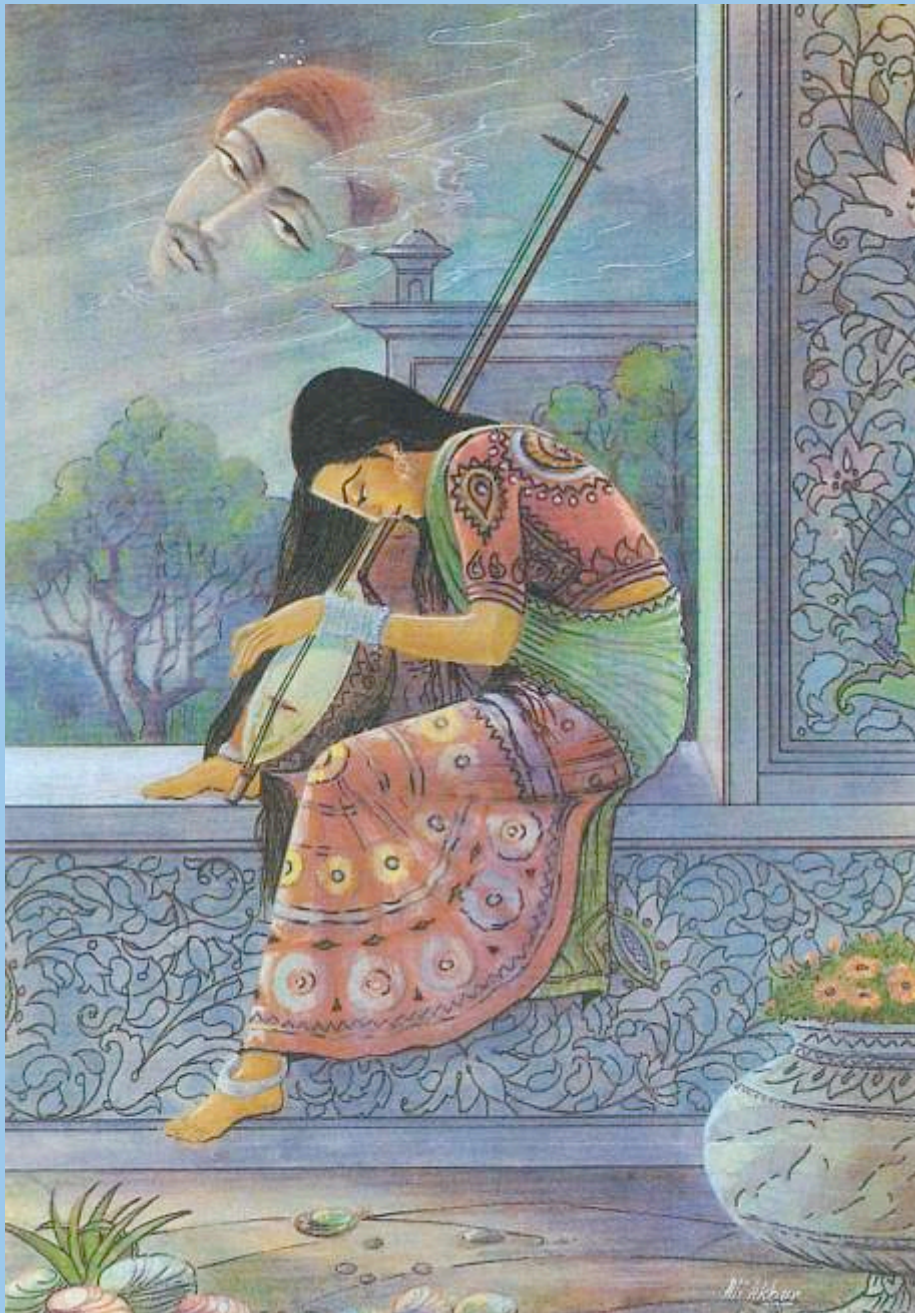


KEMCOLIAN

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**KING EDWARD MEDICAL COLLEGE
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF NORTH AMERICA**

Seventh Annual Palm Beach Cancer Symposium
COMBINED MODALITY THERAPY OF COMMON MALIGNANCIES



April 1-2, 2005
The Ritz-Carlton, Palm Beach, Florida

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KEMCOLIAN

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Editorial and Submission Policy: All submissions to KEMCOLIAN must be sent to KEMCOLIAN 1331 Union Avenue Suite 800 Memphis, TN 38104. All articles, reports, press releases, photographs, and illustrations submitted for publication become the property of KEMCAANA and will not be returned. The Publications Committee reserves the right to edit all submitted materials.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Editor gratefully acknowledges the Invaluable assistance from Jibraun, Noor and Ghazala in making this Issue possible.

Special thanks are due to Mr. Arthur E. Kramer for his generous support for the magazine.

President's Message

Mohammad Jahanzeb, M.D.



Most of us would agree that writing such pieces of prose entitled "So and So's Message" can at best be a dull affair and at worst downright painful. However, this year it is a pure delight to write these lines to report the fruits of labor of a group of Kemcolians that have really furthered the cause of KEMCAANA. Starting from the wonderful work of our Board of Trustees, under the leadership of Dr. Ishaq Chishti, to initiating a formal long-term strategic planning process for KEMCAANA, to the amazing fundraising effort in Washington, DC, best called "half-a-million dollars in half an hour", (thanks to Drs. Gbazala Hayat, Hassan Bukhari, Riaz Chaudhry and the donors) we have been humming~ A lot of money was earmarked for the scholarship fund due to the great efforts by Dr. Masood Akbar. Our membership drive, orchestrated by DR. Muüz Chauhan and aided by Dr. Faisal Bhinder, has yielded more than 75 new members, most of whom are young residents (without any election going on!). Our principal, Professor Mumtaz Hasan, enthusiastically participated in the summer meeting and has just sent us the good news about obtaining University status for King Edward. This bodes well for the prospects of improving education, enhancing research and elevating the standard of patient care in our beloved institution.

Our POE program is flourishing with continued interest in recruiting graduates to the programs at the University of Tennessee and at Monmouth Medical Center in New Jersey. Ongoing projects such as computer labs, the model medical ward and the model surgical ward are ninning well, although we can always use more resources.

While we have much to celebrate, we should not lose sight of the challenges ahead and recognize that a lot remains to be done. The majority of the 2,000 plus Kemcolians in North America are still non-members, we have not fully involved the younger graduates in our strategic planning, and we need a more cohesive culture to move forward.

There is every reason to be optimistic about the future of our organization as so many of our bright and energetic colleagues are putting their resources behind the efforts to take us to the next level. I hope to see you in December in Lahore for a memorable meeting celebrating our alma mater's new status as a University.

Principal's Message

Professor Mumtaz Hasan,



It is with great pleasure that I write these lines for 2004 issue of the KEMCOLIAN.

King Edward Medical College, Lahore is one of the greatest and the oldest medical institutions in the world. The success of its graduates all over the world, particularly in the United States, bears testimony to its greatness. It is to every brick and wall, every wooden bench of King Edward, to a dedicated faculty and to every patient at the Mayo Hospital that the Kemcolians owe their success.

As principal of King Edward Medical College, I am proud of your success. You have made a great name for our institution and for our country.

I am ready to be of any service to the members of KEMCAANA and to their families.

SECRETARY'S REPORT

Khalid Mahmood

Kemcaana General Body Meeting was very well attended on June 11th 2004 in Washington DC. Forty Seven Kemcolians were present including Prof. Mumtaz Hasan, Principal KEMC.

Meeting was called to order at 2:00 p.m. Dr. Jahanzeb began after the recitation of the Holy Quran and gave president's remarks.

Minutes of the spring meeting in New York were presented by Dr. Khalid Mahmood and were approved.

Dr. Ijaz Mahmood presented handout, which included a balance sheet of activities that was approved.

Professor Dr. Mumtaz Hasan gave an excellent presentation of new developments and improvements of KEMC and Allied Hospitals. Dr. Hassan described number of ways KEMCAANA can participate. 1)..Wall of Friends of KEMC 2). Endowment Fund 3). Adopt a ward and 4)Adopt a department.

Dr. Mufiz Chauhan gave membership committee report that KEMCAANA has 61 new members since last meeting in March. The membership committee successfully mailed letters to all King Edward Medical College graduates in the United States asking to support KE this year.

Dr. Ghazala Hayat encouraged members to please "Support KEMC/KEMCA

ANA by making pledges at the alumni dinner. Individuals can make pledges starting at \$500 to \$10,000 specifying funds to be used towards Patiala Block Renovation, Library, Computer Lab or Scholarship funds.

Dr. Arif A. A. Toor gave the Post Graduate Education report that a total of 6 physicians were accepted into programs including 4 at University of Tennessee. Dr. Toor also gave updates on the Winter Meeting December 18-19 in Pakistan. The meeting will include a KE reception, tea, CME and other activities. Details are forming for the musical program on Saturday evening.

Dr. Riaz Chaudhry gave the Nominating and Election Committee Report with Dr. Furhan Yunus as President, Dr. Khalid Mahmood as President-Elect, Dr. Ijaz Mahmood as Secretary and Dr. Mubasher Rana as Treasurer.

Dr. Mushtaq Sharif gave the report from Model Medical Ward Project that the emphasis is on system improvement. Dr. Sharif will have a final report by the December meeting.



Dr. Masood Akbar gave the report from Scholarship Committee rewarded 4 individuals scholarships this year.

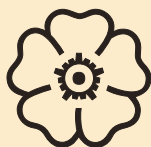
Dr. Iftikhar Hussain gave report from Website Committee that website is still being updated. Dr. Hussain is requesting feedback on the website from the membership.

Dr. Ishaq Chishti addressed new business by stating that Strategic Plan will be completed by the end of December. The main goal is to have support of education of King Edward as well as medical patient care. Dr. Yunus submitted points to facilitate the educational mission for KEMC, facilitate graduate medical training at MAYO Hospital, facilitate research activity of KE/MAYO, facilitate KE graduates to obtain resources in U.S., invest in brick/mortar infrastructure and

also invest in intellectual capital at KE/MAYO.

Comments from the floor included Internet availability in KEMC Library and Computer Lab, medical education department such as plans for prevention/awareness of diseases. For example, patients need to be educated about diseases. It was also suggested that personnel such as technicians, nursing staff, medical assistants and others also need continuing medical education to maintain and enhance their professional effectiveness.

There being no further business, the meeting was adjourned.



The Title

The Title depicts the yearning of the human spirit (female figure) for the divine (Male face)

The Title is an illustration of the following verses from Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai

رڳون ٿيون رباب، وڃن ويل سڀڪنهن،
 لڳن ڪڍڻ نه ٿيو، جانباً ري جباب،
 سوئي سڏيندڙ سڀرين، ڪيس جنهن ڪباب،
 سوئي عين عذاب، سوئي راحت روح جي.



My veins like strings of Rabab.
 Are in action all the time.
 I am writhing and do not complain.
 It is my Beloved, who has set me on fire,
 It is a torment and it is also bliss for the soul.

Courtesy of
 Dr. M. M. Vakassi, M.D.
 4550 Memorial Drive, Suite 300, Belleville,
 Illinois, 62226

EDITORIAL

Sultan A. Hayat



9/11 has, forever, shattered the United States' sense of invincibility. Questions have been raised about the administration's responsibility in failing to predict and prevent the attacks of 9/11. The performance of the C.I.A. and of the F.B.I. is undergoing critical scrutiny. The C.I.A. director is gone and many more are likely to follow. The Airlines were clearly liable for the lax security at the Airports and the administration moved to protect them against law suits by establishing a special compensation fund for the victims of the attacks. To prevent further attacks, security procedures have been changed and new laws have been introduced to enhance surveillance and apprehension of any potential terrorists. It is a Government's responsibility to protect its citizens and the failure to do so will call into question its right to govern. One of the conclusions reached by the 9/11 commission is that the Government, the CIA and the FBI did not do enough to prevent the attacks. That was before 9/11. After 9/11, not to do enough will be criminal.

There is a delicate balance between the demands of societal security and that of the individual freedom. Too much attention on the one can lead to neglect of the other. In a time of threat, society generally hunkers down and the rights of the individual recede into the background. With the diminution of the threat, security measures are relaxed and the individual rights return to the forefront. There has been a lot of criticism of the Patriotic Act by the Muslim Community in the United States. The Act is not a perfect piece of legislation and some of its provisions need amendment which will probably happen in due course but the Act can not be thrown out in its entirety as some have demanded.

The response of the Muslim Community to 9/11 has been confused. After the initial shock, some resorted to denial "Muslims did not do this. This is a Jewish conspiracy". Others tried to provide justification "The root causes of the attacks need to be addressed". Still others tried to deny and justify at the same time. What was missing was a strong, sincere and unified condemnation of the attacks. This fact did not go unnoticed.

There has been a lot of discussion about the perceived maltreatment of Muslims in the United States in the aftermath of 9/11. Are we being objective in our assessment? Is it really so bad? Let us examine some facts (1) Thousands of Muslims were killed and hundreds of thousands displaced in Ahmed Abad, India when riots broke out in 2002 at the killing of 58 Hindu pilgrims in a train burning incident. (2) Since 9/11 more Christians have been killed in Pakistan than Muslims in the United States. (3) A few Muslims who were in the United States illegally, have been deported but none have chosen to leave voluntarily (4) Hundreds of thousands of Muslims all over the world are still applying for visas to enter the United States.

While we are lobbying for democracy and civil rights in the U.S., we seem to be turning a blind eye to the violation of these rights in our own countries. What about the suppression of women in our society? What about the persecution of Ahmadi's, Christians, Hindus and the bombings of Shia mosques in Pakistan? What about the cold blooded killings of European and American "infidels" in Saudi Arabia? Have we, as a community raised our voice against these horrendous violations of human rights? What about the repeated violations of Pakistani constitution by the Army and the perpetual support of military dictatorships by the APPNA and The PAK-PAC hierarchies?

If we are going to fight for democracy and civil rights, we will have to show a sincere, non-selective, across the board adherence to these principles. Yes, we have the right to demand justice and fairness from America but to be credible, we need to recognise the importance of our own commitment to these ideals.

Is KEMCAANA Relevant?

Syed Mansoor Hussain

APPNA and the alumni associations have just had the annual summer meetings. This is the biggest deal in APPNA's calendar and the build up almost always includes a hotly contested election or two. As such the interest in all these organizations is quite heightened. Discussions are held between friends, between alumni and on different electronic message boards and lists about the past, the present and the future of these organizations. Unfortunately, once these meetings are done with, most of us revert to the usual pursuit of happiness in an ever more complicated world. Agreed that the world is a large place and has many serious problems that consume our members' time and energy, but the small little world of KEMCAANA also needs some attention.

The word out on the street is that KEMCAANA has lost its oomph! Perhaps it is a victim of its own past success. The movers and shakers in this organization it seems, have moved on to bigger and better things. For instance, the president-elect, and three past presidents of APPNA in this particular century are all Kemcolians as are some of the major actors in HDFN. Unfortunately as the leaders from the past move on, newer members willing to expend time and energy on this organization are increasingly harder to come by. This is especially true of the "newer" graduates

who are not joining up in the numbers that in the opinion of old timers like us, they should be. Also, it seems that this year the number of APPNA members has gone down as compared to the previous year. Hopefully this is not a trend but rather an aberration. Nevertheless, attention should be paid to this since the fortunes of APPNA and its alumni components are intertwined. If the membership in APPNA goes up then the alumni benefit automatically and the reverse is probably equally true. Before we discuss what needs to be done, it might be worthwhile to consider what went on in the past.

I will enumerate what in my opinion were some of the reasons why people like me joined organizations like APPNA and KEMCAANA. Of these, the first and perhaps the most important was the nostalgia factor. When my generation was younger, traveling to Pakistan was still a big deal. Also, every corner store did not yet sell seekh kababs or chicken tikkas. Therefore many of us had to find a place and time to recreate a little bit of home for ourselves. APPNA meetings for many of us became home away from home. Of course, in those days, APPNA and KEMCAANA were almost the same!

Second came the friendship factor. When my generation came to America, we used to come in groups and do our training in the same hospital or hospitals close by. This strengthened our friendships, and as

we started getting married, our wives became friends of our friend's wives. This created a group atmosphere that for many of us has lasted many decades. So, even when we were separated after our residencies, the friendships were maintained and APPNA meetings became a magnet for us since we could then get together from all over the country to meet in one place.

Third, there was the association with parent institutions. When we graduated, we had small classes, and our classmates and other students in KE became an important part of our lives. Moreover, because almost all our friends were from KE, we developed a strong affinity for the institution as well. So, it was always a pleasure to return for a visit every now and then. I still remember with great fondness the fact that every time I went to Lahore a few years after graduation, my friends would arrange a qawwali at the mazaar behind Patiala block for me (I had started that tradition when I was in KE). Later on, these trips were facilitated by the annual winter meetings in Pakistan. Also, it gave us an excuse to drag our unwilling preteens along to visit their grandparents. So, by participating in the alumni associations, we automatically became a part of APPNA.

Fourth, there was the numbers factor. There were few medical colleges at that time and therefore most doctors belonged to one of five institutions! So, if we turned up at an APPNA meeting, we would always find enough of our

contemporaries to have a good time especially since the number of people who came here from the same years was quite large. As an example, the KE class of 70 seventy (from the originally admitted 113 in 1965) probably has about fifty (if not more) members in this country. Also, the Pakistani American community in general was quite small and physicians formed a pretty big fraction. Finally, there was the exclusivity factor. There were very few organizations that consisted of Pakistani Americans and so, APPNA basically had the first dibs on such mediums of interaction.

Much has changed now. The number of people coming from the same class at the same time is much less. There are large ethnic communities in almost every big town so Pakistani physicians can easily find friends among them without having the need to seek out APPNA for social reasons. Also, the emphasis is more on professional needs and political clout than before. Life is tougher than it used to be for IMGs and so it is difficult for many to find the time or to be easily able to afford the trips to APPNA conventions. Also, coming to America for further training and then being able to stay on has now become such a difficult process that many of the newer physicians are very rightly focused on making the best of their professional opportunities. And, sadly, Pakistan for many of the newer immigrants is no longer the "fun" place it was in my time and therefore the nostalgia factor is less prominent than before.

First and foremost is the question that should anything be done at all? Here, I would like to reiterate my often-iterated position that APPNA is necessary, both as a social organization as well as a professional group. The problem of the alumni is slightly more difficult. When KE was the life-blood of APPNA, then it was necessary to keep it going for if it withered away, so would APPNA. But now, KEMCAANA has very much lost its preeminence in APPNA. Therefore it is important to find other reasons to keep it going. Here, it is important to remember that most Kemcolians who might join APPNA will in time become parts of KEMCAANA. So, in my opinion we should first and foremost support APPNA and try and increase its membership. This will automatically benefit KEMCAANA. Some of the suggestions I am going to present are applicable to both these organizations and to other alumni associations.

1. APPNA has to change its emphasis, which it is slowly but surely going from being a fraternal to a professional organization. Networking, physician support and political clout are becoming more important, especially in the present environment.
2. The alumni have to start making improvements in their parent institutions as their primary goal. This is a worthy cause but more importantly will bring back a sense of purpose to these

organizations.

3. The Pakistan meetings should be reinvigorated so that the members can reestablish the connection with the parent institutions and develop a reason to visit Pakistan. Even though traveling back and forth is a lot easier now but still, this will give the younger members a reason to make trip back and take their young children along to show them Pakistan. The fact that decent CME programs can make this trip partially tax free is an important consideration.
4. It is time for APPNA and the Alumni to spread their wings and start having more local meetings with networking, political activism and medical education as the primary goals with "hulla gulla" as an inducement to attend. I am sure there are many other things that can help, but the most important from a functional point of view would be if newer graduates start contesting elections. They will thus by necessity draw their contemporaries into the picture. As a corollary it is perhaps time for the "old guard" to relinquish its strangle hold on this and other organizations, and if possible retire gracefully and concentrate on improving their golf swings.

*SYED MANSOOR HUSSAIN IS A
KINGEDWARD GRADUATE OF 1970*

Joy Bangladesh

Asarul'Islam Syed, MD

"If you have an American passport, then the visa costs one hundred dollars. If you have a Pakistani passport, then the visa costs five dollars," said the official of the Consulate of Bangladesh in Los Angeles. "How is that?" I asked him.

It was November 2003, the month of Ramadan. I had called the consulate to inquire about the process of getting a visa to visit Bangladesh. I had lived in Dhaka between 1960 and 1962 when I was just nine years old. It was the time, when my father, a captain in the Pakistan Army Medical Corps, had been transferred from Rawalpindi to Dhaka. During those two years we lived in Azimpur Colony, Dhaka. I had been longing to see Dhaka since. At that age I picked up to speak fluent Bangla. My father served as a Recruiting Medical Officer, and his office was located at the Plassey Barracks in Azimpur Dhaka.

Plassey Barracks have a long history. These barracks were military recruitment centers that were established in 1757 in the heart of Dhaka, after Robert Clive, known to his admirers as the "Conqueror of India," wanted to recruit Indian soldiers for the East India Company. Clive first arrived in India in 1743 as a civil servant of the East India Company, returning to England in 1753. A penchant for an extravagant life style, his electoral loss in the House of Commons, he chose to flee from his creditors and political opponents. He returned to India in 1756. The French and the British were competing for their supremacy in India and the Company needed the services of an able

commander. Clive set up his base in Madras but moved to Calcutta in 1757. Calcutta was then ruled by the Nawab of Bengal, Siraj-ud-Daula. On June 23rd of that year, in



a small village, Plassey, near a mango grove between Calcutta and Murshidabad, the forces of East India Company, under Clive, defeated the army of Siraj-ud-Daula. There was no "Battle of Plassey." The outcome of the battle had been decided long before the soldiers came to the battlefield. The aspirant to the throne of Bengal, Mir Jafar, was induced to throw in his lot with Clive. The soldiers of Siraj-ud-Daula, had been bribed to throw away their weapons, surrender and even turn their arms against their own army. Jawaharlal Nehru in *Discovery of India* (1946) justly describes Clive as having won the battle "by promoting treason and forgery," and remarks that the British rule in India had "an unsavory beginning and something of that bitter taste has clung to it ever since."

My father was to serve in these very barracks, to recruit soldiers from East Pakistan to serve the Government of Pakistan. That was in 1960. Forty one years later, from California, I wrote a letter to the present Commanding Officer of the Army Recruitment Center at Dhaka, expressing my deep desire to revisit the place. I also wrote letters addressed to the residents

currently living at 65 Azimpur Colony, the place where I had lived during my childhood. Also, I had written a letter to the principal of the Adamjee Public School in Dhaka Cantonment, my old school. I recall having skipped school for three months, "playing hooky," during which time I enjoyed loitering in the streets of Dhaka with my small gang of school buddies. These three months had been the best part of my education. My gang, three other kids, had an agenda every day, and we had fun roaming and wandering in Dhaka, visiting temples, mosques, markets, museums and shops. Indeed it was the joy of this freedom that gave me an opportunity to grow and learn about Bengalis. I developed a deep love for Dhaka and the Bengalis. When, in 1962, my father was posted back to Lahore, he had me enrolled in the Lahore Garrison School. Kids and teachers at this school called me "Bengali Babu," perhaps because I played soccer barefoot---kids played barefoot in Dhaka. Dhaka gave me my name too. My parents had named me Asar Islam. It was in Dhaka that the school teacher enrolled me as Asar-ul-Islam. Most Bengali names have an 'ul' component. Bengali Muslim names sound unique. Sirajul-Islam, Nazrul-Islam, Shamasud-Doha, Mujeeb-ur- Rehman, a strong expression of Arabian tradition. In Dhaka we had a cook at our house. His name was Hazrat Ali. My mother found that very amusing. Bengali names have a deep Islamic character to them.

It was little wonder when the voice over the telephone at the Consulate of Bangladesh in Los Angeles greeted me with an 'Alsalam Alaikum' instead of a

hello. Only two embassies in the entire world have their staff use Islamic greetings instead of a "hello" while answering the phone: Pakistan and Bangladesh.

"But why is the cost of the visa just five dollars if one has a Pakistani passport?" I asked. "Well, if you were born after 1971, you may not know; but, we were one country once, Pakistan and Bangladesh. We now have this reciprocal thing between our two countries," he replied somewhat awkwardly.

I actually knew nobody in Dhaka. Yes, nobody. And I really had no business there either. Does one need to know someone when one goes for Umra or Haj? I am not religious by any definition but the sincerity of a pilgrim's visit is known to me. To me Dhaka is like Mecca and Medina. I wanted to be at the Eid prayers at the Baitul Mukkaram Masjid. I have been yearning to embrace Bengalis. I want to hold them in my arms and cry. Embracing a former East Pakistani Bengali is like embracing a victim of abuse. You can never convey your sorrow. The wounds are neither visible nor painful any more. No words of mine can ever beguile this great tragedy. I now look straight into the eyes of the Bengalis and seek their forgiveness. I was a witness to the arrogance and abuse in 1960. What it led to in 1971 is a shame.

The plane landed, pushing a cloud of dust that was veiling the beauty of Dhaka from strangers. The airport was beautiful and bright. The air smelt of a welcome and familiar fragrance. I am six feet and four inches tall, and my wife and I are very obvious Punjabis. I was greeted with

meaningful smiles by the immigration and customs. We were greeted with love and dignity. In my excitement I spoke to this custom official about my love for Dhaka and the purpose of my visit. He was an older man who must have been an East Pakistani once. He held my hands and as tears rolled down our cheeks, he quietly whispered, "If only five percent of West Pakistanis had your kind of love and respect for Bengalis, we would be one country today." He happily offered his hospitality, from staying with him to a promise for visiting him for a lunch or dinner. 'Juggy' Imtiaz Choudhary M.D., originally from Dhaka, who lives in Baltimore, studied at the King Edwards Medical College with me. I had called Juggy before my departure for Dhaka. He happily made arrangements for my stay in Dhaka. As we landed at 3 o'clock in the morning his brother was there to receive me. I was extremely impressed by his hospitality.

Dhaka looked beautiful even at 3 o'clock in the morning. These were the last days of Ramadan and there was still a lot of activity on the road from the airport to Gulshan Club, where we were to stay. For those that have never been to East Pakistan it may be difficult for them to imagine what the suburbs of Dhaka are like. Dhaka to me is a very big village. Men and women dress up in modern urban fashions and maintain a very simple lifestyle. This lifestyle was one of the most striking things that I noticed. Although the streets were somewhat dusty there were a lot of people on the streets even at this late hour. Farmers, laborers and masons, their tools on top of their heads, were rushing

toward their worksites, like programmed robots. Public transport buses were all full even at this late hour. There was this typical Dhaka fragrance in the air: the tropical fragrance that reminds one of Hawaii. From our room at the Gulshan Club, I could see huge multi-storey buildings. New construction was going on everywhere. I tried going off to sleep but around 9 o'clock in the morning I woke up very restless because I was extremely keen to visit my old home.

We took a taxi and asked the driver to take us to Azimpur Colony. The driver was amused at my Bangla accent. As we headed towards Azimpur colony, all road directions came back to my memory, and I guided the driver to make turns, left and right, as if we were traveling in Lahore. For a moment, Nayla and Zain, (my son who was traveling with us), stared at me, jaws dropped. They were surprised how well I remembered the place. I was once again back to the Dhaka of my times. Nothing had changed. It had only become more beautiful. After we entered Azimpur Colony and the driver made a final left turn, there it was, our house, 65 Azimpur Colony. I was visiting this place after 41 years. Memories from childhood, the place where my father used to park his motorcycle, the corner where I first learned to play the iktara, having purchased it for four annas; where we used to play hide and seek; the backyard; everything was there, just as I had imagined, except that the vicinity had a lot of big banana trees and vegetation. It all looked a lot greener. "This is the spot where I saved a little girl from drowning. Her name was Huma," I told my wife.

Little episodes from the past 41 years all started playing vividly in my memory like flashbacks in a movie. "That's where we used to play cricket and that's where I broke my wrist playing hockey," I told my son.

I looked at the door of our old house and I heard a little whisper in the air: "Where have you been all this while? Welcome home."

The current resident of this house, Mr. Rehman, had responded to my letters via e-mail before my arrival. He is an Assistant Secretary for the Government of Bangladesh. He had sent a very cordial e-mail and had arranged for an Iftar party at his place. But I was at his house at 10 A.M., a little too early for Iftar. I was hesitant whether to knock at the door or not when suddenly a lady wearing a sari opened the door to us. Her name was Zubaida, she informed us, and she was Mr. Rahman's wife. She welcomed us inside the house and greeted us with a kind of love and cordiality that words fail to express. Their entire family was there to greet us. Everybody was so excited.

"This used to be your house. This still is your house. Consider it like that," she said. Mrs. Rehman could speak only a little Urdu. I spoke to her in a mixture of, Bangla, Urdu, and English. We sat down and talked about lots of things. She showed me their family albums and we enjoyed learning about their family. Bengalis and Punjabis are not different. The difference lies only in the ignorance of the beholder. I told her that 41 years ago, the lady that lived in this house, my mother, her name was Zubaida, too. She was as taken aback by the coincidence as

we all were. The memories of all those years felt so real. Here was the place where I had played with my sisters, our favorite hide and seek spots. The walls seemed to look deep into me as if trying to recognize me. I touched the doors, the windows, the walls and the taps in the kitchen. Everything was just the same.

Having visited all the nooks and corners, we left for a quick visit to the New Market, promising as planned, to return in the evening for Iftar. New Market, as it was known then is still known as the New Market, except that it has grown a lot older. I remembered the shops and the places. Names had changed, the shopkeepers were different but this new market which is a large circular market was just the same as it was 41 years ago. There was only one difference, and perhaps, it alone made all the difference: majority of the signs on the bill-boards for advertisements and the names of the streets and shops were in Bengali, very few in English. I was once again there, at the bakery which had the best 'hot patties' and the restaurant which served the best ice-cream. A lot of the younger shopkeepers looked at me with blank stares and empty smiles, unable to recall the significance of any history before '71, yet curious to hear what I had to say (I guess we all block painful memories to move on in life).

My prayers were granted and I was actually at the Baitul Mukkaram for Eid prayers. After the prayers I spoke to a big group of Bengalis. I told them that I was from Lahore, that on the border of Lahore were graves of the Shaheeds of the 1965 war. The names of Shaheeds who died

defending Pakistan say it all. Saifur Rehman, Qamarul-Islam, Bashirul-Islam: Bengalis had sacrificed their lives defending Lahore. If there is a shrine of the really unknown soldier, it is the borders at Lahore.

I enjoyed several dinners with Bengali families, through the courtesies of Juggy's brother and also through the hospitality of another Bengali physician's husband, Dr. Tabassum's, who literally had their entire family showering us with cordiality, love and hospitality. Little did I know that the news had spread amongst all the civil and military circles of Dhaka that a certain Pakistani-American doctor who had lived his childhood in Dhaka was in town and he was proudly sharing his most joyful childhood experiences with Bengalis.

There were invitations for dinners from all over. On Eid day, I was invited at ten different places and I went to each one of them. The family atmosphere was so cordial and so much full of love. We talked openly about everything, politics, wars, Governor Azam Khan, Munim Khan, Bhutto and Mujeeb. Businessmen talked about their businesses. We talked about everything. Everybody was extremely open and there were moments when there were tears in the eyes of everyone. Then we suddenly got very quiet. Everybody went silent. Then we just held each others hands and cried.

In this atmosphere of extreme friendliness, one gentleman told me he was once in the Mukti Bahini, the Liberation Army. We all had a hearty laugh at that. "That was years ago. I was young and angry and perhaps ignorant," he said. There was very little bitterness left from the past, it seemed that

we all had evolved from immature youngsters to mature adults who could disagree without being disagreeable. We talked about the last days of Pakistan Army, and what had happened around the period between March and December of 1971. These were eye witnesses of the chain of events that had ensued during those times. There was no explanation for the holocaust. We talked only a little about that. Healthy minds do not keep themselves locked ruminating about bad times.

We enjoyed one wonderful musical evening. I sang "Sohni Dharti." The Bengali boys and girls joined me in chorus. They all knew the song. It had been sung by a Bengali singer Shahnaz Begum. We talked about Runa Laila, Rehman the actor and about Muslehuddin and his singer wife, Naheed Niazi. This couple has settled well in Dhaka. Muslehuddin is from Dhaka. His wife Naheed Niazi, from Miawali. Both are happily living in Dhaka. Music brought an atmosphere of immense cordiality and love.

"Meet my grandfather. He is desperate to meet you. He is 86 years old and he has come all the way from Noakhali to meet with you," said one of the civil servants at this party. I was told he had learnt about my visit and had been so excited that it had been difficult for the family to restrain this old man from coming and visiting me. "He actually has been waiting most anxiously for you."

"I promise I shall be with you all day, Sir," I looked at him and promised. I am neither a politician nor a government official, yet I was accorded such a genuine welcome. The old man told me he was a former

founder member of the Muslim League and requested that I give him one full day, "I have something very important to talk about." Seeing his love and enthusiasm, and his age, I set a meeting with him for the day following the Eid.

"What became of the family of Nawab Hasan Askari, the Nawab of Dhaka?" I inquired from those present at the Eid dinner party.

"His son lives here, Habibullah," a lady told me, "I have his telephone number if you are interested."

Nawab Hasan Askari, the Nawab of Dhaka, was an honorary Major during the times of East Pakistan. He was my father's boss. Because of this we knew their family quite well. Our family used to regularly visit their stately mansion: *Ahsan Manzil*, since taken over by the government and converted into Dhaka Museum. Nawab Sahib's family is related to the Nawab of Pataudi. They are the great great-grandchildren of Nawab Viqar-ul-Mulk, the founder of all India Muslim League. I was very keen to meet his son Habibullah. After a phone call around midnight, we were at his place, again enjoying the welcome and hospitality. The young Nawab Sahib is a brilliant conversationalist, full of traditional manners. He is royalty too. In fact he told me he has a case going on with the Government of India and Bangladesh since he has documents from the times of Queen Victoria, in which all the land of Bengal, from Calcutta to Dhaka, a few hundred square miles, was his property. I just loved his manners and his company.

The next day the young Nawab Sahib had

lunch with us. Then at my request he took us to the Husaini Dalan. This is a Shia Imambara and it is located in the downtown of Dhaka. The Imambara dates back to 1750's. The Khateeb of the Imambara is from Lukhnow, India.

"There are only about 1000 Shia Muslims in Dhaka. However on the 10th of Moharrum, Ashura, we have a very large procession because thousands of Sunni Muslims join the procession along with the Shia Muslims," said the Khateeb of the Imambara.

"Interestingly," he continued, "Even the Hindus take out a procession on the 10th of Moharrum and join the Muslims on this solemn day. This has been a Dhaka tradition for centuries."

The Commanding Officer of the Plassey Barracks Recruiting Center had earlier scheduled a formal visit of our family to this place. We arrived there a little late because of the traffic. Dhaka is extremely congested around Eid time. As we went to the Plassey Barracks I was greeted by their Commanding Officer. Uniformed men and officers, wearing the same uniform which the Pakistan Army wears, brought tears to my eyes. After the formalities of meeting with all the members of this unit, and receiving a plaque, we talked about good old times when the Pakistan army and Bangladesh Army were one. The commanding officer told me he had spoken to the Chief of Army Staff of the Bangladesh Army about my visit and that the latter had specifically instructed him that he should give the kind of reception which he would expect to be given to his son if he was to return after 41 years. I visited the room which used to be my

father's office. After school, as a kid, I used to go there very often. It was not far away from where we lived. The building was still the same with no changes at all. The hospitality and cordiality was excellent.

The following day we went to Adamjee Public School, now Adamjee College. This used to be my school. The principal of the school had arranged a very formal reception. The school is now run by the Bangladeshi Army. I had the opportunity of visiting my old classroom and the Principal's office, the place to which I had been summoned as a kid several times. I asked the school principal about teachers from my times. Mr. Sarkar, Mr. Kareem, Mr. Haq and Fazloo, the Canteen-wala.

Fazloo was killed during the '71," said the Principal. I just held my head in shame. Fazloo's face moved vividly in front of my tearful eyes. For two long years Fazloo had served me and hundreds of other kids from both West and East Pakistan. He had even lent me some money once. I was just nine years old and I remembered him so well. Unimaginable that an army would do even to others what Pakistan Army did to its own.

I was able to obtain contacts of some classmates from Adamjee School. One of them invited me that very evening. He had arranged a wonderful old boy's get-together. We were extremely excited as we talked about old times. I asked about some of the classmates whose names I remembered. Then I asked about our high school prefect, Adolph Hitler as we used to call him.

This is another interesting story. In 1962, our high school prefect was a certain

character who was brutal and crazy. We called him Adolph Hitler. Adolf Hitler spared me from his brutality only because I was buddies with another big kid, Talat. Hitler had the authority to punish the students. I had long since forgotten the real name of this character so I asked, "Hey, what became of Adolf Hitler?"

Suddenly there was a silence in the room. Everybody looked at each other's face as if they were trying to avoid talking about something. Their wives silenced too.

Then suddenly one broke the silence. "You don't know who Hitler is?"

I said, "No."

"Well, Hitler's real name is Farooq," came the reply, "He later became Colonel Farooq and he's the one who shot Sheikh Mujeeb. He's in prison now."

As the story unfolded, Farooq had joined the Pakistan Army. He went on an official deputation to Libya and became a personal friend of Colonel Qaddafi. Following his return from Libya he served the Bangladesh Army and became a Lt. Colonel. Later, following his return from Libya, he masterminded the coup in which Sheikh Mujeeb was killed.

Colonel Farooq was never arrested, lived as a mobster in Dhaka, continued to enjoy the backing of Qaddafi, moved to Libya when Mujeeb's daughter came to power, and was put behind bars only recently.

Following this sitting with my old schoolmates, we went to visit the Sheikh Mujeeb House, now a national landmark. I had seen Sheikh Mujeeb once when he had visited Lahore in the early part of 1970. We were a group of students who met

Sheikh Sahib during his brief stay in Lahore. He had come seeking a coalition with any political party from West Pakistan before the fateful 1970 elections. He was disgusted because there was no support from any political party from West Pakistan for his Awami League. He was sad and was smoking one cigarette after another in his hotel room where we had gone to see him. As I stood at the spot where his body had fallen after being shot, I thought of him, and his warm handshake with me some three decades ago.

Mr. Aziz-ur-Rehman came to visit me, the day following the Eid. "I am 86 years old and I am the oldest Muslim League member alive today. I must talk to you. I must. I will then be able to happily meet my Creator for there is this burden on my heart. Thanks for giving me your time." He spoke fluent English and Urdu though he was breathless with emotion.

He talked about the Quaid-e-Azam and his meetings with him. His eyes glittered as he uttered the name *Jinnah*. I could see in his eyes the respect he had for his leader. "We Muslims of Bengal had a dream. The dream was Pakistan. We saw the realization of our dream. Nobody can shatter that." His voice trembled with emotion. "When Gandhi visited Noakhali in 1946, I was a young man at that time."

"You know the slogan that created Pakistan? It was "Pakistan ka Matlub Kya, La Ilaha il'Allah." Mr. Rehman then took one deep sigh. "The tragedy with Pakistan was this: after having achieved an independent country, there was nobody who could tell us, 'La Ilaha ka Matlub Kya.'"

I stared at him, puzzled.

"Instead of establishing the rule of Allah, which implied justice and fairness, what did we get? Instead of La Ilaha we got martial law. Pakistan was supposed to be an experiment for the establishment of the system of the social justice and equitable distribution of wealth. This is the essence of Islam. What do you Pakistanis know about Islam? All you know is Prayers and Hajj. This is meaningless unless you have a just system. The real Islam is the establishment of such a system. We could not even come close to defining La Ilaha Il'Allah. That's the tragedy. We were forbidden to even define the true Islam."

Mr. Rehman went on talking, sighing deeply, and I could see tears in his eyes. "Give this message wherever you can to the people of Pakistan that the only hope for a peaceful world is the establishment of the system of social justice and equal opportunity. That is what the system of Allah means," he paused.

"Islam means establishment of peace through distributive justice. How else can you get peace? Anybody who talks about peace without justice does not understand either peace or Islam," he exclaimed in a voice that hadn't lost passion from decades ago.

"Instead of the social justice of Islam what did you and I get from Pakistan? Was this the purpose of the creation of Pakistan? Certainly not. Oh! You do not know Mr. Jinnah. I knew him. He was the most learned Muslim of his time. He could quote from the Quran fluently. He clearly told us in Noakhali that Pakistan would mean the establishment of a new system of

government that has been hitherto unknown to modern man. It will be a government based on equitable distribution of wealth. This was the ideal that he had in his mind and that is what he conveyed to us and that is what we sought. Have this concept clear in your mind that without fair distribution of wealth your Islam and your ritualistic prayers are entirely meaningless. Your focus unfortunately, is on prayers and on rituals. Nobody even talks about the essence, which is social justice."

He held my hand and cried, "Wherever you can deliver this message please deliver it since in this message lies hope, not just for the Muslims, but for the entire mankind. You live in America. Don't you feel the pain of the economic system under which you live in America? You buy a

house in America and for 30 years you are paying interest. Is this how the world was supposed to be? Is this all what West can offer? Democracy is a lie. You have media-crazy in America. Media rules. Islam is unique. Islam liberates mankind from all these shackles and wants to create a society where human beings can thrive peacefully. This is the model which the whole world is yearning for. Alas, this was the idea behind the creation of Pakistan. Instead Pakistan became one more state in the world whose government continues to exploit people, like any other government in the world."

I wondered aloud, "The same is true of the government of Bangladesh. Vultures and their puppets are playing the puppet show everywhere. The show goes on."

آملیں گے سینہ چاکاں چمن سے سینہ چاک
 بزمِ گل کی ہم نفس بادِ صبا ہو جائے گی!
 شبنم افشانی مری پیدا کرے گی سوز و ساز
 اس چمن کی ہر کلی درد آشنا ہو جائے گی!
 آسماں ہوگا سحر کے نور سے آئینہ پوش
 اور ظلمت رات کی سیما پا ہو جائے گی
 پھر دلوں کو یاد آجائے گا پیغامِ سجد
 پھر جبینِ خاکِ حرم سے آشنا ہو جائے گی!
 شب گریزاں ہوگی آخر جلوہ خورشید سے!
 یہ چمن معمور ہوگا نغمہ توحید سے!!
 شمع اور شاعر
 محراب

MY SELF-PORTRAIT



MY SELF-PORTRAIT

Muhammad Asim Khan, MD, MACP, FRCP

My self-portrait tries to represent multiple aspects of my life and me. I painted it in 1987 using acrylic paint, and it took me 6 months to first conceptualize it in my mind and 6 weeks to finish it.

It is not easy to fully explain all that goes into forming such an artwork. Just to explain its major aspects in simplest terms, this painting can be subdivided into three vertical components or columns. These columns convey different themes utilizing my middle name ASIM (which is my given name) written either the Latin or the Arabic script, the two most widely used alphabetic writing systems in the world.

The first two letters "A" and "S" in the column on the left are drawn to represent Ankylosing Spondylitis, the illness I have suffered from since age 12. The red color in the background indicates the inflammatory nature of the disease, and the letter "S" is showing the spinal curvature and fusion. The letter "I" and its background also convey the inflammation. The four letters together convey 'me and my AS', i.e., "ASI'M". The last two letters "I" and "M" depict my immigration to the United States, and "M," with its green background also indicates that I am proud to be a Muslim. An abbreviated version of the U.S. flag is shown with its star shining brightly; as a busy physician I did not have time to make 50 stars and 13 stripes.

The middle column consists of the four letters in lowercase and drawn in such a way as to create my profile made in such a way as to give impression of active vitality. The first letter "a" forms a sort of an enclosure or a halo

encircling as well as forming my head and face. My nose and ear are drawn realistically, and my moustache and

balding head had no gray hair in 1987, the year I made this portrait. The circle at the site of the eye conveys my recurrent bout of acute iritis, and the eye is transposed to the side of the head. This is meant to point out my inability to turn my neck (by conveying that a laterally placed eye would have eliminated the limited field of vision resulting from the ankylosed spine). The next spine joining the fourth letter "m" that forms the pelvic and femoral bones, drawn in such a way as to convey agility in spite of bilateral hip joint replacements. The heart in the fused thoracic cage is drawn in a transparent manner to indicate my straightforward nature, always trying to tell it as it is, and not hiding my feelings.

The vertical component on the right side consists of the four Arabic letters 'ain, alif, suad & meem' (written from above down) that comprise my middle name. The first letter is written in such a way as to also form a crescent, which, along with the green background, helps make the flag of the country where I grew up, Pakistan. The crescent and star represent my religion, Islam, and the star is faded as compared to the star on the U.S. flag to depict the unfortunate current situation of the Muslim world. I hope and pray that one-day, God willing, the star of Pakistan and the Muslim world will shine as brightly as that of the U.S.



The second letter depicts that I am a straightforward and upright individual, in fact “straight arrow” even though my spine is stooped. Part of the third letter appears floating in water, as if it is trying to keep its head above the water even though some of the water seems to have spilled over into its cup-shaped component. This is meant to

signify that we all struggle in our lives and overcome hardships in order to succeed in pursuing happy and productive lives. The fourth letter happens to resemble the femoral prosthesis and is shown imbedded in white cement, reflecting my bilateral hip joint replacements.

MUHAMMAD ASIM KHAN, MD, MACP, FRCP

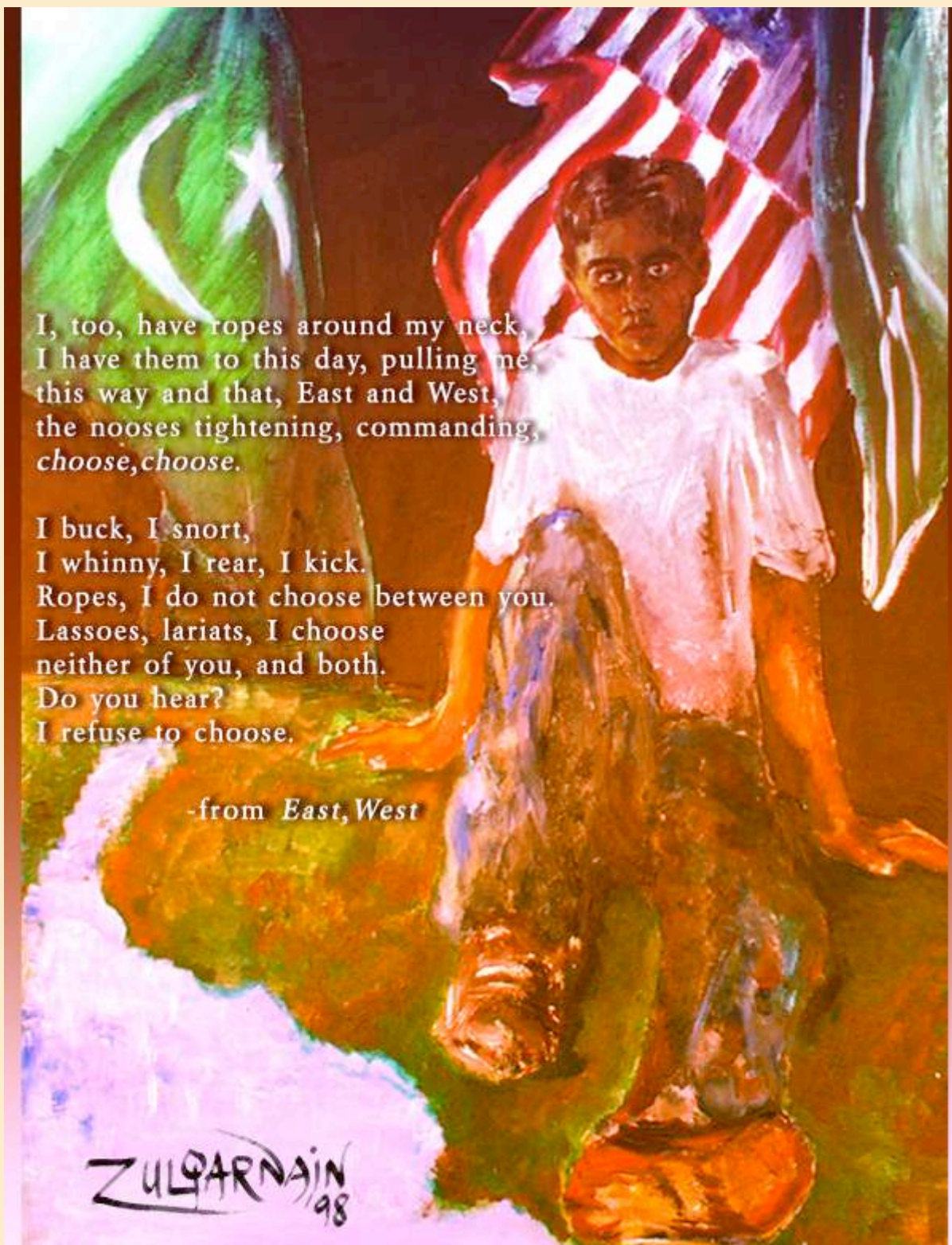
Dr. Khan is a full Professor of Medicine (with tenure) at Case Western Reserve University (CWRU) in Cleveland, Ohio. He received his medical degree from KEMC in 1965, and after serving in the Pakistan Army Medical Corps he began his postgraduate medical training in the UK in 1967 and later continued that in the US. He joined the faculty of CWRU in 1973.

His academic awards including:

- ✍* *Mastership (MACP) of the American College of Physicians in 2003,*
- ✍* *Distinguished Rheumatologist Award of the American College of Rheumatology in 2000,*
- ✍* *Distinguished Alumnus Award of Academic Excellence from KEMCANA in 1998*
- ✍* *A Lifetime of Dedication and Devotion to People with Spondylitis Award in 1998 from the Spondylitis Association of America.*

EAST-WEST

Zulqarnain Syed



I, too, have ropes around my neck,
I have them to this day, pulling me,
this way and that, East and West,
the nooses tightening, commanding,
choose, choose.

I buck, I snort,
I whinny, I rear, I kick.
Ropes, I do not choose between you.
Lassoes, lariats, I choose
neither of you, and both.
Do you hear?
I refuse to choose.

-from *East, West*

Zulqarnain Syed is a junior at Santa Monica college, Los Angeles, California.

THE DISCOVERY OF HUMAN CIRCULATION- A HISTORY

"Life is short, the Art long, opportunity fleeting, experience delusive, judgment difficult."

(Probably Hippocrates or any intellectually honest physician)

Sultan A Hayat

The physicians in Ancient Greece learned anatomy by human and animal dissections (nowadays, anatomy can be learnt by reading Gray's Textbook of Anatomy or by watching certain movies). During the Roman Period (150 BC onwards), human dissection was forbidden but anatomy could still be learnt by animal dissections, with findings extrapolated to humans, which necessarily introduced some misconceptions. There were also opportunities to learn about the human body by observing decomposing bodies which had not been buried or by peering inside the thoracic and abdominal cavities of gladiators who had been injured during sports and had gaping wounds in their torsos. By such observations, the Ancient Physicians had accumulated a respectable fund of knowledge about the human anatomy. For example, they knew about the arteries, veins and nerves. They knew that the heart had two sides, that the two sides were separated by a partition (septum) and the left side was thicker than the right. While the knowledge of anatomy was adequate for their time, their understanding of physiology was woeful and most of it was subsequently disproved and discarded. For example, they believed that the body contained four humors namely blood, phlegm, yellow bile and black bile. Imbalance in

these humors was the cause of disease. The blood was believed to be formed in the liver and carried to various organs by the veins to be consumed as nourishment. The consumed blood was replaced by fresh blood manufactured in the liver. There was no concept of circulation of the blood. The blood flowed in one direction from liver outward to the tissues. The lungs consumed all the blood that flowed into them. Very little, if any, blood flowed past the lungs. The element breathed into the lungs was carried to the left side of the heart by the veins, and then flowed onwards into the arteries. What was breathed in was the pneuma or the vital spirit. The arteries were devoid of blood and contained only the pneuma. The pneuma, carried only by the arteries, supplied the organs with vital energy while the blood, carried only by the veins was the nourishment. Essentially, very little blood flow took place between the right and left side of the heart by way of the lungs, and no blood returned to the heart from the periphery to re-circulate.

The famous Greco-Roman physician, Galen (130-200 AD), also known as the Medical Pope of the Middle Ages, essentially subscribed to this system but made certain discoveries of his own which necessitated some modifications. He demonstrated that if a small segment of an artery is completely isolated from other structures including any veins and

then cut, blood will come out. This proved that the arteries carried blood. The demonstration of blood inside the arteries by Galen created a problem. If the blood is formed in the liver and does not flow beyond the lungs, how does it reach the arteries? Galen had a simple solution for this problem. According to him, the blood crossed over from the right side of the heart to the left through small pores in the septum. Galen claimed that he had seen these pores, himself, during dissections! Who could challenge Galen? This was later known as the "Galenic shortcut."

This model of human circulation remained largely unchallenged for the next fourteen hundred years. During the Renaissance, the legal restriction against human dissection was removed by the church, and the dissection of the human cadaver became established as a systematic discipline. Andreas Vesalius (1514-1564), a professor at the University of Padua (Venice), performed detailed human dissections and demonstrated many errors in the Hippocratic and Galenic concepts of human anatomy. One important negative discovery was that he could find no pores in the partition between of the two sides of the heart. Despite this important finding, Vesalius, like other physicians of his time, continued to believe in the Galenic model of circulation. Time was getting ripe for this model to be challenged and replaced, an event, which had to await the arrival of William Harvey (1598-1657) on the scene. After receiving his B.A. from Cambridge,

William Harvey proceeded to the University of Padua for medical education. The University was known for its open academic atmosphere and had many prominent scholars and physicians on its faculty. One such was Girolamo Fabrici (1533-1619) who was William Harvey's mentor and later a friend. Fabrici had described venous valves in 1603 and had postulated that the function of the venous valves was to slow the flow of blood from heart to the periphery so that all the tissues could get an adequate amount of nutrition (centrifugal flow). Fabrici's description of the venous valves (not their function) played a central role in the subsequent development of the Theory of Circulation by William Harvey. More about it later.

William Harvey, with his knowledge from human dissections at the University of Padua, knew that no direct connections existed between the right and the left side of the heart. He studied the movement of the heart to learn its function. The motion of the heart was difficult to study in warm-blooded animals because the rate was too rapid. He, therefore, studied heart movement in cold-blooded animals like frogs, fish, snails, and particularly, snakes. Warm-blooded animals like dogs or pigs, if bled to death showed slowing of the heart before dying and made the observation of heart motion easier. He observed that there were two movements of the heart, contraction and relaxation. He also found that the atria contracted before the ventricles. He correctly observed that the heart, instead

of being a passive chamber, was a muscle whose function it was to pump blood into the arteries. He demonstrated what had only been guessed at earlier: that once the blood leaves the ventricle, the great cardiac valves close to prevent its return. Thus, the flow in the arteries is always from the heart to the periphery (centrifugal). By 1616, the first half of the Theory of Circulation was in place. During relaxation, the heart filled with blood. The right side filled with blood from the venae cavae and the left with blood from the lung brought by the pulmonary veins. Once the atria were filled, they contracted followed immediately by ventricular contraction. The right ventricle pumped blood into the lungs via the pulmonary artery and the left ventricle into the aorta. The blood flowed from the right side of the heart to the left by way of the pulmonary circulation and not through some non-existent pores in the septum. The circuit of circulation within the chest, known as the pulmonary circulation was thus completed. What about the peripheral circulation? That was the second half of the theory.

As mentioned earlier, William Harvey's mentor at Padua, Andreas Vesalius, had discovered the venous valves but erroneously concluded that the flow in the veins was away from the heart (centrifugal), and the function of the venous valves was to slow the blood flow to allow the tissues more time to absorb nourishment. William Harvey did simple experiments by applying

tourniquets on the forearm and showed that the blood flow in the veins was indeed unidirectional but the direction of the flow was toward the heart (centripetal) and not away from it (centrifugal). Thus, the direction of blood flow in the veins was opposite to that taught by Galen. Harvey correctly inferred that the unidirectional flow in the veins was made possible by valves in the veins. He had also observed that an average human ventricle would contain 2-3 ounces of blood. Given a heart rate of 72 per minute, an average heart would pump $2 \times 72 \times 60$ or 8640 ounces (about 540 pounds of blood) in just one hour. This was an enormous amount and unlikely that the human liver was capable of manufacturing this quantity from the ingested food. (The calculation of the amount of blood pumped by the heart per minute was the first application of quantitative reasoning in biology.) So, how was the heart able to pump so much blood? It must be coming back again and again to be pumped out again and again. But where was the blood coming from? In the first half of the Theory of Circulation, the right side of the heart filled with blood from the venae cavae. Where did the venae cavae get their blood from? The obvious source was the veins. If veins brought blood to the heart, then flow in the veins should be centripetal. That's exactly what William Harvey had shown by his experiments on the forearm venous flow. The second half of the Theory of Circulation was now in place. Blood was pumped from the left ventricle

into the aorta from where it flowed to the periphery. Blood returned to the heart via the veins whose valves allowed unidirectional centripetal flow only. The returned blood was pumped out again. The circle continued endlessly. William Harvey summarized his findings as such, "It must therefore be concluded that the blood in the animal body moves around in a circle continuously, and that the action or the function of the heart is to accomplish this by pumping."

All of William Harvey's observations were made with the naked eye. He did not have the advantage of a microscope during his investigations (microscopes became popular during the 1660s). His theory was incomplete in one respect. He did not show how the blood flowed from the end of the smallest arteries in the periphery to the beginning of the small veins. He hypothesized the existence of small pores in the tissues which allowed the flow of blood from the arterial to the venous side. The job was completed by Marcello Malpighi (1628-1694), who in

1661 demonstrated the existence of capillaries with the help of a microscope?

A study of the discovery of human circulation will be incomplete without mentioning the role of Ibn al-Nafis (1213-1288). He was the Chief Physician in Egypt and the author of several books on medicine. He was known to be critical of some of Galen's theories. In one of his books, he categorically stated that no visible or invisible pores existed in the septum and the blood from the right ventricle reached the left ventricle via the lungs. This was probably the first correct description of pulmonary circulation in history. Ibn-Al Nafis' work first became known in the Western (Germany) scientific community in 1928. How Ibn al- Nafis reached his conclusion is not known. Despite this confident assertion by Ibn al-Nafis, the prevailing thinking remained unchanged. Muslim and European physicians continued to believe in the Galenic concept of blood flow till 1628 when William Harvey published "De Motu Cordis", and this

Suggested Readings

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LUST IN THE DUST

Syed Mansoor Hussain

In 1946, Gregory Peck made a movie called "Duel in the Sun". This was definitely not one of Mr. Peck's best. It was panned by critics as "Lust in the Dust," a name that caught on. When one looks at Pakistan today, lust in the dust is perhaps the most apt description of Pakistan. Lust like dust permeates the very pores of Pakistani society. Men lust after women. Bearded men lust after men too young to grow beards. Women lust after the freedom to lust. And, everybody lusts after the latest model Toyota Corolla.

Sure enough there are many hardy souls that pay undivided attention to the work that they do, though in Pakistan even at the best of times it is difficult to figure out what it is that the people do. And then there are those unfortunate ones that would like to lust a lot more but are distracted by the sheer need for survival. This last group though should not be discounted entirely since they are the ones behind the population boom that looms in its enormity over Pakistan's future. Here it is important to point out that in Pakistan nothing ever just happens, it always looms first.

Much has been made in the modern Muslim circles especially in colder climates like those of the great state of Ohio about the need for Muslim women to be covered in shrouds. This is

obviously much more in vogue in the warmer parts of the world where heat in the air is supposed to excessively inflame the senses. The idea behind forcing these unfortunate creatures to wear shrouds preferably black, even when they venture out in the noonday sun in which, once only mad dogs and Englishmen were seen, is to protect them from becoming the objects of lust. This shrouding is extremely popular in the land of beards. As alluded to earlier, bearded men in the land of beards are prone to lust for members of their own gender especially those that have not yet become capable of growing beards. Yet they insist on shrouding women to the point where even a visible ankle can become cause for severe punishment. It would seem contradictory considering their proclivities that they should be so worried about naked female ankles. After some thought the reason becomes obvious, leading to nothing but pure admiration of the guile of the bearded ones. They have made sure that the real objects of their lust would always be available to inflame their senses while all females would be banished from view. Clearly, when confronted by females of the species, they become very confused. And, becoming confused is one thing that they would never wish to happen to



them, for confusion, as we well know is the prelude to fitna, and fitna is definitely the prelude to destruction of the house of peace.

Worthy of honorable mention is an offshoot of the bearded ones, the bearded ones in the making. This growing population of restless young men has and is being trained to sublimate all sexual energy into a pursuit of the promised seventy-two "raisins" in the life hereafter. By classically described methods of mass hypnosis that particularly include chanting and rhythmic body movements, they have been rendered into an army of the living dead. Certain code words like 'disbeliever' can throw them into an ecstatic frenzy of violence. Suppressed lust has thus been sacralized. Fortunately, many of them will in time grow out of this state, especially if and when they come across the better things in life. Unfortunately, some of them will have blown themselves up along with a few innocent bystanders by then in the hope of the aforementioned raisins.

Now to the true masters of lust, the lustiest of the lusty, the Gen Xers! This generation that came after the much-maligned baby boomers is what determines the mores' of Pakistani society today. There was a time in Pakistan when most believed that it was a particular group of villains like the army, the bureaucrats, the feudal lords, the big businessmen or the politicians that ran the country. In the beginning this was true, but this godless horde has wised up

and have intermarried their children so that almost every one of this original set of miscreants is now related to somebody from another group. It is now common to see the son of a general, a big businessman or a politician married to the daughter of a feudal lord or a senior bureaucrat. In short, they have all joined into one big happy lustful family. These young people are the new elite of Pakistan. Interestingly, in this group women are often equal partners!

The hallmark of this generation is political apathy and an egocentric hedonism. Since most of them grew up in an environment devoid of moral constraints where accountability was thought of as an old fashioned board game, they are uniquely amoral. The fact that many of them also attended college in the US might have added to their intrinsic need for material acquisition while at the same time making their attitudes towards physical gratification a bit less restrictive than those of the generation that went before them. There were always purveyors of illicit pleasures, but they used to exist on the fringes of society and dealt primarily in alcohol, recreational drugs and women. Today, they have morphed into a much larger and an entirely visible service class whose only function is to gratify every need of this new elite. In the private sector, they now also deal in the latest fashions and fashion models, electronic equipment, cars and cosmetics while in the public and semi-public sectors they work in agencies that deal with young

women (or men). Television, schools and colleges are full of this cadre of loyal facilitators.

Before condemning Pakistani society for being too lusty or not lusty enough or, whichever, it is important to point out that this preoccupation with sexual gratification is not at all unique. However the Pakistani environment has been entirely warped by the late and much lamented Islamization campaign of the eighties. For almost a decade, what was a relatively relaxed religious environment became oppressive and coercive. After that fateful day in August of 1988, the

Islamization campaign lost its momentum and was dealt a deathblow on 9/11/01. But still, its pernicious after effects are very much a part of modern Pakistani society. Therefore, lust like dust has become something that is best hidden, preferably by being swept under the rug or some place else where it cannot be seen. But then again, like dust, whenever it gets a chance it spreads itself around.

*SYED MANSOOR HUSSAIN IS A
KINGEDWARD GRADUATE OF 1970*



Winter Festivities

Dear Kemcolians,

The winter meeting this year will be especially exciting with a great music program, dinner and a celebration for King Edward Medical University. The main Hall at Alhamra Arts Council has been reserved for a great musical evening featuring Humera Arshad as the main artist. Dinner will be served in the adjoining grounds. We will, of course, also have our CME program. Please make every effort to schedule a trip to Pakistan this December and attend the meeting at this historic time.

Dr. Hasan Bukhari is organising the combined symposium of KEMCAANA with AFIP which will be held in Rawalpindi a few days after the meeting at King Edward.

Thank you - Mohammad Jahanzeb, M.D., F.A.C.P
President

KEMCOLIAN 2004

**King Edward Medical College Alumni Association of North America
2004 Winter Alumni Meeting
December 18th and 19th
Lahore, Pakistan**

Name: _____ Spouse: _____

Address: _____

Phone: Office: _____ Home: _____ Fax: _____

E-mail Address: _____

Meeting Fee Schedule

CME Registration Categories	Before Nov. 15 th	After Nov. 15 th	Amt. Paid
_____ Members	\$ 150.00	\$ 175.00	_____
_____ Non-Members	\$ 175.00	\$ 200.00	_____
_____ Guests	\$ 20.00		

After December 1, 2004, on site registration only will be \$200.00 (Cash or Check Only)

KEMCAANA Banquet (Dinner and Entertainment) December 18, 2004

	# of Tickets	Before Nov. 15 th	After Nov. 15 th	Amt. Paid
All Members	_____	\$ 20.00	\$ 25.00	_____
KE Endowment Fund Donation				_____
TOTAL				_____

_____ Check Enclosed Payable to KEMCAANA

Charge To: _____ Visa _____ MasterCard _____ American Express

Card # _____ Expiration Date: _____

Card Holder's Signature: _____

Send Payments To: Marsha Smith % UTCI
1331 Union Ave., Suite 800

KING EDWARD MEDICAL COLLEGE CLASS OF 1980

“Silver Jubilee class reunion”

on

**Saturday December 24, 2005
(Insha Allah)**

at

**King Edward Medical College
"Patiala Block"
Lahore**

Please plan for it

Contact

**M. Alamgir Khan M.D. in U.S.A.
Cell: (248) 321-0628
Beeper: (248) 261-7200**

KEMCAANA'S COMMITTEES FOR THE YEAR 2004

1. Finance Committee	Phone No.	Email Address
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Mohammad Jahanzeb, Chair • Khalid Mahmood • Asim Malik • Ijaz Mahmood • Ghazala Hayat 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> 901-722-0558 870-536-1400 516-626-6252 270-769-6665 314-577-8026 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> mjahanze@utm.edu mahmood_km@msn.com armalikmd@aol.com cancerdoc05@comcast.net ghazala.hayat@tenethealth.com
2. Post Graduate Education	Phone No.	Email Address
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Arif A.A. Toor, Chair • Raza Dilawari • Furhan Yunus 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> 860-491-3370 901-725-1921 901-722-0561 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> aator@aol.com rdilawari@hotmail.com fyunus@utcancer.com
Winter Meeting Host Committee	Phone No.	Email Address
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Arif A.A. Toor, Chair • Hassan Bukhari • Jamil Mohsin • Ahmed Hasan 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> 860-491-3370 214-826-2114 856-489-9285 859-971-6610 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> aator@aol.com hibukhari@sbcglobal.net jamilmohtsin@yahoo.com
4. Nominating and Election Committee	Phone No.	Email Address
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Riaz Chaudhry, Chair • Shahzad Sadiq • Asim Malik • Mehdi Baluch • Hussain Malik • Asaf Qadeer 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> 318-992-4133 248-585-3040 516-626-6252 248-705-2017 570-424-2830 713-692-6191 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> riazc@aol.com sadiq5@comcast.net armalikmd@aol.com hussainmalikmd@yahoo.com Qemergency@aol.com
5. Scientific Research Committee	Phone No.	Email Address
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Raza Dilawari, Chair • Mohammad Jahanzeb • Iftikhar Hussain 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> 901-725-1921 901-722-0558 314-454-7981 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> rdilawari@hotmail.com mjahanze@utm.edu ihussain@wustl.edu
6. Publication Committee	Phone No.	Email Address
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Mansoor Hussain, Co-Chair • Sultan Hayat, Co-Chair • Furhan Yunus • Furrukh Malik 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> 225-761-5465 618-277-0101 901-722-0561 423-230-5000 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> fyunus@utcancer.com furrukhmalik@aol.com

7. Model Medical Ward Project	Phone No.	Email Address
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Mushtaq Sharif • Durdana Gilani 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> 630-682-0780 626-294-2070 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> drgilani@aol.com
8. Model Surgical Ward Project	Phone No.	Email Address
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Hassan Bukhari, Chair • Waheed Akbar • Mohammad Suleman 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> 214-826-2114 989-790-6719 504-456-7468 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> hibukhari@sbcglobal.net akbars@aol.com docsuleman@aol.com
9. Membership Committee	Phone No.	Email Address
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Mufiz Chauhan, Chair • Ahmed Hasan • Faisal Bhinder • Aisha Zafar • Saima Zafar • Jamil Mohsin • Tariq Khan • Hassan Bukhari • Asaf Qadeer • Raza Dilawari • Javed Akhtar • Mohammad Suleman • Riaz Chaudhry • Khalid Mahmood • Khalid Riaz • Hussain Malik • Mubasher Rana • Ghazala Hayat 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> 870-523-6591 859-971-6610 352-335-7453 317-962-5075 515-263-0900 856-489-9285 410-601-5737 214-826-2114 713-692-6191 901-725-1921 814-362-5503 504-712-8872 318-992-4133 870-536-1400 570-424-2830 925-295-4587 314-577-8026 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> machauhan@sbcglobal.net drbhinder@hotmail.com azafar@aol.com saimazafar@aol.com jamalmohsin@yahoo.com hibukhari@sbcglobal.net Qemergency@aol.com rdilawari@hotmail.com akhtar@penn.com docsuleman@aol.com riazc@aol.com mahmood_km@msn.com hussainmalikmd@yahoo.com mobirana@hotmail.com ghazala.hayat@tenethealth.com
10. Academic Excellence Award	Phone No.	Email Address
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Tauseef Ahmed • Khalid Butt • Waheed Akbar • Liaqat Ali 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> 914-493-8374 914-493-1994 989-790-6719 705-728-9802 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> HDTRANS@aol.com akbars@aol.com
11. Resource Development Committee	Phone No.	Email Address
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Asim Malik, Chair • Furrukh Malik • Saima Zafar • Aisha Zafar 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> 718-788-5888 423-230-5000 515-263-0900 317-962-5075 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> armalikmd@aol.com furrukhmalik@aol.com saimazafar@aol.com azafar@aol.com

12. 'Revive King Edward' Committee	Phone No.	Email Address
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Hassan Bukhari, Chair • Ghazala Hayat 	214-826-2114 314-577-8026	hibukhari@sbcglobal.net ghazala.hayat@tenethealth.com
Subcommittee on New Hospital		
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Asif Qadeer 	713-692-6191	Qemergency@aol.com
Subcommittee on Restoration on Patiala Block		
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Mufiz Chauhan, Chair • Riaz Chaudhry • Fayaz Ahmed • Mohammed Suleman 	870-523-6591 318-992-4133 504-712-8872	mufizc@aol.com riazc@aol.com docsuleman@aol.com
13. Library/Computer Lab Committee	Phone No.	Email Address
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Furrukh Malik, Chair • Iftikhar Hussain • Riaz Chaudhry 	423-230-5000 314-454-7981 419-691-8132	furrukhmalik@aol.com ihussain@wustl.edu riazc@aol.com
14. Scholarship Committee	Phone No.	Email Address
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Masood Akbar, Chair • Asim Malik • Riaz Chaudhry • Waheed Akbar 	570-622-5751 718-788-5588 318-992-4133 989-790-6719	akbarm@verizon.net armalikmd@aol.com riazc@aol.com akbars@aol.com
15. Website Committee	Phone No.	Email Address
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Iftikhar Hussain, Chair • Mufiz Chauhan • Khalid Mahmood 	314-454-7981 870-523-6591 870-536-1400	ihussain@wust.edu chauhan@cox-internet.com mahmood_km@msn.com

**List of Physicians
Who Received Awards at Summer Meeting 2004**

- | | | |
|-----|-------------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. | Principal | Dr. Mumtaz Hasan |
| 2. | Membership Committee | Dr. Mufiz Chauhan |
| 3. | Support KEMC/KEMCAANA | Dr. Ghazala Hayat |
| 4. | Post Graduate Education | Dr. Arif A. A. Toor |
| 5. | Nominating and Election Committee | Dr. Riaz Chaudhry |
| 6. | Scientific Research Committee | Dr. Raza Dilawari |
| 7. | Publication Committee | Dr. Sultan Hayat |
| 8. | Model Medical Ward Project | Dr. Mushtaq Sharif |
| 9. | Model Surgical Ward Project | Dr. Hassan Bukhari |
| 10. | Scholarship Committee | Dr. Masood Akbar |
| 11. | Resource Development Committee | Dr. Asim Malik |
| 12. | Library/Computer Lab Committee | Dr. Furrukh Malik |
| 13. | Website Committee | Dr. Iftikhar Hussain |
| 14. | Academic Excellence Award Committee | Dr. Tauseef Ahmed |
| 15. | Subcommittee on New Hospital | Dr. Asif Qadeer |



M.H.A. Qazi M.D.

Candidate for APPNA President Elect 2006

(407)247-2828 docqazi@yahoo.com

WWW.REALQAZI.COM

AGENDA

- **Focus on the needs of Pakistani Physicians and their families in America.**
- **“APPNA DOCS”**- Free Health Check program for the needy.
- **“APPNA Placement Bureau”** for the young Pakistani Physicians.
- **“APPNA Health Talk”**-prerecorded DVDs for broadcast in Pakistan and U.S.
- **“APPNA Medical School in America”**-a joint Feasibility Study with IMA.
- **“APPNA WARDS”** in teaching hospitals in Pakistan.
- **“APPNA Guest Housing”** for PMGs in America.
- **“APPNA Medical Student”** exchange program.
- Build bridges between other minority **Professional Medical Organizations**.
- Join hands with national organizations to fight against discrimination and promote **“Civil Rights Plus”** agenda in America.

Organizational Experience

- **President Elect APPNA -Florida** -- 2005-2006.
- Co-chairman **APPNA Village Committee**.
- Co-chairman Host Committee **APPNA summer meeting 2003**, Orlando, Florida.
- Co-chairman Host Committee **APPNA fall meeting** -1994.
- Co-chairman Host Committee **APPNA spring meeting** -2002.
- Co-chairman APPNA organizing **Committee for trip to India** - 2004-2005.

- Vice president **APDSA** (Association of physicians and Dentists from Southeast Asia) 1993.
- Chairman **MBPA** (Muslim Business and professional Association)- 1998 -1999
- Member Board of Directors **SOP** (Seeds of Peace) - 2003-2004.
- President of **American Muslim Alliance-Orlando** -1995-2004
- Organized Town Hall Meetings “**Meet the Candidates**” -1996-2004
- Organized **Muslim Culture Fests** in Orlando -1996-2000
- Chairman of the **Fundraising Committee** for Senators and other politicians in Florida.
- Chairman of the **Media Committee- AMA-Orlando** appeared in several radio, T.V. and newspaper interviews
- Chairman of **American Muslim Alliance- Florida** 1998-2004
- **National Coordinator of American Muslim Alliance** - 2001-current
- Secretary **Tutorial Club** at KEMC -1964-1966
- Contributor to **Local Islamic Centers and Islamic Schools**.

Public Speaking Experience

- **AMA-** Local and National Conventions
- **AMT-**(American Muslim Task Force) Town Hall meetings.
- **CAIR-** Regional conventions.
- **AMA-**Press conferences.
- **APPNA-** MC annual summer entertainment 2003 in Orlando.
- **TBMA-** (Tampa Bay Muslim Alliance)- Politics in the Park.
- **APPNA-** CME Speaker
- **AMS-** (American Muslim Society)-Florida
- **ICBR-**(Islamic center of Boca Raton)

Memberships

- Member of **APPNA** since its inception
- American Muslim Alliance
- American Muslim Council
- **Executive Committee** Florida Hospital, Kissimmee - 1995 - 2004
- Florida Medical Association
- Radiological Society of North America
- **CAIR**
- Arab American Community Center
- Member **ICCFL** (International Council of Central Florida)

(Paid Advertisement)



**Nadeem A Kazi. MD
for President Elect APPNA 2006**

Services to APPNA

- Secretary elect APPNA 2005
- Treasurer APPNA 2004
- Chairperson of Finance Committee 2004
- Chairperson Winter Meeting in Karachi 2003
- Founder and Past President of Arizona Chapter of APPNA
- Chairperson of Membership Committee - 2003.

Increased the membership from 1880 to 2200, largest ever in APPNA history

- Co chair Finance Committee - 2003, 2002
- Member Bylaws and Constitution Committee - 2003 & 2004
- Chair Host Committee APPNA fall executive meeting - 2002

Established new standards for the fall and spring meeting of APPNA

- Co chair Membership Committee - 2002
- Member Finance Committee - 2000
- Member Membership Committee - 2000, 1999
- Member Executive Council - 2000 and 2003

Services to SMCAANA

President - 2000

Increased the membership from 45 to 230 in one year

- Vice President - 1998 & 1999

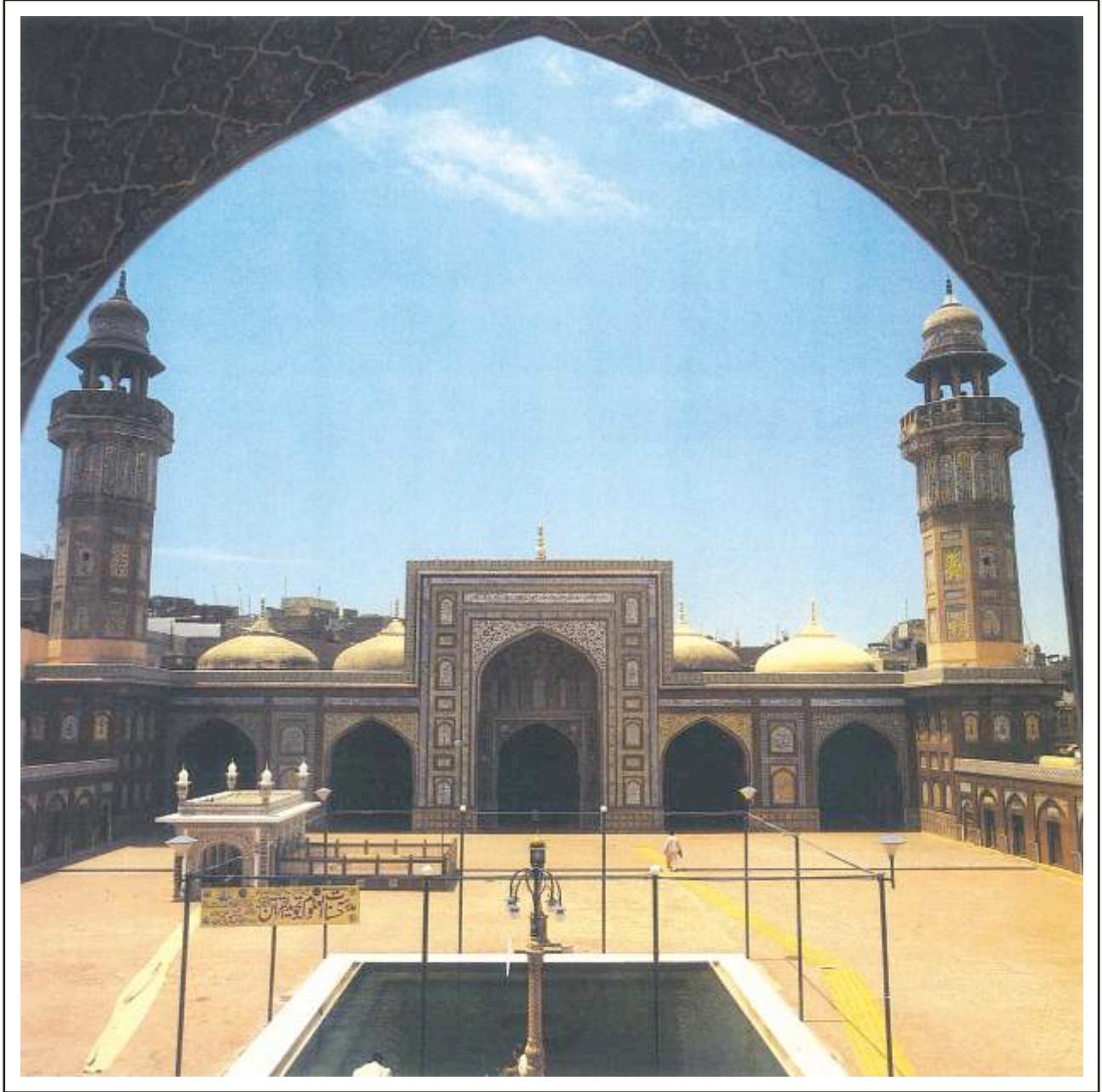
- Chair winter meeting SMCANAA & APPNA 2003
- Member, Board of Trustees - current
- Started an ongoing ACLS training program in Pakistan during my Presidency
- Published the first ever Membership Directory.

My Goals

- Uphold APPNA constitution by working together and improve the image of our community in the United States.
- Provide a strong platform to APPNA members to promote the interests of APPNA. Provide legal assistance and resources to protect our civil liberties.
- Continue existing programs with fiscal responsibility.
- Focus more on human rights issues in Pakistan and the United States.
- Educate our members regarding the current situation and assist them in integrating socially, politically, and professionally with their communities without losing their own identity.
- Assist IMGs in obtaining Visas and Residency Positions.
- Work with APPNA Chapters to start free clinics and enhance the relationship of Pakistani-Americans with their communities by getting involved in local affairs.

I believe in team work. I will serve my position faithfully as a team leader to deliver the best of the best for the organization. I need your help and support to achieve these goals. Please vote on the basis of my services to APPNA.

(Paid Advertisement)



مسجد وزیر خان، لاہور

کیمکولین

2004



کنگ ایڈورڈ میڈیکل کالج
المنائے ایسوسی ایشن آف نارٹھ امریکہ