

PM Sheikh Mujibur Rahman's First Official Visit to USSR

by Md Matiul Islam

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BANGABANDHU assumed the office of the Prime Minister of Bangladesh on 11 January, 1972 and planned a visit to USSR for early March. The Soviet Government's active support to the liberation struggle that prevented intervention by other big powers to delay or disrupt the process and her timely intervention in the Security Council that saw the successful conclusion of the liberation war prompted Bangabandhu to visit USSR to offer "thanks" of a grateful nation to the Soviet Government who could also be counted upon to provide some economic assistance to help rebuilding of the war-ravaged economy. The Chittagong Port was clogged with sunken ships and implementation of a number of Soviet assisted projects including the Ashuganj Power Plant started during the Pakistan time under agreements with the Government of Pakistan had come to a standstill. These agreements had to be renegotiated and the project implementation reactivated.

The Prime Minister's entourage comprised the Foreign Minister, Mr. Abdus Samad Azad, Deputy Chairman, Planning Commission, Dr. Nurul Islam, the Foreign Secretary, the Finance Secretary, Cabinet Secretary, Chief of Protocol and other personal staff. A contingent of senior journalists also accompanied the Prime Minister.

The Soviet Government sent an Ilushin 18 airliner, a four-engined turboprop passenger carrier, for the VIP flight to the Soviet Union and back. The VIP Cabin for the Prime Minister and the Foreign Minister was at the rear of the Plane where Dr. Nurul Islam was also placed. The other members of the entourage were seated in the forward section of the aircraft which was large enough to give all of us enough room to stretch ourselves during the long and tiresome journey to Moscow and back. To avoid the Pakistani air-space, the VIP flight, which took off at around 6 pm was first routed to Bombay for a technical halt for refueling. A grand reception for the Prime Minister was arranged at the Bombay airport by the citizens of Bombay attended by the Governor of Maharashtra and the Sheriff of Bombay.

It was during the first leg of our journey to Bombay that I strayed into the VIP Cabin to spend some time with the Prime Minister whom I found in a very relaxed mood. He started reminiscing his fateful days in the Lyallpur Jail where he was lodged and tried for waging a war against an established Government and was sentenced to death. He even saw his own grave being dug inside the jail. He was totally in the dark about the liberation of Bangladesh, fall of Yahya Khan and the dramatic changes in the political scenario that had in the meantime taken place until he was brought by Zulfikar Ali Bhutto to a rest house outside Rawalpindi. Bhutto came to see him and announced that he (Bhutto) was now the President and Chief Martial Law Administrator of Pakistan. Bangabandhu's spontaneous response was "Bhutto, I won the election, not you. Therefore, if anybody is to become the President and CMLA of Pakistan, it should be me." It was Bhutto who briefed him about the changing political scenario of the sub-continent and that Bangladesh was now a reality and that Bhutto had decided to release him to go back to Bangladesh and lead the nation.

We left Bombay around midnight for the second leg of our journey to Tbilisi, capital of Georgia, before proceeding to Moscow. It was a seven-hour flight mostly over Iran and Central Asia and all of us got comfortably settled for the long flight.

As we disembarked, the bitter cold of USSR hit all of us instantly. Although it was early March, the winter in USSR was continuing unabated and most of us were not properly clothed to withstand the Russian winter. The Prime Minister was re-

ceived by the Governor of Georgia and other dignitaries and taken to the Airport Terminal Building which was an old massive structure, not at all like a modern airport terminal. We were all escorted to a hall where tables were laid with glittering crystals in preparation for our breakfast. Moments later, we were asked by a senior official of the host Government that, except for the Prime Minister and the Foreign Minister, everyone should follow him. We dutifully followed the Russian official through the maze of corridors of the airport building.

We did not realize the big surprise in store for us until we were finally led into a big hall full of merchandise arranged and decorated like a big western-style departmental store. These merchandise which included shirts, undergarments, socks, shoes and boots, sweaters, suits, top-coats, fur caps, handgloves and many other items were neatly placed in racks and shelves in two big-sized halls. The Russian official who led us into the hall finally said "Gentlemen, help yourselves."

We pounced upon the apparels and frantic search started to select the proper size, colour and design to fit and suit our individual taste. We picked up everything from shoes, socks, shirts, undergarments, overcoats to leather gloves, fur caps, pullovers, put them into shopping bags provided by the hosts to carry our acquisition to the plane where we got ourselves fully clothed to face the bitter Russian winter. At one point when I was trying a top-coat, the Foreign Secretary asked me whether the Russians would ask us to return these items at the end of the visit. My firm reply was: No way.

We took off for Moscow, after breakfast, on the last leg of our journey and reached there early afternoon. The Prime Minister was received by Mr. Kosygin, the Soviet Prime Minister and his Council of Ministers and an impressive guard of honour by a contingent of Red Army was presented. The Prime Minister emerged from the plane and walked down the gangway fully attired in his newly acquired Russian outfit. The Bangladesh National Anthem, Sonar Bangla, played by the Russian band was the best rendering of our national anthem I ever heard.

By the time we reached Kremlin where the Prime Minister and most of his entourage stayed, it was already late af-

ternoon. We were told to be ready to attend the reception and the banquet hosted by the Soviet First Secretary, Mr. Breznev, in honour of the Bangladesh Prime Minister. In the Kremlin, the Foreign Secretary and myself shared one room. Mr. Karim became sick and broke down. He missed the banquet.

The official level talks was scheduled for the next day between the Bangladesh Prime Minister and his Russian counterpart. From our side, the Foreign Minister, the Dy. Chairman, Planning Commission, Mr. Shamsur Rahman, Bangladesh Ambassador to USSR, the Foreign and Finance Secretary assisted the Prime Minister. Bangabandhu spoke for about three hours during which time he gave a detailed account of the atrocities committed by the Pakistani Army, the extensive damages done to the economy and physical infrastructure and the urgent need for assistance for relief and rehabilitation. The Prime Minister spoke in Bengali which was translated word for word into Russian by the interpreters provided by the host government. That took almost the whole of the first session of the talks and, therefore, Mr. Kosygin's response to Bangabandhu's proposal was scheduled for the next day. That also gave time to the Russians to make up their mind as to what assistance they could provide to Bangladesh.

Mr. Kosygin's response to the Prime Minister's request for assistance was positive. His government had actively supported the liberation struggle and was now ready to provide whatever economic assistance they could to help the process of rehabilitation. But then he explained the limitation of the Soviet Union to provide massive economic assistance as requested by the Bangladesh Prime Minister, the Soviet Union also had their share of economic problems. However, he briefly outlined the assistance that his Government had decided to extend on an immediate basis which included clearing of the Chittagong Port, providing locomotives for the Bangladesh Railway, small quantity of wheat, resumption of the ongoing assistance to the Russian assisted projects like the Power Plant, GEM plant etc and a few other items. Dr. Nurul Islam and myself renegotiated the economic assistance package for the ongoing projects with the concerned Ministry, which paved the way for resump-

tion of work on them. The Prime Minister had an exclusive, one to one, meeting with Mr. Breznev fixed for 11 am on the third day of our visit. The same day, the Prime Minister was the guest of honour at a luncheon organized for him. The Prime Minister, however, did not emerge from his meeting with Breznev until after 2-30 pm and the luncheon was delayed. At an opportune moment, I asked the Prime Minister what did he discuss in his long three-and-half-hour meeting with Breznev. Bangabandhu's reply was that it was a very productive meeting. He did not elaborate nor did I probe further. I do not know whether there was any official record of the discussion between the two leaders at that critical juncture in the history of Bangladesh.

The Prime Minister and his entourage were taken to Leningrad for a short visit during which time we visited the art gallery "The Hermitage" where one could see one of the world's best collection of paintings. It was during a dinner at the City Council Hall that I was summoned by the Prime Minister. When I approached his table, he took me aside, gave an envelope and told me: "I am afraid, you have to forego your dinner. Here is a decoded important message from President Justice Chowdhury. Please go back to the hotel, prepare an appropriate reply and send it off by to-night." I read the message and was stunned.

Just before we left for Moscow, it was arranged that the high-denomination Pakistani currency notes in circulation in Bangladesh should be demonetised immediately and 15th of March, 1972 was the date fixed for issue of the demonetisation order. It was feared that Pakistan, which was yet to reconcile to the loss of East Pakistan, might decide to demonetize Pakistani currency notes in circulation there and dump them in Bangladesh to destabilize our economy. The President's message, which we received in Leningrad on the 9th or 10th of March, informed the Prime Minister that Pakistan had suddenly demonetized her high-denomination currency notes and that the President had been advised by Mr. Tajuddin Ahmed, the Finance Minister, to issue a proclamation demonetising these currency notes in circulation in Bangladesh with immediate effect. But, since the President could only act on the advice of the Prime Minister, his post-facto approval for the proclamation which had been issued to counter any sinister move had been sought. Returning to the hotel, I prepared a reply and sent it off with Prime Minister's approval. My dinner that night was cold chicken provided by the hotel kitchen.

A visit to Tashkent was included in our itinerary. Overwhelmingly Muslim, one could not but notice the comparative economic disparity between the south and the north. People were simple and modest and at the Airport, as we got into our allotted car, the driver greeted us with "Assalamu Alaikum." It was a short and sweet visit where the official itinerary included visit to a collective farm and meetings with local dignitaries. Earlier, when we left Moscow, the Prime Minister was given an official and formal send-off by his counterpart and we took off for Bangladesh directly from Tashkent.

In the morning, as I was relaxing after a hearty breakfast with Russian caviar served by the Russian cabin crew, I was summoned by the Prime Minister to the VIP cabin. The Prime Minister made a very unusual request. He asked me to sing a Tagore song for him. With the noise made by the four turbo-prop engines as the background music, I did my best to carry out the command of a great man whose debts I could never repay for the love and affection he bestowed on me and the way he restored my lost honours shattered by the Pakistani military junta.

The writer is a former Finance Secretary.

The Day the Children Learnt of the Assassination of Their Father

by MM Rezaul Karim

One expression of Rehana still rings in our ears as if we heard it again and again. Her last words were "Then even Russel is no more?" (তাহলে কি রাসেল নেই?)

THE day was 15 August 1975. Time was about 5 O'clock in the morning. The place was Tula, one of the port cities of erstwhile Yugoslavia. I heard a brisk knock on my door. Came out the excited but somewhat suppressed voice of Dr. Kamal Hossain. "Karim ab, could you please come out quick?"

The then Foreign Minister frantically calling me personally at an unearthly hour when people generally enjoy the sweet slumber of a restful night, did startle me to no end. I jumped off the bed and opened the door. Dr. Kamal Hossain was in night dress and gestured me to come to his suite.

The Foreign Minister was on the last leg of his official tour of Yugoslavia at the invitation of his counterpart. Being the concerned Director General in the Foreign Office, I had to accompany him. My colleague Abul Ahsan had also joined the party, since some discussions with Yugoslav authorities on Ahsan's multilateral domain were to take place also. The day before we had gone to the exclusive island of Brioni, which housed the modest presidential palace of Marshal Tito on whom we had paid a courtesy call. The formal bilateral talks had already been concluded earlier with the Yugoslav Foreign Minister.

Like a robot I followed Dr. Kamal without having an iota of doubt of the terrible news that was awaiting us. I found the late Ambassador Mirza Rashid Ahmed already in the room — sad, perplexed and

somewhat helpless. Abul Ahsan also appeared by then.

Dr. Kamal slowly sat down on the sofa. He gestured us also to sit. None of us complied. By now we could sense something awful must have happened. The official programme was not to start before 10 O'clock in the morning. We patiently awaited Dr. Kamal to speak.

Slowly but soberly he broke the incredible news that Bangabandhu was reported to have been killed. The tone of his voice was soft, yet incredulous. He uttered the words which he himself did not appear to believe. To make himself sound credible, he pointed towards Ambassador M R Ahmed who had just been informed through the wire service. We were stunned, stupefied and almost turned into a listless object. A thing of that nature can happen did never occur to our mind. We were aware that there were big problems at home. But that would result in such a mass killing in so short a time was absolutely in comprehensible to us all.

We tried to tune the radio better in order to hear the news. After a good deal of time, I could catch the French Radio Station. The news was loud and clear "Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, le president du Bangladesh est tué ce matin a Dhaka". There was

no doubt no ambiguity. All of us listened to the news clearly. The time difference with Dhaka was three hours. It was past 8 O'clock in the morning in Dhaka then.

We all stood dumbfounded. Only Dr. Kamal Hossain involuntarily commenced a monologue. He mumbled to himself how many times did he forewarn Bangabandhu to take more security precautions, only to be ignored. Dr. Kamal even told him that everyone knew the exact time the latter was coming out of his house on Road 32 and the exact route he was following to go to Ganabhaban. Dr. Kamal looked vacantly to the wall and said Bangabandhu used to tell him, "I love my people, my people love me; nobody will kill me." But the providence had it otherwise then.

At 9.45 am the Yugoslav Minister came to the guest house. The accompanying interpreter was to break the news officially. But she could not talk, choked and murmured something audibly only to herself. Her muffled words and running tears created similar impact on all present. There was no question of continuing the rest of the official programme. Dr. Kamal wanted to return home as quickly as possible. The only plane connection available then was to

Frankfurt from where we went to Bonn to stay briefly with Ambassador H R Chowdhury, the present Speaker, before taking the earliest flight to London en route to Dhaka.

One of the most memorable events I witnessed in life was on that day when Sheikh Hasina and her younger teenager sister Rehana arrived Bonn from Brussels. The late Ambassador Sanaul Huq decided to send them to Bonn in the care of Ambassador H R Chowdhury, who readily accepted them without hesitation. Then came the most difficult and almost impossible task of breaking the terrible news to the two sisters. They appeared to have received some vague indication of a befallen catastrophe the exact nature of which was still unknown to them. The continuing sounding of tape, reciting the Holy Quran, at the residence compounded their fear enormously. Begum H R Chowdhury proved her unique skill to console them after but cautiously. Sheikh Hasina being more mature was somewhat composed at least outwardly. We had no words to console them and remained almost speechless.

One expression of Rehana still rings in our ears as if we heard it again and again. Her last words were "Then even Russel is no more?" (তাহলে কি রাসেল নেই?). The heart-rendering muffled cry of a sister can never be erased from the memory of those who had the unique opportunity of witnessing this most pathetic episode.

Gruesome: Eighteen Corpses at Three Houses

A Recollection by Major Alauddin Ahmed

Major Alauddin Ahmed PSC was working as the Station Staff Officer at the Dhaka Cantonment headquarters in 1975. One of those repatriated in 1974, Ahmed was once arrested on charge of anti-state activities but was soon exonerated following an order by Bangabandhu Sheikh Mujibur Rahman. The same tale was repeated during Ziaur Rahman's regime. He was accused of involvement in a military upheaval and arrested. But charges against him were dropped and Major Alauddin Ahmed was a free man again. However, he lost his job, being asked to quit the service in 1981. Although he was appointed as the head of the Village Defence Party during Ershad's rule, he was out of job again in 1985. It was Major Ahmed who had collected the corpses of those killed on the fateful night of August 15, 1975 and buried them under Lt Col M A Hamid's instruction. Following are the gory, ghostly recollections of that unforgettable experience.

AUGUST 15 morning, I was busy in my habit of circling the radio knob when the news torpedoed my ears. Bangabandhu killed. Shariful Huq Dalim, one of the leaders of the killing was addressing over the electronic media.

I rang up Station Commander Lt Col Hamid immediately and broke the news, "Sir listen to the radio". He asked me to be at the office quickly.

It was seven in the morning. On reaching the office, I found officers and soldiers engaged in tense conversation in small pockets at the premises.

I came to know that some senior officers had gone to Bangabandhu's residence at Road number 32 in Dhanmondi. I myself saw a few jeeps racing out of the cantonment, one of them being that of the Chief of Army Staff and the other, his deputy's.

It should be mentioned here that an Indian helicopter crashed in the Bangladesh territory the previous day, August 14 and I was assigned to collect the charred bodies of the crash victims and preserve them at the Combined Military Hospital (CMH). That night I went home at around ten.

At around 12:30 my batman told me that the 2 Field Artillery which was scheduled to have its nocturnal exercise that night had not returned to the regiment. Unusual I thought but since it was none of my business, I did not bother myself too much about it.

Returning to the muttons, I hung around my office on August 15 until two in the afternoon. Col Hamid who was mostly out of the office that day, later called me at my place in the afternoon and asked me to be close to the telephone set. I thought it would be better if I stayed at the office instead of

home and left home quickly.

I was in the office since evening. At around two at night Col Hamid rang up. He asked me to be at Road number 32 by three with two trucks. Somebody gave me a chit containing the hand-written instruction too. We did not have any trucks then. So I managed two trucks from Supply and headed off for the slain President's residence. I had some 15-20 soldiers with me.

Col Hamid was there before me. I found Captain Bazul Huda too. I had probably seen him before. May be, I had not. But he certainly did not know me then. And that was probably the reason he obstructed me at first but let me in once Col Hamid moved forward to introduce me.

I tried to get a complete picture from the JCOs and NCOs who were there but their incoherent accounts only baffled me and instead of any further effort in that direction, I proceeded to get on with the job at hand.

But few days later when Risalad Moleem came to the headquarters, I asked him about the justification of killing women and children as well. Promptly he reasoned, "You see, Sir, cobras breed cobras. You can never trust them. You can let them live and grow only at your own peril."

Back to the job. Dead bodies were brought down. I climbed the stairs to go up along with a JCO who was showing me the original spots of killing. Pool of blood had concealed those places. Bangabandhu's pipe and his broken spectacles on one of the stairs. I was under instruction from Col Hamid to let things remain in their places.

There was blood on the walls, on the window panes and the ceiling. Splattered brains

and broken parts of bones. Holes made on the walls by sprayed bullets. Spent cartridges all over the place. Some of the window glasses were smashed hollow.

Domestic utilities and gifts received on the occasion of marriages of Sheikh Kamal and Jamal were at sixes and sevens. Left on the floor in utter neglect was a copy of the Holy Quran. There were a few silver crockeries in Kamal's room. The floor still retained the traditional wedding limning. Suddenly, I heard Captain Huda shouting down there. He was ticking off some of the sepoy for lifting valuables from the house.

Ice was brought. Large chunks of ice were kept beside the coffins. Some of the bodies were wrapped in white. But most of them were uncovered, insufficiently draped by their own torn dresses. I saw Bangabandhu's dead body in a coffin. Coagulated dark blood making his white punjabi look black. His belly and chest were pierced with bullets. The index finger of his right hand almost severed from the base.

I was told Bangabandhu's body was found lying in the middle of the stair case leading up to the first floor from the ground. It was clear that all those killed were shot from close and death came instantly.

Sheikh Kamal was hit by three to four bullets of sten gun in his chest and belly. He was wearing a pair of trousers. He was killed at the ground floor.

Sheikh Naser was killed near the toilet. One of his hands was blown off by the impact of the bullets. Riddled with bullet wounds his body reportedly found naked, was draped with a bed-sheet.

Begum Mujib was shot in her face. She was wearing a cotton sari and black blouse. There

was an amulet in a gold chain around her neck. A high order sepoy shot her in the chest.

His daughter-in-law Sultana Kamal who too was wearing sari and blouse, was shot in the chest and abdomen.

The lower jaw and the head of Sheikh Jamal, Mujib's second son, was simply blown away by bullets. He was wearing a pair of trousers. There was a ring on his ring finger. Wedding ring, I wondered.

His newly-wed wife Rosy Jamal's body was unusually pale. Part of her temple was missing. She was shot in the chest, belly and obviously in the head. She too was wearing sari and blouse.

I could see Russell's dead body. A kid without head in a pair of shorts. The whole area over the torso simply smashed. There was burn mark on his body which it seemed to me was on its way out. Russell's body, I was told, was found between his two sisters-in-law.

From Bangabandhu's, I went to Sheikh Moni's place. I found no one there. Completely empty. Suddenly a man entered the premises by scaling one of the walls from outside. He was a member of the police force in civil dress. He told me that he had taken shelter at the neighbouring house when the killers moved in.

Like Bangabandhu's, this house was nothing short of a complete mess. It seemed either some member of the family had an upset stomach or Sheikh Moni was in the habit of eating *cheeda*, (battered and dried content of boiled paddy eaten either dry or with curd, water).

(To be concluded on Sunday)

Abridged and translated by Chandra Shekar Das from the Bhorer Kaphor of yesterday

Colonel Jamil Ahmed — an Officer and Gentleman

by Brigadier M Sakhawat Hussain ndc, psc (Retd)

IT was about 9 or 9:30 am, 15 August 1975, that I had to come down from Dhaka Cantonment to Dhanmondi Road No. 32, President of the republic, Bangabandhu Sheikh Mujibur Rahman's residence, where he along with his family and household members were killed in the bloodiest coup d'état in the history of Bangladesh engineered and led by a handful of serving and retired army officers. Colonel Jamil Ahmed, President's outgoing Military Secretary, who was posted as Director General, DGP and to be promoted as brigadier on assumption of his duty, was also brutally murdered by the rebellious gang of soldiers at the time of the putsch.

Having been allowed to enter the premises of Bangabandhu's house by the officer incharge of the guard, I crossed the main gate and found a very familiar red Prince car parked on the driveway. It took some time to realise that this very familiar car on which I had taken so many rides back in Pakistan belonged to Colonel Jamil. I was

bewildered by the sight of the car when I came to know that Colonel Jamil's dead body was inside. I was taken aback not understanding as to why he had to be there in the first place.

Subsequently I came to know that he was killed by the soldiers guarding the road block on the road leading to Road No. 32 from Ganabhaban. He was rushing from his official residence at the call of the President, Bangabandhu Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, when President's house was attacked by the soldiers. Colonel Jamil was among those few outsiders, whom Bangabandhu called for help in the early hours of the day.

Later the detail was revealed by Colonel Jamil's elder brother late Mr. Jalal Ahmed when I visited his house later that day. Having received Bangabandhu's call, Colonel Jamil not wasting any time rushed towards Dhanmondi in his private car. He didn't have time even to bid farewell to his wife. The sense of duty and the dignity of a soldier

overtook the personal bondage.

As he approached Sobhan Bagh Mosque he was halted and asked to identify by soldiers which he did and insisted on them to clear his path and allow him to perform his duty. He was told to go back which he refused. Deserted by his driver he stood alone to face the death. After heated exchange of words he was shot dead by the soldiers. He made the supreme sacrifice beyond the call of his duty when many other close associates of Bangabandhu, father of the nation, did not respond at the peril of their life. It was a soldier, Jamil, who did not budge from discharging his duty and displayed loyalty to his command.

As I was standing near the car, gazing at Jamil's dead body, looking at his ever smiling face, my memory flashed back to those events which we shared and the dramatic event through which I first met him and his very refined family in Lahore, Pakistan, where we

both were posted.

It was 1970, on one of the Eid occasions that our bachelor officers' dining facility known as "officers' mess" had closed down after serving breakfast. We had however pre arranged lunch with another Bengali officer's family. Major Akhtar (now retired), knowing that mess shall remain closed, invited me and my friend captain Motahar to the lunch at his residence. Accordingly, we went to his house only to know that he had gone with his wife to attend lunch in the house of another Bengali officer, Major Abdul Latif (later major general and retired) who was priorly known to Motahar. Although lunch was ready in Major Akhtar's residence, we decided to join Akhtar at Major Latif's place unannounced, to surprise Akhtar or to bring him back to give us company at lunch in his residence as was preset.

When we reached Major Latif's place unannounced, it was lunch time. There were some other guests as well. But that did not prevent us from surprising both host and guests with our sudden presence. As I introduced myself to Major Latif and his wife in turn we were introduced with yet another couple, Major Jamil Ahmed, General Staff Officer Grade II in the army corps headquarters looking after intelligence. A very handsome looking pleasing personality Major Jamil and his charming spouse cordially invited us for dinner on the same Eid day knowing fully well that our mess shall not be open to serve us dinner as well.

Since that dinner we have been visiting Major Jamil's residence almost every weekend to enjoy his lively company and relish the delicious Bengali dishes prepared by his wife. We frequented his house so much that we became almost part of his family as long as we stayed in Lahore.

Frequency of our visit increased after 25 March 1971 at the beginning of the liberation war to listen to "Swadhin Bangla Betar" which he managed by amplifying his radio antenna by using his skill of a signal officer. Spirited, Colonel Jamil firmly believed that road to our liberation has almost come to an end. It was a matter of time that we would be proud citizens of independent Bangladesh. Since March 1971, I have been noticing that we were followed by army intelligence and his house was under active surveillance. Once I brought this fact to his notice, that his house was under 24-hour surveillance. He smiled, shrugged and replied with smile, "They must do their duty as they are paid by their government to do so; and this should not bother us at all." It was very simple that these visits by us to his house would endanger him and his family's security. Knowing this fully well, he told us to be with them every evening to listen to the radio. Often he would apprise us with the latest situation re-



with the President in Ganabhaban.

It was he who arranged a rare chance meeting with Bangabandhu. This finest memory would always remain with me.

As I was standing beside Colonel Jamil's car with his deadbody inside on this day of August 15, 1975, I admired his loyalty and sense of duty. He made supreme sacrifice to glorify the corps of officers and of a soldier who would not hesitate to lay his life to perform his duty.

In his glorious death he created an example of sense of duty for others to follow.

Further detail is described in writer's recently published Bengali book titled *Bangladesh: Raktakot Adhaya: 1975-81*, written from personal experience of coups and counter-coups that followed within armed forces from 15 August 1975 to 1981. Author has also many articles in his credit.