

JUSTICE SARDAR ALI KHAN – A TRIBUTE IN MEMORIAM

On the occasion of the condolence meeting organized by the Urdu Majlis under the Chairmanship of Shri Ghulam Yazdani held on Friday, December 21, 2012 at the Urdu Hall, Himayatnagar, Hyderabad

By

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*“Mujhay thumaree judai ka koi ranj nahi hai
Maray khayal kee duniya main maray pass ho thum”*

Sabir Ludbiamvi

It is with untold grief and sorrow that I am penning this tribute to one of my dearest friends and colleagues, the late Justice *Sardar Ali Khan* who passed away on 8th November, 2012 at Hyderabad. I shall refer to him hereafter as *Sardar*.

Sardar was born on 5th May, 1930 in Hyderabad in a very illustrious and noble family of Hyderabad. His father, the late *Nawab Amir Ali Khan* was holding one of the most coveted and gubernatorial office under His Exalted Highness, the Nizam of Hyderabad, *Nawab Mir Osman Ali Khan Bahadur*. *Nawab Sabe* was the Subedar of not one but three Subas (a Suba consisted of two or more districts of the former State of the Nizam). He was virtually a Viceroy of the Nizam representing him in all the districts under his governance. I have written a tribute to him also.

Sardar's maternal uncle, *Nawab Bahadur Yar Jung* was the Founder President of Majlis-e-Itehad-ul-Muslameen, which now exists as a political party in Andhra Pradesh. In fact the Majlis had no political aim or ambition in its origin except the promotion of religious teachings enshrined in the Holy Quran. The sole object and purpose of *Nawab Bahadur Yar Jung* was to inculcate in the Muslims of Hyderabad an adherence to the teachings of the Holy Quran and nothing more. *Nawab Sabe* was an absolutely secular person and even went to meet *Mahatma Gandhi* along with Mrs. *Sarojini Naidu*. After

his demise, the Majlis went into wrong hands and became an entirely rabid, communal and deplorable political organization.

Let me now narrate *Sardar's* brilliant profile before I proceed to write about my own intimate friendship with him. Our intimacy extends to almost 78 years. Though I have crossed the age of 83 years and my memory has faded to some extent, the memorable days I spent with *Sardar* are fresh and vivid beyond words. In fact I belong to his larger family because they were not one day when we were not together, either at the schools or colleges or our respective homes.

Sardar passed the Hyderabad Secondary School Certificate Examination in 1945 along with me and joined the Nizam College. He took his LL.B degree from the Osmania University in 1950 with political science, history and economic as his subjects.

Sardar took his LL.B degree from the Osmania University Law College in 1952 along with me. He went to England and took his LL.M degree from the London University in 1956. In the same year he was called to the Bar from the *Lincoln's Inn*.

On his return from England, he joined the Burma Shell Company, a British concern dealing in motor spirits and oil. He became its sales executive and was posted to Kharagpur in West Bengal.

He resigned from Burma Shell and was enrolled in the High Court of Andhra Pradesh in or about 1958. He joined the chambers of *Jaleel Ahmed*, a leading lawyer of the High Court.

Sardar became a part-time Lecturer at the Law College of Osmania University and was teaching international law and company law. He was also guiding the students of the LL.M Class. He served on the Board of Studies of both Osmania University and Kakatiya University. He became the Dean of the Law Faculty of the Osmania University.

Sardar served the Bar Council of Andhra Pradesh as its Vice-President from 1970 to 1974. He became a Government Pleader in the High Court in 1974 and was elevated to the High Court as a Judge in December, 1982 and in that capacity he served it till he retired as Acting Chief Justice.

In 1992, *Sardar* became a Member of the Law Commission and then became the Chairman of the National Commission for Minorities with a cabinet rank under the Government of India.

Sardar came in close touch with Prime Minister *Vajpayee* and became a Legal Adviser to the Ministry of External Affairs. He was elected as Vice-Chairman of the UN Sub-Commission on the Prevention of Discrimination and Protection of Minorities at Geneva. He was a Member of the UN working group of minorities representing the Asian Continent. He was also an Ex-Officio Member of the National Commission for Human Rights under the Government of India.

Sardar and I were school fellows at our beloved school, Madras-i-Aliya, which was attached to the Nizam College. He was the only class fellow of mine studying with me continuously till we completed together our graduation in law.

I joined the primary school of Madras-i-Aliya in 1934. I distinctly remember the Principal who was an English lady, Miss *Read*, who was a pretty, affectionate and a petite woman, exuding utmost affection and love for us. After she left for England, Mrs. *Dora Cottle* took over as Principal. *Sardar* must have joined the school about the same time along with my most dear friends, *Latif Mehdi* (son of *Nawab Mehdi Nawaz Jung*), *Mohammed Yousuf* (later became a Secretary to the President of Pakistan, General *Zia-ul-Haq*) and *Parmanand Sanghi* (a scion of the famous jewelers, *Zindamal Hirulal* of the old city). Our friendship continued for many, many years. I became senior to them because I got a double promotion when I joined the first standard in the middle school, thanks to *Janab Ahmed Ali Sabeel*, the Principal of the Middle and High School. Thus *Mohammed Yousuf's* brother, *Ghousuddin Ali Rahim* and *Khaja Yousufuddin* became my class fellows along with *Sardar*. *Rahim* is still alive and he was the captain of our school cricket team in which I was an opening batsman plus a wicket keeper. *Rahim* is now in United States after a stint in the Pakistan Army. He and his elder brother, *Rouf* (who became the Inspector General of Police in Pakistan), were my dearest friends. *Rouf* came a couple of time to India. I invited him to a meal at my house and at my club. He died a few years ago in Karachi on his way to United States. I have lost touch with *Rahim*, who was a delightful and humorous companion.

Madras-i-Aliya was modelled on the English School, Eton, and had English as the medium of instruction. What was extraordinary feature of the school was that it had an English lady as the Principal of its primary school along with three or four Anglo-Indian teachers, Muslim and Hindu teachers, cutting across the bonds of religion and community. In retrospect, when I look back, it had entirely secular credentials. None of us including our teachers had any religious,

linguistic or communal instinct, bias or outlook. I may mention the names of my beloved Kindergarten teachers. Miss *Stettle* used to play the piano while Miss *Scheffers* used to teach as English. Mrs. *O'Larry* used to put us to bed in the afternoon. Miss *Hossana* (a gentle Indian Christian Lady) used to teach other subjects, *Khaja Moinuddin Khan* Saheb used to teach as Arithmetic. We were not so afraid of anyone of them as much as we were of *Mansoor Ali* Saheb, who used to never spare his cane mercilessly and beat us up when we went naughty.

When we came to the High School, which was located in the adjoining building, my association with *Sardar* became much more intimate as we used to play hockey and football together. *Sardar* in his childhood was a very mischievous character. He never played the game in its true spirit. All that he did was to put his hockey stick in between the legs of the players belonging to either of the teams, thus knocking them down. He did it to me once and I reported the matter to the Head Master, *Ahmed Ali* Saheb who was known for his sternness. Invariably he used to cane us if we did some mischief. *Sardar* luckily got away only with an admonition. But I must say *Sardar* never kept it in his mind and which, I now regret with all my heart. *Sardar* was a large hearted friend.

We had a companion in the middle school, *Masihuddin*, who was the son of the Director of Public Instructions. *Masih* was a brilliant student and after the partition of India, he joined the Pakistan Civil Service. He and *Sardar* were known for their mischievous activities and used to tease even senior students of the Nizam College, when they crossed over from the Arts to the Science building. They were mortally afraid of them. A few years later when we joined the college, *Sardar* gave up his pranks and became a sober, sedate and a reserved student.

What distinguished *Sardar* from others was that he was endowed with extraordinary power of eloquence and had fine debating talents in Urdu. I distinguished myself as a speaker in English, thanks to my most beloved English teacher, *Mohammed Ahsan*, who made me a Secretary of the English Debating Society at a very young age. *Sardar* was an orator in Urdu along with our mutual, friend *Gaffar Sayeed* (a leading architect). *Sardar* went after his illustrious uncle, *Nawab Bahadur Yar Jung*, who was known for his unique style of oratory in Urdu. My private tutor in mathematics was one Mr. *Kale*, a Maharashtrian gentleman, who was attached to the famous Vivek Vardhani School in Putli Bowli. He told me once that the *Nawab Saheb* was not only an erudite scholar of Arabic, Persian and Urdu but also was a fantastic orator who used to mesmerize large audiences from 8 O' clock in the night and would go on non-stop to the early hours of the next morning. It is said that Mr. *M.A. Jinnah*, the President of the Muslim League of India (later the first President of Pakistan) became jealous of him. Obviously *Sardar* was a chip of the same block. His sister, Dr. *Sultana*, is also endowed with marvelous powers of eloquence, charm, elegance and grace.

In the Nizam College, our friendship ripened much more because very few Aliyans were selected from a large section of students drawn from different colleges of Hyderabad State. *Sardar* continued his debating talent in Urdu and hardly spoke in English debating competitions. It is only when he joined the Law College along with me in 1952, he started speaking in English. The transformation of his eloquence from Urdu to English was amazing. He distinguished himself soon with a perfect command on both the languages and spoke with spell bound fluency.

Somewhere in December, 1950 the Agra University Law College sent an invitation to the Osmania University to send a team for

the All Indian Inter Law Colleges of India English Debating Competition to be held at Agra. The Principal of Osmania University Law College (housed then at the Arts College) was Professor *Hussain Ali Mirza*, a Barrister qualified from England. He was a most lovable person and used to teach us British Constitutional Law in a beautiful way. He nominated *Sardar* and me to represent the college because both of us were known for our eloquence in English. The Agra University provided us a first class fare to and fro Agra and also extended all hospitality to both of us. The Osmania University sanctioned a handsome pocket money to us. We left together for Agra. We were housed in one of the University's Guest House and were looked after with much warmth and affection.

The debate was held next morning in the huge Agra College Auditorium. There were four or five visiting teams representing some law colleges in India. Both of us took the debate by a storm and were adjudged as the best team, *Sardar* having stood first and me as second. We got a huge silver trophy. We came to know that the Agra University was holding one more debating competition in English in the same evening and which was entitled, "All-India Inter-University Debating Competition." We together again won one more huge silver trophy. It was a thrilling moment in our lives. What was a most rewarding experience was that the whole lot of students and professors of the Agra University gave us a tremendous applause!

I must acknowledge that the students of the Law College of the Agra University were so impressed by us that not only they gave us a treat but took us to one of the wonders of the world, Taj Mahal, so that we would have a glimpse of it in the moon-light. It was exhilarating and a unique experience for both of us, so much so that it left an everlasting memory with us. The students were so good that the next

morning they gave us a hearty send off to Delhi at the Agra Railway Station. *Sardar* insisted that having come so far, we should not miss seeing the Red Fort and Qutub Minar. I agreed with him but warned him that we had very little pocket money left with us.

There were no auto-rickshaws at the New Delhi Railway Station in those days. There were taxi cabs which we could not afford. So we took a *tonga* which took us to Connaught Place. We found a posh hotel near the Regal Building known as, "Hotel Metro". Even though our finances were running out fast, *Sardar* having won the trophies was in a lavish and a jolly good mood and did not mind staying at it. I have a hunch that the proprietor when he saw the trophies with us immediately sized us up as students and perhaps in the goodness of his heart took pity on us and charged us only Rs.25/- per day for a double room. Not only did he reduce the rate for our accommodation but he also saw to it that we got a substantial lunch pack for all the two days, when we were sightseeing in Delhi, in addition to a heavy breakfast and dinner. We were dumb struck by the Cabaret in the huge Ball Room. We had never seen one.

It was such a joy to see New Delhi in all its glory. We were much impressed by the Viceroy's Lodge, (now Rastrapathi Bhavan) and the Parliament House from distance. We had to hire a tonga to see the Qutub Minar. We were warned to return by the sunset because there was danger of thieves and robbers snatching our belongings. It was a lonesome untarred kutcha road, not even 15 feet wide. In retrospect, when I recall my visit to the Qutub Minar today, it was a real adventure. Delhi has expanded far beyond Mehrauli and the traffic on the double road is endless.

We climbed the Qutub Minar upto the highest storey. There were no restrictions

then of climbing only to a certain height. We were deeply impressed by the writings of the Holy Quran on the Minar and were amazed how they could have been engraved on each storey of it. We had a panoramic view of Delhi from it. We were also astonished to see the 4th century Iron Pillar, which is 7 metre tall in the Qutub complex, notable for the rust-resistant composition of the metals used in its construction.

We visited the Red Fort, the Jammai Masjid and Chandni Chowk, all by engaging a tonga. We had very little money left with us after our sojourn in Delhi. The Grand Trunk Express to Madras (Chennai) used to leave the Old Delhi Railway Station in the night. We checked out from the Hotel Metro before noon and we went straight to the station. We had only a few rupees left with us. I asked *Sardar* to go to Chandni Chowk and get a plate of biryani packed so that we could enjoy it together. Instead *Sardar* ate a plate of biryani and brought a small packet for me. I was so annoyed by his conduct in not sharing the food with me that I threw the biryani packet on the railway track from the platform saying that it was very discourteous and unfair of him. He never forgave me for this aberration of mine.

The rest of the day I had to starve because our finances had diminished and we could not afford a dinner. All that we had were the return tickets for a first class compartment and we did not know how we could survive for the next 40 hours or more as the Grand Trunk Express used to take 36 hours to reach Hyderabad in those days. We boarded the train and found that there were no other passengers except ourselves in a compartment of four berths. *Sardar* occupied the upper berth and I occupied the lower one with the two large silver trophies, lying on the opposite lower berth.

It was an extraordinary cold winter and *Sardar* asked me to lock up the door so

that no other passenger could trouble us in the night. We were both woken up by someone who wanted to get into the compartment. I surmised that we must have reached the Jhansi Cantonment at about 3 O' clock early morning. He was banging the door and asking us to open it. *Sardar* by nature was highly stubborn and told me not to open the door. I acted accordingly but foolishly. The person outside was obviously impatient because of the freezing cold outside and as the halting time for the train was expiring any moment. The temperature outside must have been minus zero. He vehemently started banging the door again and again and literally shouting at the peak of his voice by calling loudly that if we persisted in not opening the door, he will bring the Guard of the train along with him to break it open. At that stage, I had no option but to open the door.

We were stunned to see in the light falling from the compartment that it was none other than our old school class fellow, Col. *Kursheed Hussain*, standing right before us in his Army overcoat. Luckily, he immediately recognised both of us and reconciled himself to our misbehaviour after hurling choicest abuses on us. We spent the day recalling our days in our school, Madras-i-Aliya. We had to take him into our confidence by telling him that we had no money for the breakfast. Poor *Khursheed* (who is now no more), paid for our breakfast, lunch and dinner without demur. I, for one cannot ever repay my sense of gratitude to him. We landed early morning a day after at Secunderabad Railway Station and *Khursheed* was so generous that he pulled out a few ten rupee notes to meet our cost of travel to Malakpet from Secunderabad by the local train. Had *Khursheed* not come on the scene like a Messiah, I do not know how we could have survived and reached our homes. Indeed, God is so merciful and munificent that he does not deprive us of a meal as well as our daily needs. This coincidence in

life remains in my memory so fresh and indelible forever. Both of us could never repay our debt of gratitude to *Khursheed*, a most talkative but a perfect gentleman. I miss him so much at the Club.

Our parents were delighted by the news that we had won not one but two debating trophies. The Principal, *Mirza*, was thrilled and overjoyed with our feat and applauded us by holding a reception in our honour at the College. The news travelled all over the Campus and even was reported in the local press. We became heroes overnight. *Navab Ali Yavar Jung*, who was our Vice-Chancellor congratulated us and remarked, "So far our University boys were known for their debating excellence in Urdu but these two young men have brought tremendous honour in succeeding for the first time in English debating."

Soon after our graduation in law, *Sardar's* father, who was like an uncle to me, decided to send him to England for being called to the Bar. *Sardar* came to meet my father and requested him to send me along with him for qualifying for the Barrister's course in England. My father after having started the printing press of his own by borrowing money from sundry creditors was not in a position to send me along with *Sardar*. He consulted his beloved Barrister friend, Chief Justice *Ramachandra S. Naik*, who told him that after the advent of our Independence, there was no need for sending me abroad for any further qualification in law. My father asked me to enroll myself as an advocate immediately. Chief Justice *Naik* himself handed over the *sanad* personally to me. My life took a different turn while *Sardar* left for England.

For a quite number of years my association with *Sardar* came to an end. It is only after he came back from England that we met again when his father invited my father, mother and me for a banquet at his residence on the night when *Sardar* returned

from England. He was overjoyed by *Sardar's* success in being called to the Bar from the Lincoln's Inn from which my father also graduated.

I lost touch again with *Sadar*, when he joined the Burma Shell Company as a Sales Executive and was posted to Kharagpur. *Sardar* told me that no sooner he completed his LL.M degree from the London University, his Professor in company law, Professor Gower recommended him in glowing terms to the Burma Shell Company.

Along with my practice in the chambers of my lovable senior, the late *N. Narasimha Iyengar*, I joined the LL.M class of the Osmania University Law College and as soon as I finished in flying colours my LL.M examination, Dr. *Suri Bhagavantam* appointed me as part-time Lecturer at the College. In October 1958 I joined the Indian School of International Studies, ten located at Sapru House, New Delhi to teach as Lecturer in International Law and to do research for my Ph.D. The subject of my thesis was, "The Study of War and Peace in Ancient, Medieval and Modern India." I had to work at the National Archives, the Archaeological Library in New Delhi, the Bhandarkar Oriental Institute in Pune and at the National Library, Belvedere Place, Kolkata. My research work took me to the National Library. I contacted *Sardar* at Kharagpur over the trunk telephone and asked him to come over to Kolkata. *Sardar* graciously obliged me by coming all the way by car from Kharagpur to Kolkata. We spent a few hours together. It is so fresh in my memory. What a fine gesture he made in complying with my request! He was one of my truest, steadfast and devoted friends till his last breath.

Sardar resigned from the Burma Shell and got enrolled at the High Court of Hyderabad much later than me. In one of his visits to my house, I told him that he should become a part-time Lecturer at the

Law College because there was a vacancy in teaching of international law and company law after I had left it and requested him to meet the then Dean, Mr. Justice *Jaganmohan Reddy*, who knew our parents so well. He did so and became a part-time Lecturer in international law and company law.

In October, 1961 I resigned from the Indian School of International Studies and joined the chambers of my senior and mentor, *Motilal Setahvad*, the most upright and the first Attorney General of India. For quite some time my contact with *Sardar* ceased but whenever he came to Delhi, he met me at my chamber 65 in the Supreme Court and we shared a meal together. In a case concerning the validity of the Mulki Rules, we appeared against *Setahvad* together before the Constitutional Bench presided over by Chief Justice *Hidayatullah* when both of us gave a marvelous performance before the Court by our arguments. Though we lost the case, the Judges were very impressed by our eloquence. The next day, I was deeply touched by the lavish and unforgettable compliment *Setahvad* paid to me.

In March, 1973 both Prime Minister *Indira Gandhi* and *C.K. Dabhtary*, the then Attorney-General of India recommended the Governor of Andhra Pradesh for appointing me to the office of the Advocate General of the State of Andhra Pradesh. The then Chief Minister offered me the office of the Public Prosecutor of the State, when the recommendation was for the office of the Advocate-General. I politely declined it as he was down grading me. Besides it would have destroyed my large constitutional and civil practice which I had so assiduously built up in the Supreme Court. What amused me most was that an undergraduate of a Chief Minister was sitting on judgment over an octogenarian and so distinguished a barrister Attorney-General of India and a Prime Minister qualified from Cambridge!

Realization dawned on me that times had changed and that merit, competence, ability and character had no place. Extraneous considerations of community, caste and even political influence had become an order of the day in every appointment to the higher echelons of Constitutional Offices in our country including that of the Judiciary. I was treated as an alien enemy in my own land while *Sardar* got his support from the fact that he belonged to a minority community.

Sardar too became a casualty of this undesirable ignominy when he was denied his elevation to the Supreme Court. Less qualified men stole a march over him, proving the humorous Hindi adage, “*jis ko piya chahay, wo subagan keblayey*” (one whom a lover loves, she will be treated as a married woman).

I had moved to Hyderabad in 1973 to set up my practice at the High Court of Andhra Pradesh in addition to my practice at Supreme Court. My association began again with *Sardar*. We used to meet constantly at the Bar Association Hall and exchanged pleasantries as usual. I used to call on his father every now and then, whenever I met *Sardar* at his residence.

In 1987 I founded the Law India Foundation Trust which was inaugurated by the former Chief Justice of India, *Shri E.S. Venkataramaiah*, at Ravindra Bharati Theatre, Hyderabad. Unfortunately the Trust could not function for long because the members on the Board of Trustees did not evince any interest in its activities. However, I organised memorial lecturers in memory of *Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru* during the centenary year of his birth. I invited *Sardar* to deliver a lecturer on the writ jurisdiction of the High Court under Article 226 of the Constitution. He willingly accepted my invitation and delivered a brilliant lecture. The then Governor, *Smt. Kumudben Joshi*, inaugurated the series of lectures and my personal friend, the then Chief Justice, *Yogeshwar Dayal* (late Judge of the Supreme

Court), presided over the function at the Jubilee Hall, Public Gardens, Hyderabad. We presented a beautiful portrait of *Jawaharlal Nehru* painted by the reputed artist, *Vidya Bhushan*, to the Chief Justice, which is now still adorning the Chief Justice's Court Room in the High Court.

The Supreme Court was not the same in 1984, when I moved to Delhi again. It lost its crowning glory after the Kesavananda ruling and the supersession of three of its Judges by a Junior Judge. I could not fit into the new dispensation. I came back once for all from Delhi in February, 1993 to Hyderabad disillusioned by the decline of standards at the Bar and the Bench.

Sardar and I met frequently at the Nizam Club of which he was also a member. When my beloved friend, *Khaja Yousufuddin* (who was with the British Airways for a long time after moving to England), visited Hyderabad two or three times, I hosted a lunch in his honour at my Banjara Hills residence and invited *Sardar* and his wife. Both of them came and we had a joyous, hilarious and memorable afternoon. That was the last time when I saw *Yousufuddin*. He passed away a few months later at Karachi on his way to Hyderabad, causing me immense sorrow and grief. He was a delightful, generous and a most cheerful friend. Every time he came from England he brought presents for me and my daughter.

Sardar's passing away also came not only as a rude shock but also caused me tremendous pain and sorrow as we were most intimate friends for more than seven decades. I had met him just a few days before at our Club. He was perfectly alright and I never imagined that he will leave me behind so soon. He was shattered by the poignant demise of his beloved wife, *Afzal* (who was a dear friend of my younger sister, *Kumidini*, because they studied together at the St. George's Grammar School at Abids). *Afzal Bhabhi* was a great asset to

Sardar. She was a renowned writer in Urdu and was the daughter of *Nawab Doulat Khan Sabeh*, a Magistrate before whom I had the honour of appearing once in the City Criminal Court in my early days at the Bar. She was an exceedingly pretty, charming and affectionate person.

After he lost his wife, *Sardar* became a recluse. He did not socialize much, became highly introvertive and much more reserved than he was before. He seldom came to the Club. Obviously he took her untimely loss to his heart and ultimately died of a heart attack. He was a devoted husband and a devoting father, caring for his daughters all the time though separated from him after their marriages. Only his worthy son, *Asaf* stood by him to the last. *Farook*, *Sardar's* younger brother asked *Asaf* to usher me to the room in which his mortal human frame was laid. All I could do was to kiss his smiling face with spontaneous tears in my eyes. I recalled to my mind the following lines of the famous Urdu poet, *Annees* :

*“Jis chasm ko dekha wo purnam nazar aayee
Ek-majlis-e-matam thi kay barham nazar aayee.”*

Whenever I recall *Sardar*, I remember the following two couplets of the eminent and mystic poet, *Iqbal* :

*“Tharay ilm o mohabout kee nahin hai intehaa
Nahin hai thuj say badhkar saasz-e-fithrat mai
nawa koyee”*

and

*“Akhla kee manzil hai who, ishq ka hasil hai who
Halqa-e-afaaqe main garmi-e-mehfil hai who”*

To sum up his exemplary and imposing personality in a few words, *Sardar* was an epitome of immense learning and profound knowledge; a marvellous firebrand orator both in English and Urdu, like of whom will not be born again; a fine, upright, righteous and honest Judge; a juris consult of international fame; a towering person whose

integrity and character were unimpeachable and unassailable; a highly refined, cultured and polished gentleman to the core; and most of all a genuine human being with a high sense of culture, courtesy and humanity with a passionate commitment to serve mankind. In him, I have lost irreparably one of my truest and dearest friends.

Sardar's funeral was attended by thousands of his admirers and I am reminded of the couplet of *Galib* which I have slightly modified as follows :

*“Is rang say uthayee kal oos nay Sardar kee naash
Dushman bhee jiss ko dekh kay ghamnak ho
gayey”*

I can only offer his immortal spirit a fitting poem written by the most lovable poet, *Sahir Ludhiani* :

*“Har cheez zamanay kee jahan par thee
wahin hai*

Ek thu hee nahi hai

*Nazrain bhee wohi aur nazaray bhee
wahi hai*

*Khamosh fazaun kay isharay bhee wahin
hai*

*Kehnay ko tho sab kuch hai magar kuch
bhee nahi hai*

*Har ashq main khoyee hui khusheun kee
jhalak hai*

*Har sans main betee hui ghadeun kee
kasak hai*

*Thu chahay khahin bhee ho, tera dard
yehin hai*

*Hasarat nahin, armaan nahin, aas
nahin hai*

*Yadaoun kay siva kuch bhee meray pass
nahin hai*

*Yaden bhee rahin ya na rahin kiss ko
yeqeen hain”*

May his soul rest in peace!

ENSURING GOOD GOVERNANCE THROUGH JUDICIARY

By

—K. GANGADHARA RAMI REDDY¹

Introduction

The issue of good governance has in recent times emerged at the forefront of the agenda of for sustainable human development. Empowering people for meaningful participation in this development process is one of the key interventions of the Government of India in its attempt to usher sustainable development.

Good governance implies utmost concern for people's welfare wherein the Government and its bureaucracy follow policies and discharge duties with a deep sense of

commitment respecting the rule of law in the manner which is transparent, ensuring human rights and dignity, probity and public accountability.

The Government of India, both at centre and the states, share the concern for ensuring responsive, accountable, transparent, and decentralized and people friendly administration at all levels. But there is considerable frustration and dissatisfaction amongst the people in the society about apathy, irresponsiveness and lack of accountability of public servants, even as the expenditure on staff continues to increase. There is increasing

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