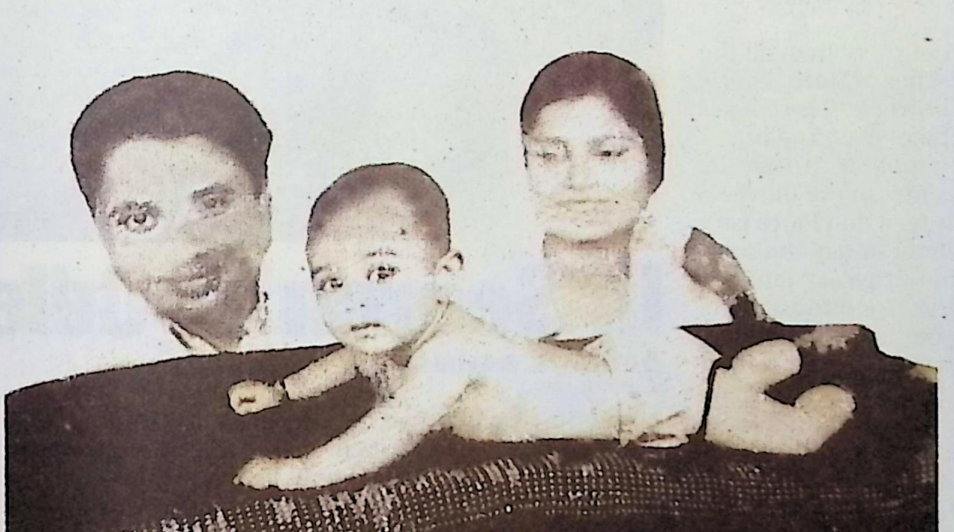
Since his commission as an army officer in 1964, my father was disgusted with the treatment of Bangali officers by the Pakistani army, who routinely and deliberately, used the concept of the glass ceiling and kept the Bangali officers in lower ranks.

On the fateful night of March 25, my father left his cantonment residence along with myself and my pregnant mother Nurun Nahar Bashar Parul. He took part in the battle of resistance with full might. At Halishahar, he shot down a helicopter of Pakistan army.



Captain Bashar left his one year old daughter and expecting wife.

During the non-cooperation movement which started after March 1, 1971, when the President of Pakistan Yahiya Khan postponed the commencement of the newly elected National Assembly, my father expressed his total solidarity with the freedom-loving Bangalis. As a mark of solidarity he hoisted the new flag of independent Bangladesh atop my pram and moved it round the cantonment. My father also foiled an aggression of the Baluch Regiment to capture the Chittagong Station Supply Depot. His forces dug bunkers, fought back and forced the Pakistani aggressors to retreat.

Pakistani rulers brought troops including heavy arms and ammunition in the then East Pakistan from erstwhile West Pakistan. On receipt of information of arrival of the Pakistani ship 'Swat,' my father hurriedly rushed to Chittagong port. On the way, he led people to create road blockades on various strategic points to resist movement of Pakistani vehicles carrying arms towards the cantonment.

On the fateful night of March 25, my father left his cantonment residence along with myself and my pregnant mother Nurun Nahar Bashar Parul. He took part in the battle of resistance with full might. At Halishahar, he shot down a helicopter of Pakistan army killing or injuring seriously its pilot.

Kalurghat radio station announced that Captain Bashar and other young Bangali army officers had been leading the war. Students and youths were asked to rally round the young officers.

Meanwhile, the occupation forces reinforced their position. At one stage, Bashar got detached from the mainstream. Ultimately, he was arrested and we were sflown to Dhaka by a special plane. At Tejgaon airport, an army officer who escorted us separated me and my mother from my father. I was in my father's lap but the brute army officer of Pakistan snatched me away from him. Although I was crying aloud but it did not melt his heart.

My mother and myself were later kept under house arrest in Dhaka at my grand mother's younger sister Begum Ayesha Jafar's house. It was here where my mother witnessed the atrocities committed by the Pakistani soldiers during the liberation war.

My father's brutal end came to light in late May or early June when a Pakistani captain returned my father's uniform taking back stars of the rank of captain. My younger brother was born on July 7, 1971 after the demise of my father. We grew up without the love and care of our father.

My father, one of the bravest and most enlightened sons of Bangladesh made his supreme sacrifice for the cause of independence. He was the friendliest person who ever lived on the face of this earth. He could make friends with anyone in no time. He did not live to see independent Bangladesh, but he and thousands of Bengalis laid down their lives to become martyrs for us to live in a free country.

These brutal killings and murders by the Pakistan army were never put on trial. They were never punished.

--Gul Nahar Bashar (Panna) is the daughter of Shaheed Capt Bashar