

THE GRAMMARIAN '83-'85



THE GRAMMARIAN

(1983 — 1985)



KARACHI GRAMMAR SCHOOL
VOLUME XLII

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BOARD OF GOVERNORS 1983-1984

Mr. Justice Abdul Kadir Sheikh

CHAIRMAN

The Rt. Rev. Bishop A. Rudvin

CO-CHAIRMAN

Mr. R. E. Bankwalla

TREASURER

Mr. A. K. Brohi

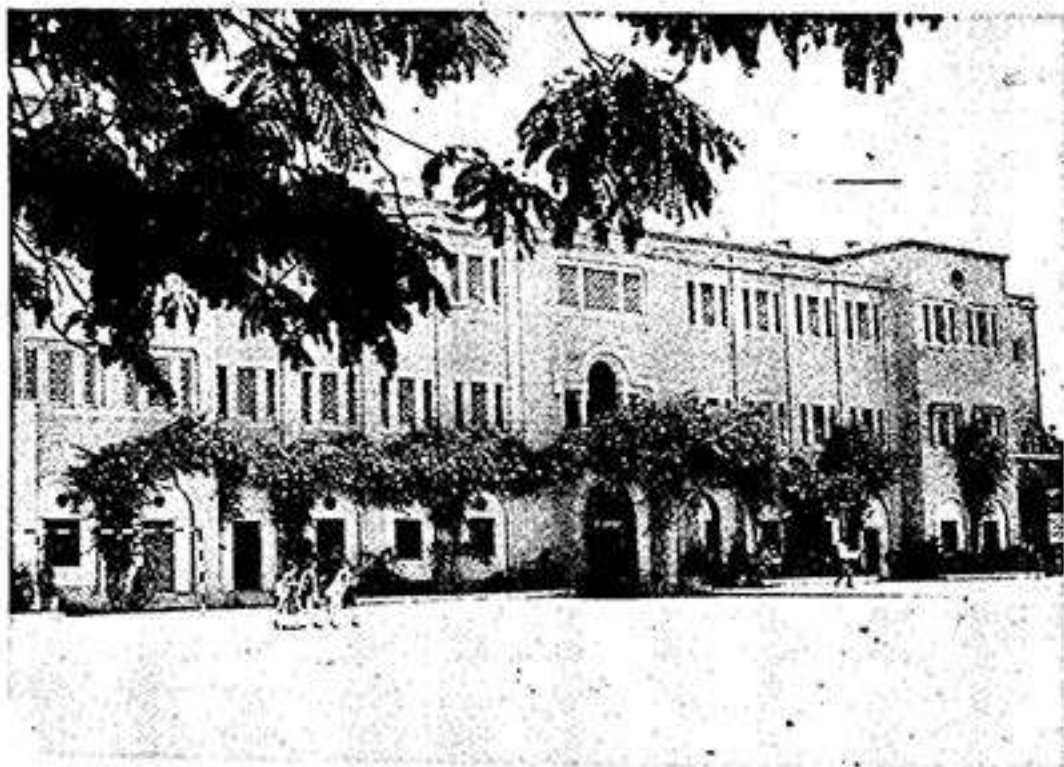
Begum. T. Faridi

Mr. Antony Price

PRINCIPAL TILL JUNE 1984.

Mr. Colin Wrigley

PRINCIPAL FROM JULY 1984.



EDITORIAL BOARD

EDITORS

: Munis Faruqui
Ameen Jan
Iram Qureshi

ADVISOR

: Ms. Farida Said

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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Nafisa Shah

PHOTOGRAPHY

: Salman Chaudhry

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: Munis Faruqui

PUBLICATION

: Madiha Syed

EDITORIAL

It is with a note of relief that we, the Editors of the 83-'85 Grammarian, finally hand this issue to you who deserve it (and pay for it)----- the Grammarians.

A glimpse at the job of the Editors reveals the transformation of reams of creased, untidy, assaulted and largely unintelligible fragments of paper into a magazine worthy of your (not to mention our own) attention. It is a thankless task, to say the least, to which we are subjected. As has become customary at K.G.S., apathy on the part of the intellectually sterile Grammarians reigned supreme once again during the compilation of what you now hold in your hands. Credit and mention must, however, be made of those members of the School "intelligentsia" who condescendingly contributed after much coaxing. The rest decided to reserve their "pearls of wisdom" for worthier occasions.

The lack of material from '83 and '84 is attributed to the indifference with which the title conscious editors of the previous two years accomplished their task. Whatever you do see of those years is all that was included in the withdrawn issue of "The Grammarian" (a total of 12 written pages concerning 1983). That issue was seen to be unfit for distribution after it was printed.

In conclusion, it is our sincerest hope that this magazine is able to present a fair and accurate portrayal of Grammarian life and thought as it stands today.

SENIOR SCHOOL STAFF LIST — 1984 to 1985.

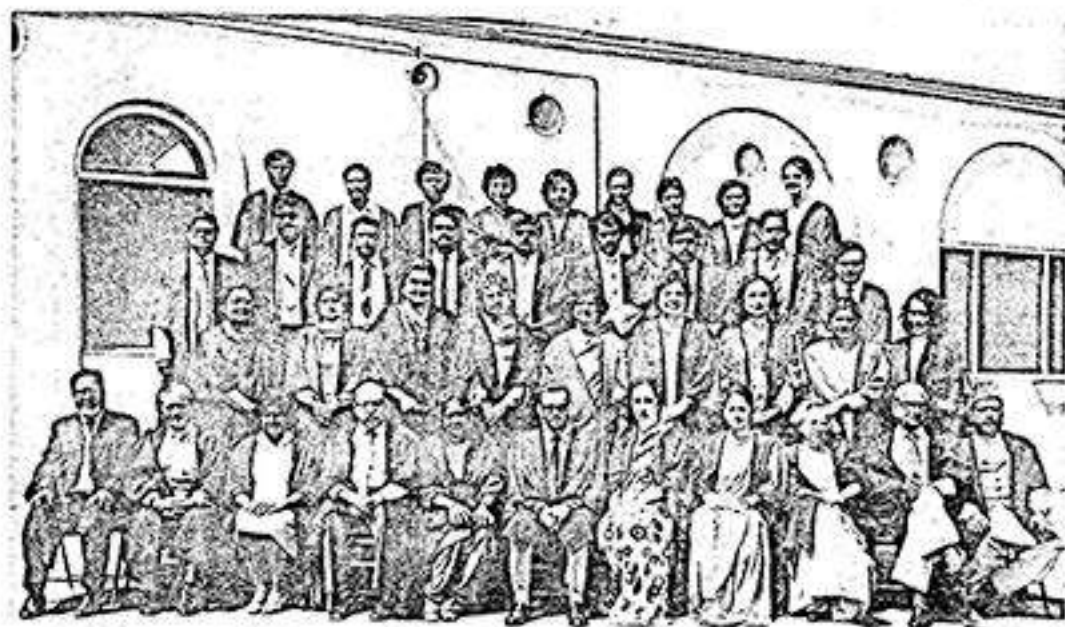
PRINCIPAL : Mr. Antony John Price, M.A. (Cantab) Upto June 1984.
 : Mr. Colin N. Wrigley, B.Sc. (Dunelm) From Aug 1984.

SENIOR MISTRESS : Mrs. D.C. Mujahid, M.A. (Cantab)

STAFF LIST

| | |
|---------------------|---|
| Mrs. S. Ahsanuddin | M.A. (Cantab) |
| Mr. S.I. Ahmed | M.Sc (Karachi) |
| Ms. I. Alfred | I.T.C (Lucknow) |
| Mr. H.A. Abedi | B.Sc, B.Ed, L.Lb (Karachi) |
| Mrs. Azmatullah | B.A. (Punjab) |
| Mrs. M. Belgaumi | M.A. (Punjab) |
| Mr. A.H. Bhuiya | M.Sc. (Iran) |
| Mr. P. DeSouza | B.A. (Karachi) |
| Mrs. Effendi | M.Sc. (Karachi) |
| Mr. Q.M.T. Farooqui | B.A. (Karachi) |
| Mrs. Y. Hasan | B.A., B.Ed (Karachi) |
| Mrs. K. Isani | M.A. (Lebanon) |
| Mr. J. Javed | M.A., B.Ed., Adib Kamil (Aligarh) |
| Mr. J. Khan | M.Sc (Punjab) |
| Mr. M.A. Khan | B.Sc, M.Sc (Punjab) |
| Mr. R. Khan | M.Sc (Agra) |
| Mr. A.U. Khan | B.Sc., M.Sc., B.Ed. (Karachi) |
| Mrs. M. Karim | B.A. (London) |
| Mr. M. Khalilullah | B.Sc, M.Sc., B.Ed. (Karachi) |
| Mrs. M. Lobo | M.A. (Punjab), Dipl. Ed. (Reading) |
| Mr. A.L.A. Musani | B.A. (Karachi) |
| Mrs. R. Muncherji | M.A. (Karachi) |
| Mrs. P. Minwalla | B.A., S.T.C., L.T.C.L. (Bombay) |
| Mr. N.B. Perera | B.Sc., M.Sc., (Ceylon), P.G.D, M.P.&A (Karachi) |
| Mrs. F. Qazi | M.Sc (Punjab) |
| Mr. Qutubuddin | B.A. (Hyderabad, Deccan) |
| Mr. Z. Rehman | B.Sc, M.Sc. (Karachi) |
| Mr. M.W. Razi | M.A. (Karachi) |
| Mr. H. Razzaq | M.A., L.T. (Allahabad) |
| Mrs. P. Rizvi | M.A. (Punjab) |
| Mrs. Rizvi | M.Ba (Iran) |
| Mr. E. Rehman | B.A., B.Ed (Aligarh) |
| Ms. F. Said | M.A. (Univ. of Wisconsin) |
| Ms. N. Sami | M.A. (Karachi) |
| Mr. M. Seresinhe | B.Sc. (Ceylon) |

| | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Mrs. N. Shirazee | M.A., B.P. Ed (Karachi) |
| Mrs. C. Thirunavukarasu | B.A Phil. (Ceylon) |
| Mr. N. Thirunavukarasu | B.Sc. (Ceylon) |
| Mrs. R. Uraizee | M.A. (Karachi) |
| Mrs. F. Waqar | M.Sc. (Bowling Green Univ.) |



SENIOR SCHOOL STAFF

ARRIVALS & DEPARTURES

Summer 1984 saw the departure of Karachi Grammar School's principal of four years, Mr. A.J. Price, which left a big gap in the Chemistry department as well. He was succeeded by Mr. C.N. Wrigley as Acting Principal, who had come to teach Mathematics at K.G.S. in 1982. In March 1985 Mr. Wrigley was officially appointed Principal by the Board of Governors.

The academic year of 1985 was unusual in the way that by December virtually no department remained complete as concerns faculty. The first departure was that of Mr. Whittaker, head of the Mathematics department, who left in June 1985 for England after his contract ended. This truly was a loss for the Department and for the students who valued the analytical and practical approach Mr. Whittaker rendered in his teaching of the subject. Alongwith Mr. Whittaker's departure, the school also lost the services of Mr. Calistes, another member of the Mathematics faculty, who returned to teach at St. Patrick's High School in December 1985.

By the end of the year two other highly respected teachers had also left — Mr. Bhuiya, head of the Economics department and Streeton House Master, and Mr. Rasheed Khan, head of the Physics department. Apparently Mr. Bhuiya and Mr. Rasheed Khan had found more profitable lines of work, following the age old example of Mr. Zaidi who took to private tuitions. We wish them best of luck and greater monetary benefits in their present ventures.

In order to fill in the vacancies left by these teachers, the school went on a massive advertising campaign and hired a number of new teachers. Among the ones who were employed were Mrs. C. Thirunavukarasu, (Economics & Accounts), Ms. Sami (Economics), Mr. A.U. Khan (Physics), and Mrs. Effendi (Biology). The school also acquired the services of Mr. M.A. Khan in August 1985 who then took over as Head of the Mathematics department. In addition, after the departure of Mr. Bhuiya, Mr. M.A. Khan was appointed Streeton House Master.

One hopes that a good number of these new arrivals are capable of maintaining the high standard of teaching set by the departed members of faculty.

The Editors.



The Principal, Mr. C.N. Wrigley

Editor's Note . . .

After a four year stint as Principal the School said goodbye to the popular Mr. Antony Price. Mr. Price's departure in June 1984 marked the dawn of a new era. Nevertheless it was with much regret that the School parted with the services of Mr. Price. We wish him all the best for the future. In turn we welcome Mr. Colin Wrigley as our new Principal (a post he has been holding since August 1984).

Mr. Wrigley joined the school in August 1982. Thereafter he held the post of Head of the Mathematics Department till his "accession" to the much coveted post of KGS Principal. Mr. Wrigley is a graduate from Durham University and has been teaching for the past fifteen years. Infact he is the author of a school text book— "Additional Pure Mathematics". Even though Mr. Wrigley has been Principal for the past twenty—three months and has been interviewed by the "Pulse", we felt the need to hear his views, ideas and impressions on various aspects of school life now that he has settled down in his job as Principal of our distinguished institution. Iram and Munis put the questions to Mr. Wrigley, with his responses being printed in the form of reported speech, primarily for reasons of space.

PRINCIPAL INTERVIEWED

When asked why the Prefects were chosen by the school authorities and not elected by the student body (as is the case in most Schools with a similar background), Mr. Wrigley said that he would like to gradually change the present system of selection. Although he feels that authority has to be imposed to a certain degree, especially in the lower classes, the opinion of the students should be given some consideration. Perhaps in the future members of a student council could be nominated by the school authorities with the final choice lying with the student body as a whole. This would ensure that only those worthy of such a responsibility would be chosen while also considering the opinion of the students. However until such a change is effected the present Prefectorial System, which according to him is functioning with reasonable efficiency, will continue. (Editors Note : Will the change Mr. Wrigley is talking about ever be implemented? There is considerable doubt in our minds, yet we do hope that he will follow up on his words with deeds! Time will test his sincerity.)

Regarding the extracurricular activities of the school, Mr Wrigley said that he is generally satisfied with the various school activities but nevertheless feels that the timing of certain events could be altered to produce greater participation and results; for example the Oratory and Elocution Competition standards can be improved if everything is not left till the last minute. However, whenever an event is scheduled it will inevitably clash with certain other activities with the result that participants will have to choose the activity they give greater priority to.

As far as the various school activities are concerned Mr. Wrigley felt that the entire issue is characterized by gross irresponsibility. He said that the Office bearers of a society should be elected by the students and that there should be continuity within each society. This would thus ensure continuity within every society with the automatic transfer of their funds from year to year. Mr. Wrigley also suggested that the society's accounts should be published at the years end in either the "Pulse" or the "Grammarian" Lastly he felt that the day-to-day running of the societies should be done by the FY's and XI's since it is them, and not the SY's, who have all the time in the world.

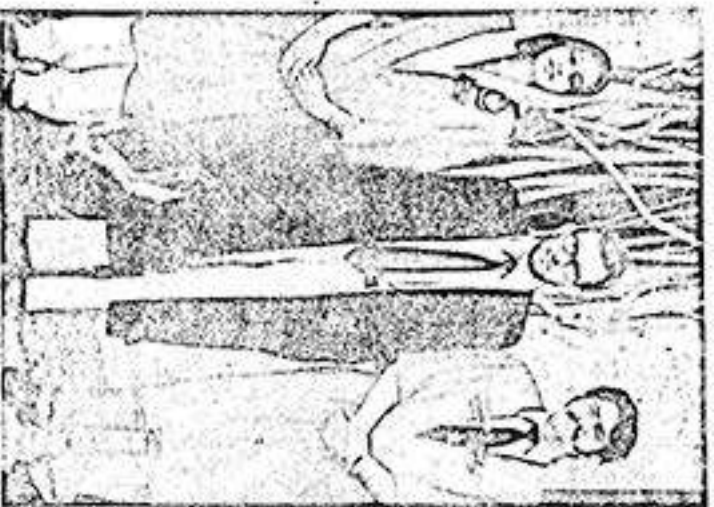
When asked why the school did not finance the "Pulse", Mr. Wrigley replied that the Pulse staff should be aware of the financial restraints of producing such a newspaper and should thus be able to arrange the requisite sponsorship. To date the "Pulse" has always been able to find suitable sponsors but if it ran into serious financial difficulties the school would almost certainly intervene and subsidise it. Mr. Wrigley also very kindly offered the opinion that the "Grammarian" needs a change of style and format plus a reduction in cost which may result in its being published with more frequency. He also suggested that the students currently in school and not ex-students should be responsible for it's production!!

Mr. Wrigley seemed quite perturbed by the falling standard of teaching at KGS. He admitted that teachers for 'O' level and 'A' Level were not easily available and consequently the education standard was deteriorating. However he feels that it would not be practicable or even fair to reduce the strength of the 'A' level classes due to the non-availability of teachers. A possible solution would be to employ teachers from Britain and Mr. Wrigley has advertised teaching posts in British papers and is currently considering the response he has received. He added, however, that KGS was not the only academic institution suffering from this problem. According to him most schools, including those in the West, are suffering from a similar problem. On comparing KGS with British schools, Mr Wrigley said that it was very similar to his school in Britain. Today KGS stands on par with the best schools in Britain or elsewhere, by Mr. Wrigley's estimation.

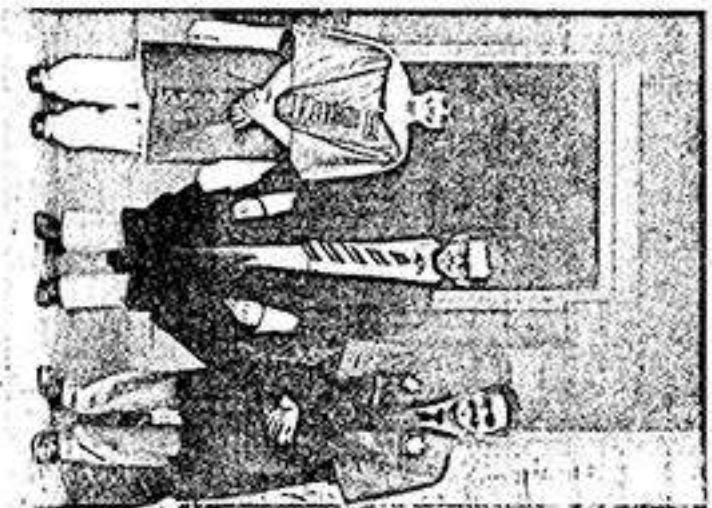
Mr. Wrigley also told us that the school authorities have finally approved the plans for the new school and the architects have been issued a contract. The school owns two plots opposite Boat Basin. The smaller plot will be the location of the KGS primary school which in due course will be expanded to consist of five sections. Mr. Wrigley plans to hold the Speech Day at the new school site this year and to lay the school foundation stone on this occasion. He hopes (with considerable optimism) that the building will be completed by February 1988!

Before concluding this informative interview we asked Mr Wrigley if he planned any further innovations in the school, to which he replied that though he had many such ideas it would take considerable time and effort to realise his plans. He would particularly like to introduce group work in academics, in a manner similar to the team work present in sports. He feels that such group activity would encourage academic cooperation among students and thus reduce excessive competition. Mr Wrigley's plans thus, we hope, revolve around the betterment of the school and we hope that he is successful in implementing all the reforms he considers so necessary.

The Editors. . .



*The Head Boy and Head Girl
(1984) with the Principal*



*The Head Boy and Head Girl
(1985) with the Principal*

PREFECTS — 1983

| | | | |
|----------------|---|-----------------|------------------|
| HEADBOY | : | Saleem Adil | |
| HEADGIRL | : | Mahnaz Mirza | |
| HOUSE CAPTAINS | : | | |
| NAPIER | : | Samir Anwar | Amina Merchant |
| FRERE | : | Farhan Hassan | Nadia Hasan |
| STREETEN | : | Ali Nawab Rizvi | Ayesha Mumtaz |
| PREFECTS | : | Zahid Maker | Sara Jafri |
| | | Asim Belgaumi | Sana Zakaria |
| | | Naveed Ahmed | Meg Price |
| | | Nasser Husain | Rabeya Hassan |
| | | Irfan Malik | Nadia Chundrigar |
| | | Saqib Hanif | Asma Rashid |
| | | Saad Iqbal | Faiza Patel |
| | | Salman Bawany | |

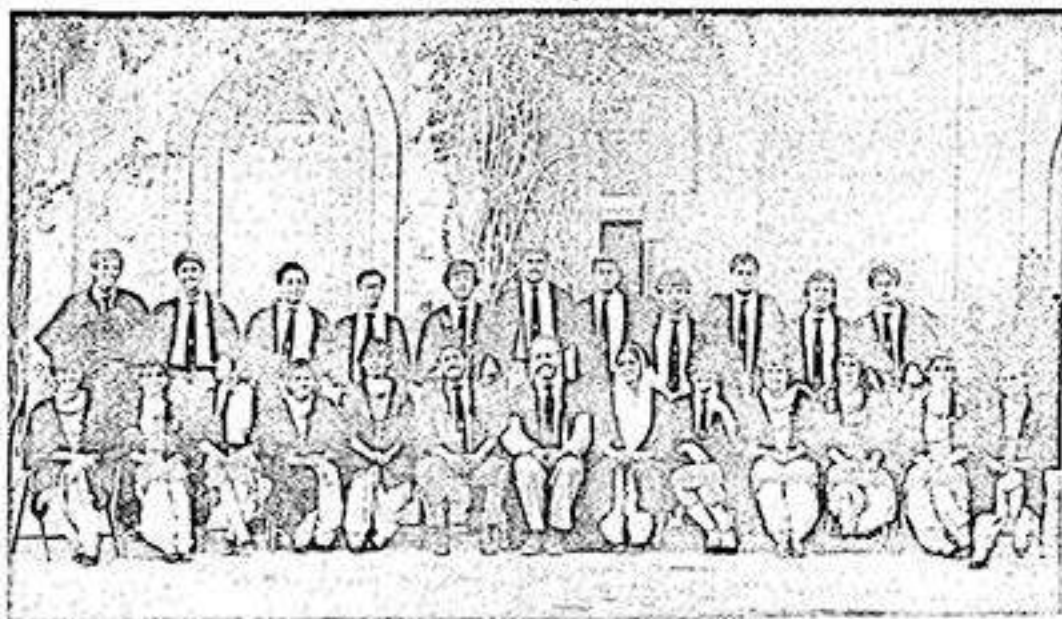


PREFECT BODY 1983

*Seated (L-R)- Nadia Hasan; Amina Merchant; Samir Anwar; Mahnaz Mirza; Mr. A.J. Price;
Saleem Adil; Nasir Ali; Ali Nawab Rizvi; Ayesha Mumtaz
..... Standing (L-R)- Farhan Hassan; Irfan Malik; Meg Price; Salman Bawany; Naveed Ahmad; Asim Belgaumi;
Nasser Husain; Asma R. Khan Faiza Patel; Saad Iqbal; Nadia Chundrigar; Saqib Hanif; Rabeya Hassan*

PREFECTS — 1984

| | | | |
|-----------------------|---|--------------------|------------------|
| HEADBOY | : | Adnan Ali Hyder | |
| HEADGIRL | : | Talat N. Hassan | |
| HOUSE CAPTAINS | : | | |
| NAPIER | : | Imad Rabbani | Asma Rizvi |
| FRERE | : | Mihail Lari | Amna M. Ali |
| STREETEN | : | Feroze A. Khan | Nermeen Chinoy |
| PREFECTS | : | Sohail Agha | Samina Fasihi |
| | | Faisal Hassan | Ghazala Parvez |
| | | Farees Rehman | Saadia Iqbal |
| | | Neville Dossabhoy | Sharmeen Polad |
| | | Junaid Marvi | Roosbeh Dadabhoy |
| | | Ameruddin Siddiqui | Anjum Ishaque |
| | | Fuad Garib | Lubna Shaheen |
| | | Humair Mirza | |

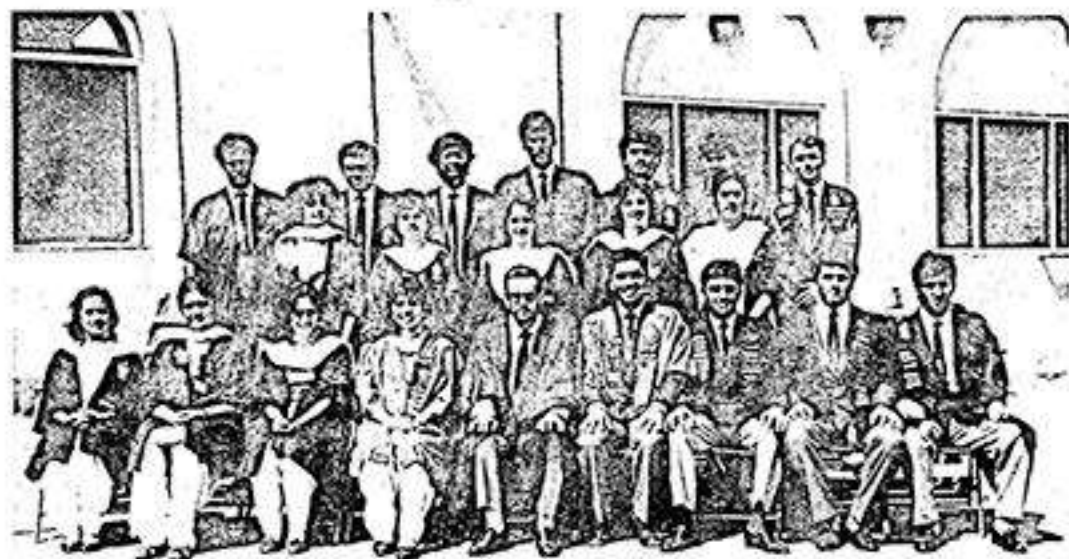


PREFECT BODY 1984

Seated (L-R): Asma Rizvi; Ghazala Pervez; Lubna Shaheen; Samina Fasihi; Amna M. Ali; Adnan A. Hyder; Talat N. Hasan; Roosbeh Dadabhoy; Sharmeen Polad; Nermeen Chinoy; Sadia Iqbal
..... Standing (L-R): Mihail Lari; Farees Rehman; Imad Rabbani; Neville Dossabhoy; Humair Mirza; Ejaz Danishmand; Amer Siddiqui; Faisal Hasan; Feroze Iqbal; Sohail Agha; Fuad Gareeb

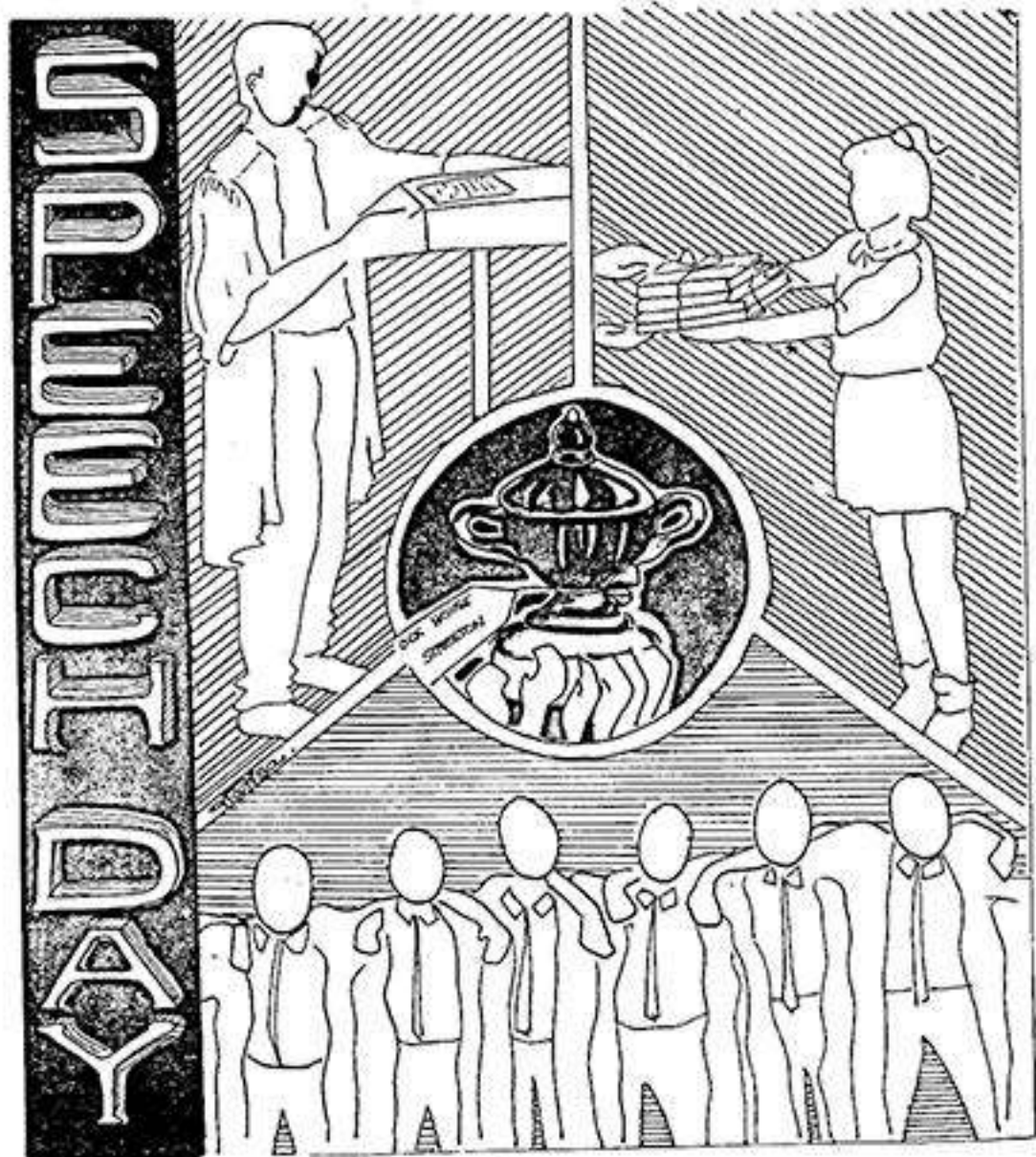
PREFECTS — 1985

| | | | |
|----------------|---|-------------------|-----------------|
| HEADBOY | : | Bilal Murad | |
| HEADGIRL | : | Afiya S. Zia | |
| HOUSE CAPTAINS | : | | |
| NAPIER | : | Rustom Khambatta | Yasmin Hyder |
| FRERE | : | Nasser Aziz | Camilla Rab |
| STREETEN | : | Salman Butt | Samya Burney |
| PREFECTS | : | Munis Faruqi | Naheed Mitha |
| | | Ameen Jan | Iram Qureshi |
| | | Adil Matcheswalla | Adele Bavington |
| | | Yousuf H. Khan | Shazia Ahmed |
| | | Aamer Azam | Shireen G. Aga |
| | | Amin Rahimtullah | Naurin A. Khan |
| | | Hyder Ahmed | Natasha Jafri |
| | | Amer Hai | |



PREFECT BODY 1985

*Seated (L-R) - Samya Burney; Yasmin Hyder; Camilla Rab; Afiya Zia; Mr. C.N. Wrigley;
 Bilal Murad; Nasser Aziz; Rustom Khambatta; Salman Butt
Standing (L-R) - Aamer Azam; Shazia Ahmed; Amin Rahimtullah; Naurin Khan; Aamer Hai;
 Iram Qureshi; Hyder Ahmed; Shireen Gul Aga; Ameen Jan; Naheed Mitha; Yousuf H. Khan; Munis Faruqi.
 Missing - Natasha Jafri*



PRIZE LIST 1983

| CLASS | POSITION | NAME OF STUDENT |
|-------|---|--|
| III-K | First Prize Second and Islamiat Prizes Third Prize Handwork Prize Art Prize | Sher Veerjee Sabeen Shareef Saba Sayyid Farzana Uraizee Shehrbano Syed |
| III-G | First, Urdu and Islamiat Prizes Second and Scripture Prizes Third Prize | Omer Faruqui Rooshan Divecha Ali Nasir Zaidi |
| III-S | First Prize Second Prize Third Prize | Nadia Karim Sabiha Hussain Amber Rizvi |
| IV-K | First Prize Second Prize Third Prize | Uzma Makhdumi Celina Charania Farrukh Ali |
| IV-G | First Prize Second Prize Third Prize Art Prize | Zain Fancy Shahrukh Jalisi Omar Shafi Imran Syed |
| IV-S | First and Islamiat Prizes Second Prize Third and Scripture Prizes Urdu Prize Handwork Prize | Aziz Moolji Faisal Iqbal Nali Spenser Fayaz Qureshi Sabina Haque |
| V-K | First Prize Second and Art Prizes Third Prize Urdu Prize | Zerxes Spenser Saba Faruqui Asad Haider Shehzad Khan |
| V-G | First and Islamiat Prizes Second Prize Third Prize Scripture Prize | Nadir Rehman Fakhruddin Valika Khurram Arif Tushna Kandawalla |

| | | |
|------|---|---|
| V-S | First Prize Second Prize Third Prize Handwork Prize | Nadia Rehman Mustafa Akhund Zain Hansraj Sonia Rehman |
| VI-K | First Prize Second and Handwork Prizes Third Prize Urdu Prize Islamiat Prize Carpentry Prize | Jalal Khan Shireen Ali Shakeel-ur-Rehman Alefia Diwan Omar Salam Eddie Dinshaw |
| VI-G | First Prize Second Prize Third Prize Scripture Prize | Kashif S. Ahmed Afshan Ahmed Adeel Makhdumi Ardesheer Talati |
| VI-S | First and Art Prizes Second Prize Third Prize | Jazib Hassan Amyr Tejani Fayaz Elahi |

The Greenfield Handwork Cup was taken by Amna Samdani of VI-G.

The Rauf Memorial Trophy for the best House (Napier) was taken by Daood Mirza.

A certificate was awarded to the best decorated class (III-G) which was taught by Miss David. The award was collected by Nasir Ali.

| | | |
|-------|---|---|
| VII-K | First Prize Second Prize Third Prize Art Prize | Mumtaz Qizilbash Farhat Kapadia Hina Haque Farina Alam |
| VII-G | First and Islamiat Prizes Second Prize Third Prize Scripture Prize Urdu Prize | Saadia Iqbal Akbar Moolji Sehar Makhdumi Aresh Mehta Fakhir Jamil |
| VII-S | First Prize Second Prize Third Prize | Farrukh Jalisi Shaista Rasool Hina Hasan |

| | | |
|--------|--|---|
| VIII-K | First and Urdu Prizes Second Prize Third Prize | Adnan Afridi Nausheen S. Ahmed Fatima Rana |
| VIII-G | First and Islamiat Prizes Second Prize Third and Scripture Prizes | Nadya C. Mujahid Omar Mahmud Behram Dinshaw |
| VIII-S | First and Art Prizes Second Prize Third Prize | Vazira Zamindar Kaleem Ghanchi Samina Ahmed |
| IX-K | First Prize Second and Islamiat Prizes Third Prize | Shazia Makhdumi Humaira Shams Fauzia Sethi |
| IX-G | First and Urdu Prizes Second Prize Third Prize Scripture Prize | Sylbia Shah Saba Nazar Shariq Mehboob Nargiz Chinoy |
| IX-S | First Prize Second Prize Third and Art Prizes | Nadya Adjaneer Hasan Zaidi Adnan Syed |
| X-K | First Prize Second Prize Third Prize Islamiat and equal Urdu Prizes | Omar Azfar Nadir Qureshi Noor-ul-Islam Nusrat A. Khan |
| X-G | First Prize Second Prize Third Prize Scripture Prize | Shaheen Mohamedi Faizullah Bohra Ayaz-ul-Haque Mehrwan Polad |
| X-S | First and equal Urdu Prizes Second and Art Prizes Third Prize | Mariam Moin Aliya Khan Rabia Mirza |
| XI-K | First Prize Second Prize Third Prize | Yasmin Hyder Aalia Ashfaq Camilla Rab |

| | | |
|-------|--|--|
| XI-G | First Prize Second Prize Third and Urdu Prizes Scripture Prize | Amer Hai Zia Mehmood Shazia S. Ahmed Cyrus Boga |
| XI-S | First Prize Second Prize Third Prize Art Prize Batik Prize | Hina Nazar Adil Matcheswalla Firuza Pastakia Kamila Marvi Yasmine Masood |
| F.Y's | English General, Literature, History and Art Prizes English General, Chemistry, and Physics Prizes. Economics Prize Economics and Public Affairs Prize Biology Prize Mathematics Prize Geography Prize Special Art Prize | Talat Naila Hasan Neville Dossabhoy Saadia Khan Sharmeen Polad Adnan Ali Hyder Fuad Garib Nisreen Bohra Faisal Hassan |
| S.Y's | English General Prize English General Prize Chemistry, Physics and Mathematics Prizes Biology Prize British History Prize Indian History, and Economics and Public Affairs Prizes Economics Prize Geography Prize Art Prize Batik Prize | Faiza Patel Saad Iqbal Khurram Rehman Rashid Zar Sara Ansari Naseer Hussain Malcolm Mascarenhas Neshmia Altaf Fariha Chughtai Mustapha Javeri and Shalla Junejo. |

(SPECIAL PRIZES FOR THE YEAR 1983)

- | | | |
|----|---|--|
| 1. | Kensett Medal for English (Language and Literature) | Sharmeen Polad |
| 2. | Cree Medal for Science (Physics, Chemistry and Biology) | Fahim Jaffery Neville Dossabhoy Abdul Hai Adnan Ali Hyder Salman Zaidi |
| 3. | Breton Medal for Mathematics | Imran Kizilbash |

| | |
|--|--|
| | Neville Dossabhoy Feroze Khan Salman Zaidi Mihail Lari |
| 4. Bilquees Hasnain Memorial Cup for academic distinction | Fahim Jaffrey Neville Dossabhoy Salman Zaidi Adnan Ali Hyder Neville Dossabhoy |
| 5. Hamdard Gold Medal (for Urdu) | |
| 6. The Sabah Ahmed Memorial Cup for the Best Student of Class XI | Amer Hai |
| 7. The Nazafreen Haroon Memorial Trophy for Distinction in History of Pakistan | Fahim Jaffery Imran Maniar |
| 8. Glazebrook Cup & Prize for Academic Distinction (HSC 1982) | Shernaz Polad |
| 9. Symon Cup for Literary Merit & Replica | Nasser Hussain |
| 10. Super Fernandes Economics Medal | Shabnam Dada |
| 11. Zaidi Mathematics Shield & Replica | Khurram Rehman |
| 12. Khalilullah Biology Shield & Replica | Rashid Zar |
| 13. Omer Yousuf Shield for Economics | Nasser Hussain |
| 14. Principals Award for Academic Achievement (Chemistry and Biology) | Nasir Ali |
| 15. The Super Fernandes Trophy for Academic and Athletic endeavour | Ali Nawab Rizvi |
| 16. Jamil Javed Urdu Cup & Replica | Humair Mirza |
| 17. Principals Cup for Urdu | Humair Mirza |
| 18. Smith Cup for Dramatics | Saqib Hanif |
| 19. Trophies for Journalism (work on the "Pulse") | Nasser Hussain Saad Iqbal Asma Khan Irfan Malik Nadia Chundrigar John Bavington Saad Iqbal |
| 20. Elocution Prize (Juniors) Elocution Prize (Seniors) | |
| 21. Naat Prizes: Prize for best solo Prize for best Urdu speech Prize for best English speech Naat Prize for group singing | Rabeya Hasan Adnan Ali Hyder Farhan Hassan First Years. |
| 22. Kings Cup for Oratory (Juniors) Kings Cup for Oratory (Seniors) | Huma Vohra Feroze Khan |
| 23. Margery Rehman Cup for Inter-House Debates collected by Napier House | Saqib Hanif |

24. Best debator of the year (Juniors)
Best debator of the year (Seniors)
25. Major Arif Saeed Memorial Cup for the best batsman for 1983
26. Major Arif Saeed Memorial Cup for the best bowler of 1983
27. Qasim Mahmood Memorial Trophy for the best Cricketer of 1983
28. Special Prize for Cricket
29. The Sardar Majidullah Trophy & Replica (Best all-round hockey player)
30. The Ashik Hussain Memorial Trophy & Replica for the sportsman of the year
31. Trophy and Replica for the sportswoman of the year
32. The Lady Symon Cup & Replica
33. The Canon Cup & Replica
34. Cock House Cup

Nasser Hussain
Adnan Ali Hyder
Saad Zia
Saquib Hanif

Samir Anwar

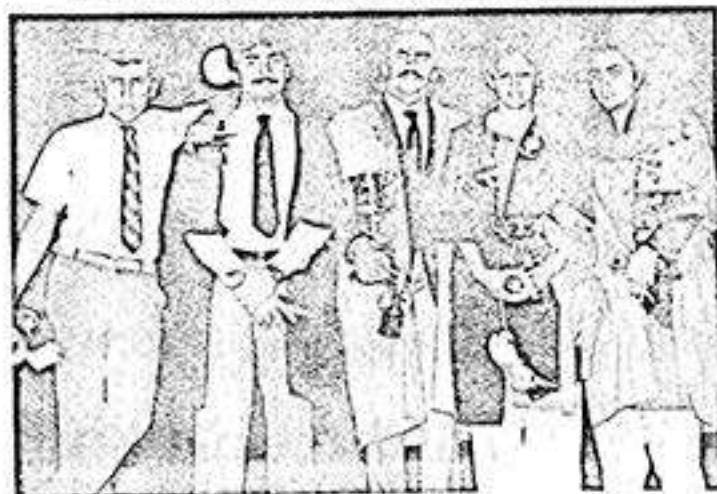
Naveed Ahmed

Kamran Khan
Aliuddin Ahmed

Rohit Khilnani

Naveed Ahmed
Nadia Hasan
Mahnaz Mirza
Saleem Adil
Streeten

A few members of the Class of '83 pose for a last picture together on Speech Day. Prominent among there are "Rai" and "Boy-Sait"



Ali Nawab Rizvi and Ayesha Muntaz of Streeten with the Cock House Cup for 1983

PRINCIPAL'S REPORT 1983

Mr. Willimott, Mr. Chairman, Members of the Board of Governors, Parents, Friends, Students.

First of all, may I add my own words of welcome to you, Mr. Willimott, as our honoured guest here today. We are happy to have you here, both in your own right, and as a representative of the British Council, with which we, as a school, have been associated for many years. In years past, indeed, the British Council was closely involved in the appointment of our Principals and Vice Principals. Now you provide a service to education in Karachi which we, and many others beside us, value highly. It is a pleasure to have you here, Sir, and to record publicly our thanks for all that you and the Council do.

Much has been made, Mr. Chairman Sir, of the fact that we stand on the brink of 1984, a year made famous, or infamous, by George Orwell's remarkable book. Those of you who have read it will appreciate that the book does not set out to be an accurate prophecy or forecast so much as a warning of what George Orwell thought might come to pass if certain trends which he saw around him in his own time were allowed to continue unchecked. You will remember that in Orwell's book, the world is in a state of perpetual conflict among the three super-powers, Eurasia, Eastasia and Oceania. One result of this is the triumph of propaganda over truth, as exemplified by the continuous rewriting of History to suit political ends. Above all, the individual has to submit completely to total domination by the State. In the book, the State is personified by Big Brother. "Big Brother is Watching You!" say the posters, and the Thought Police are indeed watching through their visiscreens. In the downbeat ending, the hero, Winston Smith, finally loses his last freedom — the freedom of his mind. We know that he is lost when, after harrowing brain washing, he comes to love Big Brother.

This book, then, is a warning, not a prophecy, but it is a warning which in some parts of the world goes unheeded because it is unheard. Here, I am happy to say, we can still think for ourselves and it would be a brave Big Brother who would try to control the minds of the highly individual and independent people I have met in Pakistan. Indeed, the trouble experienced by would be Big Brothers everywhere is that, despite their best efforts, people insist on thinking. It is precisely in order to encourage this process of thinking that institutions like the British Council, Karachi Grammar School and every institution providing good education everywhere exist.

For what reason do you parents pay fees and fight the traffic daily? So that your sons and daughters may pass examinations? So that they may meet the right people? So that they may earn more money and be able to look after you in your old age? Well, maybe. But mostly I hope you send them here so that they may learn to think. And this must be our aim too, both formally and informally; formally in

the classroom and in the organised lesson, and informally in the environment we create and in all the extra-curricular activities that are provided.

Let us deal with the formal and informal aspects of our tasks separately. One test of our formal education, on which I report annually, is our results in examinations and in university admissions. Each year there seems to be one particularly successful feature that catches the attention. This year, without a doubt, it was our last lot of O-Level results which gave us greatest pleasure. In certain respects they were the best the school has ever achieved. For the first time ever, not lower than four candidates, Neville Dossabhoy, Fahim Jafri, Feroze Khan and Salman Zaidi, obtained the ultimate result, First Division with 6 points. When I tell you that at the same time two candidates obtained 7 points, one got 8 and two more got 9, and that we just beat our 1980 record with over 52% of the candidates gaining First Divisions, you will see that this group of whose results we received last March were an outstanding bunch, and that they and their teachers deserve every congratulation.

Our University entrance statistics are well up to the standards of previous years. 21 of our Science students and 24 of our Arts students went to American Universities, the majority of them receiving aid, often very substantial. As in the past, the universities concerned include many of those classified in the "most competitive" group. One of these students, Asher Qureshi, was the first Grammarian ever to achieve the remarkable hat-trick of being offered places at Harvard, Yale and Princeton. He chose Harvard, but it cannot have been an easy choice to make between three universities of this calibre. Three girls gained admission to British Universities. One of them, Shernaz Polad, gave me personal pleasure by choosing Cambridge, my own old university, in preference to some very attractive offers from America. Nearer at hand, we sent four students to study at the prestigious Institute of Business Administration of the University of Karachi. Four more of last year's students, plus five others who had left the school earlier, made up nearly a fifth of the first intake at the Aga Khan Medical University. We are pleased with and proud of every one of these.

After a really good set of results like these, a nagging doubt comes unbidden to one's mind. Will we be able to match them in the years to follow? I am pleased to report that the next generation of Grammarians seems to be very like the last, and we await with reasonable confidence the results that will come to us during the next few months. I say this despite the alarming rumours that have been filtering through to me from Britain, namely that the standards being set by the A- and O-Level examiners have risen quite strikingly this year. I have heard of schools in U.K. being devastated by the poor results which their students obtained in last summer's examinations. All I can say to this is that the relatively small number of candidates from this school who took the London Board's exams last summer through the British Council fared, if anything, rather better than their predecessors had done. I hope that this proves to be a good omen for the Cambridge examinations which we have just finished.

Let us now turn our attention to the less formal aspects of education. Here we see it is our task to provide as rich and varied an environment as we can, within the limitations that surround us. One approach to this is through physical activity of various sorts. You may have seen the Junior School's physical training display, or one of our Athletics Sports meetings. This year again, several of our senior girls distinguished themselves in local, provincial and national athletics.

We have endeavoured to add variety to the cultural environment by bringing people here, and by sending our students on visits and expeditions near and far. Thus the Kindergarten school has been to watch the turtles, classes from the Junior School have been to many different places, ranging from the Naval Dockyard to Bhambore, from a biscuit factory to a fishing village. The biggest expedition sent out from the Senior school, both in terms of numbers involved and in the distance travelled, was to Moenjodaro and Sukkur. We are grateful to our Chairman and to the staff and students of Sukkur Public School for all the arrangements that he and they made which contributed to the success of that visit. In these, and in many other ways we have tried to add some stimulation to the environment.

In certain not altogether pleasant respects the environment has been more challenging than we might have wished. Despite fears that things might get worse, we have been fortunate that we lost relatively few days to compulsory closures of schools and colleges. However, you, parents, and the rest of us, suffered for some weeks when the school was surrounded by a river of gutter water, so that Saddar looked, and smelled, like the down-town area of Venice, and, the roads were converted into a series of traps for the unwary. In this, and in other physical problems that the school has faced, we owe a debt of gratitude to those friends of the school to whom we have turned for help. Without exception they have done everything in their power to ameliorate our problems and provide a cure.

Not only have we visited other people and places, but we have ourselves been visited by many interesting people. It has been a particular pleasure to meet and talk to the Principals and staff from several different schools. Most of these have been Karachi schools, new and old. One visit was by the Principal and the entire staff of the Karachi Japanese School. We have also been visited by the Principals of Sukkur Public School and the Exxon Grammer School, Daharki, and several of their staff. University visitors, keen to encourage our students to apply for places at their universities, have come from the University of Pennsylvania, from Cornell and from Bryn Mawr in the U.S.A., and we have also seen distinguished visitors from the Technical University of Aachen in West Germany, not to mention our friends from the Aga Khan Medical University here in Karachi. We have been looked at, and questioned in detail by two high powered teams from overseas. One was comprised of educational consultants from Britain, led by Prof. Peter Williams, and the other was from the Chinese Government, led by Madam Peng, a deputy Minister of Education. It is good to know that we are on somebody's official list of educational

establishments which are considered worth knowing to distinguished overseas visitors.

It is important, too, that we should be seen to be a part of the educational scene in Pakistan, even if in some respects we are a bit special and untypical of the scene as a whole. I have felt strongly for some years that it is a strength and an asset to a country to encourage, at least to tolerate, plenty of variety in its educational system. My reason for this is that I do not believe that anyone can say with any certainty what type of education will best suit the students of today who will be the adults of tomorrow. None of us knows what the world will be like in twenty or thirty years time. Take a look at the changes which have taken place in our own lifetimes. How many of them would you have been able to foresee twenty or thirty years ago? It may be that a good deal of the detailed information which we impart to our students proves in the end to be unnecessary to them. But if we, working together with you parents, have taught our young people to think for themselves, to work together for a common goal, to recognise and practice good manners, and to care about and care for their fellow human beings, we shall have gone some way towards ensuring that they will be able to cope with whatever problems the future may bring. In this way, 1984, and the years which follow, need not bring to pass the horrors against which George Orwell wrote.

My final duty, Sir, is to say farewells and welcomes, and to express thanks. I must begin this section on a sad note. In February we heard of the death of Miss Cooper, whose memory will, however, continue to live in the hearts of the generations of Grammarians whom she taught. It is poignant that one of her last actions was to address an air letter to the school. That was as far as she got. She died before writing the letter itself, so we shall never know what she had intended to say. Another link with the past was severed with the more recent death of Bishop Chandu Ray, a former Chairman of the Board of Governors. Old Grammarians will perhaps appreciate better than the present generation how much is owed to these two and to others like them.

During the course of the last twelve months we have had to say goodbye to some valued members of staff. Some of these have been married ladies who have had to go when their husbands have been transferred elsewhere. It was suggested to me, in jest, that I should stop employing married ladies for this reason, but the contribution that these ladies make to our staff rules out any thought of so drastic an action. The Senior school has lost Mrs. Siddiqui, Mr. Patel, Mr. Zaidi, Mr. Riaz-ul-Hassan Khan and Mrs. Shahbaz; the Junior school has lost, or is about to lose, Miss Divecha, Mrs. Asma Ahmed, Mrs. Khalil and Mrs. Kheraj; and from the Kindergarten have gone, or will go at the end of this year, Mrs. Naheed Ali Khan, Mrs. Nazma Rehman, Mrs. Nusrat Khan and Mrs. Ferasta. We have welcomed to our teaching staff Mr. Farooqi, Mr. Fernando, Mr. Thirunavukarasu, Mrs. Akhtar, Mrs. Pervez, Miss Moosa, Mrs. Hadi, Mrs. Sherghill, Miss Salahuddin, Mrs. Ahmed Ali, Mrs. Shamsi, Mr.

Mohammed Iqbal and Mrs. Bickler. We hope that their time with us will be happy and fruitful.

Finally I must thank, on behalf of you parents, the students and myself, all those who have not left; the school servants, the supervisor, the technicians, the office staff, the prefects, the Head Boy and Head Girl, and above all the teaching staff of all three sections of the school. Time does not allow me to do more than hint at all they have done, but our thanks are no less sincere for that. My personal thanks go once again to Mr. Khalilullah, Mrs. Mujahid, Mrs. Fernandes and Mrs. Jafri on whose vision and good sense I rely daily; and to the Board of Governors, and especially to yourself, Mr. Chairman, whom we are all delighted to see restored to us after your enforced absence. And so it is to you, Sir, that I have the honour to submit my report for 1983.



A group of 'A' level students together at Speech Day 1983

SPEECH OF CHIEF GUEST — 1983

Headmaster, Chairman, Members of the Governing Board, Distinguished Guests,
Ladies and Gentlemen.

First let me extend warm congratulations to all the prize winners on their first class achievements. May I be allowed to congratulate all the parents who have survived the year intact in spite of the pressures their offspring may have subjected them to.

Secondly let me commiserate with those who were pipped at the post. The prize winners somehow must have understood the exam questions better than they did.

However obvious a principle of life it may not always be appreciated, sometimes even by parents like myself, that only one person can win the prize; the rest don't. And being a parent myself with children at boarding school in England I signally failed to understand this principle when I tried to bribe my youngest child. I offered to pay him one English pound sterling (the equivalent of Rupees twenty) for every grade A mark he got at school. This offer was greeted by derisive comment from his two elder sisters who were quite rightly disgusted. Last Saturday we received his weekly letter from school which was his usual unreadable and incomprehensible effort. He started by saying:

"Dear Mummy and Daddy

Here are my marks for the term. I got an A in Maths....."; and then in brackets he wrote: "one pound".

What I had also failed to remember was that his school marks came in two columns, one for achievement and one for effort. I may say that his A in Maths was for effort, not for achievement.

Now my purpose in admitting this dishonorable attempt to get my son to improve himself is not to suggest that prize winners should demand payment for their success from defenceless parents, nor am I recommending the school do away with prize giving (after all there is a deal of difference between a reward and bribe); but I do suggest that if we are to support or even encourage a competitive academic environment we do not do so at the expense of our "successor generation" who have enough educational and moral pressures to contend with without our putting greater stumbling blocks in their path.

For example, some scientists would have us believe that ages ago there developed a primitive form of protoplasm which by an extraordinary evolutionary process has evidently lead to our sitting in the Karachi Grammar School today. So that when we as parents are asked by our intelligent six year old child "Who am I?" and "Where did I come from?" we are supposed to tell them that we are just a biological accident.

On the other hand, there are other scientists who either keep quiet or who are prepared to tell the truth at the risk of their professional reputation.

We in Pakistan happily do not attribute our existence to accidental bits of protoplasm floating on a primeval sea but to God who not only gave us an intellect but the obligation to develop our intellect for the rest of our lives.

But it doesn't stop there. The intellect and the mind are limited by the information we feed them and neither is equipped to go beyond the realm of human experience. Many hundreds of years ago a young boy called Samuel was trying to get some sleep when someone called his name. Twice he thought it was his guardian calling him but on the third occasion his guardian realised that it was God speaking to the young boy. It was a turning point in Samuel's life, and it illustrates another essential principle of life: God does speak to the human intellect. He speaks to the spirit of a man if he is prepared to listen. In order to know God personally and what he has planned for our lives we have an obligation to listen to what He is saying to us, firstly about Himself and secondly about ourselves.

To know God personally and intimately in the answer to the question "Why?" God never fails to reveal Himself to the person who wholeheartedly seeks to know His will for their lives and is prepared above all to listen.

Have you ever had the embarrassing experience of sitting in class and just for once the teacher is going on about something so boring that you switch off and your mind wanders? Then disaster. You realise that you've been asked a question and you haven't the foggiest idea what it was, least of all the answer. You've been half listening but your mind is miles away. You suspect the teacher singles you out because he can see you haven't been paying much attention. The secret, of course, is to strike an attitude of intense concentration so that you don't get caught out while occupying your thoughts with the computer programme you're grappling with at home. Either that, or how to persuade your parents to buy an Apple and the video that goes with it.

They reckon that by the end of this year most primary and infant schools in Britain, and a good many secondary schools, will have a microcomputer and if you go into almost any bookshop in Britain you'll find shelves stacked high with learning BASIC and programming, depending on which machine you've got. If all these seems impressive the message is certainly loud and clear; if you haven't got a computer

you're only half educated. The word I believe is computerate. In one of his unreadable letters earlier in the term my son reported that one of his teachers had to vacate his one bedroom flat because it was the only room in the school that could house the new school computer. I understand that atleast 20,000 schools in Britain now have a microcomputer which I suppose could mean that 20,000 teachers have been forced to move elsewhere.

Video and computers are not only here to stay but they seem to be taking over. For instance a recent study in Britain showed that in the evening 80% of families are watching television and as many as 10% are now watching video at home.

What can all this mean for today, and for Pakistan an particular? The English author and journalist, George Orwell, anticipated 1984 in a vivid futuristic way and although we have some way to go before we actually teach doublethink, the impact of new technology in the home and at school now makes it possible to develop a software package where on a self-instructional basis students can teach themselves both doublethink and newspeak to say nothing of doubletalk and writing speeches.



Nasser Hussain receiving the Lady Symon Cup for literary merit from Mr. Willmot, Chief Guest at the K.G.S. Speech Day 1983.

The British Council incidentally will be celebrating its 50th anniversary in 1984 but I am happy to report that although we are producing computer software in the teaching and learning of English as a foreign language overseas we are not influenced by Orwellian concepts. Nor did George Orwell mention the British Council either in 1984 or in Animal Farm.

The price of computers is falling and the range of associated software is increasing at a furious pace. Teachers can and, I believe, take the lead in introducing computer education in schools in Pakistan and on the principle 'if you can't beat them join them'. I also believe parents should be ready to back this up by letting their families loose on a home computer, but quite naturally only parents should have access to video games!

The longer the delay in introducing computer education into Pakistan at school level the more traumatic and painful it will be. Teachers and parents have, in my judgement, a joint responsibility to put the right kind of pressure where it matters to bring this into effect.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I have gone on at length and it is time to stop for a more important word from our sponsors. Thank you for your kindness in inviting me to give away the prizes and my hearty congratulations again to all the prize winners. Thank you.

VOTE OF THANKS BY SCHOOL CAPTAIN — 1983

Mr. Willimott, members of the Board of Governors, Mr. Price, staff members, parents and fellow Grammarians.

May I first take this opportunity to thank you, Mr. Willimott, for your presence with us on this important occasion. It is indeed an honour and a privilege to have a gentleman of your stature present with us today. Thank you very much for giving us so much of your valuable time.

This is my last day in K.G.S. In a matter of a couple of hours Karachi Grammar School will be a thing of the past, a memory amongst memories. It is at this moment, as never before, that my classmates and I realize how much this wonderful school has done for us, how much it has meant for all of us. The motto of this fine institution is "Indocti-Discant" — Latin words meaning "Let the unlearned learn". We, the graduating class of 1983, feel that it was a great privilege to be associated with K.G.S.

In the class room, and on the playing side we have enjoyed greatly, have benefited immensely. The lamp of learning that shines here certainly illuminated our lives.

One hundred and thirty six years ago — in 1847 — were conceived the words "Lucerna Meis Pedibus — Indocti Discant", may the Almighty guide our feet through darkness, despair and insecurity, that we may teach — instruct those that do not know. K.G.S. has lived up to this promise and continues to deliver the finest education available in this country.

In the words with which John Milton concludes "Lycidas".

"Tomorrow we go to fresh woods and pastures new".

We are sad, we are nostalgic, but we leave full to gratitude. A superb education is the best equipment with which we can face life. All of us who are leaving today feel it was an honour to study at the Karachi Grammar School.

Before I conclude, I would like to thank the teaching staff for all they have done for us. A school is only as good as its staff, and they have done much to make us what we are today.

A word of advice to next years Prefects and House Captains: Do not let petty politics interfere with the healthy, competitive spirit which prevades every activity in this school. It takes only a few unscrupulous people to break an otherwise perfect record of honesty, sportsmanship and integrity.

Finally, I take this opportunity, Mr. Price, to express the high regard in which we hold you. Thank you very much for your guidance, encouragement and help.

Thank you all, and farewell Karachi Grammar School. We go but leave our hearts behind.

Thank you.

PRIZE LIST 1984

| CLASS | POSITION | NAME OF STUDENT |
|-------|-----------------------------|-----------------|
| III-K | First Prize | Shireen Nasir |
| | Second Prize | Omar Junaidi |
| | Third Prize | Muna Iqbal |
| | Handwork Prize | Nadia Khan |
| III-G | First and Urdu Prizes | Mustafa Jamil |
| | Second and Art Prizes | Shahzeb Lari |
| | Third Prize | Nadia Mazhar |
| III-S | First and Islamiat Prizes | Salman Qureshi |
| | Second and Scripture Prizes | Vica Irani |
| | Third Prize | Tanya Mirza |
| IV-K | First and Urdu Prizes | Sabeen Sharif |
| | Second Prize | Sehr Veerjee |
| | Third Prize | Saba Saeed |
| | Art Prize | Farzana Uraizee |
| IV-G | First Prize | Nadia Karim |
| | Second and Handwork Prizes | Sabiha Hussain |
| | Third Prize | Zehra Merchant |
| | Islamiat Prize | Maliha Razzak |
| IV-S | First Prize | Omar Faruqui |
| | Second Prize | Ali Nasir Zaidi |
| | Third Prize | Zahid Ahmed |
| | Scripture Prize | Roshan Divecha |
| V-K | First Prize | Zain Fancy |
| | Second Prize | Shahrukh Jalisi |
| | Third Prize | Sharmeen Sharif |
| V-G | First Prize | Aziz Moolji |
| | Second Prize | Faisal Iqbal |
| | Third Prize | Zahoor Hassan |
| | Art Prize | Sarwat Mohsin |
| | Handwork Prize | Sabina Haque |
| | Scripture Prize | Nali Spenser |

| | | |
|------|---|---|
| V-S | First and Urdu Prizes Second and Islamiat Prizes Third Prize | Uzma Makhdoomi Sabeen Siddiqui Faisal Jaffer |
| VI-K | First, Urdu and Islamiat Prizes Second Prize Third Prize Art Prize Handwork Prize | Nadir Rehman Fakhruddin Valika Umbar Shah Aized Rabbani Sadaf Elahi |
| VI-G | First Prize Second Prize Third Prize | Nadia Rehman Humair Yousuf Mehreen Hai |
| VI-S | First and Scripture Prize Second Prize Third Prize | Zerxes Spenser Asad Khaishgi Asad Haider |

The Greenfield Handwork Cup was taken by Ambar Asghar for V-G.

The Rauf Memorial Trophy for the best House (Frere) was taken by Almas Latif Khan.

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|--------|--|---|
| VII-K | First and Islamiat Prizes Second Prize Third Prize | Mohd. Jalal Khan Shakeel-ur-Rehman Abira Ashfaque |
| VII-G | First and Urdu Prizes Second Prize Third Prize Scripture Prize Art Prize | Kashif S. Ahmed Afshan Ahmed Himayun Beg Eddie Dinshaw Amina Chaudhri |
| VII-S | First Prize Second Prize Third Prize | Jazib Hassan Sarwat Faruqui Mariam Malik |
| VIII-K | First Prize Second Prize Third Prize | Mumtaz Qizilbash Adeel M. Hasan Farhat Kapadia |
| VIII-G | First and equal Urdu Prizes Second Prize Third Prize | Saadia Iqbal Akbar Moolji Sehar Makhdoomi |

| | | |
|--------|--|---|
| | Scripture Prize Equal Urdu Prize | Aresh Mehta Fakhir Jamil |
| VIII-S | First and Islamiat Prizes Second Prize Third Prize Art Prize | Farrukh Jalisi Shaista Rasool Fareeha Makhdoomi Salahuddin Abbasi |
| IX-K | First Prize Second Prize Third Prize Urdu Prize Islamiat Prize | Adnan Afridi Nausheen S. Ahmed Sadruddin Hilal Zain Mustafa Raahil Razzak |
| IX-G | First Prize Second and Scripture Prizes Third Prize | Nadya C. Mujahid Behram Dinshaw Abrar Qureshi |
| IX-S | First and Art Prizes Second and equal Urdu Prizes Third Prize | Vazira Zamindar Murad Qureshi Zain Abdullah |
| X-K | First Prize Second Prize Third and Islamiat Prizes Equal Islamiat Prize | Shazia Makhdoomi Nadya Adjaneer Humaira Shams Mariam Khawar |
| X-G | First and Urdu Prizes Second Prize Third Prize Scripture Prize Art Prize | Sylbiah Shah Javed Ahmed Nabeel Qureshi Nergis Chinoy Adnan Syed |
| X-S | First Prize Second Prize Third Prize | Lubna Kapadia Murtaza Bhallo Shazmah Hakim |
| XI-K | First Prize Second Prize Third Prize Urdu Prize | Amer Jaffer Salman Chaudhry Nadir Qureshi Nusrat A. Khan |
| XI-G | First Prize Second Prize | Shaheen Mohamedi Faizullah Bohra |

| | | |
|-------|--|---|
| | Third Prizes | Adnan Khan Ayaz-ul-Haque Mehrwan Polad Zia Agha |
| | Scripture Prize Art Prize | |
| XI-S | First and equal Urdu Prizes Second Prize Third Prize Batik Prizes | Mariam Moin Rabia Mirza Aliya Khan Fausia Asmatullah Saba Siddiqui |
| F.Y's | English General, History and Economics and Public Affairs Prizes. English General Prize English General and Economics Prizes English Literature, Biology and Chemistry Prizes Mathematics and Physics Prizes Geography Prize Art Prize | Munis Faruqui Iram Qureshi Hina Nazar Naheed Mitha Aamer Azam Samya Burney Adele Bavington |
| S.Y's | English General, History and Economics Prizes English General and Chemistry Prizes Equal General Prize Art Prize Geography and Economics and Public Affairs Prizes Mathematics Prize Biology Prize Physics Prize Special Art and Batik Prize | Sadia Khan Neville Dossabhoy Ghazala Parvez Talat N. Hasan Nisreen Bohra Imran Kizilbash Adnan A. Hyder Fuad Garib Faisal Hasan |

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR THE YEAR 1984

1. Kensett Medal for English (Language & Literature) Adil Matcheswalla
2. Cree Medal for Science (Physics, Chemistry and Biology)
Aamer Azam
Cyrus Boga
Ameen Jan
Zia Mahmood
3. Breton Medal for Mathematics
Ameen Jan
Aamer Azam
Amer Hai

4. Bilquees Hasnain Memorial Cup for Academic Distinction
5. Hamdard Gold Medal (for Urdu)
6. Sabah Ahmed Memorial Gold Medal for the best student of class XI.
7. Nazafreen Haroon Memorial Cup for Distinction in History of Pakistan
8. Glazebrook Cup for Academic Distinction (HSC '83)
9. Symon Cup for Literary Merit (HSC '84)
10. Super Fernandes Economics Medal
11. Zaidi Mathematics Shield
12. Khalilullah Biology Shield
13. Omer Yousuf Shield for Economics
14. Mohammad Ikramullah Lower School Academic Trophy
15. Principal's Award for Academic achievement in Physics and Chemistry
16. Super Fernandes Trophy for Academic and Athletic endeavour
17. Jamil Javed Urdu Cup
18. Principal's Cup for Urdu
19. Smith Cup for Dramatics
20. Einstein Society Cup
21. Trophies for Journalism (work on "Pulse")
22. Elocution Prize (Juniors)
Elocution Prize (Seniors)
23. Naat Prizes:
Prize for best solo
Prize for best Urdu speech
Prize for best English speech
Naat Prize for group singing
24. Kings Cup for Oratory (Juniors)
Kings Cup for Oratory (Seniors)

Muneerah Merchant
Shariq Abdullah

Cyrus Boga
Aamer Azam
Najeeb Agrawalla

Shaheen Mohamedi

Munis Faruqi

John Monteiro
Talat N. Hasan
Malcolm Mascarenhas
Imran Kizilbash
Adnan A. Hyder
Sharmeen Polad

Vazira Zamindar

Fuad Garib
Salman Zaidi

Feroze Khan
Mihail Lari
Samya Burney
Hina Nazar
Roozbeh Dadabhoy
Neville Dossabhoy
Fahim Jaffery
Mihail Lari
Sohail Agha
Ahmed Arif
Ayesha Azfar
Cyrus Cowasjee
Huma Vohra
Ahmed Arif

Ambreen Qureshi
Adnan A. Hyder
Shakira Khan
Second Years
Sameer Rabbani
Adnan A. Hyder

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| <p>25. Margery Rehman Cup for Inter-House Debates collected by Napier Captain</p> <p>26. Best debator of the year</p> <p>27. Best speaker from the floor</p> <p>28. Major Arif Saeed Memorial Cup for the best batsman of 1984</p> <p>29. Major Arif Saeed Memorial Cup for the best bowler of 1984</p> <p>30. Qasim Mahmood Memorial Trophy for the best Cricketer of 1984</p> <p>31. The Sardar Majidullah Trophy & Replica (Best all-round hockey player)</p> <p>32. The Ashik Hussain Memorial Trophy & Replica for the sportsman of the year</p> <p>33. Trophy for the Sportswoman of the year</p> <p>34. The Lady Symon Cup & Replica</p> <p>35. The Canon Cup & Replica</p> <p>36. Cock House Cup</p> | <p>Adnan A. Hyder Imdad Rabbani Sania Naqvi Adnan A. Hyder Neville Dossabhoy</p> <p>Hyder Ahmed Humair Mirza</p> <p>Luqman Ghauri Imran Maniar</p> <p>Salman Butt</p> <p>Fuad Garib</p> <p>Fuad Garib Asma Rizvi Talat N. Hasan Adnan A. Hyder Frere</p> |
|--|--|



A group photograph of a segment of First Years and Second Years on Speech Day 1984

ACTING PRINCIPAL'S REPORT 1984

Justice Syed Ghous Ali Shah, Mr Chairman, Members of the Board of Governors, Ladies and Gentlemen, Students of Karachi Grammar School.

At the outset, I would like to express my appreciation to Justice Syed Ghous Ali Shah for taking the place of the Governor at such short notice. It is an honour to receive you, Sir, on this occasion, the climax of our School year, and we look forward to hearing from you later.

For my report I would like to concentrate on a few items which seem to me to be particularly worthy of attention at this time and only briefly refer to other matters.

Now examinations are an important part of a school with our academic reputation to maintain and so it is right that we first consider how we are getting on in this respect. The short answer is 'very well indeed'. As a mathematician myself, with a particular interest in statistics, I am not attracted to the idea of giving you impressive lists of figures, grades and pass rates, etc., which are meaningless without careful interpretation but I can reassure you that the 1983 School Certificates results (the latest available) were comparable to those of recent years, and in the H.S.C. there was a refreshingly large number of A-Level results at the highest grade A. Whether these H.S.C. grades were a function of the school's increasing experience in dealing with this level of work or merely that we had an unusually bright bunch of students last year only time will tell. In either case it is a pleasure to report our continued success in preparing our students for those oh-so-important final examinations.

They have certainly used their hard-earned certificates to maximum advantage having obtained admission to universities all over the world with a significant proportion going to the world's best centres of learning and research. The majority are still going to the United States, largely for reasons of finance, but I would be betraying my own origins if I was not pleased at the steady trickle of students who choose to continue their studies at an English University.

That is the bright and, in some cases, glittering part of the picture, but there is a sombre background to which I would like to direct your attention next. Life, of course, is full of pressures, but sometimes I fear for the mental health of our students because of the burdens we place upon them. The rewards of success are so great and the penalty of failure so severe that a state of debilitating nervousness is often the only and unfortunate result. There are indications of this which I hear about in my position far too frequently and I would like to share a couple of incidents with you to illustrate my point without mentioning any names, both stories concerning boys of Senior School Age.

The first case seems at first hearing like simple carelessness. One of our younger boys had lost his report book on the way home. You would be quite right in assuming as I did initially that he had 'lost' it on purpose as he was too scared to take it home. But that is not the point of this story. Fear of the consequences of laziness is as old as school itself and, within reasonable bounds, can be a force for good. It is at least a rational fear. However, in this case the report was not bad. On the contrary, the boy stood 8th in the class and all his teachers had written positive encouraging remarks about him. If I'd ever had a report as good as that, I would have been so proud I would have run home with it as fast as possible! His problem was that he was expected to win a prize. The previous terms he had come 5th and now his parents demanded that he improve and win a prize. He came 8th despite his valiant efforts. What a failure? What nonsense! And what a crime that an intelligent, healthy, 12-year old should be subjected to that kind of anxiety.

My second story concerns an older boy, not one of our most brilliant students but hard-working, straightforward, honest and helpful, well-liked by the staff. In a foolish moment during a school examination he attempted to cheat, and, as he had never dreamt of doing such a thing before in his life, he didn't do it successfully and was caught. The shock to his own self-regard at being publicly disgraced was so great that he had to leave the room in order to be physically sick. What kind of pressures are we putting on our older students?

A manifestation of the obsessive drive to succeed is the high incidence of tuitions in Pakistan. There are far too many students spending their afternoons with tutors when they should be learning instead how to study independently. Often it is the pupil who is lazy and/or inattentive in school who gets tuitions at home. This does not cure his inappropriate learning behaviour in school, it merely reinforces it. The child sees no point in paying attention in class as he can learn the work at home later with his tutor. By such means, tuitions on a large scale undermine the discipline of the school. Then other parents complain that their children cannot learn properly in school and they are forced into the tuitions racket themselves. Quite apart from the damage to the educational fabric itself there is the question of psychological damage to the child who is made feel that his personal work is solely dependent on what he can score in the next examination. The fact is that there are many possible solutions to the child's poor progress other than tuitions and it is a shame that these are often not explored. For this and other reasons, we in the Grammar School have traditionally had a regulation that our teachers must not be approached directly to give tuitions. Parents of children in difficulty with their studies should discuss the matter with one of the Headmistresses or myself, and together we could hope to arrive at an attempted solution, which in a few cases may include tuitions.

You will be hearing more from me about tuitions early next term, but I turn now to some actions we have taken already in response to the range of problems

associated with the small number of our students who are having difficulty with their studies. Last term in the Senior School we had a series of special meetings of staff in which we attempted to identify such students. Interviews were arranged with them and in the majority of cases with their parents also. A lot of the children improved immediately with no further action. Just the fact that we had noticed their problems and were prepared to give some time to them was sufficient. Gentle methods do not always work, however, and because of my previous remarks I would like to make it clear that I am not averse to bringing certain pressures to bear in a carefully controlled way on students whose basic attitude to the business of studying is too casual by far. This process of identifications by staff and thorough follow-up has been successful already but I believe that it will be more effective when it becomes accepted as part of the normal routine.

Now, another thing we have done: last term we appointed a Student Counsellor to the staff. Mrs. Siddiqui holds a doctorate in Counselling and is therefore something of an expert in the field. Her job is not to be confused with the Careers Counselling for admission to American universities so admirably done by Mrs. Ahsanuddin and Miss Said, but is more wide-ranging. Any student may make an appointment to see Mrs. Siddiqui about any problem on his or her mind. She may not always be able to do anything about it, but just talking about it sometimes helps. Recently she has been discussing with class IX their choices of optional subjects for class X next year so that they are not choosing blindly without knowledge of what they are letting themselves in for. As a result of these interviews, she has been able to recommend to me some alterations in the choices initially offered, which I hope we will be able to provide. Other schools I know of, which have appointed Counsellors have sometimes run into trouble when the Counsellor adopts the role of Advocate for the children against the authorities of the school, or worse still, against the parents. This I am determined will not happen. We aim to build an atmosphere of co-operation rather than conflict. The school will recognise the rights and the duty of parents to make decisions concerning their children. At the same time, I hope you parents will recognise that the school has to make certain regulations in the interests of all the pupils and we expect you to support them.

Continuing on the theme of co-operation I am glad to report that some parents are joining with teachers this winter vacation on a course of Effectiveness Training. A larger proportion of the teaching staff have been deputed to attend this course in which a most interesting and unusual approach to dealing with other people will be expounded. Whilst we may not agree with all of it, at least we will be forced to think deeply about our first principle — what precisely are we really trying to achieve? We are planning another course for Primary teachers in March next year when we have a visit from some school Advisers from Bradford, England. Both of these courses are open to staff from other schools in Karachi and we look forward to sharing ideas with them.

Earlier this term we had a course for students. Two months of twice-weekly afternoon classes introduced our older students to the latest Sharp computers. This was only a partial success. Some of our students soon discovered that computing if done properly is too much like hard work and they rapidly got bored. Some dropped out because they had tuitions to go to, but I have said enough on that subject already. Others, who put some effort into the course, found it useful. Perhaps after all, it was a success in that some of the glamour surrounding these useful pieces of equipment called computers has been dulled. We are not yet really sure how to develop computer studies in school although some useful experimental work is being done in the Kindergarten Section and an extra member of staff has been appointed to release another teacher to collect information on what is being done elsewhere and what facilities are available in Karachi. Lest you think the Junior School is missing out on the technological marvels of modern times let me tell you that we have purchased a television and VCR which is housed in the Junior School, and we intend to make use of the excellent educational materials being produced on cassette these days.

There are many other ways we would like to expand the educational opportunities in the Grammar School but when we plan improvements we often encounter the same problem: lack of space. We really are very cramped indeed. An up-to-date Senior School really needs specialist room for each subject. An up-to-date Kindergarten needs room for children to move. The Junior School is probably the worst off the space, suffering both cramped conditions and continuous noise from the traffic. At last, some relief is in sight! It will take some time but at least it is something to look forward to. We have, as you already know, two sites in Clifton for our new school and a definite commitment has now been made to begin the first phase of the building operation, that is new Kindergarten and Junior Sections. We have advertised for an Architect, and over 40 of them have taken the detailed requirements in order to submit proposals. Their responses have started to come in and it is fascinating to see the variety of things which can be done with the same piece of land! This is an exciting project which will enable the Grammar School both to improve facilities and also to increase the number of students on roll. As education is clearly Karachi's greatest social need I am delighted to be associated with this new development.

Well, time is marching on, but I must mention a few other things we have done this year: meeting with parents, Eid-e-Milad, Annual Athletics Sports, KG Sports, Oratory Competitions, Pakistan Day programme, Junior School Elocution Contest, Inter-House Hockey, Urdu Oratory Competition, Bait Baazi, Urdu Essay Competition, School Play, Student publications, United Nation Week, Junior School Concert, Cricket against Lincolnshire schoolboys from England, etc., etc., etc. Sometimes I wonder how our students find time to study at all! The range of extra-curricular activities at Grammar School is wider than at any of the other schools in which I have been a teacher in the last fifteen years. It is a credit to the staff who

give their time to oversee these functions and to our senior students who in fact do a great deal of the organising themselves.

Finally, it would be wrong not to mention some of the people who have shaped events in 1984 because in a school, as indeed in any community, people are much more important than activities or buildings. We have had a considerable turnover of staff this year in all three sections of the School. The most noticeable departure of course was that of the Principal, Mr. Price, on the expiry of his contract last summer. The Prices developed strong feelings of affection for Pakistan during their time here but for their eldest daughter the feelings of affection rapidly became focussed on one particular Pakistani! As some of you will know, the wedding reception is taking place at this very moment elsewhere in Karachi and I am sure you will join me in wishing all of them well for the future.

On the other staff who have left or who finish today I must mention three long-serving ladies of the Kindergarten: Mrs. Fernandes, Mrs. Lobo and Mrs. Freitas. These "aunties" as they call them down the road, have been of such value to the school that their contracts have been extended long past the official retirement age. In fact, according to Mrs. Jafri, they often proved to be more creative and lively than the youngsters on the staff! However, it could not go on for ever and we found that we had to take the difficult decision to ask them to make way for younger people. These three have more than earned their retirement and in this new challenge we wish them many years of that same enthusiasm for life which marked their teaching years.

Now a few 'thank you's' and only a few east the compliment be diluted. First, the Head Boy, Adnan. I have found him frank yet unfailingly polite, a good advocate for the student point of view yet prepared to accept my decisions, and an excellent diplomat. On a number of occasions he has handled delicate situations with flair and dignity. He has done an excellent job and he will be hard to follow. Also the three Senior Ladies, i.e. the Headmistresses, Mrs. Fernandes and Mrs. Jafri, and the Senior Mistress, Mrs. Mujahid. They have not always agreed with me; at times, I must admit that they have made me very angry; but my thank you is precisely for their directness and considerable personal integrity, without which all would be lost. Finally to our Chairman of the Board; ladies and gentlemen you do not know how much time he spends on the Grammar School. When he rings me up for the third time in the same afternoon sometimes I think, "Well, at least I'm getting paid for it". We are indeed fortunate in having such a Chairman. And Mr. Chairman, it is to you, Sir, that I submit my report on 1984.



Justice Ghous Ali Shah Presenting the Einstein Society Cup to Fahim Jaffrey on Speech Day 1984



Feroze Khan receives the Super Fernandes Cup (Speech Day 1984)

VOTE OF THANKS BY SCHOOL CAPTAIN — 1984

Honourable Chief Guest, Mr. Justice Syed Ghous Ali Shah, Respected Chairman Mr. Justice Abdul Kadir Shaikh, Mr. Principal, Honourable Senior Mistress, Ladies and Gentlemen, and my dear Grammarians.

Today is indeed a memorable occasion for the school and specially for the class of 1984. It has been made more august by your presence Sir. We are all grateful for the honour you bestow upon us.

(Ladies and Gentlemen) Fifteen years ago a group of toddlers were literally pushed into the gates of this prestigious institution they shrieked with displeasure at being left here. And now we walk out, steadily but slowly, crying but with tears of mingled joy and sorrow.

All this time we were moving ahead, from class to class, but today we must pause, with one foot already outside, and one still within unwilling to leave. We cannot relive the fifteen wonderful years but we can be grateful and indeed we truly are. To all those devoted teachers who helped us every step of the way, tended us when we faltered and made K.G.S. a second home for us. We salute their perseverance, for we were certainly not an easy lot to deal with.

Our years at K.G.S. have helped to nourish the best parts of us. We cannot imagine a better school. We have gained confidence in our abilities, learned both the strength and fragility of human character, and come to believe that hopes and dreams do not always have to remain hopes and dreams. We have had a wonderfully glorious time at K.G.S.

This last year however, was very special. It opened our eyes and made us truly realise how much K.G.S. meant to us, how much it had given and how little we had to offer. On behalf of the Head Girl and all those fortunate enough to wear gowns, I thank our former principal, Mr. Price for the honour he bestowed upon a most educational experience.

We now go to seek out and indulge in the countless wonders this world has to offer. Those of you who remain remember, that better sportsmen you can become, better scholars you will become, but better people you must become. Care about the things you do and the people you do it with, within and beyond the limits of academics, that will allow you to grow as person at this place.

It is time to bid adieu, to let ourselves become part of the past and let this school become THE SWEETEST OF MEMORIES. On behalf of the class of 1984, I again thank one and all.

Farewell, Karachi Grammar School.

ADNAN ALI HYDER

SPEECH DAY REVIEW — 1985.

The Speech Day of 1985 took place on Friday, December 20th, and was attended by a large number of parents and Grammarians of whom a minority were prize winners. The guest of honour was Mr. Hussein Haroon, the "independent" Speaker of the Sind Provincial Assembly and an ex-Grammarian.

The proceedings of the evening began promptly, at 4:30, as the Chief Guest arrived punctually, much to the surprise of most Grammarians! After a rendition of the National Anthem by the Junior School Choir and a "Tilawat-e-Kalam-e-Pak" (by Mr. Wali Razi) The Chairman of the Board of Governors, Justice Abdul Kadir Sheikh made a short speech in which he welcomed and introduced the Chief Guest to the audience at large. In addition he paid tributes to the School and the achievements it has attained over the past few years.

Thereafter followed the Principal's Report, which is recorded fully elsewhere in this magazine, the distribution of the prizes by Mr. Hussein Haroon, and subsequently his address.

Without wishing to seem obsequious it must be said that the speech delivered by His Excellency was without a doubt one of the most powerful, original and interesting speeches heard in the Karachi Grammar School in a really long time. The Chief Guests command over the English language was complete and it was a real pleasure to hear such meticulous English spoken with such spontaneity and precision. Without referring to any written text the Chief Guest spoke, without a break, for about 40 minutes. Such an extended speech would have usually been greeted with relief on its culmination, but Mr. Hussein Haroon received nothing less than a standing ovation from sections of the audience and almost all Grammarians who felt truly honoured that he had graced this memorable occasion in our School calendar.

Mr. Hussein Haroon's speech predominantly dealt with the problems of coming from an institution like the Karachi Grammar School which has held on its past traditions inspite of the swirl of charge around it. He urged all Grammarians to stand up for what they thought was their due and fight the prejudices of others towards them. Though the tone of his speech was rather serious His Excellency did supply the audience with some witty epigrams. The fact that his speech was so popular can be seen by the fact that during the course of his locution he was interrupted by clapping and applause on no less than nine occasions! It has been the norm to usually ignore or down-play the very obvious fact that most people, who have had no real contact with Grammarians, tend to have certain inherent prejudices towards the School and its students. By speaking at length on this topic Mr. Haroon really managed to express that which we, out of a degree of fear and deference, refuse to talk about. If nothing else, one could not help admire the Chief Guest's courage

(taking into account the public image he has to project to the majority who espouse the views he derides.)

His Excellency concluded by thanking the Principal for his hospitality and congratulating those who, whether by luck or sheer hard-work, were able to enjoy the honour of winning an award of some sort.

Bilal Murad, the Head Boy for the Class of '85, thanked Mr. Haroon for honouring the School with his presence and Principal, staff, Prefects and students for all their aid and steady co-operation. He spoke with confidence that those leaving would acquit themselves with credit to both themselves and the faculty, thereby adding to the good name of the Karachi Grammar School.

The Junior School then sang the school song marking the end of another Speech Day and the departure of yet another batch of Second Years (the Class of 1985).

PRIZE LIST — 1985

| CLASS | POSITION | NAME OF STUDENT |
|-------|--|--|
| III-K | First Prize Second Prize Third Prize Handwork Prize | Daanish Mumtaz Adil Sherwani Raahen Mani Nadir Azmi |
| III-G | First Prize Second Prize Third and Urdu Prizes | Sameer Panjwani Salimah Valiani Saquib Khawar |
| III-S | First Prize Second Prize Third and Scripture Prizes Islamiat Prize Art Prize | Insiyah Ebrahim Fahra Merchant Noshawan Minwalla Shezad Ata Nadia Chaudhry |
| IV-K | First and Scripture Prizes Second Prize Third and Art Prizes | Vica Irani Shimaila Matri Faixa Mahmud |
| IV-G | First and Urdu Prizes Second and Scripture Prizes Third Prize Handwork Prize | Mustafa Jamil Sharmin Spenser Omer Junaidi Shenaz Hansraj |
| IV-S | First Prize Second and Islamiat Prizes Third Prize | Shezab Lari Salman Quereshi Muna Iqbal |
| V-K | First Prize Second Prize Third Prize Scripture Prize | Ali Zaidi Fahd Sayyid Zahid Ahmed Rooshan Divecha |
| V-G | First and Islamiat Prizes Second Prize Third Prize Art Prize Urdu Prize | Nadia Karim Sabiha Hussain Zahra Merchant Sana Mukhtar Adnan Arif |

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| V-S | First Prize Second Prize Third and Handwork Prizes Equal Handwork Prize | -Sabeen Sharif Nabiha Bokhari Asad Ali Farzana Uraizee |
| VI-K | First, Urdu and Islamiat Prizes Second and Scripture Prizes Third Prize Handwork Prize | Aziz Moolji Nali Spenser Saad Khan Sabeena Haque |
| VI-G | First Prize Second Prize Third Prize Handwork Prize Art Prize | Zain Fancy Scharukh Jalisi Sharmeen Shariff Buzal Nasir Imran Syed Mohd. |
| VI-S | First Prize Second Prize Third Prize | Uzma Makhdumi Babar Ahmad Asad Khan |

The Greenfield Handwork Cup was taken by Sabeen Siddiqui for Class VI-S

The Rauf Memorial Trophy for the best House (Frere) was taken by Faisal Iqbal.

A special prize for the best dramatic performance was given to Behram Divecha.

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| VII-K | First Prize Second and Islamiat Prizes Third Prize | Nadir Rehman Khurram Arif Umber Shah |
| VII-G | First and Urdu Prizes Second and Scripture Prizes Equal Third Prizes | Nadia Rehman Zerxes Spenser Usman Arifin Mehreen Hai |
| VII-S | First Prize Art and equal Second Prizes Equal Second Prize | Asad Khaishgi Shezad Khan Kamila Shamsi |
| VIII-K | First Prize Second Prize Third Prize Art Prize | Jalal Khan Shakeel-ur-Rehman Abira Ashfaq Sabina Khan |

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|--------|---|---|
| VIII-G | First and Urdu Prizes Second Prize Equal Third Prize | Kashif Ahmed Sarena Beg Afshan Masood Salma Moin Abeel Mangi Faraaz Mirza Ardeshir Talati |
| | Equal Art Prize Scripture Prize | |
| VIII-S | First and Islamiat Prizes Second Prize Third Prize | Jazib Hasan Imran Hussain Khurram Mian |
| IX-K | First Prize Second Prize Third Prize | Mumtaz Qizilbash Adeel Hasan Farhat Kapadia |
| IX-G | First, Islamiat and Equal Urdu Prizes Second Prize Third Prize Scripture Prize Equal Urdu Prize | Akbar Moolji Saadia Iqbal Sehar Makhdumi Aresh Mehta Fakhir Jamil |
| IX-S | First Prize Second Prize Third Prize Art Prize | Shaista Rasool Farrukh Jalisi Aamir Rehman Salahuddin Abbasi |
| X-K | First Prize Second Prize Third and Islamiat Prizes | Nausheen Ahmed Zain Hasham Adnan Afridi |
| X-G | First Prize Second Prize Third and Urdu Prizes Scripture Prize | Nadya Mujahid Behram Dinshaw Abrar Qureshi Cyra Noshirwani |
| X-S | First Prize Second Prize Third Prize Art Prize | Vazira Zamindar Nazia Hussain Zain Abdullah Aliya Asaf |
| XI-K | First Prize Second Prize Third Prize | Shazia Makhdumi Nadya Ajanee Rehan Hasan |

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| XI-G | First Prize Second Prize Third and Urdu Prizes Scripture Prize Art Prize Batik Prize | Javed Ahmed Shariq Mehboob Sylbiah Shah Nergiz Chinoy Adnan Syed Rubina G. Aga |
| XI-S | First Prize Second Prize Third Prize | Huma Vohra Murtaza Bhalfoo Nasser Khan |
| F.Y's | English General and Equal Literature Prizes English General and Equal Economics Prizes English General Prize English General and Biology Prizes English General Prize History Prize Mathematics Prize Equal Economics Prize Principles of Accounts Prize Equal Chemistry Prize Physics and Equal Chemistry Prizes Art and Batik Prizes | Madiha Syed Omar Azfar Rehmat Hasnie Faizullah Bohra Nadir Qureshi Mariam Ishaque Samin Ishtiaq Samina Jooma Mehrnaz Khanum Shaheen Mohamedi Arif Ahmad Nafisa Shah |
| S.Y's | English General, History and Economics and Public Affairs Prizes English General and Geography Prizes English General Prize Mathematics Prize Economics Prize Chemistry Prize Physics Prize - Biology Prize Art Prize Batik Prize | Munis Faruqui Samya Burney Iram Qureshi Aamer Hai Rizwan Akhtar Amin Rahimtullah Amer Azam Bilal Murad Safinaz Ahmad Firuza Pastakia Asma Shaikh |

SPECIAL PRIZES

1. Kensett Medal for English (Language and Literature)

Ayaz-ul-Haque
 Aliya Khan

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| 2. Spence Medal | Mariam Moin |
| 3. Cree Medal for Science (Physics, Chemistry and Biology) | Omar Azfar Shaheen Mohamedi |
| 4. Breton Medal for Mathematics | Amer Jaffer Arif Irfanullah Shaheen Mohammedi Omer Dossani |
| 5. Bilquees Hasnain Memorial Cup & Prize for academic distinction | Shaheen Mohamedi |
| 6. Hamdard Gold Medal (for Urdu) | Nusrat A. Khan |
| 7. The Sabah Ahmed Memorial Medal for the best student of Class XI | Shazia Makhdumi |
| 8. The Nazafreen Haroon Memorial Trophy for Distinction in History of Pakistan | Sadia Khan |
| 9. Glazebrook Cup for academic distinction (HSC '84) | Imran Kizilbash |
| 10. Symon Cup for literary Merit (HSC 2nd Years) | Naheed Mitha |
| 11. Super Fernandes Economics Medal | Sadia Khan |
| 12. Zaidi Mathematics Shield | Aamer Azam |
| 13. Khalilullah Biology Shield | Bilal Murad |
| 14. Omer Yusuf Shield for Economics | Munis Faruqui |
| 15. Mohammad Ikramullah Lower School Academic Trophy | Akbar Moolji |
| 16. Principals Award for Academic Achievement in Chemistry | Rustom Khambatta Bilal Murad |
| Principals Award for Academic Achievement in Physics | Aamer Hai |
| Principals Award for Academic Achievement in Mathematics | Asif Ahmad |
| 17. The Super Fernandes Trophy for Academic and Athletic endeavour | Rustom Khambatta Yasmin Hyder Mahvash Hassan |
| 18. Jamil Javed Urdu Cup | |
| 19. Principals Cup for Urdu (for academic distinction) | Mariam Moin Shaheen Mohamedi Munis Faruqui |
| 20. Smith Cup for Dramatics | Samira Ahmed |
| 21. Einstein Society Cup | Shazia Ahmed |
| 22. The Saeed Haroon Memorial Trophy for Journalism (Main trophy) | Munis Faruqui Naheed Mitha Sania Naqvi |

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| | Iram Qureshi Sumer Rabbani |
| 23. Naat Prizes: | |
| Prize for best solo | Anisa Ashraf |
| Prize for best Urdu speech | Fouzia Sethi |
| Prize for best English speech | Mahvash Hassan |
| Naat Prize for group singing | Second Years |
| 24. Kings Cup for Oratory (Juniors) | Sameer Rabbani |
| Kings Cup for Oratory (Seniors) | Ameen Jan |
| 25. Margery Rehman Cup for Inter-House Debates collected by Streeten Captain | Munis Faruqui Azfar Najmi Saad Zia Azfar Najmi Madiha Syed Shireen G. Aga Samya Burney Huneza Moosa Sabeena Razzak Hyder Ahmed Tariq Chaudhry |
| 26. Best Debator of the year | Hyder Ahmed |
| 27. Best Speaker from the floor | Yousuf H. Khan |
| 28. Best Netball player of the year | Salman Butt |
| 29. Best Throwball player of the year | Nasser Aziz |
| 30. Best Hockey player of the year | Hyder Ahmed Nasser Aziz |
| 31. Best Football player of the year | Afiya Zia |
| 32. Best Basketball player of the year | Shaheen Mohamedi |
| 33. Major Arif Saeed Memorial Cup for the best Batsman of the year | Afiya Zia |
| 34. Major Arif Saeed Memorial Cup for the best Bowler of the year | Bilal Murad |
| 35. Qasim Mahmood Memorial Trophy for the best Cricketer of the year | Streeten |
| 36. The Sardar Majidullah Trophy for the best all-round hockey player | |
| 37. The Ashik Hussain Memorial Trophy for the Sportsman of the year | |
| 38. Trophy for the Sportswomen of the year | |
| 39. The Lady Symon Cup & Replica | |
| 40. The Canon Cup & Replica | |
| 41. Cock House Cup | |



*Yousuf Khan receives the Prize for the
Best Bowler of 1985*



*The joint recipients of Sportsman of the Year 1985
Nasser Aziz and Hyder Ahmad*

PRINCIPAL'S REPORT 1985

Honourable Speaker, Chairman and Members of the Board of Governors, Ladies and Gentlemen, Students of the Grammar School, in making my Annual Report it will be necessary for reasons of time to make a selection of the year's events as it has been a particularly busy year.

You will recall that last year, at Speech Day, I announced that the Board of Governors had made a firm decision to go ahead with a new school building for our Kindergarten and Junior Sections. This year has seen the beginning of the implementation of that decision. Although there have been very few signs of activity in public let me assure you that a great deal has been going on behind the scenes. Numerous meetings of the Building Committee, informal discussions with experts in the various aspects of school buildings, consultations with the Headmistresses on the practicalities of school layout and on the new facilities required, formal sanction of each stage by the Governing Body, vast amounts of time and energy have been given to this project already and thought has been given to the setting up of appropriate administrative machinery so that we can now be confident that all matters are under control and that unnecessary delays will be eliminated.

The most important item we had to deal with was selection of the Architects. There was a tremendous response to our initial request for conceptual layout plans, many from ex-Grammarians. We specified in the brief that the Kindergarten and Junior Sections should remain as separate sections and be physically separate in the new complex, although we recognised that it would save space and be more economical if some of the special facilities could be shared. We also planned for an expanding intake i.e. the Nursery should take 3 sections as it does now, increasing to 5 sections by Class VI. This would make it possible to take new admissions in more age groups than we can at present accommodate as well as increasing the overall student numbers. We further specified a number of rooms for specific purposes ranging from an Art Pavilion to a Computer Room which will be a great improvement on the specialist accommodation available in the present cramped surroundings. I am a strong believer in special rooms for special activities, particularly for older children, but also for the younger ones. We did manage to squeeze the stationery store out of a room early this year and convert it to a simple laboratory for the Junior School, and it is very gratifying to hear of the enthusiastic response of the children to scientific topics now that they can do elementary practical work rather than merely having experiments described. There will, of course, be a laboratory in the new building. We chose a design based on the courtyard which we feel is a very practical arrangement for a primary school and has the additional advantage of being a good design for catching the natural airflow for cooling the rooms and rendering Air-Conditioners unnecessary. The contract was awarded to the Ghani Ansari Partnership and, if my remarks have stimulated your curiosity, you can see some of their drawings in the Entrance Hall on your way out.

Naturally, we shall have to find a tidy sum of money to make sure this dream becomes a reality. Contrary to popular belief, the Grammar School is not weighed down with vast wealth! We get no subsidy from the Government or contribution from any other body. Our sole source of funds is the school fees which you parents cheerfully pay up every quarter. (Well, perhaps "cheerfully" is not exactly the right word!). However, the fact remains that to build our new school we will have to make a Public Appeal, and an announcement will be made at the appropriate time.

Turning now to the opposite end of the school, the leavers, we continue to be amazed at our own success. Not only are examination results remaining at a high level but our students are turning them to good advantage by obtaining admissions to prestigious institutions. We had a bumper crop last year to American Universities: on the Science side, 2 to Caltech, 2 to Yale, 2 to Harvard. One of these was offered a place at Princeton, M.I.T. and Harvard; he chose Harvard. On the Arts side 6 students are bound for Smith College and 1 to Bryn Mawr. All of these received a number of offers from different institutions, some as many as 7 offers. Best of all, thousands of dollars in financial aid have been granted by these generous American Universities. The examples I have quoted are only our best students. The merely good and the average and even the mediocre are also gaining admission. In fact, our reputation in the U.S.A. is now such that we can almost guarantee a place to any student who makes a reasonable effort at his or her A-levels. This is a remarkable record which no school I have been associated with before has come anywhere near to equalling. It is, of course, due to the students' own efforts, but tribute must here be paid to the A-level teachers who spend many hours writing recommendations for the students, and particularly to the two Counsellors, Miss Said and Mrs. Ahsanuddin who, between them, write the main recommendations for all applicants to the USA. When you consider that we have at least 60 such applicants each year, that they each need individual advice on where to apply and how to go about it, and that they each apply to 10 universities you can imagine the workload. This is all done in addition to the normal teaching work, and it is done with integrity: our recommendations are trusted abroad, and they know that our examination marks are not unnaturally inflated.

The applications to British Universities are handled by me. Fortunately, there were not too many last year or I could not have found time to advise them properly. However, I am pleased to say a number of offers were taken up, including applicants to Cambridge. There has been more interest in the U.K. this year, perhaps because of the school party which toured England to play cricket in the summer break, but we have yet to see the admission results.

Coming nearer home, it is now every prospective doctor's first choice to go to the Aga Khan Medical University. In this we have been very successful in obtaining 6 admissions. One of them has come top of the list in the first semester results. Another, the last Head Boy, was selected as the student representative to make an official speech on their behalf before His Highness Prince Karim Aga Khan on his

recent visit. So, not only our academic training but also our extra-curricular programme is benefitting our students in their respective futures.

Talking of the future we must mention computers. In 10-15 years time they will be as common as telephones. Many of our students have one at home and we really must begin to take them seriously. The Kindergarten Section has led the way here and computer work is now part of the programme. Shortly, the new Computer Room will be ready on this site so that the Juniors and Seniors can begin to explore this fascinating educational aid. Last week I appointed a teacher and an assistant specifically for this work and, if all goes well, regular lessons will be available for all students from February.

Now, lest it be thought that this occasion is merely one for self-congratulation, I would like to mention a couple of problems we have. First, the increasing difficulty we are finding in dealing with the local education system. You are all aware of the sudden decision of the IBCC to refuse provisional admission to Intermediate Colleges to students from Cambridge system. Although the Minister kindly agreed to waive this rule for two years in this area the fact is that certain individual colleges make life as difficult as possible for O-level students. For example, in one College they place the Cambridge students in the same stream as those hopeless cases admitted on "sports basis" and thus humiliate them as deliberate policy. At a higher level, post A-level students are likely to find increasing difficulty in having their qualifications accepted. The formula for the calculation which reduces their results to an Intermediate equivalent percentage is being questioned, and attempts have been made, so far unsuccessful, to equate A-level with 12th grade in American system. How long this nonsense can be resisted is hard to say.

Another problem we have faced is teacher turnover. There has been a steady but persistent series of resignations throughout the year, and it has happened in all three sections. There are a number of reasons for it which I haven't time to debate now, but I want you to be aware of the extra work it puts on those who remain. This is particularly so when a co-operative venture is planned, such as the Junior School Concert. Those of you who were here last week enjoying the performance perhaps did not realise how many new staff we have in the Junior School, and how quickly they have had to be trained to work as a team. It makes the excellence of the show doubly commendable. In the Senior School resignations means rearrangement of time-tables, teachers getting new groups halfway through the year, sometimes at a level or in a subject they are not completely familiar with. For the administration it means advertisements in the paper, sifting applications, interviews by the dozen, all time wasted which could be better spent on other things. Frustrating it is too, for even after many interviews often nobody at all is suitable and you have to start searching all over again. There are not many good teachers about.

One of the teachers leaving today will be sorely missed: Mrs. Abbas of the Kindergarten has chosen to retire. Her skill in developing latent artistic talent in

young children is a rare one and I am told she has made an original contribution to the P.E. programme. Many younger teachers have learned a lot from her and she will be impossible to replace in the Kindergarten. However, we do not begrudge her retirement. True to her nature she does not intend to sit around doing nothing, and I am sure, you would join me in wishing her good health to enjoy a long and happy retirement.

— Finally, I would like to thank the staff for coping with a difficult year: we had forced closures in the first term and all the confusion over changing the school year in the second, as well as staff changes as already mentioned, and they have responded to the situation admirably. This includes the Clerical and domestic staff: the offices are stretched to capacity and Mr. Michael Nunes, in charge of the domestic staff, never seems to leave the premises. Thanks also to the Head Boy: I will not say too much for fear of embarrassing him. I said last year that Adnan would be hard to follow. Well, Bilal has followed, and he has made his own footsteps, and I am personally very grateful to him for the quiet and effective way he has performed his duties. Thanks also to our Chairman, Mr. Justice Shaikh, for his sincere interest in the welfare of the school and the many hours he has put in on our behalf. To you, Sir, I present my report.

VOTE OF THANKS BY SCHOOL CAPTAIN — 1985

Mr. Abdullah Hussain Haroon, members of the Board of Governors, Mr. Principal, members of staff, ladies and gentlemen and my fellow Grammarians.

As Captain of the School it is indeed a honour to propose a vote of thanks to you. I would like to especially mention our gratitude to you, Mr. Haroon, for gracing this occasion by your presence. As an ex-Grammarian yourself you must be aware of the significance which Speech Day has for the 2nd year students. For most of us it marks the end of a long association with this great institution. K.G.S. has been an experience which has been enriching, enlightening and complex.

Because of the immense dedication and hard work on the part of the school teaching staff we are prepared to face the future, equipped with faith, confidence and an excellent education. In return for their dedicated guidance at each step during our school career I can only offer, on behalf of all the 2nd year HSC students, our deepest and sincerest gratitude. Although we are gathered here to bid thanks and farewell, our departure is only a separation, not a disassociation. For wherever we are we shall be proud to remain Grammarians; we shall always be proud of our heritage.

On behalf of the Head Girl, Afiya Zia, and all the Prefects, I would like to thank the Principal, Mr. Wrigley, whose complete support and guidance has helped to make our tenure as fulfilling an experience as possible. I would also like to personally thank all the Prefects and all my fellow students for their very kind co-operation.



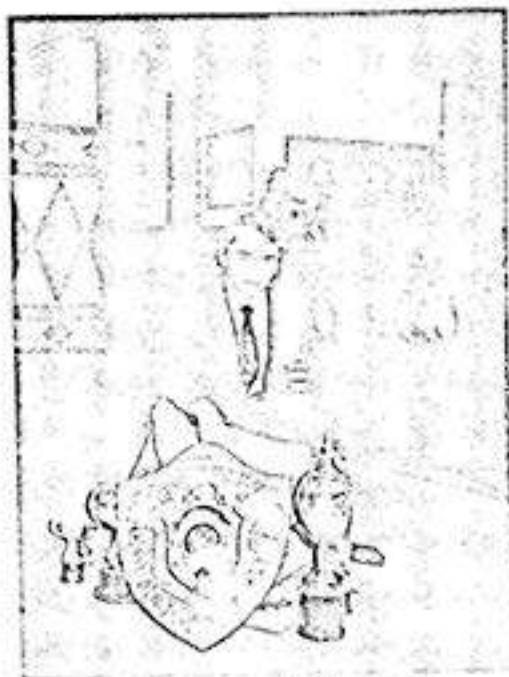
*Elal Murad Head Boy 1985,
delivering his Vote of Thanks*

Allow me the opportunity to put in a word of advice to all future Prefects : authority demands respect while consideration earns respect.

To all Grammarians: remember that the knowledge we seek and hope to acquire has finally got to be used for the benefit of our nation. This is what we owe our homeland in return for all the benefits that it has granted to us. And now it is time to depart. We leave behind our prayers that K.G.S. maintains its flourishing reputation and forever carries forth its rich tradition. We take along with us memories of the wonderful years that we have spent here — memories that we shall savour and cherish for the rest of our days.

Thank you again and farewell.

God bless this School of ours — the Karachi Grammar School.



Ameen Jan receives the Kings Cup for Oratory, 1985. Awarding the prize is the Chief Guest, Mr. Abdullah Hussain Haroon, Speaker of the Sind Assembly



Munis Faruqi received the Omer Yusuf Shield for Economics, the Smith Cup for Dramatics, the Saeed Haroon Trophy for Journalism, the Margery Rehman Cup for Interhouse debates



CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL CERTIFICATE RESULTS — 1983

First Divisions — 58.2%

| NAME | GRADE AGGREGATE | NAME | GRADE AGGREGATE |
|-------------------|--------------------|------------------|--------------------|
| Syed Aamer Azam | 6 | Babur Saeed | 15 |
| Cyrus Boga | 6 | Farrukh Ahmed | 15 |
| Amer Hai | 7 | Nasir Ghani | 15 |
| Ameen Jan | 7 | Nadia Gareeb | 15 |
| Zia Mahmood | 7 | Ahmed Rasool | 17 |
| Rustom Khambatta | 8 | Humayun Maqbool | 17 |
| Shireen Cowasjee | 8 | Jalil-ur-Rehman | 18 |
| Nasser Aziz | 8 | Ali Hasham | 18 |
| Shazia S. Ahmed | 9 | Amra Hussein | 18 |
| Amin Rahimtullah | 9 | Shireen G. Aga | 19 |
| Muneerah Merchant | 10 | Mahvash Hassan | 19 |
| Adele Bavington | 10 | Saira Abu Bakr | 19 |
| Adil Matcheswalla | 11 | Ghouse Akbar | 19 |
| Firuzia Pastakia | 11 | Askari Naqvi | 19 |
| Shariq Abdullah | 12 | Aaila Ashfaq | 20 |
| Samya Burney | 12 | Riaz Osman | 20 |
| Syed Ali | 12 | Khurram Hanif | 20 |
| Hyder Ahmed | 12 | Kamila Marvi | 21 |
| Mateen Fikri | 13 | Mustafa A. Tapal | 21 |
| Bilal Murad | 13 | Natasha A. Jafri | 21 |
| Munis Faruqui | 14 | Haider Khan | 21 |
| Salman Butt | 14 | Afiya S. Zia | 21 |
| Yousuf H. Khan | 14 | Abid Husain | 21 |
| Hina Nazar | 14 | Amna Jaffer | 22 |
| Najeeb Agrawalla | 14 | Camilla Rab | 22 |
| Yasmin Hyder | 14 | Ahmed K. Rana | 24 |
| Huneza Moosa | 15 | | |

Second Divisions — 18.6%

| | | | |
|-----------------|----|-----------------|----|
| Imran Yousuf | 21 | Ambreen Qureshi | 29 |
| Amer Abdullah | 25 | Sadiq Karamali | 29 |
| Sheheryar Salim | 25 | Sarah Akhter | 29 |
| Sajjad Qureshi | 25 | Uzma Hussain | 30 |
| Salman Sarwar | 28 | Nadir Shah | 31 |
| Gyorgy Balint | 28 | Arshad Effendi | 33 |

Shezad Dada 28
Sadiqa Hussain 28
Gohar Kirmani 28

Ehsan Masood 33
Azhar Salahuddin 34



Expressions of delight and bewilderment highlight the faces of (clockwise) Hyder Ahmed (12 points), and Nasser Aziz (8 points) as they receive their 'O' level results at the end of February, 1984

CAMBRIDGE H.S.C. RESULTS — 1983.

FULL CERTIFICATES — 35.7%

| | |
|------------------|---------------------|
| Nasser Hussain | Omer Hayat |
| Aliya A. Khan | Arshad Hussain |
| Nasreen Islam | Ammar Hanafi |
| Mahnaz Mirza | Saad Iqbal |
| Saadia Mahbub | Haaris Jafri |
| Ayesha Mumtaz | Malcolm Mascarenhas |
| Faiza Patel | Amyna Merchant |
| Asma Khan | John Monteiro |
| Asma Ali | Khurram Rehman |
| Reena Tai | Ali Rizvi |
| Ghufran Ahmed | Maliha Khan |
| Fouzia Ahmed | Khushro Waliulla |
| Nasir Ali | Asim Yar Khan |
| Sheheryar Burney | Rashid Zar |
| Nishir Dubash | Najeeb Haider |

CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL CERTIFICATE RESULTS (1984)

FIRST DIVISIONS — 62.7%

| NAME | GRADE AGGREGATE | NAME | GRADE AGGREGATE |
|------------------|--------------------|----------------|--------------------|
| Shaheen Mohamedi | 6 | Saba Shamim | 14 |
| Omar Azfar | 7 | Zia Yusuf | 14 |
| Amer Jaffer | 7 | Nusrat A. Khan | 15 |
| Nadir Qureshi | 8 | Amya Merchant | 15 |
| Zia Agha | 8 | Naeem Zamindar | 15 |
| Arif Irfanullah | 8 | Azmaira Maker | 15 |
| Ayaz-ul-Haque | 10 | Daniyal Ahmed | 16 |
| Mariam Moin | 10 | Tariq Hasnain | 16 |
| Salman Chaudhri | 11 | Sohail Sheikh | 16 |
| Omer Dossani | 11 | Asad Zain | 17 |
| Meherwan Polad | 11 | Asad Rizvi | 17 |
| Zia Qureshi | 11 | John Bavington | 18 |
| Adnan Khan | 11 | Aqeela Moosa | 18 |
| Faisal Ansari | 11 | Khurram Agha | 19 |
| Faisal Gaya | 12 | Aamir Aziz | 19 |

| | | | |
|------------------|----|--------------------|----|
| Syed Mehdi | 12 | Sukaina Alibhai | 19 |
| Imran Aziz | 12 | Seema Hayat | 19 |
| Ayesha Sayany | 12 | Alistair Fernandes | 19 |
| Noor-ul-Islam | 13 | Rehmat Hasnie | 20 |
| Faisal Khan | 13 | Zulfiqar Hasan | 20 |
| Faizullah Bohra | 13 | Sobai Husain | 20 |
| Saad Zia | 13 | Ardeahir Marker | 20 |
| Mohd. Asad Habib | 13 | Rana Omer | 21 |
| Abbas Premjee | 13 | Babur Baig | 22 |
| Hassab Shirwani | 14 | Asad Ali Habib | 23 |
| Aliya Khan | 14 | Omair Mooraj | 24 |
| Rabia Mirza | 14 | Aly Rawjee | 24 |

SECOND DIVISIONS – 23.2%

| | | | |
|-----------------|----|---------------|----|
| Nadeem Ghani | 10 | Soraya Ikram | 27 |
| Adil Nathani | 13 | Farah Butt | 28 |
| Faisal Shafi | 18 | Shahid Osman | 28 |
| Amer Noorani | 19 | Ahmed Shafi | 28 |
| Kalim-ur-Rehman | 24 | Sajjad Habib | 29 |
| Ramik Akhund | 25 | Zeeshan Hasan | 30 |
| Rooham Rehman | 25 | Asif I. Yaqub | 31 |
| Fiona Sukhia | 25 | Saqib Hussain | 32 |
| Amir Vellani | 27 | Faiz Sheikh | 33 |
| Adnan Ahmed | 27 | Reza Samad | 34 |

THIRD DIVISIONS – 9.3%

| | | | |
|-------------------|----|----------------|----|
| Fawzia Asmatullah | 32 | Altaf Hashwani | 40 |
| Arif Alam | 35 | Ali Bin Nasir | 41 |
| Umair Jalil | 35 | Keevan Dubash | 43 |
| Amna Shoro | 38 | Zain Haroon | 43 |

G.C.E. PASSES – 4.6%

| | | | |
|-----------------|----|----------------|----|
| Syed Ahmer Azam | 33 | Salman Qureshi | 46 |
| Saba Siddiqui | 33 | Karim Undre | 46 |

CAMBRIDGE H.S.C. RESULTS (1984)

FULL CERTIFICATES – 37.1%

Nazneen Alavi
Ayesha Khan
Nermeen Chinoy
Abdul Hai
Zehra Akbar
Anjum Ishaque
Faryal Yaqub
Imran Kizilbash
Fizza Rizvi
Ambreen Gaya
Fuad Gareeb
Lubna Samad
Asma Riaz

Amna M. Ali
Sharmeen Polad
Talat Hasan
Ribina Najmi
Ghazala Parvez
Samina Fasihi
Sabiha Hashmi
Sadia Khan
Sharmeen Kazi
Franak Khursigara
Humair Mirza
Saadia Iqbal

G.C.E. PASSES – 62.8%

Salman Zaidi
Sohail Agha
Ghazala Ahmed
Marya Ahmed
Sofia Ahmed
Ahmed Arif
Reeba Asghar
Ayesha Azfar
Aejaz Basrai
Nisreen Bohra
Samina Chaudhry
Roosbeh Dadabhoy
Aejaz Danishmand
Faisal Garib
Shakira Khan
Naila Moini
Shahida Osman
Feroze Khan
Shahzad Khan
Mihail Lari
Zulfiqar Mooraj
Imran Maniar

Imad Rabbani
Farees Rehman
Raza Akbar
Faisal Bengali
Farida Balkhi
Fuad Chundrigar
Cyrus Cowasjee
Neville Dossabhoy
Luqman Ghauri
Faisal Hassan
Noni Hassan
Omar Hakim
Fahim Jaffrey
Reena Jooma
Asma Rizvi
Moin Rehman
Nadir Ali Syed
Ameruddin Siddiqui
Syed Syedain
Shahid Mitha
Adnan Ali Hyder

G.C.E. PASSES – 64.2%

Aliuddin Ahmed
Samir Anwar
Sara Ansari
Salman Bawany
Saquib Hanif
Neshmia Altaf
Fariha Chughtai
Nadia Chundrigar
Asim Belgaumi
Rabeya Hassan
Daleara Dinshaw
Nadia Hasan
Naveed Ahmed
Salman Hassan
Sheheryar Khan
Farhan Hasan
Naveed-ul-Haque
Rubina Khan
Zuher Mohamedali
Aijaz Ahmed
Haaris Ahmed
Yasmeen Qureshi
Kamran Lodi
Hussain Hyderi
Zain Gulzar
Adnan Khan

Usman Haider
Sara Jafri
Shalla Junejo
Mustapha Javeri
Rohit Khilnani
Sadia Khan
Irfan Malik
Meg Price
Ameed Riaz
Sayeeda Sait
Seema Taufiq
Aamer Kazi
Sana Zakaria
Phiroza Samjee
Haroon Chaudhri
Mushtaq Khan
Nazish Ali
Natasha Mirza
Arif Khan
Aamir Malik
Zulfiqar Hakim
Kamran Kizilbash
Asma Saeed
Asif Rehman
Saleem Adil

THE S.C. RESULTS OF 1985

The astounding 1985 Cambridge results came as a shock to everybody including the students themselves! To secure 76 first divisions was in the opinion of many envious S.Y's (Class of '86) and Old Grammarians, a Herculean feat of good luck which does not befall every year. Things have really changed since the good old days when getting a result under 10 points placed one in the genius criteria – sorry all under 10 pointers but that is the truth of the matter!!

Mention must be made at this stage of the excellent "hoax" played on the unfortunate F.Y's by the indefatigable S.Ys who showed an originality not normally associated with them – a spark of genius? The "hoax" mentioned above entailed the putting up of identical results to those normally sent by the Cambridge Board. The normal round of tear-jerking, crying, hysteria and fainting inevitably followed. The real results, however, did come out on the 18th of February and many wished (the majority of whom were S.Ys) they never had. Special mention must nevertheless be made of Shariq Mehboob, Nadya Ajanee, Javed Ahmed and Shazia Makhdumi, all of whom got the much coveted figure of 6 points ... Congratulations!

Rumours abounded as to why the results were so very good. We would like to mention some interesting ones: Gossip had it that the papers for this batch went to a place like Mauritius or the Sudan where the examiners (who supposedly don't speak very good English) were really impressed!! A second rumour that found fruition in some Grammarians minds was that an oil rich Middle-East country had recently joined the ranks of those countries giving 'O' levels. The education authorities of that unspecified country are believed to have "requested" Cambridge to lower their standard. Who knows?

Anyway the F.Ys are in our opinion an extraordinary batch whether it be in terms of luck or brains and we wish them all of both in the future. Lets hope they bring equally good results in their "A" levels.

The Editors.....

CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL CERTIFICATE RESULTS — 1985

FIRST DIVISIONS — 80.8%

| NAME | GRADE AGGREGATE | NAME | GRADE AGGREGATE |
|---------------------|--------------------|-------------------|--------------------|
| Nadya Ajanee | 6 | Shazad Ashfaq | 14 |
| Javed Ahmed | 6 | Omar Sial | 14 |
| Shazia Makhdumi | 6 | Jaffer Rehman | 14 |
| Shariq Mahboob | 6 | Faiza Asaf | 15 |
| Ali Riaz | 7 | Asif Lakhany | 15 |
| Saba Nazar | 7 | Imran Saleem | 15 |
| Tariq Chaudhry | 7 | Samia Haq | 15 |
| Nabeel Qureshi | 7 | John Coelho | 15 |
| Asim I. Ahmed | 8 | Lubna Kapadia | 15 |
| Adnan Syed | 8 | Faiza Ali | 16 |
| Samir Rauf | 9 | Junaid Adam | 16 |
| Suraya Ahmed | 9 | Saqib Hasan | 16 |
| Sylbiah Shah | 9 | Saqib Shaikh | 16 |
| Fouzia Sethi | 10 | Farhan Mehboob | 16 |
| Mariam Khawar | 10 | Reza A. Mirza | 16 |
| Yasar Ali | 10 | Moaz Rab | 17 |
| Hasan Zaidi | 10 | Faraz Zaidi | 17 |
| Huma Vohra | 10 | Irfan Mirza | 17 |
| Naseer A. Khan | 10 | Khaqan Hassan | 17 |
| Adnan Ozair | 11 | Husain Jafar | 18 |
| Imran Haque | 11 | Akeel Halai | 18 |
| Mujtaba Iqbal | 11 | Onaiza Jhaveri | 19 |
| Rehan Ansari | 11 | Usman S. Khan | 19 |
| Tehmina Akhtar | 12 | Mahnaz Hasham | 19 |
| Zahid Hasnain | 12 | Aamer Israr | 19 |
| Shazmah Hakim | 12 | Hajra Jaffer | 19 |
| Murtaza Bhalloo | 12 | Faisal Mohsin | 19 |
| Sharmeen Asmatullah | 13 | Babar Malik | 19 |
| Humaira Shams | 13 | Usama Azhar | 20 |
| Aicha Zaheer | 13 | Humayun Nizami | 20 |
| Anita Dawood | 13 | Tasneem Tawawalla | 21 |
| Kerem Durdag | 13 | Aun Habib | 21 |
| Farid Masood | 13 | Anusha Hasan | 21 |
| Nuzhat Hussain | 13 | Tanya Hoodbhoy | 21 |
| Nergiz Chinoy | 13 | Ayesha Ashfaq | 21 |
| Saeed Iqbal | 14 | Huma Usmani | 22 |

| | | | |
|--------------------|----|---------------|----|
| Omar Lodhi | 14 | Mubashir Kazi | 22 |
| Shehryar Moinuddin | 14 | Asif Ijaz | 23 |

SECOND DIVISIONS – 15.9%

| | | | |
|--------------------|----|----------------|----|
| Rubina G. Aga | 25 | Zeryab Setna | 29 |
| Hussain Dhanani | 25 | Anita Lakhwani | 29 |
| Faisal Latif | 26 | Salman Afaq | 30 |
| Faisal Ali Khan | 26 | Haider G. Mian | 30 |
| Humayun Beg | 26 | Adila Mian | 31 |
| Tanya Hussain | 27 | Natasha Syed | 34 |
| Ahmed Nabeel Memon | 27 | Maliha Bhutto | 34 |
| Samar Husain | 28 | | |

THIRD DIVISIONS – 3.1%

| | | | |
|---------------|----|---------------|----|
| Farzan Tabani | 35 | Tushna Dubash | 37 |
| Arif Alam | 37 | | |

G.C.E. PASSES –0%

None

THE H.S.C RESULTS OF 1985

When the A level results were released on February 10, 1986, one distraught Grammarian was heard asking his friend as to what had happened to the excellent 'A' level results of a by-gone day. Both the boys, however, seemed unable to pinpoint the cause of the steady decline in the schools A level performance which now ranges on mediocrity with a bare 28.9% of all students (who give their exams, in December) getting a Full Certificate, which incidentally is awarded to any fortunate soul with a result of three E's or better. With the departure of teachers like Mr. Joseph, Mrs. Rehman, Mr. Rasheed Khan, Mr. Bhuiya and many others has our HSC teaching standard suffered greatly? The answer is a plain and obvious "Yes". Unlike our counterparts in the SC classes, who recently got a record 76 First Divisions, we (in the HSC classes) can boast no such laurels. With some of the brightest and brainiest giving their A levels in two shifts (in June, through the London Board, and December) the majority of those compelled to give their A levels in December are not always, in all honesty, the most dedicated lot. For them the A levels don't count since they will be, in any case, going to the States where the A level results play a minimal role in determining admission. Thus not many care, if a bad result reflects on the amount of work they did, or more appropriately did not do, in the two years supposedly spent preparing for the A levels.

The shift away from the pursuit of a higher education in Britain has rendered the idea of getting a good 'A' level result almost obsolete. The impetus and emphasis has shifted almost irreversibly in favour of getting the right scores in the SAT and Achievement tests. However, despite everything, the arrival of the HSC results do generate a fair measure of excitement on the part of most KGS students (if not the recipients themselves who, if they are expecting anything, are expecting the worst. Confused?)

The early arrival of the HSC results this year caught most unawares. Alas, almost regretfully, the Cambridge Board (which administers the December exams) had decided to release the results slightly earlier than usual, according to the cynics, in order to scotch any speculation, on the part of KGS pundits, as to whether the number of Full Certificates will cross the 30% threshold or not! It was a memorable scene when the past year students with pale, colourless faces began pouring into school. Most were not even thinking of the bad result awaiting them on the board but of the reaction awaiting them at home when, after presenting their result slip to their parents, mother is heard saying, "Spare the rod and spoil the child....." Nevertheless the expectant students did run through the list of results until they found their own. They hastily devoured what was written (even if it did not concern them) either letting out "cries of joy or else with downcast eyes walking away."

This year, as is usually the case, KGS had its fair share of surprises and disappointments. Those unlucky enough to be counted among the latter need'nt be

mentioned (to save them from any embarrassment) but those who did excel, if not surprise, include Adele Bavington, Mona Ahmed, Munis Faruqi, Ameen Jan, Rustom Khambatta, Nadir Rehman and Romana Siddiqui. We, the Editors, congratulate them and extend to the rest all the luck in the future as each pursues his own occupation in a world which is competitive, to say the least.

The Editors.....

CAMBRIDGE H.S.C RESULTS — 1985

FULL CERTIFICATES — 28.9%

Ameen Jan
Munis Faruqi
Nadir Rehman
Shireen G. Aga
Afiya Zia
Bilal Murad
Rustom Khambatta
Ali Hasham
Salman Butt
Ayaz Shaukat

Adele Bavington
Muhammad Ali Malik
Jalil-ur-Rehman
Syed Ali
Mona Ahmed
Najeeb Agrawalla
Naurin A. Khan
Fareeha Mahmud
Yasmin Hyder
Romana Siddiqui

G.C.E. PASSES — 71%

Hyder Ahmed
Abid Husain
Khurram Hanif
Huneeza Moosa
Aamer Azam
Aamer Hai
Samira Ahmed
Samya Burney
Iram Qureshi
Mateen Fikri
Ahmed K. Rana
Naheed Mitha
Hafsa Hayat
Shazia Ahmed
Shama Kadri
Firuza Pastakia
Amina Haider
Shazia R. Khan
Adil Matcheswalla
Ambreen Qureshi
Sania Naqvi
Sumer Rabbani
Ghouse A. Khan
Amin Rahmatullah
Ameer Ahmad

Amrah Hussain
Aaila Ashfaq
Sanam Sheikhzadeh
Mustafa Tapal
Asma Sheikh
Nasser Aziz
Kausar Chaudhry
Yasmine Nina Masood
Sadiqa Husain
Natasha Jafri
Ali Imran Shah
Maheen Usmani
Shireen Cowasjee
Yousuf H. Khan
Najda Sarfaraz
Nadia Gareeb
Shahid Tawawalla
Rashid Sharaf
Amna Jaffer
Sameera Hafeez
Amer Fasihi
Muhammad Asif
Mahvash Hassan
Shazdeh Hakim

COUNSELLORS REPORT — 1983/1985

A glance at the list of 1983-1985 admissions to U.S. universities will reveal that Grammarians have maintained the excellent records of the past. Of the top universities Cornell accepted thirteen of our students.

There are some misconceptions among our students regarding the criteria for reaching these institutions, and we think this is a good opportunity to state them clearly. This is particularly for the benefit of First Years, many of who decide, complacently, to take a year off, after the pressure of 'O' level examinations.

Your marks matter. Don't imagine, that, if you do poor work in your first year of H.S.C. it will be overlooked. The exam marks of both years are entered on your transcripts and if your academic record looks poor or mediocre your chances of admission are proportionately reduced. The procedure is further complicated by requests for financial aid, which is given, supposedly on the basis of demonstrated need. In actual practice money is seldom granted to candidates who are less than excellent, academically and otherwise.

A lot of time and effort is wasted by students who have unrealistic ideas about themselves. Everyone cannot make it to the top universities, and you should make honest appraisals of your chances, rather than distribute blame among teachers and counsellors ("He doesn't write so well....."). We are dedicated to the task of giving you the final push, but your future rests primarily on your academic and general record from Class IX onwards. Your teachers are only marginally responsible for your success or failure.

Good luck for 1986.

MRS. SHANAZ AHSANUDDIN
(Science Section)

MISS F. SAID
(Arts Section)

DIRECTORY OF ADMISSIONS — 1983

School Counsellors: Miss Farida Said and Mrs. Shanaz Ahsanuddin

| | | |
|---------------------|-------------|---|
| Faiza Patel | Scholarship | Harvard University |
| Nasser Hussain | Scholarship | Yale University |
| Syed Nasir Ali | Scholarship | Princeton University |
| Khurram Rehman | Scholarship | Princeton University |
| Saad Iqbal | Scholarship | Dartmouth College |
| Malcolm Mascarenhas | Scholarship | Columbia College |
| Ammar Hanafi | Scholarship | Cornell University |
| Aliya Azam Khan | Scholarship | Smith College |
| John Monteiro | Scholarship | Notre Dame University |
| Dalera Dinshaw | Scholarship | Wheaton College |
| Fariha Chughtai | Scholarship | Wheaton College |
| Irfan Malik | Scholarship | Hamilton College |
| Omar Hayat | Scholarship | Lehigh University |
| Asim Yar Khan | Scholarship | College of Wooster |
| Ghufran Ahmed | Scholarship | Bowdoin College |
| Noshir Dubash | Scholarship | Colby College |
| Shezad Mevawalla | Scholarship | University of Southern California |
| Yasmeena Qureshi | Scholarship | Purdue University |
| Imran Ahmed | Scholarship | Cornell University |
| Omar Sohail | Scholarship | Arkansas University |
| Adnan Khan | Scholarship | Georgia Institute of Technology |
| Asim Belgaumi | Admission | Aga Khan Medical University |
| Ali Nawab Rizvi | Admission | Aga Khan Medical University |
| Amyna Merchant | Admission | Aga Khan Medical University |
| Saqib Hanif | Admission | Cornell University |
| Aliuddin Ahmed | Admission | Bucknell University |
| Sheryar Ali Khan | Admission | Bucknell University |
| Asma Rashid Khan | Admission | Bryn Mawr College |
| Mahnaz Mirza | Admission | Smith College |
| Rohit Khilnani | Admission | Purdue University |
| Siraj Dadabhoy | Admission | Purdue University |
| Nadia Chundrigar | Admission | Barnard College |
| Saleem Adil | Admission | Brown University |
| Salman Bawany | Admission | College of Wooster |
| Omar Ashfaque | Admission | Gettysburg College |
| Shahryar Burney | Admission | University of Texas |
| Ameed Riaz | Admission | Institute of Business Administration, Karachi University. |
| Sara Ansari | Admission | Institute of Business Administration, Karachi University. |
| Seema Taufiq | Admission | |
| Reena Tai | Admission | |

DIRECTORY OF ADMISSIONS — 1984

School Counsellors: Miss Farida Said and Mrs. Shanaz Ahsanuddin

| | | |
|-------------------|-------------|----------------------------------|
| Feroze Khan | Scholarship | Harvard University |
| Salman Zaidi | Scholarship | Yale University |
| Sohail Agha | Scholarship | Yale University |
| Imran Kizilbash | Scholarship | Caltech |
| Aejaz Danishmand | Scholarship | Carnegie-Mellon University |
| Ghazala Parvez | Scholarship | Wellesley College |
| Ayesha Aslam Khan | Scholarship | Mount Holyoke College |
| Nisreen Bohra | Scholarship | Smith College |
| Nermeen Chinoy | Scholarship | Smith College |
| Sharmeen Kazi | Scholarship | Smith College |
| Rubina Najmi | Scholarship | Smith College |
| Muneerah Merchant | Scholarship | Smith College |
| Hina Nazar | Scholarship | Bryn Mawr College |
| Amer Siddiqui | Scholarship | Middlebury College |
| Rubina Khan | Scholarship | College of Wooster |
| Adil Nathani | Scholarship | College of Wooster |
| Maqsood Chotani | Scholarship | College of Wooster |
| Ahmed Arif | Scholarship | Colby College |
| Sehr Ahmed | Scholarship | Brandeis College |
| Shakira Khan | Scholarship | Allegheny College |
| Shaima Zaman | Scholarship | Macaléster College |
| Ayesha Azfar | Scholarship | William Smith College |
| Zulfiqar Mooraj | Scholarship | Syracuse University |
| Farhan Hassan | Scholarship | Occidental College |
| Noni Hussain | Scholarship | Allegheny College |
| Khursheed Noori | Scholarship | Illinois Institute of Technology |
| Mihail Lari | Admission | Harvard University |
| Raza Akbar | Admission | Caltech |
| Faryal Yaqoob | Admission | Bryn Mawr |
| Fuad Chundrigar | Admission | College of Wooster |
| Fuad Gharib | Admission | Columbia University |
| Luqman Ghauri | Admission | Rensselaer Polytechnic |
| Faisal Bengali | Admission | Northwestern University |
| Shazad Dada | Admission | Bucknell University |
| Ejaz Basrai | Admission | Bucknell University |
| Zarmeen Gulgee | Admission | Brown University |
| Amer Abdullah | Admission | Boston University |
| Humayun Maqbool | Admission | Boston University |
| Faisal Gharib | Admission | Allegheny College |
| Ahmed Shafi | Admission | Allegheny College |

| | | |
|-------------------|-----------|-----------------------------|
| Sharmeen Polad | Admission | University College, London |
| Sadia Khan | Admission | Newnham College, Cambridge |
| Shalla Junejo | Admission | Rutgers University |
| Roosbeh Dadabhoy | Admission | Smith College |
| Mustapha Javeri | Admission | Bard College |
| Asad Habib | Admission | Clarke University |
| Abbas Premjee | Admission | Mary Mount Loyola College |
| Naurin Durrani | Admission | George Mason University |
| Adnan Ali Hyder | Admission | Aga Khan Medical University |
| Omar Hakim | Admission | Aga Khan Medical University |
| Nadir Ali Syed | Admission | Aga Khan Medical University |
| Neville Dossabhoy | Admission | Aga Khan Medical University |
| Fahim Jaffri | Admission | Aga Khan Medical University |
| Ijlal Babar | Admission | Aga Khan Medical University |
| Shariq Abdullah | Admission | London School of Economics |

DIRECTORY OF ADMISSIONS — 1985

School Counsellors: Miss Farida Said and Mrs. Shanaz Ahsanuddin

| | | |
|------------------|-------------|--------------------------------|
| Aamer Azam | Scholarship | Caltech |
| Aziz Biyabani | Scholarship | M.I.T. |
| Nasser Aziz | Scholarship | M.I.T. |
| Ameen Jan | Scholarship | Princeton University |
| Nadir Rahman | Scholarship | University of Pennsylvania |
| Aamer Hai | Scholarship | Dartmouth College |
| Cyrus Boga | Scholarship | Hamilton College |
| Rizwan Akhtar | Scholarship | Columbia University |
| Munis Faruqui | Scholarship | Oberlin College |
| Abid Husain | Scholarship | Oberlin College |
| Shireen Cowasji | Scholarship | Smith College |
| Natasha Jafri | Scholarship | Smith College |
| Zia Mahmud | Scholarship | Williams College |
| Samya Burney | Scholarship | Wellesley College |
| Nadia Garib | Scholarship | Middlebury College |
| Aaila Ashfaq | Scholarship | Middlebury College |
| Camilla Rab | Scholarship | Grinnell College |
| Reena Jooma | Scholarship | Grinnell College |
| Imad Rabani | Scholarship | Beloit College |
| Ayaz Shaukat | Scholarship | College of Wooster |
| Asad Rizvi | Scholarship | College of Wooster |
| Mahvash Hasan | Scholarship | Bates College |
| Gyorgy Balint | Admission | School of Trade (Hungary) |
| Iram Qureshi | Admission | Cambridge University (England) |
| Rizwan-ul-Haq | Admission | University of Manchester |
| Adele Bavington | Admission | University of Reading |
| Rustom Khambatta | Admission | Imperial College |
| Amer Fasihi | Admission | Imperial College |
| Ali Imran Shah | Admission | Imperial College |
| Ahmed Urooj | Admission | Imperial College |
| Samira Ahmed | Admission | Richmond College |
| Ali Hasham | Admission | University of Pennsylvania |
| Ahmad Khalid | Admission | University of Pennsylvania |
| Hyder Ahmed | Admission | University of Pennsylvania |
| Salman Butt | Admission | Oberlin College |
| Mateen Fikri | Admission | Bucknell University |
| Mustafa Tapal | Admission | Bucknell University |
| Ghouse Akbar | Admission | Babson College |
| Ameer Ahmad | Admission | Boston University |

| | | |
|--------------------|-----------|--|
| Adil Matcheswalla | Admission | Boston University |
| Amna Jaffer | Admission | Agnes Scott College |
| Naurin Akbar Khan | Admission | Agnes Scott College |
| Amna Shoro | Admission | Mary Balwin College |
| Ahmad Rana | Admission | Lehigh University |
| Ambreen Qureshi | Admission | Moore School of Design |
| Reeba Asghar | Admission | Moore School of Design |
| Yousuf H. Khan | Admission | Dow Medical College |
| Samira Hafiz | Admission | Dow Medical College |
| Kausar Chaudhry | Admission | Dow Medical College |
| Rashid Sharaf | Admission | Army Medical College |
| Shazia Ahmad | Admission | Aga Khan Medical College |
| Amin Rahimtullah | Admission | Aga Khan Medical College |
| Bilal Murad | Admission | Aga Khan Medical College |
| Naheed Mitha | Admission | Aga Khan Medical College |
| Aamer Javed | Admission | Aga Khan Medical College |
| Asma Shaikh | Admission | St. Joseph College |
| Afiya Zia | Admission | St. Joseph College |
| Mona Ahmad | Admission | St. Joseph College |
| Shireen G. Aga | Admission | St. Joseph College |
| Maheen Usmani | Admission | St. Joseph College |
| Yasmin Hyder | Admission | St. Joseph College |
| Sadiqa Hussain | Admission | St. Joseph College |
| Tanya Mirza | Admission | St. Joseph College |
| Fareeha Mahmud | Admission | St. Joseph College |
| Sumer Rabbani | Admission | Institute of Business Administration, Karachi University |
| Sania Naqvi | Admission | Institute of Business Administration, Karachi University |
| Abida Raza | Admission | Institute of Business Administration, Karachi University |
| Hafsa Hayat | Admission | Institute of Business Administration, Karachi University |
| Najeeb Agrawalla | Admission | Institute of Business Administration, Karachi University |
| Mohammad Ali Malik | Admission | Institute of Business Administration, Karachi University |
| Aman Hyder | Admission | Institute of Business Administration, Karachi University |
| Nadir Shah | Admission | Institute of Business Administration, Karachi University |

SCHOOL COLOURS 1984

- ATHLETICS** : Aejaz Danishmand, Feroze Ahmed Khan, Usman Saeed Khan
- FOOTBALL** : Aamir Fasihi, Syed Hyder Ahmed, Feroze Ahmed Khan, Fuad Garib.
- CRICKET** : Salman Butt, Hyder Ahmed, Yousuf Hasan Khan, Humair Mirza, Faud Garib, Bilal Murad.
- HOCKEY** : Humair Mirza, Fuad Garib, Nasser Aziz, Aejaz Basral.
- SWIMMING** : Sasha Zaid Chughtai, Rizwan Qureshi, Feroze Ahmed Khan, Asif Aejaz Hussain.
- TENNIS** : Reza Ali Mirza, Kaleem Ghanchi.
- NETBALL** : Afiya Sherbano Zia, Nermeen Chinoy, Ambareen Gaya.
- THROWBALL** : Afiya Sherbano Zia, Nermeen Chinoy, Asma Shaikh, Anjum Ishaque.
- HOCKEY** : Fizza Rizvi, Anjum Ishaque, Aqeela Moosa.
- TENNIS** : Farah Khursheed.
- ATHLETICS** : Asma Rizvi, Afiya Sherbano Zia, Asiya Moin.
- SWIMMING** : Amna Shoro, Sana Muneer.

SCHOOL COLOURS AND AWARDS 1985

- SWIMMING** : Rizwan Qureshi, Sasha Chughtai, Sabena Razzack.
- HOCKEY** : Nasser Aziz, Hyder Ahmed, Nusrat A. Khan, Faisal Gaya, Khursheed Noori, Khurram Hanif, Sabena Razzak, Ambreen Ahmed, Farah Baqar, Iffat A. Hasan, Aasiya Jalil, Sarena Beg, Salma Moin, Aasiya Moin, Farah Khursheed.
- FOOTBALL** : Usman S. Khan, Saad Zia, Salman Butt, Amer Fasihi, Zia Agha, Hyder Ahmed, Nasser Aziz.
- TENNIS** : Kaleem Ganchi, Sabena Razzak, Farah Khursheed.
- BASKETBALL** : Zia Yusuf, Tariq Chaudhry, Saeed Iqbal, Nasser Aziz.
- THROWBALL** : Shaheen Mohamedi, Aqeela Moosa, Afiya Zia, Huneza Moosa Asma Sheikh, Yasmin Hyder.
- TABLE TENNIS:** Yousuf H. Khan, Asma Shaikh, Adèle Bavington, Nadia Garib
- CRICKET** : Salman Butt, Zia Yusuf, Hyder Ahmed, Rustom Khambatta, Bilal Murad, Yousuf H. Khan, Nasser Aziz.
- GENERAL KNOWLEDGE** : Munis Faruqui, Ameen Jan.
- NETBALL** : Muneeza Jaffer, Huneza Moosa, Shaheen Mohamedi, Nadia Garib, Shazia Makhdumi, Aasiya Moin, Samya Burney, Samya Abbasi, Shireen G. Aga, Iffat A. Hasan, Yasmin Hyder.
- ATHLETICS** : Usman S. Khan, Rustom Khambatta, Danyal Ahmed, Salman Butt, Babur Beg, Hyder Ahmed, Tariq Chaudhry, Nasser Aziz, Rubina G. Aga, Naz Chauhan, Aqeela Moosa, Aasiya Moin.
- DEBATING** : Ameen Jan, Munir Faruqui.

In 1978 the number of School Colours awarded reached a grand total of 19 in all. In 1983 this figure increased to 31, whereas in 1985 the KGS landed up with the incredible figure of 80! Is something wrong with the School's award system or does the Karachi Grammar School have so many budding sportsmen and women to warrant this figure? Where will we be in 1990? 250?

CLASS NOTE S.Y.A — 1985

1985 was the year that we finally became convinced of our destinies as "artsies" in short "too much play and no work makes Jack an Arts student" — to quote our compatriots in SYSc. Till then we had always tried to fool ourselves that we were the greatest and brightest thing to ever hit KGS. Alas! reality is the best teacher of commonsense (a quality we fortunately never lacked).

The fact that we were finally in the senior most class in School did nothing to mellow our zest for living or inability to stay awake through most classes. With no profound thoughts on our minds we made it a point to make full use of the balcony outside our classroom, much to the chagrin of Mrs. Minwalla (who was making the most valiant attempts to teach our XI-K neighbours, Maths) and the First Years who normally "loitered" on the balcony below our own (as if we had any reason or justification for being where we were either!)

During the course of the year many memorable friendships were made and even more broken; self-professed "intellectuals" recognised (first and foremost among whom was undoubtedly Humayun Maqbool with his profound thought that "golden words are never repeated" — which always left everyone guessing as to what had been originally said); rivalries increased and studies neglected. What more can one hope for, afterall, sublime pleasure was what we were all after (with the exception of that small, but dedicated group of individuals who drew inspiration from our "scientist" friends down the corridor.

While we were in SYA we had the good fortune to be taught by, in addition to the Literature trio, Mrs. Karim and Mr. Bhuiya. Yet when it came to approaching our class their otherwise brisk step always slowed a measure as if to signify their dread of our class. According to Afiya and Najda (telepathists in their opinion — not ours) our teachers were always believed to have thought on entering our class — "Oh Lord, how many days to Speech Day?" Yet I would like to say that the blokes and girls who finally emerged from this class were beyond a doubt the finest cross-section of affable idiots, misfits, jokers, juvenile delinquents and geniuses one could ever expect to come across in one class!

It is now with relish that we recall those marathorn "dates" with Mrs. Karim of all four periods after Break, except on Thursdays, and the resultant feelings of creeping indigestion. At this stage Mrs. Muncherji's valiant attempts at taking the early morning roll-call also come to mind. Out of class of 42 only half that number ever used to present itself in the morning with the other half being either with the Principal, in the bathrooms (we used to especially pity this lot), catching the latest gossip in some section of the school or still snoring in the warm confines of their beds (for this unique breed every day was a Friday!)

One could nevertheless, despite this all enveloping ignorance, always walk into class and be confronted by a ranging controversy regarding a diversity of topics from the merits of Martial Law and, pre-marital sex to the beauty of Rob Lowes nose, the monotony of Wordsworth's prose or the reason why Mohsin Khan played that terrible shot so early in the innings. Diversity was our forte!

The SYA class of 1985 was not only unique but also rather lucky, or so the boys finally realised after they saw a horde of SYSc boys trooping (every day, may I add) to our hovel out of a necessity to see the bevy of beauties whom they so sadly lacked within the confines of their own class. We were the only class in School who had, fortunately, a total of 33 girls to 9 boys. We were also only class for whom the teachers had no hope, even before we had reached the half-way mark of the First Term. In addition we were the only class who had a regular supply of "budding" Luciano Pavarottis and Maria Callas in Ambreen, Khurram and Asma.

In a class of our size opposites were bound to exist providing additional colour. Romana's innate aggressiveness directly contrasted to the behaviour of that cabal of girls – namely Shaima, Maheen, Sadiqa, Sanam and Amina – whose only link to one another was their supposed inhibition as regards making any form of conversation. Nadir and Ghouse's complete lack of all those qualities which make star pupils sharply differentiated them from Mona and Munis (for whom "business-as-usual" adequately describes their attitude towards school). Adil's macho image was often compared to Hyder's complete lack of all those attributes that supposedly appeal to the female sex. In addition Yasmine Masood and Salman Butt's early morning "preppy" image was a distinctly unfavourable reminder of the scruffiness of all the boys, foremost among whom was undoubtably Mustafa. The truth is finally out, Mustafa.

Writing a class note evokes so many really memorable moments (both pleasant and otherwise), not only of SYA but of all the previous classes through which we have been. Alas time and space do not permit more to be said or written about this breed of non-conformist individualists. Needless to say, however, there can be no doubt that most will get very far in life and achieve some unforeseen heights whether in material or intellectual terms. Yet, all conditions withstanding, one common bond will bind all of us – namely those memories shared jointly in the SYA class of 1985.

The Editors.....

CLASS NOTE S.Y.Sc — 1985

"By Newtons Law of Gravitation, $F = \frac{GmM}{r^2}$. Now...."

Sudden interuption.

"Excuse me, Sir, but what if the particle being considered lies at the center of mass of the two bodies concerned?"

Pause.

".....It should conform to the graph of the variation of 'g' with distance, shouldn't it?"

"You mean to say $r = 0$?"

"Yes isn't it?"

"O.K. If $r = 0$ the force F should be infinite since anything divided by zero equals infinity."

Pause.

"Yes, there you are correct."

"But according to the graph of g against the distance, the force comes to be zero. How do you explain this?"

".....???"

"Sir, perhaps if you considered the interatomic forces acting at short distances within the molecule....."

And so on goes this randomly selected argument from one of the numerous lessons held in the Second Year Science class, till the period ends. Needless to say the unnamed student, rambling on about molecular structures and interatomic distances, is far from being aware of their physical significance; but as he realises, neither is the honourable (and also unnamed) professor.

It is impossible to put to pen the many incidents, jovial and serious alike, that occurred this year with any degree of accuracy, impartiality or chronology. Images spring forth to mind readily, though; that of Mrs. Ahsanuddins class, and the back benches, usually comprising Zia, Nadir, Rustom, Ameen, Amir and Ayaz; noticing

Gyorgy's hairstyle, or the expressions on Syed Ali's face, and then breaking into spasmodic fits of laughter, with their indefatigable General teacher reprimanding them time and time again.

One recalls the times when Ameen Jan used to get himself involved in moral arguments with Bilal Murad (the topics generally under attention being sex and alcohol), and a most interesting debate used to ensue for the benefit of the spectators, if nobody else. Also mentionable was the frequency with which Ameen used to land himself on the benches under the trees or the cool refuge of the library during a Physics lesson, invariably accompanied by a member of the opposite sex (always against the good advice of his friend, Bilal).

One of the more well known characters of the class was Amir Ahmad, better known as Meeroo. One cannot easily forget his intellectually loaded remarks ("that girl needs....") or his romantic appeal ("when nobody else is in the class I'm going to go in and hold her hand!")

In mentioning SYSc the inseparable pair of Ali Imran Shah and Arner Fasihi cannot be ignored ... similarly one cannot forget Fasihi's criticisms of literary passages in the General class, which were met with a certain degree of skepticism from Mrs. Ahsanuddin, after which Fasihi earned a nickname for himself which he would soon like to forget.

And what of the furs Samira Ahmad wore to the May Queen Ball '85? One cannot forget to mention Amra Hussain among these recollections, entering Mr. Whittaker's class five minutes late without fail for the whole of the first term and each time trying to offer the same excuse (she had managed to earn, during this time, a certain embarrassing petname for herself through the courtesy of the rowdier elements of the class).

One remembers the mark sheet prepared by Mr. Whittaker which was pinned on the soft board in class with the first few names invariably being those of Aamer Azam and Aamer Hai, while the bottom of the list was reserved for the likes of Amir Ahmad. This particular soft board also underwent a certain degree of desecration when one fine morning it was seen adorned by the faces of Dee Snyder and Blackie Lawless.

Among the quieter corners of the class sat the likes of Biyabani and Iram, who in future months were to secure places for themselves in numerous top academic institutions in the United States, much to the vexation of their classmates.

The academic chapter of this class expectedly excelled that of previous years and its counterpart, the Arts. A record number of 3A's through the London and Cambridge boards combined (more than 10 students) were achieved from S.Y.Sc.

The mean SAT score obtained by this class bettered that of MIT, according to the calculations and statistical analysis of Aamer Azam.

One could go on interminably like this, describing the athletic achievements of Rustom and Nasser or the debating and dramatic skills of Ameen, or the 'man-appeal' of Nadir (and the ape appeal of Amir). However this brief recollection serves as a memento of the Science section of the class of '85, and in this capacity it presents a spectrum of images characteristic of that class. One day, from amongst us may emerge fine scientists or sportsmen, maybe even a future President of the nation; a group of individuals, similar only in the way of immense intellectual potential, who may, in time, be rocked by tragedy or glory, by careers launched or dreams scotched. But through it all they will also be bound by the memory of what once was the Second Year Science.

How's that for a dramatic ending?!

The Editors

LIBRARIANS REPORT — 1985

Sometime back a gentleman who was involved in some research on school libraries came to see me. The interview was quite long and the question-answer session made me conscious of certain facts about our library to which, inspite of being aware of them, I had never given serious thought. Perhaps they were very much taken for granted. Anyhow, this article provides me with the opportunity to share some facts and figures with you.

We have an open shelf library (in case you did not notice)! This makes it similar to a supermarket, with one small difference — there, with goods on display, they tempt you to buy; here, with books on display we tempt you to read. In addition you don't pay through your nose for this facility! I dare claim that our library's contents are tempting and for this we owe a great deal to our former librarian (Mr. Pascal DeSouza). Nevertheless proof of the quality of a pudding is in its sampling and thus my claim of how popular our library is justified by the presentation of the fact that between 600 and 900 books are borrowed (and returned) every week. This high velocity allows us the liberty of never having to dust our books!

They say that in this part of the world people are generally uninterested in reading, with the subsequent percentage of book readers being rather low. I unfortunately don't have any statistics to either prove this claim or contradict it yet I would like to say that our students are anything if not voracious readers. So much so for the experts.....

I very much appreciate our students for having such a yearning for reading and for being so very demanding. The truth is that the more demanding the user the more work is created for the librarian; but just like a mother enjoys the good appetite of her children thus I cannot help feeling delighted at the appetite that our students have for reading and learning. It often happens that having put some new books on the shelves I find that most of them have been borrowed by the end of the day. So I believe our students make the library worthy of all work and money spent on it and a place that the librarian can feel proud of.

One last point I would like to make here is that we should not take things for granted so that we can derive pleasure from the opportunities available. We should open our eyes and our minds to be able to see the good points along with the bad. Criticism should be healthy and constructive. To apply this point to our library, though it is obvious that it is far from perfect and that there is much room for improvement, we must set our goals and standard very high. I am sure with students like you and a librarian like me (!!!) we can do it. It is also very heartening to know that we have the support of Mr. Wrigley. We must keep reaching for the stars while keeping our feet firmly planted on the earth.....

MRS. M. RIZVI
Librarian,
Karachi Grammar School

EID-I-MILAD-UN-NABI 1984 & 1985

Two extremely successful Milads were held at the Karachi Grammar School in January 1984 and February 1985. On the first occasion the Chief Guest was Begum Shaista Ikramullah while Begum Tazeen Faridi was invited as the Guest of Honour for the Milad, 1985. Both Milads were highly successful because they vividly expressed the enthusiasm of the participants (ranging from the junior to the senior most students).

As always the organisation was meticulous; it helped in successfully staging both evenings and was handled by the ever indefatigable Mrs. Belgaumi and Mrs Mujahid. The painstaking efforts of both these teachers were instrumental in making the evenings the successes that they were. In addition the aid rendered by Mr. Razi (in 1984) and Bilal Murad (in 1985), for their assistance backstage was greatly appreciated. Once again the training and selection of the Hamds was in the expert hands of Mrs. Belgaumi and Mrs. Mujahid. As is always the case the enthusiasm to participate was great in both years, if for no better reason than to miss class – after-all all practice sessions were held during school hours! Yet credit must not be taken away from the majority of the students who participated with no ulterior motive in mind.....

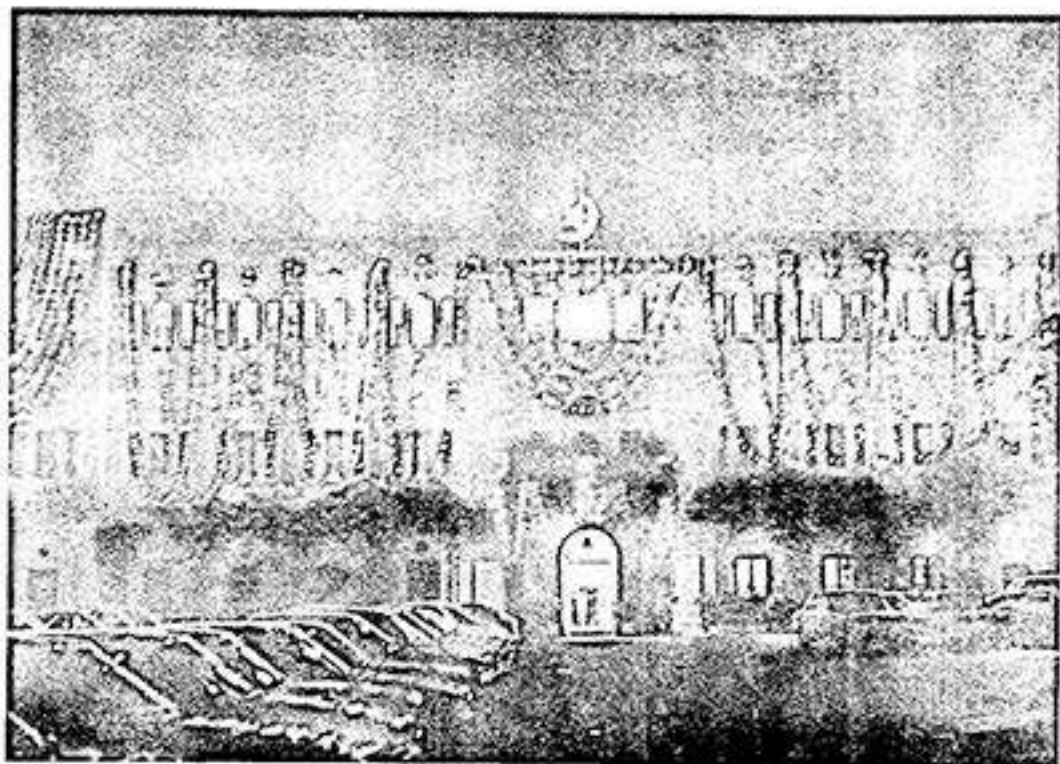
On both occasions the School bore a festive look because of the excellent illuminations which adorned the facade. In addition the stage was tastefully adorned with flowers (which were procured at considerable expense) and Quranic inscriptions made by Mr. Qutubuddin. The simplicity of the participants' attire added to the visual splendour of both Milads. Uniformity of dress was maintained except for the girls' duppattas which differed in colour, for each class. The idea of different coloured duppattas (first introduced in the 1982 Milad) has gained in popularity, even though Mrs Muncherji deserves a great deal of credit because she inevitably help in choosing the colours and accumulating the money to pay for their purchase.

As always there was no dearth of avid individuals keen to participate in the singing and delivering of solos, naats and speeches. Following up in the tradition of the past Milads, prizes were awarded to the best soloist, best speaker in English and Urdu, and class (for its group effort). In 1984 Ambreen Qureshi won the prize for the best soloist while Adnan A. Hyder won the prize for the best Urdu speech. In addition Shakira Khan received the honours for her English speech. The Class award went to the SYs much to the regret of all who felt they were awarded the prize because of their seniority. Likewise, in 1985 Anisa Ashraf won the award for the best soloist. Mahvash Hassan won the prize for the best English speech while Fouzia Sethi won the prize for the Urdu speech. Once again the SYs won the prize for their Naat. Nevertheless, as in 1984, all the classes recited their respective Naats and Hamds with a great deal of harmony and co-ordination. In both the 1984 and 1985 Milads the individual performances rendered by Ambreen Qureshi, Humair "Solo"

Mirza and Mona Ahmed drew acclaim and we hope that the talents of the above mentioned individuals are not wasted in the future by a lack of participation in similar recitation functions held outside the School.

At the end of these occasions the Chief Guests (who set a fine example by being punctual) gave extremely thought-provoking and interesting speeches which in addition commended the enthusiasm of the participants and the organisers. Thus both the Milads of 1984 and 1985 went off like clockwork as can be anticipated of an occasion of this importance in our school calendar.

The Editors.....



The School facade presents a festive and beautiful look at the annual milad



One of the Senior School classes performs a 'naat' during the milad, 1985



Faisal Hasan delivers on English Speech in the 1984 Milad

INTERHOUSE DEBATES — 1985

Characteristically, the Interhouse debates were held at the end of the year, right after the "O" and "A" level examinations and the school final exams. Consequently the response was unenthusiastic since very few Grammarians are of the opinion that continued brain exertion is necessarily healthful. Infact the Frere House debating captain, Ameen Jan, could not even find a third team member till two days before the Frere-Napier debate.

However as things have a way of turning out for the better the squads finally assembled for the debates were complete as far as quantity went, if nothing else. The Frere team finally consisted of Ameen Jan (Captain), Hyder Ahmed and Nadir S. Qureshi. Napier was led by Sania Naqvi with the other two team members being Naheed Mitha and Omer Dossani; whereas the Streeten team consisted of Munis Faruqui (Captain), Saad Zia and Azfar Najmi. But alas the true Grammarian spirit could not contain itself for too long; the Napier captain (Sania Naqvi) resigned from her captaincy and the team due to some "misunderstanding" with her House Captain, Yasmine Hyder. Another calamity — who was to step into this newest vacancy created by the departure of Sania? The truly dutiful House Captain Yasmin Hyder finally consented to render her services in this department of School activities as well.



Ameen Jan paving the way to ultimate success in the Frere/Napier debate, 1985



Munis Faruqui clarifies a point against the opposition during the debate between Streeten and Frere

As the saying goes, "It never rains, it pours", another tiff emerged, this time between Napier and Frere. For the first time in the history of Interhouse debates a team (Napier) refused to accept the topic of debate proposed by the Frere team. Their argument ran something like this: 'your topic is too onesided. Whatever we say is bound to be refuted within the minds of the judges and hence we will stand no chance to win the debate.' The topic proposed by Frere was: "Man cannot do without religion".

However what the Napierites failed to understand was that their point of view would be judged on strength of delivery and material content, not on whether they were morally right or wrong or whether the judges thought them to be so. In contrast the Frere team captain, in the true spirit of sportsmanship, consented to change the topic and this time proposed the following subject: "Equality of the sexes is a dangerous myth".

The first debate was held on the 17th of December between Napier and Streeten. The topic proposed by Napier was "Where hunger exists, democracy is irrelevant". Napier suffered a humiliating defeat under the substitute captaincy of Naheed Mitha (the Napier House Captain, Yasmin Hyder, consented to bequeath this honor upon Ms. Mitha, albeit grudgingly) with the awards for best, second best and third best speaker of the day going to Streeten in the order Azfar Najmi, Saad Zia and Munis Faruqui. Madiha Syed (also from Streeten) was chosen the best speaker from the floor.

The second debate was held the next day between Frere and the loser of the first debate (Napier). Once again the strife-ridden Napier team failed to prove anything substantial as to their oratorical powers with the result that they suffered yet another defeat from their opponents, even after Frere consented to change the topic. This time, however, a Napierite actually managed to come within the rankings for speaker of the day. Ameen Jan was adjudged the best speaker of the day, while Naheed Mitha (Napier) came second and Hyder Ahmed, third. The best speaker from the floor was Mariam Moin, of Frere.

The third debate between Frere and Streeton turned out to be the most interesting and hotly contested of all. However, due to a lack of proper organisation this debate was repeatedly postponed, much to the frustration of the participants who wanted to get it over as soon as possible. It was held on the last official day of school at 11:30 a.m. while still managing to clash with Speech Day rehearsal, two girls' interhouse tournaments and most importantly the class parties (which the staff members attended with great relish).

The topic proposed by Streeton to Frere was "The United Nations has proved to be a most worthwhile organisation since its inception". It proved to be a most controversial debate with loyalties divided among the floor for the favourites, but Streeton emerged victors by a small margin. A great deal of credit must go to the

Streeton Captain, Munis Faruqi, who only in his closing speech managed to turn the tables in his favour by virtue of his "eloquence" and "charm". The best speaker of the day however was Azfar Najmi, followed by Ameen Jan and then Saad Zia. The best speaker from the floor was, once again, Madiha Syed.

Consequently, Streeton won the Margary Rehman Cup for Interhouse debates, 1985. Azfar Najmi was chosen 'debator of the year' and Madiha Syed the 'best speaker from the floor'. One thing that was noted however was that throughout the competition there was a lack of planning and foresight on the part of both the participants as well as the organisers. The awkward time-table only made things worse. As pointed out earlier extended brain work is generally not very welcome to even the harder working batch of Grammarians, especially after a gruelling set of examinations. If the Interhouse debates were held earlier in the first term instead, the response from the student body would have almost certainly been more enthusiastic. Also the topics should be declared well in advance of the actual debate, not two days before as is usually the case, so that the team members have enough time to learn their speeches by rote instead of referring to their sheets.

We would like to end on a note of advice for all future orators and debators. The art of debate is an effective way of developing one's self confidence and strengthening one's critical and questioning attitude. A public speaker must be able to pick up the smallest flaws in his opponent's speech and project them in his discourse to his own advantage. For this purpose he needs to be inherently discerning and perceptive, and it is this intrinsic quality that he must seek to employ whenever he steps onto the rostrum. As Thomas B. Macaulay wrote, "The object of oratory alone is not truth but persuasion."

The Editors.....



SCHOOL DEBATING 1985

(L-R): Saad Zia; Ameen Jan (Captain); Munis Faruqi; Azfar Najmi

INTERHOUSE GEN. KNOWLEDGE 1985

In spite of a great deal of opposition and stone-walling tactics from Nasser Aziz (the Frere House Captain), the Inter-House General Knowledge Competition was finally held in the early part of December. A distinct lack of enthusiasm and "general knowledge" among the student body rendered the job of the team captains rather difficult when it came to the task of choosing the squad of five members (which in all honesty could have been limited to two or three since most of the participants were only of nuisance or spectator value).

Before the commencement of the tournament — and correctly at that — the general consensus was that the degree of preparation on the part of most participants was quite inadequate. Nevertheless the teams gathered promptly, with the exception of the Streetenites (who were supposedly making last minute arrangements with fellow House members to get the correct answers smuggled into the F.Y.A/B class during the competition), at 9.30 a.m. for the competition whose duration was ordained at one hour. The odious task of compiling the questions was performed by Mrs. R. Muncherji while, after a great deal of arm-twisting, Mrs. M. Lobo "gladly" consented to be the supervisor and dispenser of justice during the duration of the tournament.

The teams were arranged in three separate circles in the far corners of the class — despite the protestations of the Frere Captain (Ameen Jan) who wished to seat his team as close to the teachers desk as possible with the hope that a blink or wink in Mrs. Lobo's direction might result in her showing some compassion to his hopeless situation! Alas Mother Goodluck proved to be extremely fickle towards his and Frere's cause (as shown by the end result).

Streeton's superior preparations allowed them to carry the day with a total of 56 points, which we have reason to believe was achieved only after the team adopted Munis Faruqui's favourite motto: "Everything is fair in love and war". Napier came a worthy second (considering their team) with 42 points. They were closely followed by Frere (who came an unworthy third) with 41 points. After all that, many Frerites had the cheek (or so all Napierites and Streetonites thought) to blame their bad luck on the sunny weather outside!

Although the entire affair was interesting, to the few who participated, a general improvement should be in the offing. With due respect to Mrs. Muncherji some questions were of such a nature that only an individual with the answers in hand could have answered them. Yet the competition has over the years become increasingly flexible with the majority of questions being of quite a "general" type — not withstanding a certain bias against subjects like History and Literature. Mention must also nevertheless be made of the lack of spontaneity normally associated with General Knowledge competitions because of its "elite" nature.

Suggestions have been made that the competition be once again "thrown open to the general public" and thus assume its pre-1980 character when every House was represented by a squad of three House members from every Class (meaning, for example, one Napierite from every section in School from Class VII to the S.Ys). The result of this action would be that a larger section of the school would thus become aware of the proceedings with the possibility of learning outside the classroom increasing for atleast some fortunate Grammarians. Should these reforms be implemented each team would comprise of 21 members as compared to the current figure of 5!

At this stage we would like to quote an extract from the 1978 Grammarian which though written over eight years ago still has pertinence to the question of the nature of future School Inter-House General Knowledge Tournaments.....

"Are we merely testing the general knowledge of the actual team members, and thereby conferring to the winning House the requisitioned points, or do we intend the contest to be an opportunity for gain by the whole school?"

NAPIER : Amer Hai (Captain); Naheed Mitha; Abid Husain; Aamer Azam; Rustom Khambatta.

FRERE : Ameen Jan (Captain); Zia Mahmood; Nadir Qureshi; Iram Qureshi; Omar Azfar.

STREETEN: Munis Faruqi (Captain); Ahmed Rana; Shaheen Mohammedi; Madiha Syed; Rizwan Akhter.

The Editors.....

CHESS — 1983

Towards the end of 1983 the school was witness to a new kind of sport — a “mind game” called chess. This game was brought out of the closet after being virtually ignored for 2 years since Mr. Anstead last popularised it. The revival of Chess in the K.G.S. started originally with the idea of holding an inter-house tournament which eventually took the shape of two tournaments. One for the seniors (class X upwards), and one for the juniors (class VII to class IX). The junior chess tournament was held from the 20th of October till the 3rd of November 1983. It was organised by Noor-ul-Islam and Omar Azfar (both students of class X-K), with Mr. Wrigley and Mr. Whittaker as directing teachers.

The tourney was held on the basis of the Swiss League System in which every participant had to play seven other players. This system gave the budding Fischers and Karpovs of the K.G.S. at least 7 chances to prove their worth (or otherwise) in the game of Kings. A point was awarded for every win and $\frac{1}{2}$ a point for a draw. At the end of 7 rounds, the individual points were totalled and the results declared. Ties were broken by the cumulative system.

In all, 47 enthusiasts entered the tourney which was very heartening (for the organisers) as it showed that every 1 out of 6 students of the classes, involved took active part — however the comparative absence of girls (there were, none!) prove that chess is afterall a king's game.

A bright young chess prodigy, Rustom Kawasjee of class VII, surprised everyone by winning the tournament, while the 2nd and 3rd positions went to Zahid Hasnain and Javed Ahmed respectively, both of whom were from class IX. Nabeel Qureshi, Usama Azahar, Shan Mohammad Ali and Imad Rehman also showed their worth by winning most of the time. In fact Usama was rather unlucky in that he fell sick and lost a round by default.

Some excellent matches were played by Ali Noore, Amer Azam, and Gufran Ahmed. Some invaluable talent were discovered out of which Imran Kizilbash, Faisal Garib, Fuad Garib and Noor-ul-Islam proved to be the better players. The semi-finals were contested between Gufran Ahmed and Tariq Hasnain and Ali-Noore with Amer Azam, which was the longest game of the tournament lasting three hours and Ali-Noore emerging winner.

The final between Gufran Ahmed and Ali Noore was won by Gufran Ahmed after defeating Ali Noore in the first and third game while the second game was drawn. The winner Gufran Ahmed received the Chess Cup for 1983 while Ali Noore was placed 2nd and Amer Azam 3rd.

It is hoped that such a tournament is held each year to arouse interest in chess. As the success of the tournament portrays the students are interested in the game.

NOOR-UL-ISLAM (F.Y.Sc.)

CHESS — 1984

1984 saw the consolidation of chess as a school sport. The main new development in school chess was the founding of the K.G.S. Chess Club in February, 1984. This Club, however, was only the formalised version of a private one that actually started in October 1983 and met every Thursday to play in school. The fundamental idea behind the K.G.S. Chess Club was that it should provide a place where chess enthusiasts could meet and play one another. It has a very wide membership ranging through the Senior School. Since February 1984, it has regularly met every Thursday, under the guidance of its President, Mr. Whittaker.

In 1984, the School Chess Tournament was organised and held under the premises of the Chess Club. This time, instead of two tournaments as in 1983, one big School Tournament encompassing the whole school from class III to the Second Years took place. For various reasons, including seating, fairness to younger players and prizes, the School Tournament was split into two parts. One was the Junior School Chess Tournament and the other K.G.S. Chess Tournament. Special prizes were given in the KGS Chess Tourney to winners in the category of class VII to IX. It would only be fair to mention here that it was the first time in the school's history that a Junior School Chess Tournament actually took place.

The overall organisation of the Tournament was undertaken by the Chess Club President, Mr. Whittaker. He was directly in control of the School Chess Tournament while Noor-ul-Islam of XI-K was incharge of the Junior School Tournament and was helped in this by Omar Azfar, Rehmat Ali Hasnie, Tariq Hasnain, Faisal Khan and Javed Akhtar.

The school tournament was held on the basis of the Swiss League System as in the Junior Open Chess Tourney 1983. However the Junior School Chess Tournament 1984 was held on the basis of the knockout system. The over-all attendance was good, the school tournament having 70 entrants and the Junior School a surprising 60. In one respect the tournaments were an improvement on 1983, because there was a significant number of girl entrants.

The eventual winner of the tournament and the School Champion was Noor-ul-Islam of XI-K. Joint runners up were Arieb Azhar from class VII and Aamer Azam of First Year Science. Arieb who was the big surprise of the tournament, also came first in the class VII to IX category, with Nadir Rehman and Zain Abdullah second and third respectively. The Junior School Tournament, which was characterised by its noisiness, was won by Babar Akhtar of Class V-K. Huma Jehan Islam and Nadir

Rehman were 2nd and 3rd. So ended the competitive chess for 1984, with everybody except the losers happy.

NOOR-UL-ISLAM (F.Y.Sc.)

CHES — 1985

It is seldom that you find a school, in this part of the world, where the game of chess is played with so much enthusiasm and organisation as in the Karachi Grammar School. Since its revival in 1983 the popularity of the game has grown yearly with every chess tournament held. This renaissance has been achieved partly through the efforts of the KGS Chess Club which among other things holds weekly meetings of its members. Since its founding in 1984 the Club has been under the tutelage of at least one staff member (till 1985, Mr. Whittaker) and one student (since its inception this rather dubious distinction has been held by Mr. Noor-ul-Islam).

The Karachi Grammar School Chess Tournament of 1985 was held under the auspices of the KGS Chess Club. It was organised by Mr. Whittaker, who has since left for England and (literally) greener pastures.

The tournament was organised on the basis of the Swiss League System, in which every competitor plays seven other players, getting one point for each victory, $\frac{1}{2}$ a point for a draw and nothing for losing. Players with equal points at the end of each round are paired together for the next round, to ensure as far as possible that only players of an equal stature play each other. The person with the highest Points Total at the end of the seven rounds is then declared the winner. The tournament extended over Classes VII to the Second Years. At the same time the school graciously extended a helping hand by supplying the Chess Club with the required number of chess boards.

The seven rounds were normally played during the weekends, particularly on Thursdays and Saturdays. The whole tournament was spread out over approximately three weeks. About 80 people took part in the tournament. Nevertheless Zain Abdullah of Class X-S finally emerged the victor after a gruelling 9 hours, three session final round between him and Noor-ul-Islam of First Year BD. According to Noor and many other witnesses present the game saw many tilts and turns of fortune. A fatal mistake by Noor in the second session saw him expending the advantage he had no mistake over Zain in the first session. There after it was downhill, all the way, for him. The final results of the tournament were:

| | | |
|-----|---------------|-------|
| 1st | Zain Abdullah | X-S |
| 2nd | Noor-ul-Islam | FY.BD |

| | | |
|-----|------------------|-----|
| 3rd | Imad Rehman | X-G |
| 4th | Ali Faisal Zaidi | X-G |

Towards the end of 1985 the Junior School Chess Tournament for classes 3 to 6 was held. In the absence of Noor, the President of the Chess Club, it was organised by Rehmat Hasnie (alias-Keema), Omar Azfar, Faisal Khan and Reza Shaukat Khan of the First Years. Unfortunately their incompetence can be seen by the fact that none of them knew the names of the tournament winners nor did they have any records of the event! Therefore, we, the Editors, apologise to the tournament winners for the inability on our part to publish their names and to thereby acknowledge their achievement.

1985 also saw the formation of a 6-man KGS School Chess Team which consisted of Aamer Azam (Captain), Noor-ul-Islam, Ameen Jan, Zain Abdullah, Imad Rehman and Ali Faisal Zaidi. This team was unfortunately not able to participate in the Inter-School Chess Tournament, because of the decision by the Sind Board of Education not to recognise our school. This situation may be corrected in 1986. Hopefully 1986 will be an even better year for chess in our school with the possibility of an Inter-House tournament arising. Nevertheless, we hope, the possibility arises of our school being able to maul a few other schools in "friendly" matches.

The Editors.....



SCHOOL CHESS 1985

*Seated (L-R): Nurul Islam; Aamer Azam (Captain); Ameen Jan
.....Standing (L-R): Imad Rahman; Zain Abdullah; Ali Zaidi*

THE "PULSE" — 1985

Moderator: Mrs. M. Karim

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|--------|--|--------|--|
| 1983 — | Nasser Hussain (Editor-in-Chief) Saad Iqbal Asma R. Khan | 1984 — | Mihail Lari (Editor-in-Chief) Ayesha Azfar Sohail Agha Ahmed Arif |
| 1985 — | Munis Faruqui (Editor-in-Chief) Iram Qureshi Sania Naqvi Naheed Mitha | | |

We, the Editors of "Pulse", began the year with a great deal of enthusiasm and impressive plans. However, several hinderances soon confronted the progress of "The Pulse", the cumulative effect of which was that only three issues of the paper were published in 1985. Nevertheless, keeping in mind the greater importance of quality over quantity, "The Pulse" enjoyed considerable success and popularity.

The new format with glossy covers, started in 1984, was continued in 1985 and certainly proved to be more attractive than the cyclo-styled sheets of old as people stopped discarding "Pulse" as junk. The negative aspect of this format was that it was extremely expensive and very time consuming for those who had to work on it. Typing whole issues of the paper was a problem which had to be tackled by Munis Faruqui and Iram Qureshi. Over Rs. 23,000 had to be collected for the three issues, the credit for which goes almost entirely to the efforts of "Pulse's" Business Manager, Sumer Rabbani. It should also be noted that by getting anything printed one is inevitably left at the printers' mercies which is not exactly a comfortable thought because of the great number of errors made even after proof-reading the issue five or six times! Initially the "Pulse" board showed its inexperience in the long delays in choosing the format of the paper and finding suitable printers. In addition long and frequent school closures rendered the task all the more difficult with a total of three months lost out of a school year of nine months.

Although the junior response was excellent throughout the year (a result of the striking posters asking for contributions), the seniors (above Class X) were never really enthusiastic and generally handed articles which were not expected of their class level. Exceptions to the rule, however, did exist in Noor-ul-Islam, Ardeshir Marker and Nadir Qureshi. Thus the Editor's job was extremely simple since they never really had much to choose from. This apathy was also found within the Pulse staff itself as most of its members proved to be dead wood and almost entirely redundant.

1985 certainly had a few interesting features as regards the "Pulse". It was the year for all feminists to be pleased about as there were only five males in a staff which totalled nineteen! Also the third and last issue, taken out in December 1985, was the biggest issue of "Pulse" ever with over fifty pages to its credit causing many to wonder whether "Pulse" was in effect coming into competition with the ever late "Grammarian".

There is undoubtedly considerable room for improvement in our school newspaper. A suggestion which should be given some thought (and has appealed to Mr. Wrigley) is the induction of a certain number of FYs and XIs into the "Pulse" staff. This would make the "Pulse" staff more representative to the needs of the school and give experience to future generations of "Pulse" staffs. It would also, most importantly, get rid of those SYs who are on the staff just to make their extra-curricular list look impressive! Another suggestion that has been floated is that the total "Pulse" staff should comprise of not more than 10 people. The advantage of this is that the staff would be more compact, easy to control and efficient, with work being evenly distributed because of the elimination of the phenomenon known as "safety in numbers" (where everyone is delegating the work to someone else!) We also made a calculation that each copy of "Pulse" should have actually cost Rs Rs 22 instead of Rs 3, if we were to cover all the expenses incurred which are very high as "Pulse" is a small publication. The answer to these burgeoning costs is for the school to charge Rs 22 from the students' parents in every bill sent to them. Thus not only would "Pulse" be self-sufficient but also more efficient with delays, due to cash shortages, being avoided.

In the thirteen years since its founding (circa 1972) "Pulse" has gained importance because it allows self-expression in an informal way. Issues of the paper are of great importance but it must be remembered that the role of "Pulse" is quite narrow as it usually does not deal with events outside school for reasons best known to the Editors. In addition self censorship is an important feature with many topics like the way the school is run and the working of the faculty being taboo. What is left? The toilets? If quizzes and general knowledge competitions are the answer (as has often been suggested) then how does one find the necessary equilibrium between the senior and junior demands on the paper, since both have differing concepts of what constitutes a good school paper?

Thus, although "Pulse" is no bed of roses it is upto every year's staff to make the most of its since it is an integral part of our school. We hope that "Pulse" may throb on for many more years to come, continuing to serve its function as the school paper in a way which will see it complementing, rather than competing with the school year book, "The Grammarian".

The Editors.....



PULSE STAFF 1985

K.G.S SCOUTING ACTIVITIES IN 1985.

Scout Master: Mr. Massood Khan

Troop Leader: Adnan Afridi

Assistant Troop Leader: Ubaid Amanullah

1985 was by in large a quiet year for the KGS scouts who were unable to arrange the trip to the north which had almost become customary over the years. Nevertheless three camps were held in addition to attendance by the School scouts of the Sind Scouts Rally.

The first camp was held at Dumlotee, in the middle of nowhere! It was a comfortable camping site all the same with all the necessary perquisites available except proper toilets – a facility not missed by the “hardly, rough and tough” scouts of KGS who just made best use of the environment around them! The camping site at Dumlotee did however include a so-called swimming pool and plenty of trees, which provided adequate shade for the those scouts who found the going too tough at times. With excellent hiking grounds surrounding it Dumlotee is an ideal site if one enjoys the long hikes one is normally subjected to as a scout (Editors note: We have, however, heard that these long hikes normally excluded the Troop and Assistant Troop Leader. Now isn't that convenient? Keep up the good work, Adnan). Although the “swimming pool” was large it had two features which made swimming in it rather uncomfortable, namely, a green moss-like plant which covered the walls of the “pool” made wading no pleasure what so ever, I assure you. Secondly the “pool” was inhabited by shark-like reptilian creatures who were rather fond of nipping off pieces of flesh from unsuspecting Grammarian scouts, especially Jamal Zaheer whom they found quite tasty! All this did not deter the KGS scouts, in any case, from cleaning the “pool” thus rendering it fit for use on the second day. In addition to this and other facilities (with the exception of toilets), regular quizzes and camp inspections were held much to every ones discomfort, except “the tyrant” – Adnan Afridi.

After the first camp in April a scouts rally was held at the Y.W.C.A. in which Master Afridi, from the KGS, took part. He did very well (contrary to expectations) and secured the first prize in the quiz competition. In addition he was proclaimed the second best scout (from the bottom?) of the rally.

The second term brought with it a camp at the Gulistan Scouting Ground. This turned out to be a unique affair as our “hardly” scouts pitched tents when they arrived in addition to electricity which was put to effective use by Sajjad Punjwani and company who used this facility to play their synthesizers and decks, much to everyone's immediate regret. There also was a Break Dancing competition (Lord Baden Powell must have turned in his gravel) At the same time preparations were being made for Golden Night – a night during which anyone found asleep is

smearred with tooth-paste, shoe polish, oil or eggs. An unfortunate victim in the form of Sultan Khan however did not find such pranks to be very amusing, especially after he was given the smearing job. He went to the extent of threatening to take his, in his own words, "torturers" to the High Court as his father was a Lawyer! Nevertheless aside from the fun and games a certain measure of scouting was done with the best patrol award going to the "Red Skins" who were led by Zain Mustafa — their patrol leader.

The third camp was held at Gaddap which provided a striking contrast to the other two camps. For once the KGS scouts were made to work at various activities which they had avoided like the plague for example tent pitching and the cooking of meals. The Troop Leader also proved to be a hard task master. First aid measures, emergency demonstrations and rope knotting were shown to our unreceptive scouts who, at the day's end, were longing for the comfort of their beds back in Karachi! This turned out to be last camp of 1985 with the "Eagles" being declared the best patrol for the year. Sultan Khan (of High Court fame) was their Patrol Leader. In addition the best scout of the year turned out to be Anwar Belgaumi. Congratulations all! Meanwhile in June, Adnan Afridi and Ubaid Amanullah became the first KGS scouts to represent our school at the World Scouts Jamboree held in Calgary, Canada.

All in all the scouts have been fairly active thanks to the efforts of all those enthusiastic scouts in the X's. Nonetheless a considerable lack of patronage among the faculty and our principal — Mr. C. Wrigley — has resulted in a general dwindling of Grammarians' interested in scouting activities. This state of affairs should be reversed if "scouting" is not to be irreversibly damaged in the Karachi Grammar School.

The KGS Scouts.

THE EINSTEIN SOCIETY — 1984

After being dormant the previous year, the Einstein Society was reactivated in 1984 under the able chairmanship of Mr. Khalilullah. A body of office-bearers was selected, Fahim Haider Jafary being the President, and Neville R. Dossabhoj the General Secretary.

The year started with two film shows being organised: a total of three highly informative documentaries were shown. Next, a trip was arranged to the PNS Babur, flagship of the Pakistan Navy. The proposed Science Exhibition could not be held because of the total lack of interest shown by those senior most classes, though the response from the junior ones was overwhelming.

In the past, activities of the Society have usually been restricted to excursions. We feel, however, that progress in Science depends in intellectual development. To this end, we organised two projects. One: for the first time ever, the Society published its own magazine, entitled "The Steon Journal '84", which was devoted entirely to articles on science and was much appreciated. Two: a quiz contest was held at the end of the year.

Finally a word about the membership in '84. It has been the largest ever, over 250. Exceeding this number will present a challenge to future office bearers of the Society.

THE EINSTEIN SOCIETY — 1985

| | | | | |
|------------------|---|---------------|----------------------|----------------|
| President | : | Amrah Hussain | Society-Coordinator: | Cyrus Boga |
| Vice-Presidents: | | Aamer Hai | Treasurers | : Samira Ahmed |
| | : | Aamer Azam | | : Shazia Ahmed |

Patron : Mr. Khalilullah

One of the most active societies in school this year was by far the Einstein Society. As in previous years it strived to create and enhance an awareness of the sciences, particularly among the juniors.

The Society lay dormant until April, when on the arrival of Cyrus Boga to school it got off to a tremendous start. A mammoth trip was organised to the Pepsi-Cola and Polka factories, over a hundred and twenty juniors from Classes VII, VIII, and IX attending. The credit for the success of this trip goes largely to Mr. Khalilullah, the Patron of the Society, whose untiring efforts greatly assisted in making the excursion a most memorable one.

The trip got underway early on Saturday morning, with the children being split according to their classes. Jalil-ur-Rehman, a most valuable asset to the Society, Mr. Khalifullah and Samira Ahmed managed the VIIs. Shazia Ahmed and Cyrus Boga handled the VIIIs while Amrah Hussain, Aamer Azam and Amer Hai took charge of the IXs. An ear-splitting cacophony ensued enroute as the juniors witnessed, for the first time, relaxed behaviour on the part of the Prefects.

After consuming Polkas' entire weekly production, they then proceeded to the Pepsi Factory (each drooling like Pavlov's canine at the prospect of more goodies to fill his/her fathomless pit of a stomach)

Once again, crate upon crate emptied at an astonishing rate. Small wonder that by 1 p.m. uncomfortable and embarrassing gastric conditions abounded.

Later in the term came an unofficial quiz contest which was keenly fought over after the school hours. So evenly balanced were the two teams that in the end both were on par. The sole committee member present was the ever-efficient Cyrus who subsequently had to serve as the compere (a job he handled rather successfully according to the reports reaching us in "The Grammarian"). He reports that a plethora of latent intelligence surfaced that afternoon.

The Second term saw far less activity, owing to the busy schedule of the Second Years. Nevertheless, a trip was organised to a jeep-assembly plant and to the factory producing Wrangler jeans. Our fashion conscious group preferred the latter, for obvious reasons, showing their passion for the textile science as they ecstatically caressed the denims to be exported. Once again the main organiser was the indefatigable Cyrus Boga, who managed to arrange the trip in less than three days.

The left over money with the Committee was handed over to the Dar-ul-Sukoon home for the handicapped children, thus ending the year on a worthwhile and satisfactory note.



EINSTEIN SOCIETY 1985

(L-R): Shazia Ahmed; Amrah Hussain; Amer Hai; Aamer Azam.
Missing: Cyrus Boga; Samira Ahmed

PHOTOCIETY AND SCHOOL PHOTOGRAPHY IN 1985

President : Shazad Dada/Asma Sheikh
Vice President : Asma Sheikh

The Photociety (founded in 1984) began work with a reasonable degree of enthusiasm, at the beginning of the year, with Shazad Dada and Asma Sheikh as its office bearers. More than a hundred members were enrolled after a customary fee of Rs. 10 was charged! Impressive membership cards, with specific membership numbers, were printed and given to each member. A meeting of all the members was held and later a photography competition was arranged for which photographs on two themes – school activities and sports – were given in. The President, Vice-President, Mr. Bhuiya and Mr. Jabbar Khan chose the winners who were given prizes paid out of the money collected from membership fees. The winners were Shazad Dada, Humayun Maqbool and Seema H. Khan.

However, after a good start the society grew dormant with interest among the office bearers faltering. This was an extremely unfortunate development especially since there still existed a great deal of enthusiasm among students from the lower classes. The sudden departure of Shazad Dada for the United States resulted in a great deal of confusion and subsequent disappearance of funds and records. Disillusioned with this chaotic state of affairs many members left the Photociety. It was at this stage that Asma Sheikh took over as President of an almost defunct society. Nevertheless as President she continued giving useful advice about photography techniques to those members who approached her. In addition she played an active role in encouraging others to participate in local amateur competitions. However no other school photography competition was held due to an assertion that there was no money left to cover the cost of prizes! We ask, would such gross misappropriations of money have occurred if the School authorities had paid more interest in the workings of the illustrious Photociety?

Thus on the whole the photographic "scene" in the Karachi Grammar School remained quiet (during the course of 1985) with many questions remaining unanswered as to what role the Photociety is supposed to play in the School's life, the question of its "Bermuda-triangled" funds and the benefits? accrued by the vast majority of its members (apart from having Rs. 10 parted from their persons)?

The Editors.....

K.G.S URDU SOCIETY — 1985

Patron : Mr. Jamil Javed

| | | | | | |
|-------------------|---|----------------|-------------------|---|-------------------------------|
| President | : | Bilal Murad | Vice-President | : | Aaila Ashfaq |
| Gen. Secretary | : | Mahvash Hassan | Joint Secretaries | : | Khurram Hanif Salman Butt |
| Publicity Manager | : | Nasser Aziz | Treasurers | : | Amrah Hussain Shazia Ahmed |

In a school where the major language is English, the primary objective of the Urdu Society should be to organise functions and arrange contests capable of generating interest among the students and thereby contribute towards promoting Urdu, their national language. It was with this in mind that the schedule for '85 was discussed at the first meeting of the office-bearers. Due to the great enthusiasm shown by the committee members several new ideas and schemes were brought up which met with universal approval (which in itself is a minor miracle). It was decided that besides the usual Bait Bazi, oratory and essay competitions, Urdu handwriting and spelling contests would also be organised. Provided the number of participants was high and the standards above the norm in those contests, an Urdu debate and musical evening would also be held. The idea of removing the membership fees also met with unanimous approval.



URDU SOCIETY 1985

Seated (L-R): Saniya Barney; Mahvash Hasan; Bilal Murad; Aaila Ashfaq; Ambreen Qureshi;
Amrah Hussain.....Standing (L-R) Salman Butt; Yasmin Hyder; Nasser Aziz; Shazia Ahmed

As in previous years a large number of students participated in the Oratory Competition despite it being held at very short notice. Although the standard was generally below that of previous years, it was still, in the view of the organisers – very satisfactory. Aaila Ashfaq, Anisa Ashraf and Khaqan Hassan were declared the first, second and third best speakers respectively.

The most pleasant surprise for the Urdu Society was the great enthusiasm generated by the Bait-Bazi Competition. After a long time it was conducted in the shed to enable a large number of non-participants to review the proceedings. This may, in turn, encourage a larger number of people to participate next year. Nevertheless the quality and delivery of the "ashaors" presented was very high with Najeeb Agrawalla and Mahvash Hassan being the most outstanding participants. In addition Mariam Moin, Samina Jooma, Ali Akbar Naqvi and Anisa Ashraf were simply brilliant in their own stock of "ashaors". Among the juniors, Mumtaz Qizilbash and Fakhir Jamil easily stole the show.

The Urdu Society, as in previous years, maintained its reputation of being a well-organised and coordinated body. It was unfortunate that the school experienced an unscheduled 5-week closure in the First Term (due to riots in the city) thus resulting in the loss of valuable time. Consequently the rigorous plans drawn up could not be fully implemented (although the lack of initiation can be partly attributed to the generally apathetic attitude of some of the society's office-bearers as well!) However, we sincerely hope that the future office-bearers will pick up the new ideas initiated by us, and successfully implement them.

Bilal Murad

FRERE HOUSE — 1985

House Master: Mr. Jamil Javed
House Captains: Nasser Aziz Ahmad
Camilla Rab

In spite of having the services of the two best "Sportsmen of the year" for 1985 Frere was unable to retain the cock-house trophy and could only manage a close second behind Streeton.

Our inability to retain the cock-house trophy was mainly due to the poor performance of the Frerite girls in all the tournaments. They failed to win even a single tournament and the best performance that they turned in was in hockey and softball; in both these sports they finished second. There were, however, a few who turned in exceptional individual performances. Prominent among these few were Iram Parvez, Aasiya Moin, Sabina Razzak and Iffat Hassan. Frerite girls were, however, very active socially where they were led by their House Captain Camilla Rab who was declared the May Queen for 1985.

On the other hand the Frere boys, especially the juniors, were in devastating form throughout the year and won each and every tournament except Basketball. The credit for this excellent performance lies with the juniors who won all their tournaments by wide margins. Fakhir Jamil, Rizwan Qureishi, Omer Chughtai, Taimur Hasan, Bilal Afaq, Ausaf Akhter and Humayun Beg were a few of the juniors who performed exceptionally well. The senior boys could only win Football and were runners-up in Hockey (because of an inferior goal average) but did well enough in all tournaments to ensure that Frere ended up as the overall winners. The credit for this lies solely with the dynamic duo of Nasser and Hyder who together inspired the relatively weak senior boys' teams to creditable performances.

Sports day was a bit of a disappointment for Frere because once again they finished second behind Streeton. Our relay teams were overconfident and did not practice enough, as a result they lost most of the races. However, this year's Sports Day did finally see Frere House triumph, for the first time in six years, in the March past. Usman Saeed excelled in the boys under-16 group and broke four records on his way to becoming the junior boys champion for the second year running. In the senior boys, Nasser and Hyder were among the medal winners while in the junior girls Iram Parvez and Aasiya Moin performed exceptionally well. Other noteworthy performances came from Humayun Beg, Fakhir Jamil, Shezad Dada and Aryn Merchant.

In competitions which did not require athletic prowess, Frere failed to impress. We finished a close second in debating but came last in the General Knowledge competition. In academics we were once again found lacking and finished behind

both Streeten and Napier. However, we did get the satisfaction of seeing Ameen Jan walk away with the King's Cup for oratory, the award for the best orator of the year.

Another point that I would like to make is that among the applicants to American Universities from the class of 1985 Frerites were the most successful and had the highest acceptance ratio. The two most successful applicants this year were Iram Qureshi and Aziz Ahmed Biyabani, both Frerites.

All in all it was a year of mixed fortunes for Frere. We had our share of victories and defeats. We enjoyed our moments of glory and made the best of our failures. For Frerites it was a year filled with frustrations and fulfilments, disappointments and accomplishments, failure and success. We might have lost the Cock-House but emerged victors in various other fields. What really matters is that we enjoyed competing this year and hope that it will help us develop into better human beings.

NAPIER HOUSE — 1985

House Master: Mr. Khalilullah
House Captains: Yasmin Hyder
Rustom Khambatta

For the third consecutive year Napier has failed to regain the over-all superiority which it so thoroughly demonstrated in the late '70s and in 1982. Nevertheless despite this fallback in the race for the Cock-House Cup, the encouraging factor to emerge from these competitions was the spirit and enthusiasm with which all Napierites were willing to participate and compete in events. The number of participants in the field of athletics and the turnout at the various trials was considerably higher this year than in the last three years or so.

It is with no doubt in my mind that I say that winning tournaments is very gratifying. Yet it is more important that there be team spirit in each game with the other side not suffering due to a lack of sportsmanship on our part. Well, proudly, it can be said that Napier was by far the best House both on and off the field — a traditional aspect which we have not lost, unlike the Cock-House.

Once again this year the senior boys proved their excellence in Basketball with Zia Yusuf, Tariq Chaudhry and Saeed Iqbal excelling. The softball tournament was also won with the team rallying brilliantly under the pressure of the game. In Cricket, Football, Tug-of-War and General Knowledge we had to be satisfied with the 2nd position. Rustom Khambatta, Bilal Murad, Zia Yusuf and Umair Mooraj performed consistently. Though the performance of the senior boys was chequered at best, the Juniors were far more consistent claiming 2nd place in three of the four competitions. Shahid Khan, Adeel Mansoor, Jazeb Hassan and Robert Bavington chipped in with outstanding performances.

The Napierite girls have a far more creditable performance than the boys. The senior girls came first in softball and second in throwball and netball respectively. With the Juniors claiming first position in netball and throwball, the over-all championship should have been deservedly won by Napier. But the Streetenites, in accordance with their usual tradition, argued against the decision and with the kind affection of the Games Mistress snatched the honours. The Napierites were very sporting when they accepted this unfair decision. Yasmin Hyder, Naz Chauhan, Aqeela Moosa and Ayesha Jalil were the backbone of nearly all the senior teams, while Farah Khursheed, Asya Jalil and Nurayah Sheikh excelled amongst the juniors. At the same time mention should be made of Farah's success at defending the Junior Ladies National Tennis title. In addition Sarina Beg has also been selected to represent the Sind under-14 girls Hockey team.

In the academic field our performance was also outstanding. Among the Second Years four out of six awards for academic excellence went to Napierites, with the two House Captains jointly receiving the "Student of the Year" award.

In 1985 we had our share of success and failure. Nevertheless unlike some notable characters in the other Houses we always maintained our dignity and decorum. Though, in retrospect, the year may seem disappointing, yet as far as future attempts to regain the Cock House are concerned a bright future lies ahead of us with a highly talented batch of young Napierites emerging to replace the stalwarts of the past years. Our most sincere and best wishes to all future Napier captains.

Come on Napierites and show others your true mettle!

We have ruled — and will rule again!

Napier Forever.

STREETON HOUSE — 1985

House Master: Mr. A. H. Bhuiya
House Captains: Salman Butt
Samya Burney

Brilliance both on and off the field resulted in 1985 being Streeton's year. After two long years we finally won back the much coveted Cock-House Cup. Hard luck Frere and Napier! So near and yet so far!

The year started with Streeton excelling on the Athletics field. Daniyal Ahmed and Shaheen Mohamedi were the Victor and Victorix Ludorum respectively, while Rubina Gul Aga was the junior girls champion. Hail Streeton! The Tug-of-War team

showed its guts, for the fourth year running, facing virtually no competition from either Frere or Napier. In addition three of the four relays saw Streeon on the top. At this point a special mention must be made of the efforts of Zarina A. whose brilliant sprints made our task all the more easier.

On the hockey field Streeon proved itself to be a force to reckon with by winning the Senior boys and the Girls Tournament. Ahmed Rana played excellently, as Captain and full-back, while Nusrat Khan did likewise in the frontline. For the girls, Asma Shaikh, Rubina and Farah Baqar provided the necessary back-bone. Nevertheless, despite all these successes, our juniors proved themselves to be a hopeless lot for whom the easiest chances proved to be most difficult.

Frere, admittedly, outclassed us in Football – although we had the better of Napier. Noteworthy performances came from Amer Fasihi and Munis F. However, the juniors once again disappointed us by losing both matches, despite the valiant efforts of the goal-keeper, Kurush Sethna.

We started as favourites in the senior boys cricket and lived upto the expectations of all. Salman Butt scored a brilliant century against Frere, reaching it by a grand six! There were also some fine performances from Shezad Ashfaq, Ismail Mirza and Yousuf Khan.

In Basketball we came a respectable second, beating holders Frere. In addition we won both the General Knowledge and Debating competitions under the Captaincy of Munis Faruqi who with the assistance of Madiha S. and Shaheen M. (in the former) and Saad Zia and Azfar Najmi (in the latter) made this possible.

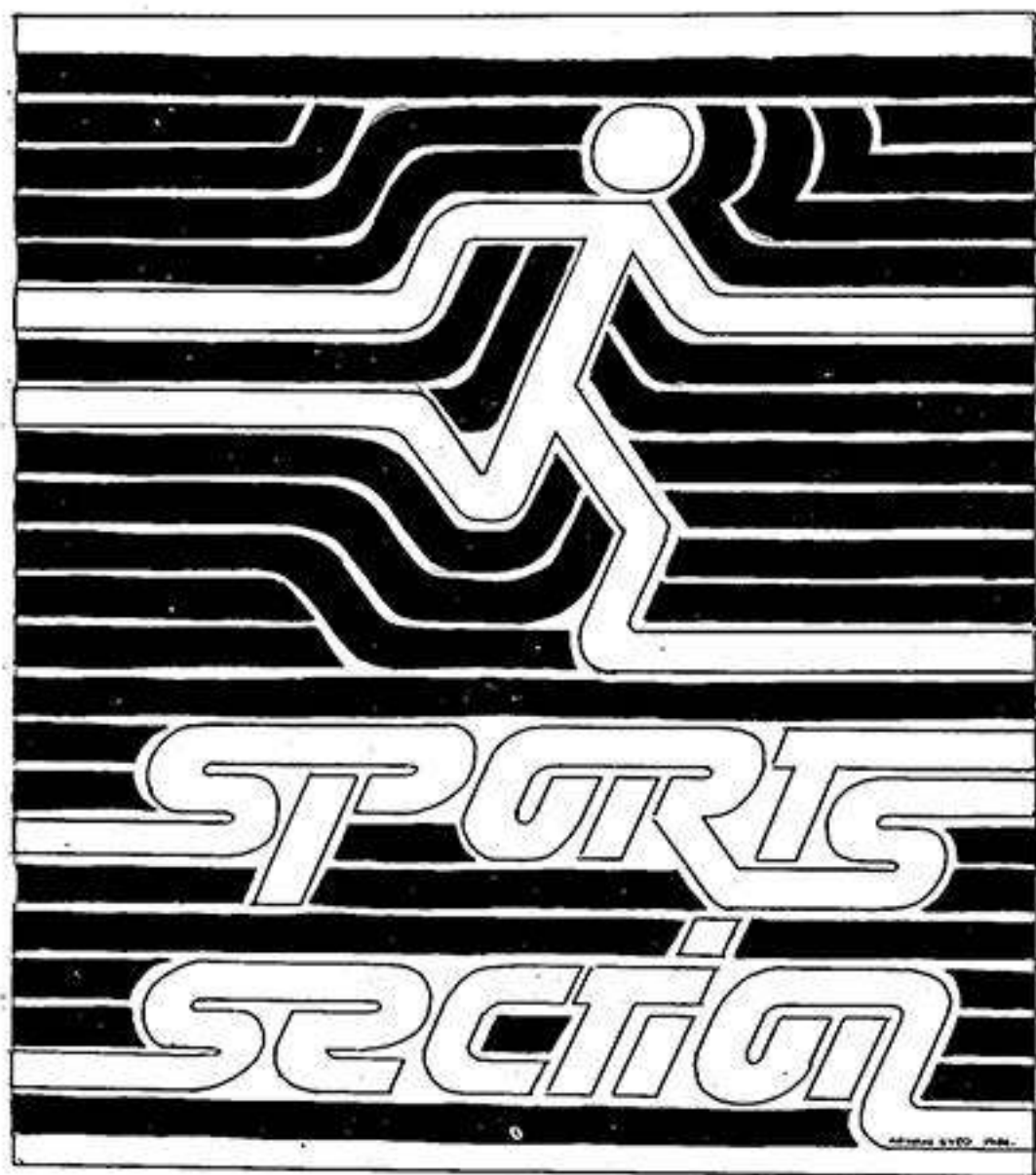
The girls carried on where the boys left off. Led by Afiya Zia (the Head-girl) they won the Senior Netball tournament and were second in the juniors. In addition, due to the brilliance of Afiya, Shaheen and Shireen Gul Aga, we won the Throwball tournament.

So to the last and final tournament of the year – Softball. Here Streeon came a respectable second in both the boys and girls tournaments due to the efforts of Salman and Ahmed R. (for the boys) and Afiya and Samya Burney (for the girls)

As the year drew to a close Streeon also headed the academics points table. For the other Houses this proved to be the last nail in the coffin as regarded their chances of preventing Streeon from taking the Cock-House Trophy for the year 1985. Having accomplished our task we, the Streeonites of the Class of '85, have one last piece of advice for the next year: "Roll on through 1986, with a new set of House Captains and House Master, to another Cock-House victory."

COCK HOUSE POINTS FOR THE YEAR — 1985

| | FRERE | NAPIER | STREETON |
|---------------------------------|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| Athletics | 3 | 1 | 5 |
| Cricket | 3 | 1 | 2 |
| Basketball | 1 | 3 | 2 |
| Netball | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| Hockey | 5 | 2 | 5 |
| Debating | 2 | 1 | 3 |
| General Knowledge | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| Class work | 4 | 2 | 6 |
| Throwball | 1 | 3 | 2 |
| Football | 3 | 2 | 1 |
| Softball | 3 | 2 | 1 |
| Tug-of-War | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| Total points tally | 28 | 23 | 36 |



BOYS (1984-1985) FOOTBALL - 1984

K.G.S. started off the football session with a match against the Aga Khan Medical Football Team. The school team consisted of Feroz Khan (Captain), Junaid Marvi (Vice-Captain), Hyder Ahmed, Amir Fasihi, Salman Zaidi, Fuad Garib, Amir Siddiqi, Usman Saeed, Abdul Hai, Nasser Aziz, Salman Butt and Zia Agha.

K.G.S. easily beat the Aga Khan team which consisted mainly of O.G's, 2 goals to 1. Goals were scored by Hyder Ahmad and Junaid Marvi.

K.G.S. by now had gathered their momentum and completely outclassed Nasra School by 11 goals to 2. Amir Fasihi dazzled the opposition with his excellent dribbling and thus went on to score 5 goals.

K.G.S. Footballers booming with confidence tore apart the defences of the Centre for Advanced Studies, scoring 13 goals to their 2 goals. This time Hyder Ahmad was the main scorer showing excellent ball control. With some accurate shooting he scored 5 goals, aided by Junaid Marvi and Amir Fasihi, who chipped in with 3 goals each.

Two matches were played against the O.G's, each of them having a nail-biting finish. The first time, O.G's were 2-4 down a few minutes before the end of the game, but managed to salvage a 4 all draw.

In the second match the Grammarians came from behind to draw the match 3 all — Salman Zaidi, Fuad Garib, Amir Siddiqi, Feroze Khan and Hyder Ahmad played sensible football.

Grammar School had previously in 1980 defeated American School after a lapse of 7 years. In 1984 American School managed to hold the K.G.S. to a 2 all draw. Nasser Aziz and Junaid Marvi combined well and were the main architects of the 2 goals scored by K.G.S.

K.G.S. team ended their season on a sad note with a dismal performance against St. Patricks High School (Technical Side) losing to them 2 nil, due to some inept shooting by the two strikers HyderAhmad and Amir Fasihi.

The footballers owe their thanks to Mr. Faruqui, who imposed great confidence in them and made sure that the team plays as a well-knit unit under the admirable captaincy of Feroze Khan.

1984 was a year of success, hard work, disappointments and at times even

failures for the K.G.S. football team – but they look back today with fond and happy memories in their hearts of a most enjoyable year.

SALMAN BUTT FYA (1984)

FOOTBALL — 1985

The first match of the Senior Tournament was between Streeten and Frere and it was generally predicted that the winner of this match would be the victor of the tournament. This prediction was proven correct but not before a tough and well-fought match which oscillated till Frere forward Zia Qureshi scored the lone goal of the day. Excellent defence by Frere 'backs' – Rizwan-ul Haq and Usman Saeed – certainly helped them emerge the victors. Their efficiency can be shown by the fact that the Frere goalkeeper did not touch the ball once during the duration of the match. For Streeten, Munis Faruqui (also a 'back') showed good form and was certainly instrumental in holding the Streeten defence together.

The second match was between Streeten and Napier in which the former emerged the victors with a score of 2-0. Poor finish on the part of Napier and good defence with occasional attacks by Streeten were the hall marks of that match. Dame Fortune deserted Napier as they missed a penalty stroke and scored a goal for Streeten when Umair Mooraj – a Napierite defender – headed the ball in his own goal. Amer Fasihi (of Streeten) scored the other goal of the match.

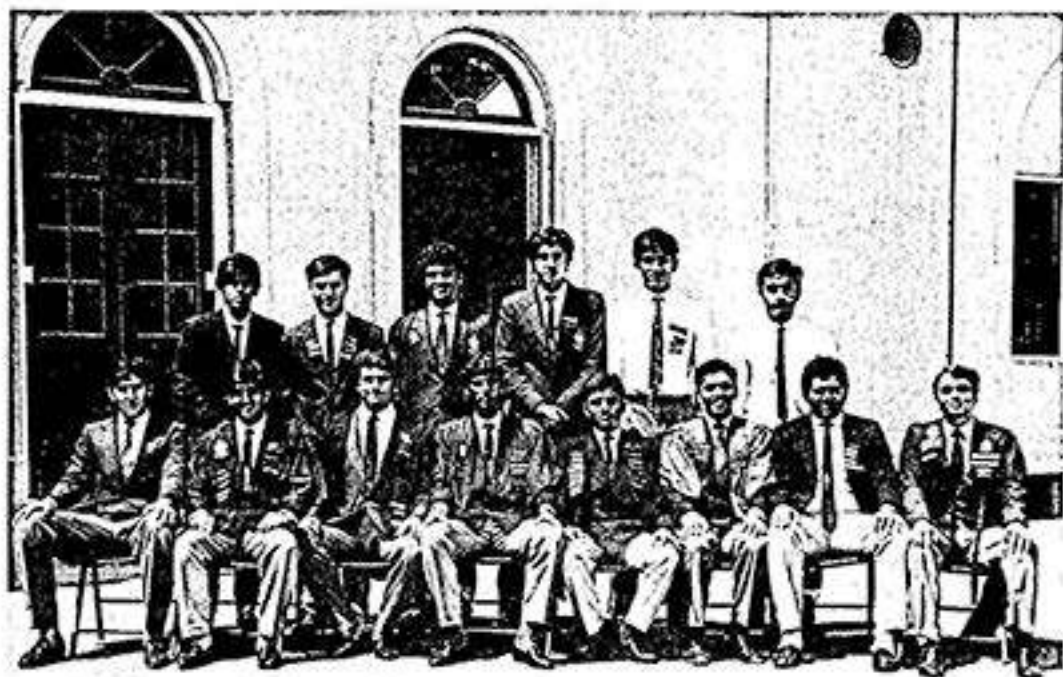
There was not a shred of doubt left, as to Frere's overall superiority when in the last match against Napier they again emerged victors (5-3). The Frere landslide was led by the brilliant Hyder Ahmed who scored three goals. Sadruddin Hilal – a player with a lot of potential – scored one goal equal to Nasser Aziz's contribution. The scorers from Napier were John Bavington (two good field goals) and Omar Qureshi.

The Junior Football Tournament commenced with a match between Frere and Streeten. It was a game which saw Frere proving its superiority in almost every department of the game – apart from letting goals being scored against them. Excellent co-ordination and tactics rendered Streeten helpless in a match where Fakhir Jamil and Rizwan Qureshi scored two goals each as against the lone goal by Jawad Tarin – for Streeten.

The second match saw Streeten being drubbed yet again in a game dominated by the Napier forward Jazib Hasan (who scored four of Napier's five goals). The other goal, for Napier, was scored by Ashfaq. The unfortunate Streetenites were able to score only one goal through the good services of Omar Jaffer. The final score thus read 5-1, with Napier emerging the worthy victors.

The third match was between Napier and Frere. Both sides played a good attacking game but Frere emerged the winners with a score which was narrow to say the least 2-1. The consistent Fakhir Jamil and Rizwan Qureshi scored a goal each for Frere whereas Robert Bavington netted Napier's only goal. Consistent performances were, however, rendered by Shahid Khan and Jazib Hassan of Napier.

COURTESY: "PULSE"



SCHOOL FOOTBALL 1985

*Seated (L-R): Ghouse Akbar; Salman Butt; Rustom Khambatta; Hyder Ahmed (Captain);
Nasser Aziz (Vice Capt.); Bilal Murad; Ahmad Rana; Munis Faruqi
Standing (L-R): Sadruddin Hilal; Saad Zia; Ameen Jan; Salman Chaudhry; Babur Beg; Usman Khan
Missing: John Bavington; Rizwan Haq; Shezad Dada; Adil Matcheswalla; Amer Fasih*

CRICKET — 1984

The K.G.S. Cricket Team 1984 comprised of the following players. Humair Mirza (Captain), Fuad Garib (Vice Captain), Salman Butt, Hyder Ahmad, Bilal Murad, Nasser Aziz Ahmad, Rustom Khambatta, Zia Yousuf, Yousuf Hasan Khan, Zia Agha, Imran Maniar, Shehzad Ashfaq, Ahmad Khalid, Faisal Gharib, Faisal Bengali and Luqman Ghauri.

The cricket team 1984 was quite active and successful during the year. The season started with a match against the Old Grammarians team which was captained by Aziz Peer Mohd. The O.G's won the toss and elected to bat, and were restricted to 100 runs in 30 overs. Much against expectations, the K.G.S. had a batting collapse and just managed to scrape through with a win, with just 2 wickets to spare.

The cricket team had now warmed up and in their second match they crushed the B.V.S. school by 10 wickets. Again B.V.S. won the toss and elected to bat, scoring 130 runs in 30 overs. A fine spell by Salman Butt, had the B.V.S. batsman in dire straits-Salman ended up with figures of 4 wickets for 24 runs. K.G.S's new opening pair did the rest. They faced the hostile B.V.S. bowling attack with undaunting courage. Hyder Ahmad and Bilal Murad (the openers) ended up scoring 70 not out and 54 not out respectively.

For the 3rd match against St. Pauls, K.G.S. could not play at full strength because of the departure of the 2nd years for their examination. In the absence of Humair Mirza and Fuad Garib, Salman Butt and Hyder Ahmad Captained and Vice-Captained the side respectively. Batting first K.G.S. butchered the St. Paul's bowling scoring a massive total of 288 runs. Notable contributions were Hyder Ahmad 36 runs, Salman Butt 62 runs, Nasser Aziz 72 runs and Yousuf Hasan Khan 78 not out. In reply the St. Paul's batting side was bundled out for a paltry 160 runs. Khurram Hanif and Salman Butt ended up taking 3 and 4 wickets respectively.

Second Years finished their exams and were eager to play a match. In K.P.I. we found tough opposition. Some inept batting by the Grammarians at the K.P.I. pitch which had an uneven bounce were the main causes of K.G.S's defeat. K.P.I. won the toss and elected to bat scoring 182 runs in 35 overs. Again the school opening pair laid a solid foundation, in which Hyder Ahmad scored 68 runs and Bilal scored 35 runs. The rest of the batting collapsed under the pressure of keeping up the run rate, and in a nail-biting finish K.G.S. lost the match by 7 runs in the last over, when the last man Imran Maniar got out.

The highlight of the year was the match between K.G.S. and a touring team from Lincolnshire, England. Much preparation was done — the match being played at the Karachi Gymkhana Cricket ground and was witnessed by all the staff members and by a large number of cricket enthusiasts in school. The match started

after both the teams were introduced to the Acting Principal, K.G.S. Mr. Wrigley. The playing eleven for K.G.S. in batting order was: Bilal, Hyder, Luqman, Salman, Rustom, Humair, Nasser, Fuad, Zia, Shezad, Imran Maniar. Humair Mirza finally won the toss for K.G.S. — K.G.S. started disappointingly, as both openers were back in the pavilion with only 10 runs on the board, due to some good bowling by the tourists. Salman Butt and Luqman Ghauri played competently bringing some respectability to the KGS score, only to be followed by another late middle order collapse. Nasser Aziz held the innings together — top scoring with 28 runs to his account — K.G.S. scored 108 runs.

The tourists could never get down to a fiery Grammar School bowling attack led by Rustom Khambatta who took 6 wickets giving away 18 runs, followed by Salman Butt who took 3 wickets. Imran Maniar, contained the tourists well, who could only manage a total of 52 runs, and were all out.

In a post match ceremony awards donated generously by E.P.L.A. were given away to the best batsman, bowler and all-rounder in the match, which were received by Nasser Aziz, Rustom Khambatta and Neal.

Last match was played under a friendly atmosphere with the Old Grammarian Society. The match was arranged by Mrs. Karim, and was played at the Karachi Gymkhana Ground. K.G.S. defeated the O.G. Society by 20 runs. K.G.S. scored 140 in the allotted 30 overs, with Salman Butt scoring 51 runs, Fuad Garib 35 and Humair Mirza 21. Salman Butt, Rustom Khambatta and Yousuf Hasan shared the wickets between them. Hyder Ahmad kept the wickets well, stumping two O.G.'s batsmen.

At the end of the year awards were given to the players who excelled during the year — Hyder Ahmad and Humair Mirza collected the Major Arif Saeed Memorial Shield and Replicas for "Best Batsman" in 1984. Imran Maniar and Luqman Ghauri collected the Major Arif Saeed Memorial Trophy and Replicas for "Best Bowlers" in 1984. Salman Butt received Qasim Mehmood Memorial Trophy for "Best Cricketer" 1984.

Farewell Cricket team of 1984 — The Cricketers have learnt a lot, and Inshallah will do even better in the year 1985.

CRICKET — 1985

The Karachi Grammar School Cricket team comprising a total of seventeen players and four officials toured England in July, 1985.

This is unique in the history of K.G.S. because never before has any sports

team gone abroad for a tour. This achievement is even more laudable considering the fact that it was financed entirely by the team members and not a penny was contributed by the school.

The money (Rs. 2,75,000) was collected mainly through advertisements which were printed in a Souvenir. There were also some very generous donations by certain companies and business houses. Prominent among the organising committee were Salman Butt, Khurram Hanif and Nasser Aziz.

The touring squad left for England on the 30th June; conspicuous by their absence were ace fast bowler Rustom Khambatta and wicket keeper/opening batsman Bilal Murad, who were conscientiously preparing for their forthcoming examinations.

The tour lasted till the 17th of July during which the K.G.S. team played eleven matches, one of them being a friendly match against the British Association of Muslims. The team travelled extensively and played 5 matches in the West Midlands, 2 matches in Somerset and a match each in Cheltenham, Worcestershire, Lincoln and Scunthorpe.

Initially the players had problems adjusting to the quicker pitches and the playing conditions, but after two or three matches they settled down and provided a very entertaining and competitive brand of cricket.

It is to be hoped that more tours of this nature are organised in the future, but with greater participation from the School Authorities, thus alleviating (to some degree) the prohibitive factors involved in their constitution.



SCHOOL CRICKET 1985

Seated (L-R)- Ahmed Rana; Ghouse Akbar; Hyder Ahmed; Salman Butt (Captain); Rustom Khambatta (Vice Capt.); Bilal Murad; Nasser Aziz; Yousuf Khan
Standing (L-R)- Ramek Akhund; Shezad Ashfaq; Ismail Mirza; Zia Yusuf; Sohail Shaikh; Asad Zain
Misings- Khurram Hanif; Abid Husain; Humayun Maqbool; Zia Agha; Nadir Shah

NAPIER VS STREETON

The opening match of the Interhouse Tournament turned out to be one of fluctuating fortunes. Streeton batted first and were soon in trouble, losing their first two wickets to some accurate spin bowling by Abid Husain. Napier could not capitalize on this early break through as Ismail Mirza (who made a fifty) and Zia Agha laid the foundation for a sizeable total of over 150 runs. Napier started cautiously but lost some early wickets. After Rustom Khambatta was out, Napier's hopes were dashed, only to be revived by some resilient batting by Omair Mooraj and some lusty hitting by Adil Matcheswalla towards the end. It was the Streeton spinning trio, headed by Salman Butt, which caused most damage to the Napier batting. In the end, Napier fell short by fifteen runs, and Streeton were on their way to the Senior Championship.

FRERE VS NAPIER

Napier, going into this match with a positive attitude and nothing to lose started well. Batting first their openers gave them a good start with Bilal Murad scoring a fifty and the rest of the lineup supporting him well. One again it was the spin attack which led to Napier's downfall. But earlier the pace bowlers were severely punished and Napier built up a total of 173 to put Frere under pressure. Frere started off their batting at a brisk pace but were soon slowed down as spin was introduced. Abid Husain, bowling economically and with guile, made the initial breakthrough and halted Frere's progress. It was left up to Hyder Ahmed and Ramek Akhund to restore some pride for Frere. But Rustom in his fiery spell removed five batsmen cheaply to take the game beyond Frere's reach and to a Napier victory by forty odd runs.

FRERE VS STREETON

Streeton, confident of its forthcoming victory batted first after winning the toss against Frere. Resolute and determined batting was seen by Ismail Mirza and Zia Agha, much to the chagrin of the Frere bowlers. After amassing a total of near 200 runs, Streeton completed its quota of overs and sent Frere into bat. After a dismal first few over, Frere realised the futility of any further effort. Wickets fell at regular intervals of a few overs each with Salman Butt and Nurul Hasan combining a deadly spin-pace attack. Not even the star players of Frere, Hyder and Nasser, could provide a valuable stand at the wicket, partly because of Streeton's bowling attack & partly because of the lack of support from the rest of the Frere line up. Consequently, before even 20 overs were bowled Frere had lost all its wickets for a meagre 115 runs, thus placing the Interhouse Trophy in Streeton's hands.

HOCKEY — 1985

The Senior Tournament commenced with the match between Napier and Streeton. The first fifteen minutes were fast and the match was wide open till a brilliant field goal by Zia Agha put Streeton ahead. Thereafter Streeton gained in momentum which forced Napier on the defensive. A consequence of further pressure resulted in the conversion of a penalty stroke by Nusrat A. Khan of Streeton and another field goal by Ameer Ahmad. The final score was 3-0. Credit must however go to Humayun Maqbool and Khaqan Hassan of Napier for their spirited performance.

The second match between Frere and Napier saw the latter in better form. They displayed greater determination and coordination but were denied victory by a timely goal by the Frere forward — Hyder Ahmed. Thereafter a stalemate resulted which saw Frere scrape home on the final whistle, with a 1-0 victory. Faisal Gaya and Nasser Aziz (for Frere) and Babar Saeed (for Napier) distinguished themselves.

The third and undoubtedly the best match of the tournament was between the pre-tournament favourites, Frere, and Streeton. Every minute saw attacks and counter-attacks — by either House. A barren first half only increased the tension and a goal by Hyder Ahmed (on the move initiated by Karem Durdag and Nasser Aziz) compelled Streeton to throw caution to the wind in an attempt to equalise the score. This, was because a draw would win them the Senior Tournament. The effort paid off when Streeton's mercurial forward, Khurshid Noori, scored the equaliser five minutes before the end of the game. Streeton thus took the Senior Tournament but Frere came first in the overall standings.

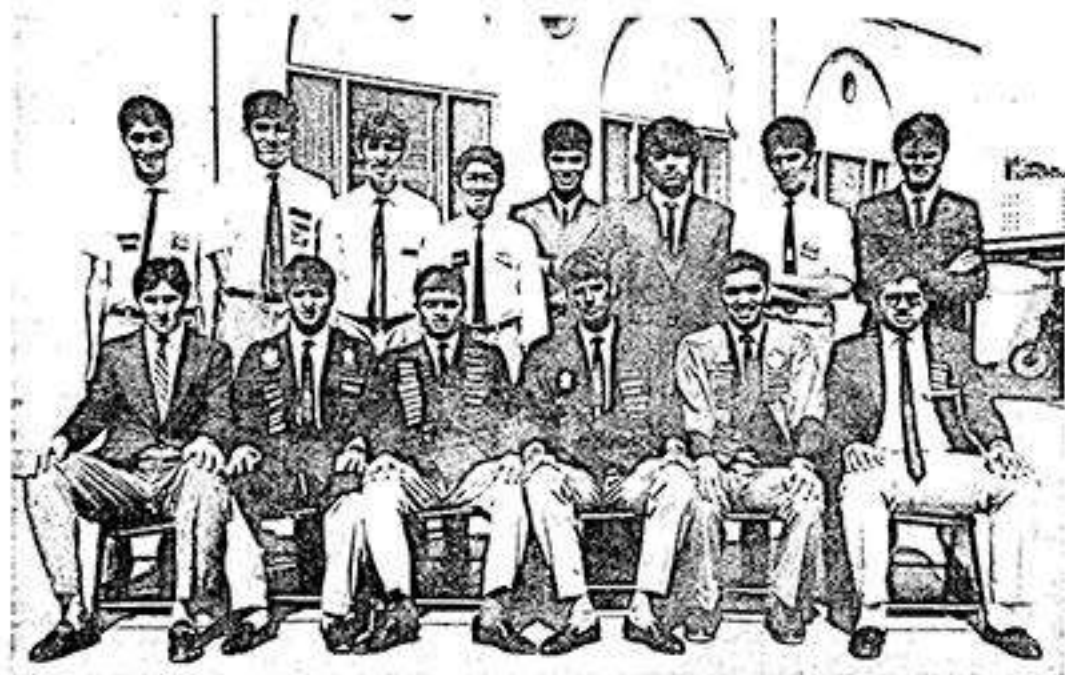
The Junior Tournament, played at the School, saw some — Juniors exhibiting some talented performances. The match between Frere and Streeton ended in a goal-less draw despite the vigorous efforts of Streeton. The highlight of the match was a missed penalty stroke on the part of Frere due to a valiant effort by the Streeton Goalie — Kurush Sethna — who played brilliantly.

In the other match Napier beat Streeton by 1 goal (1-0) with Naveed Shamsi scoring the sole goal. Reza Akbar — of Napier — played well as did Arshad Ashraf of Streeton.

The third match of the Junior Tournament was between Frere and Napier where the former won 2-0 and thus secured the Junior Tournament. Fakhir Jamil and Shezad Arif were the goalscorers. The stopping of a penalty stroke by Ali Belgrami and a spirited game on the part of Amer Chughtai made Frere's task easier in spite of good hockey from Naveed Shamsi and Reza Akbar of Napier.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We wish to highlight the tireless efforts of Jan Mohammad without whom the tournaments would not have been as well organised as they were. His thankless task of chalking the field, retrieving lost balls and keeping track of House bands certainly deserves mention – apart from our gratitude).

COURTESY: "PULSE"



SCHOOL HOCKEY 1985

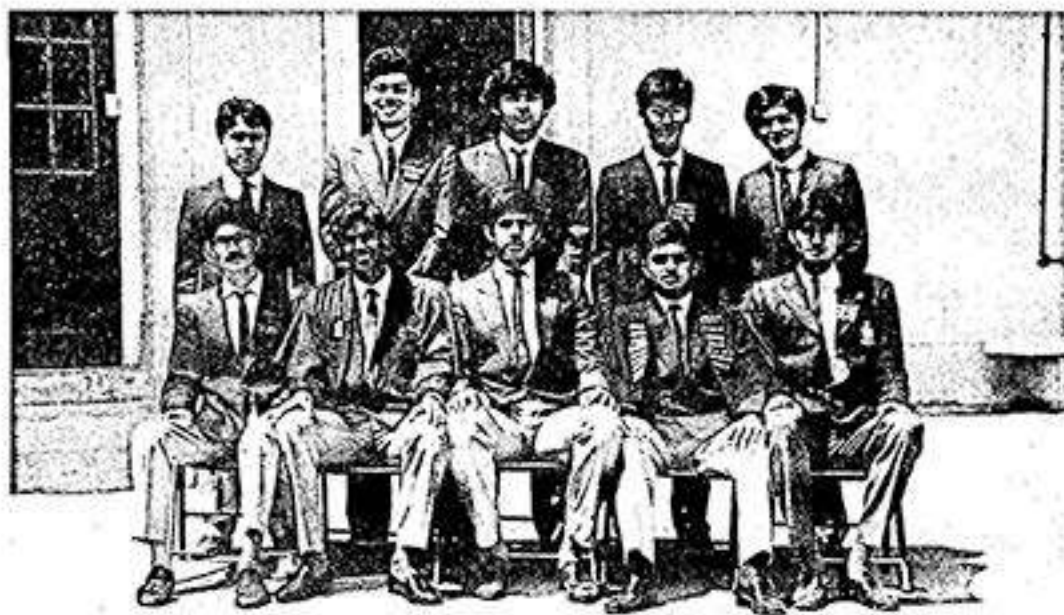
*Seated (L-R)- Ghouse Akbat; Salman Butt; Nasser Aziz (Captain); Hyder Ahmed (Vice Capt.)
Bilal Murad; Ahmed Rana Standing (L-R)- Faisal Gaya; Babur Beg; Asif Shakeel
Nusrat A. Khan; Kareem Durdag; Amit Ahmed; Asad Zain; Jaffer Rehman
Missing:- Humayun Maghool; Babur Saeed; Khurram Hanif; Khurshid Noori*

BASKETBALL — 1985

1985 was a year out of the ordinary for the KGS Basketball team. For the first time in the recent history of the school, has a Captain been selected for School team from the First Years, as traditionally opposed to being chosen from the Second Years.

This year too, the team was spared its usual bruises and injuries, as now they could stumble and fall without the danger of hurting or scraping their palms and knees on the rough surface. The court has been shifted "temporarily" to the unused tennis court with promises to resurface, smoothly, the original home of the basketball hoops. However, this shift is already one-year old, with no indications of a resurface.

The team captain for this year was the 6ft. 4 inch Zia Yusuf while other team members include Nasser Aziz, Hyder Ahmed, Ameer Ahmed, Tariq Chaudhry, Karem Durdag, Hasan Zaidi, Saeed Iqbal, Junaid Adam and Farid Masood. The team had it all from height to shooting accuracy, from stamina to technique. They even had a uniform made for them, an official KGS uniform which has come about after quite a number of years.



SCHOOL BASKETBALL 1985

*Seated (L-R): Saeed Iqbal; Hyder Ahmed; Zia Yusuf (Captain); Nasser Aziz (Vice Capt.)
Tariq Chaudhry Standing (L-R): Junaid Adam; Karem Durdag; Amir Ahmad; Farid Masood; Hasan Zaidi*

After beating the Old Grammarians twice in a row, through the courtesy of Mr. Bhuiyas practice sessions in the early morning on Fridays, the KGS basketball team decided to take on professionals. They played against the Islamia Club and managed to beat them by a single basket which was scored by Saeed Iqbal in the last ten seconds of the game.

Similarly things ran as smoothly as expected in the Inter-House Basketball Tournament. The first match was between Napier and Streeon at the end of which Napier emerged the winners, by a very close margin. Only after the second quarter did Napier manage to gain a lead by virtue of a fast paced game that Tariq Chaudhry and Saeed Iqbal excelled in. From the Streeon team Babar Baig and Farid Masood distinguished themselves. Streeon's loss can be attributed to the fact that they had come up against superior opponents and the lethargy of the majority of their players.

The next match was between Streeon and Frere. According to the Streeon Captain, Ameer Ahmad, his superior strategy won his House the match. Depending on the scoring ability of Babar Baig, Streeon maintained its lead through the first two quarters. However they slackened in the third, giving Frere the lead. The last quarter was action packed with Streeon coming back into the game to beat Frere by a very small margin. Ameer Ahmed provided good defence for Streeon, whereas Nasser Aziz scored a few very good baskets for Frere through his long shots. Fuad Kehar, Faraz Zaidi and Karem Durdag also played with skill. Yet Frere lost mainly due to some sloppy field work during the course of the final quarter.

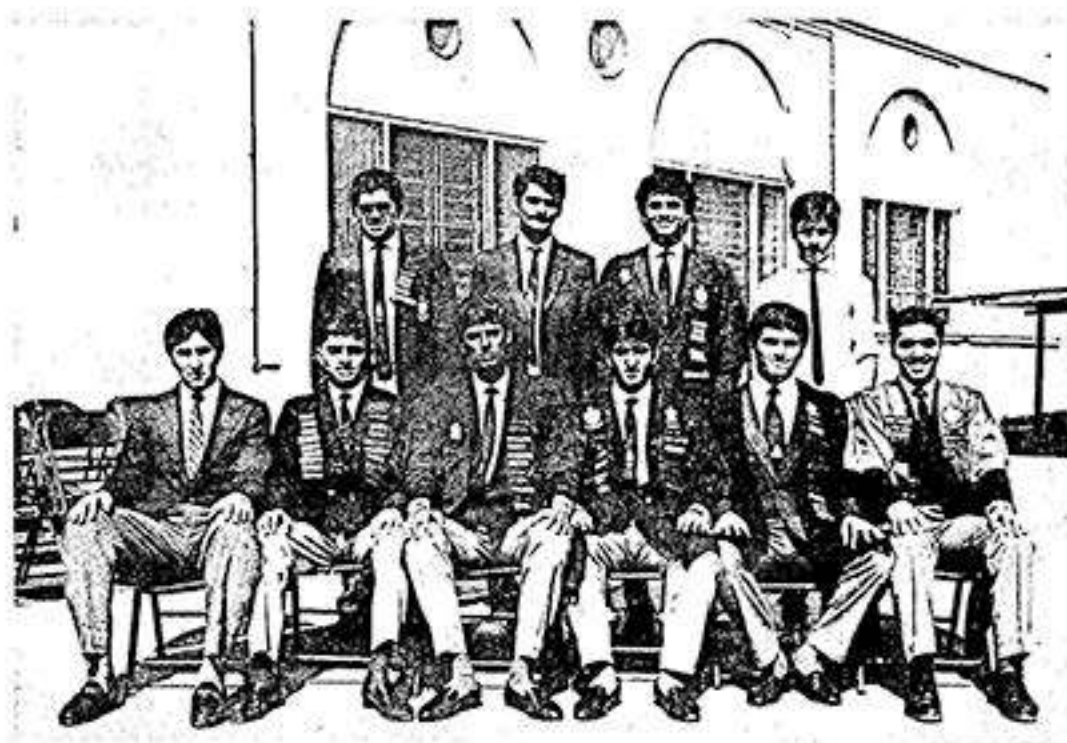
The last match was between Napier and Frere, in which Napier sailed to an easy victory to win the Inter-House Basketball Tournament '85. Once more Tariq Chaudhry and Saeed Iqbal played well for their team, maintaining their team's lead throughout the course of the match. As in the first match Napier's hopes rested squarely on the shoulders of Tariq and Saeed, while the rest of the team did not match up to expectations — especially Zia Yusuf of whom fire works were expected! Consequently the "Basketballer of the Year" award went to Tariq Chaudhry by virtue of his having scored the most baskets during the course of the year.

SOFTBALL — 1985

The Inter-House Softball Tournament was characteristically held at the end of the academic year. The first match of the tournament was between Napier and Streeon. Napier's pitcher, Rustom Khambatta, devastated Streeon's batting line-up with his accurate and scintillating arm. To complement Napier's field performance, excellent batting was seen by Omair Mooraj, whose well-placed shots often brought home two players at a time. On the other hand Streeon could never take a lead over Napier due to the superiority of their opponents. Consequently, Napier won the match with a score of 18-11 and was well on its way to the senior championship.

Streton met Frere in the second match of the tournament. Although Streton displayed good batting, thanks to Zia Agha and Yousuf Khan, the pitching was bad for which Salman Butt is to be held responsible. Nevertheless the fielding was good and Frere was not given any unnecessary chances. Frere managed to get a good start but slacked later and the fielding was of a very low standard. Initially Hyder Ahmad and Karem Durdag batted well but the pitching by Nasser Aziz was very poor. He was replaced by Faizullah Bohra but by then it was too late as Streton soon won the match 22-15.

The third last match of the softball tournament was held between Napier and Frere. Frere was absolutely no match for Napier as its team was bad in every department. Napier's fielding was excellent and it had two exceptional players Rustom Khambatta and Omair Mooraj, who contributed greatly to the victory of the Napier team. Rustom's pitching and Omair's batting can unreservedly be said to be the most outstanding performances of this match. Even though Hyder Ahmed of Frere later put up a good effort Napier won with the huge margin of 28-9.



SCHOOL SOFTBALL 1985

*Seated (L-R)- Ghouse Akbar; Nasser Aziz; Hyder Ahmed (Vice Capt.); Salman Butt; Rustom Khambatta; Bilal Murad Standing (L-R)- Ahmed Rana; Zia Mahmood; Ameen Jan; Rizwan Qureishi
Missing: Khurram Hanif (Captain); Omair Mooraj; Nadir Shah*

TABLE TENNIS 1985

The table tennis tournament brought to light several new talented players. Of these the most promising was certainly Assad Irfanullah of Class IX who became the youngest member of the school team after putting on an admirable performance in his tournament match beating Robert Bavington in the juniors final. In addition Farah Khurshid beat Abira Ashfaq to win the junior girls tournament.

Among the senior boys, Yousuf Hasan Khan (Captain School Table Tennis Team) once again scored easy victories over all his opponents to emerge the winner of the singles tournament for the fourth consecutive year. Omer Dossani came a worthy second. In the Doubles Tournament, however, the team of Omer Dossani and Arif Irfanullah proved victorious over Yousuf and Hyder Ahmed, after a gruelling five set match.

In the girls tournament there was a major upset when the favourite, Adele Bavington, was eliminated early in the tournament by Naz Chauhan of the First Years. Nevertheless Naz did not have the ability to defeat Natasha Dossa despite the fact that she had gained quite a reputation as a giant killer. Thus Natasha (who, through reliable sources, is known to practice diligently at the Sind Club table tennis tables for hours each day) emerged the winner of the girls singles. Natasha again proved victorious in the girls doubles, this time sharing the honours with Ayesha Sayani, after Naz Chauhan and Aqeela Moosa slumped to defeat in only half-an-hour's time. In the mixed doubles tournament Yousuf and Huneza teamed up to beat Zia Mahmood and Adele Bavington after a gruelling five set match. The scores registered were 21-16, 21-10, 18-21, 17-21 and 21-18.

Obviously the game of table tennis has gained much in popularity in school of late. However, a distinct lack of interest and participation on the part of the faculty members has limited it to just one open tournament every year. It is high time that new talent should be exploited and for this purpose many more fixtures such as Interhouse and Interschool tournaments must be organised. The authorities concerned should, in conclusion, question themselves whether these are the lookout of the students involved or of the sports faculty.



The Editors

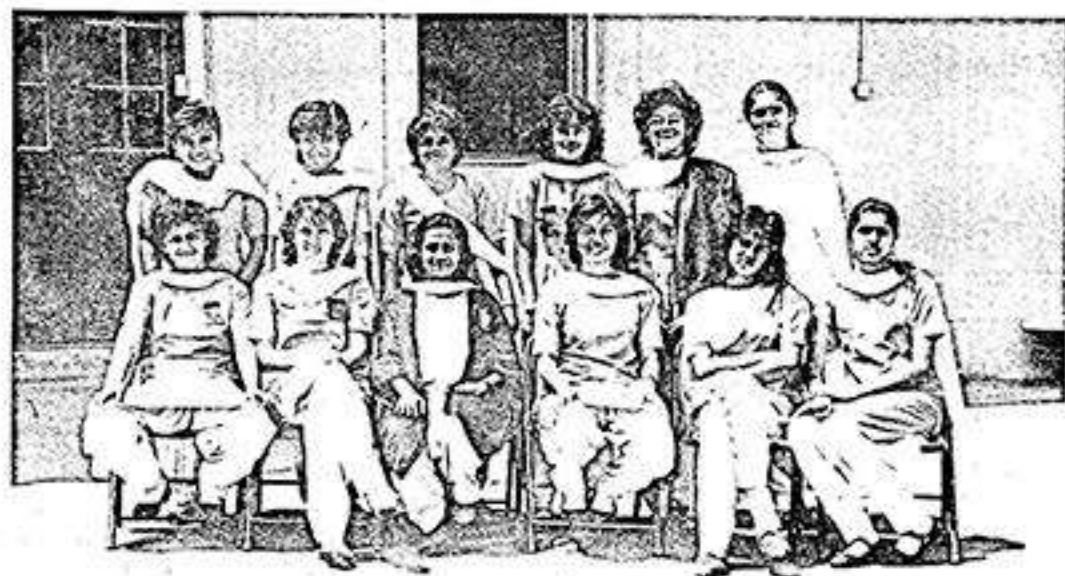
SCHOOL TABLE TENNIS 1985

Seated (L-R):- Yousuf Khan; (Captain); Zia Mahmood
(Vice Capt.) Standing(L-R):- Arif Irfanullah
Assad Irfanullah; Omer Dossani

GIRLS (1984-1985) HOCKEY — 1985

The Inter-House Girls Hockey Tournament 1985, was held at the Trinity Church ground, on an overall basis with a single team representing each House.

The lack of interest shown by the girls was evident by the poor turnout at the practices. In the first match, which proved to be the toughest, Streeten managed to beat Frere 1-0 due to a brilliant field goal by centre-forward Farah Baqar. The second match witnessed a comeback by Frere, who had the better of Napier (2-0). Aasiya Moin and Mona Salim being the goal scorers. Samya Abbasi and Aasiya Jalil played well for Napier. Special mention must be made of Sabena Razzak the 'tiny' Frere goal-keeper who saved a number of attempts by Napier. In the last match, Streeten coached by their non-playing captain Shaheen Mohemmadi, exhibited great stamina and established their supremacy by beating Napier 4-0. Farah Baqar, the young centre-forward continuously penetrated the Napier defence, scoring a hat-trick. She was aided by Rubina Aga, the centre-half, who completed the tally of goals by converting a penalty corner. In spite of some last minute efforts by Yasmine Hyder and Uzma Haroon, Napier failed to score. Thus, Streeten won the Championship Trophy with Frere coming second and Napier third.



SCHOOL HOCKEY (GIRLS) 1985

*Sated (L-R)- Farah Baqar; Rubina Gul Aga; Samya Burney (Captain); Iram Parvez; Aqeela Moosa; Shaheen Mohamadi Standing (L-R)- Hina Hasan; Mariam Merchant; Sabera Razzak; Farah Khurshid; Aasiya Moin; Ambreen Ahmed
Missing: Adele Bavington; Seema Ashraf; Samia Abbasi; Iffat Hasan*

NETBALL — 1985

Due to the rescheduling of Sports Day, the Netball season commenced on 12th March but already the girls team had played a friendly match with the O.G's (class of 78-81). They reminded their "teachers" a few lessons themselves when K.G.S. won 15 nets to 4.

Assuredly when the girls played their best the matches were impressive when the captains tactics and players combination all unfolded on the field. The senior tournament was whisked away by Streeten with scores of 27-7 vs Frere and 32-12 vs Napier. Streeten shoots Samya Burney and Shirin Aga with Centre Afiya Zia, combined like a well-oiled machine, backed by the stubborn defence, Shaheen Mohammadi. Even the valiant efforts of Yasmin Hyder (Napier) proved unsuccessful and Frere trained third behind Napier.

Promising juniors were Hina Hassan of Streeten but Muneeza Jaffer (Napier) helped Napier emerge Junior Champions vs Streeton 10-5 and Frere 15-8. Streeton and Frere drew 10 all but Streeten was runner-up by goal average with Frere placing third again. Samya Burney received the deserving champion house trophy.

An inter-school tournament in August was too much temptation to ignore. Armed with two confident teams, captained by Afiya Zia, K.G.S. was represented in both pools at Clayton School, where the tournament was held. The teams displayed remarkable stamina, accurate shooting and an esprit de corps lacking in any other team. Predictably the two teams did not give an inch and won convincingly-runner up team A of K.G.S. accepted defeat good humouredly. Celebrations followed the prize giving ceremony where guests were Mrs. Fernandes, Mr. Wrigley, coach Mrs. Shirazee and gifts were presented to the participants besides the glittering trophy. It was a befitting end to a very successful year for Netball — the last for some veterans in the team since class 7.



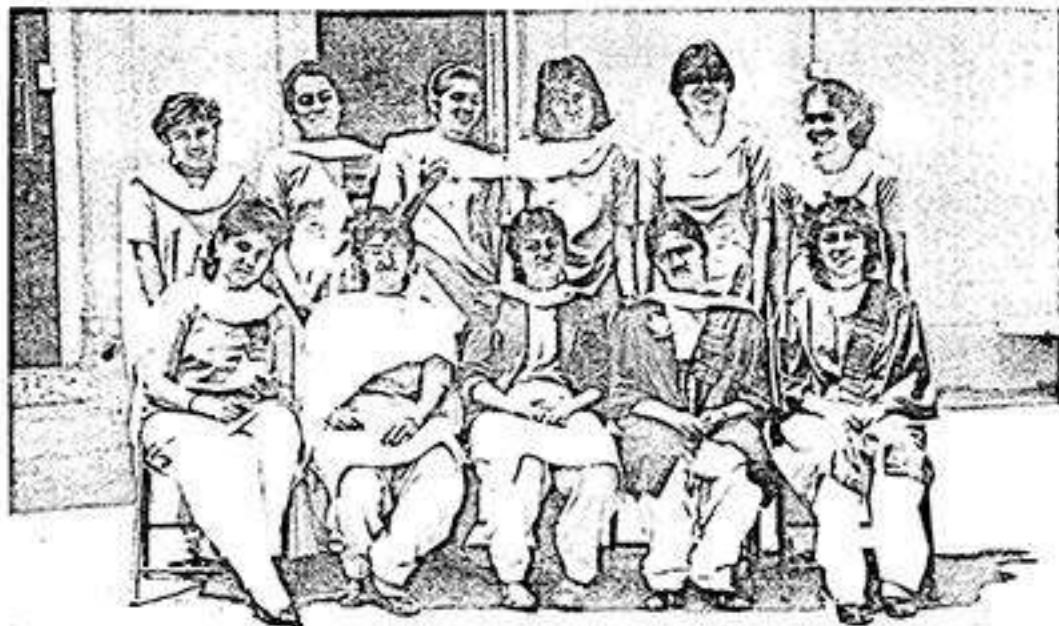
SCHOOL NETBALL 1985

*Seated (L-R)- Shirreen Gul Aga; Samya Burney; Mrs. Shirazee (not part of the team)
Afiya Zia (Captain); Asma Sheikh ... Standing (L-R): Yasmin Hyder; Nadia Garib;
Shaheen Mohammadi; Shazia Makhdooni; Missing: Samia Abbas*

THROWBALL — 1985

Once the excitement of Athletics was over, the girls got involved in Throwball. Unfortunately practices were few and often disrupted by rain or the closing down of School. However, the first match was played by the juniors in early April between Frere and Streeeton where Frere won effortlessly by 2 games to nil. Hina Haq, taking full advantage of her height, claimed easy points by her smashes. Streeeton faced further defeat against Napier by 2 games to nil. The final match was close but Napier won by their sure and steady tactics once again by 2-0.

The senior matches were a display of tedious torture for players and spectators alike. Napier and Streeeton sailed to the finals both beating Frere by 2 games to nil. The highlight of the final match was that it was held during school hours since it could not be completed the previous evening. Aqueela and Huneza Moosa, with captain Yasmin Hyder, played a wise experienced game but Streeeton did not give way to pressure. Shaheen's placing along with Afiya's covering-up helped them win the final game when the teams were 1 game all.



SCHOOL THROWBALL 1985

*Seated (L-R): Asma Shaikh; Nadia Gareeb; Huneza Moosa (Captain); Yasmin Hyder (Vice Capt.)
Afiya Zia Standing (L-R): Hina Hasan; Shazia Makhdomi; Shaheen Mohamadi;
Aqueela Moosa; Ayesha Jalil; Iffat Hasan*

SOFTBALL — 1985

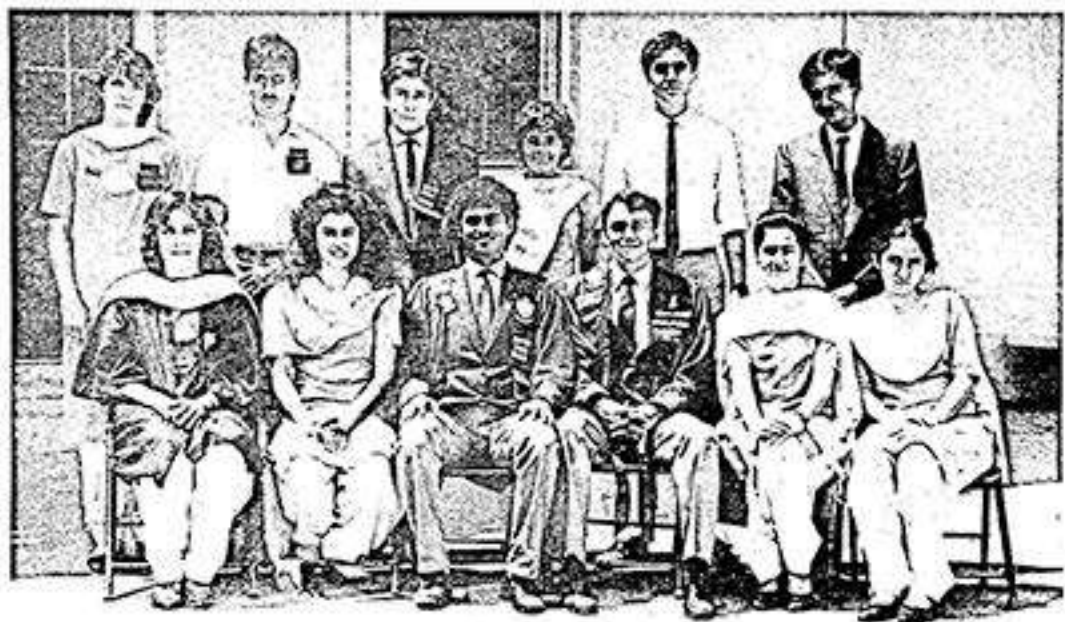
Softball, as usual, marked the end of the sports season. Practices were held after the exams in the chilly December mornings and the school was humming with activity. The junior girls played the first matches, Napier beating Streeton closely by 14 Homeruns to 12. Streeton faced further defeat against Frere the second match by 14 Home runs to 7. In the final match Frere beat the favourite Napier, by a commencing score of 26 Home runs while Napier only managed 5.

In the senior matches Napier beat Frere by 38 Home runs to 22. With the help of "Champ" Yasmin Hyder. The same evening Frere lost their second match to Streeton, 53-23, with good fielding by Afiya, Shirin and pitcher Aicha Zaheer. In the final match, Napier proved superior in the field and despite Streetons winning the toss and choosing to field. Their batting failed and the score board read, in Napier's favour 22-15.

It was a happy moment for Camilla Rab, for Frere had grapped the tournament but Streeton's annual performance proved par excellence.



The First Inter School Netball Tournament was held at the Clayton Road Govt. School. Pictured above are the two teams, fielded by the Grammar School, which had the good fortune of playing each other in the finals. The Chief Guest on the occasion was the Junior School Headmistress. She also gave away the winners trophy to Afiya Zia who was the captain of the winning team.



SCHOOL SWIMMING 1985

*Seated (L-R): Shireen Gul Aga; Mehrnaz Khanum; Ameen Jan (Captain); Munis Faruqi (Vice Capt.)
Ambreen Qareishi; Aaila Ashfaq Standing (L-R): Rubina Gul Aga; Asif Ijaz; Rizwan Qareishi;
Sabena Razak; Reza Shaukat; Sacha Chughtai Missing: Ayaz Shaukat*



SCHOOL BADMINTON 1985

*Seated (L-R): Amer Hui; Aamer Azam (Vice Capt.); Munis Faruqi (Captain)
Ameen Jan; Sohail Sheikh Standing (L-R): Atif Ijaz; Salman Choudhry; Ayaz-ul-Haque*



SCHOOL TENNIS 1985

*(L-R)- Rahil Razak; Farah Khurshed; Hyder Ahmed (Captain); Sabena Razak;
Kaleem Ganchi; Afiya Zia Missing: Reza Mirza*



SCHOOL SQUASH 1985

*Seated (L-R)- Salman Butt; Rustom Khambatta (Vice Capt.); Zia Mahmood (Captain); Amir Ahmad
Standing (L-R)- Nasser Aziz; Ghouse Akbar; Ameen Jan*

SPORTS DAY — 1985

Almost immediately after the commencement of the School year, preparations got underway for the most important event on the School agenda — Sports Day. March-Past practice commenced daily at the rather torturous time of 7:20 instead of the usual 8:00 o'clock, as Mr. Wrigley wished (much to the dismay of all) to continue adhering to the School's unwritten principle of placing a greater emphasis on academics over sports. Nevertheless, not to be deterred, groups of Grammarians were to be seen practicing (with an almost religious fervour) for the forthcoming events in the oddest of places (like the bathroom in the case of one avid long-jumper) and at the oddest of times (break?). These preparations, however, were to reach their climax on Saturday, March 15th — the date set for the 55th Annual Athletics Sports Meet of the Karachi Grammar School.

The afternoons activities began at a feverish pace with the arrival of the Chief-Guest, Rear-Admiral M.I. Arshad (Chairman K.P.T.). Punctually at 3:45 the School Houses were led in a March-Past by the School Captain, who in turn was followed by the House-Captains and their respective Houses in order of Frere, Napier and Stree-ton. The Chief Guest, Rear-Adm. Arshad, took the salute of the three Houses as they marched briskly past him to the martial strains of the army kettledrummer. An example of smartness and decorum, the School March-Past was highly commended for its precision in execution.

The first event of the afternoon was the boys Under-16 High Jump. Thereafter there was no turning back on what proved to be an exciting and interesting day for participants and non-participants alike. It was apparent from the beginning that six weeks of steady(?) training had resulted in a standard of performance which was consistently high in terms of physical fitness and competitive zeal.

This years Sports Day was aptly named by one Grammarian as "the day of the Giants" with a mere handful dominating virtually all the events in the 12 athletics categories. It is at this stage that we feel mention must be made of those stalwarts whose performances were almost professional, like Usman S. Khan, Rubina G. Aga, Aasiya Moin, Shaheen Mohammedi, Danyal Ahmed and Rustom Khambatta.

Sports Day saw Stree-ton powering its way past all competition with 390½ points to its credit as compared to 341 and 306 points for Frere and Napier respectively. With brilliant athletes like Daniyal (Victor), Shaheen (Victrix) and Rubina (Junior Champion) could there have been any doubt as to Stree-ton's ultimate success? Even a fine March-Past by Frere did not deter Stree-ton from clinching the Athletics Trophy almost blind folded!

1985 was to be the final year for Usman S. Khan in the under-16 division, and what a relief it must have been for all as his mere presence in this criterion had almost become an embarrassment! The ease with which this highly talented athlete has broken and bettered records is a testimony to his ability. One could just go on eulogising his achievements, and justly so, merely on the basis that this year alone he came first in eight events while breaking the School record in five of them. Some of the record breaking achievements include a long jump of 6.12m, a 100m dash in 11.75 seconds and a triple-jump amounting to 11.99m. Keep it up Usman, Seoul ('88) is on the horizon!

With the issue of the male Junior Champion settled well in advance, focus was to shift towards the contenders for the prestigious titles of Victor and Victrix Ludorum. For the title of Victor a fine struggle ensued between Danyal Ahmed and Rustom Khambatta with the former settling the issue in his favour only after a spirited 100m dash in which Rustom could not participate due to a muscle injury. Simultaneously an almost identical match was being waged between Shaheen Mohamedi and Afiya Zia (also of Streeton) for the title of Victrix Ludorum. In spite of a record breaking throw with the Shot Put (8.66m) by Afiya, Shaheen managed to keep herself ahead on the points table to clinch the title. This was certainly to the horror of all SYs present who were seeing the second most important title in the sphere of athletics also going to FY student Danyal also being in the FYs at the time). Nevertheless after seeing Shaheen time after time on the Victory Stand one could not help agree that she deserved the Victrix Ludorum Trophy.



SCHOOL ATHLETICS 1985

*Seated (L-R): Samya Burney; Amer Hai; Hyder Ahmad; Afiya Zia; (Vice Capt.): Rustom Khambatta
 Shaheen Mohamedi; Nasser Aziz; Salman Butt; Naz Chouhan*

*Standing (L-R): Huneza Moosa; Iffat Hasan; Amin Merchant; Aasiya Moin; Babur Beg; Shireen Aunatullah;
 Tariq Chaudhry; Sehram Hoodbhoy; Ahmed Rana; Zarina Ahmed; Usman Khan; Erum Parvez
 Amer Ramzanali; Rubina Gul Aga. Missing Danyal Ahmed; Amer Fasih; Aqeela Moosa*

In the girls Under-16 division Rubina G. Aga almost met her nemesis in Erum Parvez with the former setting a new High Jump record. Likewise the latter broke the School record with a magnificent throw of the discus...Yet Rubina's superiority prevailed! Among the girls Under-14 Aasiya Moin (Captain of the Junior Girls Sind Athletics team) stood out like a colossus with the result that she was inducted into the Frere House Relay team. Even though the Frere girls Relay Team was tipped to win, Streeton beat them to the tape due in part to an inspired spirit by Zarina Ahmed, yet another athlete of some promise. In the Tug-of-War event Napier slumped 2-0 to Streeton. This lack lustre performance by Napier was more than expected with Streeton being, after-all, the Tug-of-War champions (if nothing else) for more than four years. Revenge, however, was sweet when Napier, spearheaded by Rustom and the mercurial Shahid Khan, beat the favorites (Streeton) by a split second decision in the boys Over-16 relay!



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As all good things must come to an end so too did the Sports Day of 1985. After the presentation of the cups and trophies by the Chief Guest, Rear-Admiral Arshad gave a little speech where he appreciated the importance of keeping physically fit while at the same time maintaining the competitive spirit necessary to excel. As the whole school gave three hearty cheers for His Excellency, led by the School Captain, another Sports Day ended.

The credit for such a splendid display must be shared by many people. The staff gave, unstintingly, a large amount of their time and energy. In addition Humair "Stuart James Henry Solo" Mirza, Mr. Farooqui, Mrs. Shirazee and the ever indefatigable Jan Mohammad deserve more than just a pat on the back and a few laudatory words, for they excelled themselves in much the same way as the athletes who won honours on our 55th Annual Athletics Sports Meet.

The Editors.....

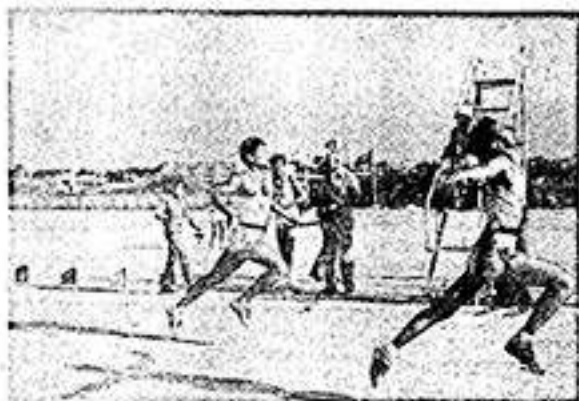




Usman Saeed Khan one of the most talented sportsman the School has produced in a number of years, receiving the cup for the Junior victor, 1983



The Freer House Captains of 1984 hold aloft the Athletics Trophy



The grand finale of the 1984, 4 x 100 relay as Omer Sohail of Napier breaks the rope



DRAMATICS



**KARACHI GRAMMAR SCHOOL
DRAMA FESTIVAL 1983....**

CLASS VIII-K.G.S

**"CLOSED CIRCUIT" by Mike English
Directed by Ms. Lubna Nigar.**

CAST in order of appearance:

| | |
|-------------------------|-----------------|
| <i>Patsy</i> | Nadya Mujahid |
| <i>Jane</i> | Cyra Noshirwani |
| <i>Helen</i> | Kishwar Ahmed |
| <i>Tina</i> | Huma Ghauri |
| <i>Tom</i> | Fahim Rasool |
| <i>Dave</i> | Abrar Qureshi |
| <i>Carole Adams</i> | Anisa Ashraf |
| <i>Security Officer</i> | Aamer Ali Jafre |
| <i>Officer</i> | Fatima Rana |
| <i>Officer</i> | Tahia Khan |
| <i>Cleaner/Janitor</i> | Abbas Husain |
| <i>Gerry</i> | Anwar Belgaumi |
| <i>Raz</i> | Zain Mustafa |
| <i>Pod</i> | Nazneen Jhaveri |
| <i>Carla</i> | Sajjad Punjwani |
| <i>Tony Kirkwood</i> | Sameer Rabbani |

Bomb Squad Officers

Zain Mustafa
Imad Rehman
Cyrus Irani
Sultan A. Khan

CLASS X-K.G.S

"FAMILY PRIDE" By Georgina Reid
Directed By: Mrs. MYRTLE LOBO

CAST in order of appearance:

| | |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| <i>Gladys</i> | Azmaira Maker |
| <i>Alfred</i> | John Bavington |
| <i>Mrs. Monk</i> | Mariam Moin |
| <i>Lord Beauchamp</i> | Saad Zia |
| <i>Lady Lucy</i> | Fiona Sukhia |
| <i>Lady Mary</i> | Shaheen Mohammadi |
| <i>Herlock Shones</i> | Omar Dossani |

BACKSTAGE: Sohail Shaikh, Zia Agha, Ayazul Haque, Faizullah Bhora, Zia Quraishi,
Farah Butt, Rabeya Mirza, Shahid Usman, Sukaina Alibhai

CLASS XI-K.G.S

"WURZEL FLUMMERY" By A. A. Milne
Directed By: Mrs. R. Muncherji and Mrs. Minwalla

CAST in order of appearance:

| | |
|---------------------------|---------------|
| <i>Viola Crawshaw</i> | Camilla Rab |
| <i>Richard Meriton MP</i> | Munis Faruqui |

Robert Crawshaw MP

Ameen Jan

Mrs. Crawshaw

Firuz Pastakia

Dennis Clifton

Zia Mahmud

Producer : Aliya Zia

CLASS-FIRST YEAR SCIENCE

**"MOONLIGHT REVELRY"
FROM
SHAKESPEARE'S "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"
Directed By: Mrs. PEGGY PRICE**

CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE:

| | | |
|-----------------------------|-------|---------------------|
| <i>OBERON</i> | | IMAD RABBANI |
| <i>TITANIA</i> | | SAMINA FASIHI |
| <i>PUCK</i> | | ALI NOORE |
| <i>BOY</i> | | SULTAN ALI KHAN |
| <i>PEAS BLOSSOM</i> | | FISSA RIZVI |
| <i>COBWEB</i> | | ZULFIQAR ALI MOORAJ |
| <i>MUSTARDSEED</i> | | IQBAL BABAR |
| <i>MOTH</i> | | FARIDA BALKHI |
| <i>PETER QUINCE</i> | | SOHAIL AGHA |
| <i>NICK BOTTOM/PYRAMIS</i> | | FAISAL HASSAN |
| <i>FRANCIS/FLUTE/THISBE</i> | | FARESS REHMAN |
| <i>ROBIN STARVELING</i> | | ASMA RIZVI |
| <i>TOM SNOUT/THE WALL</i> | | FAHIM JAFRI |

| | | |
|----------------------------|-------|--------------------|
| <i>SNUG/LION</i> | | MIHAIL SUHAIL LARI |
| <i>MAN IN THE MOON</i> | | ASMA RIZVI |
| <i>THESEUS</i> | | HUMAIR MIRZA |
| <i>HIPPOLYTA</i> | | AMBREEN GAYA |
| <i>LYSANDER</i> | | IJLAL BABAR |
| <i>HERMIA</i> | | FARIDA BALKHI |
| <i>DEMETRIUS</i> | | ZULFIQAR ALIMOORAJ |
| <i>HELENA</i> | | FIZZA RIZVI |
| <i>FAIRIES & ELVES</i> | | CLASS III-K, G & S |

CLASS-FIRST YEAR ARTS

"HELENA'S HUSBAND" By: Philip Moeller
Directed by : Mrs. MARRIANA KARIM

CAST in order of appearance.

| | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| <i>HELENA</i> | Talat Naila Hassan |
| <i>TSUMU</i> | Naila Moini |
| <i>MENELAUS</i> | Irfan Hassan |
| <i>ANALYTIKOS</i> | Roosbeh Dadabhoy |
| <i>PARIS</i> | Ahmed Arif |

CLASS-SECOND YEAR ARTS/SCIENCE

OSCAR WILDE'S "THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST"

CAST in order of appearance:

John Worthing J.P.

Algernon Moncrieff

Rev. Canon Chasuble D.D.

Merriman

Lane

Lady Bracknell

Hon. Gwendolen Fairfax

Cecily Cardew

Miss Prism

Saad Iqbal

Saquib Hanif

Nasser Hussain

Saleem Adil

Ameed Riaz

Asma Rasheed Khan

Faiza Patel

Meg Price

Mahnaz Mirza

Produced By: Saquib Hanif

Directed By: Miss Farida Said

DRAMATICS (1983)

1983 saw a flourishing of dramatics at KGS. The Drama Festival, from the 3rd to 5th May, was a time of feverish activity for both teachers and students. In spite of pressure of the forthcoming exams the plays were interesting and well produced.

On the first night the junior classes performed three plays. The sets of these plays were relatively simple. "Wurzel Flummerly" was the comedy acted out by the XIs where Munis Faruqui and Ameen Jan put up magnificent performances thereby establishing themselves as actors of the future. The Xs put up an extremely amusing and entertaining play, "Family Pride", the theme of which was borrowed from "Jane Eyre". Saad Zia and Shaheen Mohammadi performed with competence. Class VIII KGS produced an interesting play, "Closed Circuit", about a completely computerised society, in which man had lost his identity. Nazneen Jhaveri and Anwar Belgaumi showed considerable acting potential; the performances Nadya Mujahid and Anisa Ashraf were very good.

The following night the old Grammarians (Class of '82) performed "The Bear", a play by Chekov. This highly entertaining comedy revolves around a rich widow (Frieha Altaf) and a landowner (Ashar Qureshi). The latter materializes one day to collect an old debt of the widow's late husband. After a heated argument they decide to fight a duel. The play ends, however, on a happy note, as the landowner falls in love with the widow. Credit goes to the two principal characters for their marvellous performances.

The second play was an oriental version of Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew", performed by the H.S.C. Second Year Classes. The men were clad in "tang pyjamas" and kurtas, while the girls were costumed in rich brocade "ghararas". On one or two occasions lines were forgotten and the fluency of some scenes was impaired. Ayesha Mumtaz produced many laughs in her portrayal of Kate the Shrew.

The two plays performed on the final night were both comedies. "Helena's Husband" by First Year Science and Arts, explained in a rather disrespectful fashion the actual origin of the Trojan War.

The play began with Naila Hasan as Helen, yearning for a war because she was extremely bored! Her husband, Menelaus, fed up with her frivolity and egotism, allows her to elope with Paris (Ahmed Arif). Unfortunately, Paris turns out to be the son of Priam, King of Troy. An old Scholar, (Roozbeh Dadabhoy) urges Menelaus to go to war and reclaim his wife. Finally Zeus descends from heaven with his thunderbolt to force him to do so! The stage effects at this point were absolutely spectacular and a vivid representation of thunder and lightning was given. Credit goes to Mrs. Mariana Karim, the producer.

The Drama Festival reached a grand finale with Oscar Wilde's delightful play, "The Importance of Being Earnest", by the Second Years. The acting was superb; the delivery of lines particularly praise worthy. Asma R. Khan (Lady Bracknell) and Saad Iqbal (John Worthing) put up excellent performances, both displaying real acting ability. Nasser Hussain was hilarious as Dr. Chasuble, while Saquib Hanif delighted the audience with his interpretation of "Algy". The sets were by far the best — especially the garden scene, where green neon lights were used to suggest shrubbery. Throughout one was impressed by the standard of costumes and make-up, lighting and sound, as well as special effects. A great deal of credit goes to Miss Farida Said for her absorbing amusing and highly imaginative production of this witty play.

On the whole, the Drama Festival constituted three extremely enjoyable evenings. The participants are to be congratulated on their efforts!

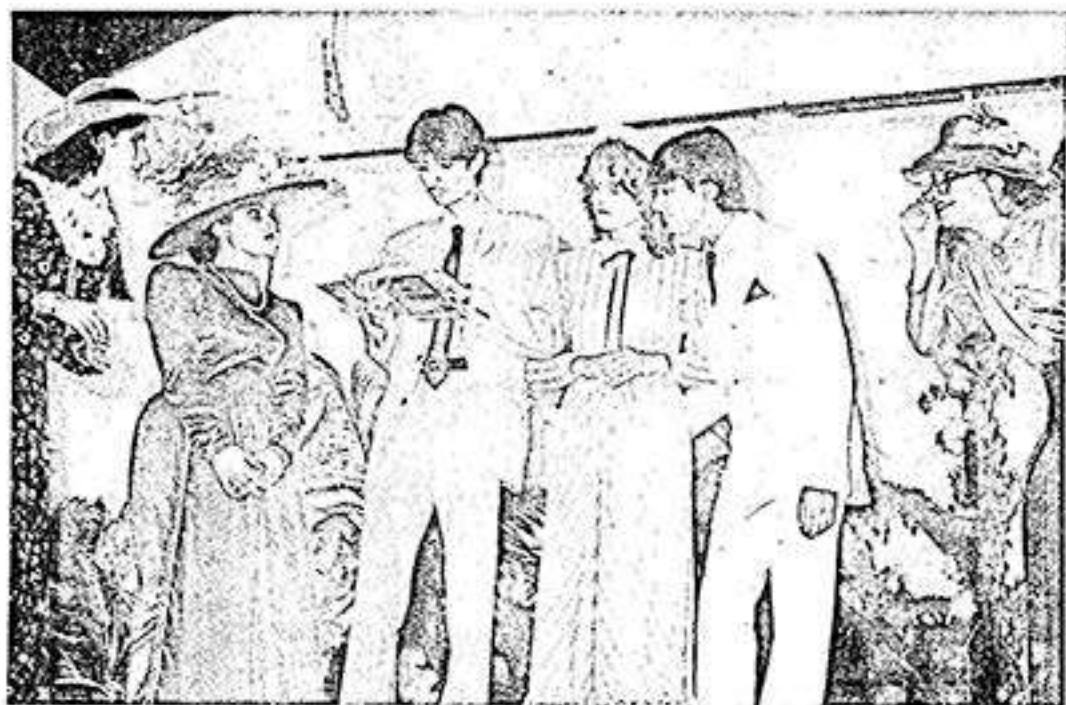
HINA NAZAR F.Y.A. (1984)



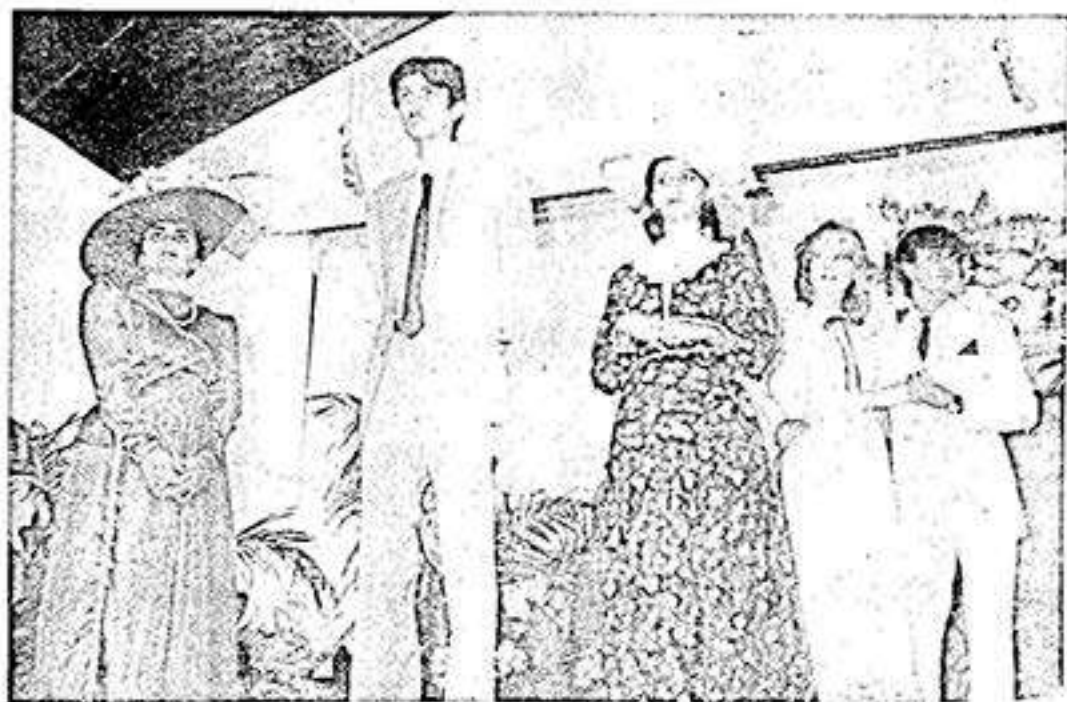
Faress Rehman and Faisal Hasan caught together while singing "Sunday, Bloody Sunday" on the set of "Moonlight Revelry".

Dr. Chasuble (Nasser Hussain) and John "Earnest" Worthing (Saad Iqbal)





*(L-R)- Gwendolyn Fairfax (Faiza Patel), Lady Bracknell (Asma R. Khan), Cecily Cardew (Meg Price),
Algernon Moncreiff (Saquib Hanif) and Miss Prism (Mahnaz Mirza)*



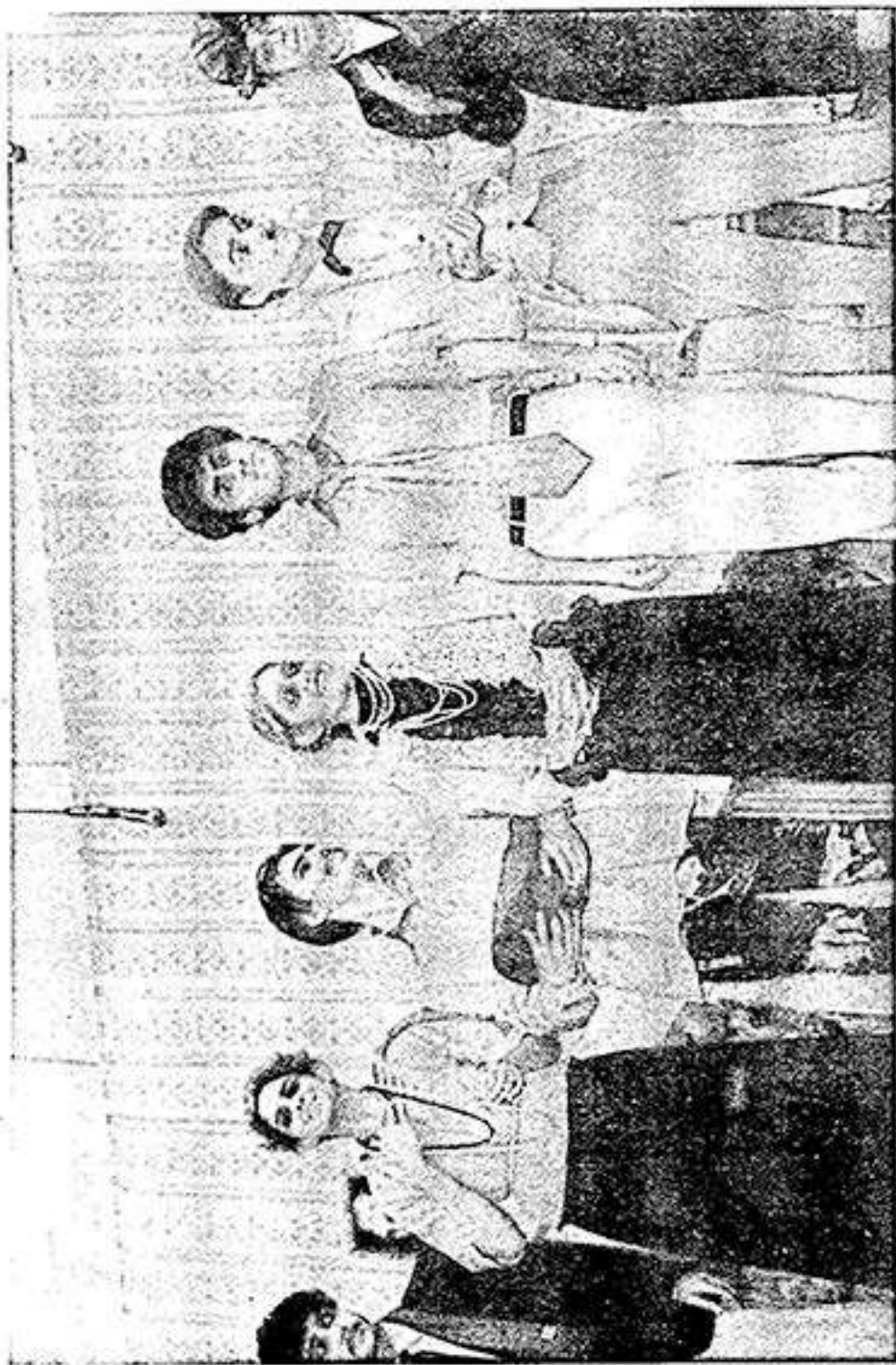
SCHOOL PLAY: 1984
"ARSENIC AND OLD LACE."

By: Joseph Kesselring

Costumes By: Mrs. Peggy Price
Directed By: Mrs. Marriana Karim

CAST (in order of Appearance):

| | | |
|---------------------------------------|-------|-------------------|
| <i>ABBY BREWSTER</i> | | ROOZBEH DADABHOY |
| <i>THE REVEREND, DR. HARPER</i> | | IMAD RABBANI |
| <i>TEDDY BREWSTER</i> | | SAAD ZIA |
| <i>OFFICER BROPHY</i> | | HYDER AHMAD |
| <i>OFFICER KLEIN</i> | | SALMAN BUTT |
| <i>MARTHA BREWSTER</i> | | TALAT NAILA HASAN |
| <i>ELAINE HARPER</i> | | NAILA MOINI |
| <i>MORTIMER BREWSTER</i> | | FAISAL HASSAN |
| <i>MRS. GIBBS</i> | | SHAMA KADRI |
| <i>JONATHAN BREWSTER</i> | | AMEEN JAN |
| <i>DR. EINSTEIN</i> | | MUNIS FARUQUI |
| <i>OFFICER O'HARA</i> | | AHMED ARIF |
| <i>LT. ROONEY</i> | | OMAR AZFAR |
| <i>MISS WITHERSPOON</i> | | SANIA NAQVI |
| <i>MR. HOSKINS & MR. SPENALZO</i> | | JOHN BAVINGTON |



A few members of the cast at the curtain call. From left to right: Faisal Hasan; Roozbeh Dadebbay; Saad Zia; Naila Hasan; Amreen Joo; Munis Faraqui; Saris Nigvi

SCHOOL PLAY 1984: A REVIEW

The first performances of the School Play, 'Arsenic and Old Lace' by Joseph Kesselring, took place on the 2nd of May and met with instantaneous success. The acting was excellent and the whole play very well co-ordinated. Although the first fifteen minutes or so were rather monotonous and the sound system did nothing to help, as the play progressed the entire audience became engrossed in it and the clarity of expression of the actors did much to overcome the defects of the audio system.

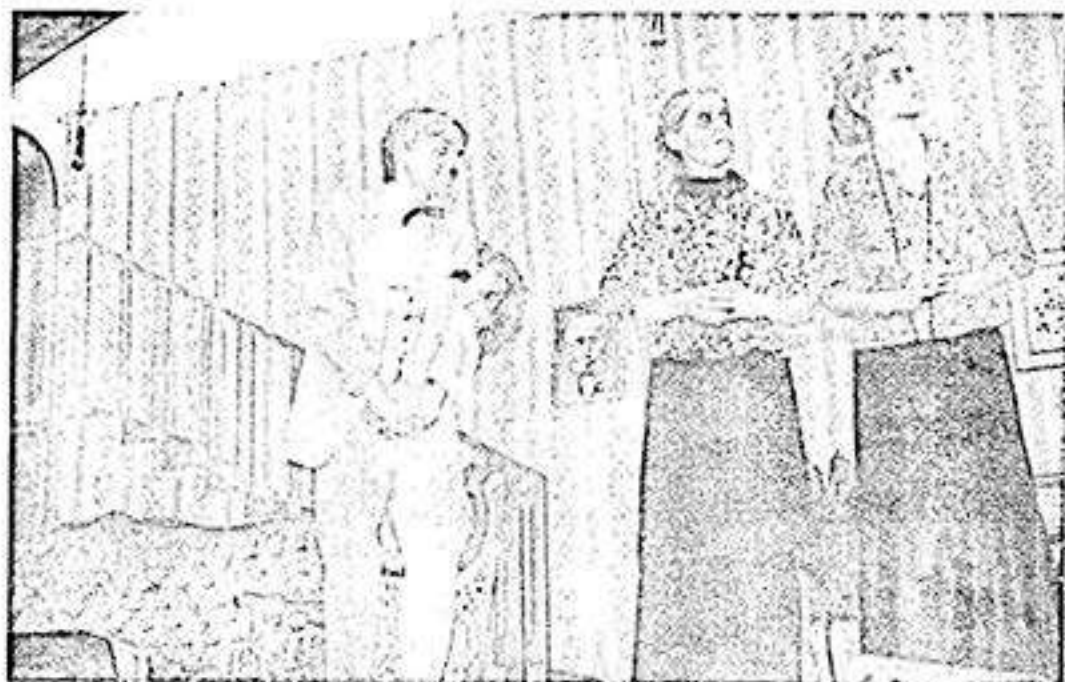
The set was very ingeniously designed to accommodate the action of the play. An impressive staircase dominated the scene and bore up very well even under the strain of Teddy galloping over it, although the bannister did shake ominously when Dr. Einstein leaned drunkenly against it. The Apple Sidra in the whiskey bottles looked undoubtedly like the real thing and Raspberry did very well for red wine.

The costumes too showed the great care that had been taken over them and the two old ladies in black, complete with gloves and hats, caused much hilarity. The police outfits were also impressive, to say the least. The make-up was professionally done by two artists from the television studios.

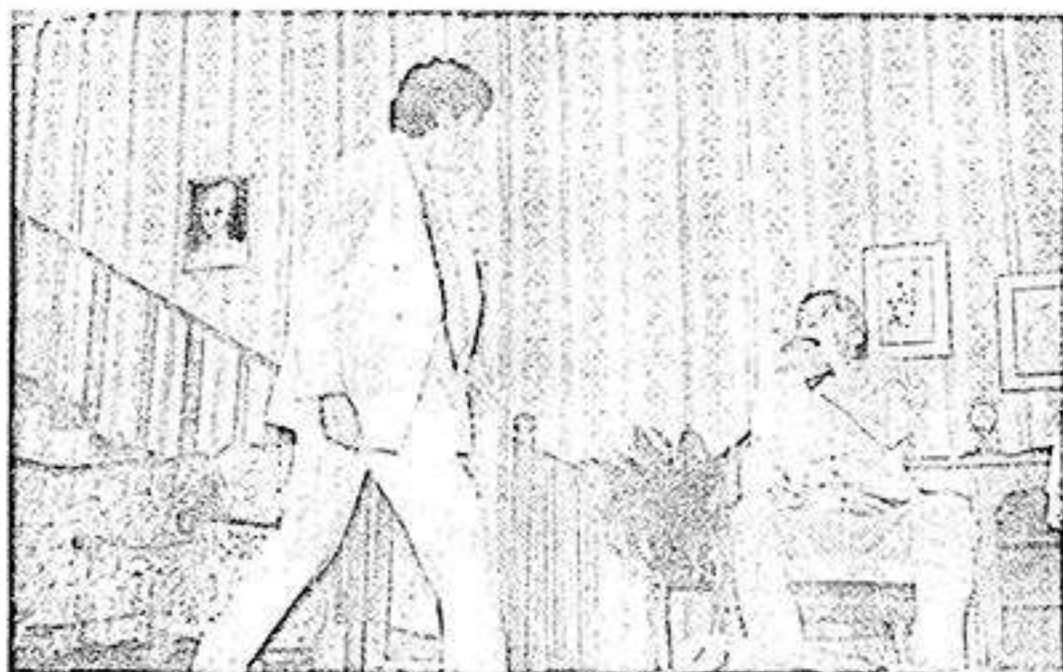
The play was an excellent choice from the point of view of the audience. The light hearted good humour won everyone's approval and there were several very hilarious situations. The evil doings, under the cover of darkness, delighted the hearts of the youngsters. All of the cast did full justice to their roles, but Roozbeh Dadabhoy, Munis Farooqui and Saad Zia outdid themselves. The light and sound effects were very effective. It was with a sense of regret on the part of the audience that the play came to an end. However, the curtain call provided yet another hilarious moment when John Bavington (the dead body) opened the lid of the window seat and walked on to the stage. The last performance on Saturday the 5th of May, saw Ahmed Arif changing his lines (much to the shock of the prompters) and Ameen Jan cutting his hand with the broken shards of the wine glass when he banged it down on the table, and smearing the sleeves of Dr. Einstein's coat with blood!

The play was successful due to the immense effort of not only the cast and Mrs. Karim but also the various back-stage helpers who worked diligently, collecting props, setting and re-setting the stage, prompting, and helping with the millions of little tasks that need doing in order to make any play a success.

GHAZALA PARVEZ S.Y.A. (1984)



The "aunts" (Nailla Hasan and Roozbeh Dadabhoy) with Dr. Einstein (Munis Faruqi)



Jonathon (Ameen Jan) advances threateningly towards Dr. Einstein (Munis Faruqi) in the School production of 'Arsenic and Old Lace' 1984.



LOVERS MEET

Mortimer Brewster (Faisal Hasan) and Elaine Harper (Naila Moeeni) hold hands. Little do they know that the scheduled interruption at this point by Teddy (Saad Zia) is about to be delayed, thus causing them to prolong the moment for over twenty seconds amidst cat-calls from the larger segment of the audience!



Elaine Harper (Naila Moeeni) mentally braces herself for the man handling her. She is about to undergo at the hands of Jonathon (Ameen Jan).

SCHOOL PLAY: 1985 CHARLEY'S AUNT

By: Brandon Thomas

Costumes by Mrs. Marriana Karim
Directed by: Mrs. Marriana Karim

CAST:

| | | |
|--|-------|-----------------|
| JACK | | SAAD ZIA |
| CHARLEY | | KALIM UR-REHMAN |
| LORD FAN COURT BABBERLY/ CHARLEY'S AUNT | | MUNIS FARUQUI |
| SIR FRANCIS CHESNEY | | AMEEN JAN |
| KITTY | | SANIA NAQVI |
| AMY | | SEHR AHMAD |
| BRASSET | | AYAZ UL-HAQUE |
| DONNA LUCIA D'ALVADOREZ | | SHAMA KADRI |
| ELLA DELAHEY | | NAJDA SARFARAZ |
| MR. SPETTIGUE | | FAIZULLAH BOHRA |

Producers: Afiya Zia, Sumer Rabbani, Nisreen Vohra.



Members of the School
Play (Charley's Aunt),
1985.
(L-R): Ayaz-ul-Haque
Kalim-ur-Rehman
Ameen Jan
Munis Faruqui
Najda Sarfaraz
Saad Zia
Faizullah Bohra
Missing: Sehr Ahmed

THE SCHOOL PLAY OF 1985

A REVIEW

The first performance of the school play, "Charley's Aunt" by Brandon Thomas, took place on the 13th of May 1985. Originally a drama festival was listed on the school agenda but the frequent school closures required the festival to be cancelled with a school play scheduled instead. There were five consecutive performances of "Charley's Aunt" which lasted till 18th May. The play was an instantaneous success due to the interesting plot and superb acting (the latter being a by-product of a great deal of diligent work and effort on the part of the cast and the tireless Mrs. Karim).

"Charley's Aunt" is about two college pals who are madly in love with two girls who are constantly playing hard to get. The two pals (played by Kalim-ur-Rehman and Saad Zia) decide to invite their girlfriends to lunch to meet Charley's aunt who is expected that day "from Brazil, where the nuts come from". Unfortunately no one has ever seen the aunt with the result that her unplanned delay throws the boys in a panic because the girls will refuse to stay for lunch without the aunt as a chaperone. Jack (Saad Zia) and Charley (Kalim-ur-Rehman) then decide to force their love sick friend, Fancourt Babberly (played by Munis Faruqui) to impersonate the aunt while the girls are over for lunch, much to Babberly's reluctance which eventually turns to pleasure as he flirts with the girls (Sania Naqvi and Sehr Ahmad). The unfortunate Babberly does, however, have to pay the price for his moments of pleasure when he is "roughed up" by the jealous lovers who hate seeing their friends flirting before their eyes. While the "aunt" is flirting with the girls he does however have to contend with the attentions of Jack's impoverished father, Sir Frank Chesney (played superbly by Ameen Jan), and the girls guardian Mr. Spettigue (Faizullah Bohra). Both see the rich aunt as their passport to quick riches. The plot continues to gather speed when the real aunt (Shama Kadri) and her niece Ella (Najda Sarfaraz) arrive on the scene. Fancourt, who has been enjoying himself till this moment, on seeing Ella is suddenly unwilling to continue his charade as the aunt as she is the girl he is ardently in love with. The plot finally unravels when Fancourt reveals, his true identity — much to everyones horror! By the time the play is over, with all misunderstandings cleared, one cannot help feeling that the only sane person is Jack's butler, Brasset (played by Ayaz ul-Haque), who it seems shares the audience's estimation of the other characters.

"Charley's Aunt" was undoubtedly one of the finest productions seen by the school in a long time. Yet this play came off on the last moment because of the inability of the cast to get down to the task of being serious and realising that the number of days towards the final night were decreasing rapidly. Constant joking during the rehearsals resulted in the premature aging of the unfortunate Mrs. Karim during that period. Pity also went out to the two girls, Sania and Sehr, who were

obliged to kiss Munis on more than one occasion, on stage, much to pleasure of the audience who hooted their approval! A mumps scare, stage fright on the part of Faizullah (who later performed very well), giggling prompters (Samia Mehmud and Dina L.A. Khan) and finally the inability of the cast to learn their lines until the last moment added to the general sense of hysteria which prevailed on the sets until the day before the actual performance of "Charley's Aunt".

The play was an excellent choice from the part of the audience who really enjoyed the farcical plot and numerous witticisms. The light-hearted humour appealed to everyone and there were also several moments which were truly comic. Although its first ten minutes were rather slow, the play really "took-off" when Munis pranced on stage dressed as Charley's Aunt ("How do I look?") The scene where Ameen asks for the hand of the distraught "aunt" was hilarious, to say the least. Not only did the audience find it difficult to control their laughter but so did the actors and prompters who always collapsed during this scene.

Another factor which contributed to the success of the play were the excellent costumes and hats. A great deal of effort went into them with the cast and Mrs. Karim making frequent visits to Bohri Bazar much to the dismay of all except Saad Zia who seemed to relish the fact that he was so near so many Pathans! The Victorian dresses, some of which were made of curtain material, were excellent with the only discomfort coming from the fact that it was very hot – especially for Munis who when dressed as the "aunt" wore a two-piece suit beneath his petticoat, dress and woolen shawl!

The production of "Charley's Aunt" was fraught with a number of difficulties, foremost amongst which was the two week long school closure during mid - April. Rehearsals were thereafter shifted to Mrs. Karim's house with the result that her furniture was constantly shifted around and her coffee continually consumed. Credit must go to Mrs. Karim for being so accomodating. Yet a play of this nature requires a team effort which was certainly apparent by the fact that so many SYs and ex-SYs helped in producing it. Special mention must nevertheless go to the efforts of Afiya Zia and Nisreen Bohra. The production of the play was very smooth, slick and sophisticated with few members of the cast forgetting their lines (which, no doubt, is a miracle). Fortunately there was no light failure – which seems to be almost customary whenever the school has an important function.

For his hilarious performance as Fancourt Babberley/Charley's aunt (for which he had to impersonate a female voice) Munis Faruqi received the Smith Cup for Dramatics (1985). In addition there were also excellent performances from Saad Zia (who literally had to learn the most lines) Ameen Jan, Ayaz-ul-Haque and Shama Kadri.

With slightly more encouragement and time (taking into consideration the frequent school closure the school can put up even better performances because there is no dearth of talent or skill in Karachi Grammar School. Let's hope that dramatics continue to flourish in KGS, inspite of the many obstacles.

The Editors. . . .



It's tea time at the set of "Cherley's Aunt". (L-R)- Donna Lucia D'Alvadorez (Shama Kadri); Jack Chesney (Saad Zia); Lord Fancourt Babberly (Munis Faruqi); Kisty (Sania Naqvi); Mr. Sprittigue (Faiyazullah Bohra); Cherley (Kalim-ur-Rehman); Amy (Sehr Ahmed)



Sir Francis Chesney (Ameen Jan) proposes to "Charley's Aunt" (Munis Faruqi)



"Charley's Aunt" favors Mr. Spettigue (Faizullah Bohra) to the more masculine Sir Francis Chesney (Ameen Jan). "Her" taste must leave something to be desired considering the motorcycle gloves Mr. Spettigue is wearing and the pouches of sweat which have seeped through multiple layers of fabric, creating noticeable stains in his underarm regions



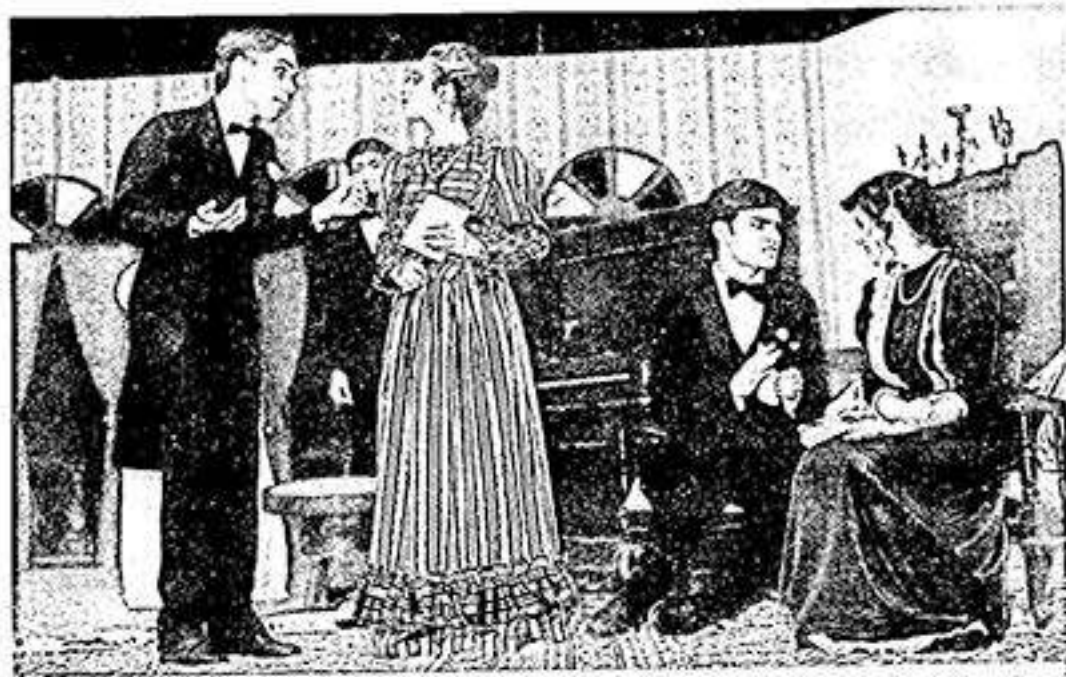
Undoubtedly there is genuine delight on the face of Lord Bobberly (Munis Faruqi) as he is kissed by Kitty and Amy (Sania Naqvi and Sehr Ahmed) as Jork's (Saad Zia) face flushes with anger (also genuine?)



Sir Francis Chesney (Ameen Jan) sweet talks Donna Lucia (Shama Kadri) as Lord Bobberly dressed as Charley's Aunt creates a cacophony on the piano



Charley's Aunt (Shama Kadri) is open mouthed as her niece Ella Delahay (Najda Sarfaraz) feels the irrepressible desire to close her eyes



Munis Faruqi (in the guise of Lord Babbetly) with Shama Kadri (the actual Charley's Aunt) in the ending moments of the play

A decorative graphic featuring the words "Art Section" in a stylized, outlined, cursive font. The text is surrounded by two clusters of small, five-petaled flowers on thin stems with leaves, one positioned above and to the right, and another below and to the left.

Art Section

*"Good painting is a
music and a melody
which intellect can only
appreciate, and that
too with great difficulty"*

~ Michelangelo

ART IN K.G.S

"Fine Art is that in which the hand, heart and head of the man go together."

The words of John Ruskin, art critic and author of the famous treatise "Modern Painters" epitomizes the very spirit and definition of the word "ART". "ART" in all its connotations embraces a multitude of aspects and meanings. Art is not only aesthetically appealing, satisfying the thirst for beauty in the hearts of men, but is also intellectually satisfying if approached from that angle.

A work of art is not created with the push of a button or the crack of a whip. After all, since science has progressed to the stage where entire lives are controlled by computers and programmes, why can't we produce a work of art by putting together a few random colours and requesting R2D2 or 3CPO to please "produce something - there is an empty wall space in the lounge - about 3 x 2 feet".

Shouldn't be too difficult - not so time consuming either. Best of all one wouldn't have to pay ridiculously astronomical amounts for what one privately terms 'grotesque but necessary pieces of modern art'. Necessary because one just CAN'T exhibit one's ignorance for the "finer" things in life by not being reasonably conversant with art and artists and by neglecting to fill ones home with the "required" works of art.

"Oh", cooed a lady in a local art gallery, "what form, what colour, what depth --she is such a talented artist". In a whisper she confided, "Actually, I don't see what the fuss is all about. I am looking for something in turquoise to match the colour scheme in my drawing room; just keep an eye out for anything in turquoise, will you?"

Ah - well One shouldn't feel shocked or disgusted. If one had just a little business sense, a huge market could be tapped if mass production of little "daubles" were started in different colours with cryptic squiggly signatures and canvasses bearing the stamp of Paris.

But in all honesty -- the bitterness and cynicism washes away when one enters the world of art. Vistas of light, colour, shades and shadows keep opening and there is something new around every corner.

Art is that in which there is the perfect co-ordination of the vision, the intellect and final execution by the hand. It is not a photographic or mechanical movement of drawing what the eye sees. It goes much beyond that. The eye has to be trained to see, the brain has to be trained to interpret and the hand trained to translate the interpretation into size, shape and colour.

It is this training of the senses, not just the perceiving power, but the power of understanding – the third dimension -- which is being taught under the aegis of Mrs. Pervin Rizvi in the K.G.S. artroom (with Mrs. Azmatullah taking the lower school). Presently art at K.G.S. has moved forward and continues to expand.

Anyone sauntering off to the art-room in search of a virtually free period (it's better than slogging at Physics or Economics), to while away the time far from teachers and prefects on the look out for "bunkers", to enjoy a chattering session, or to leisurely look at the flowers and trees -- drawing a few lines to appease the teacher -- is in for a rude shock!

Far from being the traditional "escape from hard work routine" the art class requires diligence and effort. Surprisingly, a student opted for Economics instead of Art, as she declared, one just has to use brains to learn a few facts while in art not only do you learn History of Art (with all those names, places and dates) but also work physically in class and do homework as well. "Economics, any day!" she added fervently.

Far from scaring people off, the realization of hard work and effort screens out those not seriously committed to art and leaves those who genuinely want to further their talents in this direction.

Mrs. Rizvi has introduced many changes in the art department and one finds that the entire teaching system has become more methodical and scientific. In 1985, History of Art was made compulsory for F.Y. and S.Y. students. This was a very important development, because previously History of Art was an optional subject for 'A' Level which was not favoured by many students. Making it compulsory meant that a regular class of History of Art be held for all the students.

This introduced a new dimension in the hitherto somewhat static art class. A student was now able to study the actual development of art through the ages and more important, the contribution of each artist towards art. Travelling stage by stage, one was able to appreciate each level of development and to understand the introduction of new techniques through the ages.

But by far the greatest achievement of the History of Art class was the development in the student of the discerning eye which could appreciate and criticise the salient features of different paintings, understand the thought and inspiration behind them and above all to finally be able to realise WHY they are works of art.

There is an impressive array of books on art in the school library and in the art-room itself. These are invaluable as far as factual information is concerned. However, it is in a group with all the participants contributing to the discussion that the finer understanding of art is developed. The History of Art sessions have become all the more interesting and meaningful ever since the projector has come into use. 400

slides from the National Gallery of London allow each painting to be magnified and studied in detail. Mrs. Karim has gifted the art class slides of the Sistine Chapel. In addition to these there are also numerous slides on Hellenistic Art (Greek Sculpture).

In addition to slides of actual completed paintings by the different Masters, the real treasure is the slide collection of drawings and sketches of the works in their embryonic stages. This allows the students to trace the development and progress at each stage of work. Thus the art class requires a high level of concentration and application.

The actual drawing, sketching and painting has progressed far beyond the level of random works. This aspect of art is also highly organized. Beginners usually start with perspective. They practise continuously to master this somewhat more difficult aspect of drawing. Their first lesson is to learn the art of simplification. The most unlikely objects are reduced to basic shapes like cubes, cylinders and spheres. It is usually an irresistible temptation to start off with textures and details to decorate one's drawing. But these details come right at the end. First the basic shape has to be mastered.

Another new concept is the treatment of negative space. The word "background" has become obsolete. "Background" connotes something redundant or unnecessary. In a painting nothing is unnecessary. The area surrounding the figure and the objects becomes the "Negative space" requiring the same care and attention as the former two.



The third step is the treatment of light, shade and colour. Water colours, oils, pastels, pencils, inks and dyes are all used. Here the Colour Theory comes into play. Colour mixing becomes an art and the actual application becomes individual and unique. Different ways of seeing colour and light are taught. Use of stocky figures and vibrant colours in the manner of Rubens, the fascinating treatment of light and shade like that of Rembrandt, the special techniques of brush strokes like that of Van Gogh. Seurat and his unique style of painting, Pointillism, is taught in the treatment of colours. Every line, every stroke, each colour assumes a meaning; nothing is done randomly. Each stroke is calculated and meaningful.

The students are encouraged to experiment and practise their own techniques but the principle of brevity is always stressed. Unnecessary clutter is taught to be avoided. Constant practice and discipline is essential. There is always the homework of "ten 2-minute sketches" which train the students to discern the necessary and execute with brevity. The ultimate in economy of lines is, of course, Matisse who can create a complete nude in nine lines.

All these disciplines, training and conditioning of the mind, the eye and the hand does not shackle or restrict the fancy. Instead it gives the imagination unbridled freedom to range, countless ways of executing ideas and finally the inner sensitivity and depth which eventually produces a work of art.

The walls and pinboards in the art-room bear testimony to the artistic endeavours of the students. Their imagination, inspiration and attempts at diversity produce amazing results from the bizarre to the simply graceful.

Thus, step by step, the student progresses, learning perspective, simplification and "Colour Theories." Different mediums are enthusiastically explored. The different aspects of art include Posters where symbolism is utilized, Nature where the emphasis is on detail, Still Life which develops visual powers and the Living Person teaches the student all the nuances of the human figure. Eventually Imaginative Composition is attempted in which all the other elements are incorporated. Thus the student progresses from being a mere illustrator to being an artist. His work becomes art. It is not an impersonal medley of lines and shades, but a very personal and individual piece executed with understanding and sensitivity.

Batik remains a popular form of art. Dabbling in wax and vibrant and colourful dyes remains a fascinating and interesting medium. For those who take Batik at 'O' Level there is the inevitable rush at the end of the term to produce their piece. This highly technical art has yet to be much developed, but all the same it is one of the most enjoyable of the art-room activities.

Neither is the art work restricted to the environs of the art-room. Of course, the immense, variety in the scenery afforded by the art-room windows is always there for quick sketches. A quick trip to the nearby Empress Market allows the

students to sketch it in all its squalor and crush, fruit vendors and heavy traffic. An excursion to the local zoo provides the opportunity to sketch and paint different varieties of animal life. A day at the French Beach produced many luminous works of the calm sea, the reefs and the picturesque mosque. But the artists of the art-room also decided to be a little adventurous. After all if the School Cricket team can go to England and the Basket-ball team can bounce off to Turkey, why can't the Art students venture forth to see the great works of the masters in person and go on a voyage of discovery to the Galleries of Rome, Florence and Paris. In a study group the education and knowledge gained would never parallel any such trip on an individual basis. Things were crystallizing for the artists who were scheduled to leave on the 8th of May. Unfortunately, Mrs. Rizvi's mother suffered from a heart attack and the trip was postponed though not cancelled.

High above the school, the art-room remains a sanctuary, and if one ever chances upon it, one is lost in a world of imagination and fancy where talents abound and creative instincts flourish. It is a world on its own, quiet and serene. It seems strangely disembodied especially if one stands at the window and observes the tuck shop swarming with people during break far downstairs. It is the one room in the entire school which seems timeless, perhaps because it contains age long works of those who have come and gone. One learns a lot in this room and wonders how many artists will step out from here into the world. The time spent here is invaluable and priceless since never again will we be so painstakingly guided or taught the most difficult subject of them all.

One consolation remains a certainty. At least none who emerge from here will ever desecrate art for the sake of turquoise or other colour schemes of drawing rooms



MADIHA SYED
S. Y. 1986.

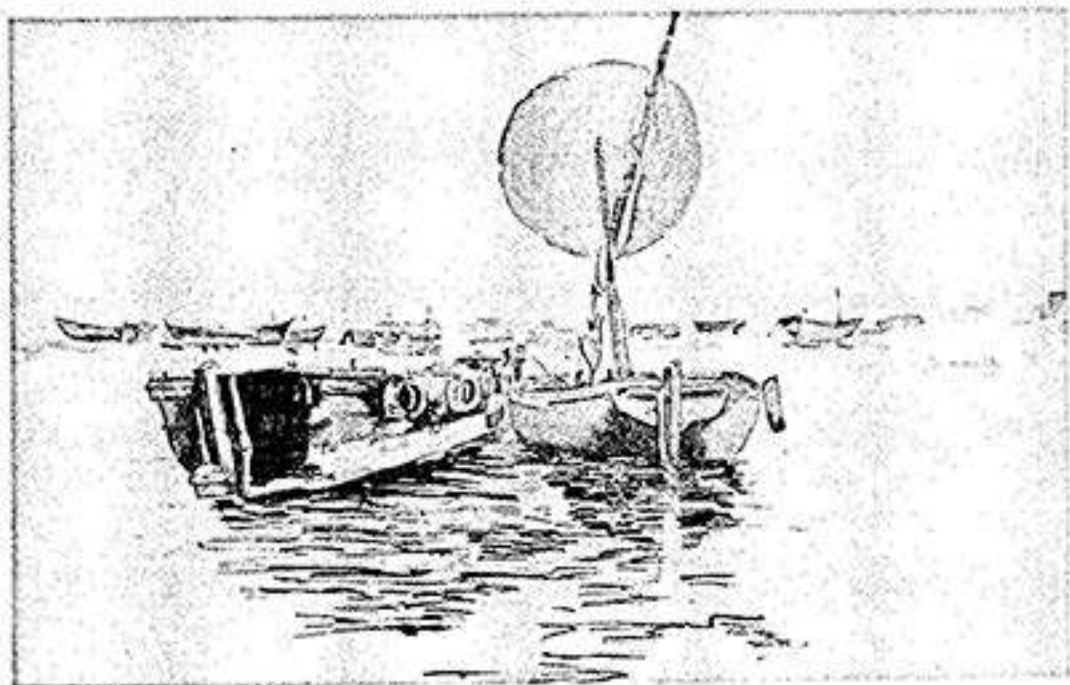


Portrait by Talat Naila (S.Y.A., 1984)

*Batik by Faisal Hasan
(S.Y.Sc., 1984)*



Water colours — Asma Shaikh (S.Y.A., 1985)



... and Safi-naz Ahmed (S.Y.A., 1985)



Still life — Zameen Gulgee (S.Y.A., 1985)



Composition by Zehra Akbar (S.Y.Sc., 1984)



Water colours in black and white — Asma Shaikh (S.Y.A., 1985)



Still life by Zameen Guljee (S.Y.A., 1985)



... and by Asma Shaikh (S. Y. A., 1985)



"Nanji" by Asma Shaikh (S. Y. A., 1985)



MY FAVOURITE ART FORM

Man has always danced; he expresses himself through movements and when he shows his emotions, it is often in terms of gestures rather than words. Dancing is rooted ultimately in everyday movement; what the theatre has done or rather what ballet has done is to extend and develop the basic human movements of running, leaping, walking, turning and refined them into a language of elegance, beauty and grace. Ballet is a theatrical art and consists of extremely stylized dancing usually with musical accompaniment, stage setting and costumes. The word "ballet" is derived from the Italian word "ballare" which means "to dance" and it is this form of art that interests me most.

"It is the movement of the people and things which consoles us. If the leaves on trees didn't move how sad the trees would be, and so should we". The French painter Degas who loved drawing ballerinas wrote this. In ballet we watch the human body at its most beautiful; the training and making of dancers is concerned with the development of a body to as perfect as it is possible to become. Correct physique, intelligence and above all talent are the raw materials which arduous daily training seeks to perfect. Ballet is a marvellous display of athletic skills coordinated with music. In 1872, Degas painted the "Dance Foyer At The Opera House" which is considered one of his best pieces. The artist captures the ethereal grace and flexibility of the ballerinas.

Ballet, like opera has its origins in the court festivals of the Italian Renaissance. In the days of Medicis, it was customary to honour distinguished guests with elaborate banquets lasting five to six hours. These feasts often included series of music and ballet. Leonardo da Vinci designed most of the settings for several of these festivals at the court of Milan.

When Catherine de Medici became Queen of France, she introduced ballet as a form of entertainment at the French court. Rumour said that she hoped, through these diversions to distract the attention of her son, Henry III from affairs of state.

Ballet is the only form of theatre art that knows no barriers of language and can express a multitude of ideas, moods and themes while stressing the sheer beauty of movement. It is an overall attempt to unify music, costume and dancing with brilliance, virtuosity and grace. It is the most expressive form of art and speaks to the soul through the eyes. Ballet has become widely esteemed as the most elitist form of dance. It has attained unprecedented popularity even where the notion of aristocracy has become an anathema.

The ease, brilliancy, equilibrium, stability and precision with which a ballerina performs, is intriguing and fascinating to all lovers of art and beauty. I admire the skill, agility and grace with which they move their body with rhythmic coordinations

to the rise and fall of musical notes.

"Swanlake" is the great classic—the Hamlet of ballet. The heroine of Swanlake comes from the back of beyond; in fact her first appearance is in the form of a Swan. A handsome Prince falls in love with her and wants to make an honest woman of her

However, the nasty keeper of the Swans, naturally enough the magician by trade, palms off his own daughter at the crucial moment. The Prince is deceived and disaster strikes, but all is not lost and the magician's defeat, in a hand-to-hand with the Prince results in the girl swan's remaining human as the curtain falls, with the happy couple ascending somewhere vaguely towards Nirvana. It really is the best ballet there is, and it is certainly the most performed.

"Giselle" is a great vehicle for star performers. The ballerina is cruelly exposed on the stage and has to suggest artless innocence in the first act, go mad and expire dramatically and then return as a rather restless spirit. If unmoved by a good performance of "Giselle" you might as well forget ballet.

The question of ballet repertoire is a vexing one. "Swanlake" and "Giselle" are the standard favourites. Other so called 'white' ballets (called 'white' because the girl dancers are more often than not clad in the purest of colours) are also popular, whatever the reasons. The Sleeping Beauty, Coppelia, The Nutcracker and Les Sylphides remain close rivals to Swanlake and Giselle, and they are all whiter than white!

French is the language of ballet even more than Italian is the language of the opera. The choreographer is to ballet what the composer is to opera. The basic duty of the choreographer is to create a work of art that can tell a story, or be an abstract pattern of dance steps.

The thing that some people grumble about in ballet is its very essence—the point about ballet movements not being natural. If they were, then it would not be ballet. Choreography extends, uses, embellishes natural movements. Folk dance and other sources are also used.

ROOZBEH DADABHOY
FYA (1983)

WHY IT IS IMPORTANT TO CARE.

The importance of caring becomes apparent from the moment of birth—the mother has to care for the newly-born child. Feeding him, taking pains to ensure that he is in a comfortable environment—these are necessary to enable the baby to live through his first weeks. Parental care is characteristic of the behaviour of all mammals. From the comparatively lowly-placed kangaroo, through the rats and

elephants, to the monkeys and apes, the parents care for the offspring. After infancy is over, begins the task of teaching the art of living: how to hunt, or to mark off territories, or to fly or dig or swim, etc., depending on the particular species involved. The parental care witnessed among mammals ensures the survival of the offspring.

Man, we are told, is intelligent and humane. Is it not justifiable, then, to extrapolate the arguments above and draw the conclusion that besides caring for his own children, he should care for others?

Yet there are Doubting Thomases who question all but their own existence (which, incidentally, is what they attempt to further). For their sake, I move my pen a few lines more.

Compassion is the essence of humanity. The ideal of human existence will be attained when each man lives for his fellow man. So said that mystic, Edgar Cayce. Indeed, what could be more heroic than sacrifice? The feeling of pity is aroused by the sight, even the thought of suffering.

Think for a moment about Ethiopia. The year was 1974. The season, summer. For four years, this land of misery has undergone drought alongwith other countries in the same climatic belt. However, the rains which quenched its neighbours in '74 did not arrive in Ethiopia. The cattle had been dying, slowly, for the past four years. Now, it was the turn of humans, who could face up to this distress no more.

Thousands of children and adults died each month. Aid was slow in coming and when it did come, it went to the bank accounts of government officials. Ethiopia would never be the same again.

At the same time, in prosperous America, statistics had the following account to show:-

Total production of Corn : 20 million tonnes a year.

Corn consumed by man : 2 million tonnes a year.

Where did the 18 million tonnes go? Well, to the cattle. Yes, the cattle was fed on it. The reason was simple enough — the corn fattened the cattle and as any easy-going American knows, a fattened animals tastes better than a lean, yet healthy one. There is no difference in protein content — only in calories. The irony — nay, the tragedy — lies in the fact that the extra calories, assimilated by the Americans were burnt away by jogging and other exercises, to prevent putting on "unwanted weight". Energy, the precious energy in living organisms, near the top of the food chain at that, goes to waste. And far away, in Ethiopia, children die in hundreds and thousands.

Think of the suffering encountered by animals. One of the most obvious cases of this is the extinction faced by endangered species (harmed in the first instance by human activities), which is combatted by organisations such as the "Worldlife Fund". Movements such as this one are initiated by people who are not only concerned enough about the species in question to ensure its survival, but also by those who are more concerned about the aesthetic value of animals living freely, unharmed, in their environment. Of course, the efforts of such people are countered by the activities of poachers. In short, it is a struggle between concern and care of the animals, and the desire to live on an income which happens to be illegal. The result, unfortunately, is often in favour of the evil motive.

Then again, is the misery suffered by beasts of burden, found most often in the developing countries. A frequent sight in Karachi is that of donkeys pulling heavily-laden carts. If they stop, they are whipped mercilessly and goaded on. If they pull at the way, the proverbial carrot is not offered either. The donkey lives and dies a miserable creature. About the only organisation coming to its aid is the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and that too on seldom occasions. Other are not concerned—their humanity is not aroused.

Finally, a practical reason for being humane and caring for others: tomorrow you may be in the same shoes as the person whom today you are not inclined to pity or one not concerned enough about to alleviate his suffering. But pause to think of the Depression in the 1930's. A worse economic catastrophe could hardly occur -- and needless to say, the economics of a country dictates the quality of life of its citizens. The Depression showed that even the mightiest can fall—just another application of the age-old aphorism "As you sow, so shall you reap". A fear of this happening, which one would call "Divine Retribution" if he were religious, should move anyone to feel concerned about others whose lot is less fortunate than his own, and to translate this into caring for them. I hope I have made clear throughout this article that "concern" refers to a mental state, and "caring" to the actual process of meting out concrete help.

In conclusion, I would say that the most important reason to care for others, human or animal, is to cater to one's instinctive, innate feeling of compassion towards less fortunate, and especially, suffering, people. Possible retribution as motivation is a secondary reason, less commendable.

NEVILLE DOSSABHOY SYSc
(1984)

ASTRONOMY — THE SCIENCE OF TODAY

From the beginning of time man has marvelled at the heavens and has endeavoured to glimpse behind the barriers of time and space into the strange and unfathomable realms of the universe. According to Greek mythology, four primary divine beings first came into existence - Chaos (space), Gaia (earth), Tartarus (the Abyss) and Eros (love) - and gradually created the universe. The earth was visualized as a flat disc guided by a stream of ocean, around which the Sun (Helios) sailed in a golden bowl at night. These myths represent an attempt to render the universe comprehensible in human terms. Over the ages, Man's concept of the universe has changed radically, but his interest in the world around him remains unchanged.

Astronomy, the study of interplanetary and interstellar matter and of all observable components of the universe, is one of the oldest sciences in the history of human development. Pre-historic cavemen left recognizable wall paintings of star patterns showing that they had made careful observations of the heavens. With further progress the need for time-keeping led to the design of calendars based on celestial observations. The knowledge of Greek philosophers and Muslim scientists spread to Europe and astronomical research on the positions and motions of visible heavenly bodies continued. Then in the seventeenth century the laws of planetary motion were formulated and the telescope was invented. In the eighteenth century more ideas, based on the observations of the Milky Way, were put forward. The nineteenth century brought the introduction of two basic techniques: spectroscopy and photography, which led to new and quantitative methods for measuring the quantity and quality of light and enabled physical studies to be made of the brightness, temperature, and chemical nature of stars and nebulae. Today the term 'astronomy' has been revised to include all the branches of scientific study of extra-terrestrial materials, namely : astrophysics (application of physical and chemical knowledge to astronomy), astrogeology (the geological study of the universe) and astrometry (dealing with measurements of heavenly bodies).

Advances in technology have led to new methods of approach to astronomy such as investigations of infra-red, ultraviolet and X-Ray wavelength regions, radar studies and close-up photographs. Now many physical properties and the fundamental dimensions (mass, time and distance) can be measured with reasonable accuracy.

Giant ellipticals and giant spirals have masses upto almost one million, million solar masses (one solar mass being equal to the calculated mass of the sun). Some dwarf galaxies are estimated to have masses less than one million solar masses. The Milky Way has a mass of 10^{11} solar masses. The age of some meteorites, the Moon and the Earth is 4.7×10^{11} years. The solar system, from the time it first began to form from interstellar matter, is no more than 5×10^{11} years. The oldest known stars are aged 10 billion years. Such fundamental measurements are further applied to

estimate the pressure, density, temperature and brightness of the innumerable components of the galaxy filled universe.

Extensive observational exploration of the universe plays a vital role in human life. It would be difficult to live without the timekeeping devices and calendars designed in accordance with celestial observations. Clocks and watches are set from master clocks in astronomical laboratories which in turn are set from the most precise measurements of transits of heavenly bodies. Celestial navigation – based on observations of heavenly bodies helps sailors and aircraft navigators to confirm their positions. Meteorological and environmental studies have received invaluable support from the knowledge of some of the physical properties of the universe. Such large scale studies of the universe have not only helped life on earth but have also made space travel possible.

The French Mathematician and philosopher, Descartes, said:

*“There is nothing so far removed from us
as to be beyond our reach, or so hidden
that we cannot discover it”.*

This has not only proved to be true in the past, as seen by Man’s great success in gauging and comprehending the universe, but also promises more spectacular achievements in this field in the future.

IRAM QURESHI F.Y. Sc.(1984)

GHALIB AND THE URDU GHAZAL

The ‘ghazal’ is the most famous form of Urdu poetry. Basically its popularity depends on the fact that a single ghazal can contain many different ideas and themes in its individual verses or ‘sher’. A ghazal can contain any number of verses, but usually an odd number of verses are written. The first verse of a ghazal is called the ‘matla’ and both its lines must rhyme. The last verse is known as the ‘maqta’ and usually bears the poet’s name. What makes many individual verses of many ghazals so famous is the pithy way in which the poet’s idea is conveyed in two lines. Wali Dakni is considered to be the first Urdu ghazal poet.

Mirza Asadullah Khan Ghalib was the most important poet of Urdu Poetry. He explored new realms of thought and included religion, philosophy, culture and didacticism in the ghazals which previously dealt only with love and its consequences. The literal translation of the word “ghazal” is “the style of talking to women”. Due to Ghalib’s endeavours, the revival of this dying art took place in the 18th century.

Ghalib was born in Agra on 24th December, 1794. His poetry is characterized

by versatility of thought and depth of vision. Ghalib's life was marked by poverty and generally despondency. His artistic awareness was sharpened by his circumstances and his poetry reflects a deep understanding of human nature. His incompatibility with his wife, Umrao Begum, led him to take a mistress. However, his comments on love are unparalleled:

**"JEE DHOONDTA HE PHIR WOHI FURSAT KE RAAT DIN
BETHE RAHEN TASAWWARE JANAN KIYE HUAY"**

*i.e. "Carefree times now drifted away
I long to have them back anew
And let my idle fancy play
Around each cherished thought of you"*

Translation: Sufia Sadullah

Besides being the foremost poet in Urdu Literature, Ghalib was also a delightful human being. His famous letters show him to possess a warm sense of humour. At one point his jocularly claimed that God had exempted him from prayer and fasting. He was extremely irreligious and his despondency led him to take refuge in wine.

The Mirza had a generous heart and was appreciative of other poets. On hearing a certain verse of Momin Khan Momin he said the Momin could take all his 'Kalam' (verses) in return for just that one verse, which is:

**"TUM MERE PAS HOTE HO GOYA
JAB KOYEE DOOSRA NAHI HOTA."**

*i.e. " Thus you are with me
Whereas there is no one."*

The renaissance of Urdu Poetry began in the eighteenth century and had Ghalib at its front. The fresh originality of his verse rendered him incomparable.

**"HAIN AUR BHI DUNYA ME SUKHANVAR ACCHE
KEHTAY HEN KE GHALIB KA HE ANDAZE BAYAN AUR"**

*i.e. "Poets and ages there are full many
But so they say there are not any
Whose power, magic and magnificance
Excels yours in purest essence"*

Ghalib died on February 15, 1869.

NAJEEB AGRAWALLA F.Y.A. (1984).

NUCLEAR TECHNOLOGY STILL A CONTROVERSIAL ISSUE.

A century ago, the concept of engineering and technology was very different and very limited from the one we know today. Several centuries of a liberal arts and sciences education caused the general populace to envisage engineering as something concerned solely with machinery and heat control and, later electricity. Yet the progress made in engineering during the last hundred years or so has been phenomenal. A certain awareness began to develop in the layman who had for so long been totally alienated from the fundamentals of the principles of engineering. Nuclear engineering came to be born out of Society's pressing need for a cheap form of energy.

Nuclear power is based on the fact that certain heavy elements (such as uranium) in the earth's crust, have varieties that can be made to split by fission. When the nucleus of such an atom splits, the resulting fragments together weigh slightly less than the original – the loss in mass converts into energy. The fissioning atom also gives off heavy, sub-atomic particles called neutrons, which, under appropriate conditions, strike other fissionable atoms, causing them to split. Thus, a chain reaction is stimulated.

For use in nuclear reactors, a highly purified and very radioactive form of uranium – Uranium 235 – is used. Hence it is contained in a steel heavy pressure vessel, which is surrounded by a steel-and-concrete containment structure.

But one of the debatable issues is that suppose radioactivity does leak. Why is it a matter of concern? Scientists compound that small leaks are inevitable, but due to intense precautions taken to safeguard personnel in nuclear plants, they would not cause harm. Laymen and radicals insist that nuclear technology is harmful because of over-exposure to radioactivity of plant employees, which will eventually result in death.

The concern lies in the fact that radiation from radioactive materials is dangerous because – though invisible and unfelt – it can cause serious changes in the cells of the human body. Its intense energy can destroy or distort molecules in cells.

The long-range effects may be cancer if the damaged cells go out of control and duplicate themselves wildly. Or there may be birth defects and genetic mutations in future generations if reproductive cells repair themselves incorrectly and produce abnormal arrangements of the DNA strands that govern heredity.

Clearly, ionizing radiation is something to avoid if possible. Yet what the demonstrators against nuclear power do not realize is the fact that we are bathed in low-level natural radiation all the time.

Cosmic rays from outer space, for example, subject us to about 40 millirems a year at sea-level, and even more at higher altitudes (A millirem is a thousandth of a rem, the standard unit of radiation exposure).

Also uranium, radium, and thorium in stone, concrete, and soil, as well as radioactive carbon and potassium in your body, food and water, combine to provide a radiation background that you cannot escape. From these natural sources the average person receives a wholebody dose of about 100 millirems a year.

Besides absorbing natural radiation, many people are exposed to man-made radiation emitters. Medical diagnostic X-Rays, for example, give the average person about 70 millirems per year. Even TV sets and radium-dial wristwatches contribute with about one millirem per year.

Hence the average person gets close to 200 millirems of radiation annually.

A nuclear reactor, on the other hand, adds no more than a few millirems a year for the exposed public. Actually, coal plants emit about the same amount of radioactivity because of radium and uranium in the coal.

How much radiation is actually harmful? A single dose of 600,000 millirems is lethal to most people; 100,000 millirems can cause radiation sickness, and 10,000 millirems can damage the lymph nodes and spleen, and decrease the amount of marrow and blood cells. Even if the dosage is lethal, it is totally painless.

Hence it can be seen that the radiation which the public is exposed to is a far cry from the lethal dose.

Statistics show that if a hundred reactors are operating, a person living within 25 miles of one of them would have one chance in five billion each year of dying due to radiation sickness, whereas there is a greater chance of dying in more ordinary accidents: e.g. automobile -- 1 in 4000; fire -- 1 in 25,000; air travel -- 1 in 100,000; lightning -- 1 in 2 million. Nuclear technology is also the cheapest form of obtaining a large amount of power.

In influencing public opinion, the press is largely to blame. Small incidents at nuclear plants are blown up way out of proportion, with the result that people take to the streets to demonstrate against nuclear power -- the reactionary, or radical, is born, and he then assists in instigating the average, concerned human being.

It's a murky picture, filled with emotion and uncertainties. Yet one disturbing fact shines through clearly -- science and technology are present only to cater to the needs and whims of society. The general populace, though oblivious of the facts in fact, totally ignorant of them -- and devoid of rational thinking, is being given precedence over a handful of skilled, highly qualified, devotees of science who are

just as human as you or I ; a point which seems to be over looked by Society. The debate continues

CYRUS BOGA F.Y. Sc.
(1984)

Editors Note: Could Cyrus have had a premonition about the Chernobyl meltdown two years before its actual occurrence ?

THE GIFT OF HAPPINESS

Once when I was young I drew up a list in which I catalogued those items which gave me happiness. Health, riches, talent and success comprised my list. Yet when I showed it to my grand father, he found it lacking in one essential ingredient: inner contentment, which he said was the essence of happiness. Wealth, fame and success were all common place but peace of mind was rare.

Many years have elapsed since that incident took place and it is at this moment that I realize the full significance of his words. I walk in the forest full of inner peace and contentment drinking in the organic beauties of this universe. The dew-soaked flowers are in full bloom, each an individual with a unique colour and smell. A bee alights on a flower and with its proboscis sucks life from the nectar, while a moth flows by dizzily as if drunk with nectar. Nature is in total unison with the universe. There is no discordant element to disturb the essential harmony and tranquility of nature. I felt within myself an inner awareness and tranquility which has transformed a simple scene into one of splendour and magnificence. I remember my grandfather with affection and recall vividly his words and the supreme truth in them.

I look up at the azure sky, only to perceive a similar harmony and stillness. The magnificent eagle soars in the sky, aspiring towards heaven, and drowns the world in his cry of victory. As I look around the forest I find every nook buzzing with life--buds are opening and little birds in their nests are taking their first glimpse of this world of light and splendour in contrast with the pre-natal world of darkness from which they have evolved. The innocence and love which envelopes them is a reflection of the tranquility of nature.

In the tiny stream, the fishes swim in complete harmony with their surroundings. The water is their heaven and if removed from their surroundings they tremble and die.

Every minute object in nature has its own existence and reflects God's creativity. The tall majestic trees aspiring towards the sky and the tiny herbs clinging to

their shadows have an innate beauty, a purpose of their own. The awe-inspiring snow-capped mountains in the distance seem sheathed with an unseen presence, visible only in transient moments when the human soul liberates itself from the daily impediments of life

The sun sinks covering the sky with a splendid orange hue. The sounds of nature cease since every creature retires to the sanctity of its home. Tranquility and contentment weigh down on me for I have grasped the true goal of life – peace of mind. My grandfather's image flutters back before my eyes and his words are invested with a greater glory. It is with great thankfulness that I tell myself, "Nature has bestowed on me a gift more valuable than this entire world put together – the gift of happiness."

NAHEED MITHA F.Y.Sc. (1984)

FEMINISM IN LITERATURE: "THE SECOND SEX."

"Woman? Very simple, say fanciers of simple formulas; she is a womb, an ovary," begins the author of "The Second Sex" an absorbing, comprehensive survey of woman in each of her many dimensions. Simone de Beauvoir, a Frenchwoman of erudition and recognition, examines the historical and contemporary status of woman in Western society, her individual development and sexual relations. She has a fresh, frank, penetrating approach and employs a style which is both simple and elevated. The author supports her arguments by quoting extensively from literary and scientific sources. There is, for instance, frequent reference to the ideas and views of some of my favourite writers, including D.H. Lawrence and Sidonie-Gabrielle Collette. The author's perspective is that of "existentialist ethics," many of which are outlined in the course of the book and which themselves draw attention and command respect. The result is a gripping and original work of art.

Though she paints a picture of Western woman, Mlle de Beauvoir's argument is fundamentally valid to the society we live in. From time immemorial, woman has occupied a secondary place in the cultures of both East and West. In spite of the fact that women constitute at least half of humanity, their problems are somewhat similar to those faced by racial minorities. The anti-feminists have tried to prove the inferiority of women by drawing on religion, philosophy, theology, biology and experimental psychology. Aristotle said that, "The female is a female by virtue of a certain lack of qualities. We should regard the female nature as afflicted with natural defectiveness." Since she was created after Adam, she is obviously a secondary being; in St. Thomas' words she is "an incidental being." In contrast stand the theories of the feminists. Woman may have been created after man, but Adam was a rough draft and God produced perfection only in the creation of Eve. Mlle de Beauvoir is careful to point out: "If we are to gain understanding, we must get out of these ruts; we must discard the vague notions of superiority, inferiority, equality

which have hitherto corrupted every discussion of the subject and start afresh."

What she does maintain is, that the secondary standing of women is not imposed by biological factors, but by powerful environmental forces of tradition and education. In the economic sphere, for instance, it is held that a woman's place is the home ("kinder and kitchen"). This has resulted in the general failure of women to assume the status of free and independent beings, to coexist with men on a plane of professional and intellectual equality. This state of affairs has limited their progress and has a destructive effect on their social and sexual relations.

Mile de Beauvoir probes into the problems of women who are striving to build a new future. She very aptly concludes, that, only by doing away with the subservience of women will "... the division of humanity reveal its genuine significance and the human couple find its true form."

HINA NAZAR F.Y.A. (1984)

ALL MEN ARE EQUAL

Is a child born in a road-side ditch equal to one born amongst the finest linen in Europe? Is a physically handicapped boy equal to one with a strong, athletic build? Is a man with acute mental powers equal to one who has lost his reason? In reply, the constitution of the most developed country in the world, the United States of America, declares that: "All men are created equal." I would like to elaborate on the truth of this declaration.

I agree that statements like this express an important and fundamental idea, but also an elusive one. It expresses the hope that no one remains inferior or superior. That all men have equal opportunity to develop themselves to the utmost. That all work together for their common benefit and survival on this planet. Unfortunately, such ideas, though noble can only function well in Utopia. In this world of reality we have to follow more practical rules in accordance with man's imperfect nature.

To consider all of us equal is reducing us to the status of mechanical robots. But man, in the words of Montaigne, is a "wonderful, vain, diverse and wandering subject." It is only because of this that his different aspects can be identified as weaknesses and qualities. Beauty comes out in the presence of a beast. Intelligence shines in front of mental vacuum. Sensitivity overpowers when a stoic is present. It is this diversity of man, this contrast in his individual character that makes him so interesting, unpredictable and yet the strongest in the Animal Kingdom.

Men are not equal even under the law. There are the obvious classes created by the law itself - those of the criminals, smugglers, murderers and of course, the

victims. Then there are the more subtle distinctions which lead to the unavoidable fact that laws grind the poor while the rich men rule the law. And it is indeed for this reason that the concept of democracy can be criticized. The support of the masses is not a result of individual thought but rather of clever exploitation. It is because of this that Bernard Shaw referred to democracy as "the last refuge of cheap misgovernment.

Emotionally and physically there is much variety in the human race. But it does not end there. For, to govern we need politicians, to progress we need leaders, to edify we need prophets, to learn we need teachers, to fight we need generals, to enjoy we need lovers. The inequality of individual homo-sapiens is therefore NOT by chance but out of necessity, for everyone cannot do everything. And thus all men are equal "is a proposition to which", according to Aldous Huxley, "no sane individual has ever given his assent"!

"One man is worth a hundred and hundred are not worth one." This is a saying that asserts the predominance of mental and material wealth. It differentiates between a genius and a dunce, between an Einstein and an idiot; it separates the residents of Buckingham Palace from those residing in the slums of Karachi. It assesses the importance of a business tycoon and also that of a destitute beggar. These are distinctions, one created by God, one by man, but both stressing the inequality of the human species.

The belief in one-sided uniformity can arise out of an indigenous weakness - a weakness that can perceive the difference between self and inferior but fails to appreciate the merits of a superior. The inherent desire of man to distinguish himself is proof against the question of equality. It is in the search for this difference that he hopes to fulfil the saying that "the strongest man in the world is he who stands alone."

The inequality of man is not a curse. It helps to identify each person separately and the human race as a whole from other inhabitants of this earth. I would like to end with a human plea for individuality, very well expressed in the words of Robert Browning:

*"Now who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive."*

By: Adnan Ali Hyder
S.Y.Sc. (1984)

THE SYSTEM OF MARRIAGE IN PAKISTAN.

I would like to spend an evening with the girl I am marry. Unlike most of my countrymen, I consider myself a complex and sensitive person and, therefore, no one but myself shall select my bride.

Marriage, in Pakistan, takes the form of an elaborate joke. Parents decide, one fine day, that it is about time their beloved son got married. Then they call a meeting and consult surreptitiously with their relatives, friends and other fellow accomplices. Prospective matches are listed, extensive research is done, and impressive data is accumulated. After numerous meetings, in which matters financial, political and strategic are discussed, the list is narrowed down to a handful of candidates. During this time, certain minor details are often unavoidably overlooked, such as informing the unsuspecting bachelor of the approaching doom.

The young man finds out too late. The girl has been chosen, the day and dowry fixed. Only if he is lucky he may be allowed a glimpse of his beloved from a distance, but no more. That would spoil the surprise. Thus it comes about that the groom knows no more about the bride than her name, which he can see while signing the marriage certificate, until he suddenly finds himself alone with her on the wedding night. What the couple do then, I cannot say, though I imagine they introduce themselves first. It is always wise to confirm the name on the certificate.

I have long ceased to find all this amusing. When I consider the mathematical probability that the girl I get will be among those I might consider marriageable, I find the result depressing. What if I have a personality clash? My existence might be ruined. These are sombre questions. I have decided to do something about them.

This is why I would like to spend one evening, at least, with my wife-to-be. Of course, the time is a bit short to fall in love, but it is better than nothing. One evening is often sufficient time to know a person fairly well if one is perceptive enough. Anyhow it is certainly a better way, I think, than the only alternative which I have described.

AAMER HAI
SYSs. 1985

PAIN

The slightest complaint of a head or stomach ache evokes sympathy from the listener and numerous prescriptions for a quick cure. If the pain increases, tears fall, painkillers are used, bandages are wrapped and sometimes the patient is rushed to a hospital for more specialized and specific treatment. If the patient is fortunate the

pain gradually disappears or else the cause of pain is identified and eliminated to remove the pain.

This cycle of pain followed by relief is only too familiar. Pain, in its many forms and levels, plays an important role in our lives. Perhaps the simplest and in many cases the most easily overcome form of pain is the physical pain which plagues every part of the human body. Rest, medicine, Surgery and other medicinal procedures can overcome the cause of this physical pain or when this is not possible, alleviate it.

However, some forms of pain - the emotional and psychological forms - are not cured so easily. Heart break, the pain of rejection, of being ignored, humiliated, condemned or deserted by a friend, do not heal easily. Time, one's inner strength, tenacity to life and natural resilience all help in the gradual process of recovery and this is supported by the understanding and consolation of friends and colleagues. Mental anguish can, however, often exceed the severity of physical pain and can torture the sufferer for a prolonged period of time.

Different things form a source of pain for different people. Children are often hurt by the neglect of parents, unfulfilled promises and the strictness of well-meaning parents. Serious students and athletes are pained by failure in their special fields. Adolescents have their own problems which range from the apparently trivial (such as acne) to the more serious, such as heartbreak and rejection in love.

Parents are hurt by the disobedience of children, misunderstanding amongst themselves and countless other problems. Older people suffer physical pain resulting from increasing age, accompanied by the pain stemming from loneliness and the approach of death.

The aversion to any kind of pain is an innate part of human nature and is in fact a characteristic of all living, feeling things. However, the suffering caused by pain is unnaturally enjoyed by sadists and masochists. The former derive pleasure and satisfaction by torturing others, while the latter deliberately torment themselves for the same purpose.

Life alone does not possess the elements of pain. Death, a painful process in itself is followed by an eternal life, as believed in many religions. Christianity, Islam, Hinduism and many other religions contain the concept of a system of reward and punishment after death. Hell is associated with scorching fires, brimstone and punishment for sins. Believers are induced to avoid sinning because of their instinctive fear of pain.

Pain, in any and every form, is severe and torturous for the sufferer. Many incurable diseases, such as cancer, have become highly feared menaces because of the excessive and intense pain they are known to give thousands of patients. Pain and

fear have become almost synonymous due to the intensity of pain. Unfortunately there is no complete cure for mental anguish and physical pain, nor is there any escape from pain after death. Life and death, both cannot be extricated from the continuous cycle of pain and relief.

IRAM QURESHI F.Y. Sc. (1984)

“CAR PE DIEM.”

While loitering down a narrow backlane, I approached a stone and passed it.

Snap. I became very confused, excited, scared.

I swallowed, gathered myself and tried to walk on . . . but another stone went by!

My mind was suddenly a giddy convolution of random, pulsating concepts and thoughts: Time; optimism, peak, disappointment, decay, life; death, decay, ceasing to matter. Images of my own smooth, elastic skin and the smirk on my dead uncle's face.

Snap. No. . . not I ! I can't be . . . like that fruitseller over there! I won't just cease to matter! Then why does that crumpled pack of Marlboros keep coming nearer. Because I so desire! I can stop time whenever I want to.

I step on the cigarette pack and wait, bated breath. The present enslaved (forever) under my foot. The cat perched on the parked car is motionless and reassuring. See! See!

The fruitseller shouts his wares and pushes his cart out of sight: the past. The Packet was full of cigarettes once.

That night I laughed at the sickening melodrama of those few seconds. But months later I felt the awareness of a change that was sublime and went deep. For I had slowed myself just enough to take my eyes off the summit and admire the beauty of the mountain: the present. With the acceptance of decay, death, decay, ceasing to matter; had come the savouring of hope, peak and elastic skin.

I will now live a thousand years longer.

AHMED ARIF S.Y.A. 1984

WOMEN OF PAKISTAN - FREE OR IN BONDAGE?

A few months back an incident took place in Nawabpur which seemed more like a ghastly plot of a horror movie than a real life occurrence. The women in this incident were unspeakably humiliated in the eyes of the world and the scars of their suffering have scarred them for life.

Such incidents are by no means uncommon in our country where the murder and assault of women forms a significant percentage of criminal reportings. Incidents such as Nawabpur however, are as yet rarely heard of due to the total lack of communication between our fairly developed and our remote rural areas. However they do pose the question whether a woman's role in our society is that of a mother, daughter and wife or that of a slave – merely a tool in the hands of a man. In our country the latter seems to be a more appropriate definition of a woman.

In ancient civilizations the status of a woman varied in different countries. In Babylonia they were independent, whereas in Rome they were dependent on the fathers and husband. In India the woman was placed much below the man and was strictly subservient to his demands. As the world progressed the status of the women improved. The acquired education and demanded their property rights, franchise and accession to the various forms of work practiced by the men. The concept of equality spread over the world and today one sees women in a much better position than they were in a hundred years ago.

In Pakistan however there seems to be the same situation which prevailed 2 centuries ago when law and custom discriminated against women. The majority of our women are denied basic education on the entirely wrong interpretation that religion enjoins Pardah. Islam considers enlightenment a form of prayer and in no way inhibits a woman from acquiring education. Thus a woman remains economically dependent on her father and her husband. She is oppressed by the male members of her family who deny all her wishes and inspite of all harrassments she remains subservient to her husband. Whereas the man goes into the world the woman remains confined within the four walls of her home. She drudges, in the fields, looks after her home, her children and her husbands needs getting no return for her slavery.

The birth of a girl strikes no joy in the hearts of the parents. For her marriage they are faced with the inevitable curse of the dowry system, from which they have to produce much beyond their capacity. Islam gives the woman the right to inherit her father's property but society refuses to acknowledge this and compels her to sign off her inheritance to her father or brother. If her family is broadminded she gets her inheritance only to have her husband take charge of it and deprive her of her inherent right to look after her own money.

In our rural areas also in and the majority of the urban areas the Patriarchal society exists where the man is the dominant member of the family. Even in our eating habits the male members are fed first and the remnants are given to the female members. Women are made to sleep in the quarters where the cattle are tied and are not allowed in the front rooms, reserved for the men. If the husband is unfaithful or abusive the woman endures, bears her sorrow with patience and courage, since she considers it her duty to surrender to her destiny.

Islam gives the highest status to a woman. She is the symbol of peace and tranquility around whom the home revolves. Yet our society degrades and humiliates her by delegating to her the worst possible position imaginable. A menial employee gets better recompense and reward for his service than a woman in our country. This situation will continue unless and until we wake up and educate our women so that they become economically independent individuals with the ability to guide their own destinies.

NAHEED MITHA F.Y.Sc. (1984)

A DISSERTATION ON CENSO (OOPS!)

Censorship is essentially good for illiterate, ignorant and backward countries like Pakistan which are still living in the Dark Ages. After all if the population comprises of congenitally stupid humans, it deserves to be exploited. The logic behind this argument goes thus.

Consider the population as one gigantic human being. If the population's collective brain power is thought of as the hypothetical giant's brain, then logically, if the population is stupid and ignorant, the giant must be so too. Now if you are a reasonably intelligent human being, entrusted with the job of running a huge organisation like a country, you sure as hell wouldn't listen to a mentally retarded giant's opinion of how you should do your job. And more importantly, if the giant was stronger than you and inclined towards smashing intelligent brains to pulp (especially if they didn't take what he had seriously), you would make doubly triply sure that he didn't get the wrong ideas into his thick head. And this is what censorship means. If you cut off all outside contact with the world, in other means if you blind, deafen, numb and cut off our mythical giant's nose and tongue, he wouldn't know a damn thing about what was going on around him, and therefore would have no opinions about nothin'. And if he had no opinions he wouldn't stick his nose in your business. He's happy, you're happy, every one's happy. Analogously, if you have an idiot population, you tell them nothing so that they have nothing to work their stupid untrained brains on and form their stupid half-baked ideas from. So they are blissfully ignorant, and you get on with the more important job of running the country. The fundamental justice in this is that since 99% of the said population doesn't know the first thing about running a country, it follows that they don't

know what's good for them (since the purpose of the country is to advance its people and make things better for them). If they don't know what's good for them, they have no right to tell you (who know what's good for them) how to run the country.

Returning to the analogy of the stupid giant, you teach him, give him a good education and a demanding job, and just maybe, in time, he will grow brighter. When he grows nearly as bright as you, and is able to fend for himself, you remove his (metaphorically speaking) blinders and listen damn carefully to what he has to say, for now he has that deadly combination, strength with brains behind it, which you don't have. Since he is vastly the better giant, he runs the country now, while you step aside since you have done what you first set out to do, which was to create a democracy with brains enough to know what its doing, from a dung hill.

It is exactly this supercombination of democracy plus brains that makes censorship a sin in the advanced countries of the world like America and Europe. Since it is the now-intelligent giant or voting population who rules and not you alone, they have the right to all the facts, for without the full truth the giant's opinion is as valueless as it was when he was stupid. It can now be said that freedom of speech or rather the absence of censorship is something which only an advanced nation is entitled to and comes only with the acquisition of knowledge and more importantly the ability to use it.

NOOR-UL-ISLAM XI - K 1984

MATHEMATICS OF LOVE

*If I could count the silver stars,
And strike a total true,
I know that in that figure they
Would all add up to you.
And then if I subtracted some,
The figure might be less,
But nothing could reduce the sum,
Of all your loveliness.
I could divide them by the moon,
And yet I know the count,
So far as it reflected you,
Would be the same amount.
Or I could multiply each one
A thousand times by three
And it would just begin to show,
How much you mean to me
By algebra, geometry*

*Or anything I try
The answer is that you surpass
The beauty of the sky.*

By: OMAR RASHID QURAIH (IX-G)

HOW A SINGLE SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY HAS HAD REPERCUSSIONS ON THE WHOLE WORLD.

We live in the modern world and all that concern us relates to it. The ancients do not evoke in us the same intense, overwhelming sense of purpose -- the purpose -- that we should move on, ever forward, -- never looking back. For it is supposed that the house violating this sacred rule, the first and last Commandment of Materialism, cannot progress. And it is in the same spirit that discoveries of the Modern Era (which began as it did with the Industrial Revolution) are made; not spontaneous, but well planned and well-executed. It is as such that atomic energy was "discovered" and the genius who led not only scientists, but all humans to it, is none other than Albert Einstein.

Perhaps it was not his plan to do so; in fact, he later said: "Had I known, would have been a locksmith. "Setting about to bring logic to the speed of light, Einstein employed a method little in vogue in his time. Instead of using cumbersome mathematical equations as his tools and guideline, he thought, instead, in the plain, insipid language of physics. A novel method brings novel results. To cut short a long story of success, Einstein discovered the constancy of the speed of light and a simple, little equation -- all as part of his Special Theory of Relativity in 1905.

It has been called the sole equation which every literate man knows. None other than $E=mc^2$. Mass can be converted to energy, and a tremendous lot of energy at that, as C^2 is an unimaginable large number -- the figure 9 followed by sixteen zeros! large numbers lose their significance to us, who think only in small, petty terms.

Once the equation was published, scientists, after recovering from their initial disbelief at the truly revolutionary implications of the theory, eagerly set about trying to verify this mass-energy relationship. It was not an easy matter, but some hope came from the fact that the equation was the logical consequence of other relationships. Hence, if one of the latter was proved correct, so was $E=mc^2$.

The most convenient relationship to tackle seemed to be Einstein's corollary that light, as considered to be composed of "massless particles", should obey the same universal laws of gravitation as we ourselves do. This required employing a very strong gravitational field. The sun was selected for the purpose, and the experiment was conducted during a solar eclipse in Africa in 1919. Einstein's predictions were proved true; light did bend at the tiny angle of one minute.

This of course "verified" the mass-energy relationship. But not directly. Scientists can be very devoted people. A decade went by without much happening. In the early thirties, Chadwick Croft and Walton found that in some nuclear reactions, the total mass initially was greater than the final total mass, and a large amount of energy was released. Hence a loss of mass had created energy after all.

By this time, Hitler had risen to power in Germany, which was burgeoning in all aspects -- science, trade, industry and warmongery. The prospect of using energy from atoms to annihilate cities in the same way as incendiary bombs, was a very attractive one. The problem was to find atoms of sufficient mass, and convenient enough to be handled. Chadwick etc. had worked with gases like nitrogen and oxygen. However, in the mid - 30's, it was found that an isotope of uranium, ^{235}U , broke apart on bombardment with neutrons (a fundamental building block of all matter), releasing smaller atoms as well as a massive dose of radiation and energy. The substance suitable to build a bomb had been found.

To construct a bomb was another matter, as difficult as any before. A race now developed between scientists in Germany and those in America, including exiled Germans and Italians. A majority of the latter formed a group called the Manhattan Project to develop the proposed weapon as fast as possible; it was led by Enrico Ferri.

After about four years of toil, hardship and tragedy, three atom bombs were prepared. One was tested in New Mexico, with what may be termed "enormous success". As everyone is now aware the rest were used in Hiroshima and Nagasaki in Japan.

It is important to realize the magnitude of these bombings. Atomic energy is in fact a "natural" form of energy, the same that causes the multitude of stars to twinkle and shine. Bombs used heretofore employed energy which in the cosmic scale occupies an insignificant status -- the mechanical energy of explosion of dynamite for instance. Hiroshima and Nagasaki were devastated by natural energy -- the first such case to pass. The war was won and lost -- and a new one begun, the so called "Cold War".

Of course, scientists and politicians realized that atomic energy could also be put to peace-time uses. Amongst these are the generation of electrical power, development of new isotopes used in research, radiation for treatment of various disorders, and use in industrial procedures like checking the uniformity of metal plate for instance. The first-mentioned, generation of electrical power showed, and still shows, a lot of promise.

Cheaper over the long run than coal and oil-fired stations, they are certainly economical. The first such generator was built in Russia around 1952, and the first

atomic power station to supply electricity to the industries was opened at Calder Hall, England. A host of others followed in the U.S.A., Italy, France, West - Germany and other Communist and non-communist countries.

The acquisition of cheap nuclear energy is stated to be a must for developing countries – and so it is, because of its inherent economy of performance. However, the danger here lies in manipulating such reactors to produce “weapons-grade” material-plutonium as is generally the case, or uranium. There is therefore, a potential to build nuclear weapons as a very useful by-product of peacetime applications. To ensure “non-proliferation” of nuclear weapons stringent controls have been imposed on developing countries, but some have managed to find loopholes , and by-pass the whole procedure, examples are South Africa, Argentina, Brazil, and a dozen others -- perhaps including ourselves. It is to be hoped that possession of such weapons does not necessitate their use.

Besides developing peacetime uses, the developed countries have made further strides in developing more and more nuclear missiles and armaments. Fast moving submarines and aircraft carriers, powered by nuclear energy, are employed in rapid deployment forms. The number of missiles carrying nuclear warheads has been estimated to exceed 15,000 in the world. The matter is complicated by the fact that some missiles carry as many as ten nuclear warheads or payloads.

Newer atomic weapons have also been developed, including the neutron bomb. Human savagery has exceeded all limits. These “clean” bombs destroy all life, but leave property unscathed, so that the victor, whoever he may be, can put it to good use and use it to his advantage.

There is no doubt that the well-planned discovery of mass being converted into an enormous amount of energy has affected the whole world. Here lies the promise, there the gloom to be destruction all living species. The Atlanteans were fabled to have had access to a stupendous lot of knowledge, but they misused it, and were obliterated from the earth. We are in a similar position, standing at the cross-roads of human happiness, contentment and endeavour and of irreversible annihilation. Let the best judgement prevail.

NEVILLE R. DOSSABHOY - SYSC. 1984

ENGINEER

*His hand is on the throttle and
His eyes on the track
As steaming clouds of grayish smoke
Come belching from the stack
He blows the whistle, rings the bell,*

*The wheels begin to go,
While children stand around in awe
To watch the daily show.
They envy him, the Engineer
In his majestic might,
Who grips the lever as the train
Goes roaring through the night.
He hauls the freight and passengers,
Beyond the dusty plain,
Across the mountains to the sea
Through wind and snows and rain
His pride in punctuality
Clear eye and steady hand,
Have made him a tradition and
A legend of the land.*

OMAR RASHID QURAIISHI IX-G 1984

THE CUP CAPER

"The roar of applause, a flash of silver, a hand shake followed by a handover". This is the vision of a cup receiving ceremony in my mind and it is this vision that has led me to a life of CRIME.

I have no recollection of when this urge was born within me but now it has become an all-consuming desire — the desire to have a cup. I use the word 'have' because for me the means have now become immaterial. I can think of no reason why I desperately want a cup, just that I want it.

When I was first overcome by the urge to possess a cup, I conjectured all the means by which I could win one. There were studies, sports and extra-curricular activities. I started with studies and concentrated my efforts upon them. But what did THEY give me — books, encyclopedia, paper products! Nothing metallic, nothing cuppish!

But I did not lose heart and dived into the world of sports, and what a belly-flop that was. I soon realized that unless I under-aged myself by four years or entered into the events of the opposite sex I would not win anything. Hah! that was it, I thought. If the Russians could slip a woman into the men's shotput at the Olympics and if Dustin Hoffman could do "Tootsie" why couldn't I be a girl. So one day I arrived at the Coaching Centre disguised as a girl. In a skirt with fake eye lashes, lipstick and wig. I met a friend at the gate and thought, "now I can test my disguise". I passed him and initially his jaw dropped, then he broke out laughing. When he had recovered he suddenly became serious and said "Nadir, are you sure you aren't having any hormonal problems?". We did not remain friends for long.

After my sports fiasco I went into debating. I would most certainly have been successful if it had not been for two things — superior competition and knocking knees. Just before my turn to speak my palms would begin to perspire, then my stomach deflated. This I could handle. But when I was finally at the lectern my knees would begin to knock. To prevent this I would have to focus all my concentration on them leaving none for delivery and would thus end up getting a mediocre score. But I am positive that if I had let my knees have their way the resulting motion would have been the greatest break dance ever performed this side of the Atlantic. In fact in my minds eye I can see the following billboard all over the word: "Flashdance II. Starring Nadir Salar Qureshi and Jennifer Beales".

So I went into writing. I wrote three straight articles and ended up with three straight certificates. I wouldn't mind exchanging all three of my certificates for one cup. I even bought a cup. But there was no elation, no sense of victory-just disappointment. I threw that cup away. By now I had exhausted all legal means and my obsessed mind began to tinker around with the illegal. Slowly a plan began to hatch in my mind. I conceived, prepared and readied myself. Then one day an opportunity came!

So I lurked in the shadows during break. I observed that the office of the Games' Master had been left open, unoccupied. I slipped in, unseen. There on the shelf was a row of shining, glittering cups. The play of light on their silvery surfaces seemed to hypnotise me. I picked a single cup and slipped it into a brown paper bag, ostensibly my lunch bag. Then, unobserved, I slipped out again.

Outside, I experienced pure elation, but I had to find out in what field I had 'won' my cup. The surprise was unbearable. I made my way to the toilets and in the privacy of one of the stalls I took the cup out to read the inscription. My eyes turned bloodshot as I read it. The cup slipped from my hands and fell to the floor. I began to tear at my hair while simultaneously banging my head against the wall. You see the inscription on the cup was "GIRLS NETBALL TOURNAMENT 1984"

NADIR SALAR QURESHI XI-K (1984)

"STEPPING OFF THE PEDESTAL."

Before the nineteenth century, French Art was strictly under the spell of classicism and reverberated with the age old Greek and Roman mythology — the classical past had almost magnetic appeal that drew the Academy to model its standards on the ideals of ancient Rome and Greece. The Art of the day shimmered with tales of resplendent Olympus with its thousand Gods and Goddesses, feats of glorious heroes, mighty struggles, significant events.

The age had a distinct aura of its own and its pre-occupation with the classical elevated it to a pedestal. However the Academy had exacting standards and tolerated no deviations whatsoever. The human body was to be the standard of all artistic perfection, subject matter had to be drawn from whatever was categorized 'noble' there was to be a great deal of non-emotionality, meticulous modelling, movement was to be controlled and curves, contours and colours suppressed. The result was that the creativity of French artists was greatly stifled and the scope of French art became more and more restricted and limited.

At this juncture came Theodore Gericault and jolted the Academy with his sensational "Raft of the Medusa" emancipating, in the process, the French artists from the ever-binding rules of the Academy. It was unconventional not only in that it had pronounced emotion violent movement but also in that it was drawn from a contemporary event — a shipwreck, and represented ordinary man, not heroes, Gods and Goddesses. The torch of Romanticism had been lit and passed into the able hands of Eugene Delacroix.

Urged by the sordid living conditions initiated by industrialization, Delacroix ventured into the open air, even towards the East and added pure colour and his theory of juxtaposing the complementary colours that he had discovered, to the French Art circles. Colour, movement and emotion centering around the lives of contemporary men and incidents, became the ever-increasing inclination of all prominent artists — simplification of form, relaxation of rules and personal freedom became the high-water mark of all creative art.

Soon enough came Monet with his unending love for nature, his interest in atmospheric conditions, his preoccupation with the question of how light models the shape of everything around it. He brought with him the theory of painting under the solar spectrum, he proved what Leonardo da Vinci had only observed, that shadows had colour, he applied what Delacroix had only talked about that is the juxtaposition of complementary colours for dazzling effects, and established what is known as the Impressionist school of Painting — Art grew to be more and more subjective, more and more involved in evanescent, transitory subjects like the weather, water lily ponds, the Beau Monde of Paris and its form became more and more like a fleeting impression, its motive increasingly to capture the moment.

Art had travelled a long way, great contradictions, met strange twists in the hands of successive artists who fascinated by it, continued to evolve new theories about it — The difference was that they could now make concrete use of them because of French Art.

TALAT NAILA HASAN (SYA 1984)

PAINING VERSUS PHOTOGRAPHY

Man has always admired the natural beauty surrounding him. Stemming from his appreciation of beauty was a desire to be a creator in his own right. The fulfillment of this desire was painting. From crude engravings and sketches on cave rocks, painting had gradually progressed to its present high standard.

Painting, though picturesque and beautiful, could not create a perfectly real picture of a scene or person. Portrait painting was then replaced by photography, which is used today to capture and preserve a realistic copy of all of God's creations.

The inevitable question of the purpose of painting inspite of the existence of more accurate and realistic photography, arises. Painting is an individual representation of what the eye can see. The artist captures a scene or face which the camera cannot see.

Photography was originally used merely to obtain a life-like image of particular objects. Today, photography has developed into a complex art. Special lenses, lighting and focussing devices, the extensive use of different backgrounds and artistic arrangements of the objects to be photographed, have given a new and limitless scope to photography. The creativity of an imaginative photographer is no less than that of a talented artist. Painting and photography have fused, making it difficult and almost impossible to decide which art is better.

Despite their similarity, photography and painting cannot be replaced by each other in their respective specialized fields. Pictures of eclipses, satellites and microscopic organisms cannot be painted. Abstract pictures presenting a thought or idea cannot be photographed.

Also, painting is a more specialized art than photography. Most people can learn photography techniques but beautiful paintings can only be created if one has the innate talent required for such creation. Photography is, however, not as simple as it appears. Both painting and photography have their own degrees of specialization and both have their own irreplaceable positions in the art world.

Painting has often been used as a source of aesthetic pleasure and as an escape from unpleasant reality, which would only be stressed by photography. Confined areas, restricted space and unpleasant or dull surroundings can be enlivened by a single painting. Paintings of scenes and people animate a room and are a constant source of joy to its viewers. Abstract paintings stimulate interest and provide fascinating food for thought.

Photography, on the other hand, provides an accurate image of real objects. It has given invaluable support to the sciences by supplying images of extremely small

objects, distant bodies and of transient conditions. The small detail, which may elude the human eye, is focussed by the camera lens. Photography can also be used as a convincing form of evidence in criminal law and other fields. Photographic proof cannot be denied in any court of law and the plight of famine-stricken nations and handicapped person is given great emotional impact when depicted in photographs.

The decorative and scientific values of painting and photography in our world have made them both invaluable treasures. As long as we retain our inborn appreciation of beauty, painting will continue alongside progress in the field of photography.

IRAM QURESHI F.Y.S.C. (1984)

RACISM — A SOCIAL PHENOMENON

Anthropology reveals that all human populations are of mixed origin. Yet the segregation of the world's population into innumerable races has been carried on since time immemorial and racism, as a social phenomenon continues to engage the minds of the greatest ethnologists of our time.

Racism indeed seems to have an insidious ubiquity in the records of human history. It may be interesting to note that racism can in fact be traced right back to the Indus Valley Civilization of prehistoric India. Some scholars have argued that the Hindu Caste system actually originated in a physical difference between the conquering Aryans and the conquered Dravidians. It is true that in Hindu culture, the colour dualism of white and black has associations with good and evil as it does in the Judeo-Christian tradition. but this link with skin pigmentation is not established. Yet it is a fact that in modern India and Pakistan, we ourselves express a marked aesthetic preference for light skin. Where indeed are the explanations for such proclivities to be found?

In nearly all of the World's societies, men have apparently developed pride in the cultural accomplishments of their own groups and a corresponding derogation of those of their neighbours. The exception to this universality of ethnocentrism are some of the small nonliterate societies that have been conquered by more powerful ones and reduced to the status of a subject people. In some cases, after years of oppression, these people have been forced to accept the conquerors' derogatory views of themselves and flattering views of their masters. Indeed by far the most widespread, enduring and virulent form of racism and the most costly in terms of human suffering has been that which developed in Western Europe, and its colonial extensions in Africa, Asia, Australia and the Western Hemisphere.

The anti-Semitic wave that swept Germany in the 1930's and ended in the crematoria of the death camps in the 1940's will hopefully remain the most heinous

manifestation of racism in human history. Yet even today, the South African policy of apartheid had become just another by word for racial discrimination. Next to the Nazi policy of genocide against Jews, it represents the most extreme and systematic form of racism practiced in a modern society. The white government of South Africa aims to establish a 'separate but equal system', yet it cannot be denied that it continues to perpetuate the economic and political privileges of the white minority at the expense of 80% of the population.

Racism in its simplest form can be defined as 'the dislike of any people lumped together as a local or geographical race'. It results in attempts to limit economic opportunities, to preserve status, to deny equal protection under law and to maintain cheap labour. Africans first imported into the United States as slaves, showed such spirit and talent that alarmed slave holders sought theoretical justification for the continuance of slavery, establishing laws against slave education; even forbidden mere literacy to Africans. After World War II, the arrival of Pakistani and West Indian nationals in England recapitulated problems earlier encountered by many groups in the United States. By the 1970's restrictive laws against immigration had been passed in England.

However it is interesting though disheartening to note that when changing sentiments alter directions of dislike, those previously discriminated against may themselves become racist if their social and economic gains are threatened. This reverse racism occurs when members of previously underprivileged races achieve political and economic strength and proceed to discriminate against others, thus giving rise to a never ending process of racial discrimination or segregation.

One indeed questions the sagacity of modern man in his quest for a superlative civilization while he still retains the intransigent and invidious social attitudes of the earliest civilizations. But is it possible to rid mankind of this world-wide malaise? One has only to pick up the newspaper to see the grotesque pictures of innocent women and children massacred in the Assamese programs or to read of the conflicts between the Tamils and Sinhalese of Sri Lanka or the racial antagonism faced by the Asians in England. This is by no means a thing of the past. Racism persists as a social and psychological phenomenon, desecration of the human mind, and abloquy on the supremacy of the homo-sapien and an imprecation on the future of mankind.

SADIA KHAN S.Y.A (1984)

THE FIBONACCI SEQUENCE

Leonardo Fibonacci, often called the Leonardo of Pisa, was a thirteenth century mathematician. His book 'Liber Alaci' was probably the first European account of the mathematics of India and Arabia.

But the most fascinating element of his book was a problem. The problem was to find out, starting with one pair of rabbits, how many pairs would be born in an enclosed place in the course of a year. The result was a sequence of numbers called the 'Fibonacci Sequence': 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, 89, 144, 233. When he analyzed them, Fibonacci found that each number was the sum of the two preceding numbers.

Students of the sequence carried out research and discovered that each number had a special relationship with the numbers surrounding it. If you divide a Fibonacci number after the 14th number in the sequence, by the next highest number the result is 0.618034. The proportion of 0.618034 to 1 is the mathematical basis for the proportion of playing cards. The delicate arrangement of petals on a sunflower and the great spiral galaxies of outerspace are based on this proportion. The Parthenon and Greek vases too. The Greeks based much of their art and architecture upon it and called it 'the golden mean'.

Fibonacci's numbers turn up in the most unexpected places. The eight-note octave on the piano, for example, is represented by five black keys and eight white ones — 13 in all.

The continual occurrence of the numbers in nature explains precisely why the proportion of 0.618034 to 1 is so pleasing in art. Man can see the image of life in art that is based on the golden mean.

Fibonacci's mysterious sequence has led mathematical sleuths on a merry chase through the realms of art, architecture, oceanography, astronomy, biology and music.

VAZIRA ZAMINDAR IX-S (1984)

COMPUTERS: YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

It is over a century since Sir Charles Babbage discovered the principles of hardware and software and discovered the world's first programmable computer. Unfortunately due to lack of technology, Sir Charles' dreams never materialized during his life.

In the late 1940's, following the Second World War Depression, the development of electronics led many people to see the potential of Sir Charles' machine. This culminated in the assembling of the computer and the Americans, the pioneers of the marvellous, new machine strove to better their brain-child. Since then, computers have progressed with remarkable speed and in little over forty years, have become an essential in the life of modern man.

The computers of today are one thousand times cheaper, more reliable and far

more advanced than their ancestors. They are incredibly small and work at breathtaking speeds handling much more information. No other machine has made such progress as the micro-computer of today.

The computers of the 1950's were exceptionally large, heated up rapidly and subsequently experienced frequent breakdowns. But man's endless quest for knowledge and the unknown has enabled him to create better machines to assist him in his endeavours. The enormous old computers were soon replaced by compact and efficient machines which have become excellent servants for the human race.

The computer of today is capable of accomplishing many things which man once thought could only be done by human brains. The manufacture of millions of Japanese cars is done by tireless robot arms controlled by computer. Some computers are so intelligent that some people declare that the computer's intelligence surpasses man's I.Q. But I for one, believe that man himself has developed with the computer. He is more capable and more imaginative and it is his ingenuity which has made the computer what it is today. A computer has remarkable powers and is an obedient tool but is useless without human instruction. These instructions are contained within a programme which enables the computers to function. Man does not require such programs and he possesses 'common sense' which computers lack.

The computer itself contains intricate wiring and complex devices which allow the computer to function. The silicon chip, a major part of the computer, has itself developed since its discovery. It is an amazing combination of power, speed and is cheaply produced. It utilizes little power and plays an important role in gadgets of everyday life. Each year, more and more parts are being packed into the microscopic silicon chip and thus the complexity of the integrated circuits increase steadily. The chip transmits several instructions within the computers simultaneously obeying human command.

The micro-computer of today has two memories; one is known as RAM (Random Access Memory) which stores information for a short term. The other is ROM (Read, Only Memory) which is permanent part of the machine and quite unlike R.A.M. which is forgotten when the computer is switched off.

In addition to this, the EXTERNAL MEMORY is also present. Ordinary audio cassettes or fast moving, delicate floppy discs are utilized to store data.

To sum up the usefulness of this incredible machine, we can see what purpose it serves. It is used for office automation and it manages the accounts of a large firm; advanced computers are used for science, and space research and exploration. It handles the data of airlines and through this computerized network, quick and efficient service is available. One could not stop relating the advantages of this marvelous machine, the computer of the 20th century.

THE "ROMAN HOLIDAY"

If the Rome of today is anything like it was in ancient times then heaven knows how it managed to become the centre of civilisation!

On the advent of our trip to Italy we were obliged to fly to Rome. Our plane was fourteen hours late with the result that we had to take a bus to our hotel. On the way to the hotel our bus stalled, much to our horror. Nevertheless we caught a taxi which took us to our hotel for double the normal rate. Shocked, we finally entered the hotel only to be told that we did not have any reservations. Our trip to Rome was supposed to have been made with another family who dropped out thus cancelling their reservations at the hotel where we were also to stay. Thereafter the manager asserted that there never had been any reservations for us!

As if all that was not enough excitement, we ran into an added complication. One of our other friends who was supposed to have arrived, we were informed by the manager in his broken English, was fast asleep in a room in which we could also fit. Following the manager we all tramped upstairs to the room which, was found to be locked from inside. Unable to open the room with the manager's key my father told him to phone the room from the lobby, a suggestion which shocked the manager who did not believe in disturbing sleeping guests. My father nevertheless insisted, which seemed to impress the manager, who now thought that my father must be the brother of the guest (who was a female) or he would not dare to rouse her.

We were able to, however, sort out our accommodation. Thereafter we were not the Shamsie family but the Khans (the surname of our lady friend). Thus if anyone called for Mr. Shamsie he was told that he had already left.

It is this incident which always comes to my mind when I think of Rome – not the sight-seeing, I assure you.

From Rome we went on to Capri which is another world altogether. For one thing the people could speak English. In addition it lacked the hustle and bustle associated with Rome. Of course our trip was not 100% perfect because Capri was experiencing the coldest weather in 90 years! There was no sun, let alone any opportunities to swim. The cold spell lasted till the day before our departure which finally allowed us the chance to go on a boating trip. While boating we had the "pleasure" to see another boat hit the rocks surrounding Capri--I felt sick with my sole desire to get to the shore alive. As mentioned earlier the people in Capri speak English which forced us to speak in Urdu. Thus imagine our horror when speaking in Urdu we were joined by a person who came from Jamaica and spoke Urdu!

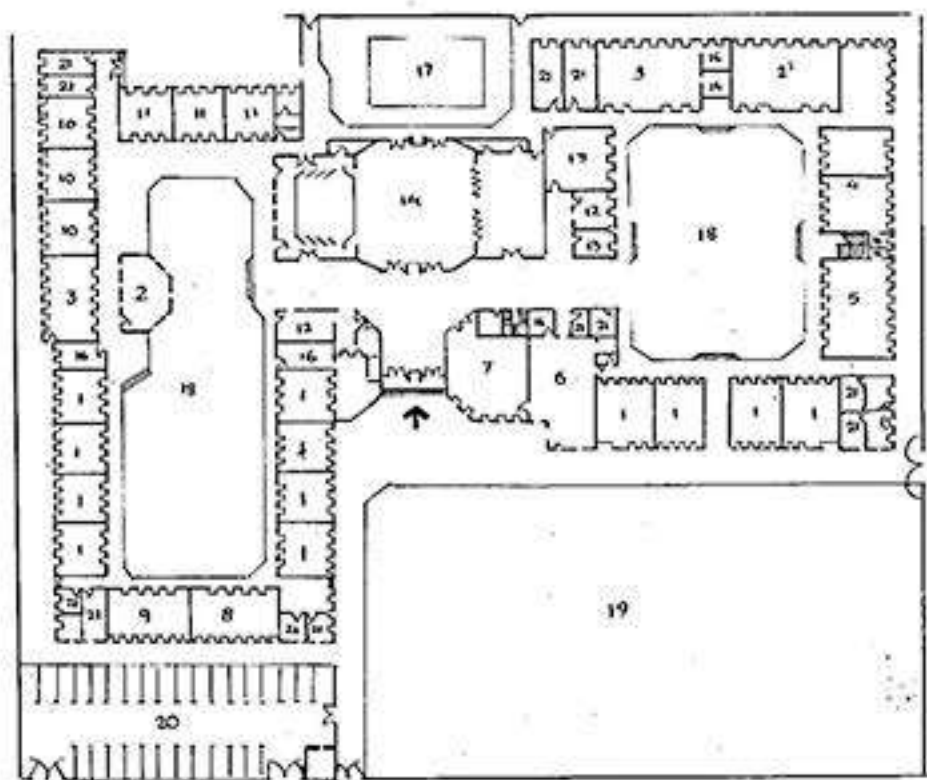
As if getting to Italy was not enough of a problem, on leaving for Paris from Rome we were caught up in a strike by the employees of the Italian airline-Alitalia.

We were not shocked because we were fully acquainted with the so-called Italian "efficiency".

**KAMILA SHAMSIE
VIII-S (1986)**

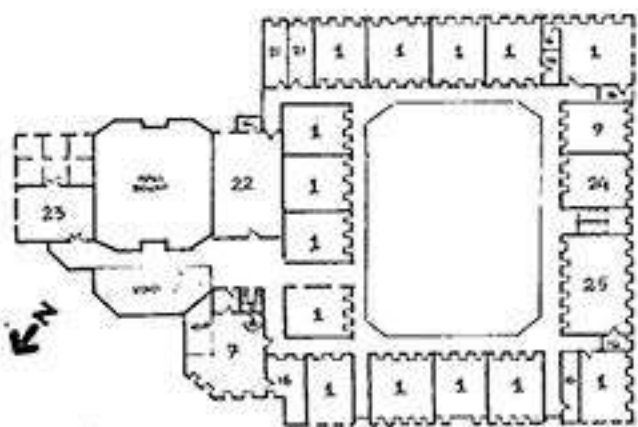
GEARING TOWARDS A NEW SCHOOL





The New School

- | | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------|-------------------|
| 1 CLASSROOMS. | 9 LANGUAGE ROOM. | 18 COURTYARD. |
| 2 ART ROOMS. | 10 NURSERY. | 19 PLAYING FIELD. |
| 3 MUSIC HALL. | 11 PREP. | 20 CARPARK. |
| 4 CARPENTRY ROOM. | 12 HEADMISTRESS' ROOM. | 21 TOILETS. |
| 5 DOMESTIC SCIENCE ROOM. | 13 OFFICE. | 22 HANDWORK ROOM. |
| 6 STAFF ROOM. | 14 AUDITORIUM. | 23 COMPUTER ROOM. |
| 7 LIBRARY. | 15 ENTRANCE JOYER. | 24 SPECIAL ROOM. |
| 8 MATHEMATICS ROOM. | 16 STORE. | 25 SCIENCE ROOM. |
| | 17 SWIMMING POOL. | |



*The Junior School Courtyard
(facing N.W.)*



THE NEW SCHOOL

Karachi Grammar School is an English medium day school for approximately 1400 boys and girls from age 3 to 18+ years. The school has acquired two sites opposite the Boating Basin, on Khayaban-e-Saadi in Clifton. The Governors of Karachi Grammar School have recently announced the beginning of a new phase in the development of the school. A contract has been signed with the Ghani Ansari Partnership (Chartered Architects) to design a new building more suited to the changing educational needs of today's youngsters. The firm "Consult - Tech" has been appointed as Structural Consultants and the soil investigation has been carried out by Soil Mechanics Ltd (Pvt).

The new building will be functional, economical and cheap to maintain. Its design concentrates on simple functional relationships and a detailed environmental analysis which utilizes courtyards and a natural ventilation system, as the majority of rooms will not be air-conditioned.

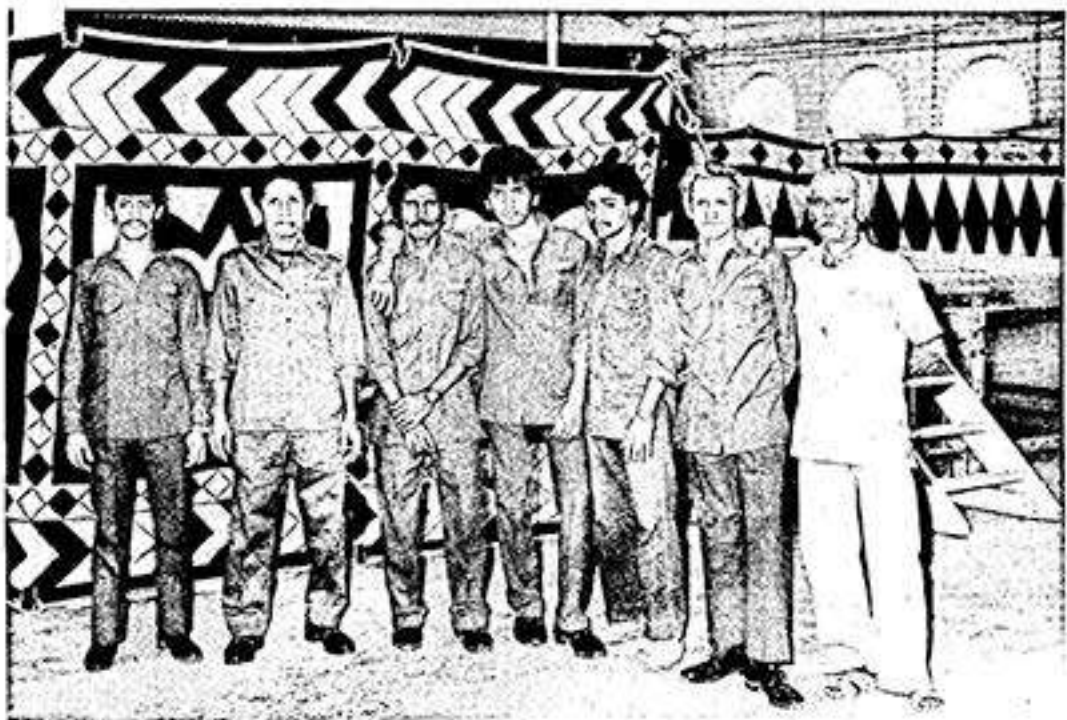
The new school building will accommodate the present Kindergarten and Junior Sections (Nursery to Class VI) and a nearby site will provide room for games facilities. Further building development will eventually take place there also. Senior Classes (from VII upwards) will continue to be taught in the Main Building in Saddar.

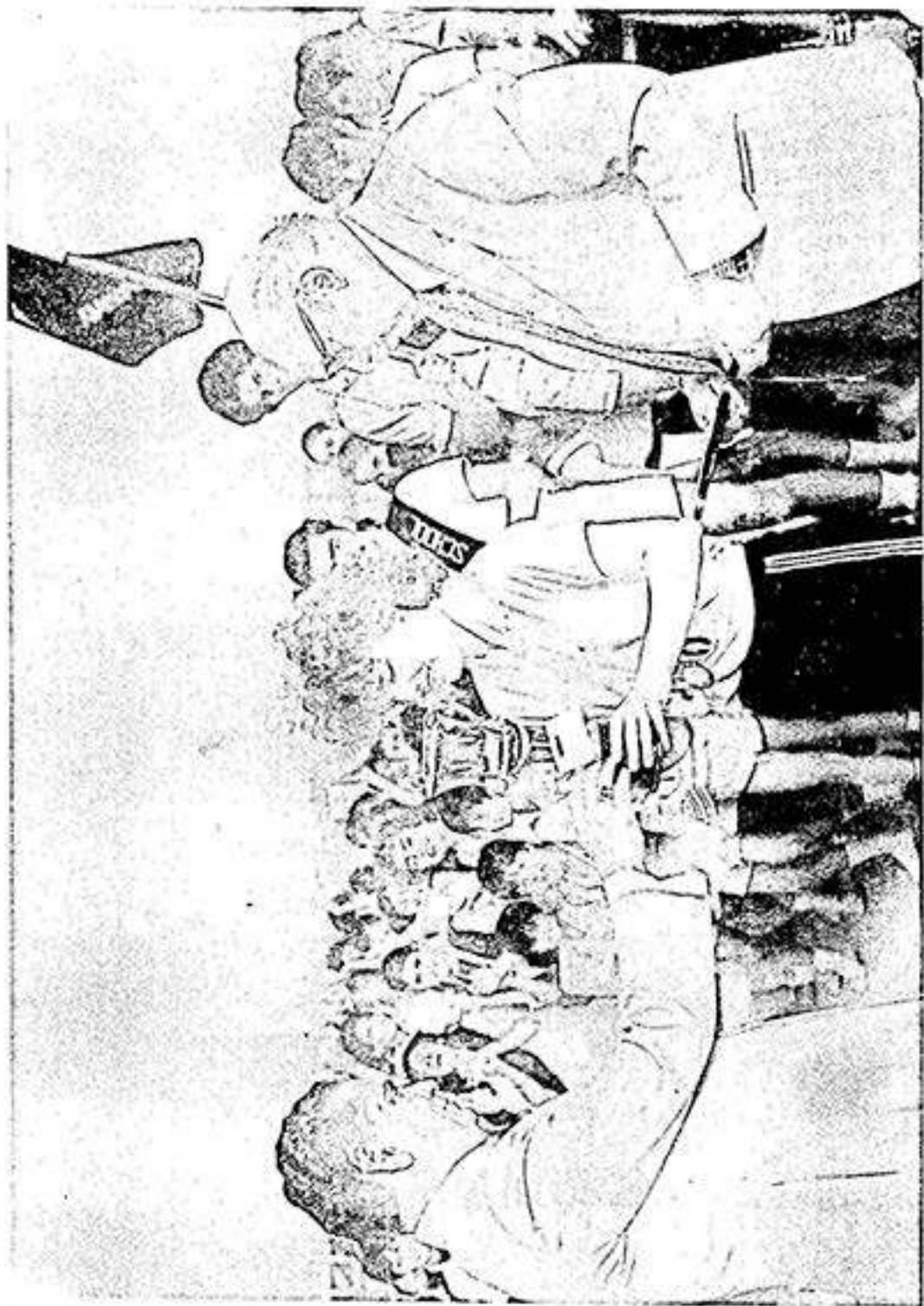
The proposed building will accommodate around 750 boys and girls from age 3 to 11 years. Not only will it be possible to expand the enrollment of the school ultimately but its facilities will also be increased. These facilities will range from basic teaching units to specialized resource areas. Besides a reference Library there is provision for a 500-seat multi-purpose auditorium.

The anticipated date of completion of the new building is Feb./March 1989. We will need your help. Arrangements will therefore be made shortly to receive your donations.

MAGES





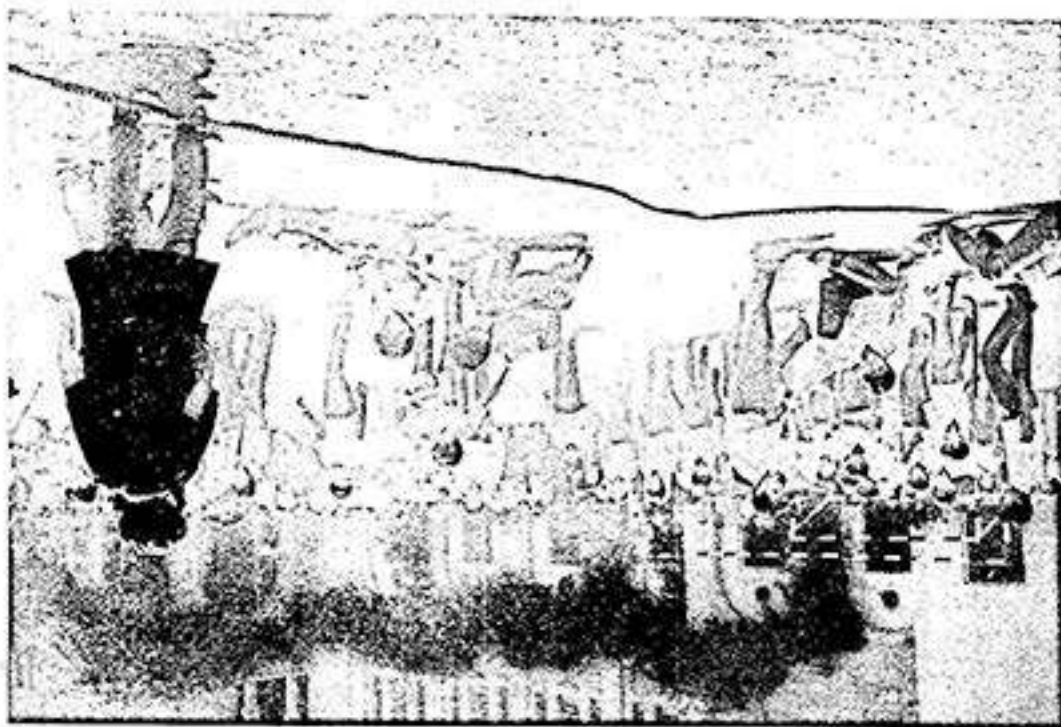


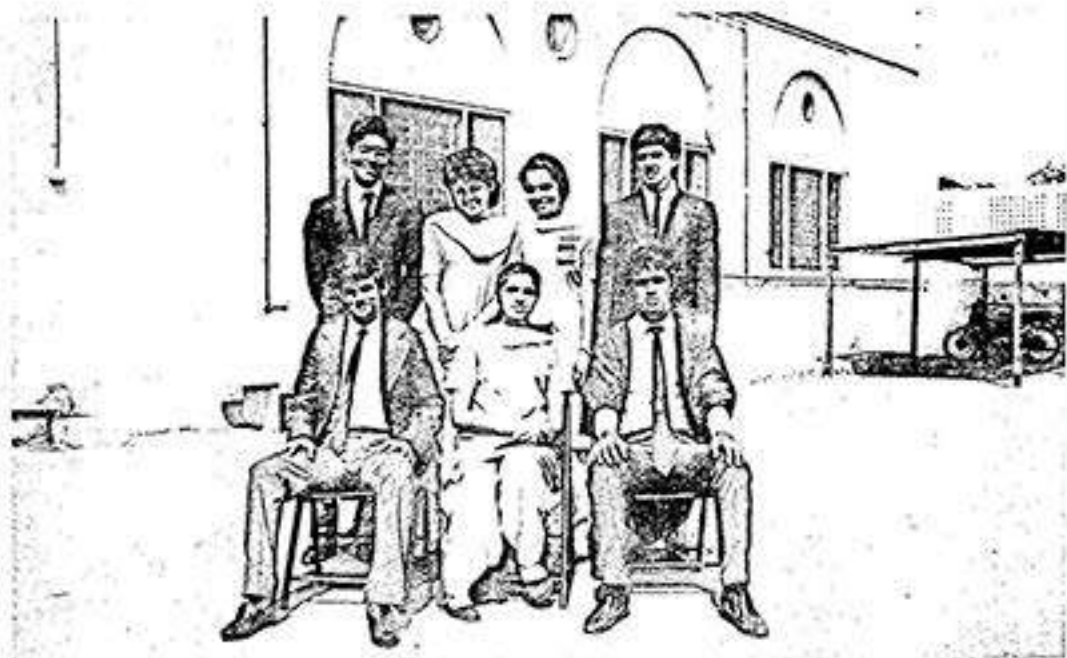


White wedding



Sabena Razaq, the best hockey player of 1985, was awarded a gold medal from the Sind Sports Board and was subsequently declared best goalkeeper in the inter provincial girls tournament (under 16) held at Gujranwala





THREE YEARS OF SIX POINTERS!

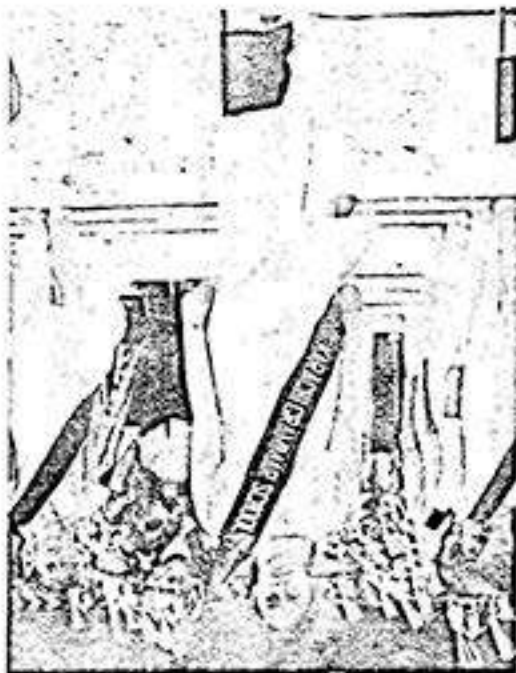
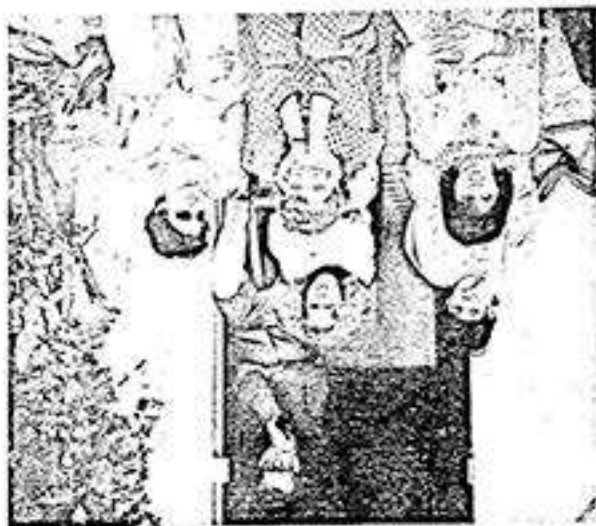
Seated (L-R):- Cyrus Boga (83); Shaheen Mohanedi (84); Amer Azam (83)
Standing (L-R):- Javed Ahmed (85); Nadia Ajanee (85); Shazia Makhdumi (85); Shariq Mahboob (85)



The Karachi Grammar School Golf Team (formulated 1986) with Governor Sindh Gen. Jahan Dad Khan at the Governors Golf Course



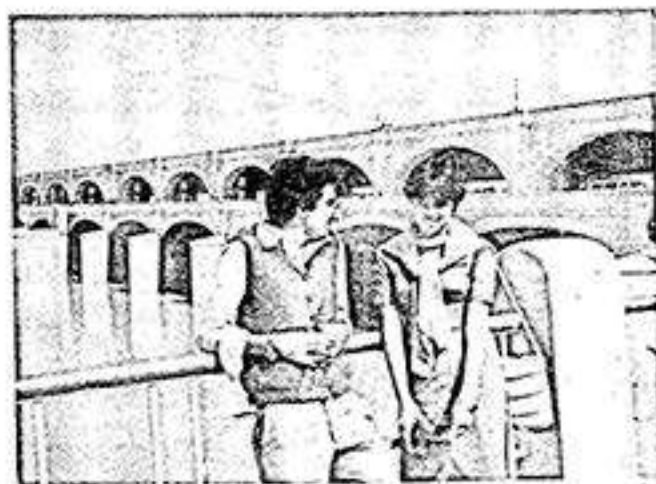
Adnan Ali Hyder, one of the most frequent visitors the school has seen in a number of years



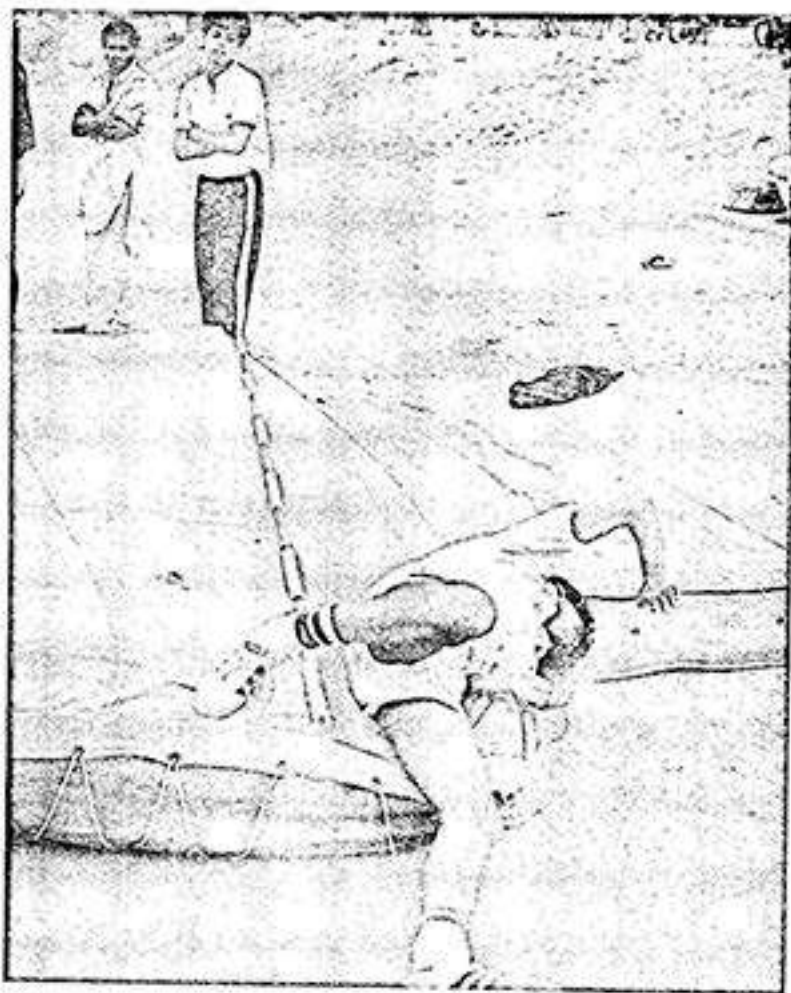


Munis Farooqi undergoes a "Sex change" from Lord Farouq Babberly to Donna Lucia d'Alvadorez at the hands of Ambreen Qureshi. From the gleeful expression on his face one gets the wierd feeling that he is enjoying this metamorphosis!!

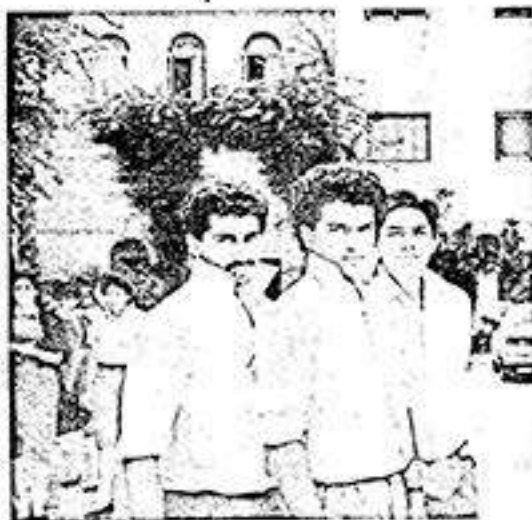




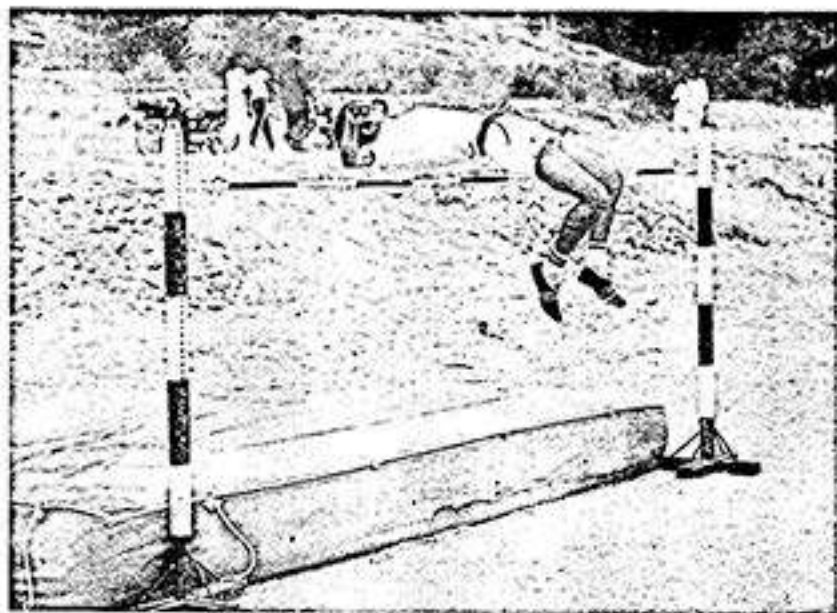
Amreen Gaya (S.Y.Sc., '84) was awarded the Akhter Hussain memorial gold medal



A few Second Years students (85) enjoy a moment of post-exam relief together



Studs Galore!





THE JUNIOR SCHOOL

LIST OF JUNIOR SCHOOL STAFF

Mrs. N. Fernandes (Headmistress)

Mrs. A. David

Mrs. M. Hussain

Mrs. Mohammedi

Miss D. David

Mrs. D. Stevens

Miss T. Khan

Mrs. Q. Khan

Mrs. N. Ghani

Mrs. Y. Veerjee

Mrs. A. Nasim

Mrs. N. Rahman

Mrs. N. Khan

Mrs. Y. Qureshi

Mrs. F. Shergill

Mrs. M. Pervez

Miss S. Moosa

Miss S. Junejo

Miss N. Sultana

Mrs. J. Vaz

B.A. B.Ed. (Karachi)

B.A. (Lucknow) B.T. (Punjab)

B.A. B.Ed. (Karachi)

B.A. (Bombay), B.Ed. (Karachi)

P.T.C. (Karachi)

K.G. & J. S. Teacher's Certificate

Inter-Arts P.T.C. (Karachi)

B.A. (Karachi)

B.A. (Lucknow) B.T. (Aligarh)

Dip. Ed. (London)

B.A. B.Ed. (Karachi)

B.Sc. (H.Ec.) B.E.D. (Karachi)

M.A. (Karachi)

B.A. (Karachi)

B.A. Montessori (India)

P.T. Instructor

K.G. & J.S. Teacher's Certificate

M.Sc. (H.Ec.)

B.A. Hons

A' Level Arts.

Dip. in Physical Ed



JUNIOR SCHOOL REPORT 1983

School re-opened in January to welcome pupils old and new. There was considerable excitement as new surroundings were investigated, new books and stationery acquired and new teachers and syllabuses inspected!

JANUARY:

Parent - teacher meetings for each individual class were scheduled earlier than in previous years to allow parents and teachers the maximum time for working together. Teachers of all three sections met the parents and after the initial introduction and briefing regarding the syllabus and expectations of the new class — the parents met the class teachers of their wards informally and to quote journalistic jargon "discussed matters of natural interest"!

FEBRUARY:

Beautiful weather prevailed in Karachi and taking advantage of it each class went on its own exclusive excursion. Keeping in mind the interests of the children (and mention must be made of generous co-operation of several parents in making some of these trips possible) we went to varied venues ranging from a biscuit factory, to the ruins of Bhambore — to a carpet factory to the Naval Dockyard! Given later in this report are details of these trips for your perusal.

MARCH:

Junior School Sports were held together with the Senior School at the National Coaching Centre on the 19th of March. The chief guest was Mr. P.J. Streams.

Since the beginning of March there was great activity in the front and backyards of the school as children went through the elimination rounds to enter the heats and it was the plucky ones who were able to make it to the finals.

The Junior School Champion was Mirza Humayun Beg, Class VI—G, Frere House.

BOOK FAIR:

7th, 8th and 9th of March were the days set aside for this eagerly awaited yearly feature. The children were given the opportunity to choose books for themselves or have their parents help them select from a wide range of books. It is good to see the keen interest evinced by our pupils in books — both fiction and non-fiction.

APRIL:

ELOCUTION CONTEST:

The English Elocution Contest was held on the 13th of April. There were individual recitations as well as group or choral readings from each section. Much effort had obviously gone into the preparation which was seen in both the presentation and choice of the poems. While class III-G contestant Rooshan Divecha's 'Fidgety Philip' was a loveable rascal, Class VI-S representative Arieab Azhar's sensitive rendering of Prof. Ahmed Ali's 'Clear Voice' was a delight to hear. Rooshan won the 1st Prize in the Class III and IV Group and Arieab in the V and VI-s group.

In the choral readings Class III-K won the first prize for their delightful story of Robin Hood in the III-s and IV-s group, while Class V-S won with their recitation of Arieab's song in the V and VI-s group.

The judges were Mrs. R. Muncherji, Mr. C.N. Wrigley and Mrs. L. Lobo. The trophy was won by Napier House.

17th April brought with it the Urdu Elocution Contest. The Urdu readings this year were of a good standard and it is heartening to see the children acquire mastery over both languages.

The contestants were well prepared and well rehearsed and the competition was keen. Sana Bilgrami, IV-G won the 1st Prize in the III-s and IV-s group while Nadir Rahman V-G won the first prize in the V-s and VI-s section.

In the Choral Reading IV-G and VI-K were the winners in their respective groups.

Judges were Mrs. D. Chishty Mujahid, Miss Pirzada (our out-of-town guest) and Mrs. A. David.

MAY:

A pleasant respite in the midst of examination preparations came in the shape of a Song and Dance Programme organised by 'Mehdi Creative Works' and the National Performing Arts Group. On the 8th of May they presented a variety of regional songs and dances and thrilled their young audience with their colourful and robust interpretation of our national heritage.

1st Term Examinations: 19th May to 23rd May End of term parent-teacher meetings were scheduled for 30th and 31st May and 1st of June. These invaluable half-hour individual meetings give both teacher and parents an opportunity to take stock of each child and his strengths and weaknesses.

BRITISH COUNCIL CHILDREN'S ESSAY COMPETITION AND CHILDREN'S

POSTER COMPETITION:

Before term ended we received the results of the Posters and Essay Competitions organised by the British Council on a city - wide basis

Prizes awarded for Poster Competition

Age group : 6 to 8 years

2nd Prize Nali Spencer IV-S

Age group : 9 to 11 years

3rd Prize Kamila Shamsi V-K

Children's Essay Competition

Age group : 7 to 10 years

Nabiha Bokhari III-K 1st Prize

AUGUST:

School re-opened on the 1st of August and it is always satisfying to see how happy our children are to be back in harness! They love it!

SEPTEMBER:

Another quiet albeit work-filled month – with preparations for the Annual Concert gaining momentum.

OCTOBER:

Open Day on the 6th of October was held in a very informal and cordial atmosphere. There was tea for all prepared by Mrs. Mohammedi's enthusiastic bakery of 'hostesses' from Classes V & VI. A mass P.E. display also took place at 4.45 p.m.

Classes had been working on their individual projects the year around so each class had its own colourful display – the emphasis being on the children's participation. Parents could look into their children's books and discuss any point they wished to with the class teacher.

The Art-Room and Craftwork display were scene - stealers as usual. The aim of Open Day is to acquaint parents with the children's school work and the environment in which it is carried out and it justified its aim!

11TH OCTOBER:

Dr. Dinar's talk in the Art Room for girls of Classes V and VI. She apprised them of the wonders of growing up — another thoughtful step towards child counselling. Dr. Dinar, a concerned lady was undoubtedly one of the best persons to explain the intricacies of adulthood to the pre-teens.

NOVEMBER:

16th November: Visit to the School by the Chinese Delegation.

DECEMBER:

12TH OF DECEMBER:

Saw a long line of very special visitors — the children of Class II wide-eyed and excited. They wandered in and out of their prospective classes — enthusiasm and awe writ on their expressive faces.

And so we come to the culmination of all our combined efforts — the Junior School Concert. Under the magnetic personality of Mrs. Lobo and her indefatigable efforts and motivation, our Concerts have always been the highlight of the year. And thus we presented yet another scintillating, near-professional performance. Who could have imagined that our dearly beloved Laura Lobo was leading her band of willing minstrels on to a swan song 'Oh to be Alive' they sang, for that was the theme that resounded through this year's show. How we in the Junior School miss her lively, irradiant presence. The concert was an unquestionable success and a fine and fair tribute to a fine and lovely lady who is no longer with us.

Each and every child in the Junior School was in the cast and each one was a star in his or her own right for each one was touched by Mrs. Lobo's magic wand.

JUNIOR SCHOOL REPORT 1984

Another fruitful year has come to a close and in retrospect it seems amazing how much we managed to achieve, despite closures and unforeseen holidays.

The first term began on the eleventh of January and we welcomed into our midst several new pupils in addition, of course, to our new batch from the Kindergarten section.

PARENT – TEACHER MEETINGS:

Parent - teacher meetings were scheduled soon after school opened. Following the pattern set last year, each class met separately on specified dates. These meetings, it is hoped, will enable us to work in closer understanding with each other so that our pupils will have a firm base to stand on. The close cooperation required between the teacher and the parents cannot be stressed enough.

SCHOOL EXCURSIONS:

February was undoubtedly the favourite month of the children. Excursions were planned as carefully and meticulously as the most intricate military manoeuvres! These excursions were as varied in scope as are our pupils! They ranged from the highly technological Pakistan Steel Mills to the ancient site of Bhambore.

Class III K,G,S.
Class IV K,G,S.
Class V K,G,S.
Class VI K,G,S.

Cannon Towel Factory.
P.I.A. Training Centre
Chaukhandi and Bhambore
Pakistan Steel Mills.

It was hoped that we would be able to plan another set of excursions in the early part of the Second Term but unfortunately, due to the unpredictable Karachi rains, we were unable to do so. Only the stalwart VI-s were able to venture forth, and they visited the Pak-Suzuki Motors Ltd. in September.

BOOK FAIR:

The Book Exhibition is an eagerly awaited event in the Junior School each year, and once again in February the children were given the opportunity to rekindle their love for books.

There was a great variety to choose from and the happy beaming faces seen around the corridors were ample testimony that the children do, indeed, love books.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION:

7.30 a.m every morning, and the Junior School echoed to the sound of music. We had the services of Mrs. Shakila Chapra at our disposal to put the children through the new form of physical work outs. The children loved this new experience and it was fun for all concerned.

SPORTS:

Sports Day was a big event for both the Junior and the Senior School and there was a big turn out at the National Coaching Centre on the 25th March, 1984. Preparations had of course gone on for some time and each and every child in the Junior School had entered for one event or another. It is still a little difficult for our youngest members (Class III) to realize that participation means not only being on the field on the actual day itself, but competing through the elimination rounds and heats in order to qualify for the finals. However, participation was keen and enthusiastic.

ELOCUTION CONTEST:

A little later in the term than usual, but nonetheless of a pleasing standard, the Urdu and English Elocution Contests were held in May. The poems were chosen with care and recited with proficiency. There has been a definite improvement both in the standard of delivery and in the rich variety of choice.

FIRST TERM EXAMINATION:

The first terminal examinations were held at the end of May and these led to the end-of-term parent-teacher meetings. These twenty-minute-to-half hour meetings can prove invaluable and the opportunity to take stock of the child's strengths and weaknesses must be reviewed with an open and sympathetic mind.

SECOND TERM:

School re-opened on the 1st of August and we returned, renewed in strength and vigour, enthusiastic to go ahead. But much to our chagrin and dismay the elements had some other plans up their sleeves and a damper was put on all our plans! Heavy rains forced the School to remain closed!

Valuable days were lost and we soon found ourselves well into September. Work, thus, did suffer but we pursued our goals relentlessly.

The Junior School has invested in a colour television and V.C.R. set so as to bring to the children such films as we deem fit for their viewing. Full use is being made of this facility and the children love these sessions.

U.N. WEEK:

Karachi Grammar School played host to the U.N. week celebrations in October. Two of the Junior School pupils, Ali Hasan VI-G and Zerxes Spencer VI-S read out their brief speeches. It was a new experience for our children and an area where they need development.

DR. DINAR'S TALK:

Dr. Dinar talked to the girls of Classes V and VI to acquaint the pre-teens with the intricacies of adulthood.

JUNIOR SCHOOL CONCERT:

Time once again for the much awaited event of the year - the Annual Concert practices for which had been going on since the beginning of the 2nd term in real earnest. Once again we were faced with school closure due to disturbances in the city and so the School Concert was postponed to after the final examinations. This year we tackled a very ambitious project and came forth with a magnificent production of the 'The Wizard of Oz'. A big deviation from the usual performances, the play was a resounding success and the little actors and actresses acquitted themselves with consummate skill. Dedicated to the memory of our beloved Mrs. Lobo, we felt it was a befitting tribute to her memory.

SPEECH DAY:

Speech Day brought to an end a year that was full of unforeseen closures, right to the end of term, yet despite such vicissitudes we still managed to fulfil all the academic and extra-curricular activities with our usual thoroughness.

JUNIOR SCHOOL REPORT 1985

The new term began on the thirteenth of January and the Junior School hummed with excitement as children, old and new, explored their new classes and teachers with interest!

JANUARY:

Of late every new school year has brought with it some innovation or welcome change — and this year we saw the setting up of the Junior School Laboratory. Begun on a modest scale the lab is a most valuable addition. The children are now able, under Mrs. S. Daudi's supervision, to experiment and tabulate their findings themselves.

Informal Parent — Teacher meetings were held — soon after commencement of school — on four different days. An outline of our teaching programme was given in these meetings and the parents met each of the teachers who would be working with their children this year.

FEBRUARY:

Sports Day was held at the National Coaching Centre. Eager participants went through their paces and a keen competitive spirit was evident throughout.

MARCH:

Inter-House matches in Softball, Cricket and Brown-ball were held. These are scheduled soon after school on Thursday and meet with enthusiastic participation.

A visit to the P.I.A. Planetarium was arranged for all classes. It proved to be an enjoyable and interesting experience for all — including the teachers who accompanied each batch of students.

APRIL:

The English Elocution Contest was held on the 15th of April. These contests encourage the children, build up their confidence and, hopefully, help to develop a love for poetry.

Sharmeen Spencer, IV-G was judged to be the best soloist in the III'S and IV'S group.

In the older, V'S and VI'S group, her sister, Nali Spencer VI-K, won the 1st prize.

In the Choral reading Class IV-K won the first prize in the younger group and Class VI-G were the winners in the older, V'S and VI's group.

Mr. Aslam Azhar, who has always had a marvellous rapport with our children, gave away the trophy, to Streeten House. He later talked to them about the importance of clarity of speech, diction and delivery.

The Urdu Elocution Contest was scheduled for the next day, but schools in the city were closed due to disturbances – so the Contest was postponed to the 14th of May.

MAY:

School re-opened on the 4th of May and the Urdu Elocution Contest was held on the 14th.

Sara Mashkoo IV-K won the 1st prize in the younger group and Najeeb Vohra walked away with the first prize in the V'S and VI'S section.

In Choral recitation IV-G and VI-K were the winners in their respective groups. Mrs. Aslam Azhar gave away the prizes. She advised the children on the importance of using correct language and cautioned them against the use of 'Minglish'! What an apt mingling of words indeed!

We had, now, neared the end of term and the last three days were devoted to individual parent-teacher meetings. On these occasions the parents had the opportunity to meet their child's teacher and discuss his/her progress and receive the child's report-book.

These meetings are particularly useful as teachers are able to suggest the best possible way in which parents can help their children in the summer holidays.

JUNE and JULY: Summer Vacations.

AUGUST:

School re-opened on the first of August and everyone returned to bright and clean classrooms – with keen resolve to tackle the challenges of a new term.

Work continued apace and the children found their 'school feet' again!

SEPTEMBER:

In retrospect September seems to have been a very activity – laden month. Inter-House matches in Cricket and Soft-ball were arranged.

Dr. Malik a dental surgeon, and her team visited the school. She talked to the children about dental care and hygiene – and found in the children, a very receptive audience!

A puppet show sponsored by Levers and organised by the Rafi Peer Theatre Workshop—our younger set loved every minute of it!

An interesting film on 'Dinosaurs and their Living Relatives' was shown too, and was enjoyed by the children.

OCTOBER:

Dr. Dinar's annual visit to acquaint the girls of Classes V and VI with the mysteries of growing up – another thoughtful step towards child – counselling. A concerned parent and dedicated paediatrician, Dr. Dinar is surely the best person to have at hand when such counselling is required!

Another eagerly sought – after annual feature is the Book Fair. The happy smiles seen around the Junior School corridors were ample testimony to the fact that our children do, indeed, love good books.

NOVEMBER:

Examination time again – we have tried to keep pressures under control and as far as possible steer the children towards regular study habits so that last-minute cramming should not rule the day.

DECEMBER:

Karachi weather at its best, examinations off one's chest now, what would make things complete for us at the Junior School? Need one ask another? Yes, it's Concert time! Practices are stepped up, reaching ever-dizzying heights and we are all a flutter with the last minute, minutes details!

This year, breaking away from all previous patterns we staged 'Jungle Mein Mungal', an Urdu playlet, written especially for us by Hasina Moin; and Santa's Video Voyage. Our team of little actors and actresses were marvellous, as usual Under Mrs. Q. Khan's able direction, Miss. K. Barni's breath taking back drops and ingenious animal masques, Mrs. J. Vaz's inspiring music and the staff's dedicated

assistance the two short plays kept everyone in the audience enthralled. His Eminence, Joseph Cardinal Cordeiro, was our Chief Guest that enchanted evening.

With another year coming to an end, the school wore a festive look for Party Day, 1st December. This year ten rupees were collected from each child by the class teacher, of which five rupees were set aside for the Ethiopian Famine Relief Fund while the remainder was used for the class party. Each teacher worked out a sensible menu with her class and everyone had more fun – because we know that sharing in our joy with us would be those whose hunger in some small measure we would perhaps, help assuage.

Speech Day, 20th December, was a befitting finale to another meaningful year and so with mixed feelings, another school year closed.

OUTING TO ENGLISH BISCUIT FACTORY: CLASS III-K.G.S

Classes III-K, G & S visited the English Biscuit Factory and a small Fishing Village on the 15th of February. We went there in two hired buses. We left school at 8.30 a.m. A representative from the factory was sent to school to accompany us on the journey. When we reached there we were divided into two groups and each group was conducted by a guide. This factory has the latest equipment and it was fascinating to observe the various stages that biscuit-making involves.

We were first taken to a huge room with big machines where the flour is made into dough.

The next room was the testing room where the various ingredients used in biscuit making are tested for their quality.

After this we came to a big room with gigantic machines where the dough is flattened out and made into shapes with designs on them. These raw biscuits are then sent to a room with huge ovens where they are baked at a particular temperature. This room is very hot. Next these biscuits are filled with cream and then wrapped in cellophane paper. All this is done by machines. Last of all it is packed in boxes by hand.

All of us were very interested and enthusiastic. We were happy when we were given a gift and two packets of biscuits too.

All this took two hours and we still had some time at our disposal so we went to Ebrahim Hydari, a small fishing village which was close by.

We reached school at 12.30 p.m.

OUTING TO NAVAL DOCKYARD — CLASS IV—K.G.S.

On a wet day, IV-K, G & S were taken to the Naval Dockyard and a visit to a submarine. This outing was arranged through the courtesy of a parent, Captain Arif Nasir.

First we went to the warship P.N.S. Tariq. It was raining heavily and the children were all herded together inside a helicopter hangar till the rain stopped. There were 80 children and they were divided into three groups. Each group was accompanied by an officer who took us on a detailed tour of the ship, giving clear and

interesting explanations. The children were very excited and were keen to ask questions. The children were served with refreshments before leaving the ship.

We then went to the submarine P.N.S. Hashmat. This was quite an experience for all including the teachers. The children had to be physically lifted and helped down the entrance of the submarine. Every thing was so cramped that there was no room to even turn around. Fortunately the children were very well behaved and didn't touch anything and we had no discipline problems. While one group was taken down into the submarine the other two groups played in the large playing fields. They were again served with refreshments. It was a most enjoyable trip and everything was very well-organised by the Naval Personnel.

EXCURSION TO BHAMBORE AND THE CHOWKANDI TOMBS: CLASS V—K.G.S.

On Saturday 19th February, 1983 the pupils of Classes V-K, G and S accompanied by their Class Teachers and four male members of the Junior School Staff went on an excursion to Bhambore and the Chowkandi Tombs

The choice of the locale was based on the desire to acquaint the children with their historical past and to give them a rough idea of how events in ancient history have been reconstructed by archaeological excavations.

The Museum at Bhambore proved a very apt place and the children evinced keen interest in the exhibits. A guided tour of the archaeological site led to a great deal of excitement and seventy-eight eager children scampered about looking for pieces of broken pottery etc. — convinced their finds were from an era long past!

From Bhambore the young historians were taken to the Chowkandi Tombs. Armed with material for making rubbings a happy hour was spent in industrious activity. Some marvellous rubbings have been made as a result.

The excursion was satisfying in as much as it succeeded in generating in the children an interest in History and a quest for knowledge of their historical heritage.

TRIP TO A CARPET FACTORY: CLASS VI—K.G.S.

On Monday 21st February 1983 Classes VI-K, G and S went to a carpet factory, located at 3/5 Industrial area and part of the Naim Carpet Industries. This trip was made possible with the co-operation of some parents — one of them accompanying the classes. Since the factory starts functioning in full swing after 10 O' clock we made a stopover at Hill Park, where the children ran around freely, enjoying the quiet and open air. This term these classes are working on two projects — Children and Pakistan. We thought this trip could serve a two-fold purpose — create an awareness about child labour and how the less privileged make their living and give the children a good idea about the traditional Muslim craft for which Pakistan is justifiably famous.

The youngster watched the weaving, washing and preparing of carpets with great interest. They became so enthusiastic that many of them sat down with the weavers, pulled at a few strands of wool and asked them a lot of questions. They were shown designs on paper from which the weavers worked.

We noticed that this interest and enthusiasm on the part of our group had a good effect on the working children who felt proud of their work and happy at the fact that others of their own age group were so interested in their work. Our children were fascinated by the nimble fingers of the carpet weavers and watched the designs taking shape before their eyes with rapt attention.

Considering the interest shown in handicrafts generally, perhaps we should extend the scope of our educational programme by having a weaving loom and a potters wheel for children to try out.

A TRIBUTE TO MRS. LAURA LOBO.

Grammarians past and present were stunned to learn of Mrs. Laura Lobo's sudden death soon after her successful December Concert.

She was a truly wonderful person and a really inspired teacher of music. To her family we extend our deepest sympathy.

*The hall in which Mrs. Lobo played,
Feet tapped and heads swayed
To her music children sang
To her voice church bells rang
Her voice like her heart was always clear
When we think of her now we always shed a tear
Her music enchanted the room
On hearing her voice flowers would bloom
Her parting made a lot of hearts cry
It's amazing how people come and then go by
But alas we are only shadows-not substantial things
Who knows that the next day brings?*

SAJJAD PANJWANI IX-S (1984)

**THE K.G.S. JUNIOR SECTIONS PRODUCTION OF
"THE WIZARD OF OZ" WAS DEDICATED
TO MRS. LAURA LOBO.**

...."OVER THE RAINBOW"

*When all the world is a hopeless jumble
and the raindrops tumble all around
heaven opens a magic lane.
When all the clouds open up the skyway,
there's a rainbow highway to be found,
leading from your window-pane
to a place behind the sun,
just a step beyond the rain.*

*Somewhere, over the rainbow,
way up high,
there's a land that I heard of
once in a lullaby.*

*Somewhere, over the rainbow,
skies are blue,
and the dreams that you dare to
dream really do come true.*

*Someday I'll wish upon a star,
and wake up where the clouds are far
behind me —
where troubles melt like lemon — drops,
away above the chimney-tops —
that's where you'll find me*

*Somewhere, over the rainbow,
bluebirds fly;
birds fly over the rainbow —
why, then, oh, why can't I? . . .
If happy little bluebirds fly
beyond the rainbow, why, oh, why
can't I?*

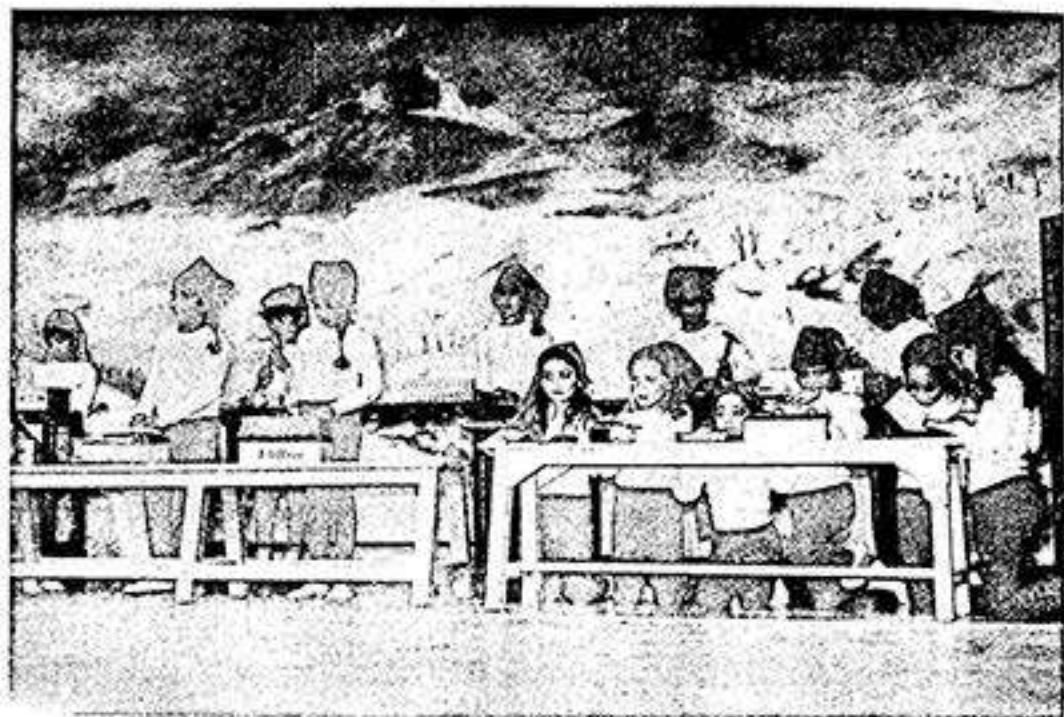
THE WIZARD OF OZ CHARACTERS

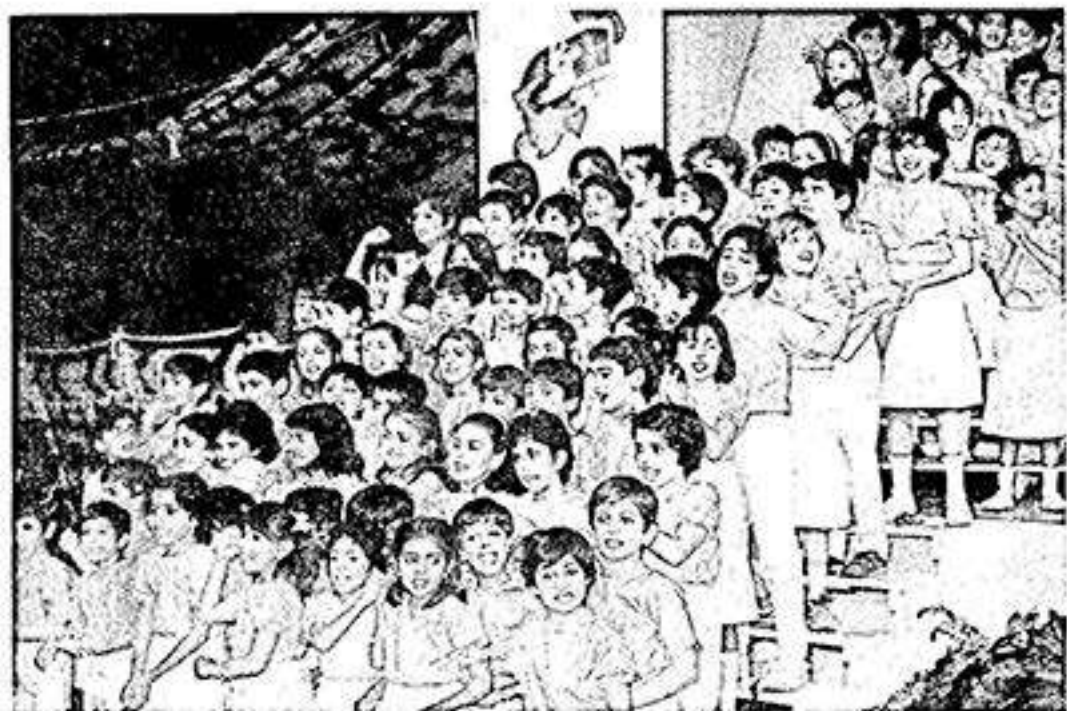
| | | |
|--|-------|-------------------|
| <i>DOROTHY</i> | | NADYA KARIM. |
| <i>AUNT EM</i> | | SABA FAROOQUE. |
| <i>WITCH OF THE WEST</i> | | SUMEEYA MUJAHID. |
| <i>SORCERESS OF THE NORTH</i> | | SONIA REHMAN. |
| <i>GLORIA</i> | | SABEEN SIDDIQUI. |
| <i>UNCLE HENRY</i> | | ALI HASAN. |
| <i>JOE</i> | | ASSADULLA KHAN. |
| <i>TIBIA</i> | | KAMILA SHAMSIE. |
| <i>MAYOR</i>) | | ROOHSAN DIVECHA. |
|) | | |
| <i>FARMER</i>) | | SHAZIM CHHAPRA. |
|) | | |
| <i>BARRISTER</i>) <i>MUNCHKINS</i> | | GHULAMHADI LAKHO. |
|) | | |
| <i>CORONER</i>) | | NADIR KHAN. |
| <i>SCARECROW</i> | | ZERXES SPENCER. |
| <i>TINMAN</i> | | ASSADULLAH KHAN. |
| <i>LION</i> | | BEHRAM DIVECHA. |
| <i>FIRST GENERAL</i> | | NAJEEB VOHRA. |
| <i>A PRIVATE</i> | | AKBAR ALI ALLANA. |
| <i>LORD GROWLIE</i> | | SYED ASAD HAIDER. |
| <i>THE WIZARD OF OZ</i> | | OMAR MOTIWALLA. |
| <i>FARMHANDS, MUNCHKINS, MUNCHKIN CHILDREN,</i> | | |
| <i>SKELETONS, GENERALS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF OZ</i> | | |

SCENES FROM THE JUNIOR SCHOOL CONCERTS '83-'85









ALTHOUGH A CURTAIN FALLS

*Not long ago, in this world,
One candle amongst the billions burned,
Its steady light and warm glow embraced
Many a heart and brought joy,
A moment respite and peace to the soul.*

*The life of a candle is but small,
Yet it burned bright and steady
Never faltering, ceaselessly on
Its duration in the world grew less
And yet it spared not one thought for itself.*

*Its very life was like music
Pouring forth into one's heart.
Music so rich, so pure, glorious, heart rending,
It drew us towards its joy,
Compelling us to share in its beauty,
Gathering us in its loving fold
It soothed away pain and sorrow.*

*I was but a mere spectator,
Watching this candle grow brighter still,
And my heart carried silent unseen tears
When in the end it was extinguished.
But such is life, cruel, full of avarice and greed.
To us it seems so but we forget
That the candle now burns
Its steady flame, loved by God,
And its life is but eternal.
What of us, the thousands bereft?
We seek solace in our memories,
For they are many a splendid moment.*

*So, although a curtain falls,
It's not the end
Though I say a loving farewell
It's only till we meet again.
Dry our eyes, and share her joy,
For she rests in Heaven with her Maker;
And put our faith in God
As when we're called, let us pray
That we'll go to a place where life's more fair.*

"In Memory of Mrs. Laura Lobo."

MY WORLD OF DREAMS

I wonder if I'll ever reach that Dream World of mine up on a cloud so very big. One day when I'm asleep a beautiful golden carriage, decorated with colourful flowers would come to me, glittering in the dark blue starry sky to take me away from this dull life.

The carriage would have silver unicorns with long flapping wings. I would sit in the carriage and guided by just a little light from the moon, the unicorns would carry me higher and higher till we reach a beautiful path called a rainbow, but to me it is the path of dreams!

On either side of the path there would be pretty pink clouds with colourful stars twinkling here and there. There would be trees with different fruits. On some there will be butterfly-shaped flowers. I would sleep on a huge star with a tiny cloud for a pillow and a large silk leaf for a sheet. Well I don't think I'm going to reach my dream world because it does not exist.

By: Tanya Muneer.
Class: IV-G

THOUGHTS ON LOVE SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF A CHILD

*Love is affection for mother and father,
For brother and sister, friend and teacher.
No anger, no hate, the only thing is faith.
Love is everything, we see everywhere,
It is so good that no one it spares.
It brings friendship and affection
From those whom we give the slightest attention.*

By: Mohd Rashid Siddiqui.
Class: VI-K

*Everything created is love to me,
Whether an animal or whether a tree
For everything I see, I thank Thee
For creating it bit by bit.*

*Parents and grandparents are love to me,
Love to me is to be free,
I love my dog Juno and her mate Bumo.
Goes also my love, to Flo my dove.
A true friend to me is also love.*

**By: Tushna Kandawalla
Class: VI-K**

*I think love is an examination
That is really very tough.
If you pass, your love is great,
If you fail, your love may turn to hate.
I love my father and mother the best
And hope our love never gets less.
Love in my opinion is to be free,
It is the prettiest thing in the world, you see.*

**By: Umber Shah
Class: VI-K**

*Love is an emotion
That has travelled through time
As an experience of devotion,
It is not a crime
To give and receive love,
It flutters about like two white doves.
Love resists hate
Like good resists evil,
Love changes all the work of the devil
Making it vanish like water touching fire,
Love is an emotion making all desires.*

**By: Saima Ijaz
Class: VI-K**

*A great virtue is love,
Indeed it is sent by the One above.
Love allows us to care
For each other, and to share.
Love is not rare,
It has no bounds
As around one's heart is wound.
Love is a wondrous gift
That does not allow people from each other to drift,
In one's life, love is like a shining light,
To witness it is a great sight.
I for one, would never like to lose the virtue of love.*

**By: Nadir Rehman
Class: VI-K**

MY SUMMER VACATIONS

Every summer vacations we go abroad, but this time my mother decided to visit other parts of our own country so that we should know something about our homeland. It was decided that we should visit the North of Pakistan, because in this part the weather would be fine.

So on 31st May we went to Lahore by a P.I.A. flight. I was extremely excited. We stayed there two weeks. I had my birthday on 11th June. So we all went to Nandi Pul. It is a dam near Gujranwala and it makes electricity using the water. We had a grand party in the air-conditioned rest house. The next day we flew to Islamabad. I stayed there for a week. We went to Simli Dam and the place where a bomb was made. We had a picnic and motor boat ride in the lake.

On 21st June we flew to Gilgit in a Fokker aeroplane. We were too excited. It was a 1½ hour breath taking journey. We passed through Nanga Parbat (26,000 feet high) It is the second highest peak of the Karakoram Range. It was covered with white snow. We landed and went in the hotel named "Raka Poshi". It was beautiful and as good as any Intercontinental Hotel. We took two rooms and in the balcony we could see the meeting place of River Hunza and River Gilgit, which becomes River Indus afterwards.

We could also see the silk route (Karakoram) from our balcony and the Chinese Bridge. A fast spring was flowing by, in the hotel's garden. It looked like heaven on earth.

Next day we hired a jeep and went the to Hunza Estate. On the way we plucked apricots, walnuts, green apples, grapes and peaches. It was all free. We saw the Raka Poshi peak and our journey was all on the silk route. It was a dangerous drive as the mountains have sulphur in them, and they were blasting every moment. We also bought gems from Hunza. We saw ruby mines. We also saw the palace of the "Ameer of Hunza". Now I should be short. So we went by the suspension bridge over River Khungrab. We also went uptill the Pakistan-China border, and met Chinese people. We also stayed in a camp in Gulmit Tourist Cottage. It was raining that night and we played cards enjoying the music and slept in the camp with candles and oil lamps. I stayed in Gilgit for 12 days and Hunza and Gulmit. We returned to Islamabad on 1st of July. I felt so sad leaving such a beautiful place which I have never seen in my life before, although I have gone all around the world.

Now I advise everybody to "Discover Pakistan". It is fantastic.

By: Nabiha Bukhari
Class: IV-K

THE PERSON I ADMIRE MOST

He was a tall man, a giant or so he seemed to a mere child of four. That is how old I was and my memories of him have stayed that way.

My grandfather, on my mother's side, is one person who I remember in spite of the fact that I knew him for a short time.

He had a patrician nose, button eyes and slanted eyebrows, which quirked to the hairline. His hair had thinned yet he would spend a considerable time brushing it. He was as selective when it came to buying shampoos and soaps. The bathroom would have a fragrance of its own after he had bathed. I loved to go to his bathroom and play in the water with his soaps.

He did not smile much but chuckled often. His chuckles made everyone laugh because they seemed to be full of fun and merriment enticing all to join in. He would sometimes rub his hands in glee, just like a school boy playing pranks. My grandmother would be wary at those times.

He loved to eat sweets and sweet dishes. Often he would badger my reluctant grandmother into making them or he would purchase them himself. To save himself from her wrath he would lift me up on the table open the box and tell me, "Go on Nadya, take what you like," and just as innocently he would help himself.

He enjoyed eating and was fond of restaurants, and once a week we would all go out. He loved to take me around and would proudly show me off to all and sundry. He would fuss over me and treat me like a princess. My mother would often tell him not to spoil me, but he would pay her no heed.

He loved to take me for a walk around the corner of their house. He'd hold my hand and we'd walk together often pointing out animals, trees, flowers, people and he'd tell me a little history about each of them.

At napping time, I would walk over to his bed and snuggle between the blankets and hear him snore. The snores sounded like the rumblings of a mighty volcano. When awake there was nothing I liked better to do, then sit on his round tummy, tickle him and be bounced about like a ball. We'd gambol like that until his stomach would protest. Then, he'd ask me to fetch a story book and together we would travel the far distant lands into the world of 'Arabian Nights'. Our favourite story was, 'Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves'.

It's been now over four years, that he's no more, but those years I still remember and I am glad that I had the opportunity of knowing him. He would have been so proud to see me as Dorothy in my school concert and taken great pride in all my achievements. I hope he is watching from wherever he is and he knows I love and admire him very much.

By: Nadya A. Karim
Class: IV-G Age: 9 years

TWO YEARS IN THE JUNIOR SCHOOL

*When I came to the Junior School I was feeling very happy,
To be as big and important as my daddy,
The Junior School was such a big place,
That I felt like a very small ant in a very large case,
I could almost buy anything from the Tuck-Shop,
Lollies, soft-drinks, sweets and ice-cream pop,
The Grammar School is so very nice-
That I felt I could stay here for all my life.*

*But now that I'm in class IV and two years older,
I feel that I'm a lot much bolder,
And that I'm more cheeky and always playing the fool,
I will never forget big old GRAMMAR SCHOOL.*

By: Asad M. Ali
Class: IV-K

A BEAUTIFUL GIFT

Once on my birthday I got a little basket. I was eager to open it. When the birthday party finished. I sat down to open my presents. First I opened the basket wondering what was in it, and to my great surprise and astonishment out jumped a beautiful puppy. I was so excited to have a dog of my very own. I asked my father if it was male or a female. He said that it was a German Shepherd and a female.

It was given to me by my parents, my sister and my brother. I thanked them a lot. Now I started thinking what to name it. My family gave me ideas. Then I decided to name it Sandra. What a nice name. I gave Sandra some dog food and water. After having it she licked me lovingly. How sweet!

Now Sandra is one year old. Whenever we all come home from somewhere she starts licking us. At night she guards the house. We take her to the vet sometimes, but there's nothing wrong with her. What a lovely dog she is. A dog is my favourite animal anyway. We all love her dearly.

By: Saba Sayeed
Class: IV.

FRILLY

I am a party frock. I was made in the factory. First I was a piece of cloth. Then they dyed me pink and I was a lovely pink party dress. The gnome put some frills on my side to make me look more pretty. At night the other dresses were quite jealous of me. But I took no notice of them. In the morning we were folded and were put in the box by the gnomes. Another gnome carried the box and put me in the van. The van carried me off. The driver was a rabbit. At last we reached the shop and on the board was written "Frilly Frocks". I saw a fairy who looked after the shop. Her name was Fairy Silver-Toes.

Fairy Silver-Toes liked me very much and she kept me for herself. In the evening she wore a matching hat, a matching pair of socks and a pair of matching shoes. How the elves and the fairies praised me. I was quite proud of myself, and when the party finished she went home and she took me off and carefully hung me up in the hanger.

I like fairy Silver Toes, because she has a kind face and she is very kind too. I'm still in the cupboard of Fairy Silver Toes. When I get dirty she always washes me and hangs me up. So if you ever go to tea with Fairy Silver-Toes, ask her to show me and I'm sure she will.

By: Sabeen Sharif
Class: IV.

AN ADVENTURE

During my summer holidays, my family went to the seaside. I also took Kamila, my best friend with me. One day I felt very bored. I asked Kamila if she was willing to go for a walk. She agreed to it so we went.

It was a fine and a beautiful day. After twenty minutes it began to rain, I was surprised because Kamila suddenly saw a house. We went in the direction of the house. When we were there, I knocked at the door. We stood for a moment, then the door opened. We asked the lady if we could take shelter. The lady just smiled,

I began to feel uncomfortable. Then she allowed us to come in, and asked us to sit and gave us some dry clothes. She also told us to change them. As Kamila was changing, the woman locked the door. I was surprised, I banged at the door but it was useless. When Kamila came out I told her what the woman had done. She told me not to worry. I went to change. We looked around the room. There I saw a window and we tried to open it but it was all in vain. Then suddenly it opened, I told Kamila to go out. Then I went out.

We rushed home to tell our parents. My father phoned the police. The police knew they were bad people. They soon caught them and took them to prison. Our parents were quite proud of us.

Then the next day our pictures were in the newspaper. We were brave, Kamila and I got a lovely present. We were very happy.

By: Mona A. Ali
Class: IV.

FRILLY THE PARTY DRESS

I am a party dress. I am pink in colour and have frills all over me. I have a white bow which is also a part of me. Everybody who saw me called me Frilly. I was made by a man called Davis. Davis is a wonderful tailor. He can stitch almost anything. He stitches for famous dancers and singers. He stitches for the circus people. He even stitches for queens and kings.

One day I was bought by a lady for a little girl's birthday. She wore me and felt very proud and so did I. My mistress is named Jani. She has long black hair, blue eyes, a kind face and is very fair. She treats me carefully. Whenever she wore me, people admired me and I felt very proud. She had a baby brother named Jack. He is cute but very naughty indeed, because anything that he sees he puts into his mouth. Jane keeps me far from Jack in case he might chew me up.

After years of service I became old, dirty and tight for Jane. She threw me away and bought another party dress which was made by Davis as well. As for me I was chewed by the rats in the junkyard. Day by day I became smaller and smaller. One day there was nothing left of me at all. I had been eaten by every creature you can think of. That was my punishment for being proud. Jane still lives happily. I miss her and she misses me too.

By: Seher Veerjee
Class: IV.

AN EXCITING DREAM

One fine morning when the sun was shining brightly I got up very excited. My father had promised me to buy me a real steam engine. I quickly got dressed and went downstairs to have my breakfast. I was so excited that I forgot to wear my slippers. My father and mother were both smiling. I had a quick breakfast and then went with my father to get the engine. When I saw the engine my eyes nearly popped out of my head. The engine was black and the trucks were green with black tyres and there was a big seat to sit on.

I was very grateful to my father and mother. The engine was very cheap for a sale was on. I thanked my father and mother at least twenty times that day. I showed the engine to all my friends. When I blew the whistle they would jump with surprise. I usually drove the engine round the path of our little garden. At first my little kitten Tinker was very frightened when I blew the whistle and she would jump over the hedge to the garden next door, terrified. Suddenly somebody touched me and I woke up with a jump. It was my mother. I told my mother about the exciting dream I had.

My mother told my father about my dream and then both of them laughed heartily and I could not help joining in. I laughed till tears ran down my cheeks. Suddenly my father looked at his watch and then said it's 9.30, are we not having any breakfast today?

By: Zahid Ahmed
Class: IV

THE ADVENTURE AT MRS. MOFFETS HOUSE

My friend Mahnaz and I were having a picnic. It was a fine day. After we had finished all our food, we set out for a walk.

We started walking slowly across the beach. Suddenly the sky became cloudy. A sudden storm began. We hurried towards a little house nearby, which we had just seen.

We knocked at the door and a funny little old woman came out. She exclaimed, "Oh goodness! gracious. You must be my new pupils. Come in quickly out of the rain". We rushed in dripping wet.

She gave us a new pair of clothes each and we had a bath and changed our clothes in a bathroom. We heard some children's voices but when we came out we only saw some rabbits playing.

After that the lady took a stick out with a star on it. She said in a deep voice, "Playtime is over children" Then she waved the wand round and round and the rabbits turned into children.

We ran screaming out of the house and never dared to wander near it again.

By: Sabiha Hussain
Class: IV

THE DAY EVERYTHING WENT WRONG

We were going to Hollywood, the land of movies, for a few days. I was as happy as a lark.

It was a nice trip I couldn't wait till we got there. I went to sleep and when I got up I was in a room all alone. My parents entered and I realised I was in the hotel room. What a relief!

Then disaster struck! I went to have breakfast with my parents at a table for three in the hotel restaurant. I tucked the table cloth into myself thinking it was the napkin. Then a waiter came up and said there was a call for me from grandma. I got up and, to my dismay, the table cloth came along with me. Clatter! Bang! Crash! All the crockery fell. This was just the beginning.

I went for a walk on my own and I saw a car burning. I opened the fire hydrant and the fire went out with a sizzle. Then I heard a voice. It was rough and it said, "cut". I turned around and saw it was a movie director. He was saying that the car was burning because it was the shooting for a movie. Then I realized that I had done something wrong. I apologized and then went on my way.

It was four p.m. and I was starving. I bought a burger and as I was walking I was eating it. I suddenly heard a cry, I turned around and kept on walking. I walked straight into a pole and there went my burger. I was going home. It was my unlucky day I stayed at home and was very careful for the next few hours, because I had already had a very bad day.

By: Farah Sayeed
Class: V

AN UNWANTED TRAIN RIDE

My best friend Jane, was going away to Murree for her summer holidays. I was sad to hear that because I knew I would miss her. But I thought she would enjoy herself which was the main thing.

When the day came for her to leave, I woke up early. The sun was shining brightly and the roses were peeping from my window. I got dressed quickly, and then went down for breakfast. After a quick breakfast, I went on my bike to my friend's house, just down the lane. She was in her garden waiting for me.

We both went to the railway station, and as I was wishing her good bye, the train went away. Yes it really went away leaving me standing in the carriage. Chug, chug, chug, down the dusty track it chugged. My friend told me not to worry. We could phone my mother and tell her where I was. So I calmed down a bit.

It was quite a pleasant journey. I was glad I had a seat near the window. I could see trees, and beautiful flowers nodding their heads at me. The sun was shining and I felt happy and excited. A man showed us where the dining car was, and we went and had a lovely lunch.

Just as I was dozing off to sleep I heard someone shout "Fire"! I quickly turned round and saw flames. I got two buckets of water, threw it at the fire, and the flames began to die down. By now a crowd of people were throwing water. I was praised as I was the first one to notice the fire.

When the journey ended, Jane's parents were at the other side waiting for her. When they saw me, they asked me why I had come. Jane related the whole story. And when she came to the part about the fire I felt a real hero. We went to the shop, bought ice creams and then phoned my mother. She had been worried about me, but she was glad I was safe. I really enjoyed myself tremendously in spite of the worry I had when I was in the train, as it left the station.

By: Nali Spencer
Class: V

WHY THE SNAKE HAS NO LEGS

A long, long time ago the snakes had legs like the lizard has today. They would look quite awkward in this day but they looked quite normal in those times. Some snakes like the king Cobra had four legs and were quite tall. The Python was longer so it had about a hundred feet.

The snakes were very proud of their legs and they never imagined that one day they would have no legs. The snakes' legs were quite beautiful but they had one disadvantage. The snakes couldn't catch anything. The prey could see the snake coming and it would be far away.

One day on the first of Sneedare (a holy month for snakes) the Parliament of Snekastul had a meeting. The topic was to find out how many snakes were going

hungry because they could not hunt. The Black Mamba suggested that they camouflage themselves. This was the first original idea of camouflage. The Cobra was the King so he is called the King Cobra, he said that if we had no legs we could climb up on the trees and even pounce on an animal just as it would come under the tree. All the members of Parliament agreed to this suggestion.

The result of that meeting was told to the public. The Parliament set up schools where snakes were taught to glide as they do now. All the snakes passed with good results. The Python however kept failing and so if you look at a Python today you will see that it has remains of legs. The snakes could climb trees and pounce on an animal underneath. The King Cobra was so excited that whenever he was going to strike his head would swell up. The snakes could go along the grass and would bite any animal that was about. Their legs had disappeared but the Pythons did not. So this is how the legs of a snake disappeared.

By: Humair Yusuf
Class: VI.

CREATURE FROM SPACE

"Tom!" It was almost a cry. It made his head jerk towards her. "Its a body!"

He laughed, "It's not big enough!"

"But it is! Can't you see?"

"No, no, no." He comforted her but she would not be convinced. "All right, I'll prove it," he said and he began to take off his shoes.

"You can't go there, Tom. It's dangerous. Please don't."

"Oh, don't be silly, Tina. What can happen? I only want to prove to you that it's not a body," Tom answered.

"Well, okay, but if you think that you're going alone, you're mistaken. I'm going to come with you," Tina answered back.

"Okay, if that's what you want," Tom said carelessly. "But hurry up."

Tina quickly took out her spiked shoes and donned them. Then she said: "Give me my hat and let's go."

Tom handed her hat to her and started running. When he stopped to wait for Tina he saw that she was far behind. Hurrying to her he said: "What's the matter Tina?"

"Oh nothing. Just saving my breath," she replied.

"Forget that! Hurry up!" he explained.

"They crossed the valley and were soon on the moors.

"There it is," Tom said quietly.

He hurried towards it and inspected the huge hulk from every direction. At one place he stopped and, in amazed tones, exclaimed, "You were right, Tina it's a body."

"And it's alive. Look his chest is moving or rather throbbing," Tina pointed out, in a scared voice.

Tom quickly felt for his destruct revolver. It was there. Taking heart, he turned the body over

"Look!" cried Tina, "What's that, buried in his chest?"

"Huh! A stun dart!" exclaimed Tom, looking at it. "Someone is responsible for this." Absent mindedly he dug out the dart.

"Tom," yelled Tina, "look, it's stirring," and indeed it was and it was up, in a sitting position.

"Who woke me up?" suddenly, a gruff voice roared.

"It was I, Tom!" Tom yelled bravely.

"Why?" again the creature roared.

"To keep you from dying," Tom shouted.

"How dare you take out my sleeping pill before its effects. For that I shall kill you both," and he advanced towards them.

"No, you won't," yelled Tom. "Tina! Run and leave me."

"No, I won't, Tom. I won't leave," she answered back.

"Leave, Tina," he said again, but sternly, this time.

"I will deal with this creature from outer space."

"How did you know that I was from outer space," roared the creature.

"I just guessed," Tom replied calmly.

"Well anyway, you're soon going to be dead."

"No, I won't. You will." Saying that Tom whipped out his destruct! revolver and pressed the trigger. He watched comfortably, at the pieces of the creature, when the ray hit it, for he knew that soon no evidence of the creature would be left. Then he turned to return to Tina.

"Come on, Tina," he said quietly when he reached her. "Let's return to the hotel. We have had more than our share of excitement today."

"I agree, Tom. Let's hurry," said Tina.

So we can see their outlines as they go back, in the light of the setting sun, thankful that they are still alive.

By: Omar A. Salam
1983

(1) AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BEGGAR BOY

I too had slightly better days. We were poor, but not beggars. But unfortunately my father died, leaving me to work. Not knowing any work I was forced to beg. I had three brothers and two sisters to feed. Since the death of my father our mother was hard on us. Therefore I started to beg.

My daily routine was to go to "Lalukhet" and start begging in the early hours of the morning. Though I hated begging it was the only way I could earn money.

I had only a bed ragged sheet to cover my body and a crust of bread, as breakfast, and it had to last till noon time.

Often I was cursed by people or some took pity on me and gave me a 'rupee'. The highest I could earn per day was Rs. 5/- due to my lack of strength. My companions rushed forward before I could even get up. Often I ended up with no money.

Soon I started entering shops to get some money by begging there but it did not work. All I received was a push from the shopkeeper and laughs from some nasty people. My life was horrid one but I got used to it.

One day one of my brothers, Samad, died leaving us sad and unhappy. We buried him as best as possible but we had to do without food for two days.

It often happens that at the worst of times we get some luck, and it happened to me. An Arabian Sheikh came and settled down nearby for a week. He was a very generous and kind hearted man. Soon we had enough to have clothes and food but when he went away I was forced to beg again.

It seemed strange to me to beg after a week of comfort. Deep in thought I did not notice I was crossing a road. It all happened in a minute. I was knocked down by a speeding car and I fainted. Luckily I was lying in such a position that the tyres did not touch me and the car was a high chassis one.

The driver quickly took me to a hospital and promised that his master would pay for any damage done to me.

And here I am now in the hospital room number 6, thinking and relating my past to myself. My life has certainly been a very poor one.

By: Sunela M. Qureshi

Class: VI.

(2) AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BEGGAR BOY

My name was Amar and I was seven years old. I was a very poor boy. My father had died and my mother used to take care of me. But she became ill and then she also died.

I was left alone in this huge wide world. I used to work cleaning gutters and cleaning peoples houses. I hardly had anything to wear. All the money I got was spent on the rent of my small hut.

All I ever got was bread crumbs that the people threw away. I ate that once a day. Wherever I went people would ridicule me and call me "Dirty Amar".

Yet after all they said, I still helped them, so that they would become my friends but they started hating me even more. I had only some friends and these friends were all the stray dogs who wandered about in the village.

I grew to be a teenager but people still hated me and I thought that it was a very cruel world. I then planned that I would go elsewhere where people would not be so cruel to me.

As I had no money for a train, I had to walk all the way until I reached the main city.

Over there a nice man gave me a job. After working with him for a few days I found out that he used to kidnap children and make them beg.

I told him that I did not want to work with him anymore but he refused to let me go. At midnight I took a knife and opened the three padlocks that he had put on the door. Then I went to another house where I was accepted as a servant. This man was a poet. He and his wife were very kind and understood each other well and never quarelled.

The poet taught me poetry and I became very good at it. Time passed slowly and I became as good as this man at poetry.

Then suddenly the man died and he left a note for his wife and one for me. The woman could not bear his death and she was so shocked that she also died.

I was so sad that I forgot about the note and the next day as I was about to leave I saw the note. I opened it and found that the poet had told me to take his house and all his wealth after his and his wife's death.

I buried him and his wife in the graveyard side by side, and then I went back. I gave a lot of money to the children who used to live poorly so that they could become happy people like me someday.

When I was twenty-five, I married a beautiful girl and we had a baby. But our baby died when he was only two months old.

I became a great poet and I am very happy now because people respect me and I am no longer ridiculed by anybody. I am eighty five years old and my wife eighty, I am waiting for that time to come when I end my life.

By: Kashif S. Ahmed

Class: VI.

A STORY ABOUT COPS AND KIDNAPPERS

I was coming from the cinema where I had seen a late night movie. Entering our lane I heard a scream and a shout. I ran back to find out what had caused the scream. I soon realised that someone must have fallen in the ditch whose lid was always kept open. I ran to help the person. I put out my hand so the person who fell could grasp my hand and come out. Instead I was pulled in and hit on the head.

I did not know what happened after that as I had fainted. When I opened my eyes I found myself in a sack which pricked me awfully, I realised that I had been kidnapped. There was also danger of suffocating as there was no hole in the sack from which some air could pass. I heard someone saying that they had a good catch and their boss would make me beg. I nearly cried but I remembered that in all hard times we should remember God. I had never believed that. Now there was no harm in trying. I started remembering God. Then I heard a click and the door was shut.

Meanwhile at our house my father had become worried about me as it was 12 o'clock and he had alarmed the police and told them that I was missing. The superintendent promised that first he would pick my father and then conduct a search. My father and the cops searched everywhere but I could not be found.

I heard sounds of sirens and guessed that my father had alarmed the police who had come to search for me. Then I soon heard the sirens fading away. I realised that the cops had just passed by this house where I was kept. Luckily I remembered my pocket knife which I took out and cut the lower part of the sack. I was able to

get out of the prickly sack. Near by in the same room, there was a table on which there was a plate of meat and a glass of water. I guessed that was for me and I ate that food which tasted like the most delicious food in the world.

While having the food I heard the sirens again. I rushed to the window where I took out my handkerchief and waved it in the air signaling an S.O.S. I got back a reply immediately. I understood the police were bringing help. Fortunately the kidnapers were in drunken sleep. Once more I heard the welcoming police siren. This time the police broke the door off its hinges and rushed in. There was a great scuffle and there was firing but luckily no one was hurt and the police overpowered the kidnapers. I was taken home by Daddy and with a cup of hot coffee I related the story.

By: Aryn Tajani
1983

SPACE STATION 013

Comets whizzed by us seeming to the occupants of the small space shuttle like long streaking lights. Huge asteroids the size of a massive ship slowly went past the shuttle. The power of these asteroids momentum in truth was three hundred times the power of the shuttle's engines and if one even scraped the shuttle it would be thrown far out into the reaches of the vast uncharted space regions of Alderaan.

Slowly a moon came into view but no this was no moon. It was three times larger, too regular and too metallic looking. This was the newly completed "Space Station 013". The gigantic shape loomed towards the small shuttle and in a moment the shuttle had vanished into a massive space craft hangar. The space station had been made for the sole reason to charter the Alderaan space system. The space station was immense, so immense that one could spend years hiking through it. The power of its rockets was unbelievable. It could move more than one hundred thousand kilometres a minute. The space station had many facilities too. It had refreshment bars, courts for tennis and badminton and special artificial gravity so one could stand upright. The space station was ready for combing the vast reaches of space for new planets.

The crew which had landed on the space station in the space shuttle consisted of Captain Dan Reids, Captain Mike Pealliey and Major Frank Hardy. They were all highly skilled engineers, pilots, astronauts and reliable men. Their mission was one of utmost secrecy. It was known by few that the space station was being sabotaged. These men were here to stop this. It was known that in the later hours of the night things had occurred damaging the station. Just after this a man dressed in a pure white skin suit and a tight white mask with only the top portion of the face revealed had been seen. He wore a bright crimson symbol of a lion's face on his chest. Each

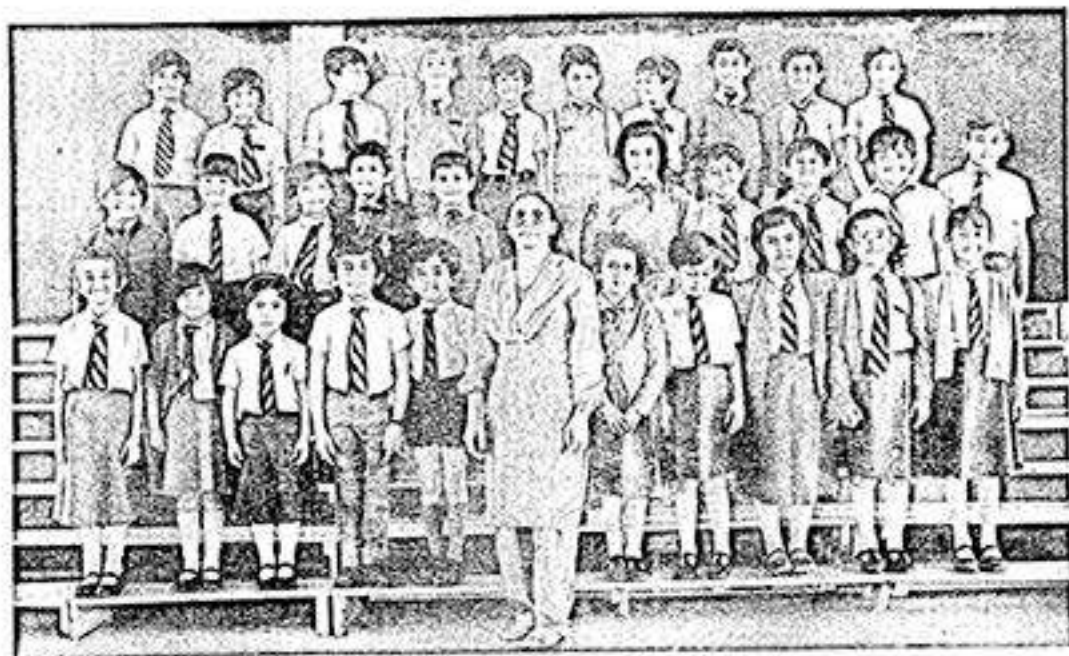
of his hands just above the elbow had a smaller one. He wore white gloves trimmed with crimson. His mask too had a crimson lining. This was the costume of the Dalex United Sabotage Squad.

That night Captain Dan Reids stayed awake while his two companions slept. When he heard a slight noise like a footstep outside he woke his friends. As they opened the door they saw a white gun of a make they had never seen before pointing at them. The handle had the sinister crimson lion on it. They looked up into two cold staring brown eyes. The spy from D.U.S.S.! In a strange cold grating noise he said, "Get up." The three men from United Planets Antis Dalex Force were trapped by the very man they sought. Suddenly Captain Dan's hand came up in a clench. The gun fired once and he lay stumped unconscious. The spy said, "Next time I shall kill." The two men moved in front and down the corridor where there was a small hangar for only one craft. In the hangar there was a white craft with a crimson lion's face on its hull and on the sides. He motioned them back. In a moment a hand came up and down the sideways. The two U.P.A.D.F. men lay unconscious. The spy boarded the craft and zoomed away into space.

The next day the three men were found all still unconscious and taken to the Sick Bay. The Major said that they had chased the spy who panicked and escaped in a shuttle and did not say anything about them being captured. The next day they returned to Earth.

By: Rahyab Lari
Class: VI.

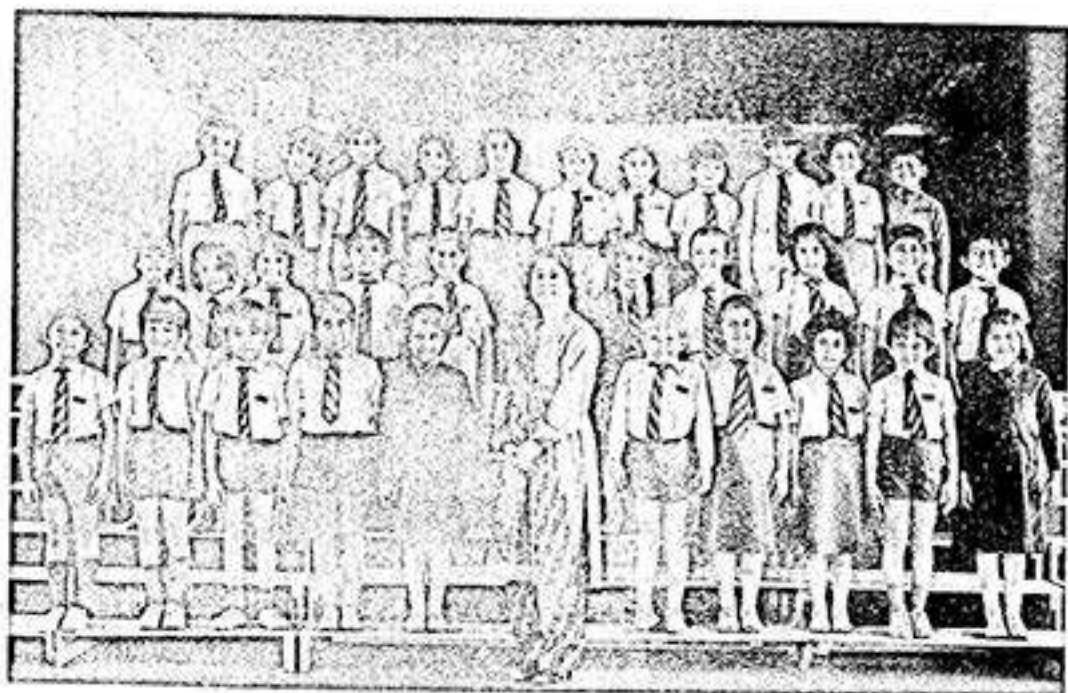
CLASS PHOTOGRAPHS



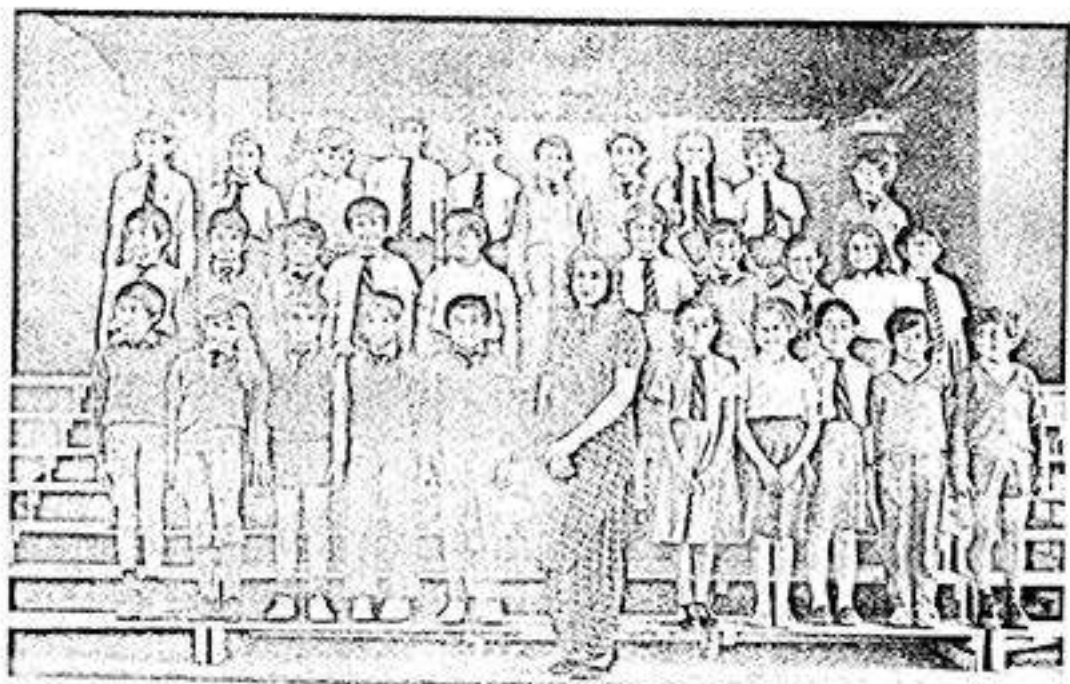
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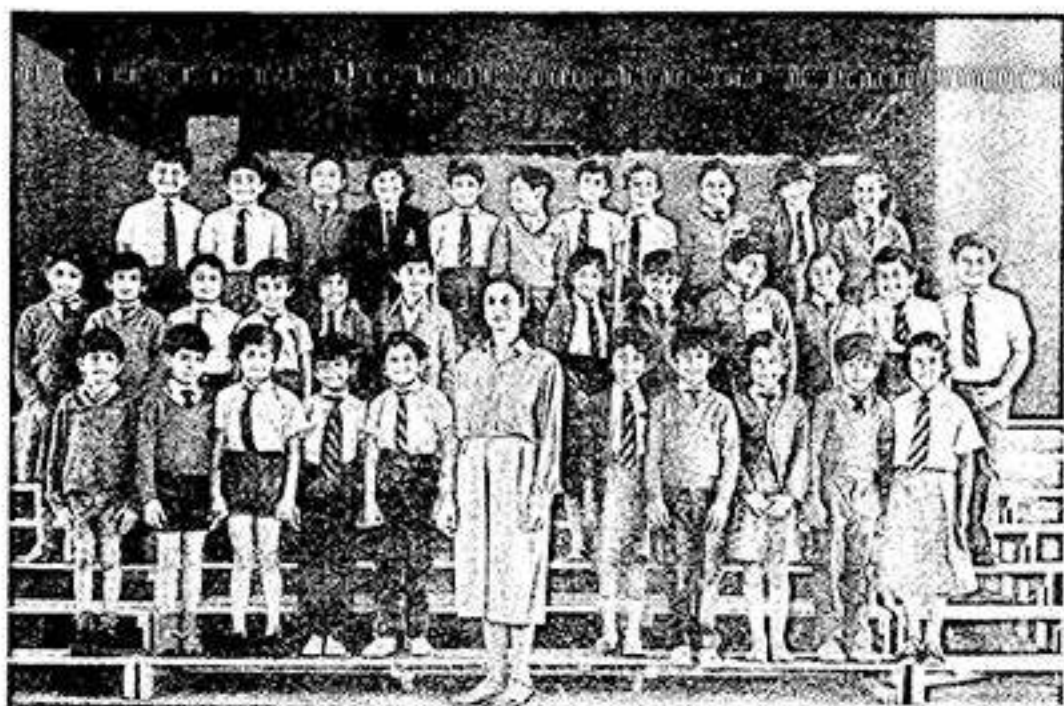
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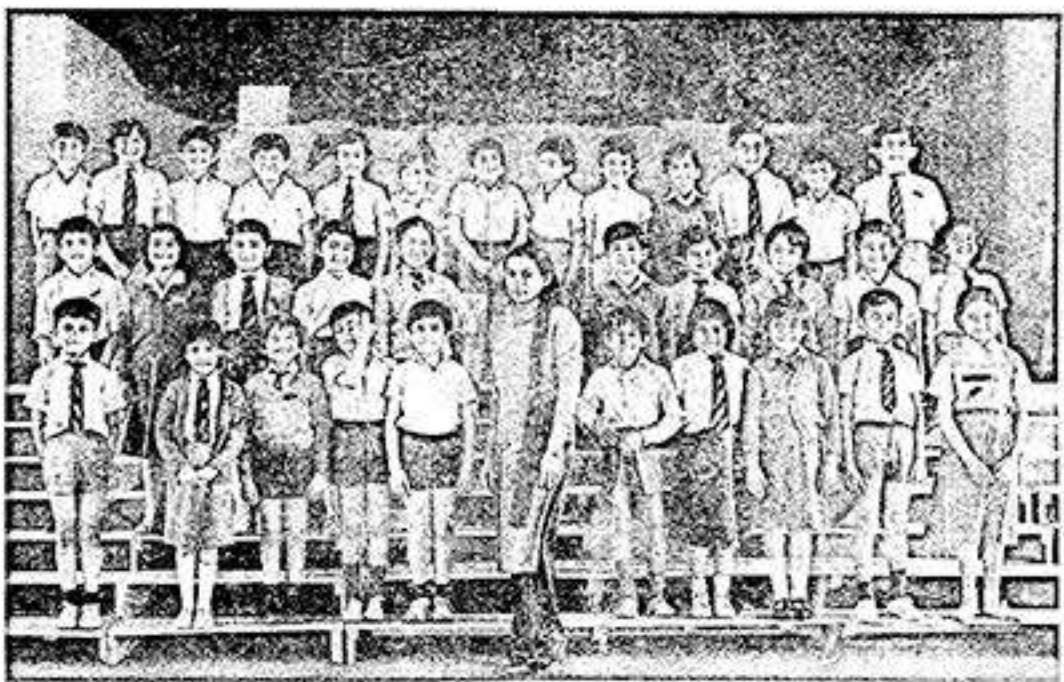
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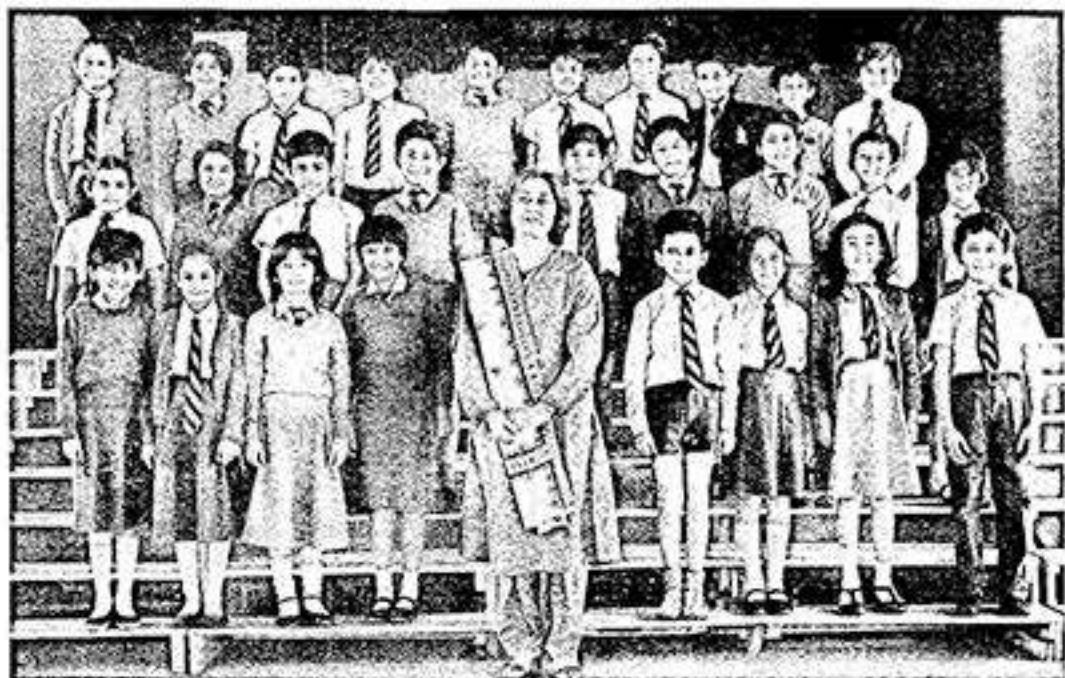
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IV - G



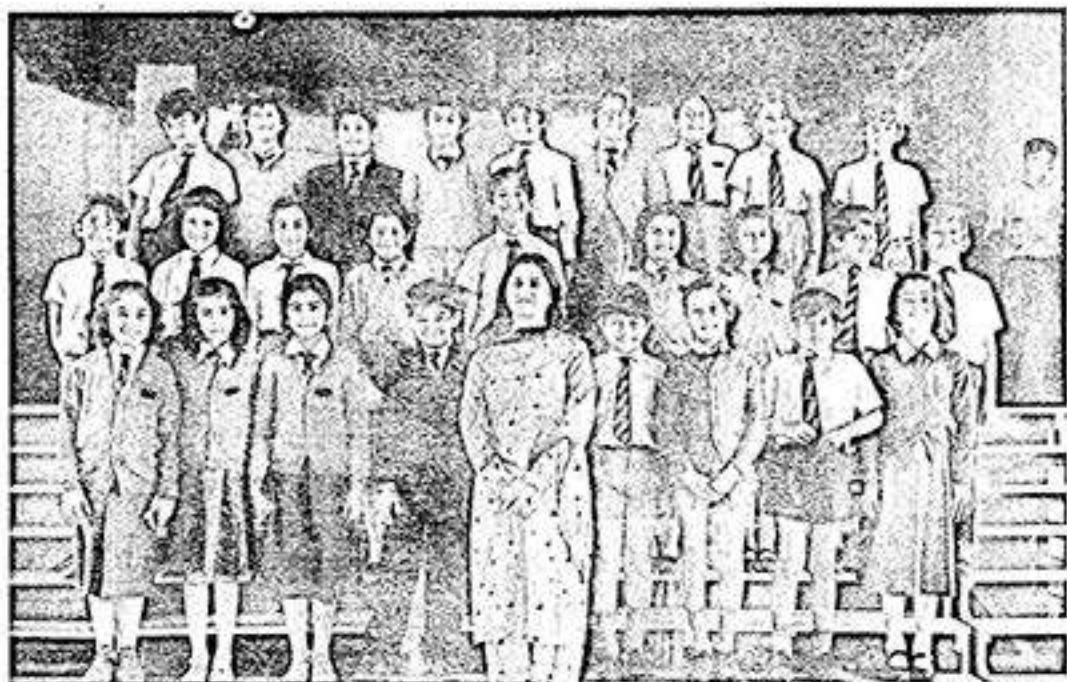
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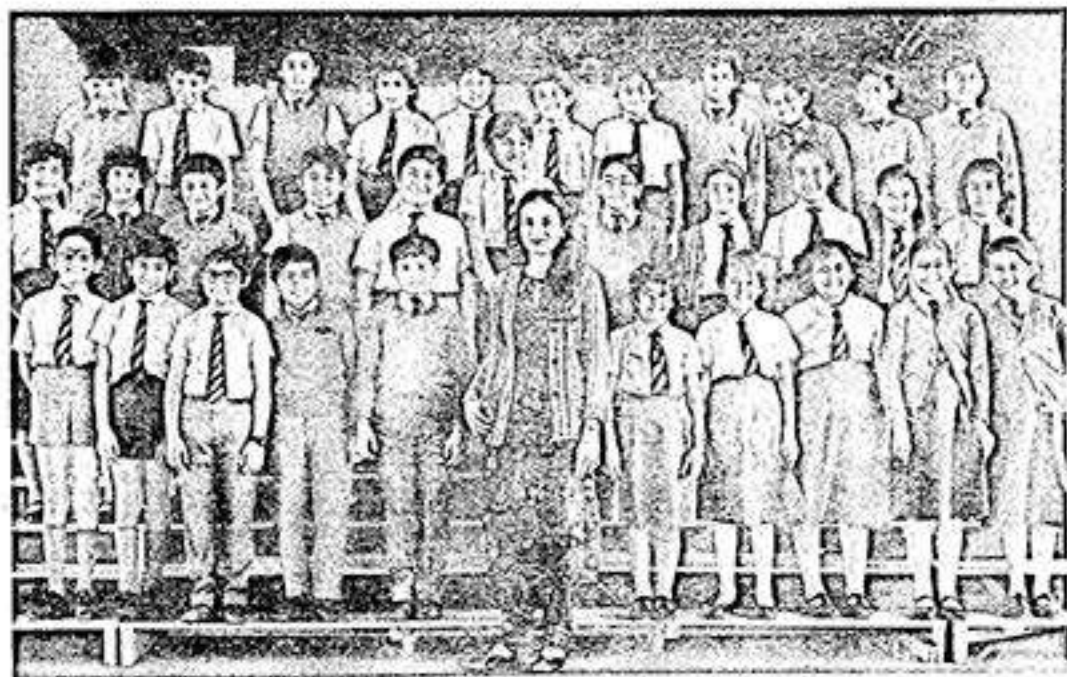
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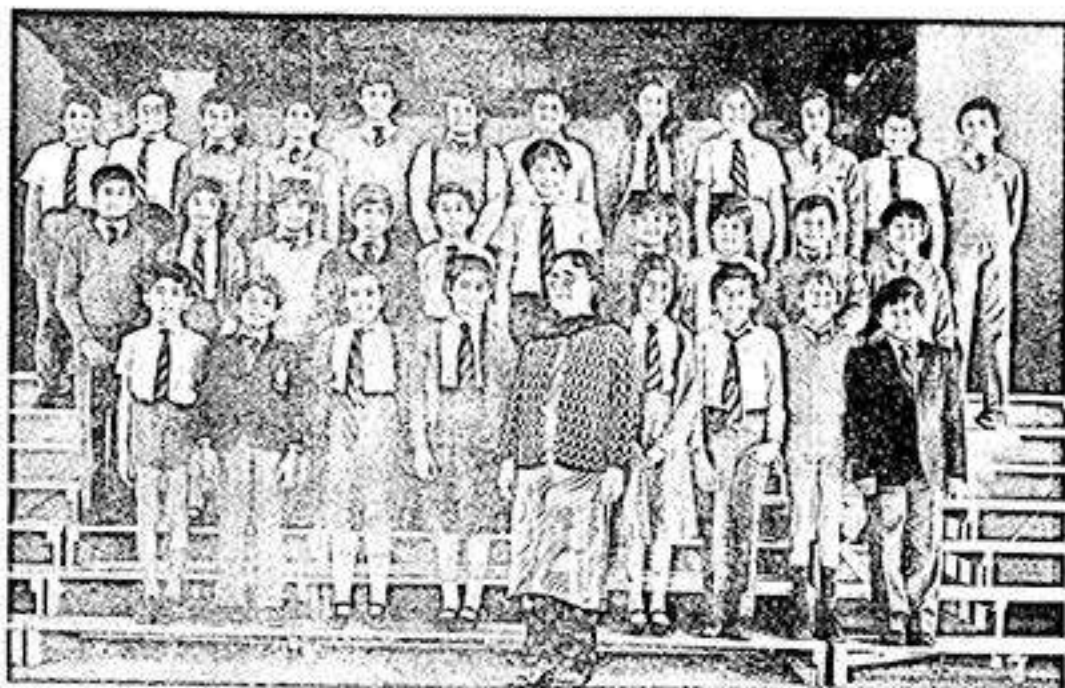
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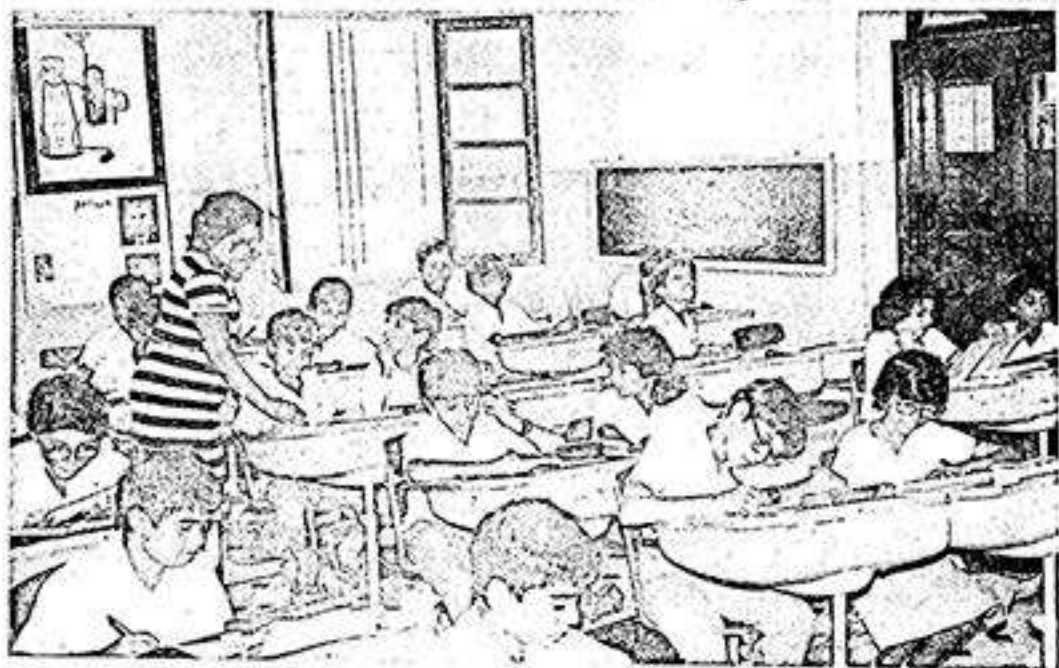
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VI - K



VI - G



At work in the Classroom

KINDERGARTEN

STAFF LIST

| | | | | |
|----------|---------------------|----|----|--------------------------|
| II.K. | Mrs. M. Turner | .. | .. | E.S.K.E. |
| II.G. | Mrs. H. Freitas | .. | .. | K.G. Trained |
| II.S. | Mrs. M. Ahmed Ali | .. | .. | B.A. |
| I.K | Mrs. R. Siqueira | .. | .. | S.T.C. |
| I.G. | Mrs. O. Mallick | .. | .. | B.A., K.G/J.S., T.C. |
| I.S. | Mrs. P. Arthur | .. | .. | B.A., K.G/J.S., T.C. |
| Prep.A. | Mrs. M. Mahmud | .. | .. | B.A. (Hons) |
| Prep.B. | Mrs. O. Ali Khan | .. | .. | B.A. |
| Prep.C. | Mrs. A. Haroon | .. | .. | B.A. |
| Prep.D. | Mrs. N. Feerasta | .. | .. | B.A., A.M.I. Certificate |
| Prep.E. | Mrs. D. Lobo | .. | .. | S.T.C. |
| Urdu | Miss. F. Salahuddin | .. | .. | B.Sc., K.G/J.S., T.C. |
| Isl/Lib. | Mrs. B. Hussain | .. | .. | B.A. |
| Urdu | Mrs. S. Shamsie | .. | .. | B.A. |
| Special | Mrs. C. Abbas | .. | .. | M.I.E.T. |
| Music | Mrs. B. Fernandas | .. | .. | |
| Special | Mrs. C. Bickler | | | |
| Music | Mr. Mohd. Iqbal | | | |

"OUR SPECTACULAR STAFF"

*Sixteen Teacher in a row – from the top down to the toe,
Sixteen Teachers under a spell – You know who cast that very well!
Rushing past at whirlwind speed – Mrs. Jafri gives the lead
Who can stop to loiter by? – Don't you ever have a try!
Sixteen Teachers in their prime – Dash to year's end, just in time.
Sixteen Teachers yet uncrowned – Panting, sweating still work bound.*

B. Fernandes.

TRIBUTES PAID TO OUR COLLEAGUES

Prep.E.

*They come to us green – Skipping, weeping, dragging, peeping.
We smile and chat about this and that.
"Auntie Fernandes, give them a song".
We line them up and take them along.
But one goes here, another there – One may even disappear!
Auntie Lobo counts to ten – From ten to twenty, twenty, to thirty.
"All right Mary, they're all here".
"Thanks God Auntie! I go call Taffi – Make the tea".*

Prep.D.

*Rose consoles the one on her lap, slap, smack, slap goes on at the back.
Prep. D. always gets one like that – Some Plasticine, another song
Just to jolly time along.
"Darling, of course your mother'll come!"
The weak have gone to sleep.
Tiffin, boxes, bottles galore, spread all across the floor.
Mummies, Daddies through the door.
"Wake up dear, your mummy's here"
"He's mine". She's mine". They disappear.*

Prep.C.

Mimi, you're chosen to lead the few – who must make the leap to one from new.

Patience, grit and grind required – To attain the grade desired.

From new to one: it can be done – With Auntie Jafri's faith in everyone.

Preps. A & B.

Preps A & B, no longer new – Know what they are meant to do.

Do it! A chance 30 to 1. "Toilet Auntie" "No! yes run".

Chat away in English – Urdu.

Given scissors to cut paper through, snip the hair off some meek neighbour.

Nilofer, Abbas & Philomena – Urdu Aunties, Shehla, Fareeda

Cry "They don't listen, ever, ever"

Tear their own out by the roots – Waiting for the sign of shoots of intelligence to awaken, small responsibility undertaken,

Teach and teach and teach away – To backs of heads and eyes astray.

Class I

No worries in One-about coming or going.

It's a year to have fun, to be active and doing.

Toothless smiles and a new found dash.

Greet Aunties Qudsia, Mallick and Qizilbash.

Some can read and some can write, might others struggle, but cannot quite.

Figures fly across the top – Like witches over a chimney pot.

What a lot of news goes on – That's gone when you must write it down.

More than ever chitter chatter – Urdu English, doesn't matter

(Auntie Auntie) look at mine.

"It's very good and on the line"

"Auntie, may I have a star?"

The office isn't very far.

Uncle Lobo gets the golden tin – He keeps his constellation in

The pressure of a great big thumb

A pat on the back and off we run

Class II.

*If there's a ball to kick, I'll be after it.
And the gang will be after me, you just wait & see.
But it's library time, We must get into line, Auntie Hussain's
domain is a corner of gold — So many pictures, and stories told.
Auntie Shirley was there, sitting quiet on her chair*

*This is what went into her ear
"Auntie Turner's mine and she's the best — She's great on Turtles
and Turtles eggs".
"Auntie Freitas is better, by far — She loves the flowers
I bring for her"
"Auntie Ahmed Ali's jolly & loves us too — so this is what we
all will do."
To find super Aunties of II K.G.S.
We'll put our Aunties through a test
After break we'll sweetly say "Aunties can we go and play
For the rest of to-day, on our darling Jungle Gym.
And see the Answer we will get"
No answer's been recorded yet.*

*My legs are now longer, my body stronger
A message to send? I'll run like the wind.
Tell me I'm good, I'll be proud of your word
I may not excel or be able to spell
But I'll be going to the Junior School
Again I'll be small, with further to fall
But that is the general rule.*

EVENTS 1985

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| March 14th | SPORTS DAY House Cup : MURREE HOUSE |
| March | SOS CHILDREN'S VILLAGES OF SIND Coin Box Campaign |
| April 2nd, 3rd & 4th | Exhibition and sale of books by the Daughter's of St. Paul. |

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| April 11 | Preps D and E visited Quaid-e-Azam's Mazar and a Park. |
| April 21st | Class II K/G/S, went to P.A.C.C. to watch an Urdu Play. |
| May 12th–16th | Mother's Week Programme : Prayer, "Thank you Mother" Cards Write ups "Mother is my best friend" Paintings. How I help mother. Poetry Day. Distribution of sweets. |
| Mid – May | Painting Exhibition : 43 paintings, Art Council Growth of Pakistan Participation Certificates were issued to all. |
| SUMMER HOLIDAYS : | 1st June to 31st July The School Library remained open on June 2nd, 9th, 16th and 23rd. Last date for returning books : Sunday 30th June. |
| August 14th | Independence Day Children dressed in national/Provincial dresses – Contribution from each child (one kilo of a food item) for Edhi Trust. |
| August 25th: | Cash was collected for Bangladesh flood victims. |
| September 15th | Change of Academic year Change of Age Grouping New classes, Golden and Rainbow, were created- names suggested by children. |
| September 30th | Signal Tooth Paste sponsored demonstration of ORAL HYGIENE. a) Video film – Dental Care b) Puppet Show |
| October 4th | Poster Contest World Animal Day Themes : a) Kindness to Animals b) Animals are our friends c) Man's duty to care and protect all living beings. |

Sponsored by Theosophical Order of services prizes
Nadia (I-K) – 3rd Prize.
Tanya – Consolation Prize

- October 23rd** Computer afternoon classes were arranged for all class II children to supplement the work done in school.
- 14th November** Prep. D and E's visit to the Zoo.
Turtle Trip II K/G/S. and sale of stickers.
- December 3rd** Visitors from Norway Ms Siri Fossum – A teacher for the deaf.
- CONCERT –** ALL CLASSES
- House Points Cup –** Lahore House
- FAREWELL
Lunch for departing
Teachers** Shoba Goy, Naheed Mooraj, Sabiha Mukhtar,
Mrs. C. Abbas.
- Informal Psychology Workshops held for parents by Mrs. P. Makhdumi and a formal positive Parenting Course.
- COMPUTER** Teachers "initiated into the mysteries" and children introduced to using computers.

Thanks to Mother Helpers and a very special thanks to the father who wishes to remain anonymous, for donating a BBC Model B computer with peripherals.

I THINK THAT I SHALL NEVER SEE A POEM AS LOVELY AS A TREE.

Countless years ago when I joined K.G.S., when I came, as I say over and over again, for Breakfast and stayed on for Dinner, and on again to watch VCR, the school garden was neat and tidy, but oh! so static – a small bunch of purple Periwinkles here and a bunch there – red salvia growing in profusion by the office, and Papaya trees of various heights sprinkled all over the garden beds.

Then came the Great Awakening when Nature stepped right into the Curriculum "to be caught rather than to be taught", and oh! it was so good to watch, both teachers and children, in the flower beds – raking up the good earth and planting tiny seeds (Coriander, Fenugreek, Chillies, Beans, Mustard seed and Peanuts – to name a few – marigolds and sunflowers for added colour and the ox-eyed daisies).

("We planted out some little seeds, in a neat and tidy row, and now we're sitting – waiting for them to grow"). Then friendly competition entered into the arena – Garden Day came to stay for several consecutive years and Prize cups were awarded for the Best Garden Patch – Does anyone still remember? It was a Big Day for K.G.S. and little, elderly ladies who loved children, and gardens of course, came to make it a day to remember for all of us.

But where does the Tree come in? About 14 years ago, when there was much of a "TO DO" – "Tree Planting Week", "Each one, plant one"; "Make the desert bloom"; Turn the concrete city (It was fast beginning to rear up its ugly head by this time), into greenland. At various Garden Centres around the city the Forest Department encouraged one and all to buy seeds and seedlings, pots and plants, slips and cuttings for a nominal sum of money, and we bought a couple, 2 to be exact, slips 6" – 8" long at one anna a piece! (surely it was the time of the good old days). We planted one little slip (Where old Mac Donald's Farm stands today), and it literally slipped into oblivion, but the other grew and grew, and grew, and grew to stand majestically straight and tall by the Music Room today! Its leafy foliage, its masses of tiny white and yellow flowers growing in clusters, which have attracted millions of Bees over the years, and Birds of various sizes from the little honey sucker, to Mynahs, sparrows and crows, and the long Drum Stick pods swinging and swaying in the gentle breeze – For years now, and for years to come tiny pattering feet will suddenly STOP STAND and GAZE in wonderment at this lovely TREE ("Sometimes you are big and the tree is small; sometimes you are small and the tree is big") Isn't that time now? Did you see the DRUM STICK TREE dance today?

Do you think it catches the beat and tempo of all those lovely, lilting tunes both NEW, but most by old, as they come wafting out through the large window, from the old PIANO in the confines of the Music Room? And I remain and the years roll by as I stand in the shade of the old drum stick tree. And I dream again. "I think that I shall never see A poem as lovely as a Tree." "Poems were made by fools like me but only God can make a TREE"

Mrs. D. Lobo.

MY DEAREST WISH (1)

I have always wanted a guitar, but my mother says, they are too expensive. I like the guitar because it can play nice music. It is also fun to play a guitar.

We have a piano at home, we are not making much use of it, but my mother says, use the piano then she will get me a guitar.

Adeel Mangi II.K.

MY DEAREST WISH (2)

I wish all the time that I have a new cycle. But my mother says "No, no, no. You can not." I say why? My mother says, "it's too expensive." I say my old cycle is too old, my horn is broken. The pedal hurts. I can't drive it. She says, no, all the time. What can I do?

Alarukh Ahmad II.K.

MY DEAREST WISH (3)

My dearest wish is to wear glasses. But my mummy says not to wear them because your eyes can get spoilt. So that's why my mummy doesn't allow me to wear glasses.

Afshan Charania II.K.

MY DEAREST WISH (4)

My dearest wish is to learn to do figure skating. I practise every day after I finish my home work. When I try to do too many acrobats I fall with a band and a bong but I get up once more and try again.

I skate till my legs get tired. When I see people doing it on the T.V., I wish I could do it like them, too.

Marsha Malbari II.K.

MY DEAREST WISH (5)

My dearest wish is I want a doll house. But my mummy said, it is very expensive. So I keep on wishing but my wish doesn't come true.

If my mummy would buy a doll house, I would love the inside to have little chandeliers and a sofa set and rooms and little, little bathrooms.

Haya Sehgal II.K.

MY DEAREST WISH (6)

I wished for a make-up set. But my mother said, "No", I would look a terrible mess.

Aliya Ibaq II.K.

MY DEAREST WISH (7)

My dearest wish is to have a dog, but my mummy will not let me have a dog, because her brother got bitten by a dog twice. He had to have twenty injections in his stomach. My mummy is very scared of having a dog.

She said when I get big, I can have a dog. I would like to have a Spanish Pointer, because we can train them. Pointers have short hair and long ears.

Samir Chinoy II.K.

AN EXCITING DAY

While we were in England last year, we went to Wobarn Abbey Safari Park. We went to the Safari Park by car. During the drive through the park, we saw antelopes, rhinos, ostriches, hippos and giraffes. Being a hot day, the lions and tigers were resting under trees. The best part was when the monkeys jumped on to our car and we had to quickly close our windows. The most exciting part was the sky train ride to the chimpanzee Island.

Aleem Siddique II.G.

I AM A CAR

Hello! I am Suzuki 800. My boss' name is Mr. Jawed Kachelo. He is a very nice man. The children are also very good. They treat me well by filling my tank (Tummy) with petrol, and cleaning me daily. I have to go and drop them to school and then I go and drop my boss. I stay there in the office; at quarter to one I pick up the children from the school and my master and come home. I am a small car, but a comfortable car. The children love me and look after me.

Masooma Kachelo II.G.

OUR ASSEMBLY

Today we had a very special assembly. Mr. Price our Principal came to give cups and congratulate Anokhi who won the 1st prize for the Art competition and two other children from our K.G. Section. We all clapped for them and hope one of them will be chosen to go to Japan.

Tahaniyat Lalani II.G.

THE NEST BESIDE MY WINDOW

Once upon a time there was a nest beside my window. There was one mother bird who had laid six little eggs. One egg cracked and a little baby cluck. I popped it out, fed her food every morning. At day time I played with her. Another egg cracked. I got very very happy for the other. I felt very happy and pleased to see them grow. I checked every day, out of my little window. One day I took them into the garden and started looking for lots and lots of food.

Natasha Alibhai II.G.

MY VISIT TO THE P.A.C.C.

Today we went in an airconditioned van. I sat right in the front with Aleem. My class was going to the P.A.C.C. When we got there I hold my hands with Aleem. Then we got in and chose a sticker from there. I sat with Aleem and Omar. I sat in the auditorium. I first saw photographs. There were college children over there, then the movie started. I saw a condor and an eagle. Then I saw one penguin was running and fell and died. For half an hour it went on and then finished. When we came out II.S went in. Then we came back to school.

Saqib Khawar II.G.

I AM THE WIND

*I am the wind blowing hard – With a rattle and a babble
I like to push away the sun and go through the leaves
I like to push the trees and then the birds have to fly away
Then I go from the east to the west – Where I set some more trouble*

Raaheen Mani II.S.

COLOURS OF NATURE

*Snow is white it makes you feel cold.
I like white because the clouds are white.
Yellow is the colour of the sun.
Green is the colour of the leaves.
Blue makes you feel of water.
Red is the colour of hotness.
Purple is the colour of heater.*

Amber Rauf II.S.

THE WIND

*The wind blows fast – The wind blows slow
It can blow off the trees – It can blow off your hat
The wind blows hard – The wind blows soft.
It blows on the sea – It blows with a puff*

Atif Jameel II.S.

A TRIP TO THE AQUARIUM

Today we went to the aquarium. We went there in a van. When we got there, aunty told us to go in pairs. My partner was Ammar, when we went inside, first we saw the sea animals which can only live in salty water. They were of different sizes, some were big and some were small. Then we saw omnivorous fishes, These fishes eat plants and meat. They were small and colourful, after that we saw the river fishes. One of these fishes was quite big. We also saw an eel, the eel had made it self like a S. In all the tanks there were plants and big stones. At the side of the tank there were air bubbles.

After we had seen all the fishes, we again formed pairs and went back to the van, and to school

Nadir II.S.

We went to an aquarium and there was a big fish from Russia. His name is Sturgeon. His eggs are expensive and the name of the eggs are caviar. There was a big turtle in the aquarium. In the same pond there was a big fish. It could bite very much, and there was a very small turtle. The big turtle was taking oxygen and the big fish was swimming.

Faisal II.S.

THE CHILDREN FROM DIAGNOSTIC CENTRE

Today some children came with their teachers to our school. These children were not like us. They could play with us, but we had to help them.

After a little while we went to play with the clay. Then we went to paint. Some children painted a flower, and some children painted a car.

Then we went to the music room. We sang for them.

We gave them juice to drink. I was playing with a girl called Afsha. They gave us some sweets and then they went back to their own school.

We had a very nice day. Thank you for the children

Natasha Muzaffar II.K.

SOME THINGS I HATE TO DO

I like to go to school – But I hate to work

I hate to work.

I like to jump and hop and run.

When I have to work in school – I'm sad and want to cry

I hate to work – So why must I?

Izdeyar Setna II.K.

AUNTY TURNER & BURMA

*I go to Karachi Grammar School – My teacher is Aunty Turner
But I wish I was in Burma – Because she's so sterner
Now that I'm in Burma – I want to go back to Aunty Turner
Because the teachers are only learners
Now that I'm back from Burma – Now Aunty's less sterner
I prefer Aunty Turner – To the teachers in Burma*

Nosherwan II.K.

RHYME & REASON

*My brother Zain – Went to Spain by train, in the rain – And did not want to come
back again.*

Tanya Fancy I.K.

*When I was one – I ate a bun.
When I was two – I had a blue shoe.
When I was three – I climbed a tree.
When I was four – I opened the door.
When I was five – I saw bees in a hive.
But now I am six – I'm clever as clever.
I think I'll stay six – For ever and ever.*

Azmat – II.K

*When I was one – I liked to run.
When I was two – I wore my shoe.
When I was three – I was free.
When I was four – I wanted more
When I was five – I saw a hive.
But now I am six – I'm clever as clever.
I think I'll stay six – For ever and ever.*

Naveed – II.K

*I went into the hall – To play with my ball.
I played with my ball – And it bounced off the wall.*

Mustafa Jamil. II.K

*I love to play in the sun – It is so much fun
Then I take out my gun and a bun.*

Raza – II.S

*When I was small – I had a doll
Whose name was Pall – She wore a shawl
Oh! its shawl was very small*

Shahzadi – II.G

*There were two little boys, who loved to play with toys.
They played with a lion made of iron.*

Amir Maskatiya – II.G

*I am a ball – And my brother's name is Paul.
Yesterday I saw a star – It was oh so far!
And Paul saw a star – That was over a bar
I was happy that I saw a goat – That stood in a boat
And Paul saw a book – that was near my cook.*

Sharmin Spencer – II.G

*I have a big brother – He is a little brother.
When he goes in a car – And we have to go far
He sings a song – with a ding-dong ding-dong.*

Faraz Ghaoor – II.G

MY LITTLE MOUSE

*I saw a little mouse – Who lived in a wee, wee house
He came to see me daily – And always ran off gaily
Do you know the reason why – He loved to nibble at my Pie*

Shaaf Mehboob – II.G

MY BALL

One day when I was small, I had a big ball. I used to take it up to bed, and keep it close to my head. But when I woke up in the dawn, I found that it had gone. Then I was really mad

Shaaf Mehboob – II.G

MY SCHOOL

I am seven – My school is heaven

My teachers are very good – They keep us in a happy mood.

Thank you, I would like to say – To Aunty Jafri and all in a special way

To leave my school I'll be sad – But the big school won't be bad.

Naasha Talati – II.G

MY BEST DAY (1)

My best day is Friday because I don't do any Home-Work on Friday. I can watch T.V till 12 o'clock in the night. Sometimes on Friday I read a book or play with my dinky.

Nadir Azim – II.K

MY BEST. DAY (2)

My best day is Friday because it is a holiday and I pray. Every Friday we go to the Gym-Khana for swimming. On Fridays we watch sports hours in which many boxing matches are shown. There are 3 lovely cartoons shown in the evening. On Friday sometimes we go for a walk after dinner and have icecream from "Havmor".

Sara – II.K

MY BEST DAY (3)

My best day is Christmas. Do you know why I like it so much? I like it because we get new toys and different things that Santa Claus brings. One night on Christmas I was awake and my door was a little open. I saw a boy. He had a blue shirt and blue jeans on. He looked like he was 10 or 12 years old. He was unwrapping a present. I must have been dreaming.

In the morning when I woke up I saw that nobody opened the presents. Then I ate my breakfast. Then I opened my presents and I saw a doll, an iron, set of dishes, clothes and some books. After that, I was playing with the doll, which I liked the best. Then all my friends came to my house and we had a Christmas dinner.

Maria Haque – II.K

THE DAY I LIKE BEST

My best day is Friday because it is our holiday. At night I sleep late, I get up late, I have no school so I play. Then I do my lesson for a little while. In the evening I go with my daddy. Sometimes I go to Hawkesbay. I play or I help my mummy to change my little sister.

Sharmin – II.K

MY BEST DAY IS 5TH JULY

On 5th of July is my birthday. I like this day very much. I get lots of cards and presents. In the evening my mummy usually has a party for me. For the party my mummy buys me a new dress. My friends and cousins come over for the party. We play a lot of games. I get a cake so I enjoy this day very much.

Farah Agha – II.K

I WAS LOST

I was lost in a supermarket. My mummy and I went shopping. When I was buying things my mummy was lost. I went to the manager and said that I have lost my mummy and I could not find her. The manager then asked me my mummy's name, then he announced in the microphone that I was lost, but no reply came. After that the manager asked my telephone number and informed my daddy. He came to the supermarket and collected me.

Adnan Soniwalla – II.G

MY DREAM (1)

Last night I had a lovely dream. I thought that I went so far that I came to a fairyland. It was so beautiful that I played there. Then I saw fairies. I saw roses and flowers and trees. Then I saw a fairy queen, she was so cute and so were the fairies. They made a circle around me and took me by my hand and made me sit near the fairy queen. Then I got up and I was so sad that it was not true. It was just a dream.

Freny Avari – II.C

MY DREAM (2)

Last night I had a strange dream. I dreamed that I was in a jungle where there were lions, tigers, elephants and bears. Then I was taken by a bear to its cave. There

were baby cubs. There I started to eat honey. Then I got frightened so I got up then I saw that I was on my bed.

Tanya Mirza – II.G

MY DREAM (3)

In my dream I saw I was in my friend's house. Their house was just like a ghost house. One day when I went to their house. We could hear a strange voice. We got so scared we were hiding but it was too late, the dracula had come all ready he was taking me away to his house. Suddenly I woke up and couldn't sleep the whole night.

Shiza Iqbal – II.G

RAIN

We feel cold and wet. We feel like playing in the rain. We can smell the water that dissolves in the mud. We can see the puddles of water. We can hear drops going pitter, patter.

People become wet. Some birds are happy and some are upset. Rabbits hide in their burrows. Earth worms houses get rained. Sometimes people homes get broken. They get wet. Trees bend and become green because they get watered. Some trees fall.

Shahzeb Lari – II.S

MY CONSCIENCE

One day I was playing football with my friend. I was playing in my garden. My mummy was relaxing upstairs. I hit the ball and the ball hit my mummy. I was sorry but I was afraid to say that I was sorry I went away. I felt ashamed. What I did was I quietly went back to my garden and played. But before I went my mummy caught me. I kept my guilt a secret. I did not want to say it because I was ashamed to say the word. I was worried about every thing. I filled my brain with thoughts. I solved the problem. I said I was sorry. I no longer kept it as a secret.

Salman Qureshi – II.S

THE FARM WE MADE

In our sand tray we laid sand, soil and manure. Then we sowed wheat and mustard seeds. We watered the patch and the plants have come up so nicely. Soon we will get wheat and mustard crops. These grow well in Pakistan. We need wheat for

food. We made birds, animals and a well out of clay and a house out of cardboard. We set up everything in our sand tray and we are happy when it all looked good.

Stephen Bavington – II.G

THE BIRD

One day when I came back from school I saw a baby bird had fallen down from her nest. And Mishall was very sad. And I was sad too. A peacock was hurting the little bird then my mother quickly picked it up and quickly took it home. Then we gave it some water and some bread. At night we put him in a pot and it went to sleep. In the morning my father put him in a flower pot and after I came home my father told me the birds mother and father had taken it away, and I wanted the poor bird back so much.

Tanya Mirza – II.G

FUNNY RAIN

Today I was doing my home-work, suddenly I heard a noise. The television was on and I closed it. Yet I could hear that noise. So I said to myself that it sounds as if its is raining. I packed my books and went out to play in the rain. I took my umbrella and set off. When I went out I looked around. I saw my cousin was on the roof. He was spraying water with the watering can and he was making loud noises with the drum. He was doing this so that he could make me stop work and play with him.

Naasha Talati – II.G

SIND

1. In Sind most of the people speak Sindhi.
2. The climate of Sind is warm and dry, but the places near the river and the sea are not dry in winters, it is not very cold in Sind.
3. The people of Sind wear shalwar and shirt they also have an Ejrak and a special Sindhi cap.

Tarim Wasim – II.G

A LESSON IN RESOURCEFULNESS

Once I was in a market. I was having a nice time, then I was just looking at some thing and then when I turned around I said where is my daddy. I looked and looked, but I still could not find my daddy, I got hungry I had Rs 3/- I could only

buy chocolate I was thirsty also what could I do. I ask the shopkeeper I have Rs 3/- How can I eat and drink all the good things. The shopkeeper was so kind he said you can eat what ever you like free. I said thank you very much. I ate a chocolate and drank a drink. Did you see my daddy I said to the shopkeeper. No I have not. I rang up home ! told my daddy to come, he came and took me back home.

Ramez Sheikh – II.G

METAMORPHOSIS

The caterpillar that Masha brought had made a cocoon for himself Then the cocoon changed into a butterfly. When Izdeyar opened the box the butterfly flew away.

Nadia – I.K.

A DOLL

Maryah has brought a pretty doll to school. She has pretty blue eyes and a pretty pink dress. She has a blue dolphin on her dress she has a brown hair and a ribbon on her hair. Maryah has named her Bina. When we put a battery in her then she cries.

Shehzad Ata – I.K.

MY DREAM

I went to bed and I had a dream that I was going to U.S.A. On the way the Pilot said "Please fasten your seat belt". So we fastened our seatbelts. We were going down. down soon we crashed in a jungle. There was a black Panther on the tree. It jumped on me, but suddenly I woke up and knew it was a dream. Oh thank God it wasn't true.

Fahad Hussain – II.G

MY FAVOURITE THING

My favourite play is swinging. Some times after our tests Aunty Turner sends us to play and have a rest. Aunty sometimes let us go when we are good and quiet. I also sometimes enjoy the tyre which is hung from the tree. Sometimes Nadia and I want to have a ride at the same time, so I tell her we can have a ride turn by turn. Each will sit ten minutes, so that we may not have a fight, and if we do, Nadia or I will cry.

The tyre swing is as enjoyable as the other swing. We sit inside the big hole of the tyre and catch the two rods by the side of it. So the swing and the tyre rod swing are great fun.

Fadieleh - II.K

JUNGLE GYM

This is the jungle Gym and it is not really a jungle. The best of the things I like is the swing. Our jungle is lovely and when our teacher has the time she sends us. Our jungle Gym looks like a giant and looks like a broom too, the jungle Gym is more bigger than us.

Imran Haroon – II.K

A TRAIN JOURNEY

I went once for a train journey from Karachi to Peshawar. The train went fast and from the window I saw people working in the fields, and children taking cows home. On the station people were selling food and tea, and other things. We took our food with us in little boxes.

Ali Asghar Khan – II.K

IQBAL

Allama Iqbal was a poet and a poet means a man who makes poems. He was a very good man. We have a holiday because we all remember him. His grandson came to Karachi Grammar School. He also sang a song of Allama Iqbal and we all liked it.

Insyah Ebrahim – I.K

A FAMILY AFFAIR

My mother has brought two blankets – one for me and one for my brother. We sleep in our room and my sister does not sleep in her room. She is afraid of the dark. When my mother sleeps in her room then only she sleeps in her room. My grandmother is coming from Islamabad to sleep in our blankets.

Ayesha Rahman – I.K

HAWKES BAY IS A BEACH

It is a nice place for swimming. It is fun to ride a camel. Sometimes we spend the night in the huts.

Adnan Zuberi – I.G

PAINTINGS

We painted very special pictures. We had to paint about my favourite book. Aunty Jafri came to see the paintings. She liked them very much. I painted Miffy sitting on the big turtle.

Anokhi – I.G

THE NECKLACE THAT WASN'T

One day I bought some beads to make a necklace. Some beads were round some were long and few were triangular. As I was making the necklace, I forgot to tie a knot at one end. Suddenly I saw that there were no beads on the string.

Masooma – I.G

OUR TURTLE OUTING

On Wednesday we had a lecture about turtles. Aunty Aban Kabraji told us that turtles are harmless creatures. The big mummy turtles are afraid of light. The turtle is one of the fastest swimmers in the world. It can swim for miles and miles from our country. It can go to Africa. Beside Aunty Kabraji stood a huge turtle but it was dead. When she had finished we asked about 4 questions. I was very excited. At Thursday night we went to school. The school was very cold. It made me freeze. I bought a bag full of lunch. I bought a tin of coke, french fries and a burger. I was wearing a cotton sweater. Aunty Jafri called out the names of the children who were going to see the turtles. Some of the children were a little late. Then we acted in many dramas. At last the bus of Pakistan Navy came to pick us. On our way I and my friend, Shahzad talked a lot about many strange things. After a few minutes when we were very near Sandspit our bus got stuck with a car. When we were free again after a few minutes our bus got stuck with a truck. When we were free we waited until we reached Sandspit. When we reached Sandspit Aunty Jafri told us to stay in the bus. She went with a torch to see if any turtle is there. When she turn back she told us that she saw a big mummy turtle. First we saw baby turtles in a sanctuary so any dog can not do any harm to them. Then we saw a mother turtle laying eggs. The sea's waves looked like a tubelight. After lunch we saw another turtle. Before that we had lots of fun. We put a tag on the turtles flipper with

our name and address on it so if anyone finds that turtle it will know who found the turtle first. On our way home I was very sleepy along with Shazeb. When we reached at that very second I went home with my friend, Hammad.

Salman Q. – II.S

Aunty Aban Kabraji gave us a lecture about turtles. That they are scared of people and light. She also said that the turtles can't lay more than two hundred eggs. That day we were going to Sandspit to see the turtles. Not with our daddys or our mummys we had to go with our school. Aunty Jafri said that if you want to bring your daddys you should pay twenty Rupees. We had to come at night at eight o'clock. At night at eight o'clock I went to school with my uncles because my daddy was not here. When I went in my class we did dramas. The second was of Aladin and the Magic Lamp. In that drama I was Aladin and Saqib was the ghost. After that we went in a bus. We had fun in bus we went to Sandspit. Aunty Jafri told that a turtle has all ready been digging so you be quiet. First we saw hatchings after that we saw the big turtle laying it's eggs. Next we had our dinner. I brought two sandwiches, four biscuits and water. After that I kept a name of a baby turtle Sandy and put him on the sand he rushed to the water. Then we went in the bus again. Aunty Jafri said the names of the children then she said if any of the fathers is missing. All children and the fathers started to laugh. Next we went to school again. All of the children were feeling sleepy then Aunty Jafri said daddys please take your child. I went home and went to sleep.

Haseeb – II.S

TURTLE EXCURSION

On Thursday 3rd November my class friends and I went to Hawkes Bay beach. We all went in a bus at 8 o'clock. When we reached there a man was sent to see if some turtles were there. When the man came back he said a turtle was laying her eggs, then Aunty Jafri told us to get out of the bus. There we saw a huge green turtle. She had eggs coming out of her tail. Then the men carried the turtle out of the hole. Then we took out the eggs from the sand. There were ninety nine eggs. Then we took the eggs into the hatcheries. There we dug up the sand. We put all the eggs in the sand. Then we brought our snacks and ate them on the sand. After the snacks we waited then at twelve O'clock we went in the bus. After we reached school we went home.

THE FILM OF TURTLE AND WILD LIFE

On Thursday 10th November Class II-S, II-G and II-K saw movie of wild life. I saw mountain goats, dolphin, birds, turtles and Prince Philip. Mountain goats, climb high up on the mountains – and they have long horns. Dolphins are intelligent

fish. In the movie they show Prince Philip looking at birds and ducks. The movie shows turtles laying their eggs. Then we saw baby turtles coming out of the eggs after they showed the baby turtles going in the sea.

Tanya Mirza – II.G

OUR TURTLE EXCURSION

Last Thursday we went to the beach to see turtles lay their eggs and cover them. We went in a bus to Sandspit. A turtle has a tube in which she presses and an egg comes out. When the turtle had finished laying its eggs we all counted the eggs with Aunty Kabraji. The turtle had layed One hundred and eighty eggs. After we had done that we went to the sea and took baby turtle, each gave it a name, wished it good luck and said good bye. I named my turtle Nicky.

Shaan Kandawalla – II.G

THE FILM ON TURTLES & WILD LIFE (1)

Day before yesterday Aunty Kabraji showed us a film on turtles and Wild Life. We also saw Prince Philip in the middle. First we saw the turtles laying eggs and covering them. Later we saw the baby turtles running back to the sea. After the turtles we saw the birds. There were many birds. They were all going Twick Twick in the sky. Now we all saw Prince Philip looking at the birds. He had people around him and that was the end of the movie.

Shaan Kandawalla – II.G

THE FILM ON TURTLES & WILD LIFE (2)

Day before yesterday Aban Aunty showed us a movie about turtle and Wild Life. I liked the turtles best. First a turtle came up, dug a hole with her flippers and laid her eggs. Then we saw baby turtles making their way into the sea. We also saw Prince Philip being shown all the birds and mountain goats. He is also the leader of Wild-Life in Pakistan. In the end Aban Aunty asked if anybody wanted to ask some questions which she could answer. She answered all our questions. She answered every question we asked her.

Vica Irani – II.G

DEAR AUNTY ABAN AND AUNTY FIRDOUS...

Thank you for taking all of us to the beach and letting us put a turtle in the water and giving a name. I named him Jerry. I liked the turtles. Now I know how to tell which is female and the male even I can tell when they are just born. I hope not one baby turtle has followed the city lights. I like the film on wild life a lot. The eggs are so soft. I liked the trip. The mother turtles are as big as me.

Sara Alam – II.K

Dear Aunty Firdaus, thank you for giving us the stickers and also I am saying thank you for let us see the movie. It was very nice movie. I liked the turtle part best, I am thanking you very much for talk and the turtle trip. I named my turtle Hapochapo. When the mother turtle came out every body said, "a turtle, a turtle." It was very nice day.

With love from Saad. – II.K

Thank you for letting us to put the baby turtles into the sea and for showing us a movie on wild life animals and for stickers-to.

We enjoyed all the things you did with us. I hope you take us to another project. And after that day we had green day we put green things on the table.

With love from Sara Anne – II.K

PARENTS COMMENTS

I have heard people dispute, even deny, that my uncle Iffy is the missing link. To me, this is quibbling of the lowest order, in the same category as splitting hairs, Ludo and American football. The link between man and animal is so clearly established that it seems a safe starting point.

Man continues to be dependent upon animals for many basic requirements. Ergo, if it is desirable that man survives, it is necessary that animals survive.

It is this selfish need, and not archaic romanticism, that needs to be impressed upon young children, that they may in turn preserve this heritage for succeeding generations.

To witness the efforts being made to preserve the green turtle, children of class II visited the turtle sanctuary at Sandspit, accompanied by some adults.

Excited children boarded the bus at school at 9.00 p.m., and excited children emerged 45 minutes later at Sandspit. Not being informed sufficiently in advance, the Department of Tourism had omitted to hang out the carefully refurbished full moon it produces on such occasions, but the night sky glowed with starlight. All being forewarned that only the turtles were going to lay eggs, no embarrassing cases of mistaken identity were reported.

Eventually, pandemonium simmered down to chaos, and before eager eyes the whole primitive drama unfolded. A lumbering turtle fastidiously preparing a site, settling down, lowering individually her 100 odd eggs through a tube, covering the nest with sand, the subsequent manual removal of eggs to simulated nests inside the sanctuary and return to the sea of the relieved turtle.

Each child was allowed to name a baby turtle from the sanctuary, and release it safely into the sea.

After these strenuous exertions there was a picnic on the sand an improvised 'dejeuner sur l'herbe' sort of affair if one was not too pedantic about what constitutes 'dejeuners' or 'herbes'. Crisps, biscuits, bananas and soft drinks figured prominently on the menu. Needless to say, turtle soup laced with sherry did not.

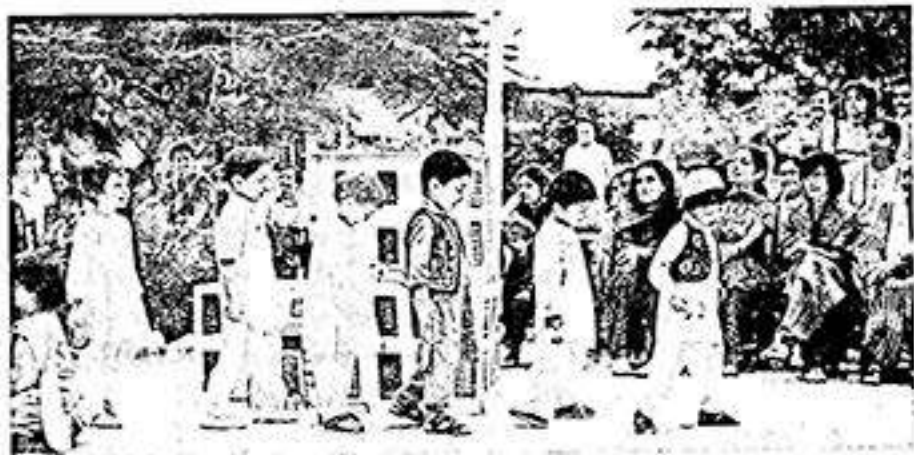
As the night grew late, and stars twinkled more brightly, a sense of having shared an experience brought parents and children closer. Such moments indeed linger as cherished mile posts on the road to secure adulthood.

On the return trip home heads nodded and sleepy eyelids softly dropped.

Some of the children were a little tired too.







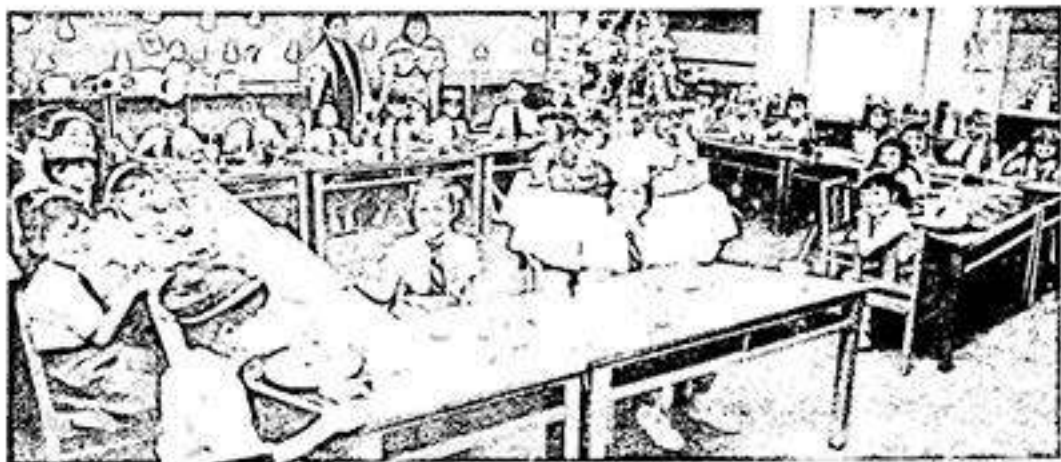














لئے دو دو مرتبہ کھایا یا ٹہل ٹہل کر کھایا۔ لیکن جب برخوردار یعنی "سید جمشید علی" اس قابل ہو گیا کہ گھر کی قیمتی چیزوں کو بغیر ضروری سمجھ کر توڑ پھوڑ سکے یا محلے کے بچوں کو ہسپتال پہنچا سکے۔ تو پھر یہی سید جمشید علی مختصر ہو کر صرف جی رہ جاتا ہے۔ ہمارے چاروں طرف اس قسم کے کردار بکھرے پڑے ہیں جو شستن، ماجا، پڑو، کٹو نہ جانے کیسے کیسے مضحکہ خیز ناموں سے پکارے جاتے ہیں۔

بہر حال اس تمہید سے یہ بات تو صاف ہو گئی کہ نام بہر کیف نام ہے جو ہر انسان کو دیا جاتا ہے جسے وہ مقدر سمجھ کر مجبوراً قبول کرتا ہے۔ کچھ ایسے بھی ہیں جو اس زبردستی پر احتجاج کرتے ہیں اور اخباروں تبدیلی نام کا اشتہار دیکر دل کی بھڑاس نکالتے اور ان پر غراتے رہتے ہیں جو انھیں والدین کے رکھے ہوئے ناموں سے پکارتے ہیں۔ میں نے جب اس دنیا میں اپنی دونوں آنکھیں کھولیں تو مجھے اپنے والدین کی طرف جو سب سے پہلا تحفہ ملا وہ نام ہی تھا... "صہما" جو ترقی کر کے "صہما عثمانی" ہو گیا۔

مجھے اپنا نام بے حد پسند ہے۔ یہ اور بات کہ وجہ پسند آج تک سمجھ میں نہیں آئی۔ حالانکہ تمام شہزاد ملنے جھلنے والے اور میری سب ہی سہیلیاں میرے نام کو پسند کرتی ہیں مگر وجہ پسند کسی ایک نے بھی نہیں بتائی۔ ہو سکتا ہے مجھے اپنا نام محض اسی لئے پسند ہو کہ سب کو پسند ہے۔ کیونکہ آج کل دستور سا بن گیا ہے کہ کپڑوں اور ناموں کے معاملے میں دوسروں کی پسند کا لحاظ رکھا جائے۔ چاہے اس دستور کی شرم رکھنے میں خود کتنے ہی بے شرم بن جائیں۔

غرض نام کی وجہ پسند سمجھ میں نہ آنا ایک الجھن سی بن گئی تھی اور میں اس الجھن کی سلجھن کے لئے کوشاں تھی۔ شروع شروع میں تو یہ خیال تھا کہ میرے نام کے کوئی بہت ہی اچھے یعنی زبردست قسم معنی ہوں گے اس لئے اپنے خیال کی تصدیق کے لئے اپنے نام کے معنی لغت تلاش کئے تو معلوم ہوا کہ "صہما" ایک خیالی پرندے کا نام ہے۔ اس میں ایک وصف یہ بھی ہے کہ جس کے سر پر بیٹھ جاتا ہے بادشاہت اس کا نصیب بن جاتی ہے۔ مجھے جب اپنے نام کے معنی معلوم ہو گئے تو ان معنوں کی روشنی میں خود ہی اپنا جائزہ بھی لیا۔ پرندہ خیالی ہے لیکن میرا اپنا وجود ہے جیسا جاگتا وجود ایسا وجود جو زندگی کی دوڑ میں بھر پور حصہ لے رہا ہے اس لئے خیالی ہونے والی بات کم از کم میری ذات پر چسپاں نہیں ہو سکتی۔ اب رہی وصف کی۔ جتنا غور کرتی ہوں اتنا ہی نظر آتا ہے جن کریسوں پر بیٹھی وہ سب ٹوٹ پھوٹ گئیں، صنوفے اتنے خراب ہو گئے کہ پہچانے نہیں جاتے۔ غرض استعمال کی وہ تمام چیزیں جن پر میں بیٹھی رہی ہوں ختم ہو چکی ہیں یا ختم ہونے والی ہیں یو لگتا ہے کہ جیسے صہما کا لفظ شاید میرا نام بنا تو وہ اپنا وصف کھو بیٹھا۔ اب میں اپنے نام کی وجہ پسند کے لئے سرگرداں نہیں۔ مجھے اپنا نام پسند ہے اس لئے کہ سب کو پسند ہے۔ جب کبھی اور جہاں کہیں اپنے نام کو جلی حروف میں لکھا دیکھتی ہوں تو فخر کا ایک عجیب احساس نشہ سا طاری کر دیتا ہے۔ خدا جانے کیوں...؟

صہما عثمانی



۳۷ میسرا نام...؟

انسانوں کے ٹھکانے مارتے سمندر میں نام ہی شناخت کا ذریعہ ہے۔ اگر نام نہ ہو تو نہ صرف ایک دوسرے کی پہچان مشکل ہو جائے بلکہ بہت سی مضحکہ خیز پیچیدگیوں کے پیدا ہوجانے کے روشن امکانات ہیں۔ یہی وجہ ہے کہ جب اللہ تعالیٰ نے دنیا میں پہلے انسان کو بھیجا تو اسے نام بھی دیا تاکہ دنیا میں پہنچ کر گننام نہ ہو جائے۔ لہذا دنیا کا پہلا مرد انسان "آدم" اور دنیا کی پہلی خاتون "حواء" کہلائی پس اس تعلق سے دنیا کے تمام مرد "آدمی" اور ساری خواتین حوا کی بیٹیاں کہلاتی ہیں۔ اس کے باوجود قدم قدم پر شناخت کی ضرورت پڑتی ہے۔ خصوصاً مردوں کے لئے۔ خواتین کے لئے تو حوا کی بیٹیاں ہونا ہی کافی ہے۔ بہر کیف والدین کے جہاں بہت سے فرائض ہیں وہاں ایک ذمہ داری یہ بھی ہے کہ وہ اپنی اولاد کا ایک نام بھی رکھیں۔ وہ نام خواہ کوئی بھی اور کیسا ہی کیوں نہ ہو، البتہ نام ہو۔

والدین میں کچھ تو ایسے ہوتے ہیں جو اپنی آنکھوں کے چرخوں اور دل کی ٹیوب لائٹوں کا نام پہلے ہی سوچ سمجھ کر تجویز کر لیتے ہیں۔ اس لئے ان ناموں میں جھگڑے کے امکانات ذرا کم ہی ہوتے ہیں۔ درنہ دیکھا یہ گیا ہے کہ اگر شوہر نامدار نے بیگم کے میکے والوں کے تجویز کئے ناموں پر ذرا بھی ناک بھوں پڑھائی اور اپنی ناپسندیدگی کے اظہار کی ذرا بھی کوشش کی تو وہ جھگڑے کو چھوڑ کر میکے جا بیٹھتی ہے یوں شوہر بے چارے کے لئے نوداد کی تو اس تو اس اور رشتہ داروں کی کایوں کایوں سے بننا جوئے شیر بن جاتا ہے۔

کچھ والدین ناموں کے جھگڑے میں زیادہ نہیں اچھتے۔ جو بھی سامنے آگیا اپنی ہونہار اولاد کے لئے پسند کر لیا۔ یا پھر چوری کے الزام بچنے کے لئے ملتا جلتا کوئی اور نام رکھ کر نام کے بوجھ سے سبکدوش ہو جاتے ہیں۔ اگر یہ بھی ممکن نہ ہو تو پھر سینما ہالوں پر چلی ہوئی فلموں یا ٹی وی پر دکھائے گئے ڈراموں کے نام یاد کرتے ہیں یا یاد آگیا تو خیر ورنہ فلم یا ڈرامے ہی کا نام رکھ کر فرض پورا کر لیتے ہیں۔ کچھ ایسے بھی ہوتے ہیں جنہیں نوداد کے آنے کا یقین ہی نہیں آتا۔ اور جب وہ خیر سے آہی جاتا ہے تو ان پر حیرتوں کے پہاڑ اور اور خوشیوں کے تودے کچھ اس طرح ٹوٹ پڑتے ہیں کہ دماغ سے ہر قسم کے نام حرف غلط کی طرح مٹ جاتے ہیں۔ مجبوراً وہ اپنے دل کے سرد اور آنکھوں کی ٹھنڈک کا نام دوسروں سے رکھواتے ہیں تاکہ نوداد بے نام نہ رہ جائے اور والدین کو بھی اپنے صاحب اولاد ہونے کا یقین ہو جائے۔

دیکھا یہ گیا ہے کہ والدین جن ناموں کو بڑے جاؤ اور چونچلوں سے رکھتے ہیں وہ یا تو خود یا پھر دوسرے ان ناموں کا بڑی بے دردی سے پوسٹ مارٹم کر کے حشر نشر کر دیتے ہیں۔ کسی نے اپنے فرزند دل پسند کا نام سید جمشید علی بڑے جاؤ سے رکھا۔ اس خوشی میں ایک تقریب بھی ہوئی جس میں بہت سے بن بلائے ہماؤں نے بھی اپنا قیمتی وقت نکال کر شرکت کی اور نام رکھے جانے کی تقریب کو کامیاب بنانے کے

اندازہ لگائے بغیر کھڑے بھی ہو گئے ہیں۔ پہلے تو اس خبر پر یقین نہیں آیا لیکن جب یقین نہ کرنے کی کوئی وجہ سمجھ میں نہ آئی یقین کر لیا۔ پھر یہ بات کھٹکتی رہی کہ استاد محترم میدان الیکشن میں نوار دہیں اور الیکشن کے داؤ بیچوں سے کما حقہ واقف نہیں۔ بلیک بورڈوں کی جگہ رنگ برنگے بیروں سے واسطہ پڑے گا۔

الیکشن کے لئے تقریر کا فن بھی سنا ہے۔ بہت ہی مزوری ہے مگر اس معاملے میں ہمارے استاد محترم کو ایسی زیادہ تشویش تو نہ ہوگی لیکن فکر یقیناً ہوگی۔ کیونکہ اسکول میں تو ایک جماعت کے چالیس بیٹیاں ہیں طلباء کے سامنے فن خطابت کے جوہر دکھانے پڑتے ہیں جبکہ انتخابی جلسہ میں چالیس بچاں ہزار ووٹرز کا سامنا پڑے گا۔ اس میں تقریر یا تدلیس کا مجوزہ نصاب بھی ہوتا ہے جبکہ جلسوں میں وعدوں کے کچھ سبز باغ دکھانے پڑیں گے۔ پھر ساتھ ہی یہ دھڑکا کہ دوران تقریر کس ووٹر کو طالب علم سمجھ کر ڈانٹ دیا تو نقص کا خطرہ لاحق ہو جاتا ہے۔

اس موقع پر ووٹروں کا ذکر بے محل نہ ہوگا۔ پرانے الیکشن بازوں نے تو سینکڑوں قسمیں گنوا دی ہیں لیکن تین قسم کے ووٹرز ایسے ہیں جن کا ذکر نہ کیا گیا تو وہ برامان جائیں گے۔ پھر امیدوار کچھ زیادہ ہی برامانیں گے۔ پہلی قسم کے ووٹرز 'ووٹرز تو ہوتے ہیں لیکن پولنگ اسٹیشن کا منہ بھی نہیں دیکھتے۔ اس قسم کے ووٹرز کی دلچسپی کے لئے ٹی وی کے مہتمما خصوصی نشریات کا انتظام کر دیتے ہیں۔ وہ ٹی وی سٹیٹ کے سامنے بیٹھے بس پروگرام دیکھتے ہیں اور نتائج کا انتظار کرتے رہتے ہیں۔

دوسری قسم کے ووٹرز پولنگ اسٹیشن کی سیر کے لئے بغیر ناشتہ کئے گھروں سے نکل پڑتے ہیں ووٹ اس لئے نہیں ڈالنے کہ ڈرتے ہیں کہیں کپڑوں کی کریر خراب نہ ہو جائے۔ بھوک لگتی ہے تو کسی امیدوار کے ٹینٹ پر پہنچ کر شکم سیر ہو جاتے ہیں اور بس۔

تیسری قسم کے ووٹرز کے دل میں قومی جذبہ کم اور امیدواروں کے لئے ہمدردی کا جذبہ زیادہ ہوتا ہے۔ یہ جان پر کھیل کر اپنا ہی نہیں دوسروں کے ووٹ بھی بھگتا آتے ہیں اور انگوٹھے پر گئے آخری نشان کو دکھا دکھا کر لوگوں کو اپنی حسب الوطنی اور امیدوار کو اپنی وفاداری کا یقین دلاتے رہتے ہیں۔

ہمارے استاد محترم کو بھی انھیں تین قسموں کے ووٹروں نے اپنے تعاون کا یقین تو خوب خوب دلایا ہے۔ کارٹر ٹینگوں اور پلے پھلکے جلسوں نے اس یقین دہانی کو کچھ اور مضبوط کر دیا ہے۔ اب دیکھنا یہ کہ ۲۵ مارچ ۱۹۸۵ء کے بعد استاد محترم قومی اسمبلی کی نشست پر براجمان ہوتے ہیں یا واپس اسکول میں آکر تشنگانِ علم کی پیاس بجھاتے ہیں۔

”ادھر جاتا ہے دیکھو یا ادھر آتا ہے بردانہ“



ادھر جاتا ہے دیکھو یا ادھر آتا ہے پرانہ

دانشوروں کا قول ہے کہ لیکشن جمہوریت کی علامت ہے۔ ان کا یہ دعویٰ بھی ہے کہ آسمانِ میاست پر جب بادِ گھمنڈ گھمنڈ اور دمنڈ دمنڈ کر آتے ہیں تو یہ یقین کر لینا چاہیے کہ جمہوریت کی خوب ریل پیل ہوگی۔ بعض حضرات کا خیال ہے کہ الیکشن ایک آئینہ ہے اس کے لئے جمہوریت کے خدو خال اس میں بڑے صاف نظر آتے ہیں۔

لیکشن کا زمانہ موسم بہار کی طرح شروع ہوتا ہے۔ امیدوار خود روپوں کی طرح گلی کوچوں سے نکل آتے ہیں، دھونس، دھاندلی، روپیہ پیسہ اور تعلقات کے ساتھ ہی رنگ برنگے بینرز اور دلچسپ نغموں کا ایک سیلاب سا امنڈ پڑتا ہے۔ پچھلے دنوں کی بات ہے یہی الیکشن کے لیل و نہار تھے۔ ہر حلقہ انتخاب سے درختوں کی بیسیوں امیدوار کھڑے ہو گئے تھے اور سب کا یہ دعویٰ تھا کہ ان کا اپنا ارادہ تو قلعی کھڑے ہونے کا تھا بلکہ بیچ پوچھے تو الیکشن میں کے ہائیکٹ کو جی جاتا تھا مگر مجبور تھے حلقہ کے لوگوں نے ان کے آما و اجداد کی خدمت اور ان کے اپنے چال چلن کو دیکھتے ہوئے بخدا زبردستی کھڑا کر دیا ہے۔ امیدواروں کی اس بھیڑ میں کچھ تو کھڑے ہوئے بھی ایسے لگ رہے تھے جیسے بیٹھے ہوئے ہوں۔ ہر امیدوار نے اپنی بساط کے موافق بینروں اور نغموں کا بندوبست کیا ہوا ہے۔ رنگ برنگے بینرز ہر ایرے ایرے کی نظروں کا مرکز بنے ہوئے تھے۔ اکثر بینرز پر امیدواروں کا فوٹو چھپا ہوا تھا جو اس کے لڑکپن کی یاد دلاتا تھا۔ ایک بینر جس کا دامن قیامت سے بندھا ٹرک کے بیچو بیچ ہوا کے دوش پر لہرا رہا تھا جس پر جلی حرف میں یہ عبارت لکھی تھی۔

”وَمِنَ السَّيْلِينَ الَّذِيْنَ كَانُوْا يَدْعُوْنَ اِلٰهَآئِهِمْ مُّشْرِكِيْنَ“

اپنا قیسی دوش دے کر تو اسب دارین حاصل کیجئے۔
کچھ نوجوان اور بچے اپنے امیدوار کا حق تنگ کچھ اس طرح ادا کر رہے تھے۔ ”کل بھی ہاتھی جیتا تھا آج بھی ہاتھی جیتے گا۔“

ایک گلی سے کچھ دبی دبی سی کچھ پھنسی پھنسی سی آوازیں سنائی دے رہی تھیں۔ ”ساڈا شیر آوے آوے ہی آوے۔ پانی کا نلکا لاوے ہی لاوے۔“

بہر کیف الیکشن اپنی تمام تر حشر سامانیوں کو بروئے کار لاتے ہوئے ملک کی قسمت کی لکیریں کھینچنے میں مصروف تھا کہ ایک خبر نے چونکا دیا۔ خبر کچھ یوں تھی کہ ہمارے ایک استاد محترم کو بھی کسی خواہ ... نہیں، شاید کسی بھی خواہ نے کھڑے ہونے کا مشورہ دے دیا ہے اور وہ الیکشن کی گہرائی اور گیرائی کا

مَآں

مَآں کتنا پیارا لفظ ہے۔ جب زبان سے ادا ہوتا ہے تو دل، روح جسم کو ایک سکون ملتا ہے۔ عورت کے تین روپ ہیں۔ بیٹی، بیوی، ماں، اس کا تیسرا روپ یعنی ماں بڑا ہی عظیم روپ ہے۔ یہی وجہ ہے کہ اللہ تعالیٰ نے اس کو سراپتے ہوئے اس کے قدموں میں جنت رکھ دی اور اس کے حبیب نے انسانوں میں سب سے زیادہ حق ماں کا رکھا۔

ماں کی عظمت اور محبت کو دنیا کے ہر ملک ہر خطے، ہر قوم، ہر نسل نے تسلیم کیا۔ پرند، درند، درند نے بھی ماں کی عظمت کو تسلیم کیا۔ بقول شخصے مَآں تے تھنڈیاں چھاؤ۔ مَآں کی ماں کی گود کی گرمی انسان کو وہ سکون بخشتی ہے جس کی مثال کہیں نہیں ملتی۔ ماں ہی وہ ذات ہے جس کی محبت پر خلوص اور بے لوث ہوتی ہے۔ اپنے بچے کے لئے ماں کے دل میں ہی حقیقی تڑپ ہوتی ہے۔ اس کی ذرا سی تکلیف سے بے چین ہو جاتی ہے۔ رات رات بھر گود میں لے کر بچے کو سلاتی ہے۔ بچے کی ہلکی سی مسکراہٹ سے ماں کا من اور روح تک کھل اٹھتا ہے۔ وہ اپنے بچے کو سدا خوش و خرم دیکھنا چاہتی ہے۔ اگر اس کے لال کو کسی جگہ بھی کوئی تکلیف ہو ماں کا دل محسوس کر لیتا ہے وہ بے چین ہو جاتی ہے۔ اس کی روح میں بے کلمی پیدا ہو جاتی ہے۔ فوراً ہاتھ آسمان کی طرف اٹھتے ہیں اور دعا کرتے ہیں۔ "اے رب عظیم! میرے بچے کی ہر مشکلات کو دور کر دے اس کی آفات مچھ پر نازل فرما دے۔ اللہ عظمت والا ہے وہ ماں کی دعا سنتا ہے۔ غرض ماں کی محبت اور پیار بد نصیب لوگوں کو نہیں ملتا۔ کتنا پیارا لفظ ہے اُردو میں ماں کو اماں کہتے ہیں۔ ہندی میں مانتا۔ انگریزی میں مدر۔ پشتو میں مور۔ پنجابی میں بے بے۔ نام خواہ ہم کچھ بھی رکھ لیں لیکن ماں کی محبت ہر لفظ میں یکساں ہے۔

کاشف صغیر احمد

VIII G



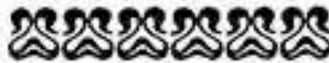


آنسو جب تک آنکھوں میں محفوظ ہوتے ہیں تو شفاف جھیل کی مانند ہوتے ہیں جب کبھی غم یا خوشی کے موقع پر پلکوں پر آجاتے ہیں تو ستاروں کی مانند چمکتے ہیں۔ گالوں پر آجاتے ہیں تو موتی بن جاتے ہیں اور گالوں سے گرنے کے بعد وہ پانی کے حقیر سے قطرے کی مانند ہوتے ہیں اور زمین کی مٹی میں جذب ہو کر خاک بن جاتے ہیں۔

آنسو انسان کی زندگی میں خوشی یا غم کے موقع پر یکساں آتے ہیں اور انسان اپنی اس کیفیت کو لفظوں میں بیان نہیں کر سکتا۔ ایسے موقعوں پر ایسے احساسات جو ناقابل بیان ہوتے ہیں۔ ان لوگوں کے چہروں کے احساسات کی حقیقت آنسو بیان کر دیتے ہیں۔ عام زندگی میں آنسوؤں کی کوئی قیمت نہیں نہیں ہوتی۔ یہ ایک پانی کا حقیر سا قطرہ ہوتا ہے۔ لیکن غم اور خوشی کے موقعوں پر ان کی قیمت ناقابل بیان ہوتی ہے۔

مشارق صدیقی

X K



” آپ کی آزادی کی حدود وہاں سے شروع ہوتی ہے جہاں سے میری ناک شروع ہوتی ہے۔
 قانون حقوق اور فرائض کے اس مجموعہ کا نام ہے۔ قانون کو زندہ رکھنا، اس کی قدر
 کرنا، اس کا احترام کرنا۔ اس کی پابندی کرنا خود انسان کے حق میں بھی بہتر ہے اور اس کی آزادی
 کی ضمانت ہے۔

شادق صدیقی

X K



قوانین کی پابندی انسان پر ضروری ہے

آج کا یہ موضوع جسے اظہارِ خیال کے لئے منتخب کیا گیا ہے شاید وہ کائنات کا اہم ترین موضوع ہے۔ دنیا کی ہر ترقیبِ نظم اور ضبط کے دھاگے میں پردی ہوئی ہے۔ جب بھی یہ دھاگا ٹوٹتا ہے تو نظم و ضبط کی مالا بھی بکھر جاتی ہے اور انتشار، بدنظمی، بے تربیتی کا دور دورہ ہو جاتا ہے۔ انسان سماجی حیوان ہے اور سماج کی بقا کیلئے قانون اتنا ہی ضروری ہے جتنا زندگی کیلئے آکسیجن قانون ہی وہ ضابطہ، وہ اصول ہے، و نسخہ، کیمیا ہے جو سماج کو پروان چڑھاتا ہے۔ اس کی نشوونما کرتا ہے اور اس کو مستحکم بناتا ہے۔ یہی وجہ ہے کہ انسان خود اپنے لئے اپنے فائدے کیلئے قانون کا احترام اور پابندی کرنے پر مجبور ہے۔ قانون کمزور کو طاقت ور کی بالادستی سے پناہ دیتا ہے، طاقتور کی حد مقرر کرتا ہے۔ انسان کو معاشرے میں کچھ حقوق دیتا ہے اور اس کے بدلے میں انسان پر چند فرائض عائد کرتا ہے۔ انسان جب بھی قانون کے عائد کردہ فرائض کو پورا کرنے سے انکار کر دیتا ہے تو قانون اس سے اس کے حقوق چھین لیتا ہے۔

ایک قانون وہ ہے جو اللہ تعالیٰ نے دنیا میں انسانی زندگی کے لئے بنا دیا ہے۔ اس قانون کی پابندی کرنے والا کامیاب، کامران اور فلاح یافتہ ہوتا ہے اور اس کی خلاف ورزی کرنے والا بدنام اور گمراہ ہوتا ہے۔ قانون کا احترام کرنے والا اللہ سے انعام پاتا ہے اور خلاف ورزی کرنے والا سزا کا مستحق قرار پاتا ہے۔

دوسرا قانون وہ ہے جو قانونِ الہی کی روشنی میں اس کے زیر اثر یا اس کے چند اصولوں کو لے کر دنیا کی ہر قوم اور ملک نے اپنے لئے بنا لیا ہے۔ مگر دنیا کے ہر قانون میں ایک بات مشترک ہے اور وہ یہ کہ ہر قانون اپنے ماننے والوں کو چند حقوق دیتا ہے اور چند فرائض کی تکمیل چاہتا ہے۔ قانون ان کو آزادی بھی دیتا ہے اور اس سے پابندی بھی کراتا ہے۔ یہاں مجھے ایک واقعہ یاد آیا۔

”برطانیہ دنیا کے ان چند ممالک میں سے ہے جہاں شہریوں کو بے پناہ حقوق اور آزادی حاصل ہے۔ وہاں کسی ٹرک پر ایک شخص چھتری گھماتا ہوا جا رہا تھا۔ اس کی چھتری ایک راہ گیر کی ناک پر لگی۔ اس نے چھتری گھمانے والے صاحب سے شکایت کی کہ جناب ذرا درگد کا خیال کریں۔ ان صاحب نے جواب دیا کہ میں آزاد ملک کا آزاد شہری ہوں۔ راہ گیر نے جواب دیا کہ

کسی ایک دن
 عرب کے ریگزاروں پر
 چودہ صدیوں کے جانے اور
 پنڈرھویں صدی کے آنے پر
 اپنی نسل کے بچوں سے میں نے پوچھا
 سچ کہاں ہے ؟ سچ کون ہے ؟
 میری نسل کے بچوں نے جواب دیا
 پورے عالم میں آج بھی ہر طرف جھوٹ ہے
 فقط ایک عسکر سچ تھا
 اور عسکر ہی سچ ہے۔

عائشہ اشفاق

F.Y.S.C



سچ کہاں؟ سچ کون؟

ایک دن
گرم دوپہروں کا
کوئی ایک دن
جبکہ صحرائے آئی ہوائیں
ریت کے طوفان لاتی ہیں
آسمان پر جلتے ہوئے سورج کی شعاعیں
زمین پر آگ برساتی ہیں
خون انسانی رگوں کا
اُبل اُبل کر دجلہ و فرات کو بہاتا ہے
ہر آنے والے دن میں اک نیا انقلاب لاتا ہے
ایک انقلاب اس دن آیا
جبکہ صحرائے آئی ہوئی ہواؤں نے
ریت کے طوفان نے
سچ کی تخلیق کی !

رات منات کے صنم کدوں نے
طاق و کسریٰ کے گنگوروں نے
سچ کی گواہی دی
تو ایک دن
گرم دوپہروں کے

دانش پارے

ایک بزرگ کا قول ہے کہ میں نے پچاس سال میں پچاس ہزار کتابوں پر مطالعہ کیا اور ان میں سے صرف پانچ باتوں کو اپنے لئے منتخب کیا۔
یعنی اے نفس

- ۱۔ خدا کے دئے ہوئے پر راضی رہ ورنہ دوسرا مالک تلاش کر جو اس سے زیادہ دے
- ۲۔ جن باتوں سے خدا نے منع کیا ہے ان سے بچ ورنہ اس کے ملک سے چلا جا۔
- ۳۔ اگر تو گناہ کرنا چاہے تو ایسی جگہ تلاش کر جہاں خدا نہ دیکھے ورنہ گناہ مت کر۔
- ۴۔ تو اپنے خدا کی عبادت کرتا رہ ورنہ اس کا دیا ہوا رزق مدت کھا۔
- ۵۔ خلقِ خدا کے ساتھ خوش خلقی اور ہمدردی سے پیش آ، ورنہ اپنی زبان بند رکھ اور کسی کے ساتھ تعلق نہ رکھ۔

بلال مراد

SYSC



کچھ اچھی باتیں

بیکار رہے

- * — وہ رات جس میں عبادت نہ ہو۔
- * — وہ عدالت جہاں انصاف نہ ہو۔
- * — وہ پھول جس میں خوشبو نہ ہو۔
- * — وہ نصیحت جس پر عمل نہ ہو۔
- * — وہ گھر جس میں ذکر خدا نہ ہو۔
- * — وہ آنکھ جس میں حیا نہ ہو۔
- * — وہ دماغ جس میں سوچنے صلاحیت نہ ہو۔

- * — نماز میں قلب کی حفاظت کر، مجلس میں زبان کی، غضب میں ہاتھ کی اور دسترخوان پر شکم کی۔
- * — مسلمانوں کی ذلت اپنے رب سے غافل ہو جانے میں ہے نہ کہ بے زر ہونے میں۔
- * — جانور اپنے مالک کو پہچانتے ہیں مگر بہت سے انسان ایسے ہیں جو کہ اپنے رب کو نہیں پہچانتے۔
- * — سادگی ایمان کی علامت ہے۔
- * — امید رکھ اللہ سے اس قدر کہ اس سے زیادہ تجھے کسی سے امید نہ رہے۔
- * — ڈر خدا سے اس قدر کہ اس سے زیادہ تجھے کسی کا خوف نہ رہے۔
- * — معافی نہایت اچھا انتقام ہے۔
- * — شرافت عقل و ادب سے ہے نہ کہ دل و نسب سے۔
- * — تلوار کا رُخ دل پر ہوتا ہے اور کفنار کا جسم پر۔
- * — نیکی ایک ایسی شمع ہے جو دوست دشمن دونوں کے گھر میں اجالا کرتی ہے۔

غم

میری قسمت میں غم اگر اتنا تھا
دل بھی یارب کئی دئے ہوتے

غم انسان کی زندگی میں ایک بہت ضروری کھیل ادا کرتے ہیں ہمیں ان کا احساس بڑی شدت سے ہوتا ہے۔ خوشی ہماری زندگی میں لمحے بھر کے لئے آتی ہے اور اپنی اداکاری کر کے بس اپنی یادیں ہی چھوڑ جاتی ہے۔ غم کئی دن تک دئے ہوئے رخم کو تازہ رکھتے ہیں اور ان کی یادیں ہمیشہ دل ہی جلاتی ہیں اور اسی لئے لوگ دنیا اور دوسرے لوگوں کے دئے ہوئے غموں کو یاد کرنے سے گریز کرتے ہیں۔ لیکن کبھی کسی نے اس طرف نظر دوڑائی ہے کہ غم آخر بے کیا چیز جو ہماری آنکھوں سے دکھ اور تکلیف کے دریا بہا دیتا ہے۔

نہ آنکھ سے گرتی جھڑی آنسوؤں کی
جو غم کی گھٹا دل پر چھائی نہ ہوتی

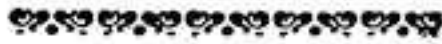
یہ خدا کا دستور ہی سمجھ لیں کہ ہماری زندگی غم کے بغیر مکمل نہیں۔ غم انسان کو ایک امتحان کی بنا پر دئے جاتے ہیں جو ان کو چھلنی کرنے باوجود اسے غم مہنا بھی سکھاتے ہیں۔ دکھ غم کے لئے دوسرا لفظ ہے۔ جب انسان کسی غم کا شکار ہوتا ہے تو وہ اپنی قسمت کو ضرور کوستا ہے مگر انسان اس بات کو کیوں ذہن نشین نہیں کر لیتا کہ غم انسان کی زندگی میں آتے ہیں اور اپنی تکلیف پہنچا کر چلے جاتے ہیں اسی لئے ہمیں اس بات کو مان کر اس سے متفق ہو کر اسے اپنی زندگی کا ایک حصہ سمجھ لینا چاہیے اور اسے خدا کی آزمائش سمجھ کر صبر اور تحمل سے اس کا مقابلہ کرتے ہوئے اپنے دل پر قابو اور برداشت جذبہ پیدا کرنا چاہیے۔

چھوڑا نہ آنسوؤں نے کبھی آدمی کا ساتھ
آنکھوں میں رہ نہ پائے تو دامن میں آگئے

انیسہ اشرف

کلاس دہم۔ بی

محنت کی عظمت



محنت سے ہماری مراد زیادہ تر ہاتھ کے کام سے ہوتی ہے جس کو ہم دماغی محنت سے مختلف سمجھتے ہیں۔ پرانے زمانے میں ہاتھ کی محنت کو خراب سمجھا جاتا تھا۔ اور یہ کام کرنے والے چھوٹی ذات کے آدمی کی طرح سلوک کیا جاتا تھا۔ بہت سے پرانے ملکوں میں صرف غلاموں کو یہ کام دیا جاتا تھا۔ یونان تک میں آزاد لوگ اونچے پیٹھے اختیار کرتے تھے جن میں ہاتھ کی محنت کی ضرورت نہیں ہوتی تھی اور سب ہاتھ کے کام غلاموں کے اوپر چھوڑ دیتے تھے۔ اب غلامی ختم ہو گئی ہے۔ لیکن آج سے سو سال پہلے یہ ایک عام دستور تھا۔

آجکل ہاتھ کی محنت آزاد لوگ بھی کرتے ہیں اور کوئی فرق نہیں پڑتا۔ اگر ایک آدمی دماغ کی بجائے ہاتھ سے کام کرے۔ لیکن اب بھی امیر لوگ ہاتھ سے کام کرنے والوں کو چھوٹی ذات کا سمجھتے ہیں۔ اور ایک امیر کا لڑکا مہتری ہو کر زیادہ کمانے کی بجائے آفس کا کلرک بن کر کم کمانا پسند کرے گا۔

محنت کی یہ توہین غلط اور فضول ہے اور دماغ اور ہاتھ کے کام کا امتیاز اکثر اوقات ہم کو غلط فہمی میں ڈالتا ہے۔ ہر قسم کی محنت میں چاہے وہ مہتری ہی کی کیوں نہ ہو دماغی محنت کی ضرورت ہوتی ہے۔ اور ماہر برقیات یا مہتری بننے کے لئے زیادہ ذہانت چاہیے بہ نسبت آفس کلرک کے جو دن بھر خطوط کی نقل کرتا رہتا ہے۔

لیکن جو بات ہم کو سیکھنی ہے وہ یہ کہ ہر قسم کا سچا اور ایماندار کام عزت والا ہے۔ اس کا مطلب یہ ہو کہ جاوید کش جو کہ خراب لیکن بہت ضروری کام کرتا ہے، کی بھی عزت کرنی چاہیے بجائے اس کے کہ ہم اس کو سب سے چھوٹی ذات کا سمجھیں اور ہم کو صرف کاہلی اور سستی اور بغیر محنت کے رہنے سے شرمندہ ہونا چاہیے اور ایماندار مزدور کی عزت کرنی چاہیے۔



کُتُبُ بِنِی

ہر انسان کسی نہ کسی مشغلے سے نعلق رکھتا ہے کم یا زیادہ۔ اسی طرح میرا مشغلہ بھی کتب بینی ہے۔ میرے خیال یہ مشغلہ دوسرے تمام مشغلوں سے بہتر اور سود مند ہے۔ مثلاً کرکٹ سے شغل رکھنے والے کو ہی لے لیجئے۔ صبح سے شام تک کاکھیل ہوتا ہے۔ بلکہ پانچ پانچ اور چھ چھ دن متواتر بھی کھیلا جاتا ہے جس سے وقت قومی دولت اور صحت کا نقصان بھی ہوتا ہے اس کے علاوہ کچھ حاصل بھی نہیں ہوتا۔ اسی طرح سینما بینی، تاش کھیلنا بھی وقت کا کھونا ہے۔ باغ بانی، ٹکٹ جمع کرنا۔ اس کے علاوہ مختلف مشاغل میں پیسہ اور وقت صرف ہوتا ہے مگر کچھ حاصل کم ہوتا ہے۔

کتب بینی ہی وہ مشغلہ ہے جس سے علم کی دولت حاصل ہوتی ہے۔ دماغی صلاحیتیں اجاگر ہوتی ہیں معلومات کا خزانہ بڑھتا ہے۔ عقل اور شعور بڑھتا ہے۔ کسی نے کیا خوب کہا ہے کہ کتاب ایک بہترین دوست ہے یہ اکیلے پن کا احساس نہیں ہونے دیتی۔ وقت کا صحیح تصرف کتب بینی ہی ہے۔ کتاب خواہ کیسی ہی پڑھی جائے علم کو چلا دیتی ہے۔ مثلاً اگر کتاب اللہ کو ہی لے لیا جائے اسکے پڑھنے سے دل و دماغ اور روح کو سکون ملتا ہے عبادت بھی ہوتی ہے عقل بڑھتی ہے چہرے پر نور آتا ہے۔ زبان میں اثر پیدا ہوتا ہے۔ یہ باعث برکت بھی ہے اور باعث رحمت بھی ہے۔ غرض کہ ہم کتاب کسی قسم کی پڑاس سے دل و دماغ تھکے نہیں بلکہ آسودگی حاصل کرتے ہیں۔

کتاب انسان کا بہترین دوست ہے۔ میرے خیال میں کتب بینی سے انسان میں شرافت، ظرافت، متانت، دیانت پیدا ہوتی ہے اس لئے کتب بینی مشغلوں میں بہترین مشغلہ ہے۔

کاشف احمد
VIII G



غالب کی شاعری کو کئی ادوار میں تقسیم کیا جاسکتا ہے۔ پہلے دور کی شاعری آغازِ کلام ہے اس میں فارسیت کا غلبہ ہے، دوسرے دور کی شاعری میں بھنگی آجاتی ہے۔ فارسی بندشوں کے استعمال میں احتیاط سے کام لیتے ہیں اور زبان پر قدرت حاصل ہوتی ہے۔ تیسرا دور شاعری کا اہم ترین دور ہے۔ غالب اپنی پوری انفرادیت کے ساتھ آخری دور میں نمایاں ہوتے ہیں اور دنیائے شاعری پر غالب آجاتے ہیں۔ غالب نے پہلے پہل شکل نگاری اختیار کی لیکن ان کو جلد ہی احساس ہو گیا کہ یہ لوگوں کی سمجھ سے بالاتر ہے۔ لیکن چونکہ انفرادیت کا جذبہ پوری طرح حاوی تھا۔ اس وجہ سے اگر شکل نگاری اختیار کر جاتے۔

شکل ہے زبس شکل میرا کلام اے دل
سن سن کرا سے سخنوران کا مل
آسان کہنے کی کرتے ہیں فرمائش
گوئم شکل دگر نہ گوئم شکل

غالب ایک ایسے فنکار ہیں جن کے کلام میں حقیقت ہے اور حقیقت کبھی فنا نہیں ہوتی۔ غالب اردو غزل میں ایک نیا گوشہ فکر ایک نیا ذہن نیا فکر خیال لاتے ہیں۔ وہ تشبیہات و استعارات کے بادشاہ ہیں۔ غالب نے اپنے کلام شوخی و ظرافت کو اس طرح سمویا ہے کہ گراں نہیں گزرتا۔

کہاں میخانہ کا دروازہ غالب کا کہاں واعظ
پراتنا جانتے ہیں کل وہ جاتا تھا کہ ہم نکلے

غرض یہ کہ غالب نے اردو شاعری کی روایت کو نئے راستوں پر گامزن کیا۔ اس میں نئی روح پھونکی اور اسے پرواز سکھائی۔ غالب کے فن کی حیثیت وہ ہے جو جزئیائی اعتبار سے ایک پہاڑ کی پرتی ہے۔

پوچھتے ہیں وہ کہ غالب کون ہے
کوئی بتلاؤ کہ ہم بتلائیں کیا

”کہتے ہیں کہ غالب کا ہے اندازِ بیاں اور“

مرزا اسد اللہ خان غالب کو اردو شاعری میں بین الاقوامی شہرت حاصل ہے۔ دنیا کا ہر تعلیم یافتہ اور صاحبِ ذوق انسان ان کی شاعری اور عظمت کا دل سے قائل ہے۔ دنیائے شاعری میں ان کی حیثیت ایک روشن ستارے کی مانند ہے جس کی ضیاء وقت کے ساتھ ساتھ بڑھتی جا رہی ہے۔ دنیائے ادب میں انھوں نے ایک زبردست باب کا اضافہ کیا۔ انکی عظمت کی سب سے بڑی دلیل یہ ہے کہ اس قدر تحقیق و تنقید کے بعد بھی ”حق تو یہ ہے کہ حق ادا نہ ہو سکا“

اردو کے تمام شعرا میں غالب سب سے ہمہ گیر شخصیت اور سب سے پہلودار ممتاز کیوجہ سے ممتاز ہیں۔ غالب کا دور ایک تہذیب کے زوال اور دوسری کے عروج کا دور ہے۔ ان کے دور کے واقعات، تصورات، ذہنی اور علمی زندگی کے متعلق ہمارے پاس بہت کچھ مواد ہے۔ وہ دراصل ایک کاروان کے رہبر ہیں۔ انھوں نے نظم و نثر دونوں میں ایک وسیع سرمایہ اور گراں قدر کارنامہ چھوڑا ہے۔ غالب کے شعر میں ہمیں ایک حراہ مستقیم نہیں ملتی بلکہ بہت سے پیچ و خم ملتے ہیں۔ غالب کے یہاں ایک گہرا رنگ نہیں بلکہ بہت سے رنگوں کی قوس و قزح ہے۔ وہ مصوٰر جذبات ہی نہیں ایک صاحبِ فکر بھی ہیں انھوں نے کچھ روایات کی تہذیب و تکمیل کی اور کچھ کی نئی نیاں کھولیں۔ ان کی عظمت اور موجودہ مقبولیت کا لازمی حصہ ہے کہ وہ بعض حیثیتوں سے نئے ہیں اور بعض حیثیتوں سے پرانے ہیں۔ انکی آواز کے ساتھ انکے دور اور آنے والے دور کی کتنی ہی آوازیں سنائی دیتی ہیں۔

غالب ایک اچھے رفیق اور روشنی عطا کرنے والے ہیں۔ غالب پر اردو ادب کو خرابی اور اردو ادب ہندوستان کے تہذیبی نگار خانے کا ایک نقشِ لازوال ہے اسی لئے غالب کے مطالعے سے شعر و ادب کی عظمت روشن ہوتی ہے۔ زندگی اور انسانیت کی بڑائی اور رنگارنگی کا احساس ہوتا ہے۔ غالب کو ایک تندرست ذہن ملا تھا۔ بچپن میں بے فکر رنگ ریلوں سے سابقہ رہاؤ انکی جوانی دیوانی تھی۔ مگر یہ انکی ساری زندگی نہ تھی۔ غالب زندگی کی پیاس کبھی نہ بجھا سکے۔

ہزاروں خواہشیں ایسی کہ ہر خواہش پر دم نکلے

بہت نکلے میرے ارماں لیکن پھر بھی کم نکلے

غالب کی شاعری لازوال شاعری ہے جو افرادیت کے جذبے سے بھرپور ہے۔ یہ غزلوں کے خدائے سخن مانے جاتے ہیں۔ لیکن غالب کا فن ان تمام حدود و رسوم سے بلند شاعری کے اعلیٰ ترین خیالات کا ترجمان ہے۔ ان کی شاعری کی پہنچ وہاں تک ہے جہاں سے پیغمبری کی حدیں شروع ہوتی ہیں۔

اگر ہم اپنی قومی زبان کو پروان چڑھانا چاہتے ہیں اور اس کی خدمت کرنا چاہتے ہیں تو وہ صرف اسی طرح ہو سکتی ہے کہ ہم اُردو کو اپنائیں اور اسے اپنا سمجھیں اور احساس کمتری کو دور کریں۔ قومی زبان کو نظر انداز کرنا ایک سنگین مسئلہ ہے۔ اور اس کی سزا ہمیں آج نہیں تو کل مل سکتی ہے جو کہ ہماری رکی ہوئی ترقی کی صورت میں ہوگی۔

اگر آپ سے کہا جائے کہ اسی وقت اپنی قومی زبان کو اپنائیں تو کیا آپ ایسا کر سکیں گے؟ ہم اور آپ جو شروع سے انگریزی تعلیم حاصل کر رہے ہیں کیا اس انقلاب میں پورا اتر سکیں گے پورے ملک کے تو کیا صرف ہمارے گرامر اسکول کے طلبہ کیا اب اُردو اپنانے پر رازی ہوں گے؟ اس کا جواب ہے۔ "نہیں!" وہ لوگ جو بچپن سے انگریزی میں سوچتے، لکھتے، پڑھتے اور انگریزی بولتے آ رہے ہوں۔ ان کا اُردو اپنانا ایک ناممکن کام ہے۔ جب تک ہمارے گھریلو، تعلیمی اور سرکاری سطح پر اُردو رائج نہیں ہو جاتی ہمارا ایک زبان پر متحد ہونا بہت مشکل ہے۔

عائلہ اشفاق

F. Y. S. C

قومی زبان

اُردو ہماری قومی زبان ہے اور ہم صحیح معنوں میں تب ہی ترقی کر سکتے ہیں جب ملک ہر فرد ایک زبان کے نیچے متحد ہو جائے۔ ایک زبان کو یک جہتی کاستون بنا لے ایک ایسا ستون جو مسلمانوں کے یقین تو حید کی مانند ساکت ہو۔

ہمارے ملک میں جہاں کئی مختلف علاقائی زبانیں بولی جاتی ہیں۔ قومی زبان کا استعمال اور ہر شعبہ میں اُردو کا رائج ہونا ہی ہمارے ملک کو متحد کر سکتا ہے۔ اس سے آپس کے علاقائی اور صوبائی اختلاف بھی ختم ہو سکتے ہیں اور کسی ایک علاقائی زبان کا دوسری علاقائی زبان پر حاوی ممکن نہیں ہو سکتا۔ دنیا میں کوئی قوم اب تک ایسی نہیں ہوئی ہے جو اپنی قومی زبان کے بغیر ترقی کر سکی ہو۔ ہر ملک اپنی اپنی قومی زبان پر فخر کرتا ہے۔ اور اس کو دوسری زبانوں سے بہتر سمجھتا ہے۔ کچھ ملک ایسے بھی ہیں جن کی کوئی اپنی زبان نہیں۔ مثلاً سوئٹزر لینڈ جہاں چار مختلف زبانیں بولی جاتی ہیں لیکن وہ چاروں ترقی یافتہ ممالک سے وابستہ ہیں۔ فرانسیسی زبان بولنے والوں کا تعلق فرانس سے ہے اور ان کی ثقافت پر نگرا فرانسیسی اثر ہے۔ اسی طرح جرمن اور اطالوی بولنے والوں کا ثقافتی تعلق جرمنی اور اطالیہ سے ہے جو یقیناً ترقی یافتہ ممالک کی سر فہرست میں شامل ہوتے ہیں۔

تو ہم اس نتیجہ پر پہنچتے ہیں کہ قومی ترقی قومی زبان پر منحصر ہے۔ اور قوم کی ثقافت اور رسم و رواج سب قومی زبان کی بدولت ہے۔

ہمارے ملک میں بہت کم لوگ قومی زبان کی اہمیت سے واقف ہیں۔ کچھ لوگ جو اُردو کو حقیر سمجھتے ہیں اپنے ملک کی ہر چیز کو حقارت کی نظر سے دیکھتے ہیں اور احساس کمتری میں مبتلا ہو گئے ہیں۔ آزادی کے سینتیس سال بعد بھی یہ لوگ انگریزوں کی ذہنی غلامی میں گرفتار ہیں۔

کچھ لوگوں کا خیال ہے کہ بغیر زبان کے ذریعے علمی ترقی ممکن ہے۔ یہ بات کچھ حد تک ٹھیک ہے ہمارے طلباء جب امریکہ یا یورپ تسلیم حاصل کرنے جاتے ہیں تو ان کو انگریزی بولنے میں دشواری پیش آتی ہے۔ ٹھیک ہے مہر سید احمد خان نے ہندوستان کے مسلمانوں کو آگے بڑھنے کے لئے انگریزی تسلیم حاصل کرنے کا حکم دیا۔ تو یہ صرف اس لئے تھا کہ وہ انگریزوں کا مقابلہ کر سکیں اور احساس کمتری سے نجات حاصل کریں۔

” ایک ماں لیٹی ہوئی تھی۔ اس کا بیٹا اس کے پاؤں میں یک لخت ڈنڈے مارنے لگا۔
 ماں نے پوچھا کہ ”بیٹا کیا کر رہے ہو؟“ بیٹے نے کہا۔ ”اماں سنا ہے کہ ماں کے پاؤں تلے جنت
 ہوتی ہے۔“ ماں نے کہا ”ہاں۔“ بیٹے نے جواب دیا۔ ”تو میں جنت کا دروازہ کھول رہا ہوں۔“

فاخر جمیل
 ہم ج



بچے کی زندگی میں

ماں کا درجہ زیادہ اہم ہے یا باپ کا

یہ عنوان آج ہمیں مضمون لکھنے کے مقابلے میں ملا ہے وہ اتنا اہم ہے کہ اگر ہم ماں کی طرف داری کریں گے تو دل کو سکون نہیں ملتا لیکن اگر اپنے والد کی طرف سے ان کی بڑائی بیان کریں تو کچھ تسکین نہیں ملتی۔

قرآنی آیات کا سہارا لے کر ہم اس نتیجے پر پہنچے ہیں کہ ماں زیادہ بلند درجے پر ہے۔ قرآن نے فرمایا کہ ”ماں کے قدموں تلے جنت ہے“ ماں کے پیٹ سے ہم کو اللہ پیدا کرتا ہے اور یہ اسی کا دودھ ہے جو ہم سب بنی نوع انسانوں کا بچپن میں پیٹ بھرتا ہے۔ ماں کو یہ حق حاصل ہے کہ اگر وہ قیامت کے دن ہمیں دودھ نہ بخشے تو ہم نے چاہے لاکھوں نیک کام کئے ہوں گے مگر ہماری آخرت میں کوئی چھوٹ نہیں اور ہم جہنم میں جل جل کر نجات دعا کریں گے۔

ماں ایک ایسی ہستی ہے جو اپنی اولاد کے لئے جان بھی دینے کے لئے تیار ہو جاتی ہے۔

اس کا دل پتھر کا نہیں بنا کہ جو بھی خطا ہم سے وہ اسے معاف نہ کرے۔ ماں کے دل میں اپنی اولاد کیلئے اتنا پیار ہے کہ وہ اگر کسی صحیح بات پر کوئی باپ اپنے بیٹے یا بیٹی کو مار رہا ہو تو اسے باپ سے رہائی دلاتی ہے اور اپنے دامن میں لیکر اس کے آنسو دھوتی ہے۔ ماں کی دعا اپنے بیٹے کے لئے اتنی بڑھ کر ہے کہ حضورؐ نے جس عورت کا دودھ پیا تھا ان کو اپنی ماں سے بڑھ کر عزت دی۔ ایک بار حضورؐ سے ایک صحابہؓ نے پوچھا کہ ماں کا درجہ اول ہے یا باپ کا؟ آپ نے ارشاد فرمایا کہ پانچ میں سے چار دفعہ ماں کا ذکر آیا ہے اور صرف ایک دفعہ باپ کا ذکر آیا ہے۔ باپ جس کی ماں سے کم حیثیت نہیں ہوتی ہمارے لئے۔ لیکن وہ پیار، وہ محبت، وہ لگاؤ اور وہ دکھ اس کے اندر نہیں ہے جو ماں کے اندر پایا جاتا ہے۔ باپ کی ڈانٹ کے اندر تاثیر نہیں جو ماں کی ڈانٹ ہے۔ ماں کے سمجھانے کا انداز یہ بتاتا ہے کہ اس کے سمجھانے سے کسی اور کے سمجھانے کا مقابلہ نہیں کیا جاسکتا۔ مشہور معلم مفسر دین اور بڑے خطاب پانے والوں کو یہ خطاب صرف ماں کی دعا کے نتیجے سے ہی ملے ہیں۔ ہم سب کو پتا ہے کہ ماں باپ سے بڑھ کر ہے۔ منشی پریم چند نے اپنے سبق ”سو تیلی ماں کے ذریعے یہ ثابت کر دیا ہے کہ ماں کا رتبہ کیا ہے۔

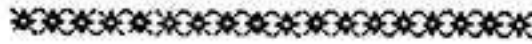
ایک لطیفہ دماغ میں آگیا تھا۔

جو کوراٹریسی والے۔ آٹھ اچھے کی نوکیلی ایٹریسی والے۔ بنیر ایٹریسی والے۔ بارہ اور آٹھ مختلف رنگوں والے وغیرہ جو تے دوکانوں میں اور لوگوں کے پیروں پر نظر آتے ہیں جو فیشن کے دلدادہ ہیں۔ مٹھیک ہے آپ فیشن کریں کیوں نہیں۔ سب کرتے ہیں اور ایک طرح سے کرنا بھی چاہئے لیکن یہ کیسا فیشن ہے ایک ہی گھر میں بھائی کو اپنے جو تے بہن کو دینے پڑیں اور خود بہن کے جو تے مانگ کر پہنتے پھریں۔ اور یہ لاجواب جو توں کے اصلی معنی میں شوقین ہیں۔

زین مصطفیٰ
X K



”لاجواب جوتے“



آجکل کے لڑکے لڑکیوں پر غور کیجئے تو رنگ برنگے بال وہ بھی کہیں کہیں، کان میں بالیاں ہاتھ میں کڑے۔ پھیلے جیسے ڈھیلے ڈھیلے کپڑے اور جوتے۔ جوتے جوتے ہی نہیں لگتے اور خدا کی اور بھی کوئی نعمت نہیں لگتے۔ اور لگتے کیا ہیں اس کے لئے لغت میں بھی کوئی لفظ نہیں ہے۔ جوتے ہونے چاہئیں۔ آرام دہ اور خوبصورت ہوں تو کیا مضائقہ۔ لیکن اگر مرد اونچی ہیل کے جوتے پہننے لگیں تو عورتوں کی گنجائش کہاں؟ اس کا اور کوئی جواب نہیں صرف یہ ہے کہ عورتوں کی کیونکہ کوئی گنجائش نہیں اس لئے وہ مردوں کی نیچی ہیل والے جوتے پہننے لگے ہیں۔

غرض کہ فیشن کے مطابق چلنا ضروری ہے چاہے گرتے بڑتے چلیں یا ڈنگتے چلیں یا اگر کوئی جوتا تکلیف دہ ہے تو اس کو بھی برداشت کر لیں گے لیکن فیشن سے پیچھے جو کبھی رہ جائیں۔ یہ تو ہو ہی نہیں سکتا ہے۔ چاہے جوتا پہننے والا مرد ہو یا عورت وہ اپنی ہنک سمجھتا ہے یا سمجھتی ہیں۔ چند دن پہلے کا واقعہ ہے کہ میں کچھ چیزیں خریدنے دوکان بیدل چل کر جا رہا تھا کہ میری نظر ایک کچھ زیادہ ہی تندرست اور بھاری بھر کم محترمہ پر پڑی تو حیرت سے ہنکا بکا رہ گیا۔ وہ نہایت ہی چست اسکرٹ جو کہ ان کے گھٹنوں سے چمٹی ہوئی تھی اور میں یہ اندازہ لگا سکتا ہوں کہ ان کا چلنا بہت ہی دشوار ہو رہا تھا اور اس پر طرہ یہ کہ آٹھ انچ ہیل کے جوتوں سے آراستہ ہیں اور معلوم ہوتا تھا جیسے دو بالنوں پر.....

لیکن ہنس تو اس بات پر آتی ہے کہ فیشن ضرور کریں گے چاہے ان کے جوتے کے گڈھے میں بھنس جائیں اور جوتے سے الگ ہو جائیں چاہے ان کے گھٹنے ڈنگتے ڈنگتے درد کرنے لگیں۔ یا چاہے ان کے شوہر رک کر ان سے پوچھیں کہ ”بیوی تمہاری طبیعت تو ٹھیک ہے؟“ لچکتی پھدکتی بے ڈھنگی چال جو کہ عورت کے لئے بالکل غیر موزوں ہے۔ لیکن فیشن ہائے رے فیشن مردوں کی تو بات ہی اور ہے۔ جوتے پہنیں گے تو جیسے میں بیان کر چکا ہوں اونچی اونچی ہیل والے اور ایک ایک جوتے میں خدا جھوٹ نہ بوائے پھر رنگ تو میں نے خود گئے ہیں اگر زیادہ بھی ہوں تو کوئی تعجب نہیں۔

خدا نخواستہ اگر آپ کو کسی وقت بھی آجکل کے کسی نوجوان کے پیچھے چلنے کا اتفاق ہو تو وہ زلفیں، پچرنگے جوتے اور مشکلی ہوئی چال دیکھ کر آپ شاید آگے بڑھ کر غلطی سے پوچھ بیٹھیں۔ ”آپ مرد ہیں یا عورت؟“

چلے جاتے ہیں۔ دنیا کی ہر بڑی قوم ہر دوسری قوم کے ساتھ دوستانہ تعلقات قائم کرنے کی خواہشمند ہوتی ہے۔ دشمن ان کی طرف ٹیڑھی آنکھ سے دیکھنے کی بھی جرات نہیں کر سکتا۔ لیکن اگر ان میں پھوٹا بڑ جائے اور وہ آپس میں جھگڑا فساد کرنے لگیں تو ان کی طاقت کم ہو جاتی ہے۔ اور دشمن انہیں ترنمہ سمجھ کر ہڑپ کر جاتا ہے۔

تاریخ کے صفحات گواہ ہیں کہ جب تک کسی قوم میں اتحاد ہو وہ لگاتار ترقی کرتی رہی لیکن جب نا اتفاقی نے ان کے اندر راہ پائی تو حکومت ان کے ہاتھوں سے نکل گئی وہ بد حالی کا شکار ہو گئے اور بد نصیبی کی ٹھوکریں کھانے لگے۔

پاکستان کی ترقی کا راز قومی اتحاد میں ہے اس کے لئے مزدوری ہے کہ تمام پاکستانی نسلیں لسانی اور علاقائی اختلافات سے بالاتر ہو کر بھائیوں کی طرح آپس میں مل جل کر رہیں۔

حدیث ہے۔ **كُونُوا عِبَادَ اللَّهِ اِحْوَانًا**

جس کا ترجمہ کچھ یوں ہے کہ ”اے اللہ کے بندوں تم سب بھائی بھائی بن جاؤ۔“

اس لئے ہمیں اس حدیث پر عمل کرتے ہوئے دوسروں کی مدد اور ان کے آرام کو مد نظر رکھتے رکھتے ہوئے ان کی ہر مشکل میں انکے کام آنا چاہیے۔ اور ہمیں چاہیے کہ ایک دوسرے کے خیر خواہ ہوں طاقتور کمزور کا سہارا بنے اور ان کے دکھ درد کو دور کرنے کی کوشش کریں۔ اسلام کے رشتے کو مضبوط سے مضبوط تر کریں۔ اسی جذبے اور رشتے تحت ہمیں پاکستان کے دشمنوں سے مقابلہ کرنے کی قوت حاصل ہوگی۔ اسی رشتے کی برکت سے ملک میں خوشحالی کا دور دورہ ہو سکتا ہے اور ہم دنیا کی قوم میں عزت غیرت کا مقام حاصل کر سکتے ہیں۔

علامہ اقبال نے اس بارے میں کیا سچ کہا ہے۔

یقین محکم، عمل پیہم، محبت فاتح عالم
جہادِ زندگانی میں ہیں یہ مردوں کی شمشیریں
عقابی روح پیدا جبکہ ہوتا ہے جوانوں میں
نظر آتی ہے اسکو اپنی منزل آسمانوں میں

انیسہ اشرف

کلاس دہم جی



قومی اتحاد

اتحاد ایک بے مثال قوت ہے۔ اور وہ بھی مسلمانوں کا جن کا خدا ایک ہے، رسولؐ ایک ہے، قرآن ایک ہے۔ ہم سب ایک ہی جھنڈے تلے جمع ہیں۔ ہماری یعنی مسلمانوں کی قوت کو کوئی زیر نہیں کر سکتا۔ کیونکہ مسلمانوں کی حکومت اسلامی حکومت ہے جو اسلام کے بتائے ہوئے نظریوں پر قائم ہے۔ ہماری قوت کا اندازہ یوں لگایا جاسکتا ہے کہ دنیا کے ہر کونے میں اللہ اور رسولؐ کا نام لینے والے موجود ہیں جو اپنی جانوں پر کھیل کر اسلام کی حفاظت کرنے کے لئے ہمیشہ تیار رہتے ہیں اور اپنی اسی خوبی کی وجہ سے وہ ہی ہماری پاسبانی کرتے آرہے ہیں۔ اس موقع پر اقبال نے کیا خوب کہا ہے کہ

قہارسی و غفارسی و قدوسی و جبسروت

یہ چار عناصر ہوں تو بنتا ہے مسلمان

ایک ہوں مسلم حرم کی پاسبانی کے لئے

نیل کے ساحل سے کرتا بہ خاک کا شمر

مثلاً مشہور ہے کہ ایک اکیلا اور ایک اور ایک گیارہ ہوتے ہیں جس کا مطلب یہ ہے دو آدمی مل جائیں تو ان کی طاقت اکیلے آدمی سے گیارہ گنا زیادہ ہو جاتی ہے۔ اس سے اندازہ لگائیے کہ اتفاق اور اتحاد میں کتنی طاقت پوشیدہ ہے۔ ”اتفاق میں برکت اور اتحاد میں کتنی برکت“

روزمرہ کی زندگی میں بے شمار مثالیں ہمارے مشاہدے میں آتی ہیں جن سے ظاہر ہوتا ہے کہ اتحاد ایک زبردست طاقت ہے اور اختلاف بہت بڑی کمزوری۔ بکھرے ہوئے تنکوں کو ہوا کا ایک جھونکا جدمرچا ہے اڑا کر لے جاتا ہے مگر بندھے ہوئے گٹھ کو اٹھانے کے لئے طاقت درکار ہوتی ہے۔ پانی کے ایک قطرے کو زمین فوراً جذب کر لیتی ہے مگر قطروں کے ملنے سے دریا بن جائے تو بڑے بڑے ٹیلوں کو بہا لے جاتا ہے۔ اینٹ پتھر اور چوڑے کے اتحاد سے ایک مضبوط قلعہ تعمیر ہو جاتا ہے۔ جوانوں کے ملاپ اور اتحاد سے ایک پرجوش اور ولولوں سے لیس لشکر تیار ہو جاتا ہے۔ قوم ان افراد سے بنتی ہے جو ایک ہی ملک میں رہتے ہوں۔ ان کی زندگی کے مسائل مشترک ہوتے ہوں۔ ان کی خوشحالی اور بد حالی ایک دوسرے سے مربوط ہو۔ اگر ان میں اتحاد کی نعمت ہو تو ان کی مشکلات حل ہو جاتی ہیں اور وہ بڑی آسانی سے ترقی کی منزلیں طے کرتے ہوئے آگے بڑھتے

سائنس

سائنس نے انسانی تہذیب پر بڑے احسانات کئے ہیں۔ انسان کو زمین سے آسمان تک پہنچا دیا۔ انسان نے سائنسی ایجادات کے ذریعے صحرا، سمندر، پہاڑ چاند کو مسخر کیا۔ غرض کہ سائنس نے اتنی تن آسانیاں پیدا کر دیں جو بیان سے باہر ہیں۔ پہلے کی عورت تو صبح سویرے گندم کے دانے ہاتھ سے چکی پر پیس کر روٹی پکاتی تھی مگر آج کی بیگم مصالحہ بھی گرائنڈر (grinder) پر پیستی ہے۔ پہلے زمانے میں آگ میں پھونک مارتے مارتے آنکھیں لال ہو جاتی تھیں مگر آج گیس کو ماچس دکھانے کی دیر ہے اور چھٹی ہو گئی۔

پہلے حصول تعلیم کے لئے میلوں بیدل چلنا پڑتا تھا۔ مگر آج سائیکل موٹر سائیکل اور کار نے بڑی آسانیاں پیدا کر دی ہیں۔ حد تو یہ ہے کہ طالب علموں کو پہاڑے یاد کرنے کی بھی ضرورت نہیں وہ اپنا کیکولیٹر (calculator) سے نکال رہے ہیں۔ غرض کہ سائنس نے اتنی ترقی کی جسکی کوئی انتہا نہیں۔ کپڑے اور برتن بھی مشینوں سے دھوئے جاتے ہیں۔ گھروں میں بیٹھ کر ہی بکچر دیکھی جاسکتی ہے غرض کہ سائنس ایک نعمت کے روپ میں سامنے آئی مگر حضرت انسان نے اپنی ان ہی سائنسی ایجادات کے ذریعے اپنی موت و تباہی کے سامان بھی پیدا کئے۔ مثلاً رنگین ٹی وی کی شاخوں سے کینسر جیسا مرض اپنایا۔ ایٹم اور ہیڈروجن بم جیسی ایجادات کیں جن سے ہزاروں لاکھوں ہتے بستے کھیلے کودتے لوگ ہل بھر میں ختم ہو جاتے ہیں۔

اس کے علاوہ جہازوں کے ذریعے زہریلی دوائیں چھڑکنا جس سے انسانی عضو بیکار ہو جائیں ایجاد کیں۔ غرض کہ سائنس ایجادات سے انسان فلاح و بہبود کے علاوہ تباہی کے بھی سامان پیدا کرتا ہے اگر ان ایجادات سے صرف اور صرف انسانی فلاح و بہبود کا ہی کام لیا جائے تو یہ ایک نعمت سے کم نہیں غرض کہ سائنسی ایجادات نے اس صدی میں جو ترقی کی ہے اس کا جواب نہیں۔

نوشین صغیر احمد

x K

۱۲ بے چارہ گدھا

جہاں تک میرا خیال ہے کتے کے بعد گدھا انسان کا ایک بہترین دوست ہے۔ جتنا چاہو اس سے کام کرا لو۔ جتنا چاہے اس پر وزن لاد دو لیکن وہ اُف تک نہیں کرتا۔ گدھے کا نام ہماری زندگی میں جاہلیت کی تصویر بن گیا ہے۔ کیونکہ اس میں بس ایک چیز کی کمی ہے اور وہ ہے عقل کس کو گالی دینی ہو تو گدھا گرج دیا۔ اب بے چارے گدھے کا کیا قصور وہ تو فرما بردار اپنے مالک کے سارے احکام کی تکمیل کرتا ہے۔

جو خوبیاں آپ کو ایک گدھے میں ملیں گی وہ بہت سے انسانوں میں بھی کم ہیں۔ مثال کے طور پر صبر کو لے لیجئے۔ گدھا چاہے کچھ بھی کر رہا ہو۔ یہاں تک کہ فالتو کھڑا ہو۔ چپ چاپ تو خیر نہیں لیکن ایک جگہ ٹھہرا رہے گا۔ میں نے خود اپنی آنکھوں سے گدھا گاڑیوں کے مالکان کو اپنے آگے ایک عدد ثابت بیٹھ دیکھ کر اس پر ڈنڈے برسائے گئے ہیں اور بہت دفعہ گدھے کی بیٹھ زخمی ہو جاتی ہے جس پر مکھیاں بھن بھنائی پھرتی ہیں۔ لیکن گدھا نہ بول سکتا ہے اور جو کچھ کر سکتا ہے وہ بھی نکل جاتا ہے۔

قدیم زمانے سے گدھا ایک وزن بردار حیوان کی حیثیت سے چلا آ رہا ہے۔ یہ چپ چاپ اور خاموشی جانور ہے۔ نہ صرف اس سے وزن اٹھانے کا کام لیا جاتا ہے بلکہ یہ سواری کے طور پر بھی استعمال ہوتا ہے اس کی چال ایسی مضبوط ہوتی ہے کہ پہاڑی علاقے بھی اس کی ٹاپے کو سنبھتے ہیں۔ سھوڑوں سے لیکر گھنے جنگلوں تک بدو اس کو سواری وغیرہ کے کام میں لاتے ہیں کیونکہ یہ پانی اور کھانا لے کر عرصے تک بھی نہیں کھاتا اور اس سے زیادہ محنت اور تیز رفتار صحرائی سواری نہیں مل سکتی۔

چنانچہ آج کل کے سنجوس لوگ اس کو کام میں لاکر اس پر کم پیسہ خرچ کر کے اس کی بدولت زیادہ روپیہ کمالیتے ہیں۔ انسان اپنے مفاد کے لئے بہت سی تدبیریں سوچتا ہے اور ان پر عمل کرتا ہے اور گدھا بھی ان جیسی ایک تدبیر میں شامل ہے۔ اس کی آواز اور اس کی عقل کی وجہ سے ہی یہ بدنام ہوا ہے اس کی گھڑیوں میں ہمارا دل کے دل میں جھانکیں تو آپ کو ایک بے داغ صاف و شفاف دل دھڑکتا ملے گا۔ گدھے جتنی محنت گدھے جتنا دل آگدھے کا مبر گدھے کی جفاکشی اور گدھے کی نرم عادات اگر ہم جیسے انسانوں میں سما جائیں تو ترقی ہمارا مقدر بن جائے۔

ابو ارعلیم قریشی

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سوال ۱۰۔ آپ کے خیال میں اسی ڈگر پر چلنے سے مستقبل میں مسلمانوں کی کیا حالت ہو جائے گی؟
 جواب ۱۰۔ ع۔ آنکھ جو کچھ دیکھتی ہے لب پر آسکتا نہیں
 محو حیرت ہوں کہ دنیا کیا سے کیا ہو جائے گی

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 سوال ۱۱۔ ہماری نئی نسل جو آئندہ ملک کی باگ ڈور سنبھالے گی اسکے بارے میں آپ کیا کہتے ہیں؟
 جواب ۱۱۔ ع۔ سبق پھر پڑھ صداقت کا عدالت کا شجاعت کا
 لیا جائے گا تجھ سے کام دنیا کی امامت کا

*
 سوال ۱۲۔ کیا آپ مسلمانوں کے مستقبل کے بارے میں پُر امید ہیں؟
 جواب ۱۲۔ ع۔ نہیں ہے نا امید اقبال اپنی کشت ویراں سے
 ذرا نم ہو تو یہ مٹی بڑی زر خیز ہے ساقی

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 سوال ۱۳۔ آج کل مغرب تہذیب کی بہت پیروی ہو رہی ہے آپ اس بارے میں کچھ فرمائیے؟
 جواب ۱۳۔ ع۔ تمہاری تہذیب اپنے خنجر سے آپ ہی خود کٹنی کریگی
 جو شاخ نازک پر آشیانہ بنے گا ناپائیدار ہوگا

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 سوال ۱۴۔ مسلمانوں کے مابین اخوت و بھائی چارے کے بارے میں آپ کیا فرماتے ہیں؟
 جواب ۱۴۔ ع۔ یہی مقصودِ فطرت ہے یہی رمزِ مسلمانی
 اخوت کی جہانگیری محبت کی فسراوانی

*
 سوال ۱۵۔ آپ مسلمانوں کو کوئی پیغام دینا چاہیں گے؟
 جواب ۱۵۔ ع۔ اسلام کا پیغام ہے اقبال کا پیغام
 اقبال کا پیغام زمانے کو سنا دو

عَلَامَةُ اِقْبَالٍ سے تصوراتی انٹرویو

سوال ۱۔ آپ کے نزدیک ایک کافر اور مومن کیا فرق ہے ؟
 جواب ۱۔ عک کا فسر کی یہ پہچان کہ آفاق میں گم ہے
 مومن کی یہ پہچان کہ گم اس میں ہیں آفاق

سوال ۱۔ خودی کے بارے میں آپ کے کیا خیالات ہیں ؟
 جواب ۱۔ عک خودی میں ڈوب جاغانل یہ برزندگانی ہے
 نکل کر حلقہٴ شام و سحر سے جاوداں ہو جا

سوال ۱۔ قومی اتحاد اور یکجہتی کے بارے میں آپ کے کیا نظریات ہیں ؟
 جواب ۱۔ عک ملت کے ساتھ رابطہ استوار رکھ
 پیوستہ رہ شجر سے امید بہار رکھ

سوال ۱۔ علاقائیت کے بارے میں آپ کیا فرماتے ہیں ؟
 جواب ۱۔ عک بھان رنگ و خوں کو توڑ کر ملت میں گم ہو جا
 نہ ایرانی رہے باقی ، نہ تورانی نہ افغانی

سوال ۱۔ ایک مسلمان مجاہد کا مقصد جہاد کیا ہونا چاہیے ؟
 جواب ۱۔ عک شہادت ہے مطلوب و مقصود مومن
 نہ مال غنیمت نہ کشور کُشائی

سوال ۱۔ آج جب کہ مسلمان اپنے دین سے دور ہوتے جا رہے ہیں تو ان کے بارے میں آپ
 کن خیالات کے حامل ہیں ؟

جواب ۱۔ عک باز و ترا تو حید کی قوت سے قوی ہے
 اسلام ترا دیں ہے تو مصطفوی ہے

یہ سارا پروگرام اس طرح پیش کیا گیا کہ اُردو، انگریزی اور عربی تینوں زبانوں کی مدد سے سمجھایا گیا۔ اس وجہ سے ہر کوئی کھیل اور تفریح کی شکل میں علم حاصل کر سکتا ہے۔ بلاشبہ ایک ترقی پذیر ملک میں یہ ایک اچھی کوشش ہے۔

آج ہمیں مولانا جلال الدین رومی کا یہ شعر بھی یاد آیا ہے

ماز فلک برتریم دز ملک افسزوں تریم

زیر دو چراغ زریم منزل ما کبریاست

یعنی انسان کے لئے اپنی اصل اعلیٰ (ذات واحد) تک رسائی حاصل کرنے کے لئے

دام فطرت توڑنا شرط ہے۔

یا پھر دوسرے لفظوں میں بقول علامہ اقبالؒ کے ہے

سبق ملا ہے یہ معراجِ مصطفیٰؐ سے مجھے

کہ عالم بشریت کی زد میں ہے گردوں

مثنوی کے اشعار میرے لبوں پر تھے میری انگلیاں گیار کے تاروں پر اور میرے

چاروں طرف چاند سارے رقص کر رہے تھے اور میں ٹھنڈی ٹھنڈی ہواؤں کے اُوپر اُوپر

غلا میں اڑتا محو پرواز تھا۔

محمد علی ملک

۵۰۶. ۵۷

پلینی ٹیریم Planetarium کی سیر

ستاروں بھرا آسمان، پھولوں بھری زمین، معطر ہوائیں، بر فباری کا دل آویز منظر.... یہ سب کچھ مل کر ہمیں موسیقی کی دنیا میں پہنچا دیا کرتا ہے۔ پھر موسیقی میں کھو کر تو ہم جو چاہتے ہیں دیکھتے ہیں جو محسوس کرتے ہیں وہی موجود پاتے ہیں۔ آج کسی ہیربان سے یہ خبر ملی کہ (Planetarium P. I. A.) اچھی معلوماتی تفریح گاہ ہے۔ ہم شوق دیدار میں پلینی ٹیریم جا پہنچے۔ عمارت گول گنبد نما ہے۔ بے حد صاف ستھری جگہ بڑا فضا ماحول اور جا بجا قرآن مجید کے اقتباسات جو آج سے چودہ سو سال پہلے اللہ تعالیٰ نے انسانوں کی ہدایت کے لئے نازل فرمائے تھے۔ جن میں انسان کے لئے فطرت کو مسخر کر لینے کے اشارات ہیں۔ قرآن پاک کی سورۃ رحمن، سورۃ النجم اور فلکیات کی گردش کے بارے میں بڑھ کر عقل چیراں رہ جاتی ہے کہ وہ کونسا علم ہے جو ہمارے قرآن میں نہیں بس سمجھنے اور غور کرنے کی ضرورت ہے۔ جو بھی کوشش اور محنت کرتا ہے پروردگار عالم اس کے لئے علم کے راز کھول دیتے ہیں۔

علم فلکیات بھی انسان کی ہزاروں سال کی جدوجہد کا حاصل ہے۔ سائنس کی دنیا میں فلکیات سب سے پرانا علم ہے۔ اس علم کی تحقیقات کا ماخذ قرآن پاک اور اجرام فلکی کا مشاہدہ ہے۔ قرآن پاک کی روشنی میں البیرونی ابن دعام گیسے لی یو اور دیگر یورپی ماہر فلکیات نے اس علم کو عام فہم بنایا۔

(Planetarium) ہال دائرے کی شکل میں ایک وسیع ہال ہے۔ درمیان میں ایک بڑا پروجیکٹر نصب ہے جو سائنسی ترقی اور انسان کاوشوں کا بہترین نمونہ ہے۔ ہال میں مصنوعی خلا کا منظر پیش کیا گیا ہے۔ جس میں ستارے سیارے اور شمسی نظام (Solar System) دکھائے گئے ہیں۔ مصنوعی طریقے سے ستاروں بھرا خوبصورت آسمان، چاند کی مختلف حالتیں گردش کا طریقہ عام فہم زبان میں سمجھائے گئے ہیں۔ پروگرام پیش کرتے ہوئے حسب حال پس منظر میں موسیقی کی دھنیں تاشر کو دو بالا کرتی ہیں۔ سارا پروگرام دیکھتے ہوئے انسان مظاہر قدرت کی بے حساب دستوں اور اعلیٰ ترین ضابطہ عمل کا مشاہدہ کرتا ہے اور قرآن حکیم کی یہ آیات ذہن میں گونجتی ہیں جن کا ترجمہ ہے

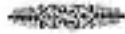
” وہ ذات پاک ہے جس نے سات آسمان اور پر تلے پیدا کئے خدا کی اس صنعت میں تو کوئی خلل نہ دیکھے گا۔“

علم وہ کیا عمل نہ ہو جس کا کتاب پر
بے فائدہ ورق یونہی غافل اُلٹ گیا

ایک اچھا نظام تعلیم ایسے شہری پیدا کرتا ہے جو چٹانوں کو عبور کرنے کی صلاحیت رکھتے ہیں
جو نئے افق ڈھونڈ نکالیں جو نئی گہرائیوں تک پہنچ سکیں۔ ان میں آگے بڑھنے کی صلاحیت کوٹ کوٹ
کر بھری ہو۔

آج کل ہمارے ملک کی ضرورت صفت و حرفت کی ترقی ہے۔ ہمارے ملک کی ضرورت ایک
ایسا مسافر ہے جہاں انصاف ہو۔ جہاں ہر ایک کو پیٹ بھر کر کھانا مل سکے۔ جہاں ہر ایک ترقی کے
یکساں مواقع میسر ہوں، جہاں بزرگوں کی عزت ہو۔ جہاں کمزوروں کو قانون کا تحفظ حاصل ہو۔ جہاں
ہر بچے کو تعلیم حاصل کرنے کے مواقع حاصل ہوں۔ ایک ایسے نظام تعلیم کے تحت جو ہمیں ترقی یافتہ
اور تہذیب یافتہ ملکوں کے صفِ اول میں کھڑا کر سکے۔ ہمارا نظام تعلیم اس معیار پر بالکل نہیں اترتا۔
آخر میں اکبر الہ آبادی کے چند اشعار کہنا چاہتی ہوں۔

وہ باتیں جس سے قومیں ہو رہی ہیں نامور سیکھو
انٹو تہذیب سیکھو صنعتیں سیکھو ہنر سیکھو
بڑھاؤ تجربے اطراف دنیا میں سفر سیکھو
خواص خشک و تر سیکھو علوم بحر و بر سیکھو
خدا کے واسطے اے نوجوانوں ہوش میں آؤ
دلوں میں اپنے غیرت کو جگہ دو ہوش میں آؤ



ہمارا نظامِ تعلیم

ہمارا نظامِ تعلیم ایسے شہری پیدا کرنے سے معذور ہے جو ہمارے ملک کی ضرورت بن سکیں جو ہمارے معاشرے اور ملک کے لئے مفید بن سکیں۔ اس موضوع پر بحث کرنے سے پہلے میں گوٹنکراڈ کرتی چلوں کہ موجودہ نظامِ تعلیم کافی حد تک وہی ہے جو برصغیر کی تقسیم سے پہلے تھا۔ آپ حضرات کو معلوم ہے کہ یہ نظامِ تعلیم ایسے با اختیار لوگوں نے برصغیر پر راج کیا جو ہمارے حکمران تھے جن کا تعلق ہمارے ملک سے نہیں تھا۔ جن کا بنیادی مقصد یہ تھا کہ وہ ہندوستان پر ایک لازوال حکومت قائم کریں۔

اس نظامِ تعلیم کا بنیادی عنصر حاکم اور محکوم کا تعلق تھا۔ فاتح اور مفتوح کا تعلق تھا۔ جاہل اور مجبور کا تعلق تھا۔ اس نظامِ تعلیم کا مقصد مفید شہری پیدا کرنا نہیں تھا بلکہ مفید غلام پیدا کرنا تھا۔ کیا خوب کہا ہے اکبر الہ آبادی نے سے

طفلیں میں کیونکر ہو خوماں باپ کے اطوار کی
دودھ تو ڈبے کا ہے تعلیم ہے سرکار کی

آج جب کہ ہم آزاد ہیں، جب کہ تعلیم کے ارباب اختیار صاحب اختیار ہیں ہمارا نظامِ تعلیم آج بھی غلامانہ ذہنیت کی زنجیروں میں جکڑا ہوا غلام، مزدور اور کلرک پیدا کرنے میں مصروف ہے۔ ہمارا موجودہ نظامِ تعلیم کیا ہے، نصاب کی چند فرسودہ کتابیں جن کو طالب علم حضرات اور نیفٹے میں اڑھی ہوئی کتابوں اور دوستوں کی مدد سے امتحان کی کاپیوں پر نقل کر کے صاحبِ ڈگری بن جاتے ہیں۔ با با آدم کے زمانے کی پرانی فرسودہ کتابیں بلا تباد لہ سال از سال طالب علم ذہن نشین کر کے امتحان میں کامیاب ہو سکتے ہیں۔ کیا یہ صحیح معنوں میں تعلیم ہے؟ کیا اس نظامِ تعلیم کے تحت ہماری قوم ترقی کر سکتی ہے؟ جہاں طالب علموں کو موجودہ دنیوی حالات کا علم بالکل نہیں ہوتا ہے۔

ایک اچھے نظامِ تعلیم کو متحرک ہونا چاہیے۔ ایک اچھے نظامِ تعلیم کو محرک تحقیق ہونا چاہیے۔ ایک اچھے نظامِ تعلیم کا مقصد یہ ہونا چاہیے کہ وہ طالب علموں کو انسان بنائے۔ ان کو اچھے شہری بنائے ایک اچھا نظامِ تعلیم طالب علموں کو جستجو، کھوج اور تحقیق کی طرف مائل کرتا ہے۔ اس میں روحانی اخلاق اور مادی ترقی تینوں شامل ہونی چاہئیں۔ زیادہ اہمیت علمی تعلیم کو دی جائے۔

کیا خوب کہا ہے سے

بوٹنگ یا ایٹنگ؟

آج سے کراچی کے باشندوں کو یہ مطلع کیا جاتا ہے کہ بوٹنگ بیسن Boating Basin کا نام بدل کر ایٹنگ بیسن Eating Basin رکھ دیا گیا ہے۔ بات کچھ منقول بھی ہے کیونکہ اگر ایک فیصد وہاں بوٹنگ کرنے جاتی ہیں تو نیا نوے فیصد وہاں نئے کباب اڑانے جاتی ہیں۔ ویسے بھی آجکل کی مستورات کو فیشن، میک اپ دکھاوا، شاپنگ وغیرہ جیسی گبھیہر پریشانیوں نے ایسا آگھیرا ہے کہ انھیں پکانے کی فرصت کہاں۔ ہفتے میں تین بار تو باہر کھایا جاتا ہے جس میں سے ایک مرتبہ تو کلفٹن کی زیارت ضروری ہے۔ چاہے اس شوق میں لا لاکھیت سے بوٹنگ بیسن پہنچنے میں بسیں بدلتے بدلتے انسان ادھوا ہو جائے اور گتہ و پتہ وغیرہ میں سے ایک آدھ تو ضرور بس میں ہی چھوٹ جائے!! یہ تو بھی ایک طبقے کی بات۔ اب آئیے ان لوگوں کی طرف جو کھانے کم اور لڑکیاں تارنے اور عجیب و غریب آستین و گریبان کئے کپڑے دکھانے آتے ہیں۔ کبھی آپ اپنی سائے کے ماڈل کی گاڑی میں آرام سے کئے کو کھانے بڑھ رہے ہوں تو اکثر ایسا ہوتا ہے کہ پیچھے سے کوئی آپ کی اکلوتی گاڑی پر ہتھوڑے برسا رہا ہو۔ یہ وہ امیر باپوں کے بیٹے ہوتے ہیں جو حیرت انگیز آوازیں جنھیں موسیقی کہنا ناگوار ہے، اپنی چمکتی جھلملاتی گاڑیوں کے اسپیریٹوں (Stereos) پر بجاتے ہوئے طوفان کی طرح نکل جاتے ہیں۔ اگر آپ کے کانوں نے پردے پنج جائیں تو غنیمت جانئے۔ ویسے پردوں سے یاد آتا ہے کہ کپڑوں کے معاملے میں کراچی والے اس خوش فہمی میں مبتلا ہیں کہ وہ ہر اٹلے سیدھے فیشن کے کپڑوں میں نظر آتے ہیں۔ جب عام سی بوٹنگ بیسن کی ہوٹل میں کھانے آتے ہیں تو پوشاک اتنی قیمتی پہنتے ہیں کہ سلمی آغا بھی شرمنا جائے۔ لیکن جہنہ نوجوان ایسے بھی ہیں جنھیں اینٹارکٹیکا (Antarctica) میں پیدا ہونا چاہیے تھا کیونکہ کراچی کی گرمی تو ان سے کپڑوں سمیت برداشت نہیں ہوتی ہلندہ کپڑے بغیر گھومتے ہیں ہمارے حیرت کی انتہا نہ پوچھئے جب ہمارے بازو میں ایک گاڑی آکر رکے جس میں سارے نوجوان حد تک تک ملبوسات بغیر کتھے خدا کا شکر کہ جب وہ اترے تو اتنی ٹولسکین ہوئی کہ پولیس حدود آڈرڈ مینیس کے تحت گرفتار کرنے سے بال بال بچ گئی۔ سکے خبر کہ ایک نیکر کتنا کام آسکتی ہے!!

محمد نجیب آگر والا

* ————— *



تعلیق ہے جو کہ بہت بعد میں ایجاد ہوا۔ ویسے اردو ٹائپ آج بھی نسخ ہی میں ہے۔ فارسی اور اردو کا گہرا ربط ہے۔ فارسی میں کچھ آوازیں ایسی تھیں جو عربی میں نہ تھیں۔ چنانچہ جب فارسی کو نسخ میں کیا گیا تو ان آوازوں کو عربی کے چند حروف میں اضافہ کر کے اختیار کیا گیا مثلاً پ، س، ز، گ، ان کیلئے عربی میں موجود بعض شکلوں پر نقطوں وغیرہ کے اضافے سے یہ نئے حروف بنائے۔ اردو میں عربی، فارسی، ہندی، انگریزی وغیرہ تمام زبانوں کے مقابلے میں آوازیں زیادہ بھی ہیں اور ان کے لکھنے کے لئے علامات بھی مقرر ہیں۔

دنیا کی جدید ترقی یافتہ زبانوں کی طرح اردو میں ٹائپ اور طباعت کی جدید ترین سہولتیں موجود ہیں۔ پہلے اردو طباعت کیلئے پتھر کی سلیں استعمال ہوتی تھیں جنہیں لیتھو کہتے ہیں۔ اردو کی قدیم کتابیں اکثر و بیشتر اسی عمل سے چھاپی گئی ہیں۔ لیکن اب اس جگہ آفسٹ اور ٹائپ کا رواج زیادہ ہوتا جا رہا ہے اخباروں وغیرہ کیلئے جدید ترین موناو اور لیتو ٹائپ مشینیں اردو کے لئے موجود ہیں اور عام طور پر استعمال ہوتی ہیں۔ اردو کی ابتدا کے بارے میں مختلف روایتیں ہیں۔ بعض کا خیال ہے کہ اس کی ابتدا ابراہیم کے زمانے سے ہوئی۔ اور بعض کے مطابق اس کا آغاز شاہجہاں کے دور سے ہوا۔ کچھ اسے سندھ کی پیداوار سمجھتے ہیں۔ بعض پنجاب کو اس کا ابتدائی ٹھکانہ قرار دیتے ہیں۔ جبکہ کچھ لوگوں کا کہنا ہے کہ دکن اس کا ابتدائی گہوارہ ہے۔ لیکن یہ بات حیرت انگیز ہے کہ اردو ان علاقوں میں سے کسی کی بھی زبان نہیں بلکہ سب کی اپنی علاقائی زبانیں ہیں۔ دراصل اردو ایک رابطہ کی زبان ہے۔ یہ کسی زبان کی مخالف یا مد مقابل نہیں اور نہ ہی اس کی ترقی سے دوسری زبانوں پر اثر پڑتا ہے۔ اسی لئے یہ قومی زبان کے معیار پر پوری اترتی ہے۔ اردو میں جہاں ایک ترقی یافتہ زبان کی تمام خوبیاں موجود ہیں وہاں اسکی یہ بھی خصوصیت ہے کہ عربی زبان کے بعد دوہی وہ زبان ہے جس میں قرآن پاک کے بے شمار تراجم، تفاسیر، حدیث و فقہ، سیرت و سوانح اور تاریخ وغیرہ پر بے شمار کتابیں موجود ہیں اس کے علاوہ برصغیر پاک و ہند کی ذہنی، فکری، تعلیمی، علمی اور تہذیبی تاریخ میں مسلمانوں کا جو حصہ ہے اس سب کی تفصیل بھی اردو میں ملتی ہے۔ جو شخص اس ملک کی تاریخ، سیاست، افکار و خیالات، تحریکات کا مطالعہ کرنا چاہتا ہے وہ اردو کے ذخیرہ سے قطع نظر نہیں کر سکتا۔ اردو اس اعتبار سے برصغیر پاک و ہند کی قدیم و جدید زبانوں میں سب سے ممتاز ہے۔

محمد بلال مراد

SYSC

کچھ اردو زبان کے بارے میں

اردو زبان پاکستان کی قومی زبان ہی نہیں بلکہ برصغیر پاک و ہند کے مسلمانوں کی تہذیب کی امین بھی ہے۔ اردو ترکی زبان کا لفظ ہے جس کے معنی لشکر یا لشکری دربار کے ہیں۔ اس اعتبار سے عام لوگوں کے ذہنوں کا یہ تصور کہ یہ سلمان فاتح بادشاہوں کے لشکروں یا لشکری بازار میں پیدا ہوئی غلط ہے۔ دراصل اردو کا سب سے قدیم نام ہندوی ہے جو کہ ہندوستان کی مناسبت سے ہے۔ پھر اسے ہندی اور ریختہ کا نام دیا گیا۔ اس سے مراد وہ ہندی نہیں جو دیوناگری رسم الخط میں لکھی جاتی ہے اور بھارت کی سرکاری اور قومی زبان ہے۔ موجودہ ہندی اردو کا ہی ایک روپ ہے ہندی کے علاوہ اس زبان کا ایک قدیم نام ریختہ ہے۔ ریختہ کا لفظ فارسی مصور ریختن سے بنا ہے۔ ریختہ کی زبان اردو کے قدیم کیلئے عام طور پر استعمال ہوا ہے۔ خاص طور پر شمالی ہند کی قدیم اردو کو اس نام سے یاد کیا گیا ہے۔ علاوہ زبان کے ریختہ اردو غزل کے معنوں میں بھی استعمال ہوا ہے۔ عہد اکبری کے قدیم اردو شاعر سعدی کا کوردی سے بلکہ اس کا استعمال مرزا غالب کے دور تک ملتا ہے۔

طرز تبدیل میں ریختہ لکھنا
اسد اللہ خاں قیامت ہے

اس زبان کا ایک اور قدیم نام ہندوستانی بھی ہے۔ یہ نام ہندوستانی نہ صرف یہ کہ قدیم تذکرہ نگاروں بلکہ انیسویں صدی کے بیشتر انگریز اور دوسرے یورپین محققین نے بھی استعمال کیا ہے۔ اس کی وجہ محض یہ تھی کہ یہ برصغیر کے تقریباً ہر خطے میں بولی اور سمجھی جاتی تھی اسی لئے ہندوستان کی مناسبت سے یہ ہندوستانی کہی جانے لگی۔

اردو کے لئے ہندوستانی نام ایک عرصہ تک استعمال میں رہا یہاں تک کہ میر تقی میر نے اپنی کتاب نکات الشعراء میں اسے اردو کے معنی کی زبان لکھا۔ اس زبان میں ہندوی، ہندوستانی یا اردو کے معنی کو صرف "اردو" کہنے کی شہادت سب سے پہلے معنی لکھنوی کے اس شعر سے ملتی ہے۔

خدا رکھے زبان ہم نے سنی ہے میر و مرزا کی
کہیں کس منہ سے ہم اے معنی اردو ہماری ہے

انیسویں صدی سے اردو کیلئے یہ نام ایسا رائج اور مقبول ہوا کہ اس کے قدیم نام سب ترک ہو گئے اور اب اس کو اسی نام سے پکارا جاتا ہے۔ اردو کا ابتدائی رسم الخط نسخ تھا۔ موجودہ خط

اس قابل ہوئے ہیں کہ فخر سے کہہ سکیں کہ ہماری قومی زبان اُردو ہے۔ خاص کر کہ صدرِ شعبہ اُردو جناب جمیل جاوید صاحب اور محترم استاد زراق صاحب نے جتنی ہماری رہنمائی کی ہے وہ قابلِ داد اور لائقِ تحسین و فخر ہے۔

محمد نجیب آگرہ والا



گرامیرین (اداریہ)

میں تیسرا خدائے رنواں کروں شکر کس زباں سے
کہ عطا کیا ہے تو نے مجھے ذوقِ شاعرانہ

کسی شاعر نے کیا خوب کہا ہے۔ واقعی اگر انسان کے پاس شاعری کا خزانہ نہ ہوتا تو وہ دن بھر کی تکلیف اور صدار پہنے والی رنجشوں سے بچاؤ کیلئے چور دروازہ کیسے پاتا۔ جب ذہن روزمرہ کی بیچ اور کرب پہنچانے والی باتوں سے بھٹک کر کام کرنے سے انکار کر دے تو شاعری ہی وہ پھولوں والا راستہ ہے جس سے انسان ایک ایسی کائنات میں منتقل ہو جاتا ہے جہاں تسکین میسر ہوتی ہے اور تخیل کیلئے عنوان ملتے ہیں۔

ہاں لیکن یہ راستہ وہی لوگ پاتے ہیں جنہیں خدا نے اتنی ذہنی سکوت دی ہوتی ہے کہ وہ ان دنیوی لوازمات کو چھوڑ کر ایک بلند فکر میں سوچے۔ خواہ غالب ہو یا ملٹن (MILTON) گوئٹھ (GOETHE) ہو یا آئخ، شیلی (SHELLEY) ہو یا اقبال ہر شخص کو اس کے مطلب کی کچھ نہ کچھ ایسی شاعری مل ہی جاتی ہے جو سکونِ قلب دیتی ہے۔

چونکہ شعبہ اُردو کے حوالے سے یہ ادارہ لکھا جا رہا ہے اس لئے کچھ اُردو غزل کی تعریف میں کہنا لازمی سمجھتا ہوں۔ یوں تو اُردو شاعری کی کمی شافیں ہیں مگر غزل کا کوئی جواب نہیں ہے۔ جتنی سلامت اور بختگی سے ایک شاعر بات کہہ جاتا ہے وہ اور کسی قسم کی شاعری میں آپ کو نہ ملے گی۔ اُردو غزل کے شائقین اس بات کو بھی مانیں گے کہ وہ دو مصرعوں میں جو شاعری بیان کرتا ہے اس کی شانہ ہزاروں صفحوں کو ضائع کرنے سے بھی تشریح نہ ہو سکے۔ جیسے کہ انور نے کہا ہے۔

اک عروسِ ادب نام جس کا غزل میں بھی انور اسی کا پرستار ہوں

جس کی زلفوں کو غالب سنوار گئے، حسنِ بر جس کے شیدا جگر ہو گیا

اور واقعی یہ انور کا ہی نہیں بلکہ ہر پُر ذوق شخص کی یہی آواز ہے۔

اس موقع پر میں یہ کہنا بھی مناسب سمجھتا ہوں کہ جس طرح ہمیں کراچی گرامر اسکول کے اُردو

ڈیپارٹمنٹ اور ان کے ارکان نے مدد کی ہے اور ہماری اصلاح کی ہے اسی کی وجہ سے ہم آج

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