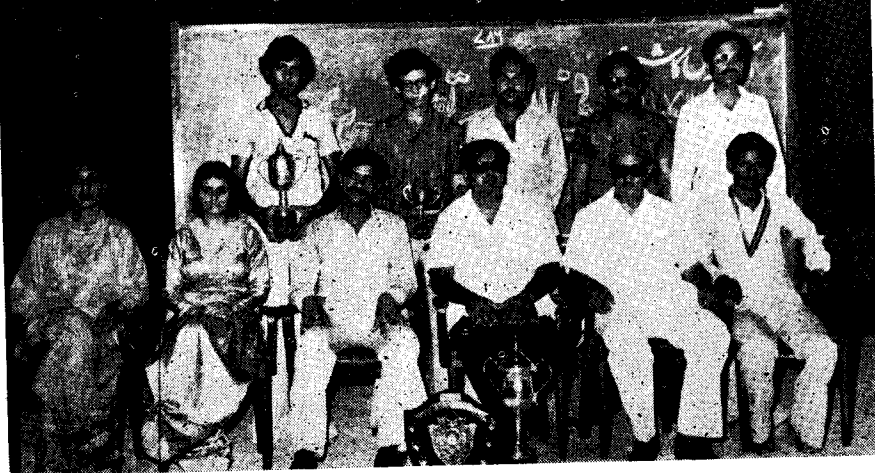


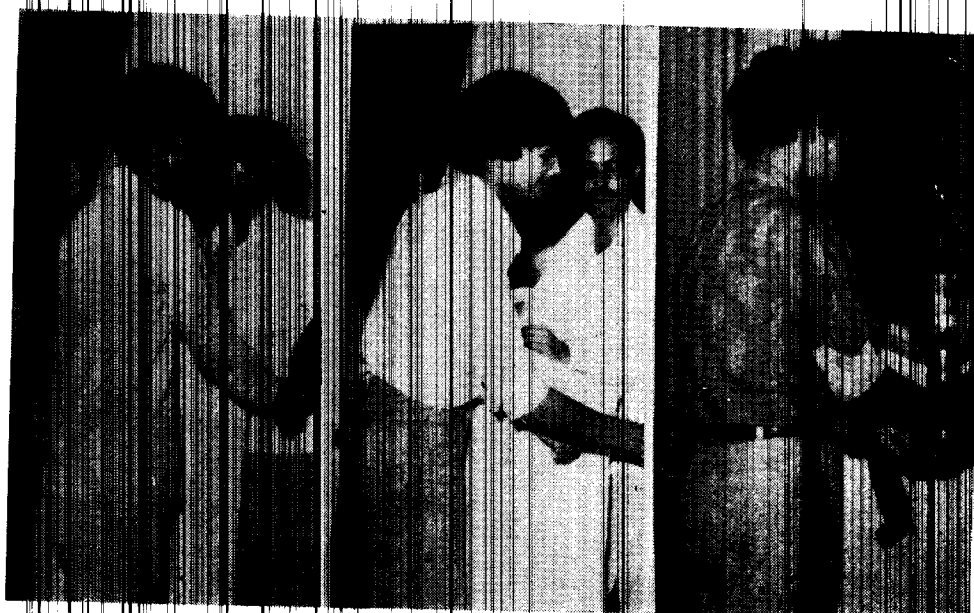
# STUDENTS WEEK PRIZE DISTRIBUTION CEREMONY



ہفتہ طلبہ 9 جون تا 14 جون 79  
پروگرام برآمدگی و مباحثہ انجمن اتحاد طلبہ ڈاکٹر سید امین کالج کراچی



# STUDENTS WEEK PRIZE DISTRIBUTION CEREMONY



# STUDENT'S WEEK



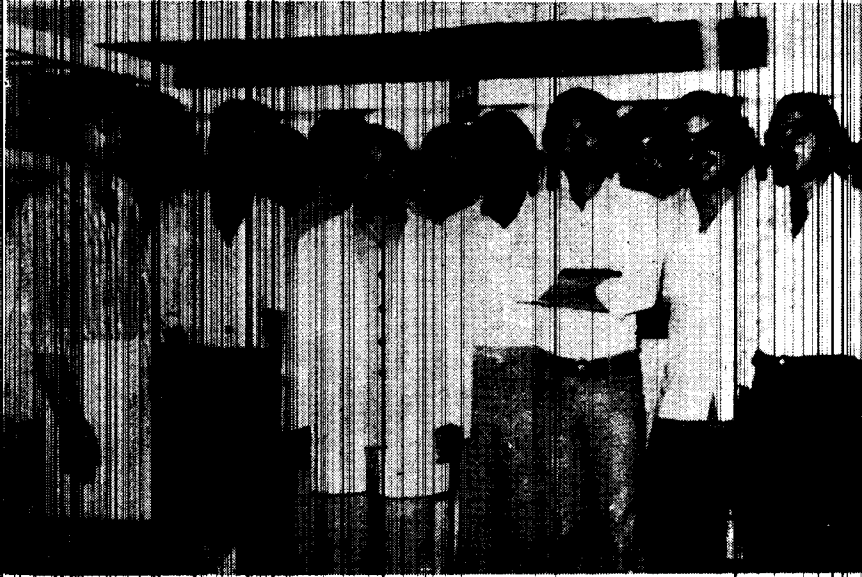
# STUDENTS' WEEK PROCEEDINGS OF URDU DEBATE



# INAUGURATION OF NEW LIBRARY BLOCK

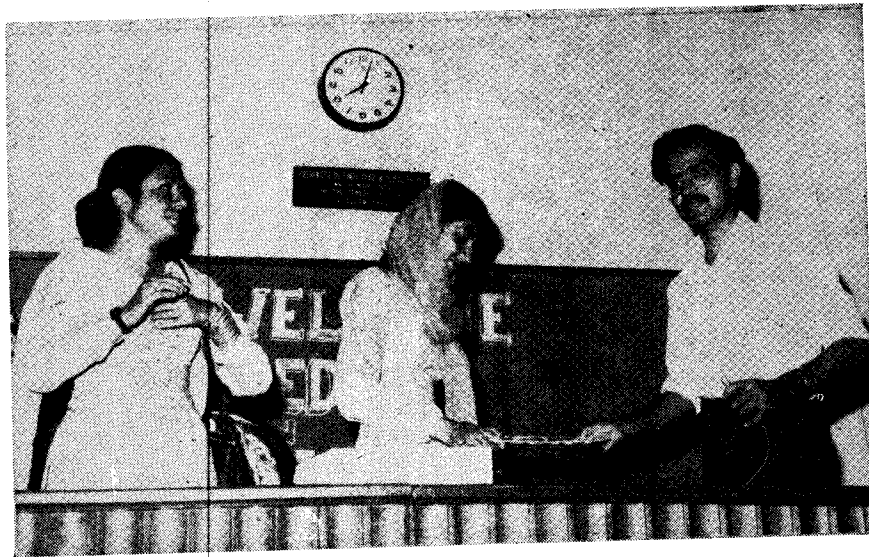


## LENDING LIBRARY



1. Rana and workers with Prof. Shareef
2. Prof Shareef inspecting the Books

# UNION WELCOMES MEDICOS FROM FJMC



# YET ANOTHER GIRLS PRE-CLINICAL EVENING





*BOOK FAIR 1979*

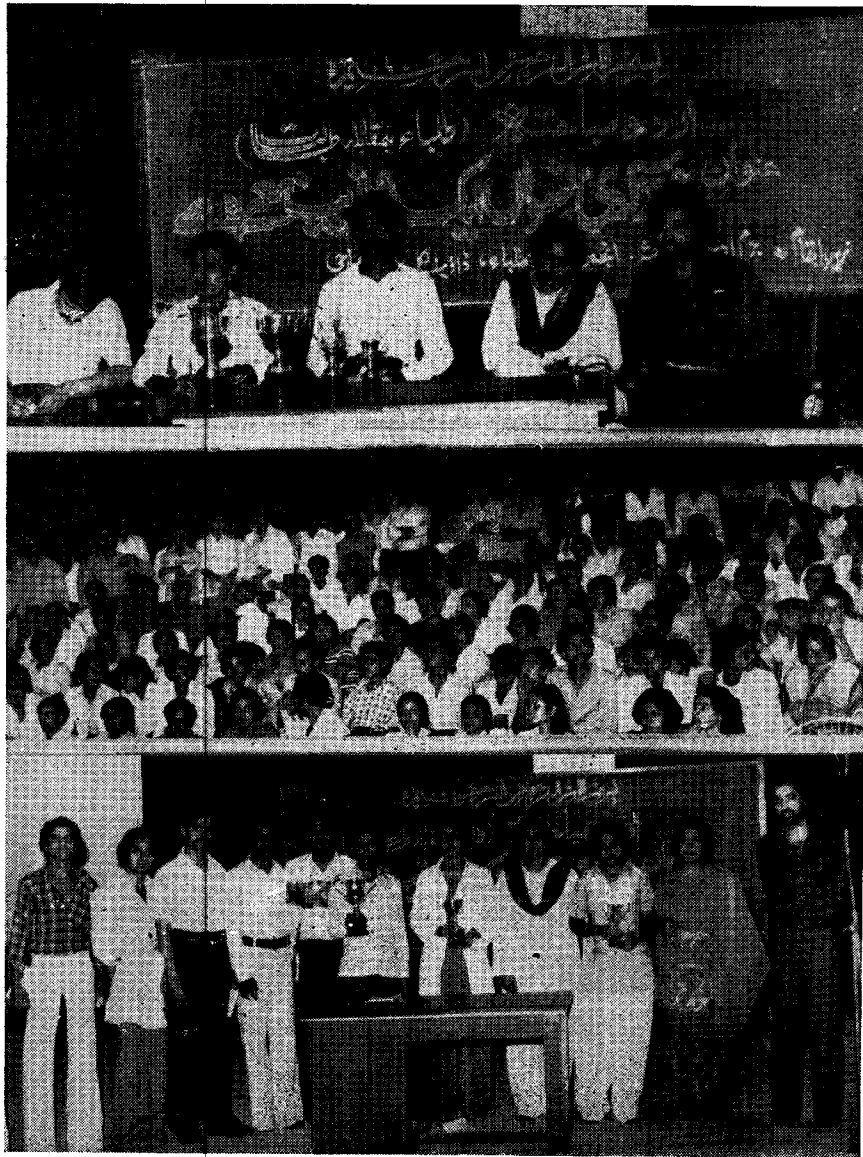


(1) *A general view of Fair.* (2) *Prof. Fazl-e-illahi inaguarating the Fair*

# UNION WELCOMES MEDICOS FROM BOLAN MEDICAL COLLEGE



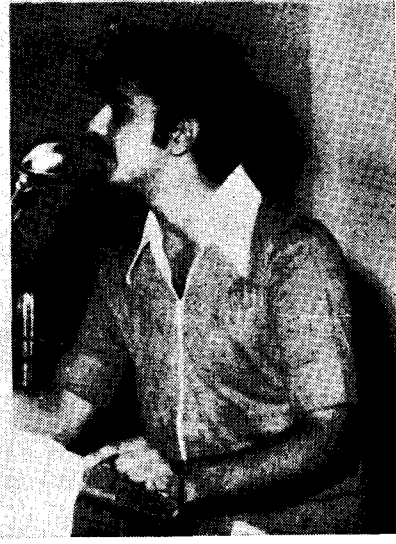
STUDENT'S WEEK URDU DEBATE  
GIRLS Vs BOYS

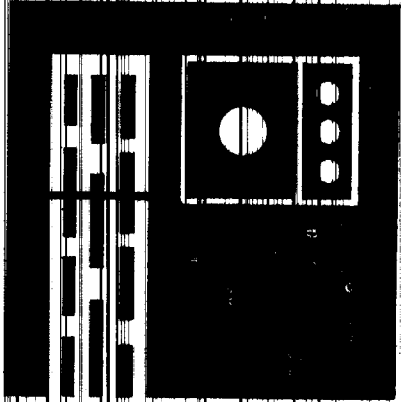


# SEERAT CONFERENCE IN PROGRESS



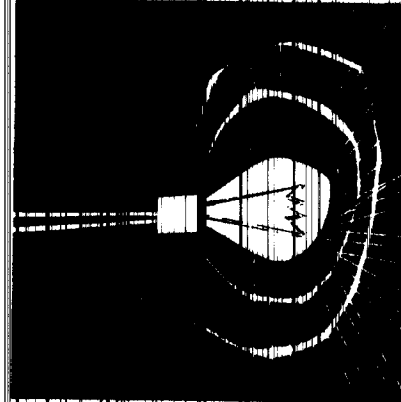
# STUDENTS' WEEK URDU DEBATE





# sound

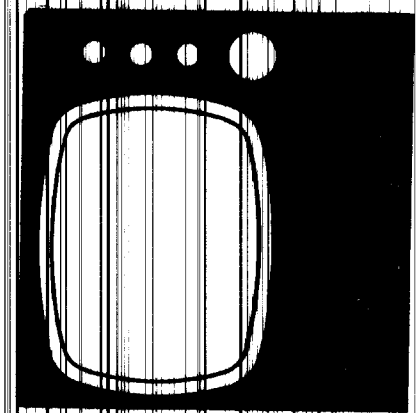
Sound, light and vision - the three fields which give dimensions to man's life, form Philips' major interest. And in all these fields Philips plays a leading role, by producing high-quality radio-sets, tape recorders, gramophones, television receivers and lamps etc. At the same time, Philips' 19,000 scientists and researchers around the world continue to discover and devise new ways of contributing to man's development - to make life easier and more enjoyable.



# Light

Philips Pakistan takes great interest in the nation's industrial development, and has brought space-age technology to Pakistan. Its factories and offices employ a thousand people, and enable them to be trained locally as well as abroad. Foreign scholarships for post-graduate studies in Electronics, at Philips' International Institute of Technological Studies, Eindhoven, are also awarded to outstanding graduates in electronics. The local manufacture of radio-sets, television receivers, lamps and glass products, not only serves valuable foreign exchange, but also gives impetus to local ancillary industries, thus broadening the base of industrial activity in Pakistan.

To keep pace with the rapidly evolving technology, Philips World Federation of Industries spends over Rs. 200 crore annually on its



# vision

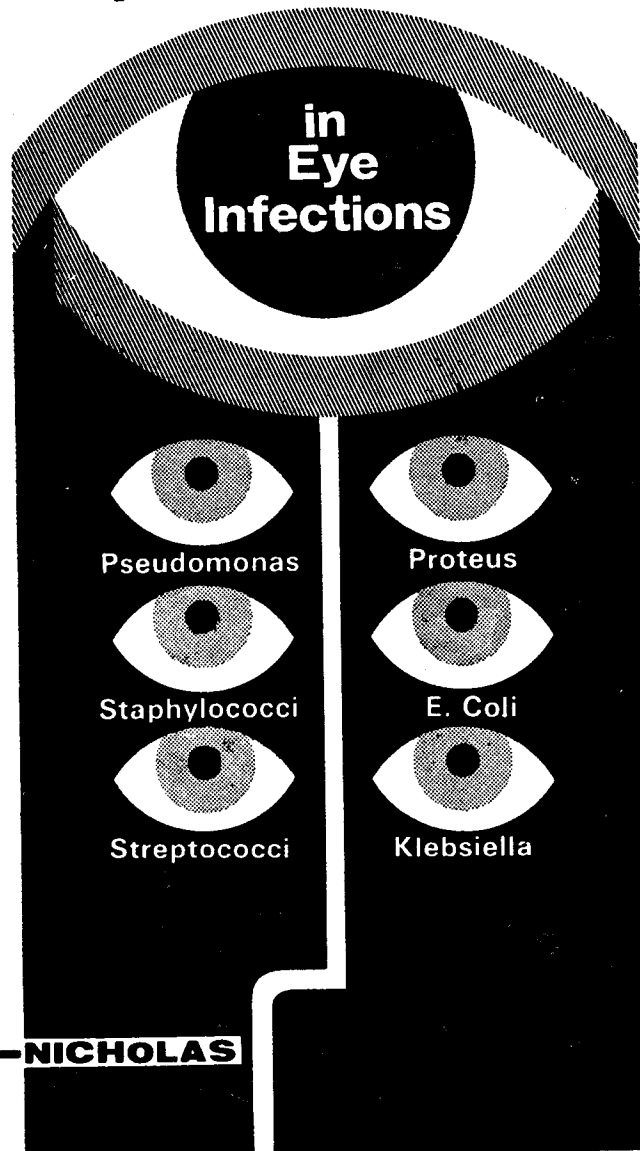
institutes and laboratories, where research work is being carried out in the fields of light, vision, sound, communication and automation - also in health and human comfort - for homes and industry. The benefit of all this research and experience goes to all the 125 countries where Philips World Federation of Industries is active, including Pakistan.



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## **THE DEMON BOWLER**

That man cannot hold his own  
In his hand he grasps a stone  
Which he'll hurl with all his might  
To vanquish every batsman in sight.

His is a genre of Supermen,  
Pocketing wickets no less than ten;  
A "demon bowler" is his name  
And breaking bones is his game.

Chain him, harness him if you could,  
Fine him, no-ball him — its no good;  
A killer instinct is in his blood  
And takes the shape of bumpers in flood.

If the ball strikes the pad he'll spin around  
With a roar that's sure to shake the ground  
And heavenward leap in every likelihood,  
If the appeals accepted — let alone understood.

O woe is the batsman taking stand  
Against him fresh, new ball in hand,  
For then its certain he'll not see  
The ball that fell him like a tree.

When this bowler is in full cry  
Its likely you'll see many teeth fly;  
Then its the stumps he'll eagerly pound —  
Those in their mouths not those in the ground.

MIRZA SHAHZAD HASAN  
1st Year

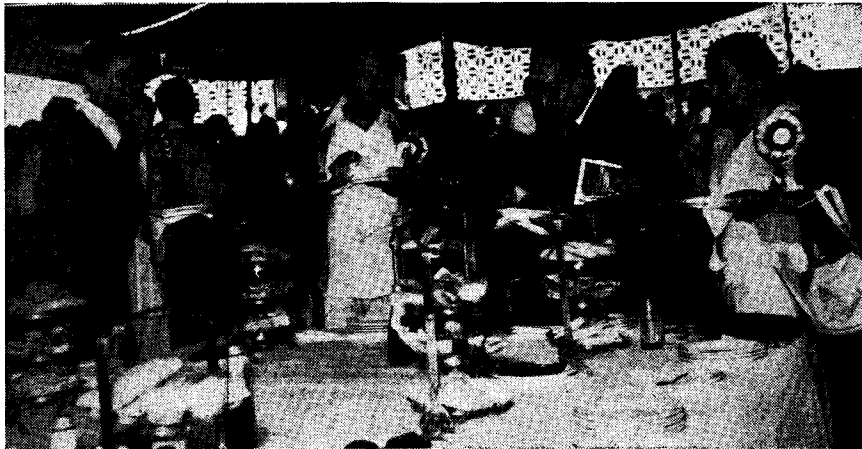
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## **WHY?**

The more you study  
The more you know  
The more you know  
The more you can forget  
The more you can forget  
The more you do forget  
The more you forget  
The less you know  
So why study?



## GLIMPSES OF 4th ANNUAL CONVOCATION



# GLIMPSES OF 4th ANNUAL CONVOCATION



## GLIMPSES OF 4th ANNUAL CONVOCATION



*The gradwaters lined up, ready to march in*

## SIR ALEXANDER FLEMING

SYED ASIF HAMID ALI  
1st Year

The world of science has many a great men to be proud of. But one man has a unique place in this galaxy. Sir Alexander Fleming — the man who discovered penicillin — has the very great distinction of being a scientist whose work was such an immediate and direct benefit to mankind that it is very difficult to find a comparable example in history.

It is said that all the world knows the manner in which penicillin was discovered. Still, writers continue to embroider the truth to this day. As late as 1955 a story claimed that it was the tears of a pretty but lachrymose nurse which put researchers on the road to this discovery. Fact is different.

From the very beginning he was a curious little fellow. Every spare moment of his boyhood was spent roaming the remote upland surroundings of his country home. The habits of birds and animals enthralled him and he enjoyed the freedom of a world of his own. By the time he was 18 he had become an excellent swimmer, a crack shot and a noted polo player.

After his eighteenth birthday he received a small legacy. This made him think about improving his circumstances. Yet it was his family that took the final decision. He writes, "My brother pushed me into medicine."

His career in medicine began by winning the Senior Entrance Examination in Natural Science. In medical school he decided to become a surgeon and in 1909 was made a fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. But he did not practise surgery. He was offered a very handsome post in Sir Almroth Wright's laboratory. From that day he fell under the influence of Wright and was still there till the day of his death in 1955.

It was an era of Vaccine therapy. Immunology was just beginning. By April 1909 Fleming had produced two fruitful pieces of research. First he suggested how *Acna vulgaris* could be treated by vaccine. Secondly he devised a simple method of "Serum diagnosis in Syphilis".

Fleming was 41 when he discovered lysozyme, an essential prelude to penicillin. He wrote a paper on his discovery.

In 1937 H.W. Florey and E.F. Chain at Oxford were completing their research on lysozyme, the substance Fleming had discovered. Then occurred an event that was to give the world its first antibiotic. It so happened that Chain, while searching for agents with powers similar to those of lysozyme came across a number of papers dealing with microbes able to produce substances capable of producing substances that limited growth of other bacteria. By the sheerest of chances he also read Fleming's paper on penicillin which had appeared in the *British Journal of Experimental Pathology*. He and Florey intrigued by it decided to take up research in this field. Finally they were successful in preparing penicillin.

What must be clear is that neither Florey nor Chain had anything in mind other than a piece of academic research. They had no idea that the consumation of Fleming's work would lead to so great an alleviation of human suffering.

Fleming, Florey and Chain were awarded the Nobel Prize for medicine jointly. Each had made a vital contribution to this remedy.

Fleming once wrote "The story of penicillin has a certain romance in it and helps to illustrate the amount of chance, fortune or destiny or call it what you will, in anybody's career."

He died suddenly in March 1955 and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral in a very moving funeral. The eulogy was read by his old friend C.A. Panett. "... By his works he relieved more suffering than any other living man, perhaps more than any man who has ever lived."



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At first the astronomer's reply seemed almost a rebuff. Then, pondering it, Kaoru seized eagerly on its meaning. "To observe the skies solely to seek a new comet is a hopeless task which demands a great deal of time and hard labor," Minoru Honda wrote. "But to observe the brilliant heavens for their own sake without thought of discovery may bring you good luck in your comet-seeking."

Kaoru returned to his sky watches. Instead of searching for a comet, however, he concentrated on the whole sky, trying to become as familiar with its plan as he was with the streets and byways of Bentenjima.

On December 31, 1962, Mrs. Ikeya counted a total of 16 months since Kaoru had begun his vigils with his new telescope. "Surely, Kaoru," she pleaded, "this night you will take your full rest. It is *Omisoka*, the Grand Last Day of the year! Both of us have worked hard. We have honorably settled all our debts and can start the new year with a clean record. Let us stay up until midnight, listening to the temple bells, and then sleep late in the morning."

To please her, Kaoru did not climb to the roof that night. He remained with the family all through New Year's Day and accompanied his mother to a nearby shrine to pray for good luck in 1963.

Then, on the following night, January 2, 1963, Kaoru discovered his comet.

At the Harvard Observatory, the Western Hemisphere's clearing-house for astronomic information, all the data on Comet Ikeya 1963a were placed on announcement cards and sent to observatories and journals of astronomy around the world. A few weeks after Kaoru sighted it, there were confirming reports from the Yerkes Observatory in Wisconsin and the U.S. Naval Observatory's station at Flagstaff, Arizona. Thus Kaoru kept in touch with his comet through a widening circle of fellow observers.

All this while, Kaoru quietly reported for his job at the piano factory. Only when the press requested interviews with him did the company first learn of his achievement. The company's response was to start a collection among the workers to help Ikeya continue his sky watching. A certificate lauding his off-the-job zeal, together with a check for \$150—a lordly sum in Japan at that time—was presented to him in a ceremony at the plant.

Since then, Kaoru has made yet other discoveries. In July 1964, working with a new, improved telescope—which he made at a cost of about \$14—he spotted a second comet, Comet 1964f. And in September 1966—along with another Japanese amateur astronomer, Tsutomu Seki, who watches the skies from the city of Kochi, 240 miles away—he co-spotted his third, the now-famous Ikeya-Seki.

Kaoru Ikeya has neither sought nor been offered advancement. For him, the richest reward has been this: he has now made partial payment on his *kyō* by taking a dishonored name and writing it across the skies.

to be shown to school-children. Kaoru found this fiction especially distasteful. He commented wryly: "Why isn't the truth good enough?"

The true story began when Kaoru's father moved his family from the large industrial city of Nagoya to the town of Bentenjima, when Kaoru was six. Their new house overlooking Lake Hamana had a flat roof, and Kaoru climbed up there to escape the noisy clamor of three younger brothers and a sister. Soon he was mounting to the rooftop at night to look at the stars.

By the time he was 12, Kaoru was so enthralled with the heavens that he was reading books about the stars and tracing maps and diagrams of the skies in his notebook. At 13 he determined to build his own telescope. Although his father's fish store was prospering, Kaoru was reluctant to ask him to buy one. Already there was tension between them; the father complained that the boy was not applying himself to learning the family's business. "Sound sense should show you, my son," he insisted, "that astronomy does not belong to our station in life."

Still, Kaoru continued to haunt the school library, reading texts on astronomy and studying the principles of optics, physics and chemistry that are involved in telescope-making.

But misfortune was lurking for the Ikeya family. Mr. Ikeya's business began failing. Discouraged and embittered, he took to lounging about the pubs, drinking, increasingly reluctant to face his wife and five young children.

Perhaps nowhere else in the world does a father's neglect so cruelly punish his family as in Japan, with its heritage of *on*. *On* refers to the obligation each person incurs by the mere fact of his existence. A basic part of *on* is *ko*—the obligation to one's parents and to one's descendants. Mr. Ikeya had failed in his duty as a parent, had placed an oppressive burden of shame on the family name, perhaps for generations. "We could think of nothing else, my mother and I," Kaoru says, "but that our family was disgraced."

Sadly Kaoru watched his mother go to work at the hotel near the Bentenjima railroad station, cooking and cleaning for strangers. He himself took a part-time job, rising at 5 a.m. to deliver morning newspapers, returning after school to deliver the evening edition. He felt increasingly the responsibility of removing from the family name the stigma his father had attached to it. And by this time he was thinking about discovering a comet—*his* comet. What if one day he could attach the dishonored name to the tail of a new comet and write that name across the sky? "Comet Ikeya!" The name had a fine, proud ring.

In June 1959, when he graduated from middle school, Kaoru went to work at the piano factory. Since earning power is directly related to education in Japan, he was classified as an unskilled worker at base pay. Kaoru wasn't disturbed. Polishing celluloid was mechanical; he could think of other things while he was working.

In his spare time, Kaoru set himself to grinding the high-precision surface for the main mirror that would go into the telescope he decided to build. Shopping around in second-hand stores, he obtained the other materials he needed. In August 1961, after two years of off-work hours of labor, he was ready to begin once more to search the skies.

In Japan, the best hours for viewing are from 3 to 5 a.m., but not every sky is fit for observation. On cloudy mornings Kaoru caught up on the sleep he lost on clear days. After many months without success, he felt deeply discouraged. The search for a new comet seemed futile. He wrote to astronomer Minoru Honda, discoverer of nine comets, pleading between the lines for a word of encouragement.

## **THE BOY WHO REDEEMED HIS FATHER'S NAME**

**"Lacks ambition and initiative," his personnel card read at the piano company where he worked for \$35 a month. But Kaoru Ikeya had a burning ambition that filled his off-work hours with labor. How well he succeeded in achieving his goal of removing dishonor from the family name makes an inspiring story. Include Kaoru in your list of successful persons who deserve to be remembered for their perseverance against discouraging odds.**

As she had done many times, Mrs. Shoichi Ikeya woke when her son Kaoru did and, unnoticed by him, saw him preparing to watch the sky. She saw him draw on his leather wind-breaker, heavy work pants, wool scarf and gloves (winter nights are cold in Japan), then carry a blanket with him as he left the house to climb a ladder to the rooftop perch beside his telescope. He was her eldest son, the mainstay of her home, and he looked so thin and haggard from lack of sleep that she had to struggle to stifle her protest against his going.

By this night of January 2, 1963, 19-year-old Kaoru Ikeya had been observing the sky for a long time. Whenever he peered through the telescope that he had made with his own hands, his pulse quickened in expectation. Kaoru had set himself a goal more than anything else, he wanted to be the discoverer of a new comet—and this was the 109th night of his longed search.

Now, after studying the eastern sky for an hour, he shifted his telescope toward the southeast. There he sighted a misty object he had never noticed before. He consulted his sky maps. They showed nothing in that location. He rechecked the position carefully, then remained glued to his telescope, half-convinced that what he was seeing must be an illusion. But the small, diffuse glow remained in the sky, and, as he observed its gradual movement among the stars, Kaoru positively identified it not as a faint star cluster but as the head of a comet.

But was it *his* comet? Or was he witnessing the return of a comet already recorded?

As soon as the telegraph office opened that morning, Kaoru dispatched a wire to the Tokyo Astronomical Observatory reporting the comet's position, its tenth-magnitude brightness and the direction of its movement. Then mounting his bicycle, he pedaled off to the huge Kawai Gakki Piano Co., where for \$35 a month he polished the white celluloid sheaths for piano keyboards. "A steady fellow," his personnel card read. "Reliable. Quiet. Middle-school education only. Nonparticipant in company sports or hobby clubs. Lacks ambition and initiative."

A few days later, the international news services were flashing quite another profile: "Self-taught 19-year-old amateur astronomer Kaoru Ikeya, using a reflector telescope constructed by himself at a cost of \$22.32, has discovered the new year's first comet, officially designated Comet Ikeya 1963a and now the subject of observation and tracking by astronomers in both hemispheres."

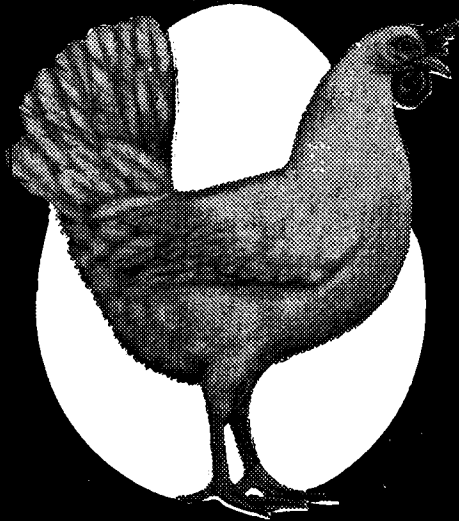
A great deal of publicity greeted Kaoru's discovery. His home was invaded by news photographers; he was led before TV cameras and radio hookups; he received more than 700 letters from amateur astronomers seeking advice; he was awarded a gold medal by the Tokyo Observatory; and he watched in polite silence a professional actor portray him in a melodramatic version of his life story, a 40-minute movie short called *Watching the Stars*,



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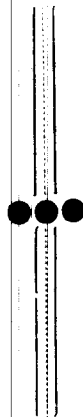
Paragon • 78 KN'S 6

After an hour of straining effort, the reconstruction was complete. The patient's respirations seemed to grow stronger. Then, as I hardly dared hope, Rob stirred slightly upon the table and feebly moved his lower limbs. Faint and exhausted, I could have cried out at this evidence that the paralysis had gone. In twenty minutes he was encased in a plaster cast and back in bed. Then, dizzily, but with a great warmth in my heart, I went towards the little group that waited in the hall. How wonderful to say, "I hope he'll do." And so it was. Three months later Robin Blair walked out of that village hospital, somewhat shakily perhaps, but completely cured.

Many joys and satisfactions came to me in after years. But, looking backward, that appalling moment when I stood terror-stricken beside the wrecked body of a man I felt I could not heal seems the most rewarding experience in my life. It taught me to throw off fear, to overcome discouragement and the dread of failure. Never again did I say, "I can't do it," but only, "I will do my best." I had learned the all-important lesson that if we keep trying, even when all appears lost, victory may be wrested from defeat.

---

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In those early days I had not yet learned to assume a mask of professional reserve, and as I rose, full of pity and distress, my expression must have conveyed to the others the gravity of Rob's condition. But before they could press me for an opinion I hurried them to action. Wrapped in blankets, the inert young man was transferred to an improvised sled and carefully conveyed to the cottage hospital in the village. This done, I rushed to the hospital telephone. Here was a case demanding the utmost in surgical skill and experience; I had decided to summon a specialist from the Victoria Hospital in Glasgow.

Then the blow fell: the operator at the village exchange told me that all telephone lines to points south had been brought down by the storm. Desperately I explained the circumstances.

There was a chance, the operator said, that she might reach the rail junction at Stinchar, twelve miles across the moors, where perhaps the station-master could transmit a message on the railway telegraph. After a delay that seemed interminable I got through to the junction. From the station-master I learned that not only had the telegraph ceased to function but the railway line was completely blocked by drifts. We were cut off from the outside world.

Stunned by the thought, I made my way back to the little family group and haltingly explained the situation.

There was a silence. Then Rob's father said quietly, in a voice which held no hint of hesitation: "You must do what has to be done yourself, Doctor."

I was aghast. Did he realize what an impossibility he was demanding? To expect from me so delicate an operation as a thoracic laminectomy fell little short of lunacy.

Dumbly, I gazed at the old farmer, at Rob's mother, and his grief-stricken young wife. I was the only doctor available. How could I deny these simple people what they considered to be their loved one's only chance of recovery? I turned my head so that they might not discern the anguish in my eyes, and went into the operating-room.

This was no more than the annexe of the single small ward, spotlessly clean, but without proper lighting, its other fittings barely adequate. The patient, scarcely breathing, lay face downward upon a white-sheeted wooden table. The hospital sister, a little, elderly Highland woman, was dropping ether upon the gauze-covered mask. And somehow, as in a strange illusion, I began swabbing iodine upon the affected area, reached uncertainly for a scalpel. But even as I nerved myself to make that first tremulous incision I heard the cold, contemptuous voice of my old chief: "You will never be a surgeon."

And then a strange thing happened—how, or why, I know not. Perhaps a solitary spark, not yet extinguished, flared suddenly within me. For I was conscious of an inner flame of anger—anger against myself and my tame submission to defeat. The tormenting vision of my former teacher disappeared and instead there rose before me the faces of those simple country people, placing their trust in me.

A surge of resolution replaced my numbing indecision; perhaps it was the courage of despair. I took a long breath and went forward, resecting the damaged muscles, cleaning out the extravasated blood, ligaturing the torn arteries. If I flinched when the full extent of the injury became apparent—compound fracture of four thoracic vertebrae, the bony fragments impacted upon the spinal cord—I did not falter. Aware that a single false stroke of the saw might bring a fatal result, I nevertheless set out to remove this deadly pressure by cutting through the vertebral arches. Then, working by the sense of touch, I began to piece together the freed fragments of bone, as one might try to reassemble a jigsaw puzzle in the dark.

## WHEN YOU DREAD FAILURE

A. J. CRONIN

When I was a medical student in Scotland I served as hospital assistant to a famous surgeon. He was an elderly man, tall, spare and severe, with a caustic temper; his own perfection gave him a grim contempt for the shortcomings of others. I was young, poor, desperately eager to succeed, and in my anxiety to please I occasionally made mistakes which drew from the great man a sharp reproof. Under this treatment I became increasingly nervous, especially when assisting him in the operating-theatre. Whenever I failed by a split second to hand him the correct instrument, to adjust the retractor to his liking, in short to anticipate his slightest wish, he would rap out the cutting phrase: "You will never be a surgeon."

Those words haunted me so that when I graduated as a doctor of medicine and took up the work of a general practitioner I was possessed by a fatal conviction which lay upon me like a curse: I might get along as a mediocre physician, make the daily hum-drum, round, perhaps use the lancet upon some superficial condition, but never be fit to undertake those major operations which were the crown and summit of my profession.

The practice to which I had been called lay in the Western Highlands, a remote country district wherein I was the only doctor. The people were a sturdy stock, silent and self-contained. Yet when I had shown I was active and willing, and had successfully treated a troublesome outbreak of diphtheria amongst the school children, I began to feel that I was winning their confidence. Nevertheless, on those few occasions when a surgical emergency presented itself, I felt forced to call in a colleague from Perth, which was two hours away by road and rail.

Late one December afternoon, when the rugged upland winter was at its height, I received a call to an outlying stading, three miles from the village. A young man, Robin Blair, had been hurt while cutting timber. The messenger, a farm lad who had run all the way, could give no particulars, but feared that the injuries were serious.

I knew young Blair well—only three months before, I had attended his wedding to the daughter of the local minister. Rob was a popular figure, a fine athlete who excelled at the sport known as tossing the caber, and had won several prizes at the Perth Highland Games.

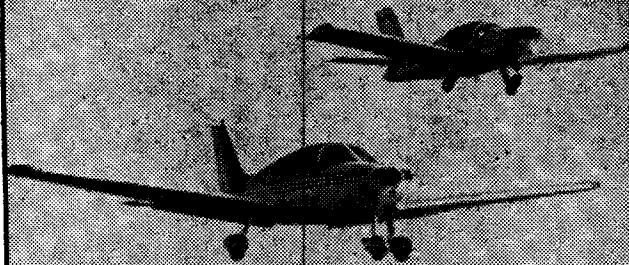
I set out on foot—for any wheeled vehicle was an impossibility on those snow-bound roads. All the previous night a blizzard had raged, and now a bitter cold had set in. After battling with the icy wind for more than an hour, the messenger and I came to the Blairs' farm-house.

In the stone-flagged, raftered kitchen the patient lay upon a mattress before the fire. A single glance at that senseless form told me that he was a desperate case. His distracted young wife, weeping beside him, was beyond speech, but from his father I gathered the essential facts.

Rob and his father had gone out to fell a fifty-foot fir for a new sheep-fold. The strokes of the axe rang out clear. Then the great tree, toppled backward by an unexpected gust, had crashed upon Rob. Only the depth of the snow had saved him from instant death.

The lad was deeply unconscious and breathing irregularly. All his lower reflexes were gone, indicating total paralysis of the legs. And under the great puffy swelling on his spine I made out distinct crepitation—three, possibly four, of the thoracic vertebrae were shattered.

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## *NEW ADDITION TO DMC BUS FLEET*



(1) *Rana handing over the buses to admtnistration (2) Madam Aziz declaring the buses open for service (3) A general view of buses.*

**PENSIVE MOOD**

I stare out in the darkness,  
Of this motionless, lonely night.  
I listen to the quietness,  
Of this hushed silence —  
I smell the freshness  
Of this accuted breeze.  
It awakens within me —  
A spark — Electrifying  
My heart smouldors up  
Rousing some dead memories.  
Same scenes appearing,  
In my inward eye —  
Same voices echoing ...  
..... in my ears.  
Same fragerance lingering, of  
Flowers — which are dead new.  
Your image keeps flashing  
In front of my eyes.  
Your voice keep floating  
Against the drums of my ears.  
Your words keep repeating.  
..... in my mind .....

Each one striking —  
My heart like pears.  
Old memories floating  
My mind — my soul,  
My eyes weeping .....

Washing out each stain.  
My tears, draining  
Each restless phase of past.  
Today, I am forgetting — ,  
All about you — what I have lost.  
Today, I am leaving .....

Turning away from you.  
Today, I am scatching .....,  
All your memories, treasures away.  
From today, I am beginning —  
A new life of my own —  
Where, I can enjoy the feeling  
..... of being all alone.  
For, I hate — caring.  
For anyone, from nowon.  
Now, I am sharing,  
My life with .....

..... darkness,  
..... Silence .....

And scented breeze.

By : FAUZJA KAUSAR  
1st Year

## MELTING MOMENTS

### "PIGEON"

"I LOVE THE PIGEON. IT IS A WONDERFULLY SWEET AND SACRED BIRD, SO ABSORBED IN ITSELF, AND ALWAYS MINDING ITS OWN BUSINESS."

Why do I feel detached  
from the rest of the race ?

Why my different pace ?  
why do tears shine,

In these eyes of mine,  
when all else is laughter.

"Your philosophy," they say,  
is above us all.

Don't fly too high  
Or you shall fall.

I wonder . . . . .

Is my core the same  
As that of the sages before me  
Or am I insane, as we say.

I enjoy the serenity,  
And seclusion of my own world.

I create my own happiness.  
I cannot sit and make small talk  
on clothes and jewels.

Nor can I sympathize,  
O'er shoring husbands.  
God I just can't.

The Ballooned tummies,  
Greed rolling down,  
The corner of their mouths  
In form of salivary drops  
Dirty tricks and a rat race.  
A monetary and a Matrimonial Rush.  
I despise them all.

FOR I PREFER THE PIGEON TO THE HAWKS.

Also I cannot stand.  
Self-induced weaknesses.  
Insular and petty minds.

I want liberation,  
OF THOUGHT, OF SPEECH OF ACTION.

Yet I don't hunt for the pinnacle  
Or wait to run wild.

I STRIVE " FOR THE GREATNESS OF SOUL  
FOR THE STRENGTH OF FAITH  
FOR A DEVOTION TO CAUSE.  
FOR THE INTELLECT OF MIND.

But . . . . . I remain  
misunderstood and detached.  
Detached from the rest of the race.  
Walking at a different pace.

By: SOFIA USMAN ROKERYA  
IInd Year



## BITTER HARVEST

S. AKHTER

And now you stand before me, begging asking nay pleading  
For a tender smile of understanding, a show of loving care

Recall, a time when I walked to you  
With a tear brimmed eye a heavy heart,  
Trembling lips awaiting, that you would ask  
The cause of my sorrow, the tale of my woe  
And you, cool calm collected as ever  
Pretended nor to see, pretended not to note  
The pallor of my face, the weariness of my soul.  
And still I stood, waiting hoping . . . . yes believing.

But you could not bear the clinging fingers of love  
And would not step down from your exalted pedestal.  
So, as if to get over an unpleasant, uncomfortable job  
Forced by the entreaty in my eye, the plea on my lips  
You cruelly coldly, so roughly said you knew and understood  
How could you know ? How could you understand,  
That a gentle word from you, a loving look  
Would cause a thousand stars of joy to shine.  
A smile, a laugh, a word of precious sympathy  
Would cause my spirit to dance in gleeful joy

Ah, leave me this one conviction dear friend  
That at least you did not know how much you meant.  
For the knowledge that you knew and remained silent  
Would rob me of my very last dream.  
So I walked away, uncalled, unwanted, unloved.  
A lifeless being dragging a tortured soul in despair.  
Now, let me tell you, cruelly, coldly, mercilessly  
(All arts I learnt from you, you see)  
The Abject figure of pity that you and now are  
Will not soften the hardness of my eye  
Your tears of bitter anguish are so entirely useless  
They do but nourish the grass upon my grave

---

## ODE AT A PAKISTANI WAR CEMETRY IN EAST PAKISTAN

NADIM AHMED NASIR  
Ist Year

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,  
Sleep martyrs of a fallen cause  
Though yet no marble column craves  
The pilgrim, here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth  
The blossom of your fame is blown,  
And somewhere, waiting for It's birth,  
The shaft is in the stone.

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## MELTING MOMENTS

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### MIRROR IMAGES

#### LOVE

Love — love is a bundle of joy  
Love — is a bundle of tears  
Love is a bundle of smiles and laughter  
Love is a bundle of fears  
Love is never being lonely  
Love is always being gay  
Love is being terribly alone because someone isn't there  
Love is learning to pray  
Love is being confident  
Love is being insecure because your happiness lies in another's hands  
Love is just you, your love, a place a moment  
Yet love is all time and everywhere  
Love — love is a miracle

The miracle of learning to care.  
Love — love is a cardiotropic virus, destroying the very place where it does grow  
Love is being humiliated in a way that's rarely seen.  
Love is someone who loves you, then sends you to the guillotine.  
Love is the trampling of self-respect, the shattering of ego  
Love is wondering why someone said they loved you, why pretend they ever did.  
Love is of imagination, flattery and self-hypnosis a child  
Love is merely loneliness, a craving for companionship growing wild.  
Love is strong, so strong with all the strength of a silken thread.  
Love is praying — praying soon to be dead.

SAHBA QADEER

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### AN ODE TO THE INDISPENSABLE MAN

Sometime, when you are feeling important,  
Sometime when your ego's in bloom,  
Sometime when you take it for granted  
You're the best qualified in the room.  
Sometime when you feel that your going  
Would leave an unfillable hole,  
Just follow this simple instruction  
And see how it humbles your soul.  
Take a bucket and fill it with water,  
Put your hand in it, up to the wrist.  
Pull it out, and the hole that's remaining  
Is the measure of how you'll be missed.  
You may splash all you please when you enter,  
You can stir up the water galore,  
But stop, and you'll find in a minute  
That it looks quite the same as before.  
The moral in this quaint example  
Is to do the best that you can.  
Be proud of yourself, but remember —  
There is no indispensable man.

## LEEPA BATTLE-CRY

Bring out the pipes and drums, my lads,  
A battle song we will play;  
Of the glory we won in 'seventy two'  
In Leepa on the fifth of May.  
Never did our steps falter once,  
Nor did we fall back in stride;  
Proudly did we march into battle,  
For we were Pakistan's Pride.  
O, for the pride that welled in our hearts,  
When we first faced the shot and shell;  
O, for the warriors' cry "Allah-o-Akbar"  
When Kiyani the tiger fell.  
O, for the red of the warriors' blood  
That stain'd the field that day,  
Gallant dauntless, they fought and fell  
For the swords of Allah were they.  
O, the pride that filled our hearts  
For His warriors were we;  
O, our charge with the bayonet,  
When we thundered "Ya Ali".  
O, the pride that filled our hearts  
Over Leepa flew our brave flag high ;  
And "9 AK Battalion" was written  
In blood across the sky.  
Never will Leepa Valley fall,  
While the 9 AK boys are there;  
We will fight them, and win glory  
For Pakistan, everywhere.  
For it's for our brave green flag,  
That we live, fight, or die;  
All that we were, all that we are  
Is to hold up our flag in the sky.

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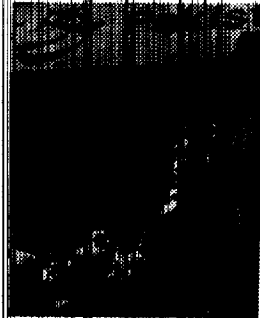
## UNDERSTAND ME ?

She says she understands me, I think she speaks a lie  
For how can she ? For she is she, whilst I — I am I.  
How can she read my mind, she cannot read my heart ;  
She does not know what forces act on me  
What makes me stop, what makes me start.  
She does not know the thoughts that haunt me as I lie all night awake,  
What sorrows make me cry, what makes my heart bend or break.  
How can she know the fears and hopes that surround me all the day  
How can she know what touches me or causes my lips to pray.  
She does not know my loves or hates, the secret smiles or tears I cry,  
For how can she, when she is she whilst I — I am I.

SAHBA QADEER  
IV Year

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blossomed with jeans, not only for blue-collar workers and rebellious youth but for family members of all ages and all income levels. No longer were there just standard jeans—tight around the hips, with multiple pockets and double-stitched seams—but all manner of variations: flared legs, bell bottoms, cuffs, wide belt loops, tricky pockets, fancy stitching, lighter-weight fabrics, rainbow colors.

Young hotheads wore their jeans more ferociously than ever. Holes? Patch or embroider them. Rips? Sew piece of braid on top. Seat gone? Salvage the part from another worn pair. Legs torn? Amputate them and flaunt the frayed edges. Faded? Groovy. The tattered look of raveled, beat-up jeans became another way of nose-thumbing at the world of materialism and status.

But, once again, fashion co-opted its opposition. Machine-embroidered patches were manufactured to be sewn over nonexistent holes. To fade their new jeans, youngsters bleached them; if the bleach ate a hole in the fabric, so much the better. Rag peddlers sold anything made of denim at a premium to boutiques and department stores, where secondhand jeans outsold new ones, and at higher prices.

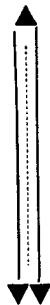
The denim phenomenon quickly leaped the oceans to change the world's way of dress.

Will jeans manufacturers wake up one morning to find jeans obsolete? Although jeans makers and sellers know that fashion is fickle, they have unlimited faith in the staying power of those tough pants that Levi invented. A Yale law professor has said, jeans "express freedom and wholeness of self," and isn't that what everyone craves these days?

Old or new, glorified or plain, jeans are likely to be around for a long time to come. Already they have succeeded where statesmanship has failed: although still unable to speak the same language, the inhabitants of this embattled planet have at least agreed to wear the same pants.

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*WITH THE BEST COMPLIMENTS  
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## THE PANTS WORN ROUND THE WORLD

Condensed by  
JAVED AKHTAR  
1st Year

The world is in the grip of a blue-jeans frenzy. Once the no-nonsense work pants of farmers, lumberjacks and miners—and few others—jeans now strut, stride, stroll and slouch everywhere, on the job and off. They are at home in palaces (Princess Anne of England wore them when she had her hair done on her wedding day) and at parties (author Norman Mailer and actor Marlon Brando have appeared in them at black-tie affairs). They are smuggled into Pakistan. School campuses from Karachi to Peshawar are so awash in a sea of unisex jeans that one might suspect they are compulsory wear.

The globe's most popular pants are today manufactured on every continent except Antarctica, and worldwide production is fast heading toward the billion-pair-a-year mark.

Why the "jeaning" of the world? "A fashion is easier to follow if it is both chic and cheap," explains one manufacturer. And jeans are undeniably fashionable and affordable, as well as sturdy and comfortable. You can dress down in recycled jeans—or dress up in a sky-blue jean suit.

Perhaps more important, jeans are an idea, a concept, a sit-on-the-floor attitude. "Jeans represent a casual life-style that is being adopted by a growing part of the world," says Walter A. Haas, Jr., chairman of Levi Strauss & Co., the world's largest manufacturer of jeans. And it's no coincidence that both the lifestyle and the garment itself sprang out of the free-swinging, colorful days of California's Gold Rush.

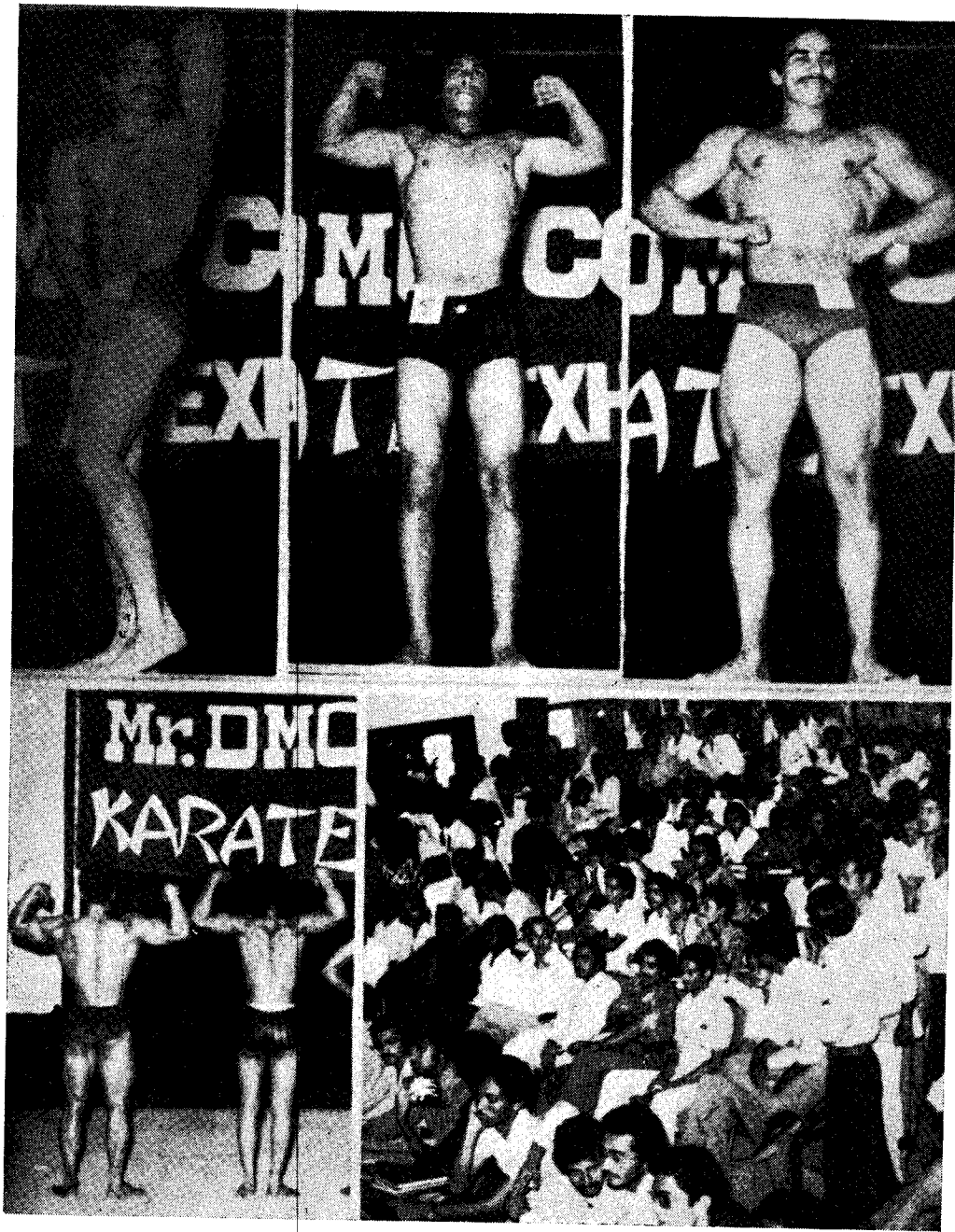
In 1850, Levi Strauss, a 20-year-old Bavarian immigrant, arrived by sailing ship in San Francisco to seek his fortune in the gold fields. He brought with him a stock of dry goods, including some heavy brown canvas he planned to sell to miners for tents and wagon covers. Tents, he soon found, were not in demand, but few prospectors had work clothes sturdy enough to stand up to the rough life of the diggings. The enterprising young man had a tailor make pants out of his rugged canvas. Word spread that "those pants of Levi's" (hence Levi's) were the strongest around, and they sold quickly.

Convinced that he had found a good thing, Levi opened a work-clothes shop in San Francisco (not far from the company's current headquarters in the 29-story Levi Strauss Building). When canvas ran out, he switched to a tough cotton fabric originally loomed in Nimes, France, called *serge de Nimes*, or simply denim. (Genoese sailors had long worn pants of similar fabric, known as *genes*, and later jeans.) Tall tales of denim's indestructibility proliferated. In one story, when the coupling between two railroad cars broke, a trainman hitched them together with a pair of Levi's and made it ten miles to the next station.

The truth was perhaps less dramatic, but the robust work clothes made by Levi Strauss, his relatives and competitors did in fact uniform the men who laid the railroad tracks, rounded up the cattle, cut the forests, farmed the plains and built the cities.

By the 1950s, jeans had become the staple play-garb of children, and teenagers began to wear jeans to classes. Jeans themselves became a symbol of defiance against authority or oppression, whether parental or political, real or imagined. Their secret message identified youthful wearers one to another: "I am one of you—against the others." But a funny thing happened on the way to the barricades. Fashion discovered blue jeans. Suddenly, stores

## MR DMC CONTEST



*The body-builders comparing their bodies.  
Mr. Baber Ismail was hero of the Match.*

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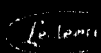
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