

In Dacca, Killings Amid the Revelry

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Special to The New York Times

DACCA, Pakistan, Dec. 17—
A day after the truce signing
in Dacca the suffering here con-
tinues.

Unarmed Bengalis, their sa-
rong-like skirts blood-stained
and unraveled, lie dead, victims
of street fighting and last-
minute looting and killing by
remnants of the militia forces
that have terrorized the Ben-
galis in recent weeks.

In the street two blocks
from the Race Course, where
the Indian and Pakistani com-

manders in the East signed the
surrender yesterday, the bodies
of two West Pakistani soldiers
lay heaped today, faces on the
pavements — victims of ven-
geance by East Bengali guer-
rillas who could not be re-
strained.

The guerrillas' leaders had
urged them in vain not to act
like those who massacred tens
of thousands of Bengalis in the
seven and a half months that
West Pakistan tried to force
subservience on and deny in-
dependence to East Pakistan.

All through the night Bengalis

roamed the streets in parades
of celebration. Gunshots filled
the night and morning, and
most but not all the bullets
were fired into the air.

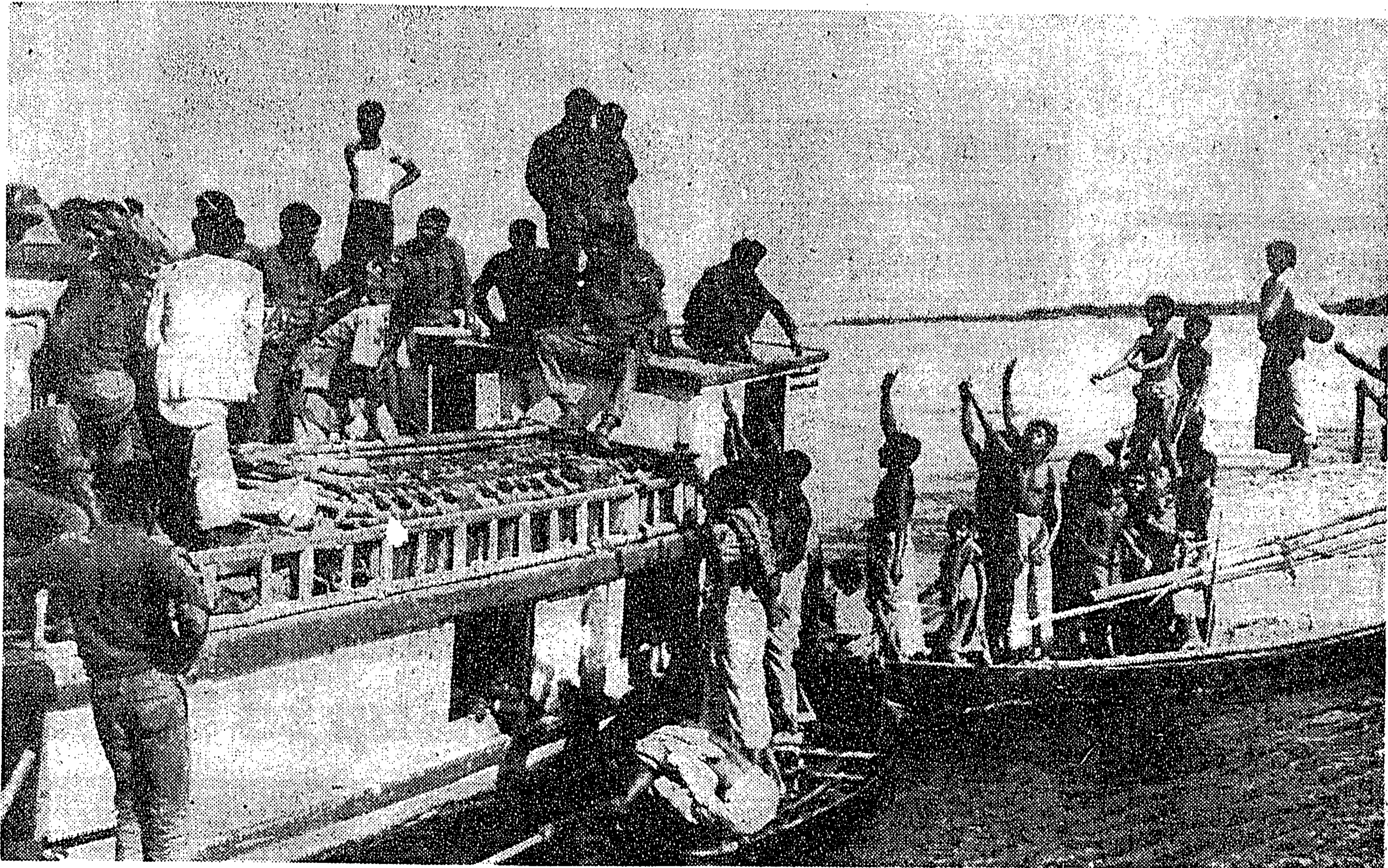
Red Cross and hospital work-
ers roamed the streets collect-
ing the wounded and leaving
the dead. Bengalis were found
shot. Some Bihari Moslems, a
minority group that helped the
Pakistani soldiers control the
Bengalis, were found with their
throats slit.

When the surrender was

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The New York Times

Published: December 18, 1971
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CHEERS FOR THE INDIANS: Two boatloads of Bengali boys from a river village shouting "Long live India" as they greeted a steamer carrying Indian soldiers in East Pakistan. Similar scenes took place throughout East Pakistan as Bengalis gave the Indians an excited welcome.

The New York Times/Sydney H. Schanberg



P.O.W.'S IN EAST PAKISTAN: Two Pakistani soldiers, tied together with wire, under guard in an Indian truck after they were captured in fighting at Khulna on Thursday.

United Press International

In Dacca, the Killings Persist Amid Revelry

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signed, on a wooden table on the grass, a company of Indian soldiers and a platoon of Pakistanis stood with their rifles as Indian tanks rumbled by into the city. Maj. Gen. Rao Firman Ali, West Pakistan's military adviser to the old civil government, stood isolated and silent as insults were barked at him by young Bengalis. "Butcher!" one yelled at the man who had talked privately of the fruitlessness of attempting to stop the inevitable independence of East Pakistan.

Then came Lieut. Gen. A. A. K. Niazi, commander of the Pakistani forces in the East and Pakistan's Patton, who had said only two days before that he would fight to the last man. He wore his beret and carried his silver shooting stick with the black leather seat that he used

to sit on while giving pep talks to his troops.

Beside General Niazi walked Lieut. Gen. Jagjit Singh Aurora, commander of India's eastern forces, wearing a chartreuse turban. General Niazi, his face expressionless, was also cursed. General Aurora was smiling.

The Indian commander's aide opened a black leather briefcase and took out a brown manila envelope. General Aurora produced the surrender papers and General Niazi stood up, read them carefully, sat and penned his signature. Then the Pakistani commander, now appearing on the verge of tears, stood again, slowly unstrapped his pistol and handed it to General Aurora.

All the while a young Bengali held the flag of Bangladesh just above the Pakistani general's head.

The scene dissolved into confusion. Indian officers were hoisted to the shoulders of Bengalis to lead victory cheers. A Bengali, searching for the Pakistani officers, shouted, "Where are the killer bastards?"