Bangladesh:
The Crucial Fact Is That the Pakistanis Are Hated

CALCUTTA—as a way, it's got everything—good guys and bad guys, high-minded and low-minded, diplomats and murderers, Hindus and Muslims, and Jews, battle in which the bad guys will emerging from being fighters and fighting and dying, though vastly outnumbered and outgunned.

And then there is the birthplace of the nation part of it. A people long divided and exploited by a nearby different and stronger class is about to show the world that Indian birth and death on the same land can produce a people with a pride in their heritage.

The Pakistanis are moving on the national capital of India, in the nation's heartland, get there fast.

The Pakistanis were supposed to be well dug in. The country is a land of shifting rivers and sandstorms, much like Indonesia. The terrain is self and enemy, far from ideal for the Indian army.

But the Indians had every advantage. The Pakistanis were strong enough to hold the India-Pakistan border to try to stop any Indian attempt to push through. The Pakistanis have 75,000 to 80,000 men in the area, the Indians have twice that number. The Pakistanis had only 30,000 men in East Pakistan from 0.60 Soviet jets. The Pakistanis are many men planned—and they are newer and better. When the war was only two days old, they had shut off all but two of the Srinagar-Jhelum and the Srinagar-Rajasthan roads. Now they have controlled communications, a military operation continues. A military operation continues. And, above all, the Pakistanis are losing.

But perhaps more important than any other factor in this war is the isolation of the Pakistani soldier. He is hated by the vast majority of the population, for he was left alone in East Pakistan over eight months ago to kill and beat until the population was cowed and the autonomy movement doomed.

But the Pakistanis proved to have more staying power than the Pakistanis. The Pakistanis know that the war in East Pakistan is a battle of wills. As the Indians see it, there is always a Bengali guarantee somewhere who may jump him and cut off his fingers to watch him die.

Many Pakistani soldiers are trying to escape the Indian advance by getting into Indian clothes and trying to slip through the countryside. But it will be futile. The Pakistani soldier cannot move quietly. He is a tall and slender and lighter man. Even if he has learned the Bengali language, they will detect the sound. And if he can speak only his own Urdu or Pashto, he will surrender in his only hope.

Yet with all these milling, the Pakistanis have not been a pushover for the Indians. Then, the Indians have regularly muffled them, using country lanes when the Pakistanis had built heavy bridges across the rivers. Then, the Indians have cut through the main road. And the Indians are getting the best hard intelligence in the history of fighting in a foreign land.

It is also true that the Pakistanis have been withdrawing from places with electric defenses, like Cem- nan, where the Indians would have had a hard time choosing them, in order to retreat deeper into the country, as though deeper was better.

Yet when the Pakistanis have turned and made a stand, either to help the rest of their own feel they are safe or simply because they are on no place left to go, they have fought bravely, almost tenaciously—and the Indians have taken more casualties than they care to admit.

But now the Indian Army is closing in, drawing a cone around the 50,000 troops in the Srinagar area and cutting off the other Pakistani forces in the north. The last road to the north has been cut. As the Pakistanis have been pushed back from the front lines, the Indians have blocked the port roads—cutting them off every time they slip through with ground and air fire.

The Indians have called on the Pakistanis to surrender, but the Pakistanis are known for their Modern Bunker mentality. And it is very likely that they will make another stand, even if it means to fight the last round of blood. But perhaps a bloodbath, a crucifix, but it would not be the first time a nation was born that way.