

THEY arrived before evening. A huge army. They didn't march or anything. They just came as they were. Perhaps they came from very far away, because a few of them lagged behind tiredly. Their faces were wet with sweat, their khaki uniforms dusty.

Almost all the villagers went into hiding. Only 'Crazy Bodi' came forward smiling. He greeted them happily, shouting. 'What do you want?' The whole procession stopped in astonishment. Crazy Bodi carried a red cloth in his hand. He waved this cloth in the air like a flag as he called, 'Where do you people go?' He had never seen anything so strange before.

The Major wore sunglasses. He took them off and asked in English, 'What does the man want?'

'I think the man is mad,' Rafiq Uddin said instantly. 'There is one mad man in every one of our villages.'

'Really?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'And how can you tell this man is mad?'

Rafiq Uddin didn't reply. The Major was a complicated man, he twisted your words. Crazy Bodi ran to them. He was grinning. Rafiq yelled at him, 'Aiee, what do you want?'

Crazy Bodi grinned even wider. Rafiq wiped the sweat off his forehead. He spoke in a low voice, 'Sir, the man is mad. Every village has one mad.'

'You've already told me this. There is no need to repeat yourself.'

Rafiq swallowed hard. The Major continued calmly, 'I like this place. Let us rest here for a while. Everyone is tired.'

'Nabinagar is only five miles away. Sir. It has a huge bazaar and a police station. It is best to go straight to Nabinagar, Sir, before it gets dark.'

'Why? Are you afraid?'

'No, Sir. Why should I be afraid?'

The Major addressed his people. There was a small stir. In an instant everyone had scattered about the place. They sat down and removed their heavy helmets. The Major ordered in a low voice, 'Tell them to tie up the mad man.' He sat down on a wooden box and lit his pipe. Not many men

in a khaki suit can look good smoking a pipe. But the Major was a handsome man. He always looked good.

The mad man was tied to a mango tree. He didn't seem to mind very much. In fact, he was excited to be so close to the group. None paid him any attention. These people were tired. They stared ahead blankly.

The Major drank from his water bottle. He took off his boots. There was a blister on his left foot. Rafiq said, 'Would you like some coconut water?' The Major made no reply. 'When we visited villages before,' he reflected, 'a small group always greeted us with a Pakistani flag. But no one comes anymore. Do you know why?'

'No, Sir. I don't.'

'Because they are afraid. Everyone in this village is hiding in the jungle. Am I right?'

Rafiq was silent. Crazy Bodi said, 'I wish to drink a little water from the water bottle.'

'What does he want?'

'He wants to drink some water from the bottle, Sir.'

Master Aziz had not been able to escape like the other villagers. His sister had just come from Ghonapota. She had been in labour since morning. You can't move someone in that condition. Still, he had suggested twice, 'If we carry her to the boat, we can reach Syamganj.' In reply, his mother called him a coward. She hurled many abusive words at him. Master Aziz did not protest because his mother spoke the truth. Master Aziz was a timid man. Ever since he had heard the military had entered the village, he had been going to the bathroom. He sat outside on the verandah, and started at the slightest sound.

'Master, are you home?'

'Who is it?'

'It is us. Have you heard the news? They have tied Crazy Bodi to a mango tree.'

'I heard.'

Some of the elderly people of Neelganj climbed up onto the verandah.

'You need to go there, master.'

'Where must I go?'

'Who else can go, but you.'

Dabir Mia said, 'You know English. You know how to

speak.'

'You are asking me to go to the military?'

'Yes.'

'But what can I do?'

'You will go and tell them we in this village won't create any trouble. Take a Pakistani flag with you. There is no need to be afraid.'

The master didn't say anything for a long time. Dabir Mia asked in irritation, 'Why don't you speak?'

'How can I go? There is so much trouble at home. Puti is going to have a baby.'

'But what will you do here, master? You are not a doctor.'

'Where will I find a Pakistani flag,' the master asked faintly.

'Why, what have you done with the school flag?'

'I threw it away.'

Nineteen Seventyone

A Short Story By Humayun Ahmed

Translated by Gemini Wahhaj

'You threw it away! Why?'

The master did not reply. Dabir Mia said angrily, 'What if you passed your intermediate, master, you have no brains. What made you throw away the flag? What can you do now, go empty-handed.'

'I'm afraid, Uncle.'

'Nothing to be afraid about. These people aren't wild animals. You go and welcome them and speak a few nice words. It won't take more than a minute. What do you say, Asmat.'

'I agree,' said Asmat.

'Don't waste time. Go before it is dark.'

'Alone?'

'It is best to go alone. Go alone. Read *Kulhu Allahu*... three times. Put forward your right foot first. Nothing to be afraid of, master.'

Master Aziz sat with his head bowed. He needed to go to the bathroom again. Inside the house. Puti was moaning in

Master Aziz started to sweat. The Major spoke only in English after this. Master Aziz replied mostly in Bangla, but the Major understood him perfectly.

'What do you do?'

'I teach at the primary school here.'

'This place even has a school?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'What else do you have?'

'A mosque.'

'Only a mosque? No temples? Where do you worship idols?'

'No, Sir.'

'Answer me, is there a temple here?'

'There isn't, Sir.'

The Major lit his pipe. He said something to one of his men, in Panjabi or some such language. The man stood up and slapped the master in his face. Master Aziz fell to the ground. Crazy Bodi, who was

still tied to the mango tree, called out, 'O, master! Get up, get up! The Major spoke as if nothing had happened.'

'What is your name?'

'Aziz ur Rahman.'

'Aziz ur Rahman, are there any freedom fighters here?'

'No, Sir.'

'Everyone is a Pakistani?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'What is good! And you too are a loyal Pakistani?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'If everyone is a Pakistani, why is everyone so afraid? I think all the villagers have fled in fear. The women are hiding in the jungle. Am I right?'

Master Aziz did not reply. He felt dizzy. He wanted to vomit. He tried hard not to vomit.

'Do you think we will kidnap your women?'

Master Aziz remained silent.

'Why don't you speak? Is your wife hiding in the jungle also?'

'Sir, I'm not married.'

'You're not married? How old are you?'

'Forty.'

'Fifty, and you haven't married yet? Then how do you carry on? Do you masturbate?'

Master Aziz wiped the sweat off his forehead. The Major yelled at him.

'Answer me!'

'Sir wants to know if you entertain yourself,' Rafiq Uddin said in Bangla.

'Just answer him, bhai. He is getting angry.'

'I don't.'

'You don't? Are you alright? Let us see. Take off your shirt.'

'What did you say, Sir?'

'I told you to take off your pants and show me. Hurry up. Don't waste time. I don't have too much time.'

Master Aziz looked at Rafiq in surprise. Rafiq Uddin said faintly, 'Do it, bhai. What is there to be ashamed of among men? Hurry, Sir is getting angry.'

The Major said something in a low voice. Someone came forward and pulled down the schoolmaster's pants. The Major said, 'Take off your shirt as well.'

Master Aziz tried to hide his shame. There was a faint echo of laughter all around him. Someone threw some crumpled paper at him. The

Major said, 'Do you love Pakistanis?'

'Yes, I do.'

'Good. Do you love the Pakistani military?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Very good. Then you must love me also. Do you not? Tell me.'

'Yes, Sir.'

'You love the person who makes you stand naked here like this? Do you love the whole universe?'

The Major said something to his men, at which there was more laughter. Crazy Bodi looked on with round eyes.

'Master,' he said, 'where are your clothes? Aiee, Master, Master Aziz looked at him with clouded eyes. He didn't feel like vomiting anymore, but there was a horrible pain at the back of his head. The Major said, 'Aziz ur Rahman, you're lying out of fear. To save your life, if you speak the truth, I'll let you go. Do you like me?'

'No.'

'Do you like Pakistanis?'

'No.'

'Now you are talking. Do you want a Bangladesh? Yes? Then you are a traitor of the country. A traitor must be punished by death. I want to make sure that happens' the Major paused.

'Or do you want to live?'

Master Aziz did not reply.

'Don't waste time. Answer me. Tell me, whether you want to live or not.'

Rafiq Uddin whispered, 'Tell him, bhai, you want to live. Why are you being so difficult? You're bringing trouble on yourself for no reason.'

Crazy Bodi called out again, 'Master, put on your clothes. You're naked!'

Master Aziz did not move. The Major said, 'put on your clothes. Then get out from my sight. Clear out.'

Master Aziz did not put on his clothes. Suddenly he spat out. The spit landed beside the Major's right knee. The Major looked up. No one made a sound. Master Aziz came forward and spat again. This time he spat on the Major's shirt. The Major said calmly, 'We have rested enough. Let us start off.'

The army marched forward. The Major's face was colourless. And far behind them, in the distance, stood a naked man with his head held high.

Celebration for Whom?

Continued from page 11

economy is in a shameful, the education system is shamelessly in a state of anarchy, the social and moral fabric has completely been torn. We are shattered and tattered. It is a miracle we are still existing as a nation. But we are just existing not living. Not with dignity, neither with pride nor with much pleasure.

Twentythree years is not a long time for a nation. But what happened 23 years ago, was it for nothing? We have a parliament but what good is that if the members whom we sent there do not know their responsibility and commitment to us, the electorate. We, the people, elected them not to have the privileges only, but to take care of the constituencies and be our voice in the house. We want to be heard through their voices giving our respectful views, grievances and demands. It is when they are not fulfilling their obligations to us that we are forced to go to the streets. Let us not, in the name of democracy, continue an autocracy. The parliament has been only a 'mausoleum of democracy' for the last twentythree years, let us not continue that. Do not ask people to change, while you are not willing to open your doors. Do not ask the people to give, while you are only going to take.

I remember the night of March 25th, 1971, when the skies of Bangladesh were lit with tracer bullets and artillery fire; the air was filled with the shrieks of babies, mothers and fathers. The soil was drenched with the blood of our friends, brothers and sisters. The Pakistani Army came stealthily and attacked the innocents, who simply were asking for their birthright — the right to rule themselves. The heinous Pakistani Army junta and their treacherous agents and lackeys would have nothing of that sort. Thus, started a nine-month long freedom fight, where the peace-loving Bangladeshers were forced to take up arms to free their motherland. During the occupation period, the Pakistani army and their agents including the Razakars, Al-badar and the Peace Committee have committed crimes in the name of religion, that could compete with the Nazi crimes in the WW-II. The nation has paid and still continues to pay a high price besides those atrocities on our brothers and sisters. Unfortunately, the culprits and perpetrators of these crimes move around freely while the victims continue to cry out in the dark of the night, being still prisoners of those war criminals. Twentythree years in not too late to remember those who suffered and laid down their lives to give us a flag and a free land.

Bangladesh won her independence after nine months of armed struggle against the Pakistan Army and its lackeys. From March 26th till December 16th, 1971 the Pakistan Army occupied Bangladesh and the Mukti Bahini — which consisted of young students, teachers, bureaucrats, businessmen, workers, peasants — was fighting a guerrilla warfare against them. The war — which was inevitable because of the disparity between the two parts of Pakistan — was fought by every Bangalee. While some took up arms, others contributed by suffering silently the atrocities committed by the Pakistani occupation force. Those who were forceful enough to go and take up arms at least had the protection of the gun in their hands, but those who stayed back had to face the Pak Army everyday with nothing but sheer courage. There were those among the Bangladeshers who did join the Pakistanis, but they were few in number and could be easily identified. It was unfortunate that, after the independence, no action was taken against these collaborators. Moreover, not only have they remained unremorseful, they covertly continue to serve their past loyalties. The last twentythree years of our history has been mired down with political bungling which has resulted in the reinforcing of these collaborators and anti-independence elements. Most of the Mukti Bahinis (freedom fighters), because of their non-political and 'no personal interest other than their conviction to free their motherland from the hands of a heinous regime' have been audiences for the last twentythree years as the people of this nation suffer. The time has come again not be just watchers. The nation needs us all. This time we do not need arms to fight with. We must use our souls and hearts to rise again as we did in 1971. We should be proud to be citizens of a free nation — Bangladesh. Let the 'Spirit of 71' glow again and crush those who have been trying to conspire against our nation and infiltrate into our political, social and economic system to destroy us completely. The last twentythree years we were manipulated and cajoled to discard our belief and sometimes the history of 1971 was distorted to serve a particular interest. But the spirit of 71 lives on.

Let us now take a pledge to do something about our country with that spirit — the spirit that brought us all together in 1971.

Bangladesh Revisited 1994

by John Clapham

BENAPOLE: How different now. The border, 1971: the birth pangs of Bangladesh; and my first sight of Sonar Bangla. Now, November 1994. I come through as a tourist. Then I worked for the Christian Church in Calcutta and, in the Jai Bangla struggle, we did what we could to help in the refugee camps. Another task was to help foreign journalists see what was really happening.

The most senior of them was an extraordinary woman: Clare Hollingworth. She had reported every war in the world since Hitler and his German 'blitzkrieg' raped Poland in 1939. 'The Border!' she demanded. 'Benapole! I drove her there. The Indian Border Rifles tried to stop us; but she got the backing of a Major in the Mukti Bahini and on we went. Within sight of the border post, soldiers hid behind trees and in slit trenches. At the border itself the Pakistan army fought a skirmish with the freedom fighters. Gunfire crackled. Hollingworth, by now walking forward along the road, identified the weapons by their sound. Occasionally a bullet whistled past. I followed her reluctantly and was relieved when, at last, she turned back, still fearless.

Now, this year, the 1994 border, you might say, was peaceful. But five miles of stationery trucks stretched back towards Calcutta. The border police had beaten up (one report said, killed) a man trying to smuggle himself into India; and the drivers were on strike.

So to Jessore, as a vehicle sent to meet us from Bollobhpur Hospital, near Meherpur, had (we learned later) broken down. The bazaar swarmed with rickshaws. In fading light their grey metal and fitting movement reminded me of how, years previously living in an old indigo planter's bungalow in Bankura District, West Bengal, I had watched swarms of winged white ants as, once a year, they flew out of the old masonry.

Everywhere my wife and I go, towns are bigger, roads are better, buses have multiplied. We have a taxi to Bollobhpur, 100 miles. The land is more fertile than my wife remembers (she left Bollobhpur Hospital 20 years ago). Many fields have been harvested, a new winter crop is being planted out, vegetables are everywhere and sugarcane. Frequently we pass timber yards; and cycle rickshaws with small platforms behind carry huge loads of tree trunk. This was true also in West Bengal and later on our visit, in Barisal. But we saw few signs of new tree planting; and we fear there will be a penalty to pay of land erosion.

My wife worked as a nurse in

Bollobhpur Hospital and so she meets old friends. Some were babies in her day and now are mothers with children; others, past colleagues, are now grey-haired; all of them laugh together over photographs of those old years. For me it's a first visit and the village, though with an earth road and nearly all earth houses, is the smartest village I have ever seen. The house walls have been freshly daubed, and the thatches are in good repair and there are wage-earning jobs in a school, the hospital, a very lively Social Services Community Centre and perhaps, other agencies. We are kindly given a meal in the home of a chowkidar. There we see prosperity in his courtyard; two buffaloes and a calf, cows, goats, chickens and a TV aerial.

Back to the border: now there is an extremely smart soldier on the Bangladesh side; he looks very fierce; I hand over our passports feeling guilty for no reason. Only as he hands them back does a smile flicker on his face.

Calcutta is a long drive and still there is a mile or more of lorries only slowly edging up to the border; many engines must overheat; and drivers and their helpers must be amazingly patient; but one of the helpers has got drunk (or drugged?) and he is rolled into a ditch and would have been beaten but one of the drivers has sufficient authority to stop that; instead, the man is doused with water.

A day later we fly to Dhaka. They say it will be bigger than London within 20 years. I can believe that. It's huge and very lively. Cycle and auto-rickshaws speed along like columns of ants or the flow of blood in the veins; all intent and meaningful but looking like chaos. We notice here (and in Jessore and Meherpur and Barisal) that many women walk or ride about quite freely. The burkha is itself in purdah. And quite a number of women do not event have a scarf or saree drawn over the head. So different from 20 years ago or even from 12 years ago when I last came. I read an article about literature in Bangladesh today and realize that not only in literature, changes which took a hundred years in West Bengal have happened here in the brief 23 years since independence.

But those brief years are full of political memories for me especially the 11 of them that I was with the BBC Bengali Service. It was a privilege to work for the BBC; but it was also a great privilege to be given the welcome and respect that many of Bangladesh gave from their hearts in 1971 and the years that followed. Through that privilege I knew Sheikh Mujib and last met him in

London as he returned from Jamaica to Dhaka and to his death. That tragic assassination was out of character with the more civilized politics of this region and was the first of a sad series. A number of us gathered to meet Mujib in the VIP lounge at Heathrow airport. He greeted each one. Next to me was an editor whose newspaper he had closed down for its opposition views. Mujib embraced him and murmured 'Bodmash!' and Khondaker Mushtaque Ahmed I interviewed during his uneasy reign. President Ziaur Rahman I met in London and on his State visit to Belgium and once he gave me a private hour of conversation off the record in Dhaka. Of course there was and is political controversy about his time in power; and it is not for me to comment. But Bangladesh managed during that time a phase of remarkable maturity in at least one respect, remarkable for any nation and especially for one so new. 90% Muslim and 90% Bengali: in 1971 there was a tearing of this single heart. In Zia's time I believe history will say Bangladesh began to heal its divided self. The man who in 1971 had argued the West Pakistan case in the UN Assembly now returned to the eastern wing, that had broken away, and became Bangladesh's Prime Minister.

I left the BBC shortly after Ershad came to power and have met neither him nor the leaders who have followed. But, no matter who the leaders have been, I could always address them as 'Your Excellency' — Presidents, Ministers, Ambassadors — or by whatever title was appropriate, remembering that they were not just individuals but represented 100 million people and more; and year after year in the number grows.

Before I finish; this can only be a visitors account. Within Bangladesh are shadows on life

that a visitor barely glimpses. We are light-years away from the problems and tragedies with which too many live.

So, a last word in this reflection on the passing years. Religion: enormously important for many in Bangladesh. I have felt called to prayer here when I hear the muezzin (I much prefer the human voice which floated clear above the town; a sign of heaven; to the loud-speaker that is blurred and down-to-earth) and sometimes a line comes to me from the Bhagavad Gita; and the Church bell, of course, also summons me to prayer. In history at times, Christianity has been the most blood-thirsty and imperialist religion in the world. I am still horrified by what Christians did in the name of Christ to dissident people during the Inquisition. Why do those of us who believe in the Almighty ever feel we have to defend him by victimizing some poor human? I pray for Bangladesh, still one of the world's youngest nations and, for the first time, a sovereign Bengali power, that democracy with compassion and justice for all may grow ever stronger.

In various ways, 26 years of my life have been linked to where the Ganges-Padma and the Brahmaputra flow. Here my children have been born; here after their mother died in an accident in Calcutta in 1969, I met the wife with whom I travel — she was a refugee from Bangladesh in 1971. Many experiences enrich the memory and many friends remain. So now, my farewell and the thankfulness of my heart.

The author worked for 11 years as a missionary in Calcutta. He joined BHC London as head of Bangla section in 1972 and worked in that capacity upto early 80s. He extensively covered the Liberation War. He recently spent a few days in Dhaka.



March, 1971: Women in anger. Photo, courtesy — Ekatturer Jatre

'Swadhin Bangla Betar Kendra'

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gunning June '71, I initiated the Urdu programme from Swadhin Bangla Betar Kendra. Later, I was given extra time for talks which were equally important to hammer the mental state of the Pak Jawans. I used to nullify the idea of Pakistani propaganda that Jawans were fighting *jihad* (crusade) in East Pakistan. I repeatedly mentioned in my talks that *jihad* against whom? Muslims against Muslims? All talks and news were scripted by me but at the later stage, I was joined by Late Zahid Siddiqui from Mymensingh. He was a translator in Radio Pakistan, Karachi and was obviously very good in Urdu. He also wrote Urdu news and wrote a few radio dramas which were broadcast by Swadhin Bangla Betar Kendra. The dramas were very effective as far as the Pak soldiers were concerned. Later Zahid Siddiqui died in Dhaka, a dejected man and without proper medical treatment. He died a pauper and alas that was his only gain for contributing towards the war of independence.

I used to enter the studio along with Mukul Bhai of 'Charampatra' (name as my programme was immediately after 'Charampatra'). Most of the time, I have seen Mukul Bhai to innovate his script at the last moment and I admired him and not only me, but the whole of Bengali population on both sides of Bengal used to listen to 'Charampatra' with awe and undivided attention. Such was his charisma those days His talks were more than often extempore in nature. Occasionally, I used to punctuate his script with humorous Urdu phrases which he appreciated immensely.

Our Swadhin Bangla Betar Kendra was housed in a two storied building in Bailygunje. The studio, news room and of-

fices were on the first floor. One room in the ground floor was used as residence by Dr. T. Hossain (who later became Health Secretary, Govt. of Bangladesh), his wife Azmat Ara (radio name Parveen) and his children. Parveen Apa was an English newscaster and at time also read Urdu news and took part in most of the Urdu radio dramas. The hall was occupied by noted singer Abdul Jabbar, Apel Mahmood and other radio artistes. Near about on the main road there was a small tiled-roof restaurant owned by an amiable Sikh Sardarji. We the Radio people, used to have our meals there. Due to financial constraint we went often had cheap meals of *Tarka bhuna daal* worth 4 annas and 2 *nan rotis* costing 2 annas. Sometimes we used to have *Sardarji* special tea costing another 2 annas: The same restaurant has now become famous for authentic Punjabi food and is called 'Dhaba'. It is now 3-storied, the first floor being air-conditioned and it has an open-air roof-top garden restaurant. March last, I was entertained on the rooftop restaurant by a very close childhood friend Huzar Nawaz. Unfortunately, I could not locate that amiable Sardarji. While having the lavish dinner my mind raced back to 1971 and the cheap food that I used to have. There were time that I used to walk all the way from Mullick Bazar to the Radio House just to save few annas tram fare.

Life is such, rough and smooth, events come and go but the memory, sweet or sour, remains.

Back home from Dhaka I received bad news that due to my involvement with Swadhin Bangla Betar Kendra, my father-in-law late Md. Nurul Huda (ex-Deputy Attorney General of Pakistan) and Md. Qamrul Huda my brother-in-

law was taken away to Cantonment for questioning. Fortunately, it was through the good offices of Mr. Dildar Rizvi (then Vice President of United Bank of Pakistan Ltd) that they were released the next day.

Meanwhile, Urdu news and talks continued to make inroads to the mind and soul of Pakistani *Jawans*, who were by September/October completely bewildered, disillusioned and their morale dropped to a sub-zero level. Our valiant fighters were hitting them hard from all sides with hit and run tactics.

In mid September Akhtaruzzaman Chowdhury Babu MP and myself proceeded to London to apprise the Bengali resident of UK of the first-hand knowledge of our movement. There, we met late Ahy Sayeed Choudhury and apprised him of the role being played by Swadhin Bangla Betar Kendra, in gathering momentum of our liberation movement among the vast multitude. We also visited other cities like Liverpool and Bradford. I thanked the merciful Allah for re-uniting me with my family. My family was living with my younger sister whose husband late Enamul Huq Chowdhury was then working in PIA's London office. He later became General Manager, Far East, Bangladesh Biman. Later Akhtaruzzaman Babu and myself went over to New York and organised the famous agitation in favour of our movement, in front of the United Nations building.

In London I met Shaifq Rehman again who introduced me to Mr. Sirajur Rahman, Head of the Bengali service of BBC. In the Bush House they all listened to my tape of Urdu news and talks. I do not remember whether my tape was recorded by them or not. I also met late Shyamol Lodh and others of the BBC Bengali ser-

vice. There were numerous other friends and acquaintances I met in London, some were residents but most of them fled from Dhaka. To name few among them, they were late Abdul Hossain, Anwarul Amin (Makhan) his wife Razia, Dulu (Sirajul Huq) his wife Sarah Farid, Barrister Ishtiaque, Anwar Kamal (Kabi Jastimuddin's son).

When I returned to London from USA sometime in October '71 I was summoned by the First Secretary, Indian High Commission, who had a request from Swadhin Bangla Betar Kendra to send me back to Calcutta without delay. Soon after I returned to Calcutta with my family and settled down to my broadcasting and heart-rendering talks particularly aimed at the Pathan soldiers. I must mention the names of Badal Rahman and Raju Ahmed who participated in Urdu radio dramas. I am also indebted to Kamal Lohani who ran the affairs of Swadhin Bangla Betar Kendra, of course, with the help of a dedicated team of technicians and artistes from Radio Pakistan's Dhaka and Chittagong branch. As I was completely new in radio broadcasting, Kamal Lohani guided me on various aspects of it. It's worthwhile to mention that professionally I was an airline personnel-turned-businessman and worked as District Manager for East Pakistan with Lufthansa German Airlines. I was never linked with broadcasting. For that matter, I did not see the inside of a radio station during the whole of Pakistan time nor did I step into Radio Bangladesh Bhaban after the independence. For me Swadhin Bangla Betar Kendra was the first and last.

I am proud that in my humble way I have been able to contribute something towards the war of liberation.

The writer's pseudo name adopted in Swadhin Bangla Betar Kendra was 'Shahidul Huq'.



Freedom fighters in action. Photo, courtesy — Ekatturer Jatre