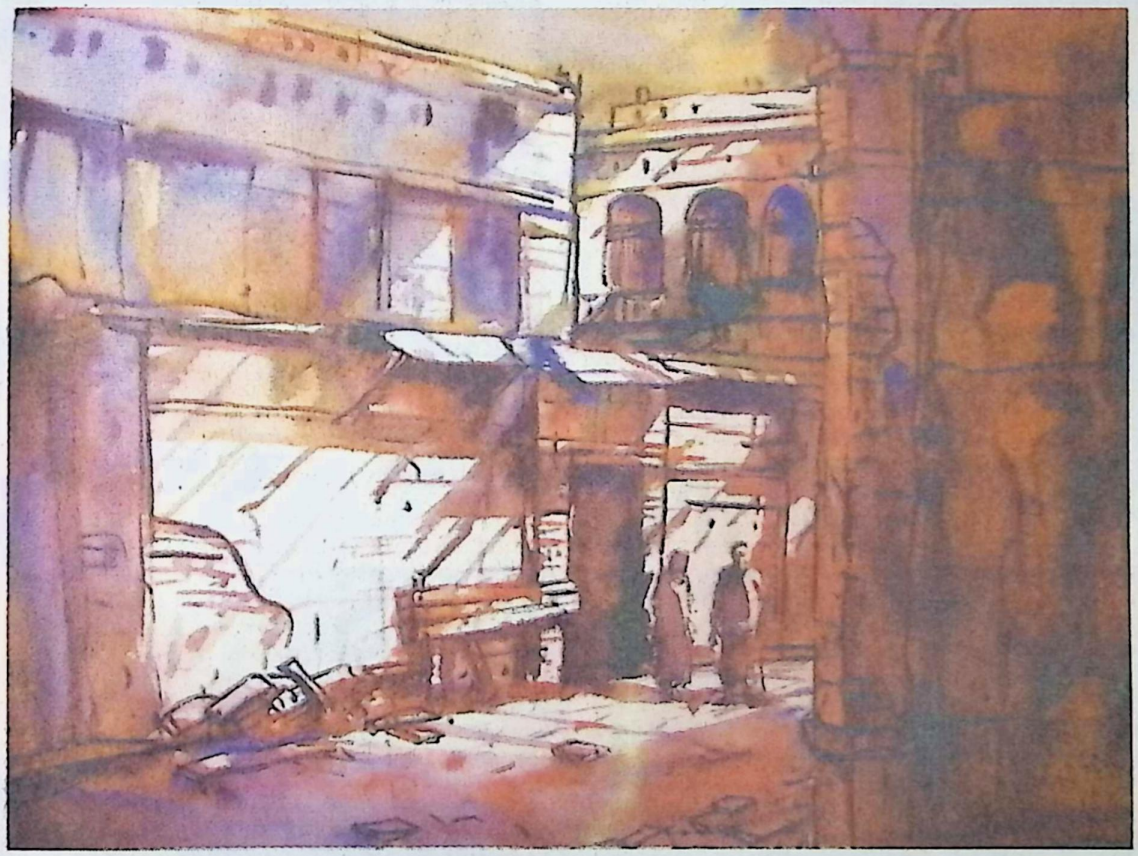
whiplash was working on the lions. I was mesmerized by the show. The thrilling trapeze show started. I was afraid of a fall. But there was a safety net spread underneath! After the show was over my uncle took me to a smaller tent. A female Trapeze performer came out and my uncle talked to her. She patted my cheek and smiled at me. I was thrilled.

The Pakistani wrestler brothers came to Dacca. They were staying at Khwaja Akmal's Hotel Orient near to our grandfather's house. My father was in Dacca he took me to see Bholu Pahelwan, Aslam, Goga, Akram et al. Bholu was as big as a Sumo wrestler and was thought to be over 350 pounds. Aslam was a fine, handsome man with well-built muscles. Goga was a southpaw, a left hander at that. Akram was tall and lean. I heard astounding stories about their eating habits.

In the early fifties I had a friend - Farrokh. I was four years old. Farrokh's father Sekendar Sahab was the owner of an industry that produced rubber nipples for feeding bottles. He also owned a movie house named New Picture House. It was in the northeastern corner of Armanitola Maidan. He was a healthy boy, effusive and ebullient. Farrokh's family had a car. Once he came and called out, "Dost chalo picture dekhe". (Buddy let's go and see a movie). I was shy and withdrawn. He insisted *"Chalo to dost"*. (Come on buddy).

We went and reached the theatre. We were placed in a comfortable box. Johnny Weissmuller's Tarzan was on. We were fascinated by Tarzan's magnificent physique, flowing locks, kindly eyes with leather loin cloth and a dagger dangling at the side. And who could forget Tarzan's guttural call, his swinging from one tree to another, Jane his female companion and the amusing chimp at his side. I was lost in a new world! Farrokh was laughing heartily throwing up his hands and legs! There was an intermission. He called his attendant and ordered Kulfi. It was heavenly.



Old Dhaka by Sadek Ahmed.

How the days, months and years have gone by. In a way it was perhaps the best of time with no load to carry, no duty to perform, no goals to strive for - a time of wonder and discovery of many hues. The four-year-old boy has crossed middle and the end of the journey does not look that far. My memory fondly feeds on the times I have seen and have left behind with melancholy eyes.