DACCA, Pakistan, Dec. 16—

On a broad grassy field in central Dacca known as the Race Course, the Pakistani forces formally surrendered today, 13 days after the Indian Army began its drive into East Pakistan.

It was at the Race Course on March 7 that Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, in a speech to thousands of Bengalis, called for the end of martial law and the transfer of power to his autonomy-minded Awami League, which had won a majority in national elections.

Today there were no speeches—just two men sitting at a single table on the grass—Lieut. Gen. Jagjit Singh Aurora, chief of India’s Eastern Command, and Lieut. Gen. A. A. K. Niazi, commander of the 70,000 Pakistani troops in East Pakistan—who signed the formal papers of Pakistani surrender in the East.

The final hours of the Indian drive, which ended with the ceremony at the Race Course, were punctuated by artillery and machine-gun fire as the troops pushed across the Lakhya River, just outside Dacca proper.

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cluing this correspondent, were the only newsman and neon only foreigner to ride into Dacca with the Indian troops. The rebels had been out in quiet droves to sit and watch the Indians ride past. One Indian soldier saw the same sight as his own and walked confidently forward. For about one minute, he walked past the river. Several hundred men sat 100 yards back as the guns rumbled round for an hour.

"Good shooting!" an officer from the command post yelled across after a report from the forward observer. "We got some vehicles."

Thus the news spread. So did the soldiers.

A cease-fire, but it was 10:00 A.M. A cease-fire was in effect, but the Indian soldiers said they were fighting near Dacca City and they were firing shots. Besides, no one in this brigade was advancing on Dacca from the northeast knew anything about the Pakistan surrender, which was being arranged at that very moment.

The Pakistanis opposed them were also in the dark, for soon the forward artillery and infantry battle was raging on the Indus river and the Dacca road to the regional capital.

Two Indian tank forces captured from the Pakistanis in an earlier battle were now deployed, one in a mango grove and the other in a field, behind an embankment.

As the guns began to get set: Indian artillery shells whistled over their heads to an enemy position in Dacca, a couple of miles to the north. Black smoke rose from burning buildings and huts.

Then the tanks opened up, sending mortar rounds into the nearby and much more devastatingly pummeling the factory complex in the distance across the Lalakhi River, where some Pakistan troops were defending the Indian advance. Smoke columns began to mushroom from the factory buildings too.

The Infantry Advance

All through the night, the advance of the area with shells that also opened up with machine guns, peppering the area with small arms fire, and the Pakistanis were dug into the ground all night.

A column of Indian infantry moved out from the southwest toward the bottom of the embankment and then turned its sights on a crossing near the river.

At about 12:30 P.M. under the bright sun, the officers with the Indian units decided to take the press party forward to watch the infantry in action.

Now there was no answering fire, and the press corps climbed up the embankment to the road, and, without a single shot, the orators walked confidently forward. For about one minute, they walked past the river. They had made it.

A Pakistan machine gun began spitting and bullets whizzed by, but those unemptied shells were still sent into the em- barrassment, sending up gravel and dust in the wake of our side. An Indian major, to whom we said, the bullets had passed to 10 to 15 yards away.

Carefully tucked below the ridge of the road, we walked forward as the Pakistanis kept the machine guns firing. They hit a baby gamboling in a crater and the animal crumbled. In 10 minutes we were on the top of the embankment and the machine guns pointing at the Pakistanis, who then began to open fire on us instead of us.

We opened fire. As the staccato continued, the Indians began to fire over the field radio that the Pakistanis had surrendered. The Pakistanis had been quite not been told. Some radio operators did not even have communications with their headquar ters. A Wave a Big Handkerchief

That was 12:40. For an hour or so, the Indians Indians pinned down. Then at 1:00 P.M., as India returned fire on the Pakistan side, a parent officer came into the Indian lines and waved what looked like a big handkerchief.

At 1:05, the general, S. M. Chatterjee, climbed over the embankment and walked into the middle of the river, stopping behind the embankment, to talk to the Pakistanis to surrender.

"Are you moving or not?" the major yelled. "I want you in there in just one minute."

Before I lose my patience, I will let you get your men round you and out of that little boat and start crossing. Put your weap ons down, end be quiet."

The Indians were on a dense gang of men上下游 up, and they got the Pakistan that little boat and started crossing. The Pakistanis were quiet.

The Indian put down the boat and started crossing. Don't forget you have to follow us with your artillery, I'm telling you again.

Start moving, start moving with us."

The Indian that major to the wall but were quiet. He was a bit surprised that they did not see what was happening. The Indian told the general that there was a major, "There is an officer coming down there on the road."

He's waving his white handkerchief. They have surrendered now. There are more than 100 Pakistanis.

The rest of the Pakistanis, however, were there, and apparently still were.

This some-thing what may have been the last war in the last-act that about 20 minutes to unfold, during which a wounded Indian soldier was found where he lay in a shallow floppy field. As the major was preparing to go in the surrendering Pakistan a soldier tried to grab the gun of the corporal that had led the Indian surrender only a few minutes before.

The road was filled with jubilant Bengalis and troops cheering for Dacca on tank, truck, scooter, bicycle, rickshaw and foot. Everyone was hitching rides to go to the liberation capital—”it was a mere circus of casuals than a military convoy. All along the army's route marchers held their infants up

in the air and waved the ins- tribs' hands at the Indian sol- diers, cheering and waving at the Pakistani soldiers. At the Lalakhi River, the same scene was repeated. Many people had jogged against the crowd to try to see the road through the haze of patrons on the road, we passed through a crowded, only to be scared by the war. It had been the first scene of a popular vehicle here and there on the road, hit by artillery or mortar fire. A blow-up Pakistani bomber: And in those towns where the Pakistanis made a stand, a lot of black smoke and raised buildings and huts.

By and large, except for the road and rail bridges the Pakistanis blew up as they retreated, the territory has not been severely damaged. In some areas, in fact, villagers have burned in the streets along the paddy fields and cow gone near lush cows, and in small groups. It is difficult to tell—except for the Indians who have not yet trekked back—that a war has touched this land.

Yet there was one clear sign of the victory over the Pakistan troops at the roadblock who had surrendered. There had not been enough time to take away their weapons or move them to surrender, and they came away to their own arms—a slightly clinging sight to which we just came to see them use the same weapons.

Near Dacca, 25, when the army began to move, the popular elected Bengali autonomy.

Babiali, or Liberation Forces— the Bengali insurgents who had been fighting against the inde- pendent until the Indians de- nied the burden of millions of Bengali refugees had become in- tolerable and took a direct com- bat role—were eager for revenge. Their potential targets are not only the Pakistan troops but the establish, or home guards, trained by the troops and the civilian government, and these non-Bengalis, who did a lot of the dirty work for the army.

"If we don't protect the Pakistanis and the other people," said an officer in the highway's jeep, the Mod Thus, the Pakistanis will butchery them nicely and properly."

Uneasy Confrontation

As the jeep proceeded directly into Dacca, a stream of several hundred Bengalis suddenly materialized—"in the throes of happiness—started wandering the roads, approaching Indian troops, shouting welcome slogans.

But a Pakistan jeep with a Shakibul machine gun was also moving toward the crowd. The uncovered Indian crowd thinking the crowd was coming to attack the father. Two people fell, and the crowd carried on, and the jeep came to a rest.

Bengali Mobs and other In- seance, the four Pakistanis of their weapons and shouted defiance at them until they looked as frightened as they probably thought they were going to be. They were never opened to be placed under guard in face court-martial.

Near the prison was a bus covered with Pakistan troops and their families, sitting on the roof. The women and children huddled next to their men like terrorized refugees.

Because the Pakistanis surren- dered before the Indians had to storm Dacca, the capital did not suffer any major damage except for the scars from heavy bombing of the airport and the military cantonment.

The road to the airport is still full of car CASES. The airport runways have been repaired, but off to one side are the charred huts that used to be fighter planes. The windows of the terminal building have been blasted out by the raids.

Many houses and shops are still shuttered, awaiting the re- turning of their occupants. The crowds gathered quickly, almost as if from nowhere. They swarmed over our vehicle — shouting greetings, calling or "be teeth" and trying to look in and touch another human being.

At the airport tonight, long lines of West Pakistanis economic and relieved as they matched on to flee to Dacca, the capital, and Dacca carried General Aurangzeb. Other ammunitions and ammunitions from Calcutta—all flying in for the surrender ceremony. General Aurangzeb, his face a mask of determined dignity, was waiting on the tarmac, wearing a black coat and carrying a collapsible hunting hat, though he was never opened to it. So silence stood General Aurangzeb's chief pal., Col. J. J. H. Jacob, who just a few minutes before had been embarrassed by the frenzied embraces of Bengalis who had come to the airport.

Microphones and Cameras

The two waited out in Robert General Aurangzeb's bell- copier and after being surrounded by microphones and cameras, they drove away. After signing, the two gen- erals rose and shook hands. General Nizam rode off in a jeep and General Aurangzeb on a staff car.

Spurces small arms fire was still cackling in the city when the Indian military party drove back to the airport, as dark- ness fell, to fly back to Cal- cutta. There had been sporadic street fighting throughout the day in Dacca, including a gun battle between Multi-Babiali guerrillas and Pakistan soldiers inside the Inter-Continental hotel, which had been declared as a neutral zone for the war.

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