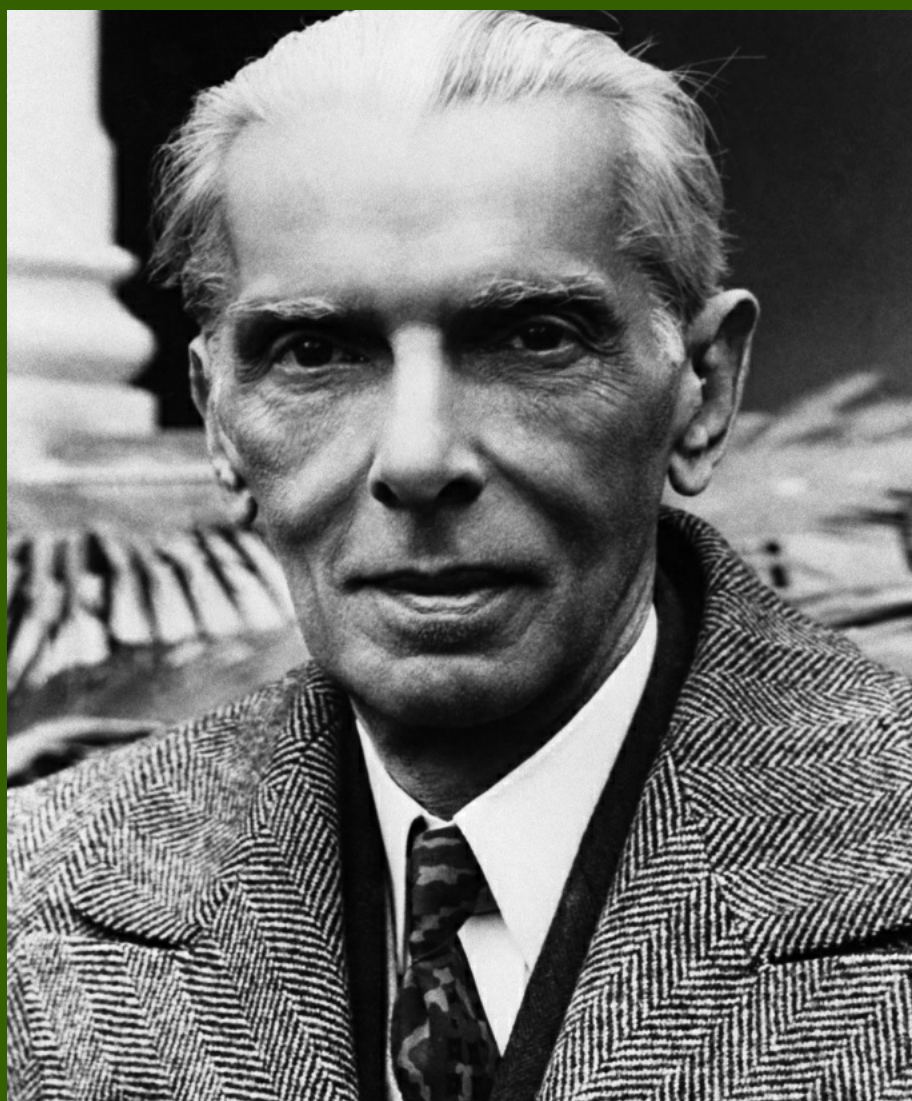


With The Quaid-i-Azam During His Last Days

Ilahi Bakhsh, Lt. Col. I. M. S., (1949)



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WITH THE QUAID-I-AZAM DURING HIS LAST DAYS.

by

ILAHİ BAKHSH, Lt. Col. I. M. S., (1949)

M. D. (Lond.), M. R. C. P. (Lond.), Principal, E. Medical College, Lahore.
LAHORE

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FOREWORD

This booklet contains an account of reminiscences of Col. Ilahi Bakhsh, who treated the Quaid-i-Azam during his last days. He has depicted this account of his conversations with the Quaid-i-Azam, together with his diagnosis and treatment.

Col. Ilahi Bakhsh was sent for during the second half of July, 1948, when the Quaid-i-Azam's health suddenly took a turn for the worse. Ever since he came to Ziarat, Col. Mahi Bakhsh toiled ceaselessly, and left nothing to be desired in his treatment of the Quaid-i-Azam.

The recovery, that manifested itself during the initial stages of his treatment did not endure for long. But as far as the medical experts were concerned, they rendered sincere and yeomen services and did everything to arrest the disease, but God willed otherwise.

I, should like to avail myself of this opportunity to express my gratefulness for the spontaneous, ungrudging and untiring services they rendered out of love and affection for the Quaid-i-Azam. My thanks are due to Col. Ilahi Bakhsh and his colleagues, Dr. Riaz Ali Shah, Dr. Alam and Dr. Ghulam Muhammad.

This brief account of the last few days of a physician's contact with the Quaid-i-Azam's indomitable spirit would allay the deep anxiety of a perplexed people, who keenly desire to be acquainted with the Quaid-i-Azam's ailments and the cause of his death. It will also set at rest several baseless rumors as to his illness and the time and place of his death.

The Quaid-i-Azam fought all his battles single-handed, with courage, fortitude and determination. Often his firm adherence to what he considered to be right and his tenacity of purpose were misunderstood by lesser people as obstinacy. He never wanted to share his sorrow with others. He suffered patiently and alone, until at last, alas, it was too late. And even then, he would, have preferred to fight all alone, if he could. As

Col. Ilahi Bakhsh has stated in these pages, the Quaid-i-Azam was anxious that this nature of his ailment should not be divulged even to me. Even after his ghastly ailment was known to him, he remained perfectly calm and unperturbed. He knew full well, how people loved him and wanted to spare them a deep agony as far as he could. When he died, at his bedside, there was nobody except his doctors and myself!

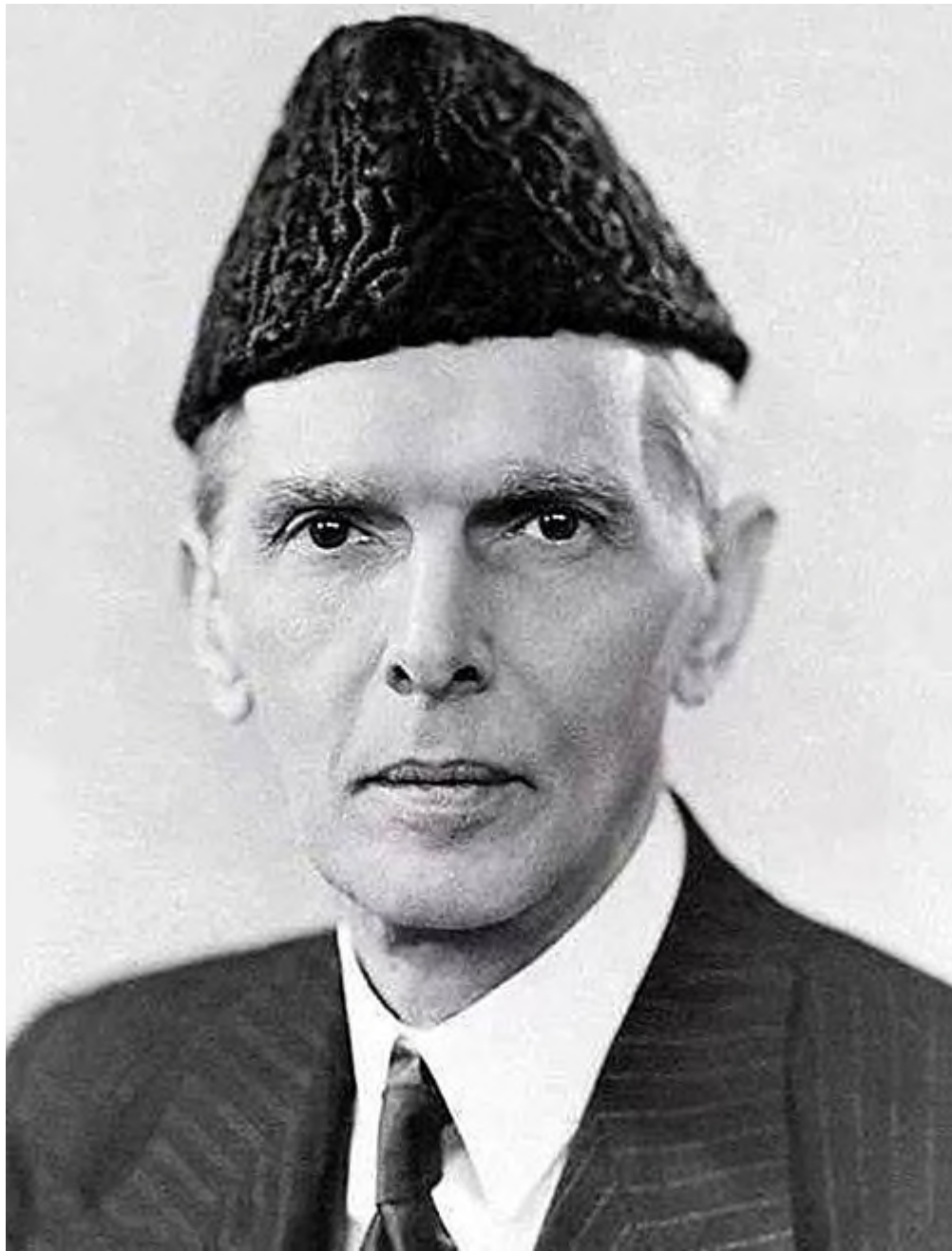
For several years before his death there was a constant tug of war between his physicians and the Quaid-i-Azam. His physicians warned him to take long intervals of rest and short hours of hard work, but he did exactly the opposite, knowing full well the risk he was running, but cheerfully pursuing the task he had set himself, the attainment of Pakistan during his lifetime. After the establishment of Pakistan and the events that followed, he worked harder still.

Often his doctors complained to me that he ignored their advice. Nor could I persuade him to pay enough attention to his failing health. His frail body could bear the burden no longer. His unconquerable spirit helped him to ignore the dark forebodings, writ large in his failing health. While he rushed triumphantly with his state programme, and nurtured the roots of permanency to the fabric of Pakistan, his catastrophic malady took deeper roots, and at last over-powered him, to the total disregard of the tears and torments, not only of his forlorn and lone sister, but millions, who would have preferred with her, to tear their heart away, if that alone could spare him for his people and his nation.

The Quaid-i-Azam is no more. He lived so that Pakistan may come into being. He died so that Pakistan may live. Pakistan Zindabad.

Fatima Jinnah
14th August 1949

FATIMA JINNAH
14th August 1949



The Quaid-i-Azam

CHAPTER ONE.

AT ZIARAT.

I was sitting out on my lawn studying after dinner on Wednesday, the 21st of July, 1948, when the telephone bell rang. My servant who attended to the telephone came out and, announced a trunk call from Karachi. Wondering who could be calling me up from Karachi, I listened and found it to be Mr. Muhammad Ali, the Secretary General to the Government of Pakistan.

He began by enquiring casual if I had made any plans for the holidays. When I told him I had arranged to spend them at Quetta and expected to leave on the 9th or 10th of August, he sprang a surprise by asking me to leave immediately by Air in order to make myself available for consultation by the Quaid-i-Azam. I was to keep my visit confidential and get in touch with the G.O.C. at Quetta who would provide the transport for me to Ziarat, where the Quaid-i-Azam was staying. As Mr. Muhammad Ali had given no details, I anxiously wondered how ill is the Quaid-i-Azam. Next morning I went to the Orient Airways office and booked a seat for Friday, there being no Air service on Thursdays.

Leaving Lahore on Friday morning I arrived at Quetta at 2.30 P.M. and was met at the Aerodrome by the G.O.C., Major-General Muhammad Akbar Khan and Colonel K. Jilani. The Governor-General's car was waiting for me. Snatching a hurried lunch at the G.O.C's house, I immediately proceeded to Ziarat. In Quetta the Quaid-i-Azam was believed to be seriously ill but nobody knew what he was suffering from. All I could gather was that he abhorred injections and patent medicines and preferred to be addressed as "Sir" and not as "Your Excellency." The journey from Quetta to Ziarat at was quite pleasant. Only a small portion of the road is tarred but its surface is not bad for motoring. The rugged scenery reminded me of the Waziristan hills in the neighborhood of Wana, where I had spent the earlier part of my service with the Army. We arrived soon

after 6 o'clock. I told the driver to take me to the G.O.C's bungalow, where the Assistant Private Secretary to the Quaid-i-Azam, Mr. Farrukh Amin, was staying. We drove through the main road of Ziarat and then turned right, taking the road to the Residency which was about a 100 yards from the G.O.C's bungalow. From its name I had imagined Ziarat to be an attractive place, but it turned out to be rather disappointing.

At the G.O.C's bungalow I found that Mr. Amin had gone to the Commissioner's house a few yards down the road, where. I was glad to meet him and also the Commissioner, Mr. A. R. Khan, and his wife to whom he introduced me, was offered tea which enjoyed after my journey. Mr. Amin told me that the Quaid Azam had been very ill for the last few days and the I had been expected to arrive earlier by specially chartered plane. He then rang up Miss Jinnah to inform her of my arrival and was asked to let me know that the Quaid-i-Azam had decided to see me the next morning at 8 o'clock. This rather leisurely manner of seeking medical advice, caused me some surprise, which wore off later when I discovered the Quaid-i-Azam's lifelong reluctance to undergo a regular medical treatment.

The Dak Bungalow, where, arrangements had been made for me to stay, was, a few hundred yards from the Residency, overlooking the noisy main bazaar of Ziarat. It looked deserted but the rooms were clean and the furniture adequate. I installed myself quickly, and to while away the time tried to look through some medical books after dinner but the light of the kerosene lamp was too dim, and my mind was full of anxious thoughts. Not knowing anything about the nature of the Quaid-i-Azam's illness, wondered how it would be possible to investigate him without modern laboratory aids. I thought that if I had been given some idea of the disease. I could have got the necessary equipment and doctors from Lahore. There was also the problem of obtaining the latest medicines. Thinking it over I realized that it was futile to worry about a situation which could not be remedied. I drew strength and peace from the evening prayer, soon went to bed, and slept soundly.

Next morning after breakfast I walked up to the Residency and the exhilarating, morning air of Ziarat made me feel more optimist The

Residency, the official summer residence of the A.G.G. in Baluchistan is a stone-and-wood double storey building standing on a hill, with a spacious lawn and hard courts in front, and fruit trees and masses of flowers all round as it looked like a veritable oasis in the barren surroundings of Ziarat, but I was hardly in a mood to appreciate its beauty. What I admired with pride was the Governor-General's dark blue flag. As I reached the front verandah of the house an A.D.C. greeted me and took me at once to miss Jinnah. I had expected her only to give me an account of the Quaid-i-Azam's illness and to specify the time, when he would prepared to see me. But to my surprise she at once took me upstairs to his bedroom. I was naturally somewhat nervous at the prospect of meeting the great man, of whom I had only had a glimpse from a distance in the Bagh-i-Jinnah when the West Punjab Government had given a tea party in his honor in the autumn of 1947. As I entered the bedroom I, found the Quaid-i-Azam lying in bed facing the door. He greeted me cheerfully and shook hands with a smile. He looked shockingly thin and weak had an ashen grey complexion. He had never had a robust constitution, and even at the tea party in the Bagh-i-Jinnah Jinnah, had looked very frail and anemic but his appearance that morning frightened me. He must have guessed what was in my mind, for he diverted my attention by motioning me to a chair and enquiring if I had a pleasant journey. I sat down and asked for a detailed account of his present and previous illnesses.

Realizing its documentary value I maintained a day to day record of what the Quaid-i-Azam said to me, from the moment he graciously greeted me to the last faint words he uttered, and I am now able to draw upon it. "The is nothing much wrong with me," he told me, "except that I have got, stomach trouble and exhaustion due to over-work and worry. For forty years I have worked for 14 hours a day, never knowing what disease was. However, for the last few years I have been having annual attacks of fever and cough. My doctors in Bombay regarded these as attacks of bronchitis, with the usual treatment and rest in bead I generally recovered within a week or so. For the last year or two, however, they have increased both in frequency and severity and are much more exhausting." While I was listening to him I found him losing breath after each sentence and sometimes pausing in the middle. His mouth was dry and he moistened his lips many times while talking. The voice lacked tone and was at times

been most inaudible. He had a couple of fits of coughing within a short period which left him exhausted. I did not wish to tire him but it was essential to take his history in detail before examining him physically. It was fortunate that the Quaid-i-Azam, as was his habit, never went into unnecessary details and answered my questions briefly and precisely. After a short pause during which he closed his eyes and looked more lead than alive, he continued, "About three weeks ago I caught a chill and developed fever and a cough for which the Civil Surgeon of Quetta prescribed penicillin. I have been taking these since; my cold is better, the fever is less, but I feel very weak. I don't think there is anything organically wrong with me. The phlegm which I bring up is probably coming from my stomach and if my stomach can be put right I will recover soon. Many years ago I had a rather bad stomach trouble for which I consulted two or three London specialists, but they failed to diagnose my illness, and one of them even advised operation. Not being satisfied, I didn't submit to the operation and on the advice of another London doctor went to Germany and consulted a famous doctor. He told me, that I had no organic trouble and only needed rest and a regulation of diet. I stayed in his clinic for a few weeks and recovered completely. In 1934 I was diagnosed by the Bombay doctors to be suffering from heart disease, but a heart specialist in Germany assured me that my heart was perfectly normal. After listening to the history I proceeded to examine him as observed with distress that he was much thinner than he appeared, with clothes on and could not make out how he had managed to survive and work in such an advanced stage of emaciation. But as I had seen equally severe cases among the prisoners of war at Singapore, many of whom had recovered with improved nutrition after their release, I hoped that if he had no organic disease adequate and nourishing diet with complete rest might benefit him also. The physical examination, however, dimmed my hopes, although I did not reveal my fears to the patient. At the end of the examination I expressed a desire, to have him investigated further before I could give my final diagnosis, but hinted that the root cause of the trouble appeared to me to be lung disease and not his stomach. The Quaid-i-Azam still believed, however, that his primary trouble was the stomach, and urged to pay more attention to it. I assured him that the treatment of his stomach would not be neglected, and that could not treat his lung disease without paving his general nutrition, and that required correction of any digestive

abnormality. He appeared to be satisfied with my explanation. When I came downstairs I found Miss Jinnai waiting for me in the verandah anxious, to know the result of my examination. I acquainted her with my findings but expressed my inability to give a final opinion without further investigation. I, however, told her that it was disquieting to find him so anemic and emaciated and with a low blood-pressure. Miss Jinnah then informed me that he was much better than head been three days ago, when his condition had alarmed her so much that she had sent for me without obtaining his permission, for fear he might refuse. Then, at the suggestion of Mrs. A. R. Khan, she had started giving him frequent small feeds of fruit juice and jug soup. It was after this that he had begun to improve slowly. I told Miss Jinnah that soup last practically, no food value, and that they should be replaced by a nourishing, easily digestible and low residue diet. I then sat down to prepare a daily programme of diet and rest. For breakfast, I allowed him porridge, half-boiled or scrambled or poached eggs, thin slices of white bread with butter followed by coffee with plenty of milk; fruit juice at 11 o'clock; minced chicken or steamed or boiled fish with white sauce, mashed potatoes and green peas followed by baked custard or fruit jelly with cream for lunch; biscuits and tea in the afternoon; and or dinner, minced chicken or grilled fish with some appetizing sauce, mashed potatoes, green peas or boiled marrow followed by a light pudding and coffee. Miss Jinnah appeared to doubt the advantage of giving the Quaid-i-Azam such a diet, but she did not say anything. Sensing her objection I emphasized the urgent necessity of giving the patient a high caloric diet. To aid digestion and assimilation I prescribed a digestive mixture. After noting down detailed instructions about rest, diet, and medicines I set about securing a microscope and reagents for the examination of the blood, sputum, etc. I rang up the Civil Surgeon at Quetta to send the necessary equipment, along with his Clinical Pathologist, to Ziarat. Next morning the Civil Surgeon, Dr. Siddiqui, appeared himself with Dr. Mahmood, the Clinical Pathologist, and all the equipment I had asked for. Fortunately, both of the happened to be old pupils of mine, and I was very pleased to meet them again. They began the laboratory investigations early in the morning on Sunday, the 25th of July. It was at about 11 o'clock, while I was sitting in Mr. Amin's office, that Dr. Siddiqui came and asked if he could speak to me alone. I suspected, bad news, and the laboratory findings confirmed my suspicions.

Revolving aspects of the case in mind I walked thoughtfully up to the Residency. I found Miss Jinnah sitting in the verandah and told her of the laboratory findings. She remained perfectly composed. One could see in the firmness of her resolute face a striking resemblance to her famous brother. She wished to know more details and the chances her brother had of overcoming his disease. I told her that it was not possible for me to express any opinion without an X-Ray examination of the chest and his response to specific treatment. Nevertheless, I assured her that the best medical aid and all the facilities which Pakistan could offer would be placed at the Quaid-i-Azam's disposal, and that I would do everything in my power in a professional and personal way to help. It was after this that she broke down. She wished her brother had listened to her earlier. For the last two months she had been begging him to call specialist but he would not listen and continued to work until he got so exhausted that he was forced to take a rest. After a short stay at Quetta and Ziarat, he had picked up quickly but then had again gone to Karachi for the opening ceremony of the State Bank. The journey had proved too much for him and he had lost whatever he had gained by rest. He had looked much weaker and ailing after his return from Karachi and had taken to bed with fever and a cough. He always maintained that she worried unnecessarily and that the attacks, of cough and fever were only brought on by overwork and exposure. Considering that he was averse to taking medicines and reluctant to follow seriously the programme prescribed by doctors, there was no doubt that a rest in bed for a few days did produce wonderful results. How she wished that the diagnosis had been made earlier! I shared her regret, but held out the hope that God, in response to the prayers of the whole Nation, would make him live long enough to see Pakistan strong and great. I then advised her not to let the patient know the real nature of his disease, as it might depress him too much and adversely affect its course. She assured me that this was the only way of obtaining his cooperation in the treatment, and that it would not unduly alarm him. I could not anticipate his reaction, but was only too eager to elicit his fullest cooperation to be able to shoulder my great responsibility, and therefore decided to act on Miss Jinnah's advice, and make the results of my investigations known to him. While I was telling him the grave news I watched him intently, all the time uncertain whether I had not made a mistake. He, however, remained quite calm and

all he said after I had finished was, "Have you told Miss Jinnah?" I replied, "Yes, Sir. Since I thought it proper to conceal the nature of the illness from you, fearing it might have an adverse effect on you, I had to take her into confidence." The Quaid-i-Azam interrupted me and said, "No, you shouldn't have done it. After all she is a woman." I expressed regret for the pain caused to his sister, but explained that there had been no other course. In conformity with medical ethics if a doctor thought it inadvisable to inform the patient it was his duty to acquaint, a responsible member of the family with the true state of affairs. In his case there was no other member of the family with whom I could get in touch. I had told Miss Jinnah, and she had thought it desirable that the Quaid-i-Azam be informed in order to secure his willing help. It was a difficult situation for me. The Quaid-i-Azam listened patiently and in the end said, "It doesn't matter, what is done is done. Now tell me all about it. How long have I had, this disease? What are the chances of my over-coming it? How long will the treatment last? I should like to know everything and you must not hesitate to tell me the whole, truth." I replied that I could not give a definite opinion until I had gauged the extent of the disease process by means of an X-Ray examination but felt confident that with the aid of the latest drugs there should be a fair chance of a considerable improvement. What I had told him did not appear to have disturbed his composure unduly and I was greatly impressed by the manner in which he had taken the grave news.

I came downstairs and sat down to modify the diet and treatment in the light of the laboratory findings. After this I sent a telegram to Dr. Riaz Ali Shah, Dr. Alam, the X-Ray Specialist, and Dr. Ghulam Muhammad, the Clinical Pathologist of the Mayo Hospital, Lahore, to come to Ziarat with the necessary equipment and portable X-Ray apparatus. I had also a telegram sent to Karachi for certain medicines needed immediately. When I visited the patient in the evening I was pleased to find that he had taken the prescribed diet and digested it. His temperature did not rise that day and he felt slightly better. Next morning I advised Miss Jinnah to engage a nurse, So far she had herself been looking after her brother. I was afraid that if with her frail constitution she broke down under the strain of nursing it would greatly upset him. She agreed with it but said that the patient would first have to be got round since he had an aversion to a nurse attending on him. When approached on the subject, the Quaid-i-Azam

flatly turned down the suggestion. He failed to see the necessity of it, as his work was being done to his entire satisfaction by his servants. I patiently tried to explain to him how necessary it was to have the attendance of an experienced nurse, who could record his temperature and pulse every four hours. The Quaid-i-Azam countered this argument by saying that his pulse and temperature could easily be recorded by the local doctor one of his assistants. I did not pursue the discussion and in deference to his wishes engaged a lady compounder recommended by the local doctor to undertake this duty. Next morning when I went to the Residency Miss Jinnah remarked, "This compounder is a very smart and efficient person. Last night when the Quaid-i-Azam asked her what his temperature was she said she was sorry she could not tell him without the doctor's permission. Instead of being displeased he praised her after she had left." Being himself a man of principle he could appreciate anybody who did his duty properly. That day Mr. Hassan Ispahani, the Ambassador to U.S.A., came to see the Quaid-i-Azam and also met me. He enquired about the nature of the - illness - which, of course, I could not reveal - and told me that if I needed any medical aid from America he would gladly arrange to provide it by a special, plane. After his interview he came downstairs visibly moved. I hoped he had not betrayed his anxiety before the patient. In his evident concern he repeated his offer of medical help from America but did not think it would be needed, as the Quaid-i-Azam appeared to have confidence in the treatment and felt he was in good hands. I found Mr. Ispahan's account of the Quaid-i-Azam's helpful attitude more reassuring.

In the evening I told Miss Jinnah that the Quaid-i-Azam was not wearing sufficiently warm clothes and as he did not cover himself properly there was a great danger of his catching a chill in the chest. With her permission I offered thirty yards of Vyella cloth from Karachi to replace the silk pyjamas he had been wearing.

The following conversation took place be I brought up the matter next morning:-

"Sir, the silk pyjamas you have been wearing are too thin for you, and there is a danger of your catching a chill."

"I have only, got silk ones but I intend to have some more made of handloom cloth."

"But, Sir, cotton will not do; you must have woollen, ones."

"But I have told you I haven't, got them."

"As I think you should have the, without permission I have ordered yards of Vyella cloth from Karachi."

Listen, Doctor, take my advice. Whenever you spend money on anything think twice whether it is necessary, in fact, essential or not."

"Sir, in your case whenever I make a decision. I think many times before I put it up before you and I have come to the conclusion that woollen pyjamas are absolutely essential for you."

"All right, I give in."

This was said with a smile, I was very pleased with my success as I had been given to understand before I had met him that he could sometimes be unreasonably stubborn. This incident encouraged me to hope that I would be able to persuade him to do whatever I considered necessary provided I could offer a sound reason for it. After obtaining this insight into his mind all the measures I suggested were duly reasoned out and I never shirked of candid medical discussion. I believe he took a liking to me because I explained in a non technical manner, all that could be communicated to him about his illness. This procedure always goes a long way in creating in the patient's mind, faith and confidence in his doctor, particularly in the case of highly intelligent and educated patients, for they are rarely satisfied unless they are convinced of the rationale of the treatment. That is why confidence and faith in the doctor not uncommonly contribute more to the ultimate recovery than drugs and other therapeutic measures.

The Quaid-i-Azam did not relish his food at lunch that day. His, cough continued to be troublesome and there was also a rise in temperature

towards the evening. At about: 9 o'clock I got a letter from Miss Jinnah saying that his pulse had gone up very high. I was perturbed but on re-examination found no fresh complication and was able to reassure her. Downstairs in the drawing room I met the Prime Minister, who had come to Ziarat that day with Mr. Muammad Ali to see the Quaid-i-Azam. He anxiously inquired about the Quaid-i-Azam, complimented me on having won, the first round by securing the patient's confidence, and expressed the hope that it would contribute to his recovery. He also urged me to probe into the root cause of the persistent disease. I assured him that despite the Quaid-i-Azam's serious condition there was reason to hope that he responded to the latest medicines which had been sent for from Karachi he might yet overcome the trouble, and that the most hopeful feature was the patient's strong power of, resistance. I was moved by the Prime Minister's deep concern for the health of his Chief and old comrade.

That evening Drs. Riaz Ali Shah, Alama and Ghulam Muhammad arrived and we had a preliminary discussion. Next afternoon I took them to the Residency and introduced them to Miss Jinnah. She had met Dr. Shah, before. After reviewing the night's report, I took Dr. Shah with me and introduced him to the Quaid-i-Azam, who greeted him with a smile. I had already given him a complete account of the illness, so when he proceeded to examine the patient I left the room. After about 20 minutes he came out and gave me his findings. Soon afterwards Drs. Alam and Shah, went in to have the Quaid-i-Azam X-Rayed. It was fortunate that Dr. Alam could bring his private portable X-Ray apparatus with him, for the patient was too weak to be shifted to Quetta for the X-Ray. Dr. Alam later told me that the picture might not turn out to be a good one as on account of extreme weakness the Quaid-i-Azam could hardly hold his breath for a few seconds or support himself in bed, both of which were necessary to obtain a good results. However the film which was developed in the Day Bungalow the same evening proved to be quite satisfactory, but it showed that the damage done to the lungs was much more extensive than we had guessed from our physical examination, and that the disease must have been going on insidiously, with periods of exacerbations and remissions for at least two years. The X-Ray picture impaired our confidence in the effect of the latest medicines on the patient. The next morning we derived more information from the detailed laboratory examinations carried out by Dr.

Ghulam Muhammad. These confirmed our previous findings and in addition gave us a more accurate insight into his disease and his body's response.

I allowed Drs. Alam and Ghulam Muhammad to return to Lahore and requested them not to divulge to anyone the nature of the Quaid-i-Azam's illness and if possible, even their visit to Ziarat. Dr. Shah and I visited the Residency the next morning and familiarized Miss Jinnah with our findings. Then we went in to see the patient and told him about our line of treatment. We again urged him to get a nurse, but he was adamant in his refusal. I had discussed with Dr. Shah the question of a nurse the night before and had requested him to tackle the Quaid-i-Azam when he next met him. So after giving him an injection Dr. Shah stayed on in the room to broach the subject. A few minutes later he came out to announce triumphantly that the Quaid-i-Azam had at last agreed to engage a nurse. We were naturally pleased, as without the help of a good nurse he could not be expected to respond satisfactorily to our treatment. When we visited him again in the evening we were happy to learn that he had had a fairly good day and had enjoyed his breakfast and lunch. Dr. Shah repeated the injection of the new medicine. Luckily it had no reaction or untoward effect. Although the fever persisted that day, the next day it started coming down, and the day after the temperature remained normal throughout. There was also marked improvement in the cough, sputum and general condition, of our patient, The pulse became normal in rate and the appetite improved considerably. After that there was a slow but definite improvement.

One day Miss Jinnah complained that the Quaid-i-Azam had not enjoyed his dinner and had found the eggs for breakfast boiled too hard. I suggested that she should engage Mr. Amanat Ali, a former chef of the Maharaja of Kapurthala, who had lived in Paris for many years and learned the culinary art from leading chefs of the Ritz and other hotels. In the hope that his expert cooking might induce her brother to take more nourishment and hasten his recovery, she arranged to send for the chef immediately.

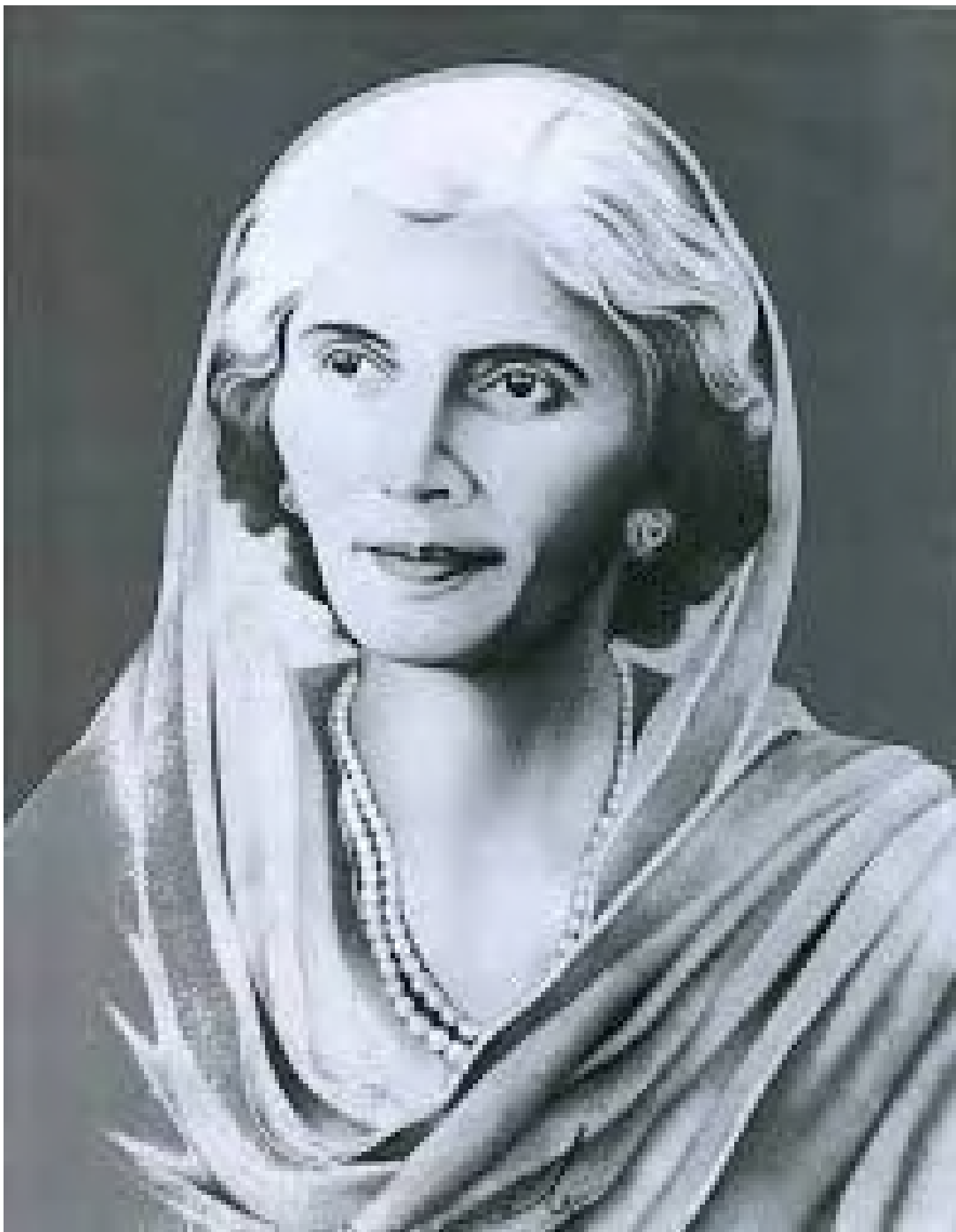
On the 3rd of August I obtained the Quid Azam's permission to go to Lahore for four days for an important College business. When I was first summoned to Ziarat I had planned to examine him, give my opinion to the doctor in attendance and return within three or four days. I had not anticipated that, he would be so ill. In the beginning there was no question of my leaving him in that state, but when he started improving and his temperature became normal, I decided to leave him for a few days in Dr. Shah's care. I left by car for Quetta in the afternoon to catch the train to Lahore. In the train, looking at the desolate and barren hills of Baluchistan, my thoughts went back to the Architect of Pakistan on whom they had cast such, a potent spell. Although I had left him in a satisfactory condition and in the hands of a very able colleague of mine, my heart was in Ziarat, and I was all the time praying that nothing, untoward should happen to him during my absence. On reaching Lahore was relieved to find no telegram or telephone message from Ziarat waiting for me. But the next day, while in the College Office, my heart sank when my wife rang me up to say that a telegram had come from Ziarat asking for the immediate return of Dr. Alam, with his ultra-violet apparatus along with me left on Friday morning by plane and reached Ziarat at 8 o'clock. Miss Jinnah was very pleased to see me back. Dr. Shah reported that in my absence the Quaid-i-Azam had grown weaker and his blood pressure had fallen considerably, but the injections of coraminene had been given had improved him. The next day, August the 7th, was *Id-ul- Fitr*. We said our prayers in the Id Gah and prayed for the Quaid-i-Azam's health and long life. In the evening Dr. Alam gave him ultra-violet therapy, commencing first on one leg for a few minutes with the intention of increasing it daily according to the patient's tolerance, for a longer time on both legs. The improvement continued gradually but on the evening of the 9th we noticed a slight swelling of the feet with a reduction in the urinary output. This disturbing sign led us, notwithstanding his weakness, to propose that he should be shifted at once to Quetta, in the hope that the lower altitude would benefit him. Accordingly, of the morning of the 11th I informed Miss Jinnah that the new symptoms indicated heart and kidney weakness which necessitated the move. She was most distressed, but was a little reassured when I told her that these signs were not due to a disease of the heart or the kidneys but were early manifestations of the weakness of these organs and could be remedied by administering the appropriate tonics. The difficulty, however,

was how to explain the sudden move to the patient. During my short stay at Ziarat I had come to realize how hard it was to satisfy a shrewd lawyer like him with half-truths. I was doubtful of being able to, stand his searching cross-examination, still after some hard thinking I ventured into his room and approached the subject in this manner:

"Sir, we noticed a couple of days ago a slight swelling, of your feet along with a reduction in the urinary output. The swelling has not progressed but it is necessary that, we should move you to Quetta immediately. There is nothing to worry about, but if the swelling increases it may tax the heart. The height of Ziarat is too much for you but we could not move you earlier as you were too weak." After listening to me he asked when we proposed to move him. I suggested the next day, August the 12th. He said he would think it over and let me know in the evening. When we reopened the subject in the evening he declined to move the next day as it did not give sufficient time for packing. I then suggested the 13th to which he replied, "Have you considered that the 14th of August is the first Anniversary of Independence, and you want me to move on its eve? This is impossible. The earliest would be the 15th." I pleaded that the sooner he was taken to Quetta the better, and added that a doctor made a decision only after weighing very carefully the pros and cons of the course he advocated. Lest he should feel unduly perturbed, I assured him that his condition at the time was not worrying us but no one could foretell what a delay might do. Finding me firm he agreed and, enquired at what time we proposed to leave. I told him we would start at 3.30 in the afternoon He asked, Why not at two?" I replied that I had already advised him to have lunch at 1.30 and a couple of hours, rest after lunch, so by the time he was ready it would be 3.30. I then conveyed the decision to Miss Jinnah, and she instructed Lieut. Mazhar, the A.D.C., to make all arrangements. We were very pleased that the Quaid-i-Azam ha agreed, since for the last two day I had been greatly worried about the edema of the feet. That he had abandoned his objection to move on the eve of the anniversary of the establishment of Pakistan furnished yet another instance of his essential reasonableness. Those who considered him obstinate never really understood him. No power on earth could change him when he thought he was right, but once he was convinced he was wrong he did not hesitate to yield, even when he hated to do so. From that day we had no apprehension that he would withhold

his cooperation if we succeeded in making out a convincing case for our line of treatment.

On the morning of the 12th noticed that the swelling of the feet had diminished appreciably and the output of urine had increased. We decided to celebrate this happy turn and went out after lunch for a picnic. The short walks we took in the evenings did not give us much exercise and we were eager to climb to the top of the mountain to the west of the Residency. We were told we could go round it and then climb to the top from where a path joined the main road to Ziarat. After walking for about a mile or so we found a road forking to the right and the left. We asked one of the local inhabitants, where the road to the right led. To our great surprise he said, "Ziarat". We thought he was fooling us, but on further questioning learnt that Ziarat was the name of a tomb. We took the road on the left and started climbing the hill. Drs. Alam, Ghulam Muhammad and I managed to get to the top after an hour and a half's fairly steep climbing, but Dr. Shah could follow us only about half the way and then, gave up. We came down by, the same way, as it was getting late, and we were not sure of the other route. At the foot of the hill we found Dr. Shah quenching his thirst from a fountain. In the evening when we visited the Residency we learnt from Miss Jinnah that the Quaid-i-Azam had spent three hours in the verandah and had his tea there. He had remarked that it was an ideal day for a picnic and expressed the hope that we would enjoy ourselves. I told Miss Jinnah I was looking forward to inviting both of them to a picnic one day when he had recovered sufficiently. Alas, this hope was never realized.



Miss Fatima Jinnah.

CHAPTER TWO

AT QUETTA

The Quaid-i-Azam was in good spirits on the morning of the 13th August, having slept better though, with a feeling that it was not quite a normal sleep. The examination showed that the blood pressure had fallen slightly and the swelling of the feet had recurred. This depressed us, and confirmed us in our decision to leave, the taxing height of Ziarat. Both the A.D.C's worked very hard, and we were ready to move at exactly 3-30. For reasons of security the move was kept secret, and I did not even inform my orderly until we were ready to leave. At 3 o'clock I went to the Quaid-i-Azam's room and found him fit to travel. I then requested him not to change, his pyjamas, but despite his extreme weakness he insisted on wearing a *shalwar* and *uchkan*. After he had changed he was carefully lifted on the stretcher, and carried downstairs by the A.D.C's and the, servants. When brought outside in the open his complexion looked much better and he did not appear so ill. I had already inspected his big Humber Limousine, the back seat of which was spread out for him to lie semi-reclining. I put myself in the seat and found it very comfortable. Miss Jinnah was also satisfied with the arrangement. At exactly 3-25 he was placed in the back seat. After he had been properly settled, I enquired how he felt. He did not answer my question but said, "Take me to Quetta soon." Miss Jinnah sat next to her brother. In front of her in the extra chair sat the nurse, and the A.D.C., took a seat next to the driver.

At 3-30 the car started moving. I instructed the driver not to go more than 20 M.P.H. In front of the Quaid-i-Azam's car was the escort jeep and just following him was the S.S.P's car and after that came our car. The weather, was quite pleasant. The crowds lining the road cheered as the cars passed by. I was surprised to see so many people in spite of the, precautions taken to keep the move secret. We had planned to halt every 25 miles, but to my surprise, there was no halt until we reached the Rest House. It signified that the Quaid-i-Azam was not being incommoded by the long drive. At

the Rest House his car came to a stop, but after a minute or so started moving again. I could not understand why he did not stop longer since it was time for him to take tea. I had seen about a dozen men, standing in the compound of the Rest House, and concurred that he wished to have his tea in peace without people gazing at him, and yet, out of consideration for their feelings, had not wanted them to be driven away.

After drive of another mile or so the car stopped and we saw Miss Jinnah coming out. We rushed forward and enquired how the Quaid-i-Azam felt. She assured us that he had so far stood the strain of the drive quite well. He was given his tea and biscuits, and after a few minutes we started moving again and there was no further halt until we reached Quetta. There were no crowds on the road when we arrived and the few who saw the Governor General's car on the eve of the Independence Day, must have been surprised. We reached Quetta just before sunset after about four hours' driving. We were very pleased with the safe outcome of our venture and the Quaid-i-Azam also looked happy. The Residency had been cleared of all visitors, and we shifted him on a stretcher to his bedroom on the first floor. It was a big and cheerful room facing the road. I examined his pulse and found that every tenth or fifteenth beat was missing, but the blood pressure was satisfactory. I ascribed the abnormality in the pulse to the exhaustion of the journey and hoped it, would disappear with rest. After a few minutes I left to join my family who had arrived a week ago in Quetta, and Dr. Shah, Alam and Ghulam Muhammad went to the Chiltan Hotel, where arrangements had been made for their stay. Next morning, August the 14th, was the Anniversary of the establishment of Pakistan. We visited the Quaid-i-Azam at about 8-30. He looked refreshed, having had a very good dinner and a sound sleep with almost no coughing. We found his pulse regular and of good volume, the blood pressure satisfactory, and practically no sputum in the sputum cup. After completing the examination I said, "Sir, we are very fortunate having brought you down to Quetta without any mishap. It was risky to shift you from Ziarat in such a weak state, but we took this bold step as there was no other alternative. The height of Ziarat was too much for you and after some improvement you had stopped progressing. In fact the appearance of the swelling on your feet had, begun to worry us and if we had not shifted you, you might have got worse." The Quaid-i- Azam smiled, saying, "Yes, I am glad you

have brought me here. I was caught in a trap at Ziarat." His description of Ziarat was most apt; he had gone, there to recoup in a salubrious climate, but unluckily had been taken ill again and become weaker and weaker. The Civil Surgeon of Quetta had told me that three days before I reached Quetta his condition, had become precarious. It was then that he had advised Miss Jinnah to call me from Lahore immediately.

As we were leaving, the Quaid-i-Azam said with a smile, "Now go along and celebrate." This was indeed a happy day for us. I have had many occasions to feel happy and proud but have rarely felt so pleased as I did on the auspicious morning on the 14th of August. Both Dr. Shah and I had spent many anxious days and nights at Ziarat, even when the Quaid-i-Azam's temperature had remained normal and he had been improving in other respects, because all the time we had a feeling of sitting on the edge of a volcano. To treat a patient, 72 years old, suffering from lung disease, with a low blood pressure and marked emaciation, at 8,500 feet above sea level, is a most delicate task, especially when the patient happens to be the Head of the State and the Father the Nation.

The Independence Day was celebrated at Quetta in a befitting manner. Wishing, however, to be left alone I stayed at home till the afternoon when I went to Chiltan Hotel to look, up my old friend, Colonel A. S. B. Shah, Secretary to the Ministry of States and Frontier Regions, to share with him my happiness at the improvement in the Quaid-i-Azam's health. I attributed it, to the lower height and the dry climate of Quetta. Nevertheless Dr. Riaz Ali Shah and I gave a warning that the improvement might stop after two or three weeks, and then we might have to move down to Karachi. On the morning of the 16th we had the Quaid-i-Azam X-Rayed and his blood examined. The X-Ray picture showed a definite improvement; the hemoglobin and red cells had risen by 20%, the white cell count had fallen to normal limit, and the sedimentation rate had improved by 50%. In the evening when we informed the Quaid-i-Azam that the X-Ray picture had shown an improvement of 40% in the condition of his lung, he enquired. "How long" will it take it to be a 100%?" This was an embarrassing question, as we knew it would be almost impossible for him to be completely cured. Under favorable circumstances his disease could have been arrested and remained quiescent for a few years, but he

would never be fit to travel and go to hill stations and would have to lead a semi-invalid life, appearing only at certain important functions and spending most of his time resting in bed or in an easy chair. To encourage him, however, we told him that if by the grace of God he, continued to improve as he had done, there was every possibility that he would be completely cured within a few months. This was far from the truth, but his response to the treatment had been almost miraculous, and miracles do sometimes happen.

When I first examined the Quaid-i- Azam at Ziarat I found his bedroom littered with files, though he as far too weak to do much work. After taking stock of his condition I advised him to give up all mental exertion. But when his temperature had been normal for ten days, and he had been taking adequate nourishment and gaining strength, we felt that his energetic mind must be kept occupied to prevent his brooding over the state of his health. He had been a very active man all his life and to keep his mind idle would do more harm than good. Therefore I arranged for newspapers and matters that could not wait to be taken to him, but anything likely to cause anxiety and worry as strictly excluded. At Ziarat we had allowed him to have his bed taken out on the balcony in the day to avoid the depressing and close atmosphere of his bedroom. He enjoyed his refreshing outing on the balcony and would spend most of the afternoon thereby the time he reached Quetta he was able to do about an hour's work every day without being fatigued, and we were very pleased we had not forbidden him work completely. Visitors, however, were kept out. Exceptions were only made for a few privileged persons on very rare occasions, such as Mr. Ispahani, Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, Mr. Muhammad Ali and Mr. Ghazanfar Ali Khan, all of whom had brief interviews with the Quaid-i Azam. Mr. Muhammad Ali visited him twice. On his second visit, in the third week of August, he gave me his impression of the marked change he had noticed in the Quaid-i-Azam's condition. At Ziarat he could not even speak, a sentence without becoming breathless and looked very haggard, but now his voice had acquired a more sustained tone and he looked much better in the face. Mr. Muhammad Ali found him mentally more alert and altogether more like his old self. I was naturally very pleased because, seeing the Quaid-i-Azam daily I could not appreciate the improvement as could one who had seen him after three weeks. A few

days later Mr. Ghulam Muhammad also told me after meeting the Quaid-i-Azam that he had found him looking much better than he had been led to expect by rumors.

The hopeful radio talk by the Finance Minister on his return from Quetta contained no exaggeration, for the Quaid-i-Azam was at his best when he visited him. By the end of the third week of August he was having much more food and digesting it. The chef was preparing new dishes for him which he ate with relish. He was very fond of spaghetti, and among the fruits he liked were peaches and grapes which he would take after breakfast. One day Miss Jinnah told me that the Quaid-i-Azam wanted to know if he could take some *suji ka halwa*. I was a bit hesitant, but as the Quaid-i-Azam was very keen, I told her there would be no harm in having him a small quantity, provided only a very small amount of clarified butter was used in preparing it. She then informed me that her brother enjoyed the *halwa* with *purees*, and wanted to know if he could have some in case he asked for them. I told her that the *purees* would be too heavy and to begin with he should take only *halwa*. I gave the same advice to the Quaid-i-Azam when I saw him later, but he said, "You do not know the type of *purees* I mean. They are not like those you see in the bazaar, and are very light." He then went on to explain to me how they were prepared, and I could see how keen he was to have them. I was tempted to yield, but checked myself and declined to let him have them at that stage. He did not reply, and I thought that he had accepted my advice. As to the *halwa*, I felt reassured when the Quaid-i-Azam told me that Mrs. A. R. Khan had undertaken to make it herself with all care.

In the evening when we visited the Residency, Miss Jinnah told us that the Quaid-i-Azam had taken the *halwa* and enjoyed it very much. I asked her if he had taken the *purees* also. In reply she only smiled, from which I inferred that he had not been able to resist them, and could only hope that he would have, no trouble in digesting them. When we went into his room he responded to our greeting with a smile and looked unusually cheerful. After the routine examination I enquired if he had enjoyed his *halwa*, and he said he had. I then asked him if he had taken the *purees* also. He smiled and said, "Yes, only one, and I am none the worse for it, and hope to have my usual dinner." I expressed my satisfaction at his stomach having

recovered sufficiently to digest even *halwa* and *purees*. I reminded him of the disagreement we had over the real cause of his trouble. He had held his stomach responsible for all his ailments, while I had attributed them to the condition of his lungs. In view of the excellent behavior of his stomach, my diagnosis had been fully vindicated. It was indeed fortunate that his appetite and power of digestion and assimilation continued to be unimpaired, since adequate nutrition plays a decisive part in overcoming a disease such as his. His doctors, however, had always blamed his stomach, and he was really surprised on finding it functioning so well now.

On the 23rd of August, three weeks after his temperature had been normal, we felt it was time that the Quaid-i-Azam should make an effort to get up gradually. Patients over 60 years of age, when kept in bed after their temperature has become normal, begin to go down instead of improving. The circulation becomes enfeebled, there is disuse atrophy of the muscles, and the digestive and assimilatory powers of the stomach and intestines only improve when they become ambulatory. So we proposed to make him walk a few steps to begin with, and if we found that he did not feel unduly fatigued we would keep it up, but as soon as an adverse indication manifested itself we could stop. The Quaid-i-Azam agreed to be ready for the first experiment the next morning at 8 o'clock. That night I was kept awake by my little son who was not well, and therefore reached the Residency at 8-35. I did not think that the Quaid-i-Azam would mind our coming a little late. Often we had to wait for some time before he would see us, and whether we were punctual or late he never said anything. But that morning, after going through the routine examination, when I asked him if he was ready to get up and walk, he said, "But I told you to come at 8. I expect my doctors to be punctual." After I had recovered from the shock of the rebuke, I apologized for being late, and explained the reason. At the same time I told him that I took his annoyance at my unpunctuality as a good sign, for this revival of his normal reactions indicated a return of health. At this the Quaid-i-Azam smiled, but said nothing. Promising to be punctual in future, I asked him what times in the morning and evening would suit him. He told us to come at 8 in the morning and 7-30 in the evening. The walking was then postponed till the evening. We met Miss Jinnah outside his bedroom. On being told what had happened, she said her brother attached a great deal importance to punctuality, and had all his

life been most punctual himself. I must mention here that we had taken care not to rush the Quaid-i-Azam into getting up too quickly. For the last week or so had been able to sit in bed unsupported for a short while without getting tired, and to take his meals sitting on the edge of the bed by himself with a table in front. Twice or thrice he sat in an easy chair or over an hour. This was, a great improvement on the Ziarat days, when he could not even hold his head unsupported. In the evening, after the usual examination, before making him get up, I counted his pulse, which was 72 per minute. With a little support he got up and walked six paces to the easy chair placed at that distance by me. Dr. Shah was on his right and I on his left, both holding his arms. After reaching the chair he sat down, and I counted his pulse again. It had gone up to 90 per minute but returned to 72 within a minute. This little exertion made him breathless for a couple of minutes. We advised him to remain in the chair for an hour or so until dinner time. Before leaving I recalled to his memory the morning of the 24th of July at Ziarat, when I had rashly undertaken to put him on his feet again in a month, and pointed out to him that the hope then held out had, by the grace of God, been realized exactly on the stipulated day.

When we visited the Quaid-i-Azam in the morning we enquired if the exertion had an adverse effect. He assured us that he felt none the worse for it, and had a good night. The temperature and pulse were normal, and there was no exacerbation of the cough and no sputum. The swelling of the feet had, to our surprise, actually diminished slightly. We, therefore, decided to continue the exercise and increased it to eight step. The heart behaved well but the breathlessness was the same. The next day he walked ten steps and the day after twelve. On finding that the breathlessness had not diminished we decided, however, to continue the exercise. The persistence of breathlessness after four days' trial did depress us, as it was a clear evidence of a considerable reduction in lung tissue, we hoped that the breathing would improve when he went down to the sea level, where the oxygen tension is much higher than at Quetta. Therefore, we suggested to him that in order to resume the walking exercise which was desirable for a general improvement, the sooner he went down to Karachi the better. After listening to me the Quaid-i-Azam remarked, "Go slow. Don't hustle me I do want to get up and walk about but am not sufficiently strong yet. Don't think I am not keen to get out of bed, and don't apply to me the treatment

which a doctor did to a woman who said she couldn't walk, She was seriously ill and confined to bed for many months. When she recovered from her illness, the doctor told her to get up, but she said she was too weak to do so. After about a week the doctor again told her to get up, but she continued to malingering. After that another doctor, was consulted, who examined her from head to foot, and said as there was nothing wrong with her, she must get up and walk about, but she refused to follow his advice too." The Quaid-i-Azam then paused for a few seconds, and, looking at me with his piercing gaze, continued, "Then another doctor came, who like you was all for quick action. He set fire to the bed without her knowledge, and made the feigning patient jump out of it and take to her heels." At this the Quaid-i-Azam laughed and added: "Don't do that with me." We joined in the laughter.

On weighing the Quaid-i-Azam for the first time in the afternoon, we were shocked to note that his weight was only 83 lbs. This was after four weeks of normal temperature and on a very nourishing and adequate diet. As his height was 5' 10½", it was an extremely low weight for him. We had not been able to weigh him when I first examined him, for he was too weak to stand on the weighing machine. I guessed he must have gained from 8 to 10 lbs during the last four weeks. If we had weighed him then, he could not have been more than 70 lbs. He told me that his lowest weight, reached after an illness some years ago, was 90 lbs., and that his normal weight was just under 8 stones.

One day he asked us if he could smoke. He had once tried to smoke at Ziarat but finding the cigarette taste insipid, had thrown it away, and had not smoked since. He had been missing it, and conveyed with a gesture the pleasure he derived from holding a lighted cigarette in his fingers and puffing the smoke. I told him there was no harm in smoking if it did not aggravate his cough, and he could start with one cigarette. "On the plea that he did not inhale the smoke, he asked to be allowed to have more than one, and I indulgently doubled the ration for the first day. Dr. Shah approved of the concession. The Quaid-i-Azam then took out a cigarette from a tin of State Express 555, and I lighted it for him. It did us good to see him enjoying it, and I told him was a definite indication of improvement in his health, since in a habitual smoker the first sign of recovery was

commonly a craving for and pleasure in smoking. We left him smoking the cigarette in a happy mood. The next morning I noticed four cigarette stumps in the ashtray on the table by his bedside. I looked at Dr. Shah, and indicated with a smile that the patient had exceeded his allowance. I wanted to point it out to the Quaid-i-Azam himself in a polite manner, but could not think of the least displeasing way of doing it. So, looking at the ash tray, I remarked that he appeared to have enjoyed his cigarettes. The Quaid-i-Azam took the hint, and ingeniously replied, "Yes, but didn't you tell me there was no harm in smoking if I didn't inhale?" It showed that his mind was regaining its old legal quality, and we welcomed this additional sign of recovery. Talking of cigarettes, he liked to smoke Craven A's, but they were then unobtainable at Quetta. I prescribed State Express 555, but happened to have some tins of his favorite brand which I smoked when I could not get those of my choice, and these I offered to send him. To prevent excessive smoking I decided on second thought, however, to send him only one tin to begin with, and when I met him again the same evening asked if it was fresh. He thought it was all right, but the next morning he complained of its staleness and enquired if I could get him some fresh ones from Lahore. I undertook to procure them, but felt surprised how the cigarettes had suddenly lost their freshness. Soon, however, it occurred to me that the meticulously proper Quaid-i-Azam wished to avoid being under an obligation to me. This was characteristic of him: he never accepted anything from anybody without paying for it. I remember when I returned from Lahore on the 6th of August, Begum Muhammad Akbar Khan sent some grapes for him from Quetta with me. He liked them very much, and asked where I had bought them. I told him they had been sent by Begum, Muhammad Akbar Khan who could send some daily if he, cared for them, but, while appreciating the Begum's kindness, he politely declined to accept anymore. I can recall another incident of the same kind. One day I went to a private garden with General Muhammad Akbar Khan. There I was shown some green roses not known to me. The General plucked some and asked me to present them to the Quaid-i-Azam and tell him if he liked these and other flowers he could arrange to have them sent daily. He accepted the roses thankfully, but said that he did not wish to give the General the trouble of sending him anymore.

On the 26th of August I again pleaded with the Quaid-i-Azam to go to Karachi where he could recuperate much more quickly. He curtly enquired why I was so keen to go to Karachi. I told him I had no particular desire to go, but felt worried on his account as the high of Quetta was hindering his progress and I was anxious to put him on his feet again but could not do so at Quetta where he became breathless with a slight exertion. Karachi had the advantage of being fairly cool during August and September and of being on the sea level. To avoid Karachi, the Quaid-i-Azam suggested Sibi. I objected on the ground of its high temperature during the months of August and September and its out of the way situation. But as I could not give him the exact temperature of the place, he asked me to find it out before dismissing it as unsuitable. I made enquiries from Mr. A. R. Khan, the Commissioner, and General Muhammad Akbar Khan, both of whom said it would be unpleasantly warm and dusty at that time of the year. In the light of what I had gathered about Sibi, I told Miss Jinnah that it was out of the question, and requested her to prevail upon her brother to give it up in favor of Karachi, but she said he did not wish to return, to the Governor General's house as an invalid. She spoke more favorably of Malir, which was quieter than Karachi and had a drier climate; in addition, the Quaid-i-Azam liked it. But when we had approved of it she pointed out a difficulty: the only suitable house at Malir belonged to the Nawab of Bahawalpur and was then occupied by the heir-apparent. I informed her that if the Quaid-i-Azam decided to go to Malir, General Muhammad Akbar Khan could arrange with the heir-apparent to have it placed at the Quaid-i-Azam's disposal. After this talk we met the Quaid-i-Azam and dwelt on the drawbacks of Sibi, and after some discussion succeeded in making him drop it. He then asked me where we intended to take him, and I again expressed my preference for Karachi and recapitulated its advantages. He said, "Don't take me to Karachi on crutches. I want to go there when I can walk from the car to my room. You know, from the porch you have to pass the A.D.C.'s room and then the Military Secretary's before you reach mine. I dislike being carried on a stretcher from the car to my room." I was deeply affected by the imploring manner in which he had spoken. This masterful man, used to having his own way, was now beset clinging his doctors for a favor. How could one have the heart to refuse? I had almost given in, but, realizing the risk of keeping him any longer in Quetta, I pulled myself up, and put forward Malir as an alternative. The Quaid-i-

Azam expressed his readiness to go there and told me to make the necessary arrangements. We felt greatly relieved and decided to shift him without further delay. I went straight to the G.O.C's Office and sought General Muhammad Akbar Khan's help in securing the Bahawalpur House at Malir within a few days. When I met the General in the evening, he informed me that the heir-apparent was vacating the house but his father was returning from England on the 20th of September. The heir-apparent had, therefore, advised us to get in touch with him in London. On the morning of the 28th when we visited the Quaid-i-Azam I gave him all this information, and requested him to approach the Nawab for the loan of the house. He said, "You know, in the old days when any practicing lawyer, was appointed a Judge of the High Court in Bombay he gave up going to clubs and social functions, in fact some of them did not even read the local newspapers in case they might be prejudiced against any individual who was going to be tried before them. As Governor-General of Pakistan I cannot ask His Highness the Nawab of Bahawalpur for the loan of the house I am afraid this is impossible." We admired the Quaid-i-Azam's great sense of justice, propriety and unselfishness. Nevertheless, the paramount consideration at the moment was his health, which required that he should be shifted at once from Quetta, and we felt that nothing should be allowed to stand in its way. While appreciating the delicacy of the situation I requested Miss Jinnah to approach the Nawab. We thought our difficulties would now be over and within a few days the Quaid-i-Azam would be at Malir recuperating rapidly. Miss Jinnah was also very pleased with the idea and asked me to find out from Mr. Amin the address of the Nawab in London. He, however, did not know it but proposed that the cable be sent through the High Commissioner for Pakistan in London. I urged him to lose no time. When we visited the Quaid-i-Azam in the evening we learnt that the cable had not been dispatched. Next day, the 29th, I asked Miss Jinnah and was disappointed to find that it had not yet been sent. I again pressed her not to delay it. It was ultimately sent on the 30th of August. We expected to get a reply within 24 hours, but it took about three days for the reply to come, and by that time the Quaid-i-Azam had had a relapse of fever and the move to Malir had to be postponed I have often thought over this delay and wondered whether he would have lived longer if he had agreed to go to the Governor General's House when we first suggested it at the end of August. We might have succeeded in persuading him if we had

been firm. But what made us hesitant was the adverse psychological effect the unwilling move might have on his illness, He had plainly told us that he hated the idea of being taken to Karachi as an helpless invalid. We thought the delay of a few days would not make much difference and it would be wise to wait until arrangements had been made at Malir. If we could have anticipated a recurrence of his fever, we would certainly have shifted him at once, whether he liked it or not But there were at the time no premonitory signs of a relapse.

On the evening of the 28th the Quaid-i- Azam was shown a colored film of his last visit to Lahore when he was given a Garden party if the Bagh-i-Jinnah. Dr. Riaz Ali Shah had taken great pains to shoot various scenes and had then developed in England I had seen the film once, but was eager to refresh my impression of what the Quaid-i-Azam looked like a few months ago. Thinking of his shadowy and gaunt appearance now, I wondered wistfully how long it would be before he was able to take part in public functions again.

We noticed on the 28th of August that the Quaid-i-Azam's appetite was beginning to decrease. We thought at first that it might be the cook's fault. But in spite of the cook's best efforts to cater to the Quaid-i-Azam's taste, his appetite failed to improve. When I urged on him the need of taking more food he remarked, "Doctor, you are overfeeding me. I have never taken so much food before, even when I was quite well. Don't you think too much food can do one more harm than good?" The question of food reminded him of an old incident which he related to us. "Some years ago we had a European diplomat to dinner in Bombay. He did not take the soup when it was served. I noticed this but thought perhaps he was not fond of soup. When the fish was brought, he refused that also. I was surprised but kept quiet. But when the joint was served and he didn't touch it, I couldn't refrain from asking him the reason of his abstinence. Our guest replied that he had been living on lettuce for six months. We were all the more surprised because he appeared to be in very good health. Now do you think a man can live for such a long time on lettuce and maintain good health?" I did not think so, and asked the Quaid-i-Azam if he really believed that the abstemious diplomat had been subsisting on lettuce alone and not taking anything else. I then told him of a landlord, weighing nearly

20 stones, who consulted me once about his obesity. When I asked him how much food he took, he gave me to understand that he took only one meal a day. I found it hard to believe that a man could spread out so much on a single meal. Dr. Shah confirmed my suspicion by saying that he knew the prosperous landlord very well, and his one meal consisted of an enormous joint and several varieties of rich puddings. The landlord's self-denial amused the Quaid-i- Azam.

Realizing the importance of adequate nutrition in his disease, we persisted in urging him to keep it up, even at the risk of irritating him. He, on his part, appreciated our anxiety and tried to follow our advice, but was not able to overcome his distaste for food. We reduced the Cream and other rich ingredients of his food, and hoped by this means to lighten the strain on his digestion, but still there was no improvement in his appetite. He lay in bed quietly all day and when asked how he felt, listlessly said he was all right. We sought enlightenment from Miss Jinnah, but even she appeared to be in the dark. On the one or two occasions we tried to delve into his apathetic condition, we were able to obtain no insight.

We then set about discovering a physical basis for it, but a careful examination failed to yield anything to which his condition could be attributed. There was a gradual reduction in the output of the urine, but qualitative scrutiny showed no abnormality. Except for a couple of cups of tea, & cup of coffee and a few mouthfuls of water with his tablets, he hardly took any other fluid throughout the day. We made up this inadequacy by adding a small glass of fresh lime juice between 11 and 12 o'clock in the morning. For the swelling of the feet, we reduced the salt in his diet. Consequently there was a slight increase in the output of the urine, but no appreciable reduction of the swelling. Miss Jinnah surmised that he might be running a slight temperature late in the evening, but we found it normal when we took it at 10 o'clock. Such other complaints as the patient made from time to time were carefully attended to, but none of these was of a sufficiently serious nature to account for the deterioration in his psychological condition. The baffling depression, however, persisted.

On the morning of the 29th of August, after examining the Quaid-i-Azam, I expressed the hope that he would live long enough to see the State he had

brought into being fully and firmly established I could not have predicted his, response to my sentiments. "You know?" he said, "when you first came to Ziarat I wanted to live", adding in an infinitely disillusioned tone, "Now, however it does not matter whether I live or die. I noticed tears in his eyes, and was startled by this manifestation of feeling in one generally looked upon as unemotional and unbending. I could not, moreover, account for his dejection at a time when he had been making excellent progress in all respects, and ventured to seek enlightenment from him. The explanation he offered was that he had completed his job, but I found it enigmatic and evasive. Was his job incomplete five weeks ago, and had he done something in the meanwhile which had given him a sense of fulfillment? I could not help feeling that something had happened which undermined his will to live. In a moment of weakness he had betrayed his anguished spirit, but on regaining his usual mastery over himself, did not wish the wound to be probed. When I spoke to Miss Jinnah two days after his death, and fifteen days after this incident, she was surprised and wanted to know why I had not told her before. I replied that I had been prompted by a consideration for her feelings.

I left the Quaid-i-Azam that day with a heavy heart. His ominous words and the deep feeling with which they were charged had a most disquieting effect on me. I had always felt that he had been, kept going, despite his low vitality, by an indomitable will. Any other man, not similarly sustained would have collapsed long ago. This was borne out by what I heard from the Agent to the Governor-General in Baluchistan. On his first, visit to Quetta, at the end of, a pretty strenuous day, the Quaid-i-Azam had confided to him that only a resolute effort enabled him to endure the stress and strain of a crowded life. The remarkable improvement in his condition after he had almost touched the bottom was due to a powerful urge to live in order to complete his work. I knew from experience that when a patient gave up the fight no treatment, however perfect could achieve much, and was, therefore, greatly distressed to find that the, man of iron will had given up the fight. That evening, while thinking over what he had said, his words took on a new significance. When the last Ayat was revealed with the declaration, "Today we have completed your religion, tears came into Hazrat Abu Bakr Siddique's eyes. Those sitting near him were greatly surprised and enquired why, instead of rejoicing at God having perfected

Islam, he felt unhappy. Hazrat Abu Bakr Siddique replied that they had failed to grasp the implication of the Ayat. Since the Message had been delivered there would be no further need for the Messenger to stay on in this world. And the devoted Companion's presentiment was borne cut, for our Holy Prophet was taken away soon afterwards. The Quaid-i-Azam's feeling of having fulfilled his task filled me with a foreboding of the approaching end.

On the first of September we noticed minute hemorrhagic spots under the skin of the feet as well as the lower legs and decided to give him tablets of a Vitamin P preparation. He was averse to taking tablets, and we generally respected his idiosyncrasy, but it was only in this form that the Vitamin happened to be available. So when we visited him next, I advised him to take two of these tablets twice daily after food, explaining that they were in the nature of food and would do him a lot of good. He wished to know why he was being given the tablet's when he was taking an adequate amount of well-balanced diet. I explained that the amount of the vitamin present in food was not sufficient to prevent the hemorrhages, and a concentrated preparation of the vitamin would accelerate recovery. Despite all my persuasion, however, he refused to take the tablets, saying there was no hurry and I should wait and see whether the hemorrhages progressed or not and, in any case, he was already taking enough medicines. When, seeing no choice but to, yield, I agreed to wait for a couple of days, he remarked with a smile, "I have had my way this time!"

When we visited the Quaid-i-Azam in the evening of the third of September, we found him lying in bed with extra blankets on. He had felt chilly in the morning for a couple of hours, but later had got over the feeling. Dr. Shah took his temperature, and with a significant look showed me, the thermometer. I noticed that it was 99° F. The Quaid-i-Azam's normal temperature very rarely exceeded 96° F in the morning and 97.5° F in the evening. This sudden rise in temperature after five weeks of satisfactory progress was, therefore, most disturbing, but on a careful examination no symptom and physical sign to account for it could be found. Hoping the slight fever might be due to cold or some other minor ailment, we prescribed an alkaline fever mixture and adjusted the diet to the changed condition.

Throughout the next day, the 4th of September, the temperature remained normal but at 8 o'clock it rose again to 99.8° F. I thought it necessary to press him to employ a night nurse. He smiled and said. "Has Miss Jinnah been putting you up to it?" I admitted the suggestion had come from her, but I fully endorsed it, and dwelt on the dangers of not having any nursing attention at night. He listened to me patiently, and after I had finished said, "I see to necessity for having a nurse at night. My condition is not as bad as all that. You are worrying unnecessarily." I tried to remove his objection by assuring him that the nurse would not remain in his bedroom at night, but would sit in the, adjoining dressing room to be available if required. But he persisted in his refusal, saying that if he needed help he could easily ring the bell for the bearer who remained just outside his door all night, then dropped the matter. Meeting Miss Jinnah outside the, room, I told her of my failure. We apprehended that if anything happened at night the whole world would condemn us, and were anxious to find a way of getting round out willful patient. A drastic way out of the difficulty occurred to me. The next morning I asked the Civil Surgeon if he had a capable nurse for night duty. A nurse, who was not only energetic but must tactful happened to be available at the Railway Hospital, and was warned to be ready at a short notice in case she was required at the Residency. In the evening I confronted the Quaid-i-Azam with an accomplished facts, announcing that a nurse had been engaged and would shortly present herself for duty. I looked keenly at him to see how he would react. But he only said, "All right, I don't mind if she is as good as the day one." I felt relieved and, without realizing that the day nurse was overhearing me, remarked, "I think you will find her as good, if not better." I jubilantly told Miss Jinnah of my success, and at once proceeded to fetch the nurse.

The Quaid-i-Azam's temperature was again normal on the morning of the 5th of September, and a very careful physical examination by Dr. Shah and myself showed no evidence which might explain, the evening's rise, except that there was slightly more sputum than usual. He had not, coughed much during the night, and thought, that the sputum came largely from the back of his nose and throat. His nose was partially blocked, for which he was instructed to instill medicated oil into the nostrils. We decided to have the sputum examined again, along with complete investigations of his

blood and other systems. He could only be X-rayed in bed, so we arranged to recall Dr. Alam, who had left with his apparatus. Dr. Ghulam Muhammad, who was still there, carried out the investigations. In the evening he gave us the results, which showed that the sputum contained me of pneumonia, and the blood showed evidence of an acute infection. The examination of the blood showed a further improvement in the hemoglobin content and red cell count as compared to the last examination a fortnight earlier. This improvement in the blood to very nearly the normal level in such a short time was the surest index of improvement in the original disease since in the presence of an infection in any part of the body regeneration of the blood is very slow, even when very potent blood-forming tonics are given. But the new infection of the pneumonia germs, coming on at a time when the patient was in every respect improving beyond our expectation, was a great blow to us. Although the discovery of highly potent specific remedies has made the treatment of pneumonia very easy, the age of the patient, the debilitating effect of the original disease, along with the baneful effect of the high altitude weighed heavily against him. A much more difficult problem was the patient's own attitude. We had prevailed upon him to have injections twice a day at Ziarat for about a fortnight, but were afraid he might not agree to have three-hourly injections of the new drug throughout day and night. We could not give him sulphonamides as we were told they always disagreed with him, besides the poor functioning of his kidneys forbade their use in the proper dosage. After explaining all this to Miss Jinnah, we approached the Quaid-i-Azam. His general condition appeared to be the same, but his eyes looked brighter and his face slightly flushed. Our suspicion was verified when the thermometer recorded the temperature as just below 100° F. The pulse was accelerated out of proportion to the temperature and there was an occasional missing of the beat. After explaining to him the results of our investigation, I told him that he had acquired an infection of the lungs due to pneumonia germs, which fortunately was amenable to new specific drugs. He did not seem to worry about the new complication, and asked us what we proposed to do. When he heard of our intention to give him some injections, he at first refused to have them, and told me to wait till the next day and see how the temperature behaved. But we insisted on immediate treatment, and finally got his approval. We then went to the Civil Hospital to get the medicine. There was no crystalline variety in stock, and we did

not want to use the ordinary kind which was available. The Civil Surgeon told us that the crystalline preparation could be had at a local Chemist's, but we found it out of stock. In its absence we decided to commence forthwith with injections of the ordinary brand, and the first injection was given at about 10-30 at night. When Dr. Shah gave it the Quaid-i-Azam complained of considerable pain, but it did not last for more than a minute or so. I could not bear to see him suffer, but it could not be helped. Fortunately the next morning the crystalline variety was available and we substituted it for the ordinary brand. The injections were now almost painless, and the Quaid-i-Azam did not, mind them.

The temperature on the morning of the 6th was almost normal, but went up again in, the evening. The Quaid-i-Azam still did not complain, and when questioned said that he was no worse. There was no aggravation of cough or any other symptom except for a further decrease in the appetite and the food intake. The sputum examined on the morning of the 7th was free from pneumonia germs, and we hoped and prayed that the temperature would not rise in the evening, but by 12 o'clock there was another complication. He, began to pass urine in small quantities very frequently and had a rigor, while the temperature rose to a higher level. He became restless with rapid breathing and asked for all the windows to be opened and ordered a table fan. I was rung up by the A.D.C. and reached the Residency immediately along with Dr. Shah. We examined him and gave him an inhalation of oxygen, which I had stored in the Residency. The oxygen improved the breathing, and the restlessness was appreciably reduced. The Quaid-i-Azam's condition had now begun to cause us much anxiety, and we expressed a desire to hold a consultation with, some other doctors, preferably from abroad. Miss Jinnah agreed with us, and I suggested the name of to specialists. She, however, thought that her brother would object to them as he had a very sad experience of the London specialists, in 1934. They had failed to diagnose his disease, and he had to go to Germany and consult another doctor, who understood his complaint and cured him. She, therefore, proposed that an American or a German doctor should be called. I explained to her that it would be easier and quicker to get a doctor from London than from America and that I knew more about the London doctors than about the American. Dr. Shah, however, suggested the name of an American specialist whom he knew

personally, and Miss Jinnah undertook to cable for him to Mr. Ispahapi. The cable stated that the Quaid-i-Azam had had a serious set-back and that two doctors, the name of one of whom was given, should be dispatched by a special plane. We hoped Mr. Ispahani would receive it by the evening of the 7th, and if he could get in touch with the doctors immediately, they would be able to leave within 24 hours and might reach Quetta within 48 hours, *i.e.* about the 10th September. The Quaid-i-Azam was not told for fear he might not approve of this step. In the evening the temperature went up still higher, and we started injections of a new medicine for the kidney inflammation. On the 8th of September, I told Miss Jinnah that as the American specialists might take some time to arrive, I would like to consult another doctor, and after some discussion it was decided to send for Dr. M. A. Mistry from Karachi. We were not certain if the Quaid-i-Azam would agree to see a new doctor, but took the risk and sent for Dr. Mistry without obtaining his consent. On that day the temperature rose still higher. Miss Jinnah asked me to stay to dinner, but I obtained her permission to have it with my family. However, in order to be available if needed. I returned to the Residency after dinner and sat up talking to Miss Jinnah till 11.30 when she retired and I went downstairs to the sitting-room. My bedroom was upstairs, but I did not feel like going to bed as I might be called up suddenly by the nurse. So I took out some journals and started reading them. Soon after midnight I heard a noise of footsteps as if someone was coming down hurriedly. Fearing it might be the night bearer sent by the nurse to call me, my heart started thumping and I dashed out of the sitting-room to find out. But to my great relief, the servant had not come for me. After that I settled down to read the journals and became oblivious to all sounds. It was not until 2 o'clock that I decided to return to my bedroom. But before doing so I went up to find out the Quaid-i-Azam's condition. The nurse reported that he was restless, and that the oxygen was being given by Miss Jinnah herself whenever the restlessness increased. After the oxygen inhalation he would sleep for an hour or so. Dr. Ghulam Muhammad, whom I had asked to stay at the Residency to help me in case of emergency, was sleeping in, the room next to mine. I lay awake in bed till about 3 o'clock before I could sleep. In the morning I got up quite early and prayed for the Quaid-i-Azam's health after which I had a cup of strong tea, which toned me up. Through the servant who brought my tea with Miss Jinnah's message to have breakfast

at the Residency, I sent word to the chef to make a French omelet; with a reminder that the omelet was intended for a healthy man who was feeling very hungry. The breakfast was brought into my room, and I enjoyed the excellent omelet and black coffee. After breakfast I went and had a report of the Quaid-i-Azam's condition during the night. The temperature was normal but there was no appreciable improvement in the general condition, nor was there any significant deterioration, with the exception of weakness, which was only to be expected in view of the fever and the reduced food intake. The urinary trouble was less, but there was no increase in the output for the urine. I learnt from the nurse that Miss Jinnah had been up practically throughout the night. She would peep through the door leading to her brother's room, and whenever she found him restless would go in and administer the oxygen herself. I felt a great admiration for her exemplary devotion. It was a wonder how, with her frail constitution, she could work day and night unremittingly without breaking down.

Dr. Mistry arrived on the morning of the 9th September. I had not met him since we were together at Guy's Hospital, London, from where we took our M.D. in 1931. He had been physician to the J. J. Hospital, Bombay, but had recently joined as honorary Professor of Medicine at the Dow Medical College, Karachi. I gave him a complete account of the course of the illness and what we had been doing for it, and then took him up to the Quaid-i-Azam's room. After he had examined the patient we had another meeting. Dr. Mistry told me that everything that was possible had been done and he could suggest nothing more. He very much doubted if the American, doctors also would be able to do anything more. We then gave Miss Jinnah our joint opinion. In the evening the temperature rose less, being only slightly above normal, but there was no significant improvement in the general condition. Nevertheless, the Quaid-i-Azam asked for the radio to listen in to the news.

For two or three days his mind had been preoccupied with the future of Kashmir. Once, when his temperature was high and he was restless, Miss Jinnah had heard him mutter something about it. On another occasion, in a similar condition, he had been distinctly heard to say, "The Kashmir Commission have an appointment with me today, why haven't they turned

up? Where are they?" His rambling worried us, but we were greatly moved by this evidence of his abounding solicitude for Kashmir. To the last this unresolved problem continued to prey, on his mind and engage his deepest thoughts and feelings.

One day Mr. Amin came and asked me if I could allow a very important visitor to meet the Quaid-i-Azam. I told him nothing was more important than the Quaid-i-Azam's life and I could not let anyone meet him. After an hour or so Mr. Amin came again with the same request, pleading that the visitor had a very vital matter to discuss with the Quaid-i-Azam. I asked his name, but Mr. Amin said he could not disclose it. Again I refused. Later, in Karachi, after the Quaid-i-Azam's death, I found out the identity of the visitor, and was glad that the interview had not been allowed to take place: it would certainly have upset the Quaid-i-Azam, and might have hastened his end. What effect the meeting would have had on the course of political events it is not possible to guess, for no one could surmise what advice he would have given the visitor. As for myself, I had only one consideration, and it was that of a doctor for his patient.

I spent the night again at the Residency sitting up till 2 o'clock. On examining our patient in the morning we found that although his temperature was for the first time subnormal, his blood pressure was the lowest so far recorded, and he looked very weak and toxic. The persistence of toxemia after the temperature had become normal appeared to me most disquieting. We met Miss Jinnah after the examination and told her that in our opinion, unless a miracle happened, there was no chance of the Quaid-i-Azam's surviving for more than a day or two. She, however, did not feel so hopeless on the ground that he had been equally bad at Ziarat and had pulled through and might still rally round. I told her I hoped with all my heart she was right, but there was a toxic look in his eyes, which frightened me more than anything else and which he did not have at Ziarat.

I went to my house at about ten and offered prayers, during which I implored God to make the Quaid-i-Azam well. I fell asleep, as had been on my feet the whole day and was greatly fatigued. After about an hour's rest I went back to the Residency and was very pleased to learn from the nurse that his condition had improved appreciably. It was the first day that his

temperature was normal in the evening, with a definite improvement in the pulse and other symptoms. I felt more hopeful and thought God had at last listened to my prayers.

When earlier practically all hope of the Quaid-i-Azam's survival had vanished we had, to avoid the complications which might arise the event of his dying at Quetta, decided to take him to Karachi. But on seeing some signs of improvement I changed my mind. On the one hand there was no doubt that the high altitude was wearing down his resistance and, on the other hand there was in his precarious condition distinct risk in exposing him to, the strain of an air journey. I took all aspect in the situation into account, and came to the conclusion that his stay at Quetta for a couple of days more would be less dangerous than moving him immediately. After some discussion with my colleagues, I acquainted Miss Jinnah with our decision, and she agreed with us. We hoped for the best, but to be prepared for an emergency, we advised her to have the Quaid-i-Azam's plane brought to Quetta and kept ready to fly at a couple of hours' notice. Orders, therefore, were sent to Karachi to this effect, and I was told that in addition to the Quaid-i-Azam's plane two Dakotas would also arrive for the staff and the luggage.

Dr. Alam had arrived with his portable X-Ray apparatus in response to our S.O.S., but in view of the Quaid-i-Azam's delicate condition we postponed taking his X-Ray picture. After making all necessary arrangements in case we had to leave for Karachi the next day, we left the Residency at about 7 o'clock. The improvement in the Quaid-i-Azam's condition had a heartening effect on me and I told my colleagues that felt like celebrating it, so we went in the Governor General's car for a long drive towards the Staff College and the outskirts of Quetta which, we had not had time to see during our four weeks' stay there, and did some shopping on the way.

After dinner I went back to the Residency where I was to sleep again. Feeling less worried I retired early and slept soundly. The Quaid-i-Azam, too, had a restful night. In the morning his pulse was satisfactory, the only depressing feature being a lack of improvement in the urinary output. I did not, therefore, think it necessary to disturb him for an examination. Captain Hussain, the A.D.C., met me in the corridor and told me that the Quaid-i-

Azam's plane was due shortly and he was going to inspect it. I offered to accompany him to see show, the patient could be moved into it. We took a stretcher with us and reached the Aerodrome soon after the plane had landed. I was introduced to the Pilot who took me inside. It was a beautiful machine luxuriously appointed. The front cabin next to the engine had four cushioned seats, two of which could be converted into a bed. The Quaid-i-Azam was to be on this improvised bed. There was an apparatus for administering the, oxygen in the cabin, but the cylinder was not full and might hardly last for about half an hour. To be on the safe side, I decided to get a full oxygen cylinder from the Military Hospital. I detached the oxygen mask and brought it with me to the Hospital to fit it to the new oxygen Cylinder. The stretcher was too wide for the door of the plane, so we narrowed it by means of strings. I then asked the pilot at what height he would be flying to avoid the air bumps and was told that for about half an hour he would have to fly above 7,000 feet but as soon as he got away from the hills he could fly as low as possible if the visibility was good. I also gathered that the passage could be much less bumpy before one or two o'clock and that he could move at two hours' notice.

When, after providing for all eventualities, we returned to the Residency at about 11 o'clock I met Dr. Mistry, who told me that the Quaid-i-Azam had relapsed and had taken no nourishment since the morning. I was shocked to hear this, as the only thing which provided some slight ground of hope was the satisfactory intake of nourishment, and now ever this hope was gone. I realized that the fight was lost and there was no point in keeping the patient in Quetta any longer. If the progress of last night had been maintained we could have stayed on for another couple of days. But since the Quaid-i-Azam had taken a turn for the worse, in my opinion no time could now be lost in moving him to Karachi. My colleagues agreed with me, and I informed Miss Jinnah accordingly, and she gave the necessary instructions to Mr. Amin. The pilot was to be ready to move by 1 o'clock.

It was difficult to do all the packing on such a short time but we hoped that we might be able to leave soon after 1 o'clock. The Quaid-i-Azam was to be informed just before leaving. It was arranged that Dr. Mistry and I would accompany him in his plane and Dr. Shah, who had his wife and children at Quetta and could not leave them behind, would travel with the staff on

the Dakota following us. We then made out a list of things we had to take with us in the plane and gave it to the nurse who carefully packed them. Fruit juice, soup, coffee, tea and other heart stimulants were carefully prepared and bottled. Syringes were boiled and kept ready for an emergency. I then asked Miss Jinnah if she would like to take the night nurse to Karachi, but she said we would easily find one there. I asked her to make quite sure and tell Mr. Amin to phone to Karachi to have a night nurse ready. She assured me that all arrangements had, been made an ambulance with a nurse would meet us at the Mauripore Aerodrome where we were to land. I then went to my house, told my wife of our plans, packed my things quietly and returned to the Residency. It was about 12.30, but there were no signs of our being able to move by 1 o'clock as much luggage was still to be packed. The packing was almost complete by 1.20. I then proceeded to discharge the delicate duty of informing the Quaid-i-Azam with which Miss Jinnah had entrusted me. As I entered his room and greeted him, he looked at me and gave a faint smile. He appeared very weak and exhausted and had a toxic look in his eyes. As I was standing he indicated a chair, which I took. The following conversation then took place:-

"Sir, would you like to go to Karachi?"

"Yes."

"Sir, would you like to leave today?"

"I don't mind."

"We are ready to move by plane, would you like to leave within a few minutes?"

The Quaid-i-Azam nodded and said, in a weak tone, "All right."

I was greatly relieved, but could not help wondering what had made him give up so easily his old objection to go to Karachi. Since we had not told him how critical his condition was, it could only be that, having himself lost all hope, he had made up his mind to return to the place of his birth. I

went and told Miss Jinnah that the Quaid-i-Azam had agreed to leave immediately. Within a few minutes we had him shifted to the ambulance. Miss Jinnah and the nurse sat on, the opposite seat, I was in front with Lt. Mazhar, next to the driver.

As the ambulance started to move I realized what a grave decision we had taken. With many unnerving thoughts in my mind I began to pray to God to vouchsafe the Quaid-i-Azam a comfortable journey. I was fortified by the prayer, and then attended to the various needs likely to arise in the course of the journey. From a distance could see the Governor-General's Viking fluttering like a silver bird in the sun.

We were at the Aerodrome at two. As the Quaid-i-Azam was being taken on a stretcher to the plane, the crew gave him a salute. To our astonishment, he returned it promptly. He was so weak that he found it difficult to turn in bed, and could not even cough without an effort. We marveled how he had mustered the energy to return the salute so briskly, It was a memorable gesture, symbolic of his sense of duty and discipline even on the verge of death.

It was fairly warm in the plane. Miss Jinnah, Dr. Mistry and the nurse were in the front cabin and I, together with Mr. Amin and Lt. Mazhar, was in the next cabin. A few minutes after the plane had taken off, I saw Dr. Mistry coming out of the cabin, and my heart sank, but he relieved my anxiety by telling me that Miss Jinnah had sent him away and would call for him if necessary. He occupied a chair in front of me and did not take long to doze off. Soon we were flying at a height of 7,000 feet and I was looking through the glass window at the rugged scenery of the Quetta hills, when the communicating door opened and Miss Jinnah came in and told me that the nurse had been incapacitated by air sickness and her brother was not taking the oxygen from her. I went into his cabin, counted his pulse, which was regular and of good volume, and examined his nails for cyanosis. After reassuring myself I began to administer the oxygen. When I brought the mask near his mouth he pushed my hand away but when I quietly explained that it was necessary to prevent any damage to his system he looked at me, smiled, and allowed me to adjust the mask. There was no place for me to sit, but I made myself as comfortable as I could on the stairs

between the two cabins with my back towards the door. The Quaid-i-Azam would take the oxygen for about five minutes and then try to remove the mask, but each time I spoke to him he would look at me, smile and allow me to readjust it. Every few minutes I would count his pulse and compare the color of his nails with that of mine. He would become restless and try to push away the blanket, but Miss Jinnah would quickly cover him again. After sitting for 20 minutes in that cramped posture, I felt the need of relaxing for a few minutes, Miss Jinnah noticed my discomfort, and asked me to rest a little, while she would give the oxygen herself. She had been doing it at Quetta quite satisfactorily, so I went back into my cabin. Everybody was fast asleep and snoring, except Lt. Mazhar who looked very pale and air-sick.

I had not been away for more than a couple of minutes when Miss Jinnah came and asked me to administer the oxygen again as her brother was not taking it from her. I went in and gave the oxygen for about 20 minutes more. By that time we had left the hills and were flying at a height of 4 to 5 thousand feet. I did not consider it necessary to give any more oxygen, and went back to my cabin. The most difficult and risky part of the journey was over, and thanking God for it I stretched myself in the chair to relax for the remainder of the journey. The excellent way in which the Quid-i-Azam had borne it stirred a faint hope within me. I tried to read a paper, but could not concentrate. I closed my eyes, but sleep would not come. I looked through the window at the flooded areas of Sind below, and mused over Nature's hostility to our infant State.

CHAPTER THREE

AT KARACHI

We landed at the Mauripore Aerodrome at 4.15 and a great load was taken off my mind. As I got out of the plane, I saw the Military Secretary to the Governor-General, Colonel Knowles, standing by an ambulance but could see no nurse. It was rather warm at Karachi but not uncomfortable as there was a strong breeze. Inside the plane, however, it was stuffy, so we lost no time in shifting the Quaid-i-Azam to the ambulance. Miss Jinnah and the nurse from Quetta sat in the ambulance, while the Military Secretary, Dr. Mistry and I followed, in the Governor-General's Cadillac. The luggage and the servants were in the truck behind us. We moved from the Aerodrome to the Governor-General's House distance of about 9 to 10 miles, at a very slow speed.

We had hardly gone four miles when the ambulance stopped. Wondering what had happened, I got out and found that there had been a breakdown due to engine trouble. The driver assured us the he would soon put it right, but he fiddled with the engine for about twenty minutes, and the ambulance would not start. Miss Jinnah sent the Military Secretary to fetch another ambulance. Dr. Mistry went with him. It was very oppressive in the ambulance, and the Quaid-i-Azam was perspiring in spite of continued fanning by the nurse and the servants. We thought of removing him to the big car, but the stretcher could not be taken in and he was too weak to be propped up in the back seat. Besides, his clothes were wet with perspiration, and with a fairly strong breeze blowing there was risk of an exposure I examined him and was horrified to find his pulse becoming weak and irregular. I ran to the truck and brought back Thermos flask containing hot tea. Miss Jinnah quickly give him a cup, and observed that it was the first time in the day that he had taken any nourishment, having, so far refused everything except a few sips of fruit juice. I told her this was an encouraging sign. Except for the most distressing breakdown of the ambulance everything had been going in the patient's favor. What a

catastrophe if, having survived the air journey, he were to die by the roadside. With mounting anxiety I examined his pulse again the cup of tea having revived him, it was luckily stronger and more regular. I kept on looking distractedly towards the town, but there was no sign of an ambulance. Many trucks and buses were passing up and down, but none of them could be safely used. I felt utterly forlorn and helpless. After an excruciatingly prolonged interval the ambulance appeared at last. We quickly shifted the Quaid-i-Azam into the new ambulance and resumed unhappily interrupted journey. The ambulance did not fly the Governor-General's Flag, so nobody knew that the Quaid-i-Azam was being taken in a critical condition through the streets of Karachi.

We, reached our destination at one, almost two hours after we had landed at the Mauripore Aerodrome. It is difficult to exaggerate our relief at the safe conclusion of a journey, which might have proved calamitous. I had put my faith in God, and He had looked after the Quaid-i-Azam. The ambulance was driven to the front of the Quaid-i-Azam's room. He was brought in on a stretcher, and I helped in lifting him to his bed. The, nurse took his temperature and pulse, and reported the one to be normal and the other to be regular. Having satisfied myself about his condition, I went to the Military Secretary's room and begged for a cup of tea. I had taken nothing since breakfast and was very tired and thirsty. I had a wash and took four cups of strong tea in quick succession. Going into the Quaid-i-Azam's room a few minutes later, Dr. Mistry and I found him asleep Dr. Mistry took leave for an hour to visit his house, and I asked Colonel Knowles to ring up Col. M. H. Shah to arrange for a night nurse and send an enema can with her. But Colonel Shah could not be contacted anywhere. We then rang up Colonel Saeed Ahmed, Surgeon to, the Jinnah Central Hospital, but, having just started an operation, he was inaccessible. I then went myself to look for Col. Shah and bring the nurse and enema can with me. But he was neither at his house nor at the Hospital. Not wishing to disturb Colonel Saeed Ahmed in the middle of a major operation, I went to the Nurses' Home, but found the matron out and no experienced nurse available. I felt exasperated and at a loss as to what to do. Everything had, started going wrong from the moment we had landed at the Aerodrome. I wished I had insisted upon Miss Jinnah to bring the night nurse from Quetta, but how could I imagine it would be so difficult, to find one at

Karachi? I decided to go and hunt for Colonel Shah again. It was nearly 8 o'clock; but he had not returned home. I met Dr. R. A. Shah at Colonel Shah's house, where he and his family were putting up, and sought relief of my overwrought nerves in cursing Karachi. At 8.20 I told him I could not wait any longer and would go back and see the Quaid-i-Azam before going to my hotel for dinner. He, however, proposed that we should go together at 9.15 when the usual injection was due, and in the meantime I could run up to the hotel and have my dinner. But I was feeling very uneasy and wanted to go to the Governor-General's House first. I had no immediate anxiety about the Quaid-i-Azam, and he had not been left unattended, for Dr. Mistry would have been back at seven. Still I wished to satisfy myself so as to have my dinner with an easy mind. So I went directly to the Governor-General's House and was pleased to find that the Military Secretary had succeeded in unearthing a nurse. At 8.30 I asked Lt. Mazhar to let Miss Jinnah know that I wanted to meet her to enquire about the Quaid-i-Azam's condition before going to the hotel to have dinner, I was told that he had been sleeping peacefully for two hours. After about fifteen minutes I enquired from the Military Secretary whether my message had been given to Miss Jinnah. He thought it must have been delivered but could not say why there was no reply. At 8.45 I told him that as everything appeared to be going well and as we were coming back a little later, I would rush off to my hotel for a quick dinner. I reached the Palace Hotel, where I was to put up, hurriedly had some food, and came out to telephone, the Governor-General's House for a car to take me back. Just then the Reception Clerk gave me an urgent message to ring up the A.D.C. immediately. I learnt on the telephone that the Quaid-i-Azam's pulse had become irregular and that I was wanted immediately. I told the A.D.C. to send the car at once.

I was with the Quaid-i-Azam at 9.15, and on examining him found the pulse feeble and slightly irregular, and there was a cold sweat with cold extremities. Before exploring the cause I hastened to give him an injection of a heart tonic and ordered a circulatory stimulant to be given by mouth, but he could not swallow and the medicine, dribbled out from the corner of his mouth. I then sent for bricks or blocks of wood to raise the foot of the bed and bandages for his legs to increase the flow of blood to the vital centers. It was difficult to find these things in the House, so I tried to lift the

foot of the bed myself. The bed was extremely heavy and though I succeeded in lifting it up by about six inches or so. I could not maintain it for long. Miss Jinnah tried to help me, but I requested her not to exert herself and get some books to be use in place of bricks. But all this made an appreciable improvement in the patient. While I was thus frantically, engaged, Dr. Mistry and Dr. Shah turned up. I asked Dr. Shah to inject the medicine in the vein. He, an expert in giving injections, however, failed, for the veins had collapsed. The oxygen was being given by the nurse before I arrived and was continued. Another attempt was made to give a heart stimulant by mouth, but the Quaid-i-Azam could not swallow it. We felt helpless.

After another injection of the medicine I said reassuringly to the Quaid-i-Azam, "Sir, we have given you an injection to strengthen you, and it will soon have effect. God willing, you are going to live." The Quaid-i-Azam shook his head and said faintly, "No, I am not" These were the last words he spoke to anybody before he died about half an hour later. Miss Jinnah was too overwhelmed to talk to him. The only persons in the room at the time were the three doctors, Miss Jinnah and a nurse. At 10 o'clock the pulse started improving very slightly, and we began to entertain a dim hope. But after 10 minutes it again became feeble and grew almost imperceptible. At 10.20 I could not feel the pulse at the wrist, and when I put the stethoscope to the heart I could not, hear any heart sounds. The Quaid-i-Azam was dead. I looked at Miss Jinnah to indicate that it was all over. She was beside herself with grief, and almost collapsed. We supported her to a chair in the next room and gave her a heart stimulant. Her condition was pitiable, but while fully sharing her heart-breaking sorrow we could offer her no comfort.

Although 36 hours earlier we had told Miss Jinnah that in our opinion the Quaid-i-Azam did not have even one chance in a hundred of surviving for more than 24 to 36 hours, his death came as a staggering shock to us. All the time I had been hoping and praying for a miracle to happen, and till the last minute did not lose hope; but the miracle did not happen. From the time I had received the telephone call from Mr. Muhammad Ali on the 21st of July, I was praying for his recovery, and during the last fortnight I had prayed more fervently with a full heart many times a day. Only one thing

had occupied my mind, and this was the Quaid-Azam's illness and how to treat it most effectively. With this thought uppermost in my mind I had got up in the morning and, with it I had gone to bed at night. Now that the Quaid-i-Azam was dead and all my prayers and efforts had proved of no avail, while trying to reconcile myself to the will of God, I could not help regretting why I had not been called a year or even a couple of months earlier, when there would have been much more chance of a cure.

Everyone I met was eager to know about the Quaid-i-Azam's illness, and I was often asked why it had been kept secret. I could only say that it was at the Quaid-i-Azam's own wish. A doctor's duty in the first instance is to disclose, his disease and report its progress to the nearest relation and to communicate it to the patient only if the relation desires it and he himself considers it proper. I had taken Miss Jinnah into confidence from the very beginning, and it was on her insistence and in the belief that without it the treatment could not be carried out that the Quaid-i Azam had been informed. I would have been unfaithful to the patient and the profession if I had revealed its nature, or gravity to anyone else. I did not profess to understand why the Quaid-i-Azam desired his illness to be kept secret, but as a doctor and a disciplined soldier had to obey, whether I thought it right or wrong. It was not for me to judge what repercussions the secrecy would have after his death. It was the Quaid-Azam's affair, and he knew it best. Some of my friends did not agree with me, but to this day I remain convinced that I adopted the only course open to me on grounds of human consideration and professional propriety alike.

I felt unequal to joining the funeral procession, but listened tensely to an account of the last rites over the radio. When the announcer described the scene of the lowering of the Quaid-i-Azam's body into the grave, I broke down. So far I had controlled my feelings, and although there were many moments when I had been on the verge of tears, especially when he breathed his last, my eyes had remained dry throughout. Now when the Quaid-i-Azam was being buried, I could restrain myself no longer and wept like a disconsolate child in front of my brother and his wife. I loved the Quaid-i-Azam as my own father and knew he had begun to like me very much. Whenever I met him during my professional visits he always greeted me with a smile. Whenever I requested him to do anything

concerning his treatment he always respected my advice, although on many occasions he argued with me to satisfy himself, as to its soundness. On my persuasion he bore many painful injections which he detested. He loathed medicines in the form of tartan pills but took them when I prescribed them for him. He hated employing nurses, but listened to me when I explained the necessity of it. During the air journey he would not take the oxygen from the nurse or his own sister, but whenever I requested him he would smile and inhale it. All these things were fresh in my memory, and his smiling face was haunting me. And this well-beloved man was now to be buried forever in earth. One of the greatest Muslims was being lowered into dust and would soon, be a part of the dust. God had created him as a blessing for the Muslims of this sub-continent, and He had now deemed it fit to take him away from us, and we would never see the like of him again.

Next day, Monday, the 13th of September, I called on Miss Jinnah. She enquired what the Quaid-i-Azam had said to me before he died. Tears were constantly streaming from her eyes. I was deeply affected, but could find no words to mitigate her grief. I urged her to look after her health so as to live long and inspire us to consolidate our young State. On this she wept more and said, "What is the good of my living now?" How could I console her? The only solace I could offer was that her brother's heroic spirit would abide with us, and we could pay homage to it by making ourselves worthy of the great Muslim State of his creation and the greater one of his vision, I, for my part, thanked God for having chosen me to serve the Father of the Nation during the last days of his life, a melancholy, privilege, of which I will never cease to cherish the unfading memory.