

Brief story of Shamsuz Zaman(Taimur), Freedom Fighter, Crack Platoon, Dhaka

The turbulence and influence of 1969 student movement was so deep in our psyche that our classmates of that years' SSC are always keen to take special mention of the year. The foundation making period of our struggle of independence was slowly getting shape into our freedom loving character. The progressive section of student movements was very active – along with the activities of Awami League and other small progressive political organizations in the political arena. The land slide victory of Bongobondhu's Awami League was a great phenomenon to follow to the path of absolute power all over Pakistani. The devastating tidal flood of 12 November 1970 followed by the arrogance and neglect of the Pakistani rulers to help the affected Bengali people had a dramatic impact in expediting our demand for independence. I had the opportunity to attend the great meeting of Moulana Bhashaini at the Paltan Maidan – where he in effect clearly and openly pronounced independence for us in protesting the neglect of the Pakistani Junta. Finally, the 7th March meeting of Bongobondhu in the race course maiden is hair rising to remember. They were all land mark days of our independence movement. I am lucky to witness those great events and proud to join the freedom fighting as a humble son of our motherland. After a long story of training I had the opportunity to join the fighting for independence of our mother land as a member of the Crack Platoon of Dhaka City under the Command of Mofazzal Hossain Choudhury Maya Bhai and closely guided by Haider Bhai (Major, Sector 2 Commander).

I am very lucky to make friends in the training camp, many of us were together sent for training at a remote Army facility at Lailapur, Assam, which is two days and one night's Truck travel from our Basic Training camp in Gokul Nagar near Agartala City. We undertook three weeks Arms training conducted by the Gurkha trainers and one week's Commando leadership training by the Elite Juth Officers. I still remember Captain Rabindra Singh and Captain Depak Chadha, so glamoursly dressed and smart in their lectures.

I had been together with Dr.Tarek, Aga Sharif, Helal Bhai, Nurul Huq Babul, Noshu, Farhad and Late Manik from Gogul Nagar down to Laila pur. We successfully completed our training and sent back to our regional Sector Head Quarters in Melaghar near Agartala. Here we met Aman, Shelley, Harun, Manzur (Martyred in Arihazar fighting the Pakistani army). All these names I mentioned were allocated to stay in a single tarpuline tent in Melaghar. No bed, nothing. Just body size space for night time sleeping.

After we arrived in heavy monsoon rains around August 1971, we were told to join/form own group and then go to our own areas and engage in guerrilla warfare, hit and run. Arms, specially ammunitions were very very restricted unless you collect from your defeated enemies.

In the camp, all were in lungi or in shorts, army supplied loose half shirts, cheap sneakers on our feet.

There was a retired Habildar, named Lal Mia, we used call him Nana, whistling round the clock , trying to control us. We were all hungry, shabby and frustrated for the lapsing of time firstly to go for training and then getting a group and waiting for arms.

In between all these frustrating situations we saw a smartly looking big tent not very far from ours, occupants are all smart young men. We were told about the Operation of Hotel Intercontinental which was in the BBC News and Maya bhai and others in that tent were the heroes. We were all convinced and approached Maya bhai to take us to join their group which he was very glad to accept.

That's how we became second face member of Crack Platoon. We were highly skilled and professionally trained educated and all are from Dhaka city. Initially, number of commandos in the platoon was 17. Those commandos were receiving training in [Melaghar Camp](#) at that time.

Finally we received a big supply of arms and prepared immediately to move inside the Country to fight.

I remember Maya bhai had a list of 72 of us, guerrillas, signed by Captain Haider with him. All were armed and followed Mofazzal Hossain Choudhury Maya to their ultimate destination to go inside Bangladesh, in and around Dhaka city and fight a guerrilla warfare to disrupt the movement of the Pakistan Army and to create media coverage in favour of our War time government.

My brief family back ground:

My father was Late Abdul Hamid, BA, EPCS, Rtd. Circle Officer

My mother was Late Hamida Begam, School Teacher

My father's family is from South Jatrabari, Dhaka. All our paternal relatives are still live here, called Molla Bari.

My permanent home address is 249/1 South Jatrabari , Dhaka

At the time of tragedy on August 15, 1975, I was Publicity Scretary of Dhaka City Mukti Joddha Sangsad, when MAYA Bbhai was the President. Sadly, afterward, I have never entered that premises again neither for fear nor for any reward. Maya bhai was in jail for a long time and then entered serious politics. I resumed studies, completed MBA Degree from IBA, University of Dhaka. Worked at Shilpa Bank and two other NGOs in Dhaka. I was harassed in all three work places because of my Mukti back ground. Finally, I was offered a position in Africa under an UNDP Project and remained in Tanzania and Zanzibar for nearly 8 years. I obtained skilled migration in Australia and now live in Melbourne since August 1994 with my family.

My wife Rina is an MSC from College of Home Economics, now she works for a private company

We have two children, Rashed, son, is an Accountant

Daughter, Moutushi, MA in International Development from Melbourne University. She works for an International Cosultancy Company. She is engaged with a local Melbourne boy, who works with the Government Civil Service. The boy, named Tomas Penfold is very proud of me being a Freedom Fighter. His Grand dad, recently died, was a Hero of the Second World War. He loves cricket, fan of Sakib and knows lot about our Country as a student of Development studies.

According to Ministry of Liberation war Affairs, my details appeared in their website as follows:

Lal Muktibarta Muktijoddhar Tottho

Serial No 101070095

Name : ABM SHAMSUZZAMAN

Father's Name: M A Hamid

Village 5B Outer Circular Road, 34 WARD,Thana : Motijheel, District:Dhaka

I submitted my application for my Mukti Certificate in March 2011 to the Ministry. They send it to the DC of Dhaka for confirming that my Mukti Barta details and the details in the Application is from the same person because of two different addresses.

There were due inspections conducted by the authority both in my Jatrabari home address and also in Rajarbagh address (which was actually used as my war time address). Many Certificate holder Freedom Fighters were there to give evidence in favour of my original name and address. All those investigation report and letters are still with the Ministry. I think issuance of my certificate is under process and as per the Ministry's recent circular, website Mukti Barta is enough to make any one eligible for any kind of privileges provided to the freedom fighters.

As per the National ID Card, my personal details are as under:

Name; SHAMSUZ ZAMAN

Father: Late Abdul Hamid

Mother: Late Hamida Begam

Date of Birth: 03 Jan 1954

ID NO: 19542692986000006

Present activity:

After retiring from Business in Australia, I am involved with the activities of Bangladeshi Association and Bangladeshi Seniors Club. For many years, I try to distribute books to the Bangladeshi School Children about our Mukti Juddho. I mainly distribute the small size book written by Mohammad Jafar Iqbal. I myself, translated that book in English. My aim is to publicise the feeling of the history of our freedom fighting among our young generation. I hardly accept any request to talk about my own story, instead I love to tell the overall history of our liberation war and ask everyone to keep the feeling high towards the Martyrs and others whose sacrifices enabled us all to get our independent motherland.

Joy bangla !

Joy Bongo Bondhu !

Joy Mukti Juddho !

Joy Crack platoon !!! Joy All Cracks !!!!