

# 25 Years Of Faujdarhat Cadet College

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THIS year, 1983 in the year of Silver Jubilee for Faujdarhat Cadet College, the first institution of its kind in Bangladesh, inaugurated on April 28, 1958 at Faujdarhat, a historic place of Mogul times about seven miles north of Chittagong City. So on this April, 28 Faujdarhat Cadet College completes its 25th glorious year and as one of the students of the first batch to join the College in 1958, I some time really love to look back through the corridor of time. Indeed as old Faujians with inseparable identity and integrity with our old and beloved ALMA-MATER this historic occasion calls upon us to take a long look back and recount the days when we really began to prepare ourselves for what we are today or will be tomorrow. The reminiscences of the days past unforgettable days with unforgettable people seem to blur our vision for a while with the joy of love, thrill of success, warmth of friendship and fellowship and all that we learnt, acquired, achieved or inherited from the noble institution of our academic life. Even for a moment it seems we cannot forget the place the picturesque campus of Faujdarhat Cadet College with the beautiful sea in front and ever green hills behind a place where we spent the most memorable years of our student life.

The 25 years that have passed by have seen many changes in the College. The clean trim and a complete campus which we see now in Cadet College was not so in 1958. When 60 of us young kids belonging to class VII and VIII reached the college some time in late April 1958 the campus was 60% jungle with only the college building the South House and a few teachers' quarters ready

for use. Water supply was also uncertain for which after games we had often to rush to the pond in front or even to the sea.

The first days of the college were quite interesting and thrilling for us because tigers and leopards used to come down from the hills at night and roam the campus. The drain behind the South House was their favourite place where they would come to drink water. One of those tigers dashed into the bathroom of Mr. Bhuiyan the first Bursar of the college and after that restriction was placed upon our movement after dusk. Capt. Mashrul Haq the first Adjutant of the college tried his best to shoot down one of those nocturnal and four-footed guests spending sleepless nights on the roof of South House or on tree tops in the hills but those cunning beasts always outwitted him. Finally it was Mr. Bhuiyan who shot down the first such animal caught absolutely unaware in the under-construction house of the Principal minutes after dusk. As days passed by these animals left the area.

In the new campus where bull-dozer still roared day and night cutting down the hills and cleaning the jungle a more deadly variety of nature's creation called snakes swarmed the campus specially in summer days. There was even a time when we had to be careful in every step while walking from the House to the College Building in the evening for preparation classes. It was again Mr. Bhuiyan who shot and killed the first python in the campus and a number of bags were made out of its skin. When Mr. S.L. Croft a British

teacher arrived at the College he was delighted by the presence of such a wide variety of interesting reptiles and was although not a Zoologist he enjoyed catching them bottling them up. But with his bottling the other snakes also got scared and left the campus. When we first reached the campus there was also an widespread fear of ghosts which panicked us. We were told by some people that many graves including those of some local saints were disturbed by construction work and the bull-dozer and their souls were haunting the area for taking revenge. So for quite some days such gossips made two or more of us bundle into one bed and pass the night together and recite "suras" from religious books before going to sleep. Teachers had to give lectures in the classroom to help us out of this ghost-phobia.

Those are now only memories memories so deeply entrenched in our mind. Today like most other old Faujians—I often love to recollect those days. Particularly when I am desolate in spirit and mind I just sit recall to my mind the memories quitted or lit flat on my bed and recall to my kind the memories of those bygone days. It serves as a solace to my distraught heart and gives me inspiration. Those sweet and memorable days of cadet college will not come to us anymore but my mind often returns to them and that how I keep a mental relation if not physical with Faujdarhat Cadet College my beloved old Alma-mater.