APPENDIX 9
JUGAL KISHORE MALHOTRA’S ACCOUNT

I was eleven years old and was studying in school when the news regarding Partition reached us. My father had a house in Model Town, which is about seven miles outside the city of Lahore. A canal which is a branch of the river Ravi separates the city from Model Town. As a result, when the riots began in March 1947 we were spared the devastation even though the city burnt. Forman Christian College was also on the Model Town side and the locality was built by Sir Gangaram. My father believed that Lahore would be a part of India, not Pakistan, so he refused to move. He remained adamant even when a grenade exploded in Model Town killing some workers.

We were still in Model Town on August 14-15 when a company of Dogras came there to contain the worsening situation. My father knew the Captain of the Dogra regiment as he was friendly with his father. The Captain advised my father to leave with the family and to take shelter with his father who was in Ferozepur. He also warned him that the Baluchis were coming and that their loyalty was very clearly Muslim. Very reluctantly my father, mother, three sisters and three brothers left for Lahore station with only one change of clothes. He imagined that he would be back after fifteen or twenty days.

Courtesy the Captain, we got a lift in an army vehicle to Lahore Cantonment station. We had to wait for a very long time for the train to come from Ferozepur as it was delayed. The army gave us food and water. When we eventually boarded the train, it was jam packed. It was very hot as we were packed like sardines. I remember the night of 17 August 1947. We had gone only seven to eight miles when the train came to a halt. We heard that there had been an attack on another train coming from India. Fortunately, we were not attacked as there was a British army train behind us. We proceeded at a crawl to Raiwind and then to Kasur which was about twenty kilometers from Lahore. I saw that troops were on the move and every half a kilometer or so the train was halted. Rumours were that miscreants had put a tree across the track. We heard firing and we put up our shutters to see what was happening. Troops from Ferozepur were firing in the air to scare away the people. I think the train did not proceed further from Raiwind as the engine belonged to Pakistan and one had to come from India. It was an interminable wait at the station. The entire platform was crawling with the Army. If we had to drink water we had to drink it from taps meant for Hindus – yes, there were separate taps for Hindus and Muslims.
After about twelve or fourteen hours the engine from India came. We finally made it to Hosainiwalla: the last Indian outpost on the border. I saw that on a bridge, which spanned the river Sutlej at Hosainiwalla, boys were chasing Muslims with sticks towards Kasur and the same was happening on the opposite side. Finally, we reached Ferozepur. Since there was curfew clamped out there we could not make it to the Captain’s father’s house. We continued in the train to Bhatinda and from there to Delhi. It was, I think, the 19 of August. The train proceeded in utter darkness from Bhatinda to Delhi as we were passing Muslim dominated areas. We escaped being massacred because a British Army train was right behind us. It was as though they were escorting us.

In Delhi there was rioting which went on for eight to ten days. At first we stayed in Connaught Place and from there we found accommodation in Karol Bagh. My father was devastated by the move and the events which overtook us. Little did he realise that he would become a refugee and leave the undivided Punjab where his father (my grandfather) had started the Punjab Education Society. My father was advised to buy land in Delhi as it was cheap. However, he believed that Delhi would be ruined. He never imagined that it would transform itself into a flourishing capital. The Punjab National Government came to our assistance and gave my father some property, but it was nothing compared to what he had left behind.