

# Passage through Pakistan (Part 1):

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Karachi to Kathmandu  
June to September 1976



Adrian Hall

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## Letter from Don B, Karachi, 26th May 1976

Dear Adrian,

Re: Summer Work Experience

This is just a brief line to welcome you to Z! And give you an outline of what we have in mind.

1. I presume you will be arriving in Karachi, where you will be met, (provided we have adequate warning of your flight arrival details / flight number and date). Rachel and I will be happy to provide accommodation for you. It will be nice to have you here for a few days and we shall fit in a couple of site visits and possibly a visit to our K Project site – (K Rural Health Care Project).
2. We propose locating you in Lahore, where David M is the Technical Manager, and he will arrange your site programme. We have noted what Anne C wrote about the need for *actual engineering* (as against labouring) and will try and give you a worthwhile time. We have one very large building project – which should be at an interesting stage – and several smaller sites, but all buildings – not roads etc.
3. It should be possible at some stage to give you time to visit the hills – Murree and further north to Tarbela Dam (for example).
4. We understand you are meeting all your own expenses.. You should allow at least £2 per day for board and food, plus extra for travel and spending money. You will receive a small allowance, based on what we would pay a Pakistani for similar work. You will have to observe normal Company discipline, hours etc. Any expenses incurred for the work (e.g. travel to out of the way sites – for work – will be paid by us!) It is possible to get student concessions on air and rail – provide you have your 'credentials'.
5. As far as Church involvement is concerned, this will be largely up to you. You will find many personal opportunities to witness and at St Andrews, Lahore, possibly opportunities for testimony etc.

We shall be praying that you will enjoy your visit and find it useful professionally and a blessings spiritually. Yours sincerely, D A B.

## Reflections: Cambridge and Pakistan

This was a poem I wrote at the end of my Second Year at Clare College, Cambridge, shortly before going to Pakistan for the Long Vac...

*hurrying  
with eyes glazed  
bright-coloured traffic, buses, bicycles not seeing  
people brushed aside  
hearing nothing but the voice of his thoughts  
stifled in study  
night after night over stale tired books  
when the future stares him in the face  
with no promise...*

*music poured like a river in spate  
as day ebbed from the great west window  
and bright flames of judgment faded...*

*rich music flowing through fertile plains  
as the sun scattered gold and crimson  
as the dust settled and the heat abated  
and drums spelt danger in the twilit jungle  
and the trumpets answered from the hills...*

*hung like a lantern  
huge and round  
above turreted roofs and towers  
scattered into silver fragments  
on the summer evening river...*

*far in meditation  
lama's gaze reaches distant hills  
seeking enlightenment  
among snow-capped peaks*

## **Passage through Pakistan: Karachi to Kathmandu**

### **CHAPTER 1: June 1976**

The following narrative is based on a diary that I kept at the time:

Wednesday 16 June 1976 –The threshold of Pakistan. In my dreams I am already there, though last night the plan landed at Rawalpindi by mistake, and I found myself having to cycle to Lahore to meet David N (who is to arrange my site program with Z Engineers)! Today my Part I (Engineering Tripos) results came through – entirely satisfactory, in fact rather better than I had anticipated. I had a feeling then of a year at Cambridge successfully completed, and of being at the very threshold of a completely new adventure... thankful as I look back at the amazing events leading to my going to Pakistan at all – acceptance by BMMF to work for Z Engineers; approval by Cambridge University (the work counting as qualification for Part II); medical permission, with no problems caused by the fact that I'd had TB 'last time' [after a year in Kenya in 1974] – a succession of doors opened and prayers graciously answered...

At the time, I wrote:

*I look to the weeks ahead with an open mind, only asking that my faith be stretched and strengthened, vision enlarged, horizons increased and widened, that I be open to new people, sights, sounds, smells, impressions of every kind. It will be interesting to see how my experience of the Indian subcontinent differs from, or develops from, impressions gained thus far – from other people (like Stuart and Sue A), photographs, books ('A Way into Pakistan – Empty Shoes', by John Cardew, and 'Kim' by Rudyard Kipling), and the Arts of Islam Exhibition... a harsh, arid land, or hot and humid like a wet oven during the monsoon, rich irrigated fields of the Punjab, crowded cities with old walls and towering mosques, bazaars smelling of spices, and people everywhere – the rich and very poor... plains, rivers, forests and mountain ranges in the north – a land of contrast and paradox, of rich beauty and unspeakable horror...*

*The challenge, particularly to living and witnessing as a Christian, fills me with anticipation – but it is the Lord who also gives confidence, as in his promise through Isaiah:*

*For you shall go out in joy and be led forth in peace; the mountains and the hills before you shall break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands... (Isaiah 55 v 12)*

I finished Rudyard Kipling's 'Kim', sitting above the tennis court at home in the sun and the wind. "Just is the wheel...", as the lama describes how he has found the River of the Arrow and has seen the Cause of All Things. After an early lunch, I bade farewell and embarked on a hot train journey through the fens in high summer. In Cambridge I checked my examination results at the Senate House and had my gamma-globulin injection at the surgery. I then arrived at Stuart and Sue's house in time for dinner, and settled down for a quiet, relaxed evening.

### **The Journey Out**

Saturday 19 June 1976 – Send off from the A's along the lines of Acts 13 v 1 to 4 ("So, being sent out by the Holy Spirit, they went..."). Farewell to Cambridge seen from the upper deck of a bus, enabling me to see over the walls into colleges in a different way. Train to Liverpool Street and a dull rainy journey to Gloucester Road Terminal and thence to Heathrow Terminal 3. Thick low cloud, so that airborne planes quickly disappeared, but the noise of the engines roaring and whistling was exhilarating enough. I arrived at 3.00 pm to find Syrian Arab flight RB406 (to Damascus and Karachi) was delayed, so I wandered around,

fascinated by the different airlines and destinations displayed, and hearing the various announcements (“Flight... to Tehran and Rawalpindi...”) – including a check-in for Concorde – until it was time for baggage check-in. Met Simon M (working with me for Z Engineers in Lahore) and Melanie L (doing medical work in Multan), both from Belfast, and an American missionary called Barbara. Miss Anne C (secretary from BMMF) saw us off, giving us mail and gamma-globulin in a thermos (to take to various missionaries).

Departure lounge – a notice read RB406 DELAYED, so we sat round a table with light refreshments and talked. Then who should appear but Brian M (Pembroke, Second Year Geography), who was off to Zambia to help with a Pentecostal mission! At last we saw a foreshortened Syrian Arab Jumbo Jet getting ready, and our flight, which should have been called at 18.25, was finally called at 21.00. It was a short flight over cloud at dusk, and then we landed (very abruptly) in Paris, where we waited another one-and-a-half hours. By midnight local time we were finally airborne and bound for Damascus, and we were served dinner.

Sunday 20 June 1976 – I woke at dawn, having managed to stretch out over three seats as the plane was nearly empty. We crossed barren mountain ranges and landed at ‘Damas’ [Damascus, Syria], where we had to change planes and supervise the transfer of our baggage. I remember looking across the light brown parched grass of the airfield at sunrise over to trees, fields and barren hills beyond, and thinking, “This is no longer England.” A two-hour flight across the barren deserts of Syria and Iraq, with not a trace of civilization, until we reached the Persian Gulf and landed at Dharan. Take off again, then some announcement in Arabic, ending with “*shukran*” [thank you], then Abu Dhabi, and another appalling landing! The richest country in the world in terms of income per capita, but as it seems to consist purely of sand and saltwater, sweltering in insufferable heat, I think I’d rather live in a country where there’s an economic crisis, but where there are also trees and grass and flowers and rain! We took off once again, making a short excursion over Iran to avoid a thunderstorm, which looked very spectacular from halfway up a tower of dense grey cloud. Then we crossed over part of the Indian Ocean until our final descent, crossing the coast of Pakistan – an arid landscape punctuated by houses, trees, farms, and water wells. We flew over the city of Karachi and circled round, then, after being told once again to “extinguish our cigarettes”, we finally landed at 18.25, about 6 hours behind schedule!

Our exit was at the back of the plane, and we climbed down the stairs and on to the tarmac. Moment of truth, and an answer to much prayer – and we set foot in Pakistan. It came as quite a shock to realize that the overwhelming heat and humidity that hit us as we disembarked was not simply the exhaust coming from the aircraft engines! There were armed guards everywhere: customs, immigration, cashing travellers’ cheques at Rs 17.20 to the £. Barbara recognized the B’s waiting for us at the gate. We travelled in a mini-van along Drigh Road towards the centre of Karachi to the B’s house, where all of us are staying (Barbara and Melanie had missed their connecting flight to Multan). Palm trees, ‘rickshaw’ scooter taxis, scores of motorcyclists, two to three men to a bike, all dressed in shalwar-kameez and none of them wearing crash helmets, Asian buildings reminiscent of Mombasa. Somehow, I had a feeling of ‘it’s great to be back in the East’!

Don B is the Managing Director of Z Engineers and runs the Head Office in Karachi. On arrival we were welcomed by his wife Rachel, and the children. We had dinner underneath a much-appreciated fan, and then some of us were taken to a Christian fellowship meeting in another residential part of Karachi, with the Director of Reckitt and Coleman in Pakistan, in an air-conditioned room. The needs of Pakistan were discussed, and ways in which the Christian community could help; however, the sound of the air-conditioning system was very much like the sound inside a jet plane, and occasionally the room swayed with turbulence, or banked to starboard... zzz...zzz... Back at the B’s, I slept very soundly with all the windows wide open and the ceiling fan whirling round at full speed!

## Karachi

Monday 21 June 1976 – I had a long lie-in till 10.30 am and spent a quiet morning playing Mah Jong with the children. I looked around the garden, which contained some coconut palms, and had mangoes for lunch. I chatted with Don about work with Z and projects in Lahore, Karachi, 'Pindi [Rawalpindi], and the Gulf States. David N, Manager of the Lahore office, will be arranging our actual site program.

Robert, the purchasing officer for Z, a very nice Pakistani who speaks good English took us (Simon and myself) by taxi to the station to enquire about train tickets to Lahore. Reckless traffic – no lanes, you just weave in and out, hooting furiously to avoid other taxis cars scooters motorized rickshaws bicycles pedestrians trucks donkeys and camel-carts! No luck with the tickets, as the station office was closed, but the railway station scene made quite an impression: full of people, some sitting or lying down, mostly dressed in white, an army of porters dressed in red (I thought at first they were some religious sect!) Game of Oh-Wah-Ree in the evening in the upstairs air-conditioned room.

Tuesday 22 June 1976 – We made another trip to Central Station with Robert to obtain two 'tikkuts' for the 'te-rain' to Lahore, air-conditioned class at half price student concession. The whole thing took two hours to fix, and could have been much longer if the office clerk had not been so helpful and keen not to disappoint us. We each had to pay Rs 180, i.e. £10 – which was not a bad price for an 800 mile journey. We had lunch in a freezing air-conditioned restaurant of *lahsi* [yogurt-based drink] and *samosas*.

I remembered the next few hours as a series of impressions: camels pulling carts, streets full of traffic, people begging on the pavement, the 'Mombasa-like' smell of rich exotic spices. We took a bus out to the harbour, and saw a *dhow* setting sail for the Arabian Sea. We took another bus to the famous tomb of Qaid-i-Azam Mahomed Ali Jinnah [1876 to 1948, Governor-General and Founder of Pakistan], a great white monument with a Moghul-style dome. As we mounted the steps up to the marble platform we had to take off our shoes. The mausoleum was exquisitely decorated inside, like a mosque. Through open arches on each of the four sides, the shrine commanded views of the surrounding cities and beyond. Our tour ended on top of a hill overlooking the Z Office and the B's house. The hill commanded views over most of the City of Karachi, and to the north-east what I imagined might be the beginning of the Sindh Desert.

Wednesday 23 June 1976 – We did some morning shopping in the nearby 'Nursery Bazaar'. I remember the streets rich in Asian life, again accompanied by a feeling of 'it's great to be back', or perhaps 'glad to be free', for a few weeks, from the rush and turmoil and impersonality and anonymity of western cities and supermarkets. Here was friendliness, simplicity and time, in the slow-moving heat. We looked around the Z Design Office and discussed various engineering designs for hospitals, water storage tanks, and multi-storey department stores.

Don drove us out 20 miles east of Karachi to a small town called Pipri, where an underground water storage reservoir and 100 ft high water tank were being constructed to supply a new township. The project was at a very interesting stage of construction; half of the reservoir was nearing completion, with the last pour of concrete for the side walls just about to take place – generally the site was a hive of activity. The lack of water had its 'pros and cons' – an advantage from an engineering point of view was that they were able to excavate to a depth of 13 ft without the least danger of the vertical unsupported earth walls collapsing; however the scarcity of water made mixing and curing the concrete a problem.

We stopped on the way back to see the famous Tombs of Chaukhandi (500 years old, pre-Moghul) – tombs of the nobility were exquisitely carved, so that all 2,000 were different. We also saw Frere Hall, in commemoration of Bartle Frere, the first Governor of Sindh [*this had special significance for me, as at Haileybury many of my best friends were in 'Bartle Frere' house!*] We then went for an evening swim at the British Embassy pool, after driving to the seaside promenade, from which we had a close look at the Arabian Sea. I remember

enjoying a relaxing swim in the cool of the evening, as dusk fell, and the crows wheeled in the clear sky above, and bats flitted across the water.

### **Letter to my parents dated 23 June 1976**

Well, safe and sound in Karachi, after a pretty uncomfortable flight, courtesy of Syrian Arab – *not* the most efficient of airlines! Delayed 3 hours at Heathrow, and after further delays at Paris (around midnight), Damascus (early morning) where we changed planes, Dharan and Abu Dhabi in the Persian Gulf – very hot, we reached Karachi 6 hours behind schedule. Travelled with Simon (from Belfast, Queen's) and working with Z Engineers, Melanie (also from Belfast) and Barbara (from America) going to an area hospital in Multan (in Punjab) – so, good company!

The B's met us at the airport, and Simon and I have been staying with them for the past few days. First thing I noticed, getting out of the plane, was the HEAT (even at 6.00 pm). The climate is very humid, but I'm beginning to get used to it. Yesterday we toured Karachi with the Purchasing Officer of Z, a very nice English-speaking Asian: streets full of people and traffic – buses, cars, bikes, motor-rickshaws, donkey and camel-carts! Asian buildings, bazaars, spices, beggars, palm-trees – in some ways similar to Mombasa, so that I had a feeling of it's being 'good to be back'. We saw the tomb of the founder of Pakistan – a huge monument set on a hill, looking a bit like a mosque.

The B's are very nice: they have four small children and a baby! Don B is Managing Director of Z Engineers, and he really founded the firm about 10 years ago. Today we looked around the Karachi office, where all the design work gets done, and Don took us out to a building site 20 miles East into the Sindh Desert – an underground water reservoir holding 1 million gallons, and a 100 feet high water tank (with pump) to provide water for a township connected with the new steel mill being built. Very interesting stage of construction (in reinforced concrete) – but they have problems with lack of water! We saw the famous and really beautiful Chaukhandi tombs, exquisitely carved in stone, about 800 to 900 years old! We swam in the British Embassy pool at dusk

I lost one or two things in transit – shampoo, soap etc. which fell out of the top of my rucksack (not good when turned upside down in a plane!) – but nothing of value. Tomorrow we travel to Lahore by train, by air-conditioned class at half price student concession (about £10 for 800 miles). We thought it was worth going by the best class, as others were booked up and it's more comfortable when we're not used to Pakistan's heat. The journey takes 22 hours!

My first job in Lahore is likely to be 'setting out' foundations for an extension to a TV building; but I hope to have a wide variety of Civil Engineering jobs, and I may spend some time on the State Bank building in Lahore, I think the largest that Z has built! I'll write again soon...

### **Train Journey from Karachi to Lahore**

The next morning (Thursday 24 June 1976) Simon and I left Karachi for Lahore by train. Shortly after pulling out of the main station, we passed Karachi Cantt [= Cantonment], near where the B's lived. Travelling by air-conditioned coach was just as well, as it was very hot, and Simon was not feeling too well. The train compartment was very luxurious – four bunks, tinted glass, plenty of room, which we had all to ourselves for the first part of the journey, across the Sindh Desert to Kotri and Hyderabad, where we crossed the fabled Indus River. Then for the next three hours we enjoyed the company of an insurance agent, who had been to England, and who sat cross-legged on the seat opposite as he expounded the doctrines of a certain Islamic Professor who advocated 'altruistic egotism'. At Rohri we were joined by a research scientist with WAPDA (Water and Power Development Authority), a middle-aged man who wore glasses and was going slightly bald. He was also a devout Muslim, and at 7:00 pm he spread his prayer mat on the seat beside me, donned his special Hajji hat and said his prayers, bowing frequently towards Mecca. It was a fascinating day's travel as we followed the Indus valley upstream into the Punjab, watching palm trees in the evening light reflected in the irrigation canals, with buffaloes wallowing in the water and bullock carts returning from the fields.



## First Days in Lahore

We spent a fitful night rattling through the Punjab. Simon told me later that our Muslim friend had got up for morning prayer at 04:30...

*For whoso will, from pride released,  
Contemning neither man nor beast,  
May hear the Soul of all the East  
About him at Lahore...*

Out of the train and into the morning heat. We were met by David N in a VW Combi and driven through the busy streets, full of horse-drawn *tongas* and motor rickshaws, to St Hilda's Diocesan Guest House, next door to the imposing Anglican Cathedral. But after a brief visit we spent a relaxing day at the N's house in the southern suburb of Gulberg, about 10 km south of the Lahore City Centre – David and Janet and four boys, three of whom were at home. We made brief visits to one or two engineering sites around the Gulberg office, swam in the N's pool, and watched a 'western' on television (which I was about to help put into colour!), before being taken back to St Hilda's for the night.

Saturday 26 June 1976 – St Hilda's is a 'Diocesan Missionary Guest House', preserved in perfect historical condition, red-brick with deep verandahs and high arches, in the unmistakable style of the British Raj. The guest house was run by Deaconess Soni Lal, a dear old soul with a 'heart of gold' whose favourite expression was "*Acha, acha...*" (very, very good), and who looked after us very well. As most missionaries were away on leave, either at home or up in the Hills (as it was summer), we were the only guests. Both floors had phenomenally high ceilings, and on the first floor a long, dark high hallway had rooms leading off it with names like 'Fortitude', 'Temperance', 'Prudence', and 'Sympathy'! Simon and I had a room and bathroom each, with a massive balcony looking out on to Victorian-style Anglican Cathedral. My room was called 'Patience'!

David collected us at around 7:30 am, taking Simon to the Design Office to work with an electrical engineer, and me to the Pakistan TV Transmitting Station, where an extension was being constructed. Working with Mr M (the Site Manager) my task was to 'set out' (with a theodolite and tape) the extension with survey pegs on the ground. I spent the morning feeling my way around the site, getting a general idea of the survey project, but not making much real headway.

In the evening Mr N, Z Administrator and Church Lay Reader, took us to St Andrew's Church, on 'Empress Road', to their Youth Group, where we met about 25 young Pakistani Christians, some of whom were going into full time Christian ministry, such as with Scripture Union. We sang several choruses accompanied by Simon's guitar and my recorder and listened to a challenging talk by an Evangelist on 'taking up the cross', based on the text from John 3 v 30: "He must increase but I must decrease". Also, that evening I saw my first brightly coloured Hoopoes, which were much smaller birds than I had imagined (having seen pictures of them in my bird book in Britain), but they were very beautiful as they strutted around the Public Gardens. We had dinner back at St Hilda's with Shirley B, the Bishop's Secretary, who was a CMS missionary from Tasmania.

Sunday 27 June 1976 – Janet took us to the 8:00 am Holy Communion service at St Andrew's, which was based on the 1662 Prayer Book. After the service we met Elaine, the BMMF member responsible for us. Back to the N's for morning coffee, where we chatted about Marriage and Mountaineering.

- *Marriage*, Pakistani-style, is arranged – the advantages: (i) every girl eventually gets married whatever her looks; (ii) from the start the wife is taught to love her husband, so that the divorce rate is very low; (iii) either party can object if the match is unsuitable. The disadvantages: Pakistan is a 'man's country' – women are seldom

seen on the streets; the freedom of young ladies (especially foreigners) is very restricted.

- *Mountaineering* – we discussed possibilities for some low-altitude trekking in the foothills of the Himalayas. We agreed that at any rate to see the mountains is a must!

Later in the morning we all went to meet Simon N (aged 11) at the airport, on his return from a swimming competition in Islamabad. We stopped off on the way for a short walk through Lawrence Park – the brightness and variety of flowers far excelling the botanical gardens at Cambridge. Hoopoes were once again decorative and plentiful, and we also saw some animals like sort-of chipmunks or squirrels bounding over the grass and scampering up the trees. We watched a more ‘English-than-the-English’ game of cricket in progress. Altogether Lahore, Capital of the Punjab, appeared green, lush, fertile and beautiful, in contrast to the more arid country around Karachi. We treated ourselves to mango ice-cream on the way to the airport, where we waited in overwhelming heat as several planes, Friendships and Boeings, landed and took off, until Simon’s plane came in. We had lunch back at St Hilda’s, then an afternoon sleep through the heat of the day underneath ceiling fans whirring round at maximum revs. When I woke up after an hour I thought it was morning and couldn’t understand why I’d gone to bed with my clothes on!

We took a motorized rickshaw to St Andrew’s for the Evening Service at 6:30 pm, feeling very unsafe as we rattled along. It was a moving service, as Johnson was commissioned before going into full-time Christian ministry with Scripture Union. Simon and I led the congregation in a couple of choruses: “Seek ye first the Kingdom of God” and “It only takes a spark”, Simon singing as he played the guitar and me playing the recorder. Rodney from Lyallpur preached an address particularly for Johnson, based on a text from 1 Timothy: “Take heed to thyself and to thy teaching”. David drove us back to St Hilda’s, as we were over an hour late for supper, so the Cook was not pleased!

Monday 28 June 1976 – I took a motorized rickshaw to the Pakistan TV site, where I waited for Mr M. He didn’t turn up, so I took a very congested minibus into Gulberg, arriving at the Z Office just after 9:00 am. Simon, who had set out around 7:00 am, had himself only just arrived, after a perilous bus journey, hanging on to the outside of the bus, which tipped over as it went around the corners! We had a meeting with the consultants to try and get plans for the Studio D foundations: there seemed to be some bureaucratic hold up. I worked on the Ground Floor Drawings, finding the geometry particularly difficult as several vital dimensions were missing. A new person joined the staff, so we had a celebration of *samosas* and Coca-Cola.

In the evening Simon and I walked to ‘Anarkali Bazaar’ and found ourselves immersed in a world of Asian spices, *burq’as*, horse-drawn *tongas*, motorized rickshaws, oriental fabrics, Asian music and magic flutes. We returned via ‘Zam-Zammah’, the fabled Kim’s Gun, pointing proudly down Mall Road, raised on a platform on an island in the middle of the road outside the Lahore Museum. The cannon was fine eighteenth century cast bronze, and hot to touch. Later that evening I wrote out the score for “The Light of Christ”, which we hoped to teach at St Andrew’s the following Sunday.

Over dinner we managed to get Deaconess Soni to talk about her experiences of Partition in 1947. She was in Murree at the time. Murree was the Premier Hill-Station of the newly created Nation of West Pakistan. It was mid-winter and the snow lay thick on the ground. She and her friends were returning after an afternoon’s walk to find the Hindu temples and wealthy shops, houses and stores (which had been closed up for the winter season) all ablaze – set on fire by Muslim fanatics. She said that in Lahore there was also much bloodshed. It must have been an awful time.

Tuesday 29 June 1976 – I decided to spend a couple of days in the Office preparing setting out drawings, and making calculations for the Pakistan TV Studio D. It was a luxury to work in an air-conditioned office! In the cool of the evening we took a rickshaw down to Lawrence

Gardens, where we walked for about an hour until sunset. Shirley came to dinner, and we then wandered over to 'Mahan-singh-bagh' (a sort of Mission Guest House) for coffee with Matthew. Matthew had left the UK about a year ago to 'cycle round the world', but ended up getting jaundice in Kabul and had spent the past seven months in Pakistan recovering and teaching Art. He became a Christian through the fellowship of St Andrew's, and was to fly back to England on Sunday. Elaine was also there. We chatted on the rooftop, which was pretty high and where it was a lot cooler, and watched the horse-drawn *tongas* with their carriage lights clip-clopping through the dark streets below.

Wednesday 30 June 1976 – There was feverish activity in the Office until 1:00 pm when the banks closed, as it was the end of the financial year, and Z was in the throes of a financial 'crisis'. We took a rickshaw into Gulberg, costing us just over 2 rupees each, which we reckoned was cheaper than an equivalent journey by bus in the UK. The advantages of motorized 'rickshaws' (small three-wheeled 'open air' cabs powered by a single-cylinder scooter engine) were that you could breathe in them, and they took you more or less where you wanted to go – but I wasn't sure they shouldn't be called 'risk-shaws', or 'wreck-shaws', or perhaps just 'ricketty-shaws'!

I finished the Studio D drawing but realized it might need to be altered as we still had not received the foundation plans from 'Progressive Consultants'. We had another meeting with the consultant representative, but he was as evasive as ever, saying that the drawings hadn't been started yet, but that they might be started tomorrow, and could possibly be ready on Saturday, and so on...

We had planned to rendezvous with Matthew at State Bank at 4.30 pm, so the N's could take us all on an evening trip to the River Ravi – but communications failed and, having managed to just miss Matthew at several places, we set off in the VW Combi Van without him [*this was long before the days of mobile phones and texting*].

We travelled south, out of Lahore, whose suburbs seemed to stretch for miles, and then east until the road, which had not been repaired since the flood of three years ago, generally petered out along the bank of the River Ravi. It was one of those rivers you never quite know where to find, as it would change its position dramatically from one month to the next. We watched the sun sink into a saffron haze, as the boys swam (and had a splendid mud fight) in the cool, brown, swift-flowing water, smooth and bright as it curved away to the west. It was a perfect setting, the very heart of Punjab – the scene made complete as farmers came home from the fields with their donkeys and bullocks. We looked for turtles in the lakes on the way back and found one at the water's edge. There were two scenes that were especially characteristic of the Indian subcontinent – a whole herd of buffaloes wallowing in the canal, with nothing but their heads showing above water; and as we returned to civilization, two white bullocks with brass harnesses, pulling a huge cart of oats packed together in loose bales.

We found Matthew waiting for us at the N's (he'd been very patient!), and we all went out to dinner at Saloos – the very best restaurant in Lahore, on the ground floor of WAPDA House on the Mall. It was a really good meal of almond soup, chicken à la Kiev and pistachio ice-cream.

## CHAPTER 2: July 1976

### TV Site

Thursday 1 July 1976 – The day was mainly spent at the TV site, beginning an estimation of the quantities of steel for reinforced concrete used in the building – the seven-storey East Wing Office Block. The project – put Pakistan TV in colour! I watched concrete columns on the first storey of the Rehearsal Block being poured, with construction taking place rapidly. I had my first proper Pakistani lunch of ‘curree’ (with much chilis) and chapatti (*roti*).

Friday 2 July 1976 – I dreamed that David decided we should leave for Rawalpindi in  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour, spending six weeks there! I found there was time during these early mornings to have really meaningful Quiet Times (QTs) studying the beginning of Romans – Paul’s classic argument for salvation by faith in the finished work of Christ, and not through our own efforts. Breakfast at St Hilda’s was at 06.15 to enable us to get to the office in time if we needed to, but when working at the TV site Mr M didn’t collect me till 07.45 – so there was a good amount of spare time in the morning. The day was mainly spent doing tedious calculations. I took some photographs of the *wallahs* pouring concrete columns. A certain Mr Zulfiqar S, seeking employment with Z, asked whether I was a Christian, to which I replied that I was. He then said he liked all Christians very much because a Christian girl had helped him when he was all alone in Libya. He described himself however as a *pukka* Muslim. He said he’d call in on the State Bank site the following week (where I was likely to be working), and we could arrange to go out somewhere and talk further.

There was another ‘opening’ when Simon and I were walking along Mall Road to Zam-Zammah in the evening. We were greeted by two ‘children of God’, Bani from Canada and Apollos from Germany. We invited them to dinner at St Hilda’s the following week. I sat on Zam-Zammah, on two towels as the brass was scorching hot, and had my photograph taken (as in the illustration on page 1 of Rudyard Kipling’s ‘Kim’). We then proceeded to the Lahore Museum (described on page 2 of ‘Kim’), only to find it had just closed. After dinner we chatted with the Cook at St Hilda’s. He had fought with the British in Burma in the Second World War. He showed us his medals, which included the Burma Star.

Saturday 3 July 1976 – Mr M turned up in the morning on a motorbike, so I had a hair-raising journey to the TV site on pillion, narrowly avoiding rickshaws and buffaloes!

In the afternoon we took a rickshaw to the Old (walled) City, entering by the ‘Mori Gate’. Here it was really THE EAST – a narrow street, winding upwards past open shops and houses, towering up into medieval wooden balconies and roofs, so that there was little sunshine and it was quite cool. Horse-drawn *tongas*, motorized rickshaws, bicycles, bullocks, and water-buffaloes mingled with people on foot, and filled every street, while the ground floor shop keepers, often old men, boiled *chai* or fried food or sold spices from sacks. Ill-clad children fetched water or sucked mangoes or followed and pestered us with questions. We were directed to the famous brass bazaar (‘Czera Bazar’), where I felt obliged to buy something at a shop whose owner treated us to Coca-Cola – we even forgot all about bargaining, even though I had my Urdu numerals handy! We then decided to take a horse-drawn *tonga* ride back to the ‘Gates of Moriah’ – a wonderfully leisurely and poetic way to travel, although with other *tongas* on the road, at times it was more like a chariot race!

Dinner at Mahan-singh-bagh with Shirley, Sheila (an elderly CMS missionary), Ros (an Australian missionary working at St Andrew’s Church) and Matthew, whose last night it was – to the accompaniment of a short, dramatic dust storm, about an hour of delicious rain, and a thunderstorm the like of which I have never seen, even in Africa. We had a really good view from Ros’ room on the top floor of Mahan-singh-bagh – lightning that never seemed to go out, forked streaks very characteristic of pre-monsoon weather (and a popular motif in Moghul art). We had a good conversation with Matthew, who was sad to leave and said he would find it hard back in London, after the Christian encouragement and fellowship he had enjoyed in Lahore.

Sunday 4 July 1976 – American Independence 200<sup>th</sup> Anniversary! We had previously booked an official tour of the Lahore ‘sights’ in an air-conditioned minibus, at a cost of Rs 25 each. We picked up 17 travellers, mainly from Australia and Europe, who had stopped at Lahore for one day, on their way by Greyhound coach from Kathmandu to London. We trekked around Lahore at great length, with a hopeless guide who spoke little English and seemed to know even less about the city’s history. The Badshahi Mosque, in which (having heard so many good reports) I was prepared to be disappointed, was beautiful beyond compare – graceful and majestic white marble domes contrasting vividly with the red sandstone. I was impressed by the sheer vastness of the court, and the height of the four corner minarets. Without any doubt it is here that 17<sup>th</sup> Century Moghul architecture (in Pakistan) reached its zenith. We then proceeded across the Ravi bridge to Jehangir’s Mausoleum, again spectacular and set in beautiful gardens full of pink flowering bushes and trees. The Shalimar gardens were also impressive, though apparently more so if we saw them with the fountains working, or illuminated at night. There was a sense of everything having slightly ‘faded’, though this might have been the effect of the time of day (1.00 pm) and year. In many cases it was the women (and some of the men too), more colourful than the flowers, who seemed to give the place its life. I found that being on a tourist party was a bit of a liability – tied down in time and space, and really quite ashamed of the immodest (by Pakistani standards) dress of the some of the bus party. I also felt this was something I just could not do – living with 25 other people for twelve weeks, just moving on from one place to the next.

At the evening service at St Andrew’s we taught the congregation “The Light of Christ”, which they enjoyed. The Pastor of St Oswald’s preached in Urdu, using an interpreter. Then we met Toby L from the same Greyhound bus party, who was travelling back from Hong Kong with Emma, a close friend of Dave C, and whom I had met once or twice at Cambridge! Unfortunately, she was unable to come to the evening service, as she was suffering from dehydration – but what a coincidence, and yet what a pity to have just missed meeting her! It emerged later on that had we put the Lord first that day, and gone to the morning service instead of the rather dubious ‘official tour’, we’d have all met, and then (as did Toby and Emma) gone with the N’s to the Lahore Fort, the Badshahi Mosque and the Shalimar Gardens. We would have seen them all in good company, with an excellent guide and at no cost. So I think we had a lesson to learn: to seek the Lord’s guidance and will in all things, to put Him first and obey Him – instead of making our own plans independently and going our own way. An illustration perhaps, in a negative way, of the verse: “Seek first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things shall be yours as well” (Matthew 6 v 33). The Lord’s way is best – why settle for second best?

### **State Bank Site**

Monday 5 July 1976 – The day was spent working on the State Bank site, on Mall Road, just opposite St Hilda’s, under Mr K (Site Manager), Mr R (Site Engineer) and Mr K (Assistant Engineer). I had to refresh my memory on how to use a theodolite and level, things I had not done since the survey course at Cambridge the previous summer. I got a bit frustrated as I was never quite sure what I was supposed to be doing, and my Pakistani colleagues seemed to be even less sure. My Urdu was almost non-existent, so that repeatedly I had to remind them: “*Hun tumhara baht nahin semahthe*” (I do not understand), while their English seemed limited to questions of a more general nature like: “Since how long you are staying in Pakistan?” or “Is how much work Pakistani in London?” The main problem was that the word order in English was usually imprecise, so that they often were unable to distinguish between a question and a statement, e.g. “Has Mr K gone away from site?” “OK, *Sahib*, very good!” I was also bombarded with more personal questions such as: “How many brothers have you? Sisters? What is your father?” So, eventually I began to see the funny side of it!

Tuesday 6 July 1976 – Another day working on State Bank site, a huge site with banking vault foundations complete, ground floor columns and double walls under construction,

foundations for the thirteen-storey high office block, resting on 30-ft deep piles, just beginning. One assignment involved placing bricks at a fixed level, as markers for excavation. I had to sight the leveling staff (which was placed on top of a brick), and 'instruct' the brick to be either built up or sunk deeper until the correct level was attained. So my command of the Urdu language was now stretched to include phrases such as: "*Doh tsu niche*" (2 x 1/8 inch downwards), or "*Che tsu uper*" (6 x 1/8 inch upwards), or "*Tike!*" ("OK!"), when the task was complete. Another sentence – uttered today perhaps more than any other – was: "*Aj bahut germi he!*" (Today is very hot!)

Bani and Apollos, from the Children of God, joined us for dinner. Afterwards, we talked about the Christian life. It emerged that they had both been drop-outs, having rejected the West for the East. Both testified ardently to being 'born again', that knowing Jesus had changed their lives, so that all they wanted to do now was to serve him, forsaking all else and committing themselves to full time 'Christian' work. It all sounded very commendable on the surface, but I for one was not at all convinced, having read some uncompromising articles about the Children of God movement, exposing various perversions of the Christian truth – e.g. they opt out of responsibility towards their families and despise human authority of every kind, except that of their leaders. The whole movement is heading rapidly towards the status of a cult, akin to Mormonism and Jehovah's Witnesses.

Wednesday 7 July 1976 – I witnessed a 400 cu ft concrete pour, for part of the wall of the State Bank vault. It was pretty exciting, with the whole site a hive of activity, labourers (concrete *wallahs*) hauling wheelbarrow loads of concrete up a ramp, to be tipped into the wall (enclosed by shuttering); concrete mixers and vibrators in full action. The afternoon was unbearably hot, as usual. I spent some time talking to Mr R, particularly about Pakistan as a nation – a new nation facing many problems it is true, but having made considerable progress since Partition in 1947. Mr R well remembered the days under British rule. Pakistan was now earning more per capita than 'Hindustan' (India), though ironically about 30% of its budget was being spent on Defence – against India! I asked what it was like when Bangladesh became independent. Mr R replied: "If I lost my right shoulder, how could I explain it to you?"

Evening Bible study at St Andrew's vicarage, led by Nathaniel's daughter on the Parable of the Sower. Dinner at Salloos – we had to have omelettes, Tuesday and Wednesday being 'meatless days' (designed to reduce Pakistan's meat consumption)!

Thursday 8 July 1976 – more leveling, checking etc. at State Bank. Another wall was poured in the afternoon. Learned about methods for mixing the concrete in the right proportions. We saw "Where Eagles Dare", an action thriller, at an air-conditioned cinema on the Mall, the most *pukka* cinema in Lahore. This was preceded by various adverts, including a really good one by the Pakistani Tourism Development Corporation (PTDC), with beautiful photographs of the countryside – deserts, mountains, historic cities etc.

Friday 9 July 1976 – I tried to mark out lines for the excavation of the Transit Ward, and had great difficulty explaining to Mr R: "What is the Urdu for string?" It was unbearably hot, and I could do very little in the afternoon. I was also feeling very tired as I'd not had much sleep last night, because the fans went off in the early morning (you wake up immediately the fans go off!). I visited the 'American Center' to see the 200<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of Independence Exhibition. Crossing the road to St Hilda's, after being dropped off by rickshaw, I had a very close shave as the lights changed when I was half-way across – a scooter (concealed by a bus) must have missed me by an inch! The traffic here is really dangerous...

Saturday 10 July 1976 – after work, I attended the Youth Fellowship at the N's house in Gulberg. Keith M was there, having just completed 3½ years in the Sindh and passing through, meeting family at Murree on their way to Srinagar (holiday on houseboats) and New Zealand for furlough. Swimming at the railway employees' pool – not very clean but cool! Highly spiced kebabs at Salloos in the late evening. So ended a 50-hour week in fierce sunshine. I only hope I don't have another week quite as tough!

Sunday 11 July 1976 – morning service leading “The Light of Christ” chorus. Keith M preached, telling us something of the exciting work going on among the Hindu tribesmen of the Sindh. With tribal and caste barriers broken down for the first time in history, in the fellowship that exists among those who have become Christians. I walked home as there was no transport available, then had a good read of Anna Karenin, and a good – and much needed – sleep.

6.30 pm service – again we led the choruses. Mr N’s address included a vivid illustration of the necessity of suffering as part of the Christian experience: in California there are two beaches, very close together. One of the beaches is exposed to the ocean, and battered continually with storms and huge waves. But the pebbles are smoothed and fashioned, and people from all over the world come to collect them and display them in showcases, for they are so beautiful. Not far away is another beach, which is sheltered from storms, wind and waves; it is almost always calm, and there is little to disturb its tranquility. And here the pebbles are rough and dull, and worth nothing.

We walked back until we found a *tonga* to take us home at a reasonable price. This is the life! Trundling through the warm evening streets, in a horse-drawn *tonga*, in the middle of ASIA – palm trees, and a full moon! Back at St Hilda’s, the BMMF HOP’ers had arrived, having flown out to Karachi last Sunday and then straight up to Rawalpindi and on to Murree to help with a Christian camp for medical students. They had traveled down from Murree all today, by train, third class. It was really great to welcome Dave C and Heather S (from Cambridge), and also David O, Elizabeth B, and Zena R (who is a Pakistani, born in Lahore, yet living in England). Charles J (from Oxford) was also set to join us, though for the time being he has stayed on at ‘Pindi.

Monday 12 July 1976 – The first day on site in which I didn’t really feel the heat – hopefully a sign of acclimatization. The day was spent checking the shuttering (formwork) for a wall in preparation for pouring concrete, checking positions of column centre-lines with theodolite, and supervising different kinds of work on site. I was amazed that after two hours of shopping on Mall Road, the others were incapable of doing anything else in the heat (but ‘as one man’, retired to bed!) I suppose we were like that on our first day in Karachi.

Tuesday 13 July 1976 – Morning at State Bank site checking centre-lines of column shuttering by theodolite, taking photographs and checking the shuttering for a wall, in preparation for a concrete pour – which eventually took place after some vigorous criticism by the State Bank clients (who have been refused 5% bribes), and so-called ‘work *mistris*’. I felt the heat much more, perhaps due to the increased humidity. At lunch time the welcome news came through (from Simon at the office) that we are definitely going North tomorrow – to Rawalpindi, Islamabad and Murree – which will be a welcome break from the heat, and a chance to see some more of the country.

We invited Mr Feroze M and Mr Peter, both Christians and Z workers on site, back to St Hilda’s, where we studied the Bible in Urdu and English, Peter acting as an interpreter. A particular passage in Hebrews 7, which, linked with the story in Genesis, shows that Abraham offered tithes to Melchizedek – and if you accept that Melchizedek is really Christ (which many Pakistanis do), this means that Abraham acknowledged that Christ was the Son of God (though I haven’t thought the argument through yet) – and so, as Muslims believe in ‘Ibrahim’ and lay great emphasis on what he believed and the things he did, this is a key passage from the Bible to show to Muslims. I tried to get to bed early, but it was not easy as there was much chatting with BMMF volunteers (Dave, Heather and Co).

### **Northern Trip**

Wednesday 14 July 1976 – We left St Hilda’s at 03:00 am – dark clouds and a bright full moon. David picked us up in the VW minibus (Combi), with Mr R (structural designer). We crossed the River Ravi and arrived at the toll gates of the bridge, stopped – and then everything went dead. We discovered that one of the battery terminals had broken, and that

David had forgotten to pack the tool box! He managed (at length) to borrow some tools and get a makeshift connection, and eventually we pulled away at first light. David gave us a potted history of Z as we rumbled along through Gujranwala and Gujrat. "Don B was born in Pakistan..." David and Janet went to Pakistan about 10 years ago to build the Christian school at Murree. During that time Don, who'd known David from apprenticeship days, discussed the possibility of setting up a Christian engineering firm. (About this time Don was building the United Christian Hospital at Lahore.) David returned to the UK and worked under Kenneth A (Stuart's father). After ten months he got a letter from Don saying that he wanted to start a firm, and that if he (David) came out to join him, he would resign from his present position. After thought and prayer, David sent a telegram to Don with the single word: "COMING"; Don replied: "RESIGNING"! After collecting funds from various Christian sponsors, David bought a minibus, two drawing boards, a theodolite and a level, and with his family set off for Pakistan, overland via Germany, Austria, Yugoslavia, Turkey, Iran and Afghanistan. He set up office in Lahore, and the work expanded from there. There was no time to discuss fully the development of 'Z', which means 'strength' or 'strong' and conveys the same meaning as 'Conforce' – an English engineering firm.

We stopped at Lalamusa to see a ceramics factory where Z have been building extensions. Wisely enough, at no point do the Z extensions actually touch the existing buildings, which are just plain unsafe – weak concrete, serious cracking, not enough reinforcement, and an insufficient number of columns to support the weight of the roof (the columns being overstressed in compression as a result). The factory makes a handsome profit on ceramics, but most of it goes into the hands of the owner, who was (conveniently) away, investing in property in London.

We crossed the mighty Chenab (the largest river in Punjab), and the Jhelum, where there was an old British garrison church with a stone tower and steeple (which seemed a bit incongruous). Our next stop was Mangla Dam, the largest dam in the world after Tarbela, and designed by British Consulting Engineers Binnie & Partners. Only two (out of eight) spillway gates were open. We saw the power generators and the electrical distribution system, and had a fine view from the fort at the top, over the River Jhelum and into the Punjab. Mountains (foothills of the Karakorum range) rose up on our right, the road became hillier the further North we traveled, until we reached Rawalpindi at 11 am – too late for breakfast. We were staying with Joe A, Z Director of the 'Pindi office. We drove across Rawalpindi to the TV office, where David planned to spend '20 minutes' negotiating for the work with TV at Lahore. In fact he spent about two and a half hours, while we stewed in the bus, in the heat, watching buffaloes being led out to graze, and chatting with the local people. We returned about 3:30 pm, famished – so we really appreciated our late lunch of curried chicken and *chapattis*! We discussed plans for the next two days – Don B was there, having flown up from Karachi.

It was decided that David should take Simon, Mr R and myself up to Murree in the late afternoon, so that we could see the hills and David could see his sister-in-law. We drove through Islamabad – the new capital of Pakistan, a beautifully planned city (like Brasilia), fully of exciting new buildings separated by patches of forest, and extending up into the Murree foothills. We climbed 5,000 feet in 30 miles – the scenery reminding me very much of the Taita Hills (Mwatate to Wundanyi), but in some ways more spectacular. We disappeared into swirling mists and cloud before reaching Murree *pukka*, the premier hill-station of Pakistan, a town of red-roofed English-style buildings clinging to the mountain side. We saw the Christian school which David built, a good, sturdy building which, after ten years, still looked new, and we tried to get a glimpse of the snowy peaks – but there was too much cloud! We drove as high as we could into Murree, then walked through the Mall where hundreds of Pakistanis were solemnly parading up and down in their best *pukka* clothes, 'taking the air' – a bit like Brighton Promenade! On we climbed, up through the cool forests and mists to 'Happy House', a BMMF retreat where David's sister-in-law lived. We had a wonderful time, with tea and pancakes, meeting other missionaries who had taken to the



hills for summer. We also saw Cathy, a HOP'er (from Scotland) I had met at the BMMF conference in April. We left at 10.00 pm, after a valuable time of 'fellowship on the mountain top'. It was a somewhat frightening drive down, in very thick mist, crawling along for fear of going over the edge. At last, about half way down, the mists cleared and we could see the lights of Islamabad spread out below. It struck me that it's really better to stay on the plains during the monsoon season – the hills are cold, wet and foggy – in fact, just like a typical British summer!

Thursday 15 July 1976 – Early start for Mardan, with David, Don and Colonel Joe A, in Col A's Mercedes. We crossed the River Indus at Attock, and followed the River Kabul (along the Peshawar Road), eventually crossing it at a bridge built on boats (i.e. a pontoon). We had some friendly arguments estimating the speed of flow of rivers – certainly fast, as there's been a fair amount of rain recently and the rivers are in a state of low flood. We inspected the hospital at Mardan – a Z project that has been sadly held up by financial problems. More 'arguments' – this time on the effectiveness of risk-husk / bitumen roofing for heat insulation and water proofing. There was no time, unfortunately, to go on to the Malakal Pass, 40 miles further on and the beginning of the fabled Swat valley.

We had lunch at a restaurant – Curry with thick *chapattis* (*naan* bread), made with yeast, typical of the North West Frontier Province. On the way back we turned off at Lawrencepur to Tarbela Dam, 30 miles away but clearly visible as a horizontal wall from this distance. Seen in beautiful weather (sunny but not hot), it was far more impressive than Mangla. We managed to reach the viewing point, which afforded magnificent views of the main dam crest (stretching five miles into the sun), and the two spillways, of which the main spillway had all its main gates open. We watched the spectacular 'Tarbela Falls', as the Indus River plunged down several hundred feet of concrete after leaving the spillway, creating a cloud of spray higher than the dam itself, and a 'boiling pot' of surging water downstream. With some apprehension, knowing that Tarbela Dam, unlike Mangla, is plagued with problems, we observed 'hundreds' of people on a platform beside the spillway, who seemed to be watching something... To the north, Tarbela Lake, a gorgeous blue, extended 70 to 80 miles up into the Himalayas. The scale of everything was deceptive; hills that looked as if they were 15 to 20 miles away were in fact 10,000 ft mountains – still only 'foothills' of the Himalaya – 70 miles away! An experience of excitement and awe – and a feeling, as we came down, of being incredibly lucky to have seen, in such beautiful clear weather, the largest dam and one of the greatest engineering projects in the world. We returned via Taxila (but there was no time to see the world famous ruins), and a magnificent sunset, as clouds gathered for a storm. We slept at 'Pindi while the rain lashed down, and David, Don and Colonel A discussed Z policy until the early hours.

Friday 16 July 1976 – We returned to Lahore – an unbroken journey, except for photograph stops to see buffaloes wallowing in the lakes – arriving just in time for lunch at St Hilda's. We then made our way over to Gulberg, as we are staying at the N's for the weekend. Played football with the boys (the smaller they are the faster they run!), until sunset, which I photographed from the roof. A fairly boring UKAP evening, with dinner in a Chinese restaurant – although, there was one interesting thing... Some engineers from Tarbela Dam were there, and said that yesterday a boulder from the 'hill' had got washed into the 'boiling pot' just downstream of the main spillway, and had produced its own eddy currents, in turn causing further erosion – i.e. in danger of washing the whole hillside away! So my faith in Tarbela has, once again, been undermined – it just isn't safe! Don arrived at the N's, having flown down from 'Pindi.

Saturday 17 July 1976 – Simon had a dream that disaster had struck: Tarbela Dam had collapsed! "Help –the place is getting flooded. Everything's getting washed away. Quick! Hold on to that 500 kV line!" Meanwhile, back at Tarbela, David is busy estimating the speed of water going down the spillway...

The new Z offices were officially opened. David made a speech. Don cut, with a pair of shears, the blue ribbon across the entrance. All staff were present. Tea and sticky cakes inside – as a celebration – preceded by two prayers: first, one by Mr N, for the Christians; and then Mr S led a Muslim prayer – complete silence with hands outstretched – and then Mr K interrupted, “Speak up!” After work, we traveled ‘by horse’ with Mr F (a Christian) to Elaine G’s house on Empress Road (near St Andrews), where Anne C, BMMF personnel secretary, was staying. The HOP’ers joined us and, over tea and sticky cakes and crystallized melon, we discussed travel plans, finances etc. After next week in Gujranwala, Heather, Zena and David O go on to Sialkot Hospital, while David C, Liz and Charles (still in Pindi) return to work in Lahore. Back at the N’s, we watched Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, the Prime Minister of Pakistan, on television, making a speech about the nationalization of rice mills and cotton industries and the ‘paddy-husking’ industry – even though the Government had promised not to nationalize any more industries! Long talk with David about family life, children etc.

Sunday 18 July 1976 – 8.00 service at St Andrews, early lunch and then we traveled along the Multan road about 50 miles to the village where the *chowkidar* (gate-keeper) Cushi lives. Those roads are dangerous! Most of the time you are looking at buses coming straight towards you, on the wrong side of the road, overtaking lorries or other buses! The village was typical of Punjab – no roads, flat topped roofs built of mud. Cushi’s house, better built than most, was typically ‘open plan’ in design – with a small courtyard with rooms leading off it. Scores of children followed us everywhere, teenage girls holding babies. All clothes were beautifully embroidered, hand fans made of matting were also embroidered. Cushi treated us to buffalo milk. We were also taken to see a two-day old buffalo calf. We came back following the course of a ‘link canal’ until we came to the Ravi barrage – the next stage downstream from the dams, where water is drawn off the main river to form a canal for irrigation. At the evening service, Zena gave her testimony of how she became a Christian from a Muslim background, and how the Lord helped her through many difficulties. David C preached about the Kingdom of God – a bit academic, but well received. Lively chorus singing and guitar playing. Praise the Lord for such an exciting week and a wonderful weekend!

Monday 19 July 1976 – Routine day at State Bank site.

Tuesday 20 July 1976 – Last day at State Bank – spent, once again, checking measurements and finding the client (‘State Bank Charlies’) a nuisance, always getting in the way – or was I getting in their way? I watched columns, at long last, being poured. In the afternoon, who should turn up but Mr Z from Gujrat, so I arranged we should have dinner together. After work Janet took us round the United Christian Hospital (UCH) at Gulberg, which has some fine buildings, built mainly by Don B. I went out to dinner with Mr Z at the Chezan Oriental, he had invited Mr A, the very ‘tame’ TV client who, as David describes him, is really marvelous for Z: “He says nothing, he does nothing, he knows nothing!” Mr Z said he was interested in Christianity, eager to visit England to study ‘Christian’ (i.e. Western) culture, but kept coming back to “When I come to England, I will marry Christian girl, no?” And in talking to Zena afterwards, it appeared that his intentions were not altogether honourable! He also talked much about Islam, but it was difficult to have a coherent discussion and to use logical arguments, as he (in common with many Asians) had a habit of jumping from one topic to another, without apparent rhyme or reason, and never pursuing a line of thought or argument right through. I later learned that his reason for wanting to marry an English girl was so that he could obtain a British passport and settle in the UK as an immigrant!

### **TV Site Again**

Wednesday 21 July 1976 – Back at the TV site – it was sure good to be back! But this happened... [News cutting] “An FSF constable, posted at the Lahore Television Station, shot himself dead...” He had been in a wooden sentry box on a raised platform immediately

underneath the transmitting antenna. I saw the bullet hole in the wooden box and the pit where it had struck the wall of the transmission room. The Urdu newspaper said he'd suffered from a disease for many years and was fed up with life. Whether as a result of this or not, Mr M asked, over lunch, whether I believed in God, whether I could prove the existence of God and so on. I don't think he's a convinced Muslim himself (having worked in the UK for 10 years), and he was really open to talk about the Christian faith and what it meant to be a believer in God.

I spent much of the day checking through new drawings for inconsistencies. I didn't have a watch as it was broken, and no one in Lahore could mend it – I was surprised how much quicker time passes when you haven't got a watch to look at every few minutes! Bible study at St Andrew's – a perfect example of 'How Not to Lead a Bible Study', as there was a doctor there of Jehovah's Witness persuasion, and the discussion very quickly got out of hand, so that instead of looking at the passage in Mark, we found ourselves turning to Genesis 1, Revelation 22 and several more Bible places in between! Last evening together with Zena, Liz and Heather.

Thursday 22 July 1976 – The girls left for Gujranwala early. We had a staff meeting at the TV site with David – our target is to complete marking out the Studio D building by August 1<sup>st</sup>. I saw a recording session in the main TV building. A very attractive young Pakistani girl was singing, with typical 'village scenery' around her. I thought, wouldn't it be nice to see it in colour! But that's what we're here to do – put Pakistan TV in colour, in time for President Bhutto's announcement on December 1<sup>st</sup> – that colour televisions are now available. In the evening I went to Anarkali Bazaar to collect our *shalwar-kameez* (Pakistani dress) – and arrived, Pakistani-style (i.e. late) at Ros' (Mahan-Singh-Bagh) for supper. They really are strange garments, with trousers wider than they are high!

Friday 23 July 1976 – Drawings in the Gulberg office. I nearly had an accident, in a rickshaw on the way back – a car stopped just in time to avoid a head-on collision. Still, if the rickshaw driver insists on pulling out of a petrol station without looking for oncoming traffic, and then driving on the wrong side of the road, what can you expect? I was a half holiday, so I slept through the afternoon. Then I walked in the Lawrence Gardens in the cool of the evening, quiet, alone... *[I remember clearly this was a wonderful time of prayer, centred around Acts 26 v 18: "to whom I send you, to open their eyes, that they may turn from darkness to light and from the power of Satan to God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins and a place among those who are sanctified by faith in me."]*

Saturday 24 July 1976 – Working in the office. I was surprised to see David there, as the N's were due to go north to Kaghan Valley for a holiday – but there's been some financial crisis, so the holiday had to be postponed. We saw some consultants, who eventually gave us the information we needed for setting out the Studio D building. I began to feel a bit tired and sick, so I returned to St Hilda's and just about slept round the clock until the next morning! It's funny how you can soldier on for about 4 or 5 weeks in extreme heat, working outside through the middle of the day, and be thoroughly active and not feel tired – and then suddenly, WHAM! – and you're clapped out.

Sunday 25 July 1976 – I felt OK – just a bit under the weather – so I went along to Sunday School as planned. Simon and I taught the children some more choruses. I then told the story of the three crosses, black on one side, white on the other. I came back again feeling unwell, but was unable to sleep because of a fever. Roz, Liz, Dave and Charles (J, lately arrived from 'Pindi) came round, after the evening service at St Andrew's, to see if I was OK – they also brought a telegram from home to say that none of my letters had arrived – CENSORSHIP! I wish someone had told me, 'cos I never had this trouble in Kenya...

Monday 26 July 1976 – I slept fantastically, over 8 hours without waking up once! Still feeling very much under the weather. I wrote some letters and sent off a telegram to reassure all was well.

## Letter to my parents by 26 July 1976

Just got your telegram last night (25<sup>th</sup>) to say that no letters received since Karachi. I have sent a telegram saying "ALL WELL HAVE WRITTEN LETTERS DELAYED HAPPY BIRTHDAY". I think I know the reason, but I'll have to explain when I come home.

Letter No 2, which you evidently have not received, I sent on June 30<sup>th</sup> (I think) – it was a long letter (in an envelope) describing the fascinating journey from Karachi to Lahore – and some of the people we met on the train! First impressions of Lahore, the N's house, our own accommodation (in a rather spooky old Victorian guest house next to the Cathedral – quite a laugh, really!) – and the engineering work, my major task being to 'set out' (for digging foundations accurately) a new studio for Pakistan TV (i.e. put TV in colour) – an abstruse shape, with no right angles and not many straight lines!

I hope you received Letter No 3, sent last Thursday, on July 22<sup>nd</sup> – after rather a long gap, but we were very busy (and the heat doesn't leave you with much energy at the end of the day). It was again a long letter, mainly about our trip North with David to Rawalpindi and Murree, and then (with Don B from Karachi) to Mardan in the North-West Frontier Province to see a Z hospital, and on to Tarbela Dam. The letter also outlined plans for travelling after leaving Z, probably on August 15<sup>th</sup> – Murree (hill station) for a few days and Taxila (ancient ruins), and then to Delhi by train, along the newly-opened line through Amritsar, and on to Kathmandu. Simon is coming with me.

Also, Janet N is arranging a small party for my 21<sup>st</sup> birthday on Saturday August 7<sup>th</sup> – a barbecue on the rooftop of their house – the others with BMMF (Dave C, Heather) all hope to be in Lahore that weekend. Actually I've not been too well, having spent this weekend mainly in bed with a fever. I'm spending a quiet day (Monday) and should be OK tomorrow – probably heat exhaustion as much as anything else, particularly after two weeks on the State Bank site, being out in the open.

We've both bought *shalwar-kameez* (Pakistani 'pyjama-style' dress), which is very comfortable in the hot weather. Letter No 3 also contained cotton for a signet ring (is it the fourth or the fifth finger) – so here they are again... I'm reverting to aerogrammes as they're safer. Please don't send any parcels or packages for my 21<sup>st</sup>. Best if they're left at home...

Tuesday 27 July 1976 – I had a nightmare about a nuclear holocaust in Lahore! I was not feeling well, but couldn't decide whether to stay in bed or not – as I had intended to go to work, and I wanted to see the N's before they left for Kaghan. So I decided to try working, and was picked up by Mr M and taken to the TV site where, he assured me, there would be transport to the office. We duly left at 10, picked up a pump at Shalimar Stores, took it back to site, went on to Gulberg, called in at the consultants "to pick up a few drawings" and were there for an hour – so that we did not arrive at the office till 11.30 am. Meanwhile I'd been feeling worse than ever – utterly exhausted and a peculiar tummy – and worried that it hadn't cleared up after 3 days treatment with paracetamol and entero-vioform. I saw Janet and explained the situation. She looked at her watch and simply said "The surgery closes in quarter of an hour." She then rushed me off to see a Dr Iqbal. He turned out to be about the most efficient and competent (and therefore reassuring) doctor you could imagine, and in a few minutes diagnosed amoebiasis (amoebic dysentery) and wrote out the appropriate prescription. I returned by Land Rover, after collecting some wooden formwork from the store and dropping it off at the TV site (which took ages), and after picking up the medicine eventually reached St Hilda's at 3 pm – physically shattered, but very relieved to know that soon I would be on the road to recovery. Somehow, I couldn't help feeling that the Lord had played His part in the day's events.

Wednesday 28 July 1976 – I felt very much better, but decided to give myself another day for rest and recovery before resuming work – as I didn't want to embarrass Mr M by collapsing again! In the evening, Simon and I joined in with the BMMF team (Dave, Charles, Liz) and Mr I (PFES worker) in leading some Bible study and fellowship meetings. By rickshaw to FC College – just about the most dangerous rickshaw journey yet! The driver was more interested in arguing with the other drivers he narrowly missed than in keeping his eyes on the road! After Charles had led a Bible study on 2 Timothy, we went on to a

Christian home on Canal Road – a refreshing ride on the back of Mr I's motorbike. A good family atmosphere (which you notice, if your life's spent almost entirely in student circles), some singing in both English and Urdu, and a lively discussion on 'faith and works' based on the Epistle of James. Tea and exotic Asian delicacies to finish. Nothing exceptional – but enhanced for me by the fact that I really felt well again!

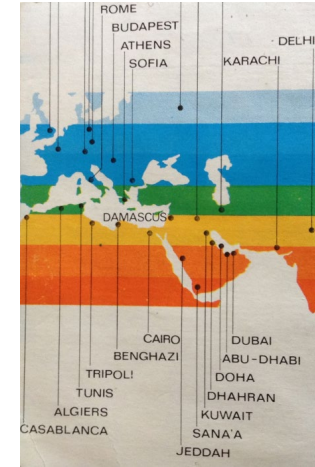
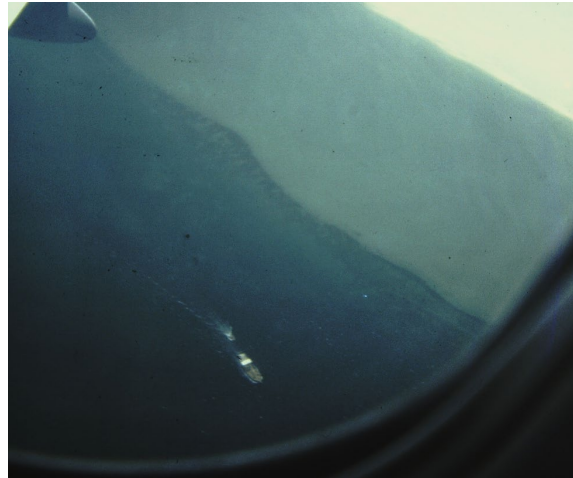
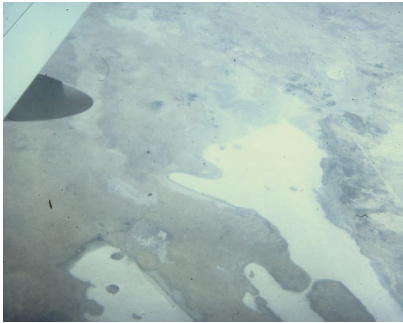
### Monsoon Rains

Thursday 29 July 1976 – A full day making preparations for setting out Studio D. Drawings completed, I had to 'beg, borrow or steal' the theodolite from the State Bank site. No sooner had I arrived than the heavens opened and there was torrential rain – they were in the middle of pouring a wall and everything had to be covered up with polythene immediately! Lunch with Mr M's in-laws. It was a Muslim home, and I noticed one of the rooms full of children with books and an old man with a beard – I was told it was their daily study of the Qur'an. Curry and *chapattis*, followed by *halwa suji* – a Pakistani dessert topped with edible silver paper. Simon and I decided to go to the Badshahi Mosque in the evening. We had some difficulty finding transport – and eventually found an old *tonga-wallah*, whose horse had to be whipped every time he wanted it to move, and which I reckoned was just about to drop dead! We arrived just as the sun fell behind a bank of rising cloud, so that our first impression was of huge domes and towering minarets set vividly against a cold white sky. We climbed the minaret, affording views over the Old City, the River Ravi in the west, and – if it had been clearer – India in the east. We were able to pick out landmarks such as WAPDA House, the Cathedral, TV Station, Wazir Khan Mosque and even Jehangir's Tomb across the river. I was amazed at the sheer size of Lahore – I don't think we could see anything of Gulberg and beyond. We returned by horse-drawn *tonga*, after the sun had appeared for an instant below the monsoon cloud, and as the whole western sky blazed. A memorable journey home as, facing backwards from the *tonga*, through the crowded streets, pedestrians, cyclists, rickshaws, people, children, crippled beggars – it seemed all the life of Pakistan surged around us – and the Asian houses with balconies and flat roofs, buffaloes, pylons and palm trees, stood as sharp silhouettes against the blazing red sky.

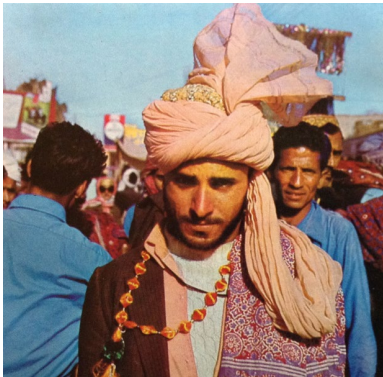
Friday 30 July 1976 – I made a start on setting out Studio D – but inevitable delays were caused by rain, and the slowness of TV in clearing the site. At the moment it's just one big rubbish dump! I went round to Mahan-singh-bagh [guest house] after dinner to play Mah Jongg – not a very inspiring set of games, and after an hour or two of perfecting our 'punggs' and our 'konggs' we were completely flaked out. We had a rather 'romantic' guitar-and-flute play on the balcony of St Hilda's, as the sun began to set and the mosquitoes began to bite!

Saturday 31 July 1976 – I am sitting on the verandah at St Hilda's watching the rain thunder down, waterfalls pouring from the roof, and the lake that was the front lawn getting steadily deeper. It has been raining virtually non-stop for 12 hours, and I reckon about 6 inches would have fallen during that time! Many of the roads have flooded, electricity has failed, and work outside (with tape and theodolite) was attempted but found to be impossible. I spent the time writing letters and playing guitar-and-recorder duets with Simon. After dinner we did the craziest thing imaginable. With the rain still bucketing down, we decided to (quite literally) wade over to Mahan-singh-bagh – to check on tomorrow's meetings, Sunday School etc., and also because the electricity was off and there was simply nothing else to do. Our only serious obstacle was the corner of Mission Road with McLeod Road, where we had to wade through about a foot of water – not the cleanest sort! We arrived, and found that though the street lights were on there was no electricity at Mahan-singh-bagh either. After tea and a chat we waded back as the rain came down harder than ever, so that we were soaked to the skin and it was impossible to get any wetter – when Simon let slip a most delicious remark (very Irish!): "You don't *have* to be mad to live in a country like this, but it helps!" So we got into St Hilda's, very wet and cold, and slightly annoyed at having to climb over the gate – and then thought of the thousands living in mud houses, with the walls caving in, and families flooded out, and having to weather the night in the open...

### Arrival in Karachi, June 1976

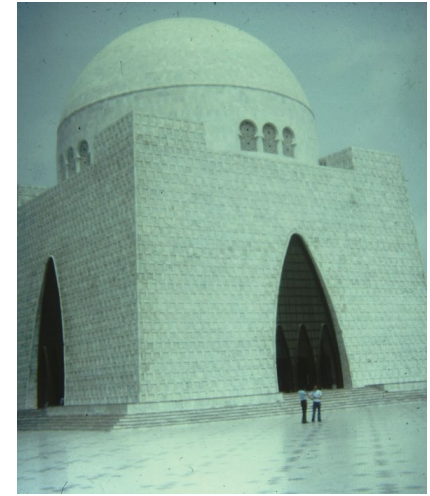


Above: Flying across the Middle East; Below: Scenes from Karachi...



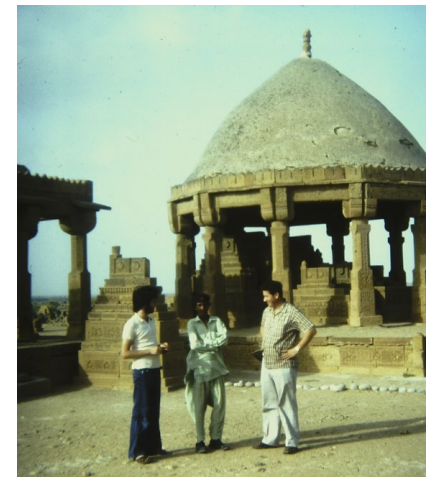


Karachi and Pipri, June 1976



*Above: Scenes from Karachi; Below: Pipri construction site*

*Above: Qaid-i-Azam Jinnah Mausoleum; Below: Chaukhandi tombs*



Lahore, June and July 1976



Above: Mosque on Mall Road, WAPDA House

Below: Zam-Zammah (Kim's Gun)



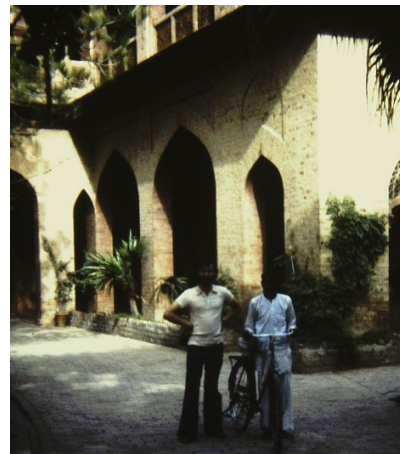


Lahore, June and July 1976



*Above and Below: Badshahi Mosque*

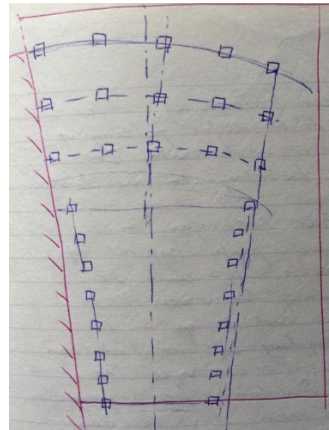
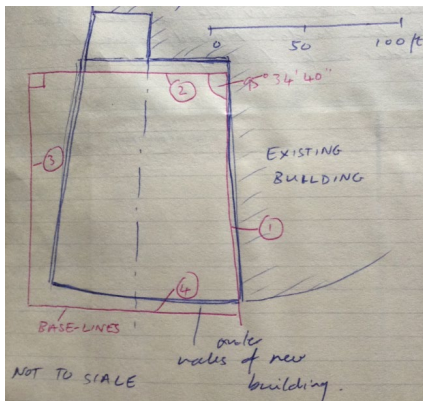
*Above right: St Andrew's Church; Below: St Hilda's Guest House*



TV Site, July 1976



Survey and setting out work on Studio D, Pakistan TV site...

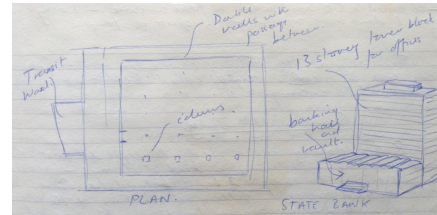




Opening of Z Engineers Lahore Office, 17 July 1976



### State Bank Site, July 1976

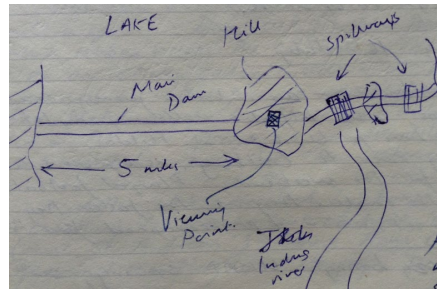


Survey and setting out on State Bank site...





## Northern Trip, July 1976



*Above: Attock Bridge; Below: on the way to Murree*

*Tarbela Dam and Spillway...*

