north. Visibility extended to the top of the hills and beyond. The place was decked with flowers, roses were in abundance and Risalpur seemed to be sitting in a bowl decked with roses. The hills that encircle Risalpur were sporting their last residue of winter snows. It was a beautiful sight. People from the surrounding areas started to converge on Risalpur airfield from the early hours and were directed to one end of the apron reserved for the general public. The cadets were busy polishing their belts and boots themselves to ensure proper shine, an

unusual activity for them. They considered it a great honour that they would be receiving their Quaid-e-Azam who had chosen their station for his first visit to a military institution after taking over as Governor-General of Pakistan. It was a red letter-day in the history of Risalpur.

The Governor-General was scheduled to take the salute at 9 a.m. The parade markers were in position in the parade ground at 8:40 a.m. and the parade was marched on to the parade ground at 8:45 a.m. The Governor-General's silver Dakota flying the Governor-General's flag taxied to the saluting base and parked behind the dais. After reviewing the smartly turned out parade, the Governor-General spoke :-

***"...There is no doubt that any country without a strong airforce is at the mercy of an aggressor. Pakistan must build up her airforce as quickly as possible.... The Royal Pakistan Air Force started with very few assets except loyalty and determination to succeed, but it is already taking shape; this school formed only seven months ago is a worthy example of this. I know you are short of personnel...I know also that you are short of aircraft and equipment...I am pleased to learn the progress which this school has made and as desired by the Air Commander and yourselves, I name it from today 'The Pakistan Air Force College'..."***

Parade over, the Governor-General was driven to the PAF Officers Mess, where he was to have his breakfast with all the senior officers of the R.P.A.F. The Governor and the Chief Minister of the NWFP were also present. Immediately after the parade, I was rushed to the Mess to receive and greet the Governor-General at the entrance door of the Mess. He was pleased to see me and acknowledged my greetings with, 'So you are here Rabbani, how are you?' Without waiting for my response he added. 'I am sure you must be happy to be back to your flying.' I remember having managed to say, 'Yes Sir, I was very happy in the Governor-General's House and I am happy here as well.' While entering the reception hall, he looked at me and with a glint in his eyes, enquired, 'Mr. First, are there any more firsts here?' I replied, 'Yes Sir, Risalpur is very proud today, as you are the first Head of the State to ever visit this place.' He smiled and continued to walk. In accordance with the rules of protocol I introduced the Commandant to him and then withdrew. After about half an hour's chit-chat with the guests, the Commandant led the Governor-General to the breakfast table. I had prepared a table plan for the head table only. My seat was diagonally opposite the Governor-General and directly opposite Miss Jinnah. After serving grapefruit, cereal was passed around which the Governor-General refused as usual. The next dish siri-paya was meant to be a

surprise for the Governor-General. I was watching his reactions. He was pleased and satisfied, for before taking a helping, he looked at me and nodded his head twice. I knew that Quaid occasionally liked to have siri-paya at breakfast and I had arranged that to be served to him today. Miss Jinnah also reacted promptly by remarking. ‘Rabbani, so you have been disclosing home secrets!’ and smiled.

Breakfast over, he stayed for another eight to ten minutes and then left. I was the last to say goodbye to him. He stood in front of me and for the first and last time put his hand on my shoulder in farewell, and said, ‘Well, young man, it is now your turn to come to Karachi. Good luck’. ‘Certainly Sir’, I said in a voice choking with emotions. I was overwhelmed and honoured by this rare gesture of kindness. For me it was like the symbolic tap on the shoulder with the ceremonial sword, made by a British sovereign while conferring a knighthood on a subject. The joy the Quaid-e-Azam’s touch gave me was unbounded. Little did I know then that it would be my last meeting with my ‘Leader’. His words and the feel of his hand on my shoulders are still with me. I feel guilty that I could not visit him in Karachi as I had said I would. I went to Karachi all right, not to Governor-General House, but to his mausoleum to pay my last respects.

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