

# Hindu Refugees Back in Dacca Find Themselves Without Homes or the Means of Earning a Living

Special to The New York Times

DACCA, Pakistan, Jan. 15 — Hari Pada Nag held his hands on his head and looked at the charred wall of his house. He had just come back from a refugee camp in India, where he had fled in March with his wife and three daughters.

Like the 1,000 other people who have returned to his street, known as Shankhari Bazaar, a Hindu quarter of Dacca, Mr. Nag has found that all his furniture has been

stolen, his house burned and his father, who stayed behind, killed by the Pakistani Army.

Most difficult of all, Mr. Nag said, his prized tools for making shell jewelry were smashed, and without tools he cannot earn a living. "Without them I am nothing," he said dejectedly. "I am not a man, I cannot support my family and can only live by taking relief."

"We are glad for liberation, but for us it is only a beginning and not the end of

trouble," he said.

Before last March Shankhari Bazaar was a narrow, medieval-looking street lined with crumbling three-story buildings that shut out the light and housed tiny jeweler shops. Its name, Shankhari, was derived from the Bengali word for shell, which was used in making most of the jewelry.

But on the night of March 25, as part of the Pakistani Army's effort to crush the Bengali autonomy movement,

troops attacked the street from its two enclosed ends, burning and looting most of the houses.

All the residents were Hindus, and on Mr. Nag's house the Moslem Pakistani troops scrawled, "Allah Is Great" and "Long Live Pakistan."

Now Mr. Nag is unsure whether he ought to go back to the Indian refugee camp in West Bengal to fetch his wife and daughters, who are awaiting word on the condi-

tion of their home.

His neighbor, Madhab Datta, a short, skinny man dressed in a dirty tattered shirt, is also unsure of what to do with his life. He too was a jeweler and now has no tools. Adding to his complications, the jewelers always imported their shells from Ceylon, and now imports have been prohibited by the economy-conscious Bangladesh Government.

"There are no jobs for us, and there is no prospect of

us finding any," he said as he gently rocked his tiny, 2-month-old baby in his lap. The baby, who had on a filthy dark sweater, was covered with red sores.

Mr. Datta and his wife returned to Dacca three days ago and have been living on the small ration of wheat distributed by the local office of the Awami League, the dominant party in Bangladesh. Today they got a pound of unhusked wheat for the three of them.

"If the relief stops, we will starve," Mr. Datta said.

The focus of attention on Shankhari Bazaar is the small store-front office of the Awami League, which is decorated with large posters of the Prime Minister, Sheik Mujibur Rahman, and with red and green Bangladesh flags. The local party secretary, a young man in his twenties, sits behind a desk registering the names of the refugees as they return.

"As I am a man and as I am a Hindu, I am doing what I can," the party secretary, Chandra Sarkar, told an elderly man who had applied for food. "But our supplies are limited, and I have to beg for everything I get at party headquarters."

Mr. Sarkar said that the Red Cross had given him 50 blankets, but there are already a thousand people on the block and he expected up to 10,000 more in the next few weeks.

The New York Times

Published: January 16, 1972

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