brought at a paltry price (human trade was still on!) was seen covered in father's expensive blanket. He must have thrown it over the shivering woman who slept on the dining room floor.

The first thing my father would do on reaching our Faridpur home by sea-plane was to don a lungi, take off his shirt and throw a huge fish-net over our pond teeming with all kinds of quality fish. Mrinal Sen, the brilliant film-director, once a close neighbour recalls seeing father bathing in this pond. He was impressed by my father's golden complexion. A Calcutta lawyer told me that as a young boy he had seen my father in the crowd gathered in Tagore's Jorasanko verandah on the day of the poet's death. He too was struck by the extremely handsome education minister. The declining sun made his face glow. His devotion to old friends was remarkable; Mr Tafseer, adviser Toufiq Imam's father lived and died in our house we felt that a close relative had departed. He was one of my father's closest pals.

Having never heard a harsh word from him I find myself ill equipped for the slights and insults life reserved for me. I never saw or heard him being rude to anyone.

During a convocation where I was to receive the certificate of the first position in BA Honours in English -- I saw some high-ups not treating him with courtesy. The VC of this varsity Dr Jenkins who had retired and left was education secretary when my father was education minister of the province. Had he been there this lack of courtesy would not have been possible. It broke my heart, I had an impulse to tear the certificate into pierces and run away from the scene. At that time he was not holding any high position. In Pakistan where city streets are named after him people never failed to honour him even when he was bereft of any official glory. For a long time people there were not aware of the atrocities committed by the Pak army in our land.

Father taught us never to use office stationary, not to waste electricity as the bills were paid by the government. Every time his cabinet stopped functioning, every piece of furniture was returned religiously.

His unfinished memoirs 'The Test of Time' unfortunately are full of unpardonable printing mistakes that should not be attributed to him. I have translated them into Bangla. They have been published by the Bangla Academy.

The Kundus, from whom my grandfather borrowed money to pay his son's college fees- have named a high school after my father in our native village. With government grants and help from the Tamizuddin Khan Trust, the school caters to the education of a large number of boys and girls.

Politics had created a wedge between father and us. Yet I remember him personally taking me to the dentist. After an attack of cerebral malaria I was taken by him to the doctor. This concern pleased me, small though I was. It was from the obituaries that I learnt about his Bengali novels now out of circulation; that he had done his BA Honors in English from Presidency College was also a late discovery.

I have never met anyone more reticent than him. He allowed me to be myself although my ways were often contrary to his ideals. I wallowed in leftist literature, acted on the stage. Curiously enough while I was performing the part of a woman barrister in Mr. Nurul Momen's 'The Law is An Ass', I saw my father sitting in the front row of the auditorium. Not a word was passed between us about this.

After my BA exams I look up English announcement for the radio. I had to open the transmission at 6 in the morning. He provided me a car every time I had to do this. I was rebellious, fiery and impulsive, traits which might have hurt him at times. A nonconformist, I always kept a statue of the Lord Buddha in my room. When I returned from England after a couple of years the statue was still there.

In British days ministers were not given official residences or cars. My father had a black Morris which he maintained himself. On becoming Speaker in Pakistan he used a government vehicle paying for the gasoline till he was able to buy a black Chevrolet during his first visit to the USA. This and land bought for building a house were sold during the Tamizuddin versus The Pakistan Government case.

We refrained from flying as my grandmother put an embargo on this. He begged her for permission to fly and finally in 1945 my grandma relented.

He had immaculate taste. On his visit to Paris he got us two shaded chiffon saris-mine was lime and apple green. He bought saris for my mother which she never got to wear, dying of cancer at the age of forty. A black georgette with floral embroidered border, a peach silk with dull gold border, a Benarasi with silver and blue waves all over the sari -- and a light chocolate tissue with golden polka dots -- decked in which my mother might have gone to Vice-regal parties. Instead, she was laid in a grave in Calcutta, wrapped in white cotton.

They came to my father for support. What they got was grim resistance. Engaging the British lawyer D N Pritt father challenged the dissolution of the assembly. The New York Times and Herald Tribune ran the news in the headlines for a week.