

The Journey

FARIDABAD - HAFIZABAD - PINDI BHATTIAN



WAGHA BORDER

Joginder Singh Kapoor



The Journey

FARIDABAD - HAFIZABAD - PINDI BHATTIAN



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*The book is dedicated to my
revered father*



Chaudhry Narain Das Kapur

Foreword

The book contains a brief, interesting, crisp introduction of Faridabad, Hafizabad, Pindi Bhattian/Dule Di Bar etc. It depicts hassle in obtaining Visa for Pakistan, exhaustive security check, and hardship of Police reporting, at its various wings at destination.

It picturesque the beautiful, enjoyable and comfortable journey by Volvo Bus escorted by security staff in both the countries; Gives wonderful description of the places of Bus stoppages i.e. Parakeet Tourist Resort Pipli (Haryana), Floating Restaurant Sirhind (Punjab), Mangolia Restaurant Kartarpur (Punjab), and the food served with utmost hospitality and security. The Author reasonably acquaints readers about Lahore i.e. Minar-e-Pakistan, Samadhi Maharaja Ranjeet Singh, Shahi Masjid etc. and a posh restaurant housed in 300 years old building which was inhabited by the people of different religions at different timings, and where old statues paintings are still displayed -unique.

The author has tried to beautifully distinguish both the cities of Kartarpurs ie -India & Pakistan and distinguishes Baba Farid and Sheikh Farid- generally mistaken.

The Author pictures award ceremony of his book- Hafizabad an ancient and unique city (gate way to Punjabi culture) held at P:indi Bhattian and the brief depiction of the chivalrous deeds of Dulla Bhatti.

The author acquaints its readers with Sir Iqbal – whose poem is famous in Pakistan and India – Sare Jaha Se Acha---

The Author takes the readers on a journey to the beautiful city of Hafizabad, describes its unique harmonious culture, hospitality of its people, existence of old monuments/ buildings. He relates a number of old unique events from his fine memory record, which may be of great interest to the readers.(If you carry your child hood with you, you never become old)

The author has described his two days with Jalil Ahmed (Cricket Chacha) full of fun and laughter.

Writing is free-flowing, deeply absorbing, and eminently readable and voyage of discovery; it brings elegance, ease and sweetness in relations of people of two neighbour countries.

In nut shell book is a very interesting, crisp, full of events, written in simple language, which can be finished in one sitting.

Dr. Aziz Ali Sheikh
Hafizabad

Preface

Many of us who migrated from one part to the other due to partition of the country (India) went through very difficult experiences. The process was catastrophic for all. I am the one who never wished to visit my home village in the Shakerpur tehsil of then Gurdaspur district. However, going through the book 'The Journey' a wonderful description of good memories and harmonious human relations has been a very satisfying experience.

Mr. Joginder Singh Kapoor is fortunate enough to visit and revisit his native place of birth, and revive his old memories with childhood friends.

The book- The journey is a sequel to his earlier book titled Hafizabad An Ancient and Unique City (A Gate way to Punjabi Culture) for which the author was honoured with prestigious Dewan Singh Maftoom award. The book has lot of information, social and historical details about various places and events. It also portrays the harmonious way of life lived by two communities with different religions, living now in two neighbouring countries.

The book is written in very simple narrative form as if the author is telling a story woven with old sweet memories, one likes to know more as the story unfolds.

It is a journey worth going through. I wish the author all the best.

Rajendra Mahajan

Fellow National Institute of Personnel Management

President Mahajan Sabha Faridabad

Acknowledgement

The journey of this book started with invitation of the Dulla Bhatti Sangat, Pakistan for receiving the award for my book 'Hafizabad An Ancient & Unique city (A Gate way to Punjabi Culture)' and persuasion of the president of the Sangat Mr. Asad Ali Sheikh and the co-author of the book Dr. Aziz Ali Sheikh. Accordingly my special thanks are for these friends. I am highly thankful to Mr. Shafkat Ali for his pleasant company, nice photographs and coverage of my all programmes.

My thanks and gratitude is due to friends like Mr. Ijaz Tarar, Ch. Iqbal Hunjra, Ch.riaz tarar, Malik Zulfakar Ali Tarar, Zahir Bhuon, Gulzar Mohammed Awan, Dr. Muzafar Ali Sheikh, Awas Ahmed, Abbed Allah Khukhar, Farooq Ahmed Khukhar and many more, for their hospitality and providing very vital information and multifarious support.

I would like to thank almost all the press reporters of Hafizabad for their beautiful coverage of my tour in their papers.

I owe my special thanks to Rajesh Goel and Divesh Mittal, who were extremely help full for computerisation of the book data and other logistic support.

My gratitude is to my dear friends Kewal Krishan Behl, Rajendra Mahajan and N.L. Gosai for their encouragement and valuable suggestions.

My thanks are due to my family members for their various valuable suggestions including proof readings etc.

Last but not the least I am very thankful to Narinder Khurana, owner Pearl Printers and Mrs. Harjeet Kaur for their designing and printing the book.

I regret for any errors, mistakes and omissions.

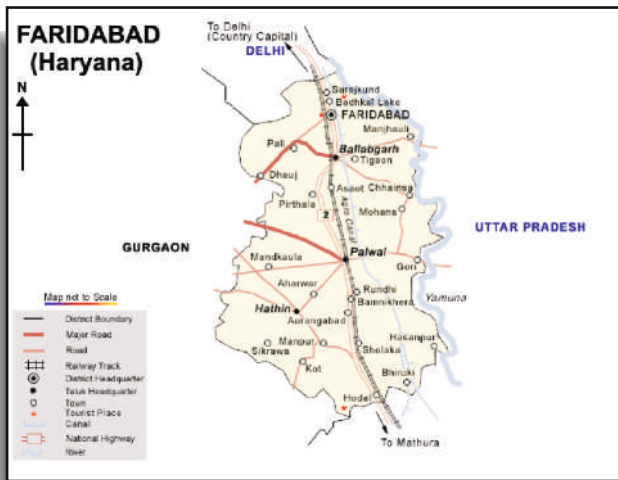
Joginder Singh Kapoor

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Faridabad

Faridabad was founded in A.D. 1607 by Sheikh Farid, treasurer of Jahangir with the object of protecting the highway which passed through the town. Shaikh Farid built a fort, a tank and a mosque which still exist. Later, it became the headquarters of a pargana. Faridabad became 12th District of Haryana State on 15th August, 1979. Faridabad is about 27 Kilometers from Delhi in 28° 25' 16" North Latitude and 77° 18' 28" East Longitude. The total area of Faridabad district is 2760 sq kms and its population is 17,98,954 (2011 census). Faridabad city is the most populated and most industrialized in whole of Haryana. It is bounded by Union Territory of Delhi on its north, Gurgaon District on the west, Palwal District on the south and State of Uttar Pradesh on its east. Delhi-Mathura National Highway No.2 (Shershah Suri Marg) passes through middle of the District. It has a railway station on the Delhi-Mathura section of the Indian Railway.



New Industrial Town (NIT)

The Government conceptualised a new town by the name New Industrial Township (NIT) to provide housing /shelter to 1947 Pakistan refugees. The project was built in record time with involvement / labour of refugees.

As a part of Pakistani Refugee Resettlement Project after the Partition, light industrial development was initiated in the town in 1950 with the personal interest of then housing Minister Sh. Mehar Chand Khana and Pt. Jawahar Lal Nehru (PM) to get refugees of frontier state settled in the area, thus the credit of building present Faridabad goes to the refugees from Pakistan and to Pt.Nehru who laid down the initial industrial infrastructure.

The first big factory established at Faridabad, to provide livelihood to the refugees was Bata Shoe Company.

Sh.Sri Ram, Chairman Delhi Cloth Mills submitted a comprehensive proposal offering full employment to around 5000 households to the Advisory Committee of the Refugees but the Committee felt that the scheme would render the refugees absolutely vulnerable to one employer's whims and town will become DCM labour colony hence the Advisory Committee emphatically rejected the proposal of the DCM. However, the proposal worked as catalyst and as result many co-operatives were formed and huge number of weaving looms were installed.

The biggest challenge before the Board to attract / establish the industry at Faridabad so that further employment could be

generated, the dire need was of provision of cheap electricity, which was made available in short time with foresighted approach of the Government to buy a dismantled 6000 KW plant lying in Kolkata (Calcutta), along with hiring of its Engineers, rather than importing new one from Germany.

The Plant was commissioned in record time and was inaugurated by none else but Pt. Nehru himself. On the Occasion Nehru said;

'Faridabad is a new town which refugees have built by their own hands before our eyes. It has no parallel in the entire India. Lakhs of refugees have come, if they emulate Faridabad, it is good example for them. The most important thing is that all the work in building of this town is being done on cooperative principles which are an example for the entire country. I wish all business in India should be run on cooperative basis. Faridabad has been built with lightning speed. Even the government should work like this.'

Today Faridabad is the biggest industrial city of Haryana. It is home for a number of large-scale industries like , Escorts , ABB, GoodYear, JCB, Yamaha, Hyderabad Industries, L&T, Bhartia Cutler Hammer, Knorr Bremse, ACE, ACC, IndianOil (R&D), Whirlpool, Lafarge, Shova, Imperial Auto Ltd., Birla VXL, Star Wire India Limited, Havell's, Mahindra Defence, Frick India Ltd., Orient Fans, Talbros, Bharat Gears, Lakhani shoes, Clutch Auto, Khaitan, Aviva Industries Pvt. Ltd, JBM Group and others.

It is also a hub of 25000 small-scale industries, mostly mechanical and light engineering. It generates Rs. 1500 billion revenue of the state. 50% of the income tax collected in Haryana is from Faridabad and Gurgaon.

Faridabad is famous for Heena Production on agriculture sector while tractors, motorcycles, switch gears, refrigerators, compressors, cranes & earth moving machinery, shoes and tyres etc are other famous industrial products of the city. Badkhal Lake tourist complex, Suraj Kund Tourist Complex, Aravali Golf Club and Raja Nahar Singh Palace are the famous tourist spots. Suraj Kund Mela (A festival to celebrate exquisite Heritage of Indian Handicrafts from 1st to 15th February every year). Facilities for cricket are available in Nahar Singh Stadium which was built in 1981, the ground has a capacity to hold around 25,000 people and national and international matches are played here. The last ODI played here was between India and England on 31 March 2006. There is also a golf course in the city with 9 holes.



Surajkund Mela



Faridabad remained as the biggest industrial town of Northern India, generating employment to over 25000 workers, manufacturing over 40% of total tractor production in whole of India and around 24% of two wheelers production in India and on textile front biggest processing plant of northern India and possibly had the biggest forging plant (Gedore Tools) of India/ Asia.

In the Recent past some of the industries in Faridabad have closed/ reduced their operations or shifted to other attractive locations and instead some malls, big brand hospitals like Asian Institute of Medical Sciences, Sarvodaya Hospital, Metro Heart Institute and Hospital, Sunflag Hospital and Research centre etc. have come up who have treating capacity of about 21000 patients and contribute about 10% of Annual business of Faridabad, generates around 16000 jobs and have added medical tourism from middle East, Iraq, Nigeria, Congo, Uzbekistan, UK, and USA. etc.

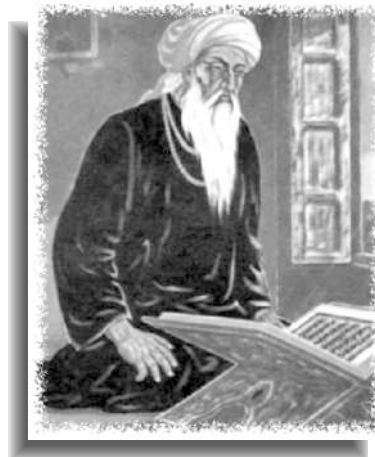
Faridabad have a number of World class educational Institutes like G.D. Goenica, Delhi Public School, Apeejay School, Araveli Public School, Pathway World School, Ryan international, Modern Vidya Neketan, Manav Rachna etc. It has a few universities like Manav Rachna International University, Lingaya's university and YMCA University of science & Technology.

Many people co-relate Sheikh Farid, treasurer of King Jhangir, the founder of Faridabad with Hazrat Baba Fariduddin Mas'ud Ganjshakar; commonly known as Baba Farid (1173 - 1266) which is totally wrong: Here it is impertinent to write a few words about baba Farid also for the interest of the readers.

Hazrat Baba Fariduddin Mas'ud Ganjshakar commonly known as Baba Farid (1173 – 1266).



According to Aasaf Khan Birth Year (Valladat): 584 Hizri(1188)
Death Year (Vassal): 5 Moharram 679 Hizri(7 May 1280). He was born near Multan & died in Pakpattan Pakistan (Punjab). He is a Muslim famous Sufi saint and is generally recognized as the first



major poet of the Punjabi language and is considered one of the pivotal saints of the Punjab region, revered by Muslims and Hindus. He was 12th century Sufi preacher whose 116 hymns (4 shabad and 112 shalok) in Punjabi were recognized and given the highest regard and status after they were procured by Guru Nanak Dev from Sheikh Ibrahim, the 12th successor of Shiekh Farid and later preserved in Adi Granth, (Sri Guru Granth Sahib).

He is also considered one of the fifteen Sikh Bhagats (devotee) within Sikhism and his selected works form part of the Guru Granth Sahib, (the Sikh sacred scripture). Baba Farid, a people's poet, was a very pious, humble and religious man of impeccable character. He led a simple life. Guru Nanak himself seems to have brought to light these verses when he visited Pak Pattan, that venerable old seat of Chishti Sufis where he met with Shaikh Ibrahim, the twelfth Caliph of the order after Shaikh Farid. Guru Nanak found his writings pregnant with high moral purpose and with deep spiritual insight.

Sheikh Farid`s verses included in the Guru Granth Sahib are hymns in ragas Asa, Suhi and Gauri ; covering pages 1377 to 1384. Some of the slokas have added to them slokas from the Gurus which are meant to harmonize the import and clarify or supplement the idea contained in the original sloka. The slokas of Farid, though not linked thematically with one another, describe in general the transient nature of the world and exhort man to remain detached from its false allurements and to reflect upon the name of God which is the only lasting reality. They also lay stress on the need for the right conduct and moral awareness. The attitude towards the

Divine, through out Farid`s compositions is that of a loving wife towards her spouse. From this metaphysical thought of essential oneness between the Creator Lord and the jive is derived the social Ideal of universal brotherhood of man.



Hazrat Baba Fariduddin Ganjshakar (1173–1264, a Muslim famous Sufi saint)

Concerning human social behavior, Farid`s advice is: speak never a rude word to anyone ; break no heart; know each being is a priceless jewel; each heart is a jewel, evil it is to break any; should thou seek to find the Beloved, break no one's heart. Man must Endeavour to become a worthy object of his grace because it has the power to transform a crow (ma2`imu.kh) into a swan (Gurmukh) . Since God permeates through His creation. His concern for it never ceases even though man becomes forgetful of Him. Farid has an intense longing to realize such an Omniscient and loving God: in separation from God my body burns like an oven ; my bones flame like firewood ; to find union with the Beloved, could I walk till my feet be tired when I would walk on my head . These lines are only symbolic of Farid`s

intensity of yearning for union with the Divine and need not be read in their literal sense. In the Sikh view, torturing ones body is not necessary and the Divine can be realized within the heart. Farid laughs at the ignorance of the peasant who expects grapes though he sows seeds of thistle and expects to wear silk while carding and spinning coarse wool In still more unequivocal terms, Farid declares that only our good deeds in this world will stand by us in the next world.

Apart from the cultivation of moral qualities which help man on his way to God realization, man should also develop deep and selfless love. Love of God and greed go not together: with greed is love polluted. Farid calls such love frail, as frail as a leaking straw roof against rain. Love for the Divine can best be expressed through loving actions for mankind. Farid says: return thou good for evil, in thy heart bear no revenge; thus will thy body be free of maladies and thy life have all blessings. Man is asked to imbibe humility, like the earth on which we, while living, trample upon but which covers us when we are dead. At another place, Farid says, strike not back those that strike thee blows; in utter humility and forgiveness turn towards thy home. Human life is transitory, and death is certain for all. Man knows when his predecessors have gone, yet he knows not of his own impending end. Though life's span be a hundred years, in the end it will turn to dust. Death is also a great leveler, prince and pauper are treated alike, Those who commanded drums to be beaten for them, umbrellas to rise over their heads, trumpets to proclaim their glory ultimately have they been laid to rest in the graveyard, buried under the earth, helpless. Death does not spare

even the most revered and the great, and they also, must depart when time comes. The human body is subject to kal (time the destroyer of all). Our body decays with the passage of time and becomes rather frail before death finally overcomes it. Talking of old age, Farid says, "these frail legs of mine once scoured over desert and hill, today the prayer rug at hand seems a hundred miles removed'. Life being so transient, man must never depart from the path of loving devotion to God, whatever the handicaps.



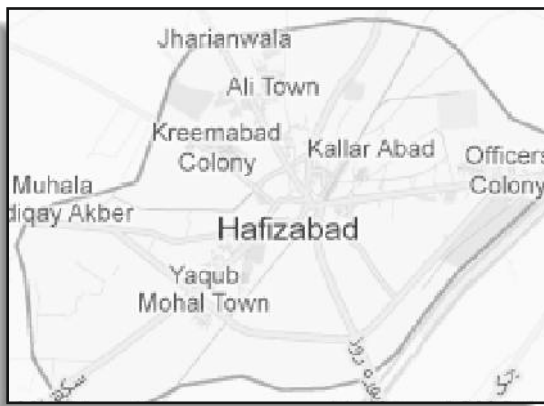
Hafizabad

Having born and spent my early childhood at Hafizabad, I retain a number of cherished moments/events in my memory record some of which I would share with the readers in the succeeding chapters. However below is a brief introduction of the place.

Hafizabad is situated 800 feet (240 m) above sea level and is 30 miles (46 Kilometre) west of Gujranwala and is 75 miles (121 kms) from Lahore. The river Chenab forms its Northern and North- Western boundary. It touches Mandi Bahudin in the North, It has Sheikhpura on the South, on the West Sargodha and Jhang and on the East Gujranwala. The geographical coordinates of Hafizabad are Latitude 32, 0667 Longitude (73°.41?E) and has 207m Altitude; City population in the year 1947 was 26, 000 and in the year 2012 --- 398922. It is 22 Km from Motor way N2. Hafizabad is situated at a distance of 300 km from the Federal Capital, Islamabad. The district has a total area of 2,367 square kilometres and comprises two tehsils, namely Hafizabad and Pindi Bhatian Hafizabad is an old city. In 327 BC, when Sikandar-e-Azam attacked Hindustan, the territory of the Sandal Bar (where Hafizabad is now located) was a populated area. Big cities were located in this territory, and a lot of sub states were organized here in the time of Maharajaz and Rajaz. In the sixth century, when the famous Chinese tourist Hieun Tsaing came here, the area was backward but not empty. Then the tourist moved to Sangla; he stayed one night in one good town then called Jai Pura, which was located near the village Koriala. But afterwards this territory became unpopulated and jungle-like because of shortage of

water and Afghan attackers. This situation persisted until King Akbar's period. In Ashok's period a big city was situated at the site of the present village of Mehdi Abad; it was a holy place for Buddhists.

It is believed that Hafizabad Town got inhabited between the year 1556 to 1570 during the reign of king Akbar by a person Hafiz Meerak the Governor of the area who was a favourite of King Akbar.



According to one thought, King Akbar came to the present-day site of Hafizabad on a hunting trip. The King lost his company as he was busy hunting. This territory was a thick jungle and there was nothing to eat or drink. The King felt thirsty and wanted to drink some water. Suddenly he was astonished to see smoke. He followed the smoke and found a cottage, and in the cottage there was a man named Sarmast. The King told him about his thirst and asked for some water. Sarmast had no water, but he called up a grazing deer and milked it to serve milk to the king. The King drank the milk and told Faqir Sarmast that he was a king and said, "Please ask me for the thing you want. I will give you whatever you want." Faqir Sarmast

asked him to build a town for his pupils. King promised and ordered the current Governor named Hafiz Meerak, to construct a city there. Hafiz Meerak did as the King ordered. The town, Hafizabad, took its name from his name. One source says that King Akbar wanted to name the town Akbarabad, but the name Hafizabad became popular until the King knew about its creation. King Akbar also approved the name same as Hafizabad. Historians think that this city came into being between 1556 - 1570. The main population was located where an old church is now located. Later the town was ruined frequently by the raiders from the west.

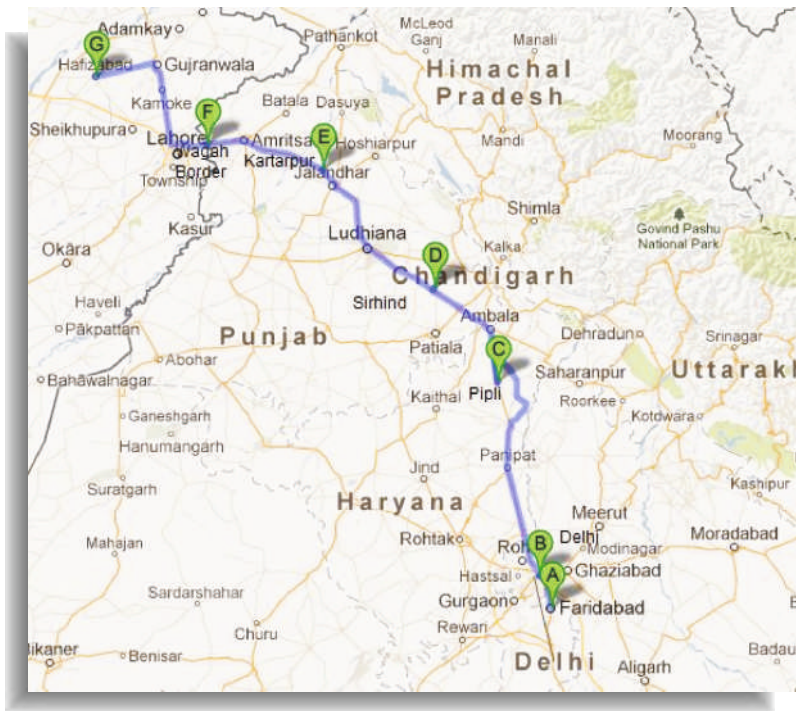
The present Hafizabad was established in the year 1760, the town was primarily Hindu town and later a number of them adopted Sikh religion. The city was within the circular road: the Hindu population was in the middle and Muslim was along the inner side of the road and later got extended beyond the road also. The town had population of about 26000 (Hindu, Muslim, Christian) with domination of kapur and chopra communities who were owner of 2/3 of the property. The town was mainly agricultural town and main crops were rice and the wheat. The Rice of the area was very popular. The town had a number of gardens; the red blood malta of this place was popular in whole of India before partition.

The town was dominated by the Hindu & Sikh (Kapur & Chopra) and were powerful during the Mughal as well as British period i.e. till partition

The Hafizabad was/ is referred to as the land of rice or city of rice. Cotton power loom (weaving) is the largest industry in Hafizabad as on day.

The following types of rice are cultivated in Hafizabad: Basmati 385, Basmati 386, Super Karnal, 1121 Sella, Ery Nine, Ery Six, Super Fan, and KS 282. An other very famous place is Head Sagar Complex in which a Irrigation Canal is passing over a link canal. It is a very interesting place for visitors. [However the gardens are almost vanished.)

Journey



Journey from Faridabad to Hafizabad

Planning the Trip :

I visited Pakistan in the year 2007 and as a result a book by the name - Hafizabad an Ancient and Unique City (A Gateway to Punjabi Culture) was produced, jointly authored by myself and Dr. Aziz Sheikh (Pakistan). The book attained so much importance that it was adjudged as the scholarly research by the Dulla Bhati Sangat Pakistan and was awarded in a ceremony in March in 2011 organised at Pindi Bhattian for which I was consistently invited but I could not arrange the visit due to my certain important engagements in India. The prize was received by my co-author Dr. Aziz Sheikh.



Dr. Aziz Ali Sheikh receiving Dulla Bhati Award

The Sangat president Dr. Asad Saleem and friends continued persuading me for the visit to receive the award personally. Finally on the pressure of Dr. Aziz Ali Shaikh and Asad Saleem Sheikh I

decided to visit the place in November 2011. Mr. Subhash Kapoor, Mr Avtar Singh Khurana and Manmohan Kapoor expressed their strong desire to accompany me. But later Mr. Khurana due to the serious illness of his wife and Subhash Kapoor due to his important engagements in India dropped the idea of accompanying me for the visit.

Manmohan Kapoor and I decided to approach the Pakistan embassy for applying Visa early in the morning on 26-9-2011. Accordingly I started from Faridabad on the fixed date at 7 am and picked up Mr Manmohan from his house Suraj kund to reach embassy about 8 am. We reached embassy at 8.20 am; the scene at the embassy was unique i.e. big gate high walls, lot of people waiting from hours some sitting, some lying on the mats spread by them on the foot path waiting for various formalities. The petition writers (Arzi Nawis) were sitting with small type writers for assisting in the filling & completing of the documents for the visa. We also chose one Sardarji (Sikh gentleman) for the supplying of the visa form and completing the documents on the nominal charge of rupees fifty for each individual. The petition writer completed the documents and in the visa form filled 30 days of stay and the journey to commence within 90 days, when asked why he has filled such a long period he replied this is the maximum/ usual, the embassy officers will not give you more than 7-8 days of stay and period of commencing journey within one month.

There was a big queue at the gate for submitting of papers and the same was becoming bigger & bigger with time. The officials were receiving the papers at the gate and after preliminary scrutiny and getting visa fee of rupees15 only, sending the applicants inside the

premises and make them sit on the benches spread all along the wall in the open. From this point the applicants were sent inside in a waiting hall in batches of 20-25 and made to sit for interview and there after sent for interview to the different officers turn by turn in the various small cabins in the adjoining hall. We were also ushered in the cabin of an officer who after seeing our documents and listening our purpose of visit flatly refused visa saying no tourist visa can be allowed to you but on my insistence and stressing that I was allowed visa in the year 2007 for marriage of the daughter of my friend and as a result I could write a book 'Hafizabad an ancient and unique city,(gate way to Punjabi culture).The officer turned a few pages of the book and advised us to wait and he would put up our papers to his senior for his decision.

After our waiting for about 30 minutes in the hall, the officer concerned came, and in the corner of the hall discussed a few cases and our case was also discussed with him and the officer called us there itself. The officer enquired as to why we were going to Hafizabad and on my explanation that my book has been adjudged as the best research book of the year and I was awarded in the month of March 2011 for which I could not plan my visit and now again special award giving ceremony is arranged in November 2011 for which I am being insisted upon to attend hence the request for Visa. The officer turned through a few pages of the book and enquired whether written by me and on the reply in affirmative he exclaimed “Excellent” and took us in his room. The room was quite big and very nicely arranged, the officer concerned Mr. Adan Iqbal (Ist. Secretary visa) showed great hospitality, served us juice and later tea with biscuits with great respect. He discussed the book and some

culture and said 'What else I have to ask you, you are very gladly invited in our Pakistan and you will find that the people there are very hospitable, I am granting you the visa' and accepted my request for the grant of visa to Manmohan Kapoor. Mr. Adan Iqbal was so courteous that he asked for our papers and got our passport stamped there itself and to my surprise the visa sanctioned was as applied i.e. 30 days stay and journey to commence within 90 days. The treatment, the courtesy shown by Mr. Adan Iqbal was remarkable.

The next was to buy the ticket hence I requested Mr. Rishi Sandal to accompany me and we picked up Mr. Manmohan Kapoor from Suraj Kund and went to Dr. Ambedkar Bhawan International Bus Stand on 26th September and purchased the tickets for commencing journey on 28th of September 2011. The next two days I spent in preparations and recollecting/ freshing my old memories.

It was great surprise that I got a telephone call on the night of 27th from Mr. Manmohan Kapoor that due to certain unavoidable serious family problem at Batala he would not be able to accompany me to Pakistan at present. The notice was so sudden, crisp and short that I could not decide to plan journey alone. However with this short notice no refund of the tickets or postponement of journey was permissible (less than 72 hrs); as a result the trip was cancelled with cost.

Re-planning the Trip :

We had visa and sufficient time at our disposal but there was no response from Mr. Manmohan Kapoor, on the other side my

co-author, Dr. Aziz Ali Sheikh was regularly telephoning and pressing for the visit hence I gave a cool thought and also with my confidence that I have my own/ tested people there, decided to under go this long bus journey alone. I went along with my son Vikram to Dr.Ambedkar Bhawan Delhi on 7th November and bought ticket for Delhi to Lahore journey for 11th November 2011.

COMMENCING OF JOURNEY:

'Hum Dole all alone humara har koi hai.'

On the scheduled day I along with my son Vikram started from Faridabad at 2:30 am to enable to report at Dr. Ambedkar Bhawan Terminal at 4 am since reporting time is two hours before departure. The main door of the terminal opened exactly at 4 am and only the passengers were allowed in after checking the ticket and passport, any how on request Vikram was allowed for leaving luggage up to the weighing machine, from where my luggage was taken in the veranda for clearance and booking. At about 5:15 am after checking of the documents, personal security check, weighing of the luggage we were made to sit in the waiting room but the luggage remained in the open without any tags: unnecessary anxiety to check the loading of the luggage. There was no availability of drinking water or any tea or snacks. However at 5:45 am a bottle of water and tea with biscuits was served and Coolidge of rupees 20 was collected from each passenger. The luggage was loaded in the bus just before the departure and passengers were asked to occupy their allotted seats, a few security personal were also seated in the bus. The latest model Volvo bus was quite neat and clean. The crew was good natured and in proper uniform. The conductor gave the details of the journey stoppages, breakfast, lunch, evening tea etc. and it was specifically

Delhi Transport Corporation
Boarding Pass

Sl. No. **66194** Delhi - Lahore

Date **11 NOV 2011**

Name **JOGINDER SINGH KAPOOR**

Seat No. **11/11/11**

Bus No. **11/11/11**

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NAME OF PASSENGER **JOGINDER SINGH KAPOOR** DATE OF ISSUE **11/11**

Mr. No. / AGE **75**

FROM	BUS NO.	DATE	TIME	STATUS
DELHI		11/11	08.00	OK
LAHORE				
DELHI				

TICKET NO. DLD D **39437**

Fare incl. N.R.
Rs. **1500**

Total Rs. **1500**

and clearly mentioned that stoppages will only be at the fixed places and no one will be allowed to embark his/ her journey or anybody allowed to board at any stop on the way.

The bus started exactly at six in the morning, where just before the gate police in gypsy was waiting for the Escort. The journey in the early hours and the smooth drive at the highway was very pleasant and enjoying. We reached tourist resort Pipli (Haryana) near Kurukshetra which is 165 kms from Delhi at the scheduled time i.e. nine o'clock in the morning. Pipli town lies on Delhi-Ambala stretch of the National Highway. The resort is a gateway to the holy town of Kurukshetra, a great tourist attraction which has many temples, sarovar, and panorama. The holy war of Mahabharta between Kaurvas and Pandvas is said to be fought at this place.



ParaKeet Tourist Resort Pipli (Haryana)

The passengers freshet themselves, had glimpse of the beautiful surroundings and the greenery all around and enjoyed sumptuous

North Indian breakfast offered by the Delhi Transport Corporation. The passengers had some socialisation at this spot and went into the bus to sit on their respective seats, for onward journey.

The journey from this place was not as pleasurable as previous due to the construction work on the road and consequently diversions / hurdles and more over the nature was also not as pleasant as in the early hours of the day. This was my life's longest bus journey that too alone, hence I engrossed myself in reading and intermittently recollecting the old child hood memories of Hafizabad.

The next stoppage was at Floating Restaurant Sirhind (Punjab) which is 104 kms from Pipli; Floating Restaurant constructed over the Sirhind Canal is an important tourist spot run by The Punjab Tourism Development Corporation . It is at a distance of 5 KM. from Sirhind on the Sher Shah Suri Marg (GT Road). It attracts a large number of tourists, especially during summer. It is a unique type of restaurant in whole of the Punjab. Built in the middle of the canal, it presents a picturesque view to the visitors The channel on which the floating restaurant is built supplies water to the states of Haryana and Rajasthan. This channel always carries 8000 cusecs of water and the giant vessels on which this restaurant rests are made in such a way that they can withstand this pressure. In the peak season, the water reaches 10,000 cusecs but that raises the water level by 6 to 8 inches only and thus does not come under any undue pressure.



Floating Restaurant Sirhind (Punjab)

The passengers had bit of relaxation; the cool breeze was coming through the water, surroundings and the sight of this unique restaurant was superb, and we were again ready for the onward journey.

The next stoppage of the bus was at Mangolia restaurant Kartarpur (India) for lunch. The restaurant is managed by PTDC (Punjab Tourism Development Corporation), the ambience of the restaurant and its lunch was superb, moreover the bus was late and every one was hungry hence all enjoyed the steaming hot sumptuous lunch.

Kartarpur is famous for its furniture industry. It lies 15 km north-west of Jallandar along Sher Shah Sun Marg in the Punjab. The town was founded by Guru Arjan Dev in the year 1594 on land granted during the reign of Emperor Akbar. Guru Arjan Dev Ji's successor, Guru Hargobind, resided here too for some time.



Mangolia Restaurant-- Kartarpur

Written on the gate is a beautiful couplet "*Dil Ka Darwaja Khol Ke Aana-Par Wapas Jaa Kar Bhul Naa Janaa*" meaning come with an open heart and after going back do not forget. There is another Kartarpur which is in Pakistan.

Kartarpur (Pakistan) was established by Guru Nanak in the year 1522. The town is located in Pakistan at a distance of about 3 kms from the Indo-Pakistan border on the west bank of river Ravi. It is very close to Gurudwara Dera Baba Nanak in Gurdaspur with the River Ravi separating the two locations. A bridge which joined the two Gurudwaras was destroyed during the 1965 Indo-Pak war. The shrine or Samadh of Guru Nanak exists here though there is no other habitation around. It is said that when Guru Nanak departed for his heavenly abode, Hindus and Muslims had dispute on the issue as to how to perform the last rites. The Hindus as per their tradition wanted to carry out a cremation while the Muslims wanted to carry out a burial. A Samadh (Hindu tradition) lies in the Gurudwara and a grave (according to Muslim traditions) also lies in the premises.

Wagha Border

We reached Wagha (India) at about 5.30 pm and were asked to get our luggage and proceed for security and custom check; unfortunately I had put my passport in my car dashboard, the night before the travel which got spoiled since the dashboard had a leaking can of engine oil in it. I presented my passport on the requisite counter but the scanner there had difficulty in reading the same and the officer concerned at the immigration, refused my clearance. However I requested at various levels and some other co-passenger also supported my argument /contention and the senior officer agreed to let me go on the written request that in case the Pakistan official refuse my entry that will be solely my responsibility.

On Wagha India side we had complimentary tea and snacks, our luggage was loaded back and we were asked to board the bus again to cross over to Pakistan side.

On Pakistan side our luggage was unloaded and we were ushered into the hall along with our luggage for security check, which was equipped with better machines than those of the Indian side. Here I entered the hall with some element of fear that if entry is refused then I would have to go back alone without any benefit. I decided to stand in a queue before a window manned by a middle aged man seemingly sober personnel. I presented my passport on my turn and the officer concerned said "*Buzurgo eh passport nu Ki Kita jeh*" (Respected old man what have you done to your passport) and on my explanation he got much considerate and tried his best to scan the passport and finally cleared me to go by saying '*Agar vapsi te koi tang kare tu mera naam lena aur India ja kar apna passport badalwa lena*

varna kahin phas sakte ho" (On return in case some one objects tell my name and going back to India get your passport changed otherwise you may get stranded some where). The language, the accent, feature and complexion etc. of the people there were similar to mine which was very soothing and feeling of being at home. The passport after stamping was returned to me and I thanked the officer and the God and happily walked away. I was now full of confidence and optimistic about success of my trip and of course sure that no one would stop my coming back to India. On Pakistan side of Wagha we were again given a good high tea in a near by hotel and asked to board the bus again for Lahore (PTDC, Gulberg) from where we were to be released from so called captivity. My experience was unique and thrilling, I found the official courteous and most helping. We started from Wagha at about 7.30 pm escorted now by Pakistan Corp. The experience of journey and surrounding from Wagha to Lahore were similar to those of Indian Punjab but additional attraction of donkey driven carts for transportation.

Finally we reached at about 9 pm i.e. about three hours late and after collecting the luggage I came out of the main gate of PTDC and to my surprise there was none to receive me; all the passengers left and I was the only one waiting there in great anxiety mixed with bit of fear. Dr. Aziz Ali Sheikh, Ch. Riaz Tarar and Mr. Ijaz Malik were in constant touch with me till Kartarpur and they were made aware of the status of bus but thereafter we lost contact and the bus delayed; Malik Ijaz was to come to receive me. However I requested for a call from the mobile of a stranger standing near bye, who readily agreed and I contacted Ijaz sheikh who replied that he had just gone home after waiting since he was told by the officials that the bus would

take another hour to reach the destination and now he would reach within 15 minutes.

Malik Ijaz reached within 15 minutes as conveyed, gave me warm welcome and took me to his nearby house where we had our meals and Ijaz suggested for a round of some places of Lahore after dinner but since I was very tired I declined the offer hence we sat on the roof top of his house enjoyed illumination of Lahor city, exchanged pleasantries, well being of our families and friends and hassle of the journey and my passport episode and slept after 12 o'clock in the night.

The Journey to Hafizabad

The next morning I woke up late and after bed tea, my regular daily routine got ready and was joined by Dr. Aziz and Mr Gulzar Mohammed Tarar for breakfast. We exchanged pleasantries and had various common discussion and after short round of Lahore, proceeded to the house of Gulzar Tarar, where we had sumptuous lunch. Gulzar Tarar is a poet / writer and an enlightened politician hence intermittently we had recital of poetry, discussions on common topics. After lunch and little rest we (Dr Aziz and myself) proceeded for Hafizabad (my birth place) which is about 100 km through motor way and another 20 km by other road. The roads were excellent, traffic free and we were engrossed in our discussion/ exchange of views hence the journey proved very short. We reached Hafizabad at about 9 pm and after meeting the family members and having a simple dinner I was taken by Aziz Sheikh to his nearby guesthouse where I retired for the night.

The next day the attendant provided me bed tea and I got ready at about 7.30 am, had homely breakfast at Dr. Aziz's residence and there after almost whole day remained in his clinic and the visitors kept on coming-O, my God so much love and respect: At night I along with Dr. Aziz went to the house of Mr. Mohammed Arshad Mehand's (A leading Advocate and General Secretary PPP) where we had wonderful homely dinner met members of Arshad family specially his father Mr. Mohammed Husain Mehand, who is around 90 years of age, have lot of emotions for the migrated people from Hafizabad and a number of pleasant stories to relate. Mr. Husain Mehand gave me a very emotional welcome and pressed me to stay in their house otherwise promise to meet him daily till I was in Hafizabad.



*Joginder Singh Kapoor with
Mr. Mohammed Hussain
(Watch the anxiety on the
face of old man)*

*Joginder Singh with Mr. Mohammed
Hussain (Observe the amount of real
happiness on the face of the old man)*



It was around 10 pm that we proceeded to the office of Mr. Mohammed Arshad Mehand, where a number of news representatives were present for informal discussions on various subjects which continued till about 12 night. It was a great surprise that next day(14th November) local papers were full of my visit and comments.



Sitting at the office of Mohammed Arshad Mehand with Editors and press reporters.

However I have been spending my late evenings every day at the office of Mohammed Arshid Mehand, meeting news/press reporters and his father (Mohammed Hussain) almost daily.

Police Reporting

The next day(15th November) after my taking bed tea & usual routine, had my breakfast with Dr. Aziz and went to the police for unnecessary, a must formality of reporting arrival at the police station and at SP office, which was quite at distance and the same exercise had to be done at the departure (This formality is unique in Pakistan & India for Indian and Pakistani citizens as reciprocity). However the behaviour and the treatment given to me by the officials were very courteous which made the things work easier and not stressful.



Sitting with police personnel in plain clothes at the city police station at the (Samadhan Bawa Bhan Shah) for getting arrival recorded.

Joginder Singh Kapoor reporting his arrival in the office of Special Branch



Picture while reporting my arrival in the office of the Superintendent of Police.

The Editor of local paper Betaab showing news coverage of his paper



Award Ceremony at Pindi Bhattian (Dule Di Bar)

The special award giving ceremony for our book "Hafizabad - An Ancient and Unique City (Gate way to Punjabi Culture)" was organised on 19th of November 2011 by Dulla Bhati Sangat at Pindi Bhattian in Government Degree College. Dr. Aziz Ali Sheikh (co-author of the book), Riaz Tarar, Arshad Mehand, Prof. Saluldin and Shafkat Ali decided to attend the function and to assemble at Jallalpur Bhattian crossing to proceed to the venue after taking lunch at famous highway dhaba. Accordingly Aziz Ali Sheikh, Riaz Tarar and me proceeded in one car and Prof. Saluldin and Arshad Mehand came separately in another car to join us at the crossing. We reached a little earlier, which proved boom for us since I enjoyed beautiful sight of the broad, clean roads with very thin traffic and green fields all around sitting on old style cots while sipping our drinks purchased from near by stall.

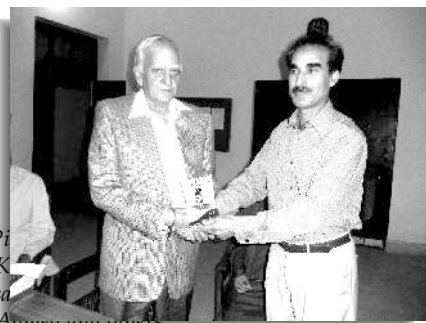


Crossing Jallalpur Bhattian

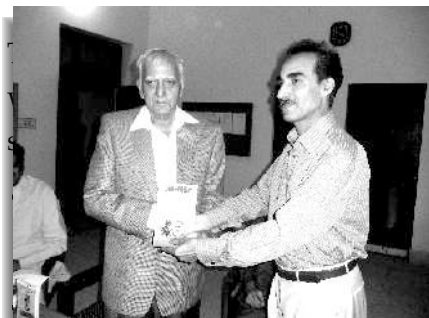
We had delicious lunch at the highway *dhaba* with their special/ typical preparation while sitting on the raised platform-the typical style of the



*Mr. Joginder Singh Kapoor writer of the award winning book- Hafizabad
An Ancient and Unique City (A Gate Way To Punjabi Culture)
speaking to the audience at Pindi Bhatian.*



Bidding Farewell at the Government College Pindi Bhatian. Ch. Saluddin Ali on his left Joginder Singh Kapoor on the extreme left Arshid Mehand from the right Asad Ali the Book, Ch. Riaz Ahmed and others.



ised and was full of literary people,
nd conviction. It was over at about
farewell we started for Hafizabad.

ch and Shafkat Ali went for the visit
y, to see our left house and meet
ily. Mohammed Kashmiri is over

90 years of age and possibly the elder
witnessed all the developments during
& Muslim unity and their harmonic
Mohammed has plenty of old
events/happenings at Hafizabad h





about the welfare of various Hindu families in details, whom he knew personally. He related the brother like bonds/ stories of a number of persons of Hindu & Muslim Communities, who used to eat together, with me a number of good deeds of especially of Dewan Hari Rai Kapur, Dr. Daulat Ram Ch... rs.

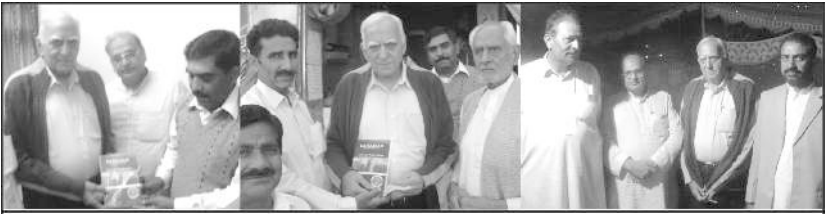


After interesting Mohammed Kashmiri and f... e, which was in the old conc... ever the big door (Phatak) c... ll door. I was also told that there are about 5 to 6 families living in this house. I was suggested to have a look of the place from within but perceiving its condition from outside on which I was shocked and was left with no desire to go into the house.

Our Own House- The house is from one end of the street to the other end i.e. Starting with Istbal (Place for animals). only huge gate replaced with the small door.

I passed through the whole street recollected the house of Hans Raj Bhandari and his son Sat Paul. L. Amar Nath Chopra (retired Police

Some of the Press Release



حافظ آباد: ہمارا مورخ دیوان چوہدری جوگندر سنگھ پوروہی نے نئی نئی کتاب 'آزادی کا جہاد' کا افتتاح کیا ہے۔ یہ کتاب تاریخ حافظ آباد کا تذکرہ دے رہی ہے۔ دیگر دوسری طرف چوہدری محمد اقبال شجر کی طرف سے دہلی حکومت کے موقع پر جوگندر سنگھ پوروہی نے 'جوگندر جہان' کے ساتھ گروپ فوٹو۔

روزنامہ پستاب
14-11-2017

روزنامہ پستاب



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پاکستان، بھارت کے تمام اپنی روایا بھلا دینا چاہتے ہیں، جوگندر سنگھ پوروہی نے کہا ہے۔ ان کے بقول، بھارتیوں نے اپنی روایا بھلا دیے ہیں اور ان کے جگہ پر اپنی اپنی روایا بنائے ہیں۔ ان کے بقول، بھارتیوں نے اپنی روایا بھلا دیے ہیں اور ان کے جگہ پر اپنی اپنی روایا بنائے ہیں۔ ان کے بقول، بھارتیوں نے اپنی روایا بھلا دیے ہیں اور ان کے جگہ پر اپنی اپنی روایا بنائے ہیں۔



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A brief introduction of Pindi Bhattian

Pindi Bhattian is 26.8 miles (43Km) from Hafizabad and 15 miles from Chaniot city, and 99 miles (144 km) from Lahore. Its Geographical co-ordinates are 31. 54' North and 73.16" East and is the ancestral town of legendary Hero of Punjab, Dulla Bhatti. Its old population is on a height and the river Chenab is about three miles away from here. It has a strong fort. It is a tehsil of district Hafizabad and has a population of about 35088. Mufti Gulam Sarur Kureshi of Lahore in his famous book 'Tarikh Mukhzane Punjab' writes about Pindi Bhattian that in the period of King Akbar the village was established by Ajlialia Bhatti and was named Pindi (small) Bhattian. In the sikh regime also this village remained independent. In the year 1859, Maharaja Ranjeet Singh conquered the village and the whole village came under the control of Sikhs and later Jalal Khan and his family members including Mati Khan and Rahmat Khan joined the armed forces of the Maharaja. After the death of Maharaja Ranjeet Singh, Maharaja Daleep Singh, Sardar Chater Singh and Isher Singh Attari Wale had a



few battles with British in which Bhatti community helped the British including the supply of the food grains etc., hence after conquer of Punjab by British, the ownership of the village property was given back to Bhatties as a mark of their loyalty towards them. The village Bhattian has a tomb of Kher Mohammed with high tome; Horse Saddles of special Punjab style, oil and Desi Ghee of this town are very famous.

Dulla Bhatti; was born as Abdullah Khan Bhatti in a Muslim Rajput family to Ladhi and Rai Farid Khan Bhatti, and grandson of Rai Sandal Khan Bhatti in the area of Sandal Bar in "SandalWal", in modern day known as Pindi Bhattian.

His grandfather Rai Sandal Khan was a tribal chief and head of all the rajputs of the area, and held nearly all the tract of that bar stretching from modern day Hafizabad up to Multan border. His family was directly descended from Rawal Jaisal Singh who founded "The Golden City" of Jaisalmer. Even Babur makes a mention of the resistance offered to him by these chivalrous tribal in his autobiography. The Mughals had consolidated their hold over the entire country but dominance of the region lying between the Chenab and Ravi eluded them. Many people of this area refused to pay any taxes, openly defied the authorities and indulged in looting the royal caravans and treasures. A chief protagonist of such activities was Rai Sandal Khan Bhatti. Dulla's family virtually ruled

the area of "Sandal Bar" from 1332 A.D, like their ancestors Dulla also continued to do the same and even extended his state. Dulla following the footsteps of his father and grandfather, waged guerrilla warfare against the Mughal Empire. According to his mother Laddhi, Dulla was a Lion. He refused to accept the legitimacy of Mughal King Akbar and refused to pay any tax. Dulla grew a very strong and brave, but he wasn't told the cause of his father's and grandfather's death till he was young enough, However when Dulla was of age his mother told him about the horrible killing of his father and grand father by the Mughals, and from then on Dulla pledged that his only purpose in life was to defeat Akbar and kill him. In the meantime, Salim had a fall out with Akbar over Salem's love affair with Anarkali. Salim rebelled and came up North-west and met up with Dulla. Salim instigated Dulla further to achieve his own motive as well. With Salim's support, Dulla built up a small army which made loots from the imperial treasure and merchants in the area of Sandal Bar. His loots were distributed among the poor and this made him a popular and a heroic rebel. His compassion for the poor and his help in getting poor girls married is still remembered; especially during the times of celebrating the festival of Lohri . He is also known as **ROBINHOOD OF PUNJAB**.

The story of Dulla has been poetically treated by many, and has been written in style known as Saddaan (similar to Mirza by Peelu and Bhagwan Singh).

Lohri Song

- *Sundar mnderiye*
- *Tera kaun vichaara*
- *Dulla bhatti waala*
- *Dulle ne dhii vechaayi*
- *Ser shakkar paayi*
- *Kudi da saalu paata*
- *Kudi da jeeve chacha*
- *Kudi de maame aaye*
- *Gin gin paule laaye*
- *Ikk paula khus geya*
- *Te zimiindaar russ geya*
- *Aayiin aayiin chachi*
- *Tera putt chadhu ga haathi*
- *Haathi de kann vich jaun*
- *Ni tere putt hon ge nau*
- *Nau(h)aan di kamaayi*
- *Ni tere dar dar chadh di aayi*
- *Sundar mnderi ae...ho*
- *Tera kaun vichaara...ho*
- *Dulla Bhatti waala...ho*
- *Dulle ne dhi viahi...ho*
- *Saer Shakar payi...ho*
- *Kudi de boje payee...ho*
- *Kudi da shallu phatta...ho*
- *Shallu kaun samete...ho*
- *Chacha galee dese...ho*
- *Chache choori kutee...ho*
- *Zamindaran lutee...ho*
- *Zamindara sidaye...ho*
- *Gin-gin pole layee...ho*
- *Ik pola reh gaya...ho*
- *Sipahi pharhh ke le gya...ho*
- *Aakho munde taana...*
- *Makai da dana...*
- *Aana lei ke jana...*

Lahore Visit

artists and the centre of film industry. It has the largest number of educational institutions in Pakistan and some of the finest gardens in the continent. Apart from being the cultural and academic centre of the country, Lahore is the show case for Mughal architecture in Pakistan.

The original citadel city is situated one mile to the south of the river Ravi, and some 23 miles from the eastern border of the Punjab district. The walls of the city, when they were still standing, gave it a shape of a parallelogram. The total area inside the walls encompassed roughly 461 acres of land. The city is slightly elevated above the plain, and has a high ridge within it, running east and west on its northern side.

The origin of Lahore is shrouded in the mists of antiquity but Lahore is undoubtedly ancient. Legend has it that it was founded about 4,000 years ago by Loh/Lov, son of Rama, the hero of the Hindu epic, the Ramayana. Reminiscence of its hoary past is the remains of a subterranean temple attributed to Rama, in the northern part of the Royal Fort.

Historically, it has been proved that Lahore is at least 2,000 years old. Hieun-tasng, the famous Chinese traveller has given a vivid description of Lahore which he visited in the early parts of the 7th century AD. Lying on the main trade and invasion routes to South Asia, Lahore has been ruled and plundered by a number of dynasties and hordes. Muslim rule began here when Qutub-ud-Din

Aibak was crowned in Lahore in 1206 and thus became the first Muslim Sultan of the subcontinent. It waxed and waned in

It was a beautiful and pleasant day and I was whole day engrossed with different visitors at the office of the clinic/ diagnostic lab of Dr. Aziz Ali Sheikh but intermittently recollecting the old events of Madrianwala before partition, where we had to go today for dinner. Madrianwala is about 5km from Hafizabad and is first Railway Station from Hafizabad, my grand father had some land in this village and adjacent to this Kot Dewan Chand (Jhallar Dewanan) was his total ownership. As far as my memory goes we had some relations or strong bonding in



Lahore Fort



Shahi Masjid

our way to Kot Dewan Chand.

people from this village used to visit us and the same was reciprocated by us. One tall strong woman addressed by us as Phuphi (father's Sister) used to stay with us at Hafizabad and we used to go to her house on

Ch. Mohammed Iqbal Hunjra has frequently been coming to meet me and insisting for visiting/ staying in his village, however I and Dr. Aziz Sheikh agreed for dinner on 19th November, accordingly Dr. Aziz Sheikh, Shafkat Ali, Abdul Jabbar and I reached at the house of Ch. Mohammed Iqbal Hunjra at Madrianwala at about 8.30 pm, where the later was waiting at the gate with a few others to receive

us. He took us to his drawing room, which was reasonably furnished and after making us comfortable, served refreshments of cold drinks, juice, snacks etc. Ch. Iqbal Hunjra had invited a number of more persons which he said 'it is



Samadhi Maharaja Ranjeet Singh

the protocol': We exchanged well being of the families, discussed various topics of mutual interest and exchanged common jokes. We were served here a sumptuous dinner, followed by nice tea. The ladies of Ch. Iqbal family observe Pardah (veil) but taking me as the elder of his family, Iqbal took me inside the house to introduce me to female members of his family to whom I give my blessings and took blessings from his elder sister.



Minar-e-Pakistan

Joginder Singh Kapoor having from Ch. Iqbal Hunjra's Mandrianwala, seen in the picture are Ch. Iqbal Hunjra and his son.

Ch. blessings sister at picture

Even today I am recollecting hospitality

of my Phuphi (Aunti) in typical Jat Style offering me and pressing me to take big *Channa* (Bowl) of milk and half Tandoori Roti with plenty of fresh butter and sugar and making me sit in her lap, addressing me- '*Mera Gulu*'.

At Madrianwala Iqbal Hunjra's sister met me and I felt like meeting my elder cousin, daughter of my Phuphi (father's sister), after a gap of over 60 years-what a tragedy

Friends relaxing while sipping tea after sumptuous dinner L to R Dr.Aziz Ali Sheikh, Dewan Joginder Singh Kapoor, Ch.Iqbal Hunjra.

Hunjra relating an

*Ch. Iqbal
Interesting joke*



*Relaxing with - Abdul Jabbar Ansari
and Ch. Iqbal Hunjra*



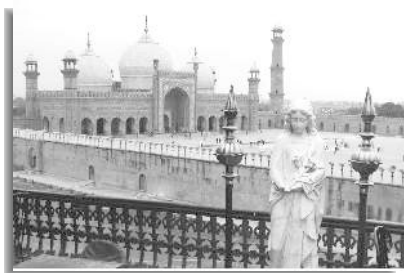
residence of

Relaxing at the

Ch. Iqbal after dinner

*Seen in the picture are L to R
Ch. Joginder Singh Kapoor right
Ch. Iqbal Hunjra and on the left
his brother.*

After having an excellent and meaning full evening we went along with Ch. Iqbal to the marriage of son of the Sarpanch of the nearby village. It was quite dark to the extent of frightening, the father of the bridegroom and



other people over there were very glad to see us. The marriage was in typical village style: The lady singers were demonstrating their art, the drum beaters beating their drums, the bhangra artists were dancing on the beat of the dhol and a number of people were wielding

fire weapons. I could not resist my temptation and thrill to have some steps on the playing of the best dhol playing, I ever enjoyed.

*Singh Kapoor
beating of dhol.*



Relaxing in the marriage party, laid before are dishes in typical village style in big containers. In the picture L to R are Shafkat Ali, Joginder Singh Kapoor, Iqbal Hunjara, Dr. Aziz and the father of the bridegroom.

We took leave from Iqbal at about 11.30 night to reach at the office of Arshid Mehand where some press reporters were waiting for us. We had lot of discussions with them over tea and parted around 2 am for the night rest.

One night we had dinner with Mr. Zulfkar Ali Tarar on his residence, where he had invited a few more friends including cricket chacha and after the sumptuous dinner we sat down for informal gossips/ recollection of memories and exchange of family well beings etc. while



*Ch. Joginder
dancing on the*





taking dessert and fruits. I taxed my memory and recollected and related my having visited Kaulu Tarar (Ancestral village of Mr. Zulfkar Ali Tarar) in April 1947 with my respected brother late Ch. Iqbal Singh Kapur to bring the white mare from Muhtaram Attaullah Tarar Sahib for the marriage of my brother Ch. Jagdish Singh Kapur.

I recollected having gone through canal road beyond Arya School now Govt. Girls double section high school on horse back. Mr Zulfkar Ali confirmed the correctness of the route and was happy to know the physical appearance of his father and the description of the village and their huge Dera (sitting place). I also told them that I was over 11 years of age and a reckoned horse rider of the area. It was around 12 noon that I reached with my brother at the village and saw Attaullah Sahib inspecting the grooming of the mare and getting shoes fixed to his Bulls. He greeted us and after making us comfortable said "*Ghori Tayar Hai*" and served us *Chach* (Cured milk) with fresh butter. The mare was of pure white colour, very robust and not being used for riding for a number of days to make her better runner. I requested my brother to let me ride on the mare which my brother readily agreed. However, Attaullah Sahib told that the mare was difficult to manage/ ride hence it is not safe for the child to ride



Memoirs of Mohalla Bubben Bukhari

Inspector) and his son Gulshan (my class mate), Chacha Ghafoor and his son Dulla - whose circumcision ceremony I witnessed personally, I vividly recalled the love and hospitality of my dear Phuphi Asha and Chacha Karim, Turi Wala (fodder seller) & Chachi Gama, commonly called Gama Bhamni (Brahman); For some time I felt as if I had gone over sixty years back in times.

I had the round of the vicinity of the Tomb of Peer Bubben Bukheri and adjoining area: The area around the tomb had thick forest called *Van* (forest) where we used to play hide and seek and at times *Malang Faqir* used to come to stay there and worship *Alah* (God) in their own typical style which was for some, full of extreme devotion and for some amusement. The forest was totally vanished. However the Tomb/ Masjid was well maintained hence I paid my offerings and went further towards Railway line near oil factory of S. Sardar Singh and recollected two men murdered on 15th August, 1947 just before my own eyes. Going further I recalled my going into the pond on the back of the buffalos in spite of the repeated warning from the family elders; going to the open area for the relaxing/ exercise of the horses after their job and witnessing of training of the horses to prepare them to pull the cart, with my brothers/ servants and may be helping or participating in the training at times. I vividly recalled our playing, self styled hockey with improvised sticks, hitting each other with a solid ball, Valley Ball etc. I also recalled the moments



when after sun set the game, played in the street by all boys and girls used to be *Uch* (up) - *Nich* (down) where all the young ones used to participate and elders as audience ; What a unique time of unity and seeking fun from nothing. All these places and events could only be imagined since identifying marks were totally vanished and a number of buildings have come up. My presumption of finding the vast land along with Railway Line, neat & clean was totally tarnished since the place was not much clean rather heaps of rubbish were lying near the railway line. I also viewed Garhi Awan beyond the Railway line and retraced my memory of the route I used to go to Garhi Awan with my father, with Shabir Husain, Akbar Malik , Akram Malik: My hosts all through been astonished with my memory recall; about the places and events. On my way back I saw

Tomb Peer Babban Bukhari

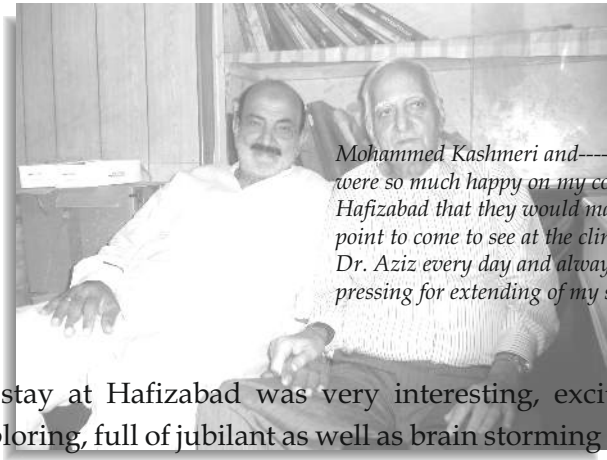


house of Dewan Paras Ram Kapur (My Uncle), S. Hari Singh Kapur F/o my friend Devinder Singh and opposite to this house of Dewan Piare Lal Kapur, which could be only identified with the help of Dr. Aziz: Opposite to the same and adjacent to this house of S. Hari Singh was our primary school where we studied up to 4th class. I recollected the headmaster Jagan Nath, a heavy body personal and a strict disciplinarian, competition of reciting / repeating of Pahare (counting/ enthusiastically in groups, every day before the (*Sari Chuti*) close of school. Playing of kabbbdi before the start of the school and after the closing of the school in the open land between the house of S. Hari Singh and Dewan Piare Lal Kapur, by making the boundary by putting school bags or/and shoes , which was a routine and every child used to be scolded at home for the same - what a fine days less study more play.

School mates: meeting after 65 years and recollecting the old memories.

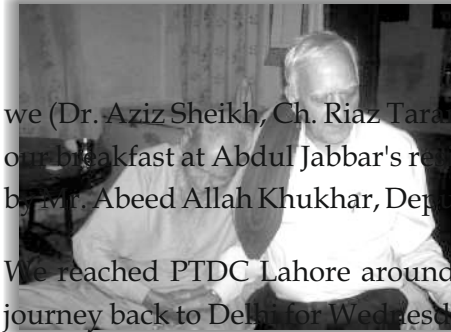
*Emotional meeting of
Haji Mohammed Kashmeri with
Ch. Joginder Singh Kapur.*

*Mohammed Kashmeri listening the
stories of hardship and welfare of the
migrated families from Hafizabad very
anxiously.*



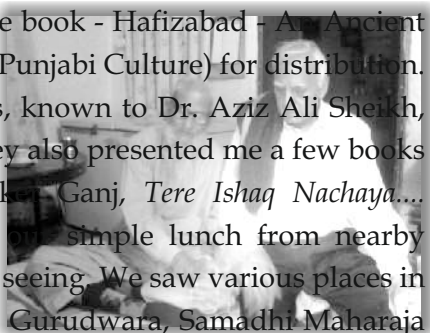
*Mohammed Kashmeri and----
were so much happy on my coming to
Hafizabad that they would make it a
point to come to see at the clinic of
Dr. Aziz every day and always
pressing for extending of my stay.*

The stay at Hafizabad was very interesting, exciting and exploring, full of jubilant as well as brain storming sessions. The friends were interested to keep me with them on various temptation/pretext till the expiry of 30 days of my sanctioned visa. However with persistent pressure /convincing that I have few important works in hand back home I could only get them agreed to go to Lahore on 18th November to purchase the ticket. Accordingly

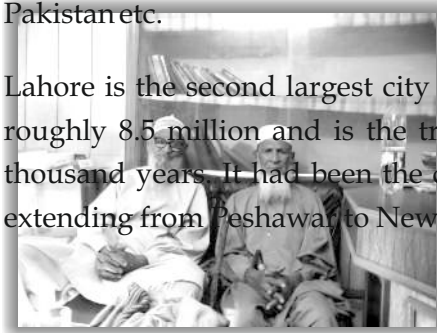


we (Dr. Aziz Sheikh, Ch. Riaz Tarar and me) started for Lahore after our breakfast at Abdul Jabbar's resident, where we were also joined by Mr. Abeer Allah Khukhar, Deputy Secretary Education.

We reached PTDC Lahore around 3 pm, purchased the ticket for journey back to Delhi for Wednesday 21st November 2012, through Pakistan Bus. There after we went to Fiction house publishers, where we gave a few copies of the book - Hafizabad - An Ancient and Unique City (A Gate Way To Punjabi Culture) for distribution. We visited some more publishers, known to Dr. Aziz Ali Sheikh, who were very hospitable and they also presented me a few books like Hymns of Baba Fareed Shakesh Ganj, *Tere Ishaq Nachaya....* selections of Buleshah. We had a simple lunch from nearby Hotel and proceeded for the sight seeing. We saw various places in Lahore like Mall, Anarkali Bazar, Gurudwara, Samadhi Maharaja Ranjeet Singh, Shahi Masjid, University, Medical College, Menar-e-Pakistan etc.



Lahore is the second largest city in Pakistan with a population of roughly 8.5 million and is the traditional capital of Punjab for a thousand years. It had been the cultural centre of Northern India extending from Peshawar to New Delhi. Lahore is the city of poets,



A Night in Kot Ishaque

On Tuesday, 15th November Ch. Riaz Ahmed Tarar a good friend insisted to take me to his village Kot Ishaque which is about 20 Km from Hafizabad for the stay of at least one night in his village. We started from Hafizabad about 5 pm and on the way stopped at Ramke Chatha where Ch. Muhammed Baksh Tarar(chairman PIDA), Rana Umer Hayat Khan (Numberdar), Afzal Ahmed Hunjra(Advocate), Haji Muhammed Shoaib, Rana Muhammed Ilyas, Shehzad Ahmed Hunjra and others gave us a warm welcome. We had evening tea with them and discussed multifarious topics on agriculture, human culture, religion and politics. We reached Kot Ishaque around 9 pm, had our simple, homely dinner and after exchange of some pleasantries, recollection of the past, retired for the night. Early morning the tea was served and the whole family of Riaz & Zahida came to meet me (say their separated grandpapa) with lot of love and emotions.

They were very sweet, pleasant, and frank to share and get advice on their study and carrier, and were much concerned with the welfare etc. of our family. The family of Riaz & Zahida is very pleasant and loving, they have two boys and three girls and all of them are good students; one daughter is doing MBBS and a son DVM. All of them treated me as their family member and I felt as if I was in my own house. Here we had typical breakfast of the village i.e. Paratha with *Taza Mukhan* (Fresh butter) and *Lassi* (Skimmed milk) and after a short round of the village chat with the villagers who had come to meet me left for Hafizabad reaching there about 2 pm. Village

Ishaque is a normal village of Punjab (Pak) inhabited with normal simple agricultural people growing wheat and rice, the village is connected through road with various cities and the young generation of this village is much interested in the education. All of them were anxious to know reason of our leaving Pakistan and now the various hurdles in visiting both countries.



*Picture with family of
Ch. Riaz Tarar - what a love
and affection*

*Picture with the villagers of
Kot Ishaq at the Dera of Riaz Tarar*

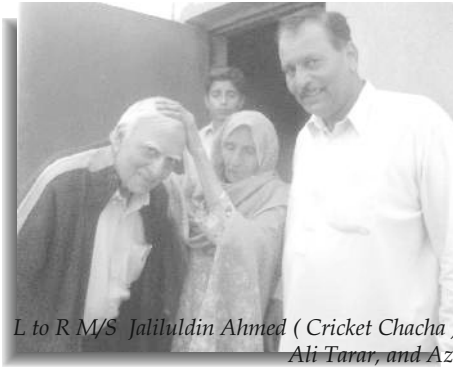


Visit to Madrianwala

on. My brother looked at my face and assured Attaullah Sahib that I was a very good rider and nothing will happen to me. Ultimately I was given the mare and in reality the mare was damn strong and naughty. The mare first had lot of erratic dance then stretched her legs, made her stationery and refused to move and after the beating by Malik Sahib all of a sudden she ran into the Dera which was of lower height, probably with the intention to harm the rider - my head could be chopped of. All the gathering at the Dera got afraid, cried and prayed to God for my safety, but to their surprise I clinged to the neck of the mare, catching her bridal just near the mouth, hence no harm could be done to me and to the amusement of the people present, mare had to come out from the other side unsuccessful, to obey my command. Every body there appreciated my courage and the skill and blessed me. Attaullh Tarar was very proud and said "*Ae Mere Bhera Chaudhry Da putar Ae koi Karar thura hai.*" (He is son of my brother Chaudhry and not a bania)- he came running and kissed my forehead- what a great love.

Mr. Zulfkar Ali Tarar got so much pleased/ impressed and thrilled on the recital of the event that he telephoned his brother's son though it was around 11.30 night as to whether he was awake and on his reply in affirmative asked me and Dr. Aziz to accompany him to the village for knowing more details. Another 15-20 minutes we reached Kaulu Tarar at the bungalow of Malik Omar Tarar, who gave us rousing welcome at this odd hours in spite of his ill health and being on oxygen. I was able to identify some of the land marks etc. of the forgotten place in spite of lot of changes in a long spell of 65 years. I also related a few memories of Attaullah Sahib from my

memory record and every body over there was astonished. I saw some old Photographs, took there snaps and started back for Hafizabad.



L to R M/S Jaliluldin Ahmed (Cricket Chacha), Ali Tarar, Joginder Singh Kapoor, Zulfkar Ali Tarar, and Aziz Ali Sheikh.

Picture of the members of the Privy Council; where Mian Attaulah Sahib was member.

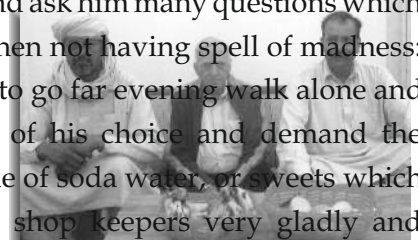
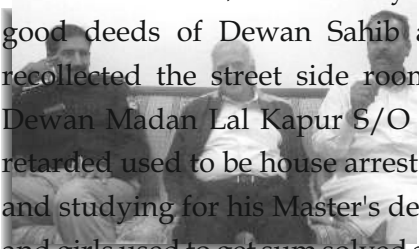


Mian Omar Tarar



m Attaullah Sahib with his son

Much of my time used to be spent in the company of our ancestral and personnel. I visited the Rais-e-Azam Dewan Harikrishan K and in shabby condition; its base hazard. However, almost every body in Hafizabad knew about the good deeds of Dewan Sahib and location of his bang low. I recollected the street side room with iron bar windows where Dewan Madan Lal Kapur S/O Dewan Sahib, who was mentally retarded used to be house arrest: I learnt he was a brilliant student and studying for his Master's degree in literature: The young boys and girls used to get sum solved and ask him many questions which he would solve/ reply rightly when not having spell of madness: when in better condition he used to go far evening walk alone and would stop on any of the shop of his choice and demand the different items like cigarette, bottle of soda water, or sweets which used to be given to him by the shop keepers very gladly and respectfully addressing him Dewan Sahib: Later his brother Dewan Chaman Lal Kapur used to go to these shop keepers and pay of the bill as demanded: Such was the love of the brother and culture of trust and respect in My Hafizabad; What a tragedy Madan Lal died



having fell down from the roof top of his house at Panipat.

I passed through almost all the streets of this Mohalla, the streets were maintained at the similar level of cleanliness but the electric cables were most unprofessionally managed and hanging all through to the extent of great danger to life. Houses were in their original order from out side and their wearing with time was evident. The doors and windows of these houses are of *Kali Tali* (Black Shesham) hence still going strong even though not polished.

Dr Maharaj krishan Kapur had got one girl school started in his ancestral house In this Mohalla by the name' Harkaur Girls High School 'which was nicely maintained and rather some added construction was in it. When I reached there the same was being polished beautifully from out side, the original name of the school was maintained in Hindi and Om on the top. - I felt real good. The name of the school is now Government Girls High School which was written in English and Urdu. We were pressed by the authorities to come inside to see the School thoroughly to which I readily agreed and was further happy to see the good maintenance and the courteous behaviour demonstrated by the staff: foundation stone laid on 15-3-1946 by Sh. Bodh Raj was also maintained at its original place.

While going through this area a particular type of thrill and spirit was moving in my body, rather I felt as moving here in my childhood remembering trampling of these streets, crossing to bring fresh Halwai products Pakora/ Samosa and sweets (Burfi, Ladoo and

Memories of Kaulo Tarar

Balooshahi from the famous shop of Banga Halwai specially when the guest arrived, with pleasure: After partition Banga Halwai settled at PaniPat and was Halwai of repute. I took the round of the bazaar with Dr. Aziz Ali Sheikh and identified a number of shops which I used to visit and which were having different décor and different products.

I visited Arianwali gali and Raghu Nath Ji Mandir all these places were in original condition but the wear & tear of time was quite visible. We also had the round of the circular road where I saw haveli of Dewan Mulkh Raj and Dewan Milkhi Ram the appearance of building from outside was reasonably good.

However, opposite to this the Dewan Khana of Dewan Harbans Singh Kapur was in bad condition. Just ahead the double story building of Dewan Bajj Nath Kapur was being repaired. I also searched for the Pipal wali Gali where my elder sister, Dyamanti w/o Sh. Krishan Lal Chopra used to live. It was hard to find the street since the *pipal* tree was no more and in the adjacent ground the Mosque had come up.

Gali Peepal Wali

However the near by shopkeeper and the Padri (Priest) / Qazi Maqbool Ahmed, who was born in the year 1926, helped me in identifying the street as well as certain more things and related a few interesting events.

New Bazar comes on the circular road adjacent to gali peepal wali.

I could take the round of the street and recognise the house, which was well maintained and a little changed from inside: The street was well maintained.

Visit to Garhi Awan

One night I went to Garhi Awan with Riaz Tarar and Jalil Ahmed (Cricket Chacha). We went to the House/ Dera of late Malik Ali Bhadur, Malik Gulzar Mohammed and Col. Ali Awan Malik Gulzar Awan was quite unhappy that he was not informed about my arrival and further I had no time to spend with him: we had family like relations with this family, I accepted his version/charges and apologised and promised to stay with him in case next trip.

I had very strong desire to visit my school (Arya School) where I was studying in the 7th class, at the time of partition of India hence on 19th. November 2012, I along with Mr Shafkat Ali (Senior news representative) went to the school which was previously situated at about one kilometre away from the city adjacent to a canal, but today the place due to lot of construction around has come into the heart of the city. The school is now girls

school ins
Section Gi

(Double



Shafkat
Ali Standing in front of his

School.



t at the gate and the duty official with
here I expressed my anxiety for the
h they were very glad, provided
d the scho

The school was well maintained and one
location and arrangement of the classe
before. I told them that I was a studen
section was A, and my class room wa



bers were aston
ass is the same and they invited me to visit
students.



r
Ali

We went into the class and I was thrilled and all the events came
before me like picture; The head master Dina Nath, tall personality

Reminiscence of Mohalla Kapuran

with a big turban on the head moving around like a lion to make the hearts of the students throbbing, The soft and kind drawing master Girdhari lal, the shrewd and proudy History Master Banarsi Das Bhatia, science teacher Sh. Shanti Sarup, a strict, hard task master and the P T master Sh. Shadi Lal (short stature , black complexion with turla wali turban), always roaming around with a cane stick in his hand or under his arm shouting at times to scare the boys to go into the class etc.

I recollected some of my friends, missing of some periods just to jump to cross the Nala behind the school building in competition-remember having once having fell in the nala (Rivulet) got dirty, had beating from head master, P T master and written report was also sent at my home where again I was scolded - Believe me even then I did not stop from this forbidden act with peer pressure.

Standing before
 the old wing of the
 school - from L
 to R third room is my



old class 7th A.



Shafkat Ali took me round his exhibition where along with other arts I saw wonder full portrait of Iqbal Sahib.

The birth day of M o h a m m e d Iqbal (great poet of India & Pakistan) was c e l e b r a t e d in Government School at qilla Ram Kaur and I had the priviledge to be the Chief Guest on the occasion. On the way

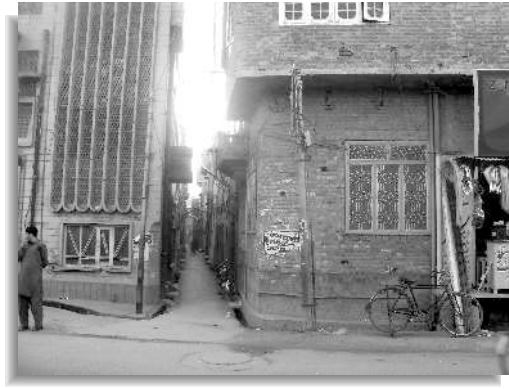
Reaching Qilla Ram kaur, we were received very emotionally by Principal Faruq Ahmed Khukhar and colleagues. The function was started and students recited poems, couplets etc. in memory/ praise of Mohammed Iqbal, and I was asked to distribute awards to the students, and to speak to the audience. The gathering was really astonished to listen to me in Urdu / Hafizabadi in their own accent and my knowledge on Mohamed Iqbal.

Sir Mohammud Iqbal was born on 9th November 1977 at Sialkot and was lecturer in Government college Lahore as Muffakir-e-Pakistan ("The Thinker of Pakistan"). He is officially recognized as the national poet of Pakistan.

In 1905, the 27 years old Iqbal sahib was idealistic and viewed the future society of the subcontinent as both a pluralistic and composite Hindu-Muslim culture. Later that year he left for Europe for a three-year sojourn that was to

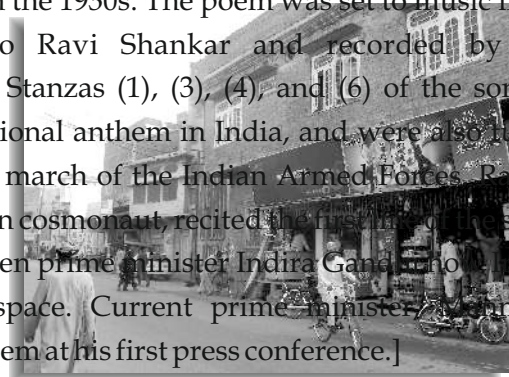


Haveli Bau Baij Nath



transform him into an Islamic philosopher and a visionary of a future Islamic society.

Sir Mohammed Iqbal's poem Saare Jahan Se Achcha has remained popular in India for over a century. Mahatma Gandhi is said to have sung it over a hundred times when he was imprisoned at Yerawada Jail in Pune in the 1930s. The poem was set to music in the 1950s by sitar maestro Ravi Shankar and recorded by singer Lata Mangeshkar. Stanzas (1), (3), (4), and (6) of the song became an unofficial national anthem in India, and were also turned into the official quick march of the Indian Armed Forces. Rakesh Sharma, the first Indian cosmonaut, recited the first stanza of the song in 1984 to describe to then prime minister Indira Gandhi how India appeared from outer space. Current prime minister, Narendra Mohan Singh, quoted the poem at his first press conference.]



I have been close to Iqbal emotionally from my early childhood as the name of my elder brother was Iqbal singh Kapur and he was great lover of Mohammed Iqbal's poetry- He was a successful business man in our family and often used the words of Sir Iqbal "Iqbal Hamesha Der Se Hi Aata Hai". The story is Iqbal came to the

class late and on asking of the teacher 'Iqbal you are again late today' Iqbal said '*Iqbal Der Se Hi Aata Hai*' meaning success comes late.

Joginder Singh Kapoor Speaking to the students on the life of Mohammed Iqbal and his creations seen in the picture are Shafkat Ali (senior press reporter) Faruq Ahmed khukhar (senior head master).



*Ch. Joginder Singh,
Malik Gulzar Awan
and his sons.*



*Seen in the picture are
Chacha Cricket,
Col. Ali Awan,
Ch. Joginder Singh
Kapoor, Ch. Riaz
Ahmed Tarar*

Visit to My Almamater

Poem of Dr. Iqbal which is popular in India as well as Pakistan

Saare Jahan Se Achchha

Sare jahan se acha hindustan hamara
hum bulbulen hain is ke ye gulistan hamara

gurbat mein hon agar hum rehta hai dil vatan mein
samajho waheen hamen bhi dil ho jahan hamara
parvat wo sab se uncha hamsaya aasman ka
wo santari hamara wo pasaban hamara
godi mein khelati hain is ke hazaron nadiyan
gulshan hai jin ke dam se rashk-e-janan hamara
ae aab-e-rud-e-ganga wo din hai yaad tujh ko
ufara tere kinare jab karavan hamara
mazhab nahi sikhata aapas mein bair rakhna
hindi hain hum vatan hai hindustan hamara
yunan -o-mishr-o-roma sab mit gaye jahan se
ab tak magar hai baqi nam-o-nishan hamara
kuch baad mein asti mitati nahi hamari
sadiyorahe ki dahan daur-e-zaman hamara
'iqbal' ka manaram apna nahi jahan mein
malum hai hamara dard-e-nihan hamara



*Joginder Singh Kapoor distributing the
awards, seen in the picture are Shafkat
Ali javad and Faruq Ali Khukhar*

*Joginder Singh Kapur distributing
the Awards*



*Picture under the portrait of Mohammed Iqbal, with award winning students.
from left to right Shafkat Ali (senior press reporter), Faruq Ahmed
Khukhar and Joginder Singh Kapoor.*

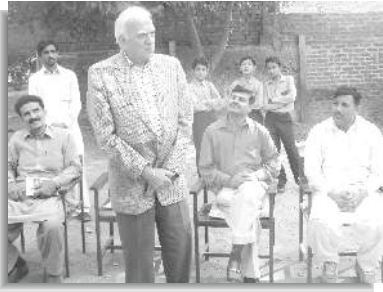


Celebration of Sir Iqbal birthday
(Government Boys School, Qilla Ramkaur School)



Art exhibition of Mr. Shafkat Ali







Joginder Singh Kapur distributing the Awards seen in the picture is Faruq Ahmed Khukhar.



Two rememberable Days with Chacha Cricket (Mr. Jaliluddin Ahamed)

On 16 th, November, at about 3 pm I was sitting with a few friends at the office of Dr. Aziz Ali Sheikh and it was a big surprise to see Mr. Jalil Ahmed (cricket Chacha) with Riaz Tarar; Mr. Jalil Ahmed belongs to Sialkot and my nephew & his family had a chance to meet him quite often in cricket matches and otherwise. I had chance to meet him when I last visited Hafizabad along with the family of my nephew Subhash Kapoor. We found an excellent man in Chacha and now he is a good family friend. I was very anxious to know how come Jalil Ahmed happened to know I was there; Later it was revealed that Riaz Tarar had conveyed Chacha my arrival and invited him to Hafizabad to spend a few days with me; -- what a love. Mr. Jalil Ahmed remained with me for full two days where we had been roaming around, attending press conferences/ gatherings, inaugurating functions, attending dinners, lunch and breakfast together. Mr. Jalil Ahmed is Pakistan's Cricket Ambassador commonly known as Cricket Chacha and is an international figure and very popular in Pakistan.

Jalil Ahmed is not much educated but very witty and full of jokes; one can say 'Hansi Ka Phuwara'. He has prompt answer for every thing / occasion, for instance when talked about the hassles of Pakistan visa and checking's at the border: His answer was why have visa in these two countries rather the going in each country has to be like Canada-America i.e. show passport and move to the other country rather we are Punjabi, should go a step forward i.e. there must be welcome drink and snacks in both the countries on arrival instead checking. When comparing India and Pakistan-

“India Huwe Ya Pakistan --ki pherak Pounda, ki pherak pounda, Thuhadi Delhi Sada Lahore --Ki Pherak Pounda, Ki Pherak Pounda Thuhadi Kher Sade Chawal --Ki Pherak Paunda Ki Pherak Pounda” --- etc. With his jolly company simple habits marvellous attitude and lot of fan following; the two days passed very quickly.



Sitting leisurely in Dr. Aziz Ali Sheikh's house where chacha is reciting some gazal, Joginder Singh is having massage and others in the picture are Riaz Tarar and Dr. Aziz.



Mohammad Arshad Mehand (General Secretary PPP) is reciting poetry.



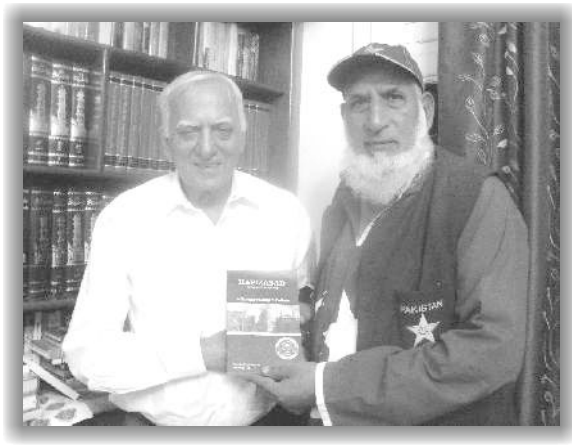
Chacha Cricket reciting poetry seen in the picture is Arshid Mehand.



Chacha Cricket telling jokes in pure Punjabi at the office of Arshad Mehand. Seen in the picture are Dr. Aziz Sheikh, Chacha, Joginnder Singh Kapoor and Arshid Mehand.



Enjoying dinner at the residence of---- seen in the picture are Ch. Riaz Tarar, Jalil Ahmed (Chacha), Ch. Joginder Singh Kapoor and Dr. Muzafar Ali Shaikh



*Joginder Singh Kapoor presenting book
Hafizabad - An Ancient & Unique City to Chacha Cricket*

It was around 9 pm that Dr. Muzafar Ali Sheikh (brother of Dr. Aziz) comes and tells that tonight your dinner is with - Accordingly he took Chacha Cricket, Riaz Tarar, and me in his car to the avenue which was nearby only. The Banglow was quite good the ambience of the sitting room and furniture etc. was excellent. Here a beautiful carpet was laid in the centre, over which a crystal white sheet was spread and the dishes were laid on the same and we were invited to come down on the carpet for dinner, however the extra dishes were placed on the dinning table. We enjoyed delicious dishes made out of Qurbani meat i.e. lamb and camel, sitting on the carpet and shared big chapaties (loafs) within ourselves with love: I learnt that the custom here is to sit on the ground for the combined meals and share the big Chapaties (loaf) which means love. The food was really delicious full of love and etiquettes. Here we met Mr. Zahir Ahmed Bhoun who repeated his invitation of lunch and visit to his colleges for the next day: After dinner again we were supposed to attend the press conference which lasted till 12 midnight.

Visit to Hafizabad Group of Colleges



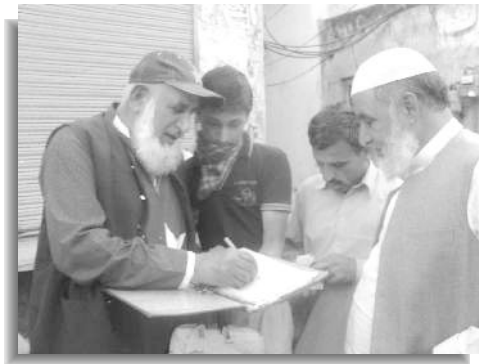
Sitting in the house of Zaheer Ahmed L-R Father of Zaheer, Dr. Aziz, Mr. Zaheer Ahmed, Son of Zaheer Ahmed (Got operated I at Escorts Hospital, Delhi, India) Ch. Joginder Singh Kapoor, Ch. Iqbal Hunjra and Chacha Cricket).

On 17th of November as we had an invitation for a lunch by Zaheer Ahmed Bhoun at his house and later prize giving ceremony and address at his colleges complex. Zahir had first meeting with me while he had come to India in the year 2009 for the heart operation of his son in the Escorts heart Institute Delhi, with his wife: At the lunch Zaheer Ahmed had invited a few more persons also, the lunch was real delicious, homely, and full of love and hospitality. Zahir's family is real nice and full of etiquettes. After the dinner as usual we exchanged our views on various subjects etc.

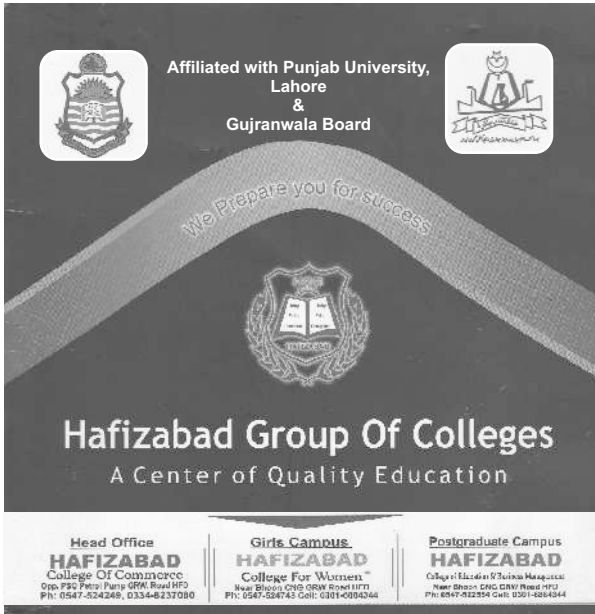


There after Zaheer Ahmed took us (I, Zalil Ahmed and Mr. Shafkat Ali) to his group colleges office, where we were given a grand reception by the students and taken to the office where we discussed about his group of colleges, the courses offered etc. and contemporary system prevailing in India. The students were thrilled as for them there were simultaneously two surprises- Visit of an award winning Indian on the book written on their land, plus the visit of their popular star Chacha cricket. Here a small function was organized where we addressed the students and teachers and distributed prizes. Mr. Jalil Ahmed has lot of fan following hence was approached by a number of students for the autographs; however a few of them requested my autographs also. It was with great difficulty that we could leave the place.

Zahir Ahmed knowing my back ground insisted me to visit his Hafizabad Group of Colleges including the various sections of girls, which I did along with Shafkat Ali. I found premises neat and clean well arranged classes along with exemplary discipline: However the girls were very intelligent and curious to know about various levels of education etc. in India and put number of very intelligent and



probing questions. A number of students then requested for my autograph, which I gave but felt little embarrassment.



There after we had a little rest and chat with the people at the clinic of Dr. Aziz and proceeded to the office of Mohammed Arshad Mehand for the press conference where about 15 news representatives and others including cricket Chacha were gathered. The session was extremely good and interactive.



Return Journey

It was noon of 20th Nov, 2011 that after having emotional farewell with wet eyes and insistence to come again by Dr. Aziz Ali Sheikh and family and other friends I along with Ch. Riaz Tarar started journey for Lahore. To me the visit was like home coming and parting quite painful after a wonderful reunion. The distance from Hafizabad to Lahore through motorway is around 75 miles. The road is very broad and was not with much traffic. We exchanged pleasantries, recited Urdu couplets, discussed culture, and exchanged common jokes and Indo-Pak relations affecting the general public. The Sun was shining, the weather was pleasant and I had the company of a good friend. (*Kitna Hasin Hai Musam Kitna Hasin Safar Hai*). We had a few stoppages to view the different facilities at the Motorway and also to have snacks and drinks.



*A Modern, neat and clean rest area (facilities): American style on the Motorway 2.
Standing in the front is my dear friend Riaz Tarar.*



*A very nice, neat and compact Mall
at the Motor way M2: with all facilities.*

We reached Lahore at about 5.30 pm and after light refreshment at the house of Malik Ijaz Sheikh went out with him for the sight seeing and intermittently had great fun cutting jokes in the common Hafizabadi language, reviewing and mimicking certain common characters. We had our dinner at a nearby hotel and visited a close bye Mall where Malik Ijaz Sheikh bought a few gifts for my grand children. We came back at the house of Ijaz Sheikh for the night stay, and on the way enjoyed milk served in a local typical broad bowls (called *channa*) from nearby shop sitting on the *charpais* (cots) & stool.

Early on 21st November, I had to report at the bus stand at 4 am, hence we got up around 3.30 am and after our morning routine we started for the bus stand where after having a very emotional hug from Riaz & Ijaz and with hope/promise to meet again I went inside bus stand premises for reporting. On the return journey, the bus was of (PTDC) but the system/formalities were exactly the same as of Indian (DTC) bus.



The majority of passengers in this bus were neither knowing English nor Urdu, many of them were women in veil (*Burqa*) and I could interact with only a few hence I decided to read the book. The bus started at scheduled time at 6 am and we were given a delicious heavy breakfast on Pakistan side at Wagha, before proceeding to the security immigration check. The checks on both the sides, instructions/ information given were same as while going but this time none objected/harassed me for my damaged passport. There is recently opened a duty free shop on Indian side where hardly any thing was available but for liquor of which only a few varieties were available and I had some Pakistan currency with me, hence I purchased a bottle of Vodka.



Police Escort with the bus during Punjab territory

The return journey also had same stoppages ie. Kartarpur, Sirhind and Pipli. The bus had first brief halt for wash etc. at Kartarpur and then the bus had a stop at Sirhind and last stop was Pipli respectively for freshening, lunch and evening tea. Thereafter the bus had non

stop travel till Delhi where it got terminated at Dr. Ambedkar Bhawan at 8.30 pm.

My family was in constant touch with me on mobile after my entering India, hence they reached at the Dr. Ambedkar Bhawan to receive me just before the bus arrived. We reached home around 9.30 pm and next few hours I was busy in relating the experiences of the visit and we slept after mid night.

The visit was very fruitful and rewarding for building/revival of old contacts and recalling of my sweet childhood memories.

I vividly observed and am of strong belief that the common public of both the neighbouring countries want congenial relations with each other irrespective of caste, creed and religion.

It is desirable that people from both the countries, especially senior citizens are allowed to visit one and other more freely without much restrictions which will reduce inhibition and help in building congenial and homogeneous relations.



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About The Book

The book describes a journey from Faridabad to the beautiful city of Hafizabad, Pindi Bhattian, where the author was honoured with the prestigious Dewan Singh Maftoom award in the year 2011.

It describes the cultural similarities of two different religious communities, descendants of the same race and now in two neighbouring countries. It also portrays the scenic beauty during the journey and of the different historical places visited. The book is written in a simple, free flowing, deeply absorbing and in crisp language which can be finished in a single sitting.



About The Author

Author Joginder Singh Kapoor is the recipient of prestigious Dewan Singh Maftoom Award for his book – Hafizabad An Ancient & Unique City (A Gateway to Punjabi Culture) from Pakistan in the year 2011.

He was born in the year 1935 at Hafizabad (Pakistan), graduated from Pani Pat (India) and obtained masters degrees in Economics and Social Work both from Delhi University. His initiative, visionary approach and hard work for the community is well recognised and he has been awarded a number of state awards.

Joginder Singh Kapoor was a reputed HR professional and has been top functionary of a number of state and National Professional Bodies like President PMA, Chairman (Haryana) NIPM, Programme Chairman Haryana Productivity Council etc.

He nurtures great love for his birth place, the people and the culture, has vivid and cherished memories of the child hood days. He had first chance to visit Hafizabad in 2007 and again in the year 2011.