

A.K.Dogar

This story is narrated by Mr.Dogar himself. He is the grandfather of my friend. Consent was granted. It was a semi-formal interview to make it more comfortable.

The partition was very good, excellent. I was living in an area where there was a sugar mill area and they had houses built for their employees, so I was living with my father in one of those houses. They were very well built. There was a lawn in the back of our house. The atmosphere was very clean, so it was a good life plus I also had a good school. The school was private, in a mill, about 3 to 4 kilometers away from our residence. I would go there, sometimes on foot, sometimes on my bicycle. Then I went to the city for high school, on a bicycle, so the atmosphere was fine and clean.

Then we shifted to Pakistan, shifting to a big city like Lahore, here everything was very congested, and we lived here for about a month and then shifted to a village district in Sargodha. During the days of partition there was a lot of fear on both sides, especially for people who were travelling from one country to another, therefore we thought about travelling on a safe transport. The closest place was a cantonment from where a special train for people who were Muslims and worked in the military, so we thought that, that would be the best and safest way for us, so we travelled to Barali and stayed in the cantonment area of Barali, and since I was a young child at the time, I would go about and enjoy the area and watch the military parading around. I really liked those military training grounds. So, after about a 10 to 15 day stay in Barali, special military troops were ready to go from India to Pakistan, so we boarded that train. I still remember that since I was child in the middle of so many military men, I was made to sit on the baggage, and sitting there, I kept singing those songs I liked back then, so that's how we reached Lahore. As we crossed the partition line, all the military men were infused with the Muslim desire of having their own nation and chanted 'Pakistan Zindabad'. All of them were filled with joy. When we reached Lahore, the atmosphere was exciting, we stayed there for a few days and then since some of our relatives had settled down in Sargodha, we shifted there, in a village. I would go to a school about 4 to 5 kilometers away from the village, since there was no school located in the village, we were living in. So, I completed matric from that school, it was a place called Lalian District Jhang. By the grace of god, I was good student, I topped my class, and then I shifted to Faisalabad which back then was called Lyallpur. I continued my education in a Government College in Faisalabad, and then from there I went to Sahiwal where my father was employed, so I stayed there and graduated from a Government College in Sahiwal, and I again topped my class, proving to be an excellent student, and then I decided to do law, so I came to Lahore and joined the law college. What's interesting is that before I joined the Law College, I planned to do something more than mere graduation, so I did my MA in English Literature and was then second in class, and so I was quite good. After this, I

became a lecturer, for about a year, in Government Intermediate College situated in Faisalabad, after that I resigned and came to Lahore, and did my LLB and started practice.

And now for about the past half century, with practice, I have helped many cases, well knowns one as well, which are printed in our law journals. So, this is how life of Pakistan was, it was reasonably good, not bad. Although life before partition was equally good as well, so I don't have any complains.