

The Aga Khan at Epsom with the third Begum. Formerly Mlle Andrée Carron, she had owned a dressmaking *salon* in Paris and was regarded as one of the world's best-dressed women.



Teresa Magliano, the Aga Khan's second wife, who was the mother of Aly Khan. A former ballet dancer, she was also a gifted sculptress.



The Aga Khan with the Begum, wearing one of her magnificent saris. She became a Moslem on her marriage in 1944.

The Aga Khan was vigorously reproached for succumbing to Western frivolities and becoming a mouthpiece for an oppressive and hostile British Government. It was hinted that a frock-coated imam was an unreliable ambassador to a nation that had printed Amritsar on the soul of his country. Even his loyal Ismailis mingled doubts with their prayers and some broke away from the sect.

In the end, as we know, Kemal drove out the Sultan and abolished the Caliphate over which so much Indian blood had been shed. Previously the Aga Khan had found himself obliged to take a course that might have been smoother if he had trimmed his sails. In conjunction with Sayyid Ameer Ali, a Privy Councillor, he decided to write a letter to Ismet Pasha, Prime Minister of Turkey, appealing as leaders of the Muslim world against the threatened attack on the powers of the Caliph.

It was a courteous and tactful communication reminding Ismet Pasha of the support and sympathy of the Indian Moslems and urging that their point of view should not be lightly shelved. Although most conciliatory in tone, it suffered from being published prematurely in the Turkish Press. As it had been written in English, no time was lost in condemning its content as British propaganda. The unfortunate editors who had published the letter were indicted before the so-called Tribunal of Independence and sent to prison, while the Aga Khan was left to reflect sadly that his hopes of Islamic solidarity were somewhat premature. He and Mr. Ameer Ali were denounced as "foreigners" who had acted under the instigation of the wicked British Government!

Gandhi did not allow the Turkish diversion—and it appears to have been little more than a political manoeuvre on his part—to deflect him from his main objective. His campaign of resistance was far from passive on the subject of the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms. Dyarchy was a clumsy concept at best, and the new legislatures needed goodwill to make them work at all.

The Swarajists now started a system of boycott and intimidation designed to bolster the resentment already engendered by Amritsar and the problem of Turkey. "Many of the electors were of a poor grade of intelligence," comments Edward Thompson. "Since they could not read, colours sometimes had to be put above polling-boxes, and if there were more than five candidates then figures of animals, horses and snakes had to eke out the colours, since many rural voters could not count beyond five." This ignorant electorate was subjected to much pressure by the Congress faction. Candidates were cajoled and threatened, and voters were manhandled if they showed too keen an interest in the elections, which were, of course, completely boycotted by Gandhi's own party. Once more risking personal danger, the Aga Khan made many tours of the country, explaining the reforms and encouraging voters to do their duty. Through his intervention numerous candidates and voters were given safe conduct.

The Ali brothers, dissatisfied with the failure of the Khilafat agitation, now resorted to more active measures. Defying the Government to arrest them, they openly incited the Moslem sepoys to mutiny.

¹ *The Reconstruction of India.*

They were prosecuted and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment, a move that caused Gandhi to challenge the Government to arrest him also, as he had long "tampered with the loyalty of the Indian Army." His wish was granted, but not before he was allowed a little more licence.

The unfortunate Prince of Wales, with happy memories of his father's Coronation Durbar, had been sent out to India in the hope of improving good relations. He was received by Lord Reading, resplendent in a grey morning coat with the Star of India, and supported by an array of ruling princes wearing the glittering show of diamonds which had so incensed Mr. Gandhi in the days of Lord Hardinge. This time the Mahatma was ready to spoil the show. He had organized a hartal; the shops were shuttered, people stayed indoors and every house on the Royal route was hung with black bunting. Despite the boycott, however, crowds of people turned out and there were some nasty clashes in the streets.

The following year, 1922, Gandhi was sentenced to six years' imprisonment, but not before the Chauri-Chaura episode in which a mob hacked to death a squad of police and set fire to their corpses. He expressed his genuine disappointment that India was not yet fit for Satyagraha, and fasted as a penance for the terrible outrage. Gandhi's disappearance from the scene—he was released two years later after an operation for appendicitis—marked the end of an important epoch in Indian political history.

His countrymen's part in the war and his own moderating influence in the immediate post-war years must be counted as major achievements in the career

of the Aga Khan, but the next decade was to bring disappointments as well as triumphs. He would taste the bitterness that comes to all moderates and conservatives in a period of extremism. Meanwhile, he sailed again for Europe to start a new career remote from the frenzied world of bombs and boycotts.

AMBASSADOR WITHOUT PORTFOLIO

LONDON WAS IN GAY mood when the Aga Khan arrived in 1921. The smell of iodine had soon faded from country houses given over to convalescent troops. Gold plate appeared again, and flunkeys, so recently in khaki and puttees, donned knee-breeches with a shrugging nonchalance. A thousand guests waltzed around King Alfonso under the great chandeliers of Wimborne House. The Household Cavalry jingled once more in their full-dress uniforms and at Windsor Castle the splendours of Edwardian society were revived at Ascot Week house-parties.

For the Aga Khan, released from the political pains of India, London presented a charming interlude. He rejoined his wife and lent a benevolent eye to the tuition of his son, Aly, who had enjoyed a peripatetic schooling in Switzerland and France during the war years. In addition to his efforts to maintain Moslem India on an even keel, the Aga Khan had been severely taxed by the strictly routine duties implicit in his office as leader of the Ismailis. The war had brought hardship to many of his followers and it was constantly necessary to consult the local mukhis for guidance on the welfare of communities which he had neglected to visit for so long a period. Vast sums were pouring into Aga Hall from devout adherents, but a great programme of post-war welfare had to be carried out and supervised with care. Mosques were repaired, new

schools and social clubs endowed and loan clubs instituted for the needy. Although much of the detail was left to the officials on the spot, it surprised and delighted local committees to know that the Imam seemed to have an intimate understanding of the needs of even a village drum and bugle corps and always anticipated the demand for special prizes, particularly sporting trophies.

The end of the war allowed him to embark on two schemes which he had cherished during the past strenuous years. Firstly, he was determined upon a personal physical régime which would restore him to health. With the famous English professional J. H. Taylor he started learning golf with great seriousness and rarely missed an early round before the business of the day. At Roehampton and other courses he practised his swing and soon discovered that putting would always be a tribulation. Usually he wore white flannel trousers with a small crumpled white hat and seemed to have a mystical fascination for that colour. He favoured white waistcoats, a white pram for his child, and white furniture. Not daring to wear a pair of white flannels at Ascot, he was bold enough to sport a near approximation in grey when his neighbours all wore the rigorously uniform pin-stripes. But not even the glory of white flannel trousers, tucked up above the knee, could cure the exuberance of his putting, which prompted an onlooker to compose the sad quatrain:

*"He hits the ball from hanging lies,
Or any kind of slant.
Approach and drive the Aga can,
But putt the Aga Khant."*

His breakfasts were light, usually of yoghurt and fruit, and he would often have a day or two of fasting when too many banquets seemed to be adding to his midriff. Unhappily, the gourmet often proved victorious over the wistful ascetic. His knowledge of cookery had become extensive and practical, and when he engaged the chef from the Jockey Club in Paris that authority confessed, soon afterwards, that he "had learned much" from his employer. Like so many *bons vivants*, the Aga Khan attacked physical exercise with a sinner's zeal. From the National Sporting Club he engaged boxers to spar with him, and punched a bag with almost as much energy as he assaulted a *carte du jour*. He would turn into Green Park from his suite at the "Ritz" and take a brisk walk or even a jog-trot when a really heavy night's entertainment lay before him. One evening he was so deeply engaged in his exercise that he was locked in and had to be released before he could find his way back to the adjoining hotel!

Another form of sport was now to claim his attention, to the joy of punters and the increasing despair of bookmakers. But for the intervention of the war he would have taken the advice of Lord Wavertree much earlier; as it was he waited until 1921 before bringing his now-famous colours, green and chocolate hoops, chocolate cap, to the attention of the British public. Asked why he had not taken up racing earlier, he replied with mock seriousness: "At one time I could not afford to breed and run horses. I was once quite a poor man—I had only £400,000 a year." To his audience this may have sounded like a jest but the scale of his racing investments soon underlined the good sense of the remark.

The Aga Khan did not enter racing as a dilettante with money to burn. For many years he had interested himself in his own stables in India and had learned much about breeding methods in other countries, notably France. He had long been attracted to the experiments of a famous French breeder, Colonel Vuillier, and had given him practical encouragement in his work. The Frenchman claimed that the blood of a perfect horse contains no fewer than four thousand units which must be a scientifically calculated "cocktail" of different strains of bloodstock. The Aga Khan soon evolved the theory that scientific breeding was necessary, and it was essential to employ the best brains and spare no expense in producing fine horses. He set himself to find the recipe which would provide the ideal combination of speed and staying power. Already he had developed his lifelong principle: "the main care is the brood mare; too many people think only of the sire. I think of the dam."

Contrary to popular belief, he did not enter British racing with a bottomless bag of sovereigns and the touch of an Eastern Midas. From the first he was more interested in breeding winners than buying them ready-made. His early purchases, in 1921, were on a modest scale, but he was wise enough to employ that fine judge of horses, the Hon. George Lambton, to buy his yearlings and R. C. Dawson to train them at Whatcombe in Berkshire. For the next decade this was to prove a sensational combination under the watchful eye of an owner who rarely interfered with the routine details of training. On matters of breeding, however, he exercised a control that was both firm and intuitive. Although he was the first to shrug off his success as

ninety-nine per cent luck and one per cent judgment, a truer estimate is found in a statement he made when he headed the Winning Owners' List after only three years of racing in Great Britain: "I have only been racing a short time, but for thirty years I have closely followed racing matters."

With such a shrewd and well-endowed employer behind him, Lambton proceeded to buy eight yearlings, mainly fillies, in that first year. These included Cos, a daughter of Flying Orb, and Teresina. The former was bought for 5,000 guineas and registered her first win in the Queen Mary Stakes at Ascot, winning altogether £9,604 in stake money.

Early on the Aga Khan had announced his great faith in the breeding powers and quality of horses like The Tetrarch, the unbeaten "spotted wonder," and Gainsborough. In 1922, at the Doncaster Sales, Lambton made another brilliant purchase in a grey Sledmere filly, daughter of The Tetrarch and Lady Josephine. He paid 9,100 guineas, and the Aga Khan christened her Mumtaz Mahal, after the favourite wife of the Emperor Shah Jahan, who built the Taj Mahal as a mausoleum for her.

This flying filly, with her dappled grey coat, became a great favourite of the Aga Khan, and years later he recalled his emotion as he saw her in her box at Whatcombe and noted the fine shoulders, stout legs and powerful quarters bequeathed by her famous sire. "Mumty" was never happy unless accompanied on her training gallops by a seven-year-old mare, and her owner would watch them striding out together with a quiet pride that was soon confirmed at Newmarket, Ascot and Goodwood.

Although a short-distance horse, "Mumty" had a blinding turn of speed that dazzled the punters. In her first season she shot ahead of all opposition. First she ran five furlongs in the terrific time of 57 $\frac{1}{2}$ th seconds, and won every race that season until the last at Kempton, when she finished second in heavy going. In the Queen Mary Stakes the Aga Khan was delighted to see his chocolate and green colours streaking past the winning post by ten lengths, with "Mumty" starting at four to one on! The following year the great lady ran four times, winning twice before she retired, bringing her owner £13,933 in a season and a half's racing. "She came in like a blaze and went out like a thunderclap," rightly says a racing correspondent of the day. Twelve years later the Aga Khan was to remember "Mumty" with affection when he led in her grey grandson, Mahmoud, after the Derby.

Once again his faith in fine breeding was realized when he instructed Lambton to buy The Tetrarch's son, Salmon-Trout, which also proved to be another flying "spotted wonder." Lambton paid 3,500 guineas and had the satisfaction of seeing the horse win the St. Leger and reap his owner £15,830 before he was retired. The Aga Khan was in his bath, taking the cure at Aix-les-Bains, when the news was brought to him that Salmon-Trout had won the St. Leger.

In 1924, that wonderful year in which he headed the list of leading owners, he had also had the satisfaction of seeing Diophon win the Two Thousand Guineas. The winner had been bought for 4,000 guineas and returned nearly six times that sum in prize money. Again that year he was to lead in the 100 to 1 winner of the Cesarewitch, Charley's Mount,

on which he had had the modest bet of £10. Here, in passing, it is necessary to say that the Aga Khan rarely has a bet on horses, his own or others. "I don't bet," he has said seriously. "Betting isn't racing; it is gambling." He rarely wagers more than £10 or £20 on a horse and then uses his winnings, if any, to tip the staff. Breeding winners, he claims, is sufficient excitement and gratification for the owner.

A friend, Ibn Zul Qarnain, tells a story which I think illustrates both the Aga Khan's sense of humour and his dislike of betting on horses. At Ascot, Mr. Qarnain was standing by the Tote when the Aga Khan asked him if he was contemplating a wager.

"No," was the reply, "but if Your Highness will give me a tip I would willingly risk my shirt."

"I shouldn't do that," laughed the Aga Khan. "Remember the story of the Sultan who offered half his kingdom for the shirt of a happy man. They searched everywhere and found a beggar laughing his head off and obviously without a care in the world. The Sultan's advisers promptly offered him half the kingdom for his shirt, but this made him laugh the more. You see, he had no shirt to his back."

In 1924, after only three years on the British Turf, he had won prize-money amounting to £44,367, but it must not be forgotten that his expenditure and overheads were of princely proportions. Building and maintaining his fine stud in the Curragh, where the finest brood mares in the world enjoyed all the benefits of *de luxe* surgery and the most scientific supervision of pasture, under the practised eye of Sir Henry Greer, was a far from inexpensive hobby. Between 1921 and 1929 the Aga Khan paid out £275,000 for yearlings,

not all of whom converted theory into winning practice. The thousands of punters who shouted "Good old Aga" and marvelled at his apparently fabulous luck were ignorant of the failures that trotted quietly under the hammer. He paid the sensational price of £17,000 for a yearling and sold it two years later for £17. Nushirawan, by Solario, was bought as a yearling for 4,500 guineas and sold at Lingfield Park for only 55 guineas, while the unhappy Amilcar, bought for 9,700 guineas, did not win a single race in the famous colours. Nor was Saleve, a son of Spion Kop, too good a buy at 6,000 guineas, being disposed of for 35 guineas.

Even the Aga Khan's wallet proved insufficient to buy Gainsborough's son, Solario, for which he offered Sir John Rutherford the incredible sum of £100,000. This was refused, but he had the satisfaction of later joining a syndicate which purchased the horse for £70,000. Another sad disappointment was his failure to make a bid for the Derby winner, Papyrus; he had, at the last minute, cancelled his proposed visit to the sale owing to the sudden illness of his son, Aly. He continued to remain true to his maxim: "You cannot win first-class races with third-class horses," and went on investing more money in Colonel Vuillier's experiments at his stud at Marly, eagerly studying the results of crossing thoroughbreds. When Colonel Vuillier died the Aga Khan supported his widow, Madame Jean Vuillier, who carried on with the management of the stud and achieved remarkable results.

The breeding of racing winners appealed to two strains in the Aga Khan's own nature, the creative and the mechanical. He had always shown a bent for scientific work and it gave him great satisfaction to

plan the mating of finely bred horses, not astrogically, like Lord Wavertree, but by the judicious study of genealogical tables and a dash of common sense. He confessed that his own artistic feeling seemed to be consummated when his stud produced a superb animal with the speed and staying power that won classics. He loved pictures, but could not paint them; he knew and understood the works of the great composers, but was himself only a moderate performer on the violin; he could quote poetry, yet became tongue-tied when he himself tried to compose an original couplet; but the sleek beauty of horses mated in scientific glory gave him a vicarious creative satisfaction.

His own efforts to wed East and West were not quite so happy. Much ink has been shed in lamenting the disintegration of Westerners who "go native" when they pass Suez, but the temptations were equally great to the Ismaili leader who rolled his flannel trousers up and contemplated the manifold mysteries of golf at Cannes. In Bombay it was increasingly inviting to dream about the London Season, and his absences from Aga Hall became lengthier. His wife was an Italian and his heir was being schooled in Europe. Social life was pleasant and unexacting to a multi-millionaire whose cheque book could order any climate. Mayfair ... Paris ... Aix ... Cannes ... Egypt ... Zanzibar ... and a short two months in the year spread between Bombay and Poona. Not that he could be fairly regarded as a neglectful landlord. With a caravanserai of priests, secretaries and doctors he could make his long tours and still maintain a fairly close liaison with the world of Ismail, the politicians and the stock-

brokers. He was perfectly sincere when he sent a cable to the All-Parties Moslem Conference which read: "I am now, and I have always considered myself, an unofficial ambassador to the West of Moslem general opinion, of whatever view the great majority of Moslems may decide as necessary to safeguard the future individuality and freedom of Islam in India."

There were, of course, handicaps to being an "unofficial ambassador." He was exposed to the danger of attacks from many sides and with little official recognition or thanks for espousing a minority cause. He did not spare himself if heavy work demanded attention. In the heat of 1924, when the golf course of Mandelieu beckoned like a mirage, he elected to stay in London and serve on the India Colonies Committee appointed by the Duke of Devonshire to consider various problems including the serious one of Indian emigration to Kenya. One afternoon he had run upstairs to the Committee Room at the India Office and collapsed with a heart seizure. He was taken to the country by car, but soon recovered and insisted on rejoining his fellow-members.

Yet Kenya and other pressing problems could not be settled by punching a ball in the "Ritz." Mr. Gandhi had emerged from prison. A spinning-wheel in Delhi could make more noise than the smooth roulette wheels of Cannes and Monte Carlo. Soon the Aga Khan heard again the dizzy music of Congress. The Swaraj supporters were launching neat attacks at the hard-won constitutional reforms, and now turned from the Treaty of Sèvres to the Kenya question as a means of further impeaching British good faith. The denial of a common franchise to the immi-

grants and the plain intention of continuing the policy of segregation again placed Britain in the dock. Meanwhile, Hindus and Moslems reopened their old feuds; both sides hated the reforms, but seemed to hate each other even more than they did the British Raj.

With the increase in communal tension Mr. Gandhi mourned on orange-juice while the Aga Khan set himself to defend Moslem rights against the growing truculence of a Hindu-dominated Congress. As always, he came out strongly for a policy of tolerance and moderation, urging India to avoid the panacea of boycott and give the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme a reasonable working chance. Wise in committee, he refused to be deflected from his counsel of courage and forbearance to his impatient followers. At a meeting in Bombay, when some of his leading disciples expressed doubts about British sincerity over ultimate self-government, he listened placidly to the second-hand propaganda and continued to nod genially. After a long and awkward silence he said quietly: "A people like the British who, notwithstanding some of their ungodly pursuits, are yet God-fearing, and still retain a faith in the Supreme Being, cannot possibly be inimically disposed towards Islam, in which the cardinal belief in God is the pivot of all ideas." This did not prevent him from warning the British Government that a step-motherly attitude was dangerous, and urging all he met, from the Viceroy downwards, not to follow the mentality of the men who had lost England the American colonies.

Congress had begun to condemn him as the greatest menace to Mr. Gandhi's resistance campaign, but he was now looked upon by all Indian Moslems as their

leader. He restrained them from quarrelling with the Hindus, using such forceful spiritual and political arguments that the agitators crawled away and waited impatiently for him to return to Europe. His prestige, not only in India but throughout the world, now stood so high that he was seriously suggested for nomination for the Nobel Peace Prize by India's Council of State in recognition of his successful efforts to maintain peace between Turkey and the Western Powers since the Armistice, and his moderating influence in world affairs generally. Some of his followers, in a fervour of exaltation, even proclaimed him the new Messiah and the incarnation of the Hindu God, Vishnu, and a small section of disaffected Islamists who tried to form a Reformers' Society were routed by an overwhelming majority.

Life seemed sweet indeed to His Highness the Aga Khan when he drove to his villa outside Paris in the spring of 1926. He was still on the right side of fifty, a chubby, genial figure with a slightly greying moustache and a manner that was smooth and cosmopolitan. His strong, white teeth showed in a quick smile when he was amused, which was often enough. A good listener with an understanding of people that made him the easiest of men to entertain, he fitted into any kind of civilized company with an intellectual equipment that could deal with roulette or the Theory of Relativity with equal facility.

A perfect host, he owed his popularity to something more than the generosity with which he entertained. He talked to each of his guests in a pleasant, graceful fashion, never monopolizing the conversation but ready to steer good table talk with practised charm.

Always well-read, with an astonishing memory for a phrase, he seemed perfectly at home when the conversation turned to balloons, astronomy or the latest trends in horticulture. A bibliophile, a complete stranger who did not know his identity, once engaged him in conversation in a Paris bookshop and was startled to hear a learned discourse on medieval literature. Medical men who were invited to dine with him found that they were being cross-examined on the newest methods of treating tuberculosis by a host who had established sanatoria for his people in India and Africa and seemed to have made a deep study of the subject. On racing, however, he did not suffer fools gladly and became distraught when guests twittered about a subject sacred to him, but to artists, musicians and actors he showed a great humility and respect.

Tragedy came to him that spring in Paris. His wife had suddenly to undergo an operation for peritonitis and he called to visit her in hospital at two o'clock in the afternoon. In his pocket was a 61.5-carat diamond named "Golden Dawn" which he had recently bought at Christie's for £4,950. This he planned to give the Begum to celebrate her recovery. He is not a superstitious man and it is doubtful if the history of the diamond would have prevented him from purchasing it. "Golden Dawn" had been brought from South Africa in its rough state, weighing 160 carats before it was cut up, and ill-luck seemed to dog its owners. When the Aga Khan returned to the hospital later that night he learned that his wife was dead.

He resumed his travels, but not before he had made arrangements for Aly's education. The boy was evidently not to inherit his father's scholarship, but he

already showed great athletic promise. He could ski, swim and play tennis with above-average skill and delighted the Aga Khan with his obvious love of horses and his ability to ride them.

The Aga Khan at this time sold many of his thoroughbreds in France because he wished to leave Europe for a while and throw himself into the affairs of troubled India. He had spent many months after his wife's death in a serious study of political theory and economics and was in chastened mood when he landed in Bombay. The country was angry and resentful and in no spirit to welcome the new Commission, under the bland leadership of the man whom they maliciously dubbed "Sir John Siren." The old mixture of Swaraj and Satyagraha was brewing again, this time under the supervision of the broodingly handsome and embittered Jawaharlal Nehru, who seemed to have found an alarming compromise between the doctrines of Harrow and Moscow.

The Aga Khan's insistence that the Simon Commission, disappointing as it seemed to the Nationalists, should be given a fair trial endeared him to neither the Congress Party nor to the more extreme Moslems. He ordered his followers to abstain from boycotting the Commission and to avoid the black flag and rioting tactics of the Swarajists. Openly he deplored the noisy clamour for complete independence and urged all true Moslems to stand aside from the gangster tactics which had resulted in Lord Irwin's train being wrecked by a bomb. Against his doctor's advice he rose from a sick-bed and presided at the All-India Moslem Conference in Delhi. Here he reiterated his injunction against violence and pleaded in the strongest terms for loyalty

to the Government. His words went out to seventy-eight million Moslems, words in which he demanded a place in the sun for his co-religionists and a proper safeguarding of their legitimate interests.

But first he was at pains to try and unite the Moslem League, which had long been divided into two wings, led respectively by Sir Mohammed Shafi and Mr. Jinnah. Under his calm but very shrewd presidency the Conference moved towards an appearance of solidarity. Always a good chairman, who knew how to get his way without appearing to intrude his own personality into discussion, the Aga Khan was at his very best in ironing-out the time-honoured irritations that had so long separated good Moslems. He was rewarded when, at last, the Conference unanimously adopted a full-scale manifesto of Moslem claims on the following lines:

"In view of India's vast extent and its ethnological divisions, the only form of government suitable to Indian conditions is a federal system with complete autonomy and residuary powers vested in the constituent States.

"The right of Moslems to elect their representatives in the various Indian legislatures through separate electorates is now the law of the land, and Moslems cannot be deprived of that right without their consent.

"In the Provinces in which Mussulmans constitute a minority they shall have a representation in no case less than that enjoyed by them under the existing law (a principle known as 'weightage').

"It is essential that Mussulmans should have their due share in the Central and Provincial Cabinets."

Apart from conceding "weightage" to the Hindu

minorities in Sind and other predominantly Moslem Provinces, the Conference expressed its strong insistence that a fair proportion of Moslems should be admitted into the Civil Service and all statutory self-governing bodies. In a voice ringing with feeling the Aga Khan demanded safeguards for "the protection and promotion of Moslem education, languages, religion, personal law and charitable institutions," a cause for which he had pleaded so eloquently since he had first headed an all-Moslem deputation to Lord Minto almost a quarter of a century earlier. Now, in Delhi, he impressed upon his compatriots the need to put their own house in order and to beware of protestations of goodwill by some of the Congress members. Such olive branches might be nothing more than camouflaged hand-grenades to be hurled at the Government.

With the Constitution in the melting-pot he thought it time to issue a salutary warning to the more excitable of his listeners who might be too optimistic about sudden changes and disappointed when hopes faded. "The British will be in India as long as we can see and cannot be spirited away merely by being ignored," he said sharply.

Soon he was to send his message far beyond Delhi. In letters to *The Times* and talks with leaders of political opinion in Whitehall he stressed again and again Moslem India's loyalty, but warned of the need to reassure his people that minority rights would be respected. Broadcasting to the United States he spoke eloquently of Moslem hopes and claims in a Federal India. "They want something that will save them and their ideals from being submerged," he declared.

"They ask for an adequate share in the Federal Legislature, as also in the Federal administration of India, and they claim self-determination, as well as fully autonomous administrations, for all racial and linguistic areas—and particularly for those areas which have a majority Moslem population. The statement that the Moslem religion gives no soul to woman is a lie. Their spiritual equality with men is absolute. Till 1882 a married woman in England had no rights of property; but the Moslem woman got full and equal rights of property one thousand three hundred years ago, when the Moslem religion was founded."

With a final appeal to American liberal sentiment he concluded: "The Moslems will fight shoulder to shoulder with their Hindu brothers for a Constitution which will give India a stable government of the people, by the people, for the people, for the equal good and advancement of all—and not for the advantage of any particular caste or creed, which would hold the other in its grip."

In France, with that familiarly smooth transition from prophet and statesman to the role of man-about-Europe, he padded comfortably from spa to spa. To the cynical it seemed a trifle incongruous to observe the gilded progress of this corpulent figure who constantly exhorted his followers to pursue the ways of moderation and abstinence and yet became fanatical himself only when bunkered or stymied on a golf-course. His joy was great and uninhibited when he holed out in one at Aix and learned with delight that he had driven the ball three hundred yards.

Travelling in his sleek Rolls-Royce from the "Ritz" in Paris to the "Carlton" at Cannes, saying his prayers

daily and never missing his hour of solitary prayer and meditation every Friday, he seemed to deal with equal facility with reports from Wall Street brokers and stud managers in Marly and County Kildare. It is most doubtful whether the Aga Khan saw any contradiction in his activities. The vast majority of his followers regarded him as a divinity who could conveniently transform *Veuve Clicquot* by the touch of his lips. "One should experience life in order not to be dominated by it," was the comfortable Ismaili philosophy to justify the pursuit of happiness.

He was a complete extrovert with an easy acceptance of the good things of life. The business-like control of money and its sensible investment appealed to him, but in no spirit of gambling. He had more millions than he could conveniently count, yet had the good taste to handle it without flamboyance. He would enter a grill-room with an expert sense of what he wanted, issue his orders with a quiet authority and tip handsomely, but not to vulgar excess. If he seemed to bring an Oriental lavishness to his way of life it must be remembered that few kings of modern times have been able to command such complete obedience from their subjects.

He had no parliament to carp at his decrees and no ministers who dared whisper admonitions when his actions seemed indiscreet. He had mammoth capital to command without the need to meet shareholders. In council he had power without responsibility except as dictated by his own good sense and statesmanship. Had he been a disgruntled Rockefeller subsisting on dry toast and milk he would have been the object of less envy and perhaps some pity, but, blessed with a ready

digestion and an appreciative eye for the beauty of women, jewels and horses, he remained blandly oblivious of malicious criticism and the legends of gossip-writers.

His marriage to Mlle Andrée Carron, in 1929, absorbed all the talents of the photographers and columnists. The Aga Khan, who was twenty years older than his lovely blonde bride, was supposed to have first met her when she served him with bonbons across the counter of her father's shop. The truth was not quite so romantic. M. Carron had started life as a barber and prospered sufficiently to open a restaurant in Chambéry and later a hotel in Paris. The Aga Khan's numerous visits to Aix had led to an acquaintance fostered partly by his fondness for the fish caught in Lake Bourget and served deliciously by Carron *père*. He had known Mlle Carron almost since her childhood and was delighted to meet her again by chance at the house of one of her clients in Paris where she and her sister owned a dressmaking *salon*. A brief courtship led to marriage, for which, as head of a sect of Mohammedans, on the same footing as a sovereign prince, no banns were required.

Two imams from the Mosque in Paris acted as witnesses at the civil ceremony in Aix-les-Bains and afterwards officiated at the religious ceremony. Much to the Aga Khan's disappointment and that of his followers, the bride firmly declined to become a Moslem. The wedding, as expected, was an affair of some opulence. The civil documents were signed with gold pens, the bride wore an exquisite frock trimmed with mink and, by a charming coincidence, her trousseau was dominated by the familiar colours of

green and chocolate. The Aga Khan, beaming in cravat and swallow tails, dispensed £2,000 in largesse to the poor of the city and smilingly declined to confirm a report that he had settled a dowry of £200,000 on the bride and presented her with a £50,000 villa on romantic Lake Bourget. In pleasant parenthesis was the action of a rival restaurateur who, irked by what he considered unfair publicity methods, retaliated by putting up a notice outside his café which proclaimed: "Patronized also by Stanley Baldwin, Premier of Great Britain."

In London the honeymoon was soured by tragic reports from India. Gandhi had come out for *purna swaraj* and was downright suspicious of invitations to attend a Round Table Conference in London. Congress, which, by the narrow majority of thirty-eight votes, had congratulated the Viceroy on his escape from assassination, saw no reason to share the enthusiasm with which the ruling princes and the Aga Khan greeted the Simon Report.

Congress had given sanction for the Working Committee to launch another "civil disobedience" campaign. Gandhi gave it a spectacular opening by marching to the sea and scooping up some salt in defiant protest against the hated Salt Tax. With his usual sense of timing he made his march to coincide with the Amritsar anniversary. This was the signal for a boycott of Government schools and colleges, a seditious movement among the Army and the Police and an incitement of the people against the payment of rents and taxes. Shops selling British goods were picketed, and at Chittagong an attempt was made to capture the armoury. As usual, Gandhi's doctrine of non-violence

ended in widespread disorders and acts of terrorism and both he and Nehru were arrested, together with many thousands of their followers.

The Aga Khan warned his fellow-Moslems that the campaign could only lead to more misery and the worsening of good relations with the Government. Mohammed Ali, whose short-lived truce with Gandhi over the Caliphate question had threatened Moslem unity, now rounded on his former ally and denounced the policy of Congress. Speaking in an aggressive tone, he told the twenty thousand delegates to the All-India Moslem Conference which met in Bombay that he disliked domination either by the British or by the Hindus. He had come by a long and devious route to the view so consistently expressed for years by the Aga Khan. "We refuse to join Mr. Gandhi," he said from the Presidential chair, "because his movement is not a movement for the complete independence of India, but for making the seventy millions of Indian Mussulmans dependants of the Hindu Mahasabha."

It was a blow to Congress, already shaken by Lord Irwin's momentous declaration: "In view of the doubts which have been expressed both in Great Britain and India regarding the interpretation to be placed on the intentions of the British Government in enacting the statute of 1919, I am authorized on behalf of His Majesty's Government to state clearly that, in their judgment, it is implicit in the Declaration of 1917 that the natural issue of India's constitutional progress as there contemplated is the attainment of Dominion status." Not only had the Viceroy used the magic phrase "Dominion status," but he had suggested that

after the publication of the Simon Commission Report a conference should be held between the Government and the representatives of British India and the Native States to try and reach agreement. Congress replied with its civil disobedience campaign and the Aga Khan made it clear that he would use his influence to help make the conference a success. His acceptance of an invitation to attend the Round Table Conference was expected, but Nehru, dipping his pen in gall, summed up Congress's hatred and fear of the Ismaili leader. I quote his words since they may help to an understanding of what was to follow:

"It was fitting that in this assembly of vested interests," said Nehru, "imperialist, feudal, financial, industrial, religious, communal, the leadership of the British Indian delegation should fall to the Aga Khan, who in his own person happened to combine all these interests in some degree. Closely associated as he has been with British imperialism and the British ruling class for over a generation, residing chiefly in England, he could thoroughly appreciate and represent our rulers' interests and viewpoint. He would have been an able representative of Imperialist England at that Round Table Conference. The wrong of it was that he was supposed to represent India."

Yet even though Nehru condemned the Aga Khan for "lining up the Moslem landed classes as well as the bourgeoisie with the British Government," he was fair-minded enough to admit that his political opponent had shown himself "far from personally narrow-minded on communal or sectarian matters."

Unperturbed by the growing resentment of Con-

¹ *Autobiography*, J. Nehru, page 293. The Bodley Head, 1936.

gress against his co-operation with the British Government, the Aga Khan continued to exert his powerful influence to unite Indian Moslems and prevail upon them to jettison sectional aims and jealousies. While he was busily preparing his brief for the Conference an event took place that gave him enormous personal pleasure and fulfilled the dream of a lifetime.

Since 1921 he had won over £220,000 in prize-money on the British Turf, but his purchases and training costs were far in excess of that figure. Under his guidance, and with the fullest co-operation, Lambton had been buying some wonderful yearlings, and one of them, Blenheim, a son of Blandford, purchased for 4,100 guineas, gave him his first triumph in the Derby. Blenheim proved the vindication of his owner's faith in staying-power, but after that Derby of 1930 the Aga Khan ruefully admitted that he had perhaps been a trifle lucky! Both he and his stable jockey, that fine rider Michael Beary, had preferred the chances of Rustom Pasha in the race, and this was the mount finally chosen, while 18 to 1 Blenheim was put in the capable hands of Harry Wragg, the "Head Waiter." Watching the race with the owner were the Begum and his son, Aly, now a handsome young man of nineteen and already establishing a reputation as a dare-devil steeplechase rider. It was a race which the Aga Khan would never forget. The much-fancied Rustom Pasha quickly faded, and his despised stable-mate, nursed along by Wragg, began to come into the picture with Diolite, which seemed to be a certain winner until a few seconds from the end. The two horses were almost locked together as they fought out the race, inch by inch, until Blenheim drew ahead and

passed the post a length ahead of Iliad, with Diolite in third place.

Not for the last time a bookmaker shouted: "The Aga wins!" and the roar that went up must have gladdened the hearts of the owner and that brilliant trainer, Dick Dawson. As Beary turned sadly away the Aga Khan threw him a sympathetic smile and Aly went over at once to shake him by the hand and wish him better luck next time.

It was a proud moment for the winning owner when he was summoned to the Royal Box to receive the congratulations of King George and Queen Mary, with whom he had been on terms of friendship during the thirty years since he came to England to attend King Edward's Coronation.

"How much did you have on it?" asked the King, smiling.

"Not a shilling, Your Majesty," sadly replied the owner.

He was deservedly proud of the winner and often went to watch him during his training gallops at Whatcombe. A friend from India, and a very fine horseman, was standing with him on the rails, following Blenheim with glistening eyes.

"I would like very much to ride him," he murmured.

The Aga Khan, usually the most generous of hosts, shook his head decisively.

"I'm sorry," he said with great firmness. "You are a rider, not a jockey, and that's a very different thing."

Six years later, much to the disappointment of English breeders, he sold Blenheim for £45,000 to an American syndicate headed by Mr. William Dupont and his sister.

That memorable Derby year he had won nearly £46,259 in prizes, and the two years that followed brought in together another £77,000 with the triumphant green and chocolate blasting to the winning post in a series of great finishes. Rustom Pasha had repaired his Derby disappointment by winning the Eclipse Stakes, while the Aga Khan joined the King and Quzen to watch his Ut Majeur take the Cesarewitch at 100 to 8. Now his reputation as a breeder and judge of horseflesh had become such a talisman in racing circles that he was being offered absurdly large sums for his yearlings merely in the hope that the legendary luck would be passed on.

To an owner of such incredible personal fortune no offer justified parting with an animal that seemed to show promise. He bought carefully and sold only with the greatest reluctance. His studs in France and Ireland were estimated to be worth £1,500,000, and there was no temptation to sell horses that might one day win classics and command 500-guinea stud fees. Again and again he was approached by would-be purchasers of stock from Sheshoon or Marly. Such was the faith in his breeding that he was offered £20,000 for only a half-share in a colt which had run only once and won his race in the famous colours. He refused to sell.

He had now transferred his horses to the Newmarket stables of Frank Butters, who was to train hundreds of winners for his employer before, eighteen years later, he met with an accident which led to his retirement.

Butters it was who persuaded the Aga Khan to keep Ut Majeur in training after the colt had lost race after race since his great Cesarewitch victory. The Aga Khan, rarely the man to change his mind once he had

reached a decision on racing matters, listened to the arguments of his new trainer and had his faith rewarded when Ut Majeur won the Derby Cup by a neck.

In 1932 he again headed the list of winning owners with his so far highest figure of £57,778 in prize-money, a figure which he was to beat several times in the great years of racing ahead of him. He had a superb trio of three-year-olds in Firdaussi, Dastur and Udaipur. Of Dastur he was particularly proud, but this horse which had all the stamina and speed expected of an Aga Khan entry did not have his share of the owner's usual luck. In each of the three classic races for which he was entered he had the disappointment of finishing second. In the St. Leger that year he had entered no fewer than four horses: Dastur, the filly Udaipur, who had won the Oaks, Firdaussi and Taj Kasra. Neither of the last two seemed to have a very strong chance, but the Aga Khan had noted Firdaussi with a shrewd eye from his early training and thought he had a chance. Michael Beary was once again out of luck in taking his pick of the stable entries. He had won the Oaks on Udaipur at 10 to 1, but passed over the filly and also Firdaussi in favour of the better-fancied Dastur. Harry Wragg went to the post on Udaipur, with Freddie Fox riding the 20 to 1 Firdaussi.

The four jockeys were there impatiently waiting for the off while the spectators trained their glasses on the caps in order to pick out each of the Aga Khan's entries. Beary wore the stable's chocolate cap as he sat there on Dastur, who was carrying many thousands of pounds of the public's money and had come down in the betting to 6 to 1; the "Head Waiter" wore a cap of green as he patted the neck of the filly Udaipur;

Freddie Fox on Firdaussi, and J. Taylor who rode Taj Kasra, both wore white caps. The Town Moor crowd stared in amazement as those four caps came bobbing down the straight in a finish that will always be remembered when racing men get together to discuss breeding methods and the luck of the Aga Khan. First it seemed that the chocolate cap was in front, and punters turned to make for the crestfallen bookmakers; then the whites danced forward, only to give way to Harry Wragg's green cap, and then it was white again, and white finally darted forward to win by a neck.

The crowd seemed to freeze into incredulity as the numbers went up, then a great roar rolled out all over Doncaster. Four out of the first five horses belonged to one owner, the Aga Khan, who had so shatteringly justified his reputation as a judge of horses and of breeding. Firdaussi had won from the luckless Dastur, with Udaipur and Taj Kasra taking fourth and fifth places respectively. The Aga Khan bubbled with excitement and delight, almost as thrilled as he had been over his first Derby triumph. Turning to a racing expert who stood by his side, he said breathlessly: "That comes of managing my own horses. I insisted on running Firdaussi because I was absolutely confident that he had a splendid chance." With a beaming smile for Frank Butters, sharing the great victory, he said: "Let me lead him in. He may not have been a favourite in the odds, but he's *my* favourite." But even in the flush of success he had a consoling word for Beary, who was unsaddling his mount and no doubt thinking back to Blenheim's Derby.

"Hard luck, Michael," he said sympathetically. These glorious days of racing studded an exacting

period in the career of the Aga Khan. The work of the Round Table Conference demanded the greatest patience on his part and an ability to deal authoritatively with the most delicate issues. He was a tower of quiet strength in Committee, where problems involving the possible destiny of millions of his countrymen had to be solved diplomatically. His work was not confined to London. For nearly three years he had not been back to India and there was a growing tendency among a small section of his followers to grumble at a leader who seemed to have horse-racing closer to his heart than their welfare. The more critical, exasperated by the growing belligerence of the Hindus, found it difficult to share India's enthusiasm over the success of Blenheim in the Derby or the owner's practical monopoly of the recent St. Leger.

At this time the Aga Khan was visited in London by his mother, who had come all the way from the hushed precincts of her Bombay palace in order to receive from the King the Order of the Crown of India, awarded her in the last Birthday Honours List. Perhaps this was not the whole reason for the long journey, sensible as the Lady Ali Shah was of the honour paid to her. It was whispered that the heavily-veiled woman, who to the end opposed her son on the subject of purdah and thought it sinful to be photographed, had come to remind him that he had stayed away too long from India. His activities at the Round Table Conference were doubtless of value, but the Ismailis expected and needed guidance in their own spiritual and communal affairs. One might speak for the Moslems of India at the great conference table in St. James's Palace, but ten million of his own sect also had



Welcoming Mahatma Gandhi and his poetess disciple, Mrs. Naidu, to London for discussion of the Minorities problem at the Round Table Conference in 1931. When the King and Queen received the delegates to the second session of the Conference in the Picture Gallery at Buckingham Palace, the Aga Khan, in strict morning dress, stood beside the princes, brilliant and bejewelled, while Gandhi shook hands with the King-Emperor and the Prince of Wales, whose last visit to India, only a few years before, he had boycotted.



The Aga Khan in happy mood at a race meeting at Chantilly.



Above: Putting, never one of the Aga Khan's strongest points, at the Mougins course near Cannes.

Below: Leading in Bahram, his second Derby winner, in 1935. Bahram retired unbeaten.



pressing problems which could not be disposed of from the grandstand at Epsom or Ascot. As the head of his sect he owed more of his time to his mukhis, who needed a closer liaison with him. It was reported that Lady Ali Shah, who was particularly fond of her grandson, had hinted that Aly, who was now a very active young man of twenty-one, might assume more of his father's duties as a deputy-imam, who could receive pilgrims, conduct weddings and fulfil so many of the routine functions which the Aga Khan had so energetically executed in former years.

The criticism, if made at all, was not entirely deserved. Lady Ali Shah, who had always kept purdah and lived a life of great piety and devotion, was not much interested in the world outside Aga Hall. During her son's early years and in his long absences abroad she had been high-priestess of the Ismailis, as well as chancellor of the exchequer and administrative controller of the great organization. Now she was in her eighties and unable to see why the Aga Khan should choose to spend so much time and effort on pursuits which did not directly benefit the members of his own sect. Herself living in the most austere fashion, she was unsympathetic to the round of pleasure which he followed so industriously. There were stables and race-courses in Bombay and the society of pleasant people in Poona, Simla and Delhi; if he needed to relax from the routine duties of his office.

Like most mothers of orly sons, particularly when the father dies at an early age, Lady Ali Shah was also fiercely possessive and not quite able to appreciate that the Aga Khan had grown into a statesman with powers and abilities which would soon be severely tested. He

had become more Westernized than perhaps he realized himself, and it was easy to find good reasons for not enduring a long, exhausting summer in his own country.

His new wife had been presented at Court in a dress of white and silver brocade with a train of the same material, embroidered with diamonds and pearls. She was soon established as one of the leading hostesses of London and Paris, with a growing reputation, faithfully and expensively acquired, of being one of the world's best-dressed women, a field in which she was later only surpassed by the Duchesses of Kent and Windsor. The Begum was slim and always an outstanding figure at race-meetings, fashionable dinner-parties and the Casino at Cannes, where, dressed in cream lace, a Venetian red jacket and a skirt sewn with clusters of rubies and seed-pearls, she played baccarat one night and walked out nonchalantly with chips worth £4,000.

The Aga Khan's golf had become more and more dear to him, and the victory of Blenheim gave him an added zest for the Turf. His son, Aly, also seemed reluctant to abandon the delights of Europe for the duties of a spiritual heir-apparent, and since the two were already the best of friends and both devoted to racing and the cosmopolitan life of the Riviera it was more tempting than ever to make the Ritz Hotel in London the headquarters for their many activities. From here the Aga Khan could maintain easy contact with Whitehall and with Fitzroy House, Newmarket. He could cross the Channel to Paris, inspect his stud at Marly and board the Blue Train for his beloved Cannes; also easy of access by air was

Africa, where his followers had increased in numbers and presented him with new problems.

The Aga Khan had never encouraged the belief in his divinity held by his Ismaili disciples and always stamped hard on excessive adoration by the more fanatical of his sect. He was not over-pleased by an incident that took place on one of his tours of the Bombay province. It had been arranged that his train should stop at various places on the line in order that local followers might receive the blessing of their Imam. At one halt the rain was pouring down relentlessly, and as the Aga Khan was not feeling too well he decided not to emerge as planned. A mukhi took one of the Imam's shoes and placed it reverently on the platform, where it was regarded with the veneration due to its owner. The *nazirs*, or purses, which would have been laid at the Aga Khan's feet, were piled round the shoe and gathered up by the mukhis before the train proceeded to the next stop.

In London the Aga Khan was soon giving minute study to the problems that would confront him at the first Round Table Conference. It was a situation that needed the most delicate handling. His suite at the "Ritz" was piled high with reports, dossiers and works of reference which he often pored over until the early hours. He seemed to need little sleep, but, like Mr. Churchill, could not dispense with a short refreshing nap after lunch. He resumed his old rounds of golf at Roehampton and would return for a light breakfast of fruit and coffee before beginning the work of the day. In his bedroom with the open windows overlooking the Park he attacked the punchball and set himself a complicated system of exercises. Every evening before

dinner, whatever the weather, he would walk briskly round Green Park or have his little run if too many people were not about.

He applied his lively well-stocked mind to the Simon Report, which repeated so much that he had stated as long ago as 1918. The Report, a model of lucid expression, had been published in June, 1930, and recommended that dyarchy should be scrapped and replaced by the first progressive steps towards future Federation. Neither the Aga Khan nor other liberals were satisfied that the Report was perfect; there were discordant notes in the symphony, notably the insistent beat of the words "gradual" and "safeguards," but Lord Irwin's attitude was encouraging, and the invitation to try and reach "the greatest possible measure of agreement for the final proposals" to be submitted to Parliament offered hope that the Government was genuinely anxious to achieve a settlement of claims over the friendly conference tables.

Mr. Gandhi and his colleagues rejected invitations to attend as members of the British-India delegation at the conference opened by the King in November. From British India came fifty-eight delegates. The Hindu Liberals were led by Sir Tej Sapru and Mr. Shastri; the Moslems by the Aga Khan, Sir Mohammed Shafi, the now co-operative Mr. Mohammed Ali, Mr. Fazl-ul-Huq and Mr. Jinnah; the crusading Dr. Ambedkar represented the Depressed Classes; and the sixteen delegates from the States included princes like Baroda, Kashmir and Patiala. The British delegation was representative of the three leading political parties, with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the Prime Minister, as leader.

From the first the Aga Khan played a dominant role in the proceedings. Never an impressive speaker, more effective on paper than on the platform, he had nevertheless a quietly decisive manner that made him move easily among men of different opinions. Like a great counsel with a closely documented brief, he was always ready with his facts, but he also possessed the true judicial spirit in carefully exploring the other man's point of view. At the numerous committees over which he presided he was always so tactful but firm that one of the Hindu delegates came away from a meeting with the remark, half in jest, that "the best thing to do would be to make him Viceroy of India with unlimited powers." An American observer wrote back to his friends in Washington: "If the Aga is worth his weight in gold to his Moslem followers, to the British, whom he so steadfastly befriends, he should be worth his weight in diamonds"—a remark which Mr. Nehru himself might have made but in a rueful rather than in a complimentary sense!

Progress was slow and there was an uneasy feeling that without the voice of Congress, however strident, this Conference could not truly speak for four hundred million people. But the work went on steadily. Sir Tej Sapru, a disciple of the Aga Khan's old friend, Gokhale, spoke out decisively for a federal system in terms echoed by his colleagues. "India wants and is determined to achieve a status of equality," he said. "Equality with the other free members of the British Commonwealth, an equality which will give it a Government not merely responsive but responsible to the popular voice." The princes showed a surprisingly progressive attitude, all agreeing with the principle of

a federal constitution and offering to join such an All-India federation if their rights were guaranteed.

The Indian delegation seemed to have reached a remarkable harmony of views, but the Aga Khan was a little doubtful; there remained the very troubled question of the Minorities. As soon as the Conference split up into a series of sub-committees he was at once appointed to serve on the Minorities Committee. He had been unanimously elected Chairman of the whole British-India delegation to the Conference from the very first session, and no member—prince or politician—could accuse him of partiality.

Sir Tej Sapru paid willing tribute to the quiet moderation of his attitude: "He exemplifies the best culture of both the East and the West." Making few speeches, moving diplomatically behind the scenes, he did much in his unobtrusive way to steer the discussions round the shoals of narrow-mindedness. But in the earliest stages of the Conference he feared that the Hindu-Moslem communal problem might well torpedo all the good work unless a spirit of compromise prevailed.

He set himself to produce a scheme which would safeguard the legitimate interests of the Moslems and other minorities. At this he worked night and day, drafting what he called "A Settlement of the Communal Problem" which he hoped would satisfy the special claims of each class. It was a matter of special regret that he had lost the benefit of the advice of Mohammed Ali, who, already ill when he landed in England, had died in the early days of the Conference.

In far-off Delhi the Congress Party was becoming a little restless at reports from St. James's Palace which seemed to point to harmony. The members of the

Round Table Conference were contemptuously dismissed as stooges of the British Government, representing nobody but themselves. "A crowd of highnesses, lords, knights and others of high degree," Nehru sneered. "We watched its proceedings with amazement and ever-growing disgust. The mutual squabbles, varied by feasting and mutual admiration. . . . It was all jobbery—big jobs, little jobs, jobs and seats for the Hindus, for the Moslems, for the Sikhs, for the Anglo-Indians, for the Europeans. The different groups seemed to prowl about like hungry wolves waiting for their prey—the spoils under the new constitution."

Fortunately, Mr. Gandhi seemed to be in a slightly less uncompromising mood or possibly a trifle apprehensive that the Conference might make far-reaching decisions without him. The Viceroy, Lord Irwin, had opened peace negotiations with the Congress leader, who agreed to call off civil disobedience if all political prisoners were immediately released. Gandhi was now prepared to abandon his boycott of the Conference and would go to London with Mrs. Naidu as the sole representative of Congress. Whether he hoped to achieve anything is doubtful. He addressed the Viceroy as "Dear Friend," told his colleagues that he expected to be away three months only, and reaffirmed that the Congress goal of complete Swaraj remained intact no matter what was decided at the Round Table Conference.

In November, 1931, the King and Queen received the delegates to the second session of the Conference in the Picture Gallery at Buckingham Palace. The Aga Khan, in strict morning dress, stood beside the princes,

¹ *Autobiography*, page 293.

brilliant and bejewelled, while Gandhi shook hands with the King-Emperor and the Prince of Wales, whose last visit to India he had boycotted only a few years back. The Duke of Windsor tells us that as the Mahatma, in dhoti and sandals, was received by the King-Emperor one of the polo-playing princes turned to him and whispered gloomily: "This will cost you India."

For the Aga Khan the arrival of Gandhi was both a challenge and an invitation which he was eager to accept. Although he did not entirely share the delegation's optimistic faith in Gandhi's role of peacemaker between the rival factions, he welcomed his appearance on the Minorities Committee and had great respect for the Mahatma's sympathy for the Untouchables. Here at last was an opportunity to hammer out a satisfactory agreement.

Hopefully, the Aga Khan brought to the committee-room the settlement plan which he had drafted with brilliant skill. Hopefully he laid it before Gandhi and the other members. It was signed by himself, representing the Moslems, Dr. Ambedkar (Depressed Classes), Rao Selvam (Christians), Sir Henry Gidney (Anglo-Indians) and Sir Hubert Carr (Europeans). It reiterated the case which the Aga Khan had so persistently put forward for his co-religionists, but was noticeably worded in most conciliatory terms. He proposed, however, that the North-West Frontier Province should be given the status of a Governor's Province, like the others, and that Sind should be separated from the Bombay Presidency and put on the same footing as the other provinces in British India. The Depressed Classes, whose cause he had so often pleaded with

Gokhale, and all the other minorities were also to be given generous privileges and their identity respected, particularly the right to separate electorates.

Hope soon wilted. Gandhi at first asked for a week to consider the whole problem, but returned to the discussions without having seen the light. He retaliated with an alternative Congress scheme and seemed disposed to come to a settlement with the Moslems and the Sikhs but to leave out the others. He continued to proclaim his own humility and pacific nature: "I can only act as a humble messenger of peace, try to get together representatives of different interests and see whether by heart-to-heart conversation we may not be able to come to a settlement." Fine words but difficult to accept when at every prospect of settlement the Mahatma reminded fellow-delegates that he was speaking only personally and without authority to bind Congress. He was ready, however, to be accommodating to the Moslem delegates if they joined forces with him on the Congress issue of independence. Such an offer was not likely to appeal to the Aga Khan, and Mr. Nehru shrugged the matter off in a bitter aside: "It is a little difficult to imagine the Aga Khan standing for Indian independence," he murmured.

Ramsay MacDonald was becoming impatient at the constant bickerings and evasive subtleties that took up so much time. He reminded delegates that the communal deadlock must not impede the broader issues of federation and urged them to settle the minorities question among themselves.¹ Gandhi promptly sug-

¹ *The Indian Problem* (Oxford University Press), by Professor R. Coupland, gives an admirable account of the feuding at the Conference.

gested that the Minorities Committee should be adjourned so that members could meet informally and try to work out a formula. For his part the Aga Khan welcomed the idea of "heart-to-heart conversations," and invited Gandhi and the leaders of the minority parties to use his hotel freely for any private meetings.

His suite at the "Ritz" had already been a rendezvous for the British Prime Minister and any other delegate to the Conference. It was a delicate atmosphere little improved by Gandhi's fencing in the early stages, and the Aga Khan did not find it easy to reassure Dr. Ambedkar and the others that the Mahatma was playing anything but a stalling game. However, he persisted with his efforts, and when Gandhi at last announced himself willing to talk the Aga Khan stood at the door of the "Ritz" to greet him. For nearly three hours they remained together behind locked doors, but when Gandhi left at midnight there was little to declare as a dividend except renewed assurances of goodwill. The only practical result of the Aga Khan's draft settlement was agreement on his proposals for the North-West Frontier Province and Sind.

Asked to attend a meeting in one of the committee-rooms of the House of Commons to meet members of the National Moslem League, attended by many ambassadors and representatives of both Houses of Parliament, he repeated his pledge that nothing was to be feared from his co-religionists. "I can give you," he said firmly, "the confident assurance that the Moslems of India are not going to interpose in any way between this country and India's national aspirations. Far from it. They are anxious that the ordered progress of India towards equality within the Commonwealth

of Nations should be assured. Indian Moslems ask for nothing that they are not ready to give in their turn to other sections of the Commonwealth."

While the work of the second session dragged on, the Aga Khan was still dealing with an immense amount of private business. He had gone far ahead with his welfare schemes for Ismaili communities all over the world and was personally handling the massive reports and queries which reached him from Bombay. His mother, who was still in England, was gratified at his interest in religious work and approved his donation of a large sum for the site of a new mosque at South Shields, which had a large Moslem community. Despite her insistence on the veil, Lady Ali Shah was much taken with modern transport and was only dissuaded by her grandson from flyin' home. The Aga Khan also enjoyed air travel. When it was rumoured at this time that he was buying a luxurious yacht for £500,000, he denied it laughingly. "I am not a good sailor," he confessed. "I hate the sea and travel on it only when I cannot help it."

A few months later, while on a visit to France, he flew to Brighton specially to see his son ride in the Berwick Welter Handicap. Aly rode his own gelding, Grey Wonder, which he bought privately after the horse had run third to his father's Taj ud Din in the London Cup. He sent him for training to the Aga Khan's trainer, Frank Butters. That day Aly rode a beautiful race to win handsomely and the cheers that followed him past the winning-post made his father a very happy man.

There was sadness, however, when he went over to visit his Sheshoon Stud to see how his brood mares

were doing. His old friend, Lord Wavertree, had died in February, and the Aga Khan mourned that fine judge of thoroughbreds. How well he remembered that summer's day long ago in 1904 when Colonel Hall Walker, as he was then, showed him round Tully Stud, pointing with pride at the stallions, brood mares, foals and yearlings that made life worth living for him. Arm in arm they had strolled round the famous Adam and Eve Garden which had been designed by a landscape genius specially brought over from Japan by the Colonel. The Aga Khan would never forget the man who really fired his imagination for the British Turf.

Lord Wavertree made many enemies with his sharp tongue and temper, and he was known in racing circles as "Whimsical Walker," because he changed his mind so often, particularly when his astrological charts were behaving erratically. He once told the Aga Khan that if he had invested his money according to his (Wavertree's) ideas his success would have been much greater. The Aga Khan, who always consulted Wavertree before taking a really important decision, had to admit that the shrewd old man was probably right. But very indirectly Wavertree left him a handsome souvenir, for it was the National Stud, formerly Tully, that bred Blandford, father of the great Bahram, who was to give his owner such happiness.

Unfortunately, during the Round Table Conferences he found little leisure for visits to Sheshoon or his French stud-farm. His prestige in the international field brought many statesmen and politicians for off-the-record consultation, and his very forceful and unconventional views caused him to be invited by the B.B.C. to broadcast on the subject: "If I Were

Dictator." The invitation gave him an opportunity to dust off theories and convictions which he had held for many years. The result was a brilliant essay which I think is still worth looking at twenty years later. We must remember that it was broadcast from an England with two and a half million unemployed to a very troubled Europe in which Hitler and his Nazis were already making much noise. Behind the Aga Khan's urbane speech there was much sadness and disillusionment, but a characteristic shrewdness.

"A Dictator would have the comforting reflection," he began, "that, given a single eye to human good and progress, nothing he did could make the world worse than it is today." He would try and make it impossible to have another World War and try to rectify the errors of Versailles. He would abolish national armies and navies and have an international force. "My dictatorship would uphold, rather than break down, national autonomy," he went on. "Excessive centralization would be avoided by the maintenance of local parliaments, but with a World Parliament at Geneva or Lausanne to replace the present League of Nations." He declared that he would unite Germany and Austria, and also the Persian and Turkish races. He wanted to see a federal, united Arabia. Every European child would be taught at least one Eastern language, and every Asiatic child a European one. Education until the age of eighteen or twenty would be compulsory all over the world. Tariff walls would be taken down and trade allowed to flow.

It was pleasant to muse on his theories, but harsh realities soon called him back to St. James's Palace for the third and last session of the Round Table Con-

ference. He was still prominent among the forty-six delegates left. Mr. Gandhi had departed, as had most of the princes. To the Aga Khan the news from India was most disquieting, and he made up his mind to return to his country as soon as he could leave the Conference, and also wind up his work on the Disarmament Conference in Geneva. That was not to be for many months. In the North-West Frontier Province a fanatical Moslem organization calling themselves the "Red Shirts" had come out in favour of the Congress policy and made a strong effort to turn the tribesmen into a military force.

Terrorism stalked in Bengal and was vigorously rooted out by the new Viceroy, Lord Willingdon, who showed no patience with the latest passive resistance campaign, and arrested Gandhi, together with Nehru and Patel. Yet again, while he and his fellow-delegates tidied up the last details of India's proposed new Constitution, the Aga Khan was cabling messages of hope to Indian Moslems and counselling the greatest restraint. Terrible communal riots started in Bombay and Cawnpore and the Aga Khan wrote a letter to *The Times* in which he sadly admitted that the problem needed something more drastic than any political solution. "It is simply," he said with unusual bitterness, "a question of the level of civilization attained by the vast majority of the inhabitants of British India."

Neither the Aga Khan's letters to *The Times*, nor Gandhi's "Fast unto Death" for the Untouchables, could cure India's sickness. The Round Table Conference had ended its useful but thankless task. Gandhi was broken for the time being. The Aga Khan once more packed his trunks and resumed his travels.

STATESMAN AND SPORTSMAN

ON 17 JANUARY, 1933, the Aga Khan was called to the telephone in Cannes, where he had gone to escape an English winter. There were rumours of an estrangement from his wife, but nobody was more delighted than the Aga Khan to learn that he had become the father of another son. Although he would have preferred a daughter, he stepped out of the Blue Train with his usual beaming smile for the photographers and drove at once to the American Hospital in Paris to see the Begum and the eight-pound baby whom he called Sadruddin. Always dressed in white, and wheeled in a white pram by a nurse uniformed, of course, in the same colour, the baby would accompany his mother on her shopping expeditions. Often at Aix-les-Bains or in Cannes, when the sun was shining, his father would drive out in an open carriage whispering nonsense to the child on his lap.

The Aga Khan soon returned to the Riviera and more golf, but he was eager to resume his work as Chairman of the British Indian Delegation to the Joint Select Committee on Indian Reforms. Within a few months he was on his way to India, his first visit in four years. It was a changed scene that greeted him and the Begum as they landed in Bombay. Gandhi was politically bankrupt and, with the exception of extreme Congress elements, even the Hindus were enthusiastic

about the Aga Khan's visit. Never had his prestige been so high in India. His labours at the Round Table Conference and at Geneva, his powerful intervention for the minorities and the reports of his spade-work in high places for the cause of Indian freedom had led to a great surge of popularity. It was even being fancifully suggested that he had returned in order to assume the leadership of all British India.

For her part the Begum was enchanted by all she saw. They had been greeted at Bombay with a scented chain of roses and stayed a month at the Aga Khan's villa before paying a visit to the handsome, autocratic Maharajah of Eikaner, who was reputed to have the largest harem in India. Instead of finding the numerous wives in cloistered purdah, the Aga Khan and the Begum were surprised to see them playing tennis and splashing happily about in an enormous marble bathing-pool.

The Aga Khan seemed to have recovered his health. At Margao his brain worked like a buzz-saw, cutting through a mass of routine with ease. From his mukhis and imams he took reports which he analysed in the light of his own travels among the African communities. Vast sums of money had accumulated in his absence and he set himself the familiar task of allocating funds where they were most needed. Sensitive to the buoyant spirit of the crowds which had greeted him, he thought the moment ripe to speak out strongly on India's future.

"Don't hold up progress," he said passionately. "Don't try to slay each other."

There might be weak points and defects in the Federal plan, but this was the most momentous and

unparalleled political transition in the history of the country. "The first duty is to stop the economic rot," he went on. Without an improvement political progress would be worth nothing.

He was shocked and depressed by what he saw and heard even in the first few weeks of his visit. He talked to Government officials, economists and farmers and began to appreciate that the reports which had reached him in England had glossed over India's economic troubles. That year the country's exports amounted in value to £102,000,000, only a third of the figure for 1925. Prices slid down to the lowest ever, and farmers were not slow to blame British rule for the disaster. The population had jumped in ten years by over thirty-five millions. Jute and tea fell in output and the cultivation of cotton received its first knock from the competition of Japan. But without minimizing the present troubles and those that might lie ahead he was emphatic about the need for unity, not only among his own people but all Indians who sincerely wished to make themselves fit for self-government. "United we stand—divided we fall," he cried. "We should not give the opportunity to diehards to make capital from our differences and use them against us."

The Aga Khan's triumphant progress was not without its dangers. The Khoja Suddarak, a secessionist sect, declared flatly that they would pay no more tithes to the leader of the Ismailis. There were also rumours that some Moslem hooligans would break up his next meeting at Aga Hall when the faithful came to lay their tithes at his feet. He even received letters threatening to murder him unless he left India or changed the pro-British tone of his speeches. He handed these letters to

the police and continued his tour with Aly, who had arrived from England and was assisting his father in his duties. Before leaving Bombay the Aga Khan learned with regret that his first wife, the Princess Shahzadi, had died. He made the necessary arrangements for the body to be taken to Iraq for burial at Kerbala, which occupies such a hallowed place in the history of the Shiah community.

From the Moslems of Bengal he received an urgent invitation to visit Calcutta and give them the latest reports from London on the constitutional problem. Although much weakened by a sudden attack of fever, he insisted on keeping to his programme and reached Calcutta at the end of March, 1934. He was invited to stay at Government House and was taken there in procession by a crowd of Bengali followers thousands strong. Still very weak, but encouraged by the enthusiasm and good spirits of the people, he made a fine speech at the luncheon given in his honour by the Moslem members of the Legislative Council. Behind the cheers, however, he could hear the crackle of anxiety.

He was among men of goodwill, but the mood of patriotic loyalty, already shaken by the price slump and increase in taxation, might be driven off unless the long-promised constitutional reforms moved faster. Speaking once more as "India's unofficial ambassador to Britain" he insisted that the wisest course for his people was to prepare themselves for the coming changes by avoiding internal feuds and developing their own culture. In education and a strong Press he saw more hope than in the bickerings about a formula.

After the most strenuous tour of his career, including a brief visit to Burma to study at first hand that

country's mood on the eve of promised independence, the Aga Khan turned eagerly back to Europe with the promise of England in the spring. Epsom and Ascot were in the air and he had heard excellent reports from his trainers.

That year, 1934, was to be one of many surprises and not a few disappointments. To his overwhelming delight he heard that he had been elected an honorary member of the Jockey Club, the first Asiatic to be so honoured. The election did not give him the right to vote, as an honorary member, but he had already demonstrated at the last Gimcrack Dinner that he had definite views on racing and would not be afraid to express them if necessary. He had put forward the suggestion that "stipendiary stewards" should be appointed by the Jockey Club to attend meetings.

"They would watch races from the stands and from down the course, and their duties would be threefold: (1) to watch racing carefully and to see that there is always even justice and fair play; (2) to help and advise executives in the forming of rules, and the modifications that are necessary from time to time in programmes of racing; (3) by their expert advice to help the stewards in deciding all the cases that arise."

The idea of providing salaried secretaries to help local stewards had been put up a year or two earlier by Lord Rosebery, and it is satisfactory to note that the reform on the lines suggested by the Aga Khan came into effect at the end of 1935.

At the same dinner he also made the proposal that in all races, plates and stakes, as well as classics, the second horse should receive ten per cent and the third horse five per cent of the total value of the race. "This would

not mean that the owner of the winner would be much worse off, except in a few valuable races, where the prize money to second and third is at present ridiculously small, and this would be of little importance as all owners get horses running second and third as well as those that win or are not placed."

The honour paid to the Aga Khan by the Jockey Club was richly deserved. His lavish investments and superbly-equipped studs had done much to improve British bloodstock, but equally important were his fine sense of sportsmanship and the jealous regard he had long displayed for the good name of racing.

This was to be a memorable season for him and a triumphant vindication of the Vuillier theory of mixing blood lines of great stallions in carefully calculated percentages. But much more than arithmetic is needed to explain the phenomenally successful years that now opened out before him.

The Aga Khan has always paid handsome tribute to Lady Luck, but his own flair and his ability to pick and encourage the right managers, trainers and jockeys have been strong supplementary assets. I have mentioned previously that some of his purchases like Amilcar and Feridoon proved costly. Like most enthusiasts, notably those as rich as this patron, the Aga Khan could not easily give up a theory once he had started to work on it. The well-known racing journalist, Eric Rickman, reminds us that the Aga Khan "was not always fortunate in his persistent efforts to buy young colts by Hyperion when the latter's stock was being most successful." To anticipate, one or two like Stardust and Khaled did well, but many more were

¹ *Come Racing With Me.* Chatto & Windus.

most expensive horses. Rickman mentions six Hyperion yearling colts which cost the Aga Khan 50,000 guineas and were sold for very much less.

The 1934 season did not endear him to the book-makers. Even though he did not win a single classic he headed the winning owners' list with prize-money amounting to £64,897, almost £50,000 ahead of any other owner. It was also a bumper crop, well deserved, for Frank Butters, who won seventy-nine races, including nine winners in four days' racing at Ascot. The hero of that meeting was Felicitation, which won the Churchill Stakes and the Gold Cup.

The Aga Khan was most keen to beat his friend the Baron Edouard de Rothschild's wonder horse, Brantome, in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe. The wonderful French three-year-old was a great favourite with the crowd and had won some good races, including the Prix Royal Oak, but the Aga Khan was confident that Felicitation might do a spectacular job for British racing. He had another personal reason for wanting to win this particular race. The week before the Begum had led in a winner at Longchamp, and Aly Khan had taken the Prix Henri Greffulhe with Anonyme. A very pleasant family treble might be achieved with Felicitation. But it was to prove one of the Aga Khan's few disappointments that season. Felicitation, ridden by Gordon Richards, rather air-sick after his flight from England, was no match for the hot French favourite who won in a canter from Assuerus and the British challenger.

There were consolations. At Sheshoon the Aga Khan had bred a delicate bay colt by Blandford out of Friar's Daughter. He was foaled in 1932 and did not seem

likely to survive, let alone make racing history. Early on his lungs were affected, but by careful nursing he was finally well enough to be put in charge of Frank Butters at Newmarket. The owner, true to his practice of calling horses after famous Indian or Persian personalities, hit on the name of Omar Khayyam's hunter and duly christened the colt "Bahram." Another reason was that one of his cousins, who was killed in the Sussex Regiment during the war, was also called by that name. Bahram was a casual hunter, indeed, very lazy but intelligent, like the great Brown Jack before him. He seemed to think his way past the winning post without troubling to look over his shoulder. Making his debut at Sandown in the National Breeders' Produce Stakes, he just sneaked in at 20 to 1, to beat his stable-mate, Theft, who had carried Butters' main hopes.

As a two-year-old the colt neatly carried off the Gimcrack Stakes, without getting into a lather, and it fell to his owner to be the guest of honour at the Club Dinner at York for the second year running. The dinner had been postponed in order that he should be able to attend a banquet at Buckingham Palace on the eve of the Duke of Kent's wedding. Once again he addressed himself seriously to the importance of increasing stake-money for the benefit of the small breeder. "Is it realized," he asked, "that if the owner-breeder, or the big breeder for sale on classic lines, is squeezed out of racing, while the handicap and nursery crowd is always encouraged, it will be impossible to breed or produce the best type of horse? The gradual shrivelling-up of this kind of race will affect every owner-breeder I know, with the possible exception of

one or two, who are so rich that they can run their vast establishments without looking to the prospects of an income." And here, in an aside that surprised his audience, he declined to bracket himself with the rich exceptions. "People like myself who have succeeded, in spite of limited means for that kind of life, in establishing large breeding and racing stables, would be compelled gradually to go out of racing.

"The large private owner-breeder usually has so many activities in life—he is rarely interested in racing alone—that it is impossible for him to bet on a large scale, or to manipulate his horses by legitimate and honest, yet adroit, placings in such a way as to give himself a reasonable chance of success in betting. He has to depend on stakes, and ultimately on stud fees and the market value of the best type of stock, to counteract the huge running expenses of a large stud and racing stable. . . . If horses by the best mares have not the possibility of recovering at least part of their cost to the buyer by occasionally picking up a nice stake, then indeed the gamble of buying expensive yearlings becomes still more desperate."

Referring to the scarcity of good young jockeys, the Aga Khan said that were he dictator he would appoint a committee, including trainers, jockeys, owners and a member of one of the executives of the Jockey Club, to investigate the problem fully. Such a committee would report on measures which must be taken if the standard of jockeyship were to be improved, and the number of first-class riders increased to keep in tune with the increase in the number of horses in training which had undoubtedly taken place. He would much like to have to give evidence before such a committee.

Stating that there was then general prosperity in Britain, and that the Turf reflected the economic conditions of the nation perhaps better than any other of the great national sports, he warned his hearers that it would be inadmissible to jump to the facile conclusion that all was well and that executives, administrators and breeders need not stir themselves.

With the ruling condition of the world, England's export trade in high-class horses had diminished almost to vanishing point. It was a most unsatisfactory state of affairs, but to remedy it was the business of the League of Nations rather than of Jockey and Turf Clubs. He was delighted that under the Betting Act the Tote would be able to tap the vast "off-the-course" betting resources of the country.

But it was not enough that the Betting Control Board should give a few thousand pounds here and there. A definite and far-sighted policy was needed to strengthen the bloodstock industry. An excellent method would be that all the money for seconds and thirds should come from the Tote. This would give ten per cent of stake value to seconds and five per cent to thirds right through the racing season from £200 plates upwards, and weight-for-age races might have a small sum for fourths. A start could be made at once by saying the second and third in every race should receive so much, and go on until the ambitious programme suggested could be carried out.

The Aga Khan's allusion to his "limited means" as a racing breeder and owner requires a word of explanation. Edwin Montagu once estimated his friend's income at £500,000 a year and, if we remember the Aga Khan's already-quoted remark about not being

able to start racing in England at an earlier date because he had "only £400,000 a year" at that time, the estimate is probably not far off the mark. There can be little doubt that by the mid-thirties he was worth much more money than when he began his British racing career on a large scale in 1921.

Many of his followers had prospered in Africa, where their numbers had greatly increased and the value of their contributions to the Imam had gone up proportionately. A new tide of prosperity for the rich Khoja merchants also brought more tribute to their leader. After the war, in a truly handsome gesture of thanksgiving, they presented him with a throne of gold on which he sat to receive pilgrims to Aga Hall. The purses that were placed at his feet by worshippers, who often came thousands of miles to receive his blessing, might not be for great sums, but we are told that a follower contributed an offering of 85,000 rupees (6,000 guineas). At a wedding ceremony conducted by the Imam a sum would usually be presented by the bridegroom or his father and, with dowries of £50,000 fairly common in the wealthier Khoja circles, handsome presents would be sent to Aga Hall.

If to this great revenue is added the income which the Aga Khan has derived for so many years from real estate and the hundreds of industrial concerns in which he is interested, one finds it hard to believe, at first, that spending on any scale would cause him any concern. But even a multi-millionaire must be governed ultimately by Mr. Micawber's famous balance-sheet. No accounts are ever issued from Aga Hall, but it has been estimated on good authority that he keeps approximately ten per cent of his Ismaili income for

his personal use. The rest goes back to his communities in India, Africa and Malaya for the building of schools, hospitals and for general welfare work. And on many occasions of special emergency he has gone to his own pocket to help the needy.

His personal expenses in 1934 were on a tremendous scale. He was staffing and maintaining palaces and villas in half a dozen countries. He travelled incessantly and always with a retinue of secretaries, valets and doctors. The beautiful Begum bought horses, diamonds and other appurtenances to elegance. Her husband, who had inherited one of the world's finest collections of rubies, found superb gems as irresistible as thoroughbred yearlings. The Begum always wore a large square-cut diamond ring that was the envy of jewelers in France and England, and her jewel collection must have been worth a large fortune.

Nor was Aly Khan disposed to live on anything but a grand scale. The popular Press had given him the courtesy title of "Prince," when in fact he has no official status during his father's lifetime, but his way of life was undoubtedly princely. The Aga Khan had treated him with great indulgence and Aly pursued a gay existence which was not inexpensive. Educated on the Continent, and under the influence of his Italian mother rather than his father in the formative years, he was more of a Frenchman than the Aga Khan, who had spent his early life in the Victorian era and was in many ways more English than the English.

After the death of Aly's mother, the Princess Magliano, he had undertaken the instruction of his son in religious duty and prepared him for the high priesthood which would be his, but the strenuous years

of statesmanship and his own duties as Imam inevitably made him a casual, if fond, mentor. Aly had inherited his sporting tastes and the means to gratify them. He was buying horses and riding them with success, and the driving of luxury racing cars gave him pleasure. He was intelligent, gay and addicted to speed, whether on skis, on horseback or in the cockpit of a plane, preferring to relax in the company of sportsmen and the beautiful cosmopolitans whom he entertained so handsomely on the Riviera or in Paris.

He had had his first race in England at the age of nineteen when he rode an outsider at Lewes without success. He was soon in trouble due to his exuberance. He was fined for driving at a dangerous speed on his way to ride in the first race at a Brighton meeting, and soon afterwards was removed to a nursing home after a motoring accident on his way from a shooting party at Newmarket. Although he had some teeth knocked out, he was back in the saddle after a day or two. Like his father, he enjoyed travelling at a somewhat dizzy speed. He had several remarkable escapes in motoring accidents and was badly tossed when riding in India, but recovered quickly to take part in a tiger shoot with the young Moslem Nawab of Bhopal.

He was buying horses judiciously and usually on the advice of his father, who, as he always cheerfully admits, knows much more about the business. Once, when he sold Foxglove II to a friend of his who promptly won the Gold Vase, Aly expressed his delight in a truly sporting spirit. "My father begged me not to sell him and told me I was a fool to do so," he confessed ruefully. Anyway, he had the consolation of backing the horse for a handsome win at Ascot! And

although Aly has always tried to live up to his reputation as a playboy, he has a serious streak which he manages to conceal very successfully. He is keen on painting and music and impressed delegates to Geneva with his good sense when he joined his father in the lobbies after conference sessions. Representing the Aga Khan on many tours among the Ismaili communities, he showed himself both courteous and diplomatic with a boyish charm that soon won over orthodox diehards.

We have referred to the glittering prizes which fell to the Aga Khan from the British Turf, but one must not overlook the many hundreds of thousands which he had paid to stock his studs and the colossal cost of maintaining them. Stud fees and the sale of horses brought in an ample supplement to prize-money, but even this handsome return fell short of the conservative estimate of £250,000 a year which racing cost him over a very long period.

In that spectacular year of 1934 it seemed as if the Aga Khan's thoughts were turning to more serious matters than racing. A strange rumour, promptly denied, suggested that he was having conversations with Lord Willingdon, the Viceroy, about the possibility of his being established as ruler of a new Moslem State in Sind. An American newspaper came out with the familiar preface: "It is hinted in well-informed circles . . ." and went on to say that Sir Hari Singh, Maharajah of Kashmir, might be invited to accept the rulership of another Hindu principality. He would be succeeded by the Aga Khan, a not inappropriate choice for a twenty-one-gun State that was ninety per cent Moslem and ruled by a backward and repressive

Hindu oligarchy. Trouble had been frequent and reports of wholesale corruption were current.

This project, of which the India Office had apparently no knowledge, did not come to anything, but soon afterwards a member of the Legislative Assembly in Simla asked whether the Aga Khan had requested a territorial domain in recognition of his services to the Empire. The Government spokesman replied that a confidential communication had been received, but he was not free to disclose its nature. The point was pursued in the House of Commons, but Sir Samuel Hoare, the Secretary of State for India, was frigidly prim and evasive in his answer to Sir Alfred Knox. "I have nothing to add to the reply which was given by the Government of India, which was that a confidential communication had been received from the Aga Khan, but the Government is not in a position to disclose its nature."

Sir Alfred was severely snubbed for pursuing the matter.

"I do not see the relevance of the supplementary question," said the Secretary of State. "If it is meant to cast an aspersion on the motives of the Aga Khan I am sure the whole House will say it is entirely misplaced."

This answer was received with cheers mingled with a slight sense of bewilderment. And a further published report that the Aga Khan might be offered an English peerage also fell still-born from the pens of the political gossips.

Meanwhile the Aga Khan went on quietly pursuing his two favourite occupations, sport and statesmanship. Representing India at the Disarmament Conference at Geneva, he became very friendly with Mr. Arthur

Henderson, the President of the Conference, and lent him his villa at Antibes, on the Riviera, so that he could relax when the Conference adjourned. With Mr. Henderson he had many intimate conversations and the President leaned heavily upon him for advice. The Aga Khan's own speeches were listened to with the greatest attention because of his unique position as an authority on East and West. At the fourteenth plenary session he spoke out sharply, warning his fellow-delegates against an easy optimism.

"Alas," he cried, "we have found that armaments still hold sway, and that the feeling of insecurity persists! It is by no means certain that the war to end war has been fought and won. On the moral side we must set ourselves to remove the paralysing effects of fear, ill-will and suspicion. On the material side it is absolutely essential that the non-productive effort devoted to warlike preparations should be reduced to the bare minimum. In distant India, no less than in Europe, the World War created a host of mourners and left a legacy of bitter tragedy. Over a million of my fellow-countrymen were called to arms, of whom more than fifty thousand laid down their lives. . . . India's own scale of armaments allows no margin for aggressive uses. The size of her forces has to be measured with reference to the vastness of her area and the diversity of her conditions. The fact is so often forgotten that the area of India is more than half that of the whole of Europe, and her population nearly one-fifth of that of the entire globe."

He concluded on a passionate note which was to be repeated whenever he rose to speak in the cause of peace: "There is a cry going up from the heart of all

the peace-loving citizens of every country for the lessening of their military burdens, for a decrease in the financial load which those burdens impose, for the security of civil populations against indiscriminate methods of warfare and, above all, for security against the very idea of war."

His work for peace did not blind him to the harsh realities of the world about him. As he had reminded his fellow-delegates, his own country was vast in area but limited in ability to defend herself. He could therefore see no anomaly in pleading for world peace at Geneva, and yet some months later coming out in strong favour of the plea for additional naval security made by Lord Lloyd at the recent Conservative Conference in Bristol. Speaking as chief guest at the Navy League's annual dinner, the Aga Khan anticipated potential criticism in a very forthright fashion. He had small patience with woolly sentimentalists or the "ostriches" whose tails so often brushed the conference tables in the early days of the League of Nations.

"I make no apology to any outside critic who might regard my presence at this dinner as inappropriate," he said bluntly. "I address you as an out-and-out supporter of the cause of peace, anxious to promote the prosperity which goes therewith. As practical men we must face realities, and look with steady gaze on the world as it is today. If there is one lesson more deeply written in the annals of modern strategy than another it is that the efficient co-operation of various arms is a most important factor of victory." Raising his glass to toast "the glorious and immortal memory of Nelson and his comrades," he expressed delight that the Royal Indian Navy had at last come into existence.

Not long afterwards, when a film about India was privately shown in London, the guests of honour were the Aga Khan and Lord Lloyd. The latter was being savagely attacked by the more disgruntled elements of Congress for his critical approach to the new constitution, and his friendship with the Aga Khan was construed as a dangerous alliance between a Tory die-hard and a powerful defender of Moslem rights. "They have become almost inseparably united," commented Mr. Nehru. "Two hearts that beat as one."

The criticism was unjust and largely due to a fear of the Indian Moslems' increasing claims to be recognized as a separate entity. On his next visit to India some months later the Aga Khan demonstrated that he was far from being a complacent observer of the India Report. He thought that the reference to "Dominion Status" should be included in the preamble to the Government of India Bill, otherwise Britain stood in danger of being accused of a breach of faith. He was not satisfied that the Bill went far enough to meet India's legitimate aspirations, but thought it necessary to repeat his familiar reminder of the perils of disunity.

"I believe," he said, "that if we in India treat our own people in the same way as England has treated the Dominion people, England will treat India as she has treated other races, namely the French and the Dutch. India is like the Maharashtra divinity, which has one big body but many hands of varying lengths and proportions. Her varying cultures and civilizations have a rich unity. This variety does not mean disunion, but a greater splendour in things of the spirit and in toleration. I believe not only in Hindu-Moslem co-operation but also in co-operation between Hindus,

Moslems, Parsees, Christians and Anglo-Indians. . . . Let me remind you that the Russian Empire collapsed despite its orthodoxy, autocracy and single nationality."

He returned to the South of France to play golf and relax in the sun. His handicap now varied between eight and ten and he experimented with steel shafts and dozens of other clubs with the same scientific application as he gave to horse-breeding.

With the Begum and their baby boy, Sadruddin, he caught the Blue Train for Paris, determined to be in good time for the Derby at Epsom. He had been told that Bahram had a good chance of bringing him a second Derby victory, but was not at all convinced. He had had a small bet on Bobsleigh, but when that horse was scratched through lameness found it difficult to make up his mind between the prospects of Hairan and Bahram. From his flat in Paris he insisted on having up-to-the-minute news from his stable and tuned in constantly to the latest weather reports from England. If the going were on the soft side he slightly preferred the chances of Hairan, but on the whole Bahram seemed to him to be worth a very small bet.

Meanwhile, to take his mind off Epsom he hurried away to play golf at St. Cloud, where he was greatly admired by fellow-players and the staff. I like the story of a round there which demonstrates his extraordinary devotion to physical exercise. His opponent was waiting for him at the club-house, not knowing that the Aga Khan had arrived early and was having a few practice shots. One of the girl caddies came rushing in, white-lipped.

"You had better come quick if you want to beat His Highness," she said breathlessly. "He is praying to his

gods on the first tee!" but the Aga Khan was not at prayer; he had simply used waiting time to settle down to a complicated series of Swedish exercises.

I remember an occasion at Mougins when a Press photographer was trying to get a raw picture of the Aga Khan playing golf. He is usually friendly enough to photographers, but golf is too sacred a game to be disturbed. The photographer had telephoned several times for an appointment, but there was always some excuse from the villa. His Highness was indisposed; he was engaged with his business associates; he doubted if he would be playing golf that day. The photographer refused to give up.

Early one morning the Aga Khan set off from his villa with his golf bag beside him. As usual his chauffeur drove slowly along the sparkling Croisette and stopped outside the Blue Bar for a glass of Vichy water and a little chat with Felix, the proprietor. It is a ritual which the Aga Khan always follows at Cannes. The photographer had meanwhile arrived at the deserted golf course and concealed himself, with camera at the ready, behind a bunker which he was confident would trap his prey. He was quite right. The Aga Khan, breathing heavily from frustration and his eighteen-stone weight, came unsuspectingly forward with a crumpled white cap on his head and wearing an old pullover, while his trousers were turned up above the knee as usual. As the photographer took his picture the victim seemed to explode with surprised wrath. Usually the mildest and most courteous of men, he pointed a trembling mashie at the club-house and told the man very decisively to disappear. He would have shrugged off a disappointment in a classic race, but the

interference with a practice round of golf was a tragedy. It is satisfactory to record that he soon recovered his temper, forgave the photographer and posed for "just one picture." I may add that he has always treated the Press very considerately and is very patient with reporters when approached for his views on every subject from the future of India to the winner of the Derby.

Just before that memorable 1935 Derby the Aga Khan left the Begum playing backgammon with little Sadruddin and decided to risk a night crossing of the Channel so that he could get in a final game of golf. He crossed to Newhaven, drove to Brighton and played a couple of rounds to put him in the right frame of mind. He would never forget that day of triumph.

EPSOM TO GENEVA

THE AGA KHAN HAD bought Bahram's dam, Friar's Daughter, for 250 guineas and she rewarded him by producing Bahram, Dastur and half a dozen other big winners. Theft's dam had cost only 300 guineas. Not bad buys for two well-fancied Derby runners! Hairan, which cost his owner 6,400 guineas as a yearling, also had such a good chance that quite a few bookmakers were looking green at the prospect of the Aga Khan marking up the first three past the post, a combination backed by many punters who remembered the spectacular St. Leger of 1932. But there were some good horses in this Derby and the Aga Khan was a little afraid of Field Trial.

He had nothing to fear as he stood chatting in the stands at Epsom with the Hon. George Lambton, Lord Derby, Sir Abe Bailey, Lord Astor and many other friends. He bubbled with excitement as the horses went to the post, and found himself hoping above all else that a colt of his own breeding, racing's most exquisite pleasure for an owner, would be first past the winning-post.

Two minutes and thirty-six seconds later the 5 to 4 favourite Bahram had won his owner's second Derby, two lengths ahead of Robin Goodfellow, with Field Trial in third place. Theft was an unlucky fourth and Hairan had only been able to run into seventh place in a field of sixteen. I have never seen the Aga

Khan happier than he was that day as he shook hands with Freddie Fox, the jockey, who had used the saddle on which he had ridden his previous Derby winner, Cameronian, in 1931.

"Well raced, Freddie," said the owner warmly as he walked into the saddling room with the jockey and patted him on the back.

He was smiling and bowing as he led in the winner to a great roar from a crowd who shared his delight. Many of them had placed much more on Bahram than his owner, whose bet was only a few pounds. Again and again he raised his hat in acknowledgement of a greeting and chuckled at the antics of Monolulu, the befeathered tipster, who shouted: "I had the horse!" From trainer to stable-lad everyone who had had a share in the great day was personally congratulated by the Aga Khan.

Almost as exciting as the victory of Bahram was an invitation to join his fellow-members of the Jockey Club for a celebration dinner at Buckingham Palace. He was congratulated by the King and Queen and his eyes were misty when he sat down with the other guests to a table decorated with the winning owner's green and chocolate colours. It was a graceful gesture, and Queen Mary had supervised the preparation of the sweet which was similarly decorated. The most memorable moment, however, was when His Majesty proposed the health of the winning owner. The next day he and the Begum were invited to a celebration luncheon at No. 10 Downing Street.

That was Bahram's great year in which he won the Triple Crown of the Turf, the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby and the St. Leger, the first

horse to do so since Rock Sand, thirty-two years earlier.

Bahram looked like a champion as he danced lightly in the parade at Town Moor. Even on that colourful course with the flower-boxes and the roundabouts and the silver ribbon of river, the famous green and chocolate flashed like a talisman to the crowd as Bahram pranced gaily forward into battle. Again the cry went up: "Bahram wins!" as the Triple Champion thundered ahead at 11 to 4 on, with Solar Ray, Buckleigh and Lord Derby's Plassy following lengths behind.

But the owner was not among the fashionable crowd, including Lord Harewood and Lord Lonsdale, who congratulated Aly Khan as he led in the winner on behalf of his father. The latter was sitting gloomily in the Assembly Hall of the League of Nations as India's chief delegate when he was called to the telephone and told that his horse had won the St. Leger. "It is the horse of the century," he exclaimed to the surprise of some of his poker-faced colleagues. "I should doubt if any other member of the Assembly has ever been called away to hear that his horse has won the St. Leger," he added puckishly.

Bahram was never beaten in all his nine races, and he retired to stud with a fee fixed at 500 guineas. "To breed another Bahram is beyond my wildest dreams," sighed his owner, but he was to come very close in a short time.

Behind the scenes at Geneva the Aga Khan was working strenuously in a vacuum of disillusion. His courage and forbearance had given him great influence in the committee-rooms and lobbies where so many

grievances were aired. His tact was proverbial in that ivory castle of the world's hopes, and his personal popularity and reputation for being fair and unprejudiced helped to break many a cabal, but he could see only too clearly the signs of disintegration around him. The gilded halls were crowded with swallow-tailed figures, each wandering about "like a virgin in a bawdy house, calling piteously for a glass of lemonade," as a cynic had once described Wilson at Versailles. As long ago as 1925 the Aga Khan had expressed a sober optimism over the wild hopes which even responsible statesmen were already claiming for Wilson's beautiful dream.

"The League of Nations," he had declared, "is the child of an aged mother, the Old World imperialism that led to the conflict begun eleven years ago. In consequence the infant is sickly and weak, but it lives and may grow."

The sickly child had grown into a boy in a little Lord Fauntleroy suit, attempting to do business with a gang of dead-end toughs. The victorious powers had moved sedately from Versailles to Geneva. Then the great debate began on whether to arm or disarm, with the wool being pulled strenuously over nobody's eyes. Germany had left the League in 1933 and was goose-stepping towards her place in the sun, while the talk of disarmament yielded to the magic phrase "Collective security." Russia entered Geneva and Mr. Litvinov was reminding his fellow-delegates that "peace is indivisible." Mr. Matsuoka wriggled gracefully before the Assembly while his country raped Manchuria. Italy, which had only a few years previously signed a treaty of "friendship, conciliation and arbitration"

with Abyssinia, was preparing something quite different in the autumn of 1935.

A fortnight before Mussolini's adventure the Aga Khan mounted the rostrum at Geneva. He had read the signs and saw little of comfort before the nations. As he walked to the platform he passed the last speaker, the swarthy, white-tied Laval, about whom delegates made the grim jest that he was elastic enough to be born with a name that spelled the same way backwards and forwards.

The Aga Khan was in no jesting mood as he placed a single sheet of paper before him. This was not to be a long speech like the flowery effort of his predecessor, but a series of very direct remarks. The speaker looked far different from the debonair racehorse owner and golfer. He pushed his tinted glasses back over his forehead and put on an ordinary pair. He seemed very small and round and worried as he started to speak. His hair and moustache were noticeably whiter and the thick folds of skin were wrinkled and greyish. He looked a sick man, but it was the sickness of disillusion.

"India," he began sadly, "is troubled by the League's lack of universality and by the great preponderance of energy which the League devotes to Europe and European interests. India is troubled by these dramatic failures, by the long-drawn-out and fruitless Disarmament Conference and by the fact that the rearmament of States members is in full swing. India's criticism of the League is directed to its shortcomings and not its ideals. The world is at the parting of the ways. Let wisdom guard her choice."

Here was the voice of a man who spoke with the authority of the East on terms of equality with the

West, a prince who himself had no land and no army and could not be accused of selfish territorial aims.

Signor Mussolini was one who paid no attention to speeches. Having made up his mind to take Abyssinia, in spite of Britain's strongly expressed disapproval and a threat of sanctions if he persisted, he decided to go forward "with Geneva, without Geneva, or against Geneva." He made up his mind to march against the "aggressive" Haile Selassie.

Japan had defied the world over Manchuria, but the League showed its rather loose teeth to the Duce. Ideals and imperialism became somewhat confused. Sir Samuel Hoare and M. Laval conferred together with the corpse of Abyssinia in the room, still warm. Mr. Baldwin discovered that his lips were sealed, and peace with dishonour was secured. The way was opening to the Anti-Comintern Pact and other deadly blows at the shaky concept of "collective security."

It was therefore in no spirit of elation that the Aga Khan and the Begum set out for India at the end of 1935 to celebrate his Golden Jubilee as hereditary Imam of the Ismaili sect for half a century. He was exhausted by the wranglings at Geneva and anxious that the new constitution for India should be given every chance to work. From reports which had reached him in Europe it appeared that his country was enjoying one of its rare periods of political truce. There was, however, a menacing undercurrent of communal tension in the Punjab and Bengal, and his agents had appealed to him to try and mediate. The news of the terrible earthquake in Quetta had also saddened him; once more he opened his purse to help in the work of relief.

Gandhi's civil disobedience campaign was petering out, although there were disturbing reports that Nehru's socialistic theories had gained ground outside Congress. There seemed to be a slight disagreement between the two leaders. While Nehru was in jail in Alipore he learned that the Mahatma had withdrawn the civil disobedience campaign without informing him of his intention. "The news was not welcome," Nehru admitted, "and I felt sad at this winding-up of something that had meant so much to me for many years." Gandhi had retired from Congress and the Communal Award seemed to have temporarily satisfied the moderate Hindus and Moslems. But it was disturbing to learn that the princes, so active and co-operative at the first meeting of the Round Table Conference, had quite lost their initial ardour for a Federal India.

A few months earlier, in the Chamber of Princes, one of the maharajahs spoke for them all when he declared: "We, the Rulers of the Indian States, are not soldiers of fortune. . . . May I in all modesty say that the princes have no intention of allowing themselves to be destroyed by anybody, and that should the time come when the Crown is unable to afford the Indian States the necessary protection in fulfilment of its treaty obligations, the princes and states will die fighting to the bitter end."

There were brighter signs on the horizon. Although much instinctive showmanship lay behind Gandhi's mass civil disobedience, the Aga Khan could not deny admiration for the Mahatma's earnest efforts to heal Hindu-Moslem feuds, his championship of the Harijans, as he called the members of the Depressed Classes, and the fight he continued to make to oppose

discriminatory legislation against Indians in South Africa. Here, on fundamental issues of justice and fair play, the loin-clothed vegetarian and total abstainer was at one with the golfer who was perfecting his drive at St. Cloud before a nervous girl caddie or fluttering the hearts of the croupiers when he entered a casino.

Rarely the man to show emotion in public, the Aga Khan was almost overwhelmed by his reception when many thousands of his followers from all parts of India crowded into Bombay to greet him, apart from hundreds of devout Ismailis who had landed in Karachi from Africa to await his arrival; bearded elders in voluminous pyjamas, men with moustaches clipped away from the lips, youths from Aligarh wearing the fez, and women in the gayest saris. The streets were hung with lanterns and bunting and many hundreds of pounds had been spent on illuminations. Sir Ibrahim Rahimtoola headed a mammoth entertainments committee of seventy and a sub-committee was busily organizing great receptions in Calcutta, Karachi and Delhi.

Some thirty thousand of the Aga Khan's followers assembled to receive his blessing and congratulate him on his Jubilee. A vast fortune had been contributed for the ceremony of weighing the Imam, like the Great Moguls of the past, in terms of gold. The proceedings opened with a special ladies' party at the Jamat Khana, followed by a mass parade of Girl Guides and Boy Scouts, many of whom had never before seen the Aga Khan. He received this adulation with that courtesy and immense dignity which he has always shown whether on a racecourse in a grey top hat and morning coat, or, as he sat now, on a divan of gold cloth sewn

with precious stones, and wearing the flowing, purple robes and green silk turban of his priestly office. Seated on his right was Lady Ali Shah, while the Begum, wearing a beautiful green sari, sat on his left.

Before the actual weighing ceremony, the Imam was presented with an Address of respectful congratulation in a silver casket mounted on four exquisitely carved tigers standing on rare sandalwood. It had taken many months to prepare by India's most famous silversmiths, and was a perfect replica in miniature of the Assembly Hall with the clock tower from which the Imam had so often blessed his people. At the Khaduck Jamat Khana he was seated on the chair of an enormous weighing-machine while the pan to counter-balance his weight of 15 stone 10 lb. was loaded with 335,000 rupees, amounting to £25,125. Meanwhile imams read out passages from the Koran to the vast audience.

After the weighing the Aga Khan was conducted in state through the streets up to his home on Malabar Hill. Here his mukhis deposited the tribute which was to be distributed to charities and welfare organizations in accordance with his expressed wish.

The programme of festivities was cut short by the sad news of King George V's death, which the Aga Khan learned with deep emotion. For nearly forty years he had known and liked the King and he would not soon forget the great kindness which the Prince and Princess of Wales, as they then were, had shown him during his first visits to England. His mind went back to his many meetings with the late King and he could still hear the laughter and friendly badinage of that memorable Derby-night dinner at Buckingham Palace. Only a few days before the Jubilee celebrations

he had received a warm message of congratulation from the King. With a real sense of personal loss he wrote a letter of condolence to the bereaved Queen.

Knowing his close friendship with the Royal Family and his deep loyalty to the Crown, his followers at once agreed to abandon all festivities in deference to a statement which he read to them. This was sent out to all Ismaili communities throughout the world:

"I am deeply touched to hear the terrible news of the death of the King-Emperor. I have decided to stop all activities in connexion with my Golden Jubilee celebrations, except the purely religious rites. We are in deep mourning. I myself will wear black clothes, and my people will wear their national mourning dress. The King-Emperor was not only a great ruler, but he was in the true sense a great man. His Majesty was always most kind to me personally. I am sure that the new King-Emperor will, with his knowledge of the world and of the whole Empire, be a worthy successor to Queen Victoria, to King Edward and to King George."

Within a few days he presided over a meeting in Bombay to initiate a memorial to King George in the form of a fund for the relief of the sick and suffering in that city. It is noteworthy that he was loyally supported by the Nationalist Mayor, who wore a Gandhi cap.

Although the celebrations had been cancelled, the Aga Khan took the opportunity of making a tour of various provinces, seeing local Moslem leaders and explaining developments in the West. With a calm sagacity that saw through minor irritations, he soothed inflamed opinion and impressed his policy of restraint.

on those who were hot-headedly eager to lay their grievances at the door of the British Government or their Hindu neighbours. He had many talks with his mother, now nearly ninety years of age and infirm, but still as interested in the affairs of the community as when she had first ruled Aga Hall during her son's minority.

He left India with some regret, knowing that he would not perhaps see his mother again. But there was work to be done at Geneva. Before hurrying to join the League Assembly he had the profound satisfaction of leading in yet another Derby winner, his third. This was the grey Mahmoud, by Blenheim out of Mah Mahal, Mumtaz Mahal's daughter, yet another combined triumph for good breeding and the shrewd training methods of Frank Butters. Mahmoud was in some respects unfortunate. Ridden by Steve Donoghue, he got away badly in the Two Thousand Guineas yet was beaten only a short head by Lord Astor's Pay Up. In the St. Leger the thirteen runners also proved unlucky for him, but the real reason for his failure was an attack of inflamed pimples, known as heel-bug, which interfered greatly with his training. The grey was game enough, but could do no better at Doncaster than run third to Mr. Woodward's Boswell, and Fearless Fox.

He had made no mistake in the Derby, where he met Boswell, the favourite Pay Up (by Fairway out of Book Debt), Thankerton, sired by Manna, and his stable-mate, Taj Akbar. The going was hard and a great race was expected. Pay Up was a clear favourite after his success in the Guineas, and Mahmoud had lengthened to 100 to 8, with Taj Akbar, ridden by

Gordon Richards, much better fancied to land the odds at 6 to 1.

The field had a bad start, and in the re-shuffle Thankerton was kicked but showed no ill-effects. He was soon in the lead, with the Aga Khan's grey colt stretching nicely but not among the leaders. At Tattenham Corner Mahmoud streaked along in perfect harmony with Charlie Smirke, and going very easily in third place behind Thankerton and Bala Hissar. Then the leader seemed to freeze and Mahmoud shot smoothly ahead, with his stable-companion moving up and Thankerton trying desperately to overhaul. The grey looked fit enough to stay for hours and he beat Taj Akbar by a very comfortable three lengths. Perhaps the most gratifying point about the victory for the Aga Khan was Mahmoud's fantastic speed of 2 minutes 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ th seconds, a record for the course and over two seconds faster than Bahram's time in the previous Derby.

Beaming with delight and followed by his son, who was wearing his usual grey morning-coat, cravat and grey topper, the Aga Khan tipped his silk hat back and kept murmuring ecstatically: "First and second, first and second." He could not restrain his pleasure at a victory that had vindicated his breeding theories and seemed to have won the approval of the crowd. In response to wave after wave of cheering he kept bowing his appreciation until he gave up walking his horse in and broke into a trot of sheer high-spirits. That night he gave one of his famous parties at the Embassy Club in Bond Street. The toast of the evening was "Mahmoud," and every member of the aristocracy seemed to be present except the absent guest of honour

who was sleeping blissfully at Newmarket. The table was arranged like a horseshoe and decorated with the familiar colours. Carnations had been tinted chocolate and roses stood in bowls of green ink. The hundred guests were all names famous in Society and racing circles and included many of the Aga Khan's French friends whom he had invited over to see the race.

The winning owner was delighted when Aly Khan and his bride, the former Mrs. Loel Guinness, wearing beautiful pearls presented to her by her husband, came in to congratulate him. Only a few days previously he had been a witness at their wedding in Paris, where the civil ceremony had been followed by one at the Paris Mosque, conducted by an imam. And those present noted also the pride he showed in introducing his son, S Bruddin, who was to develop into a muscular Harvard undergraduate, but now looked somewhat forlorn in green velvet trimmed with gold.

So thrilled was the Aga Khan with his victory that he had insisted on seeing a newsreel film of the race at a private showing before going to the Embassy party. The following day he decided to see the film once again, this time in the company of the Begum. They were, however, soon to share his disappointment when they crossed the Channel to see his colt, Sind, try to beat Mieuxcé, the winner of the French Derby, at Longchamp. Charlie Smirke, Mahmoud's jockey in the Derby, rode his usual fine race but was well beaten.

Meanwhile the racing public had felt disappointed and distressed when the Aga Khan sold Blenheim, Mahmoud's sire, to America. He defended his right to make his own decisions and declared that he had

brought the prospective sale to the notice of English breeders and others who might be interested. "I claim that no one is a greater or more loyal supporter of British bloodstock than I am," he said indignantly.

Accompanied by the Begum, who was wearing one of her hundreds of saris, he flew to Africa on his Golden Jubilee tour. They travelled by train to Mombasa in a coach specially provided by the Governor and entered a beflagged city eager to atone for the interrupted celebrations in Bombay. Again there were addresses of welcome, prayers and garden parties, and before leaving the Aga Khan laid the foundations of a new mosque. But the constant air journeys had exhausted him and he was forced to rest before carrying on.

In Zanzibar he toured every community centre, listening to local grievances and acting as a mediator in disputes which had been festering for years. He was particularly watchful over hospitals that needed equipment, small business men who needed help to avoid moneylenders, and schools which could be run more efficiently under better management. He urged teachers not to neglect the schooling of girls, who should, he insisted, be given as good an education as boys. Above all, he impressed upon his people that split loyalties were dangerous. Africa was their home and they should give their lives to its loyal advancement.

While making these gentle pronouncements he was sharply reminded that heaven on earth was easier to preach than achieve. In Dar-es-Salaam the news of his forthcoming visit had had a mixed reception. A Hindu newspaper had indeed made such caustic comments that the enraged Ismailis waylaid the editor and gave him a severe beating. An unfortunate Hindu, who

seemed to have no deep convictions, was placidly painting "Welcome" on the street arches when he was man-handled by his co-religionists. On hearing of these incidents the Aga Khan at once cabled a message to his followers saying that he was "distressed, pained and shocked" and reminding them that their religion forbade violence. He also called for an immediate restoration of friendship with their Hindu neighbours. His visit to Dar-es-Salaam was also marred by the misconduct of an apparently wealthy follower who entertained the Imam and his wife in the most lavish fashion, presenting them with cars, an aeroplane and other costly gifts. He was soon afterwards sent to gaol for frauds involving thousands of pounds. The Aga Khan promptly returned all the presents he had accepted.

From all parts of Africa, and even from Bombay, the faithful Ismailis converged upon Nairobi for the Jubilee gold-weighting ceremony. Amid great rejoicing, in a city festooned with flags and gay lanterns, the Imam was borne in triumph to the grounds of the Aga Khan Club, where a huge temporary building had been put up to house twelve thousand people. Wearing a long red coat and a golden turban he led the Begum to the platform, where he was presented with a garland which he gracefully placed about the neck of the Mayoress. Armed British police officers and Askaris guarded the ingots of gold weighing 3,200 ounces which were to be used for the ceremony of the scales. An elaborate address of welcome was taken from a gold casket, mounted on four ivory and gold elephants, and read out amid great applause. He was then solemnly weighed to the value of £22,773, which he decided

should be invested in a five-year-plan for nursery schools, child-welfare centres and dispensaries.

At a conference he took the opportunity to recommend reforms for Ismailis in all countries. He suggested that the time was ripe to modernize clothes, for men and women, on Western lines; to give women a greater part in communal life; and, above all, to make education free and compulsory. He was also careful to pay a sincere tribute to the work of the Government in helping to improve the living conditions of his people.

"There is no doubt," he declared, "that the conscience of Great Britain, as trustee in the mandated territory of Tanganyika and in Kenya, can rest serene, and even satisfied, if all the facts, so obvious to the returned traveller, were known in the Mother Country. Perhaps some day Great Britain will make a large, cheap loan for their further development."

It had been something more than a picturesque tour. Everyone was impressed by the Aga Khan's easy diplomacy and his ability to make whites and natives meet without constraint at all the social functions given in his honour. For eleven years his followers had looked forward to this visit, and as an earnest of his return he bought a plot of land on which he planned to build a house outside Nairobi. Before flying back to England he and the Begum decided to have a short holiday. They went on safari to the Serengete Plains, the Aga to photograph lions and his more active wife to shoot them.

They returned to a London gay for the Coronation of King George VI. As always, the Aga Khan was refreshed by the green of the countryside and lost no

time in driving over to Newmarket and then flying to his beloved twelve-acre stud in County Kildare. He had to admit to having no chance of achieving a Derby hat-trick with *Le Grand Duc*, his only entry, which, however, ran third to *Mid-day Sun* and *Sandsprite*. His own fancy, *M. Boussac's Goya II*, was not even placed. However, he could not be disappointed with the running of his own horses, the two-year-olds alone having won £18,000 in stakes by July. By the end of that season he had accumulated £30,655 in stakes; just a little more than in 1936, his Derby-winning year.

Now the Aga Khan himself was entered for a more serious race, and many a humble British working man who thought of the League of Nations as a joke hoped that he might win "the Geneva Stakes." It was a walk-over, there being no other nomination for the Presidency of the League Assembly. Receiving the news with "undisguised delight," he addressed the Assembly with a grave warning of what lay ahead:

"This election honours my country, whose whole philosophy is attuned to the fundamental principles in which the League of Nations is grounded. . . . If we can do something to bring about a more equitable adjustment of things in economic and social life, no less than in politics, the better will it be for our neighbours, and we shall have helped the League on the long road that lies before us—the peaceful removal of the causes of war and the establishment of the unchallengeable empire of peace throughout the world."

The new President was sadly aware that he had accepted no easy honour, but decided characteristically to give a party which made all previous League junketings—and there were many—seem like insipid

charades by comparison. In the marble lobby leading to the new Assembly Hall delegates and their ladies danced merrily through the night. Three thousand guests consumed one thousand five hundred bottles of vintage champagne and a variety of food that seemed to have been specially devised for such a truly international gathering. The Aga Khan, who had dispensed £3,000 from his private purse, wore his usual merry smile and earned a quick popularity by banning all speech-making.

Congress danced. Abyssinia had enjoyed the benefits of poison gas. *Guernica* had been savaged from the air. The Duce offered his eight million steel olive-branches to the world. The possession of a Jewish grandparent had under Hitler spelt disaster for thousands of Germans. Japan and Nazi Germany had found much of common cultural interest and were about to invite Italy to the banquet. Mr. Chamberlain had formed a new Government which was to rearm Britain, and Mr. Baldwin had become an Earl and a Knight of the Garter. In Geneva the champagne corks popped as the President christened the new Assembly building.

The Aga Khan had few illusions about those who had not danced at his party. He was acutely aware that world peace was in the greatest jeopardy. Only a few months previously he had shown his realism on a fundamental religious issue. When Mussolini declared himself the "protector of Islam" he had promptly issued a statement which was quoted, re-quoted and chuckled over far beyond the Moslem world. "Now is the time," he commented, "for the Duce to show in his own territories inhabited by Moslems—in Libya, Eritrea, Abyssinia and Somaliland—that the Moslems