

are really protected and their religious principles encouraged. If that is carried out it will be an excellent event and may serve as an example to all non-Moslem powers. We in India are happy and prosperous under our revered King-Emperor."

Unfortunately the new President of the League Assembly had too great faith in the effect of his speeches and powers of conciliation. He had enjoyed remarkable prestige as a chairman of committees and a genial roving envoy. He had, moreover, spent most of his public life either as the spiritual leader of a vast and docile sect or in the congenial society of gentlemen, if sometimes difficult, colleagues, he was accustomed to handling deadlocks with a ready urbanity. He was an admirable choice for the professorial Chair at the League University, but scarcely equipped to handle a gangster like Adolf Hitler.

The Nazi Fuehrer extended a very cordial invitation to the President who he understood wished to study at first hand the practical triumphs of National Socialism. The Aga Khan and the Begum therefore set out on a tour which was to be both a holiday from the sound and fury of Geneva and an opportunity to become better acquainted with the volatile Reich. They arrived in Berlin, had a pleasant talk with the amiable Propaganda Minister, Dr. Goebbels, and visited the labour camps. The Aga Khan, always inclined to be impressed by material achievement, could not withhold admiration from this robust country with its fine schools and healthy sun-tanned youngsters, so different from the sickly children who stared up at him hollow-eyed and asked his blessing in the parched villages of India. He was charmed by the friendly informality

with which he was everywhere received. Nobody appeared to remember that he was the new President of the hated League. "They look upon me as a student," he declared with delight. The roads were splendid, education was splendid, industrial development was splendid. Here was practical socialism in perfect array with everything organized for the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

There was no time on this short tour to visit the prisons—or try and secure a set of Thomas Mann's collected works or the publications of Dr. Einstein! But, as a compensation, the distinguished visitors were invited to tea at Berchtesgaden. Politics were not apparently, discussed, but goodwill seemed to have prevailed since the Aga Khan was presented with a silver-framed, autographed portrait of the Fuehrer, whom he declared afterwards to be "a firm pillar of peace." In a much criticized letter to *The Times* he doubted very much whether Hitler had really meant what he said in *Mein Kampf*. After all, had not the Fuehrer recently affirmed that the present frontier with France was inviolable? "Why not take him at his word?" he suggested warmly.

Wishful thinking is always dangerous, and the League President, eager to see a world at peace, made the mistake common to so many wise men who attribute the best of motives to scoundrels. Retrospective criticism is cheap currency, and one might fill a long list with the names of benevolent statesmen who also were impressed by Germany's desire for peace and by her splendid roads.

One amusing anecdote has emerged from this unfortunate tea-party at Berchtesgaden. The Aga Khan

had shown interest in Germany's anxiety to develop a horse-breeding industry, and the Fuehrer was most anxious to find out all about bloodstock from the most successful owner and breeder of his time.

"How much would one of your best stallions cost?" he demanded.

"About £30,000," answered the Aga Khan off-handedly. Amiable tea-time chatter about generalities was one thing, but horse breeding was no subject for ill-informed gossip.

The Fuehrer, never the most tactful of men, had found a hobby-horse and galloped madly from one indiscretion to another.

"Would you take forty of my motor-cars in exchange for one of your stallions?" he coaxed.

The Aga Khan blew his nose. "What would I do with them?" he murmured innocently. "I don't want to open a motor shop in Piccadilly."

Meanwhile another President was becoming the head of all India's Moslems. This was the angular Mohammed Ali Jinnah, who in 1934 had become leader of the All-India Moslem League. A former delegate to the Round Table Conference, while the future of India was on the anvil, he had resigned from the Imperial Legislative Council in protest against the Rowlatt Bill and had also assisted in the boycott of the Simon Commission. Soon, however, he showed his distaste for civil disobedience and was to emerge as one of Mr. Gandhi's fiercest critics. He had made his reputation by defending the extremist Tilak and ended by cutting the Gandhian knot.

The cold, precise lawyer, who had once joined Annie Besant's Home Rule League, was soon to

become an implacable foe of Congress. He feared and resisted the threat of Hindu domination. "It is better to divide India and flourish than fight for a united India and destroy everything," was marked on the brief of this thin-lipped lawyer who had made an income of £20,000 a year at the Bar. Like the Aga Khan, he was no ascetic. His manicured fingers toyed with Havana cigars; he liked to chain-smoke, wore well-cut Western clothes and enjoyed reading English novels. He could outsmart the Hindu lawyers and prove to them that it was not necessary to gain a constitutional point by fasting nigh unto death. He was a European of Europeans, eating eggs and bacon for breakfast on sacred Moslem fast-days, but unlike the Aga Khan, who had exercised such a benevolent autocracy over his brethren, he had no intention of ruling at long range.

Mr. Jinnah wore Savile Row clothes, but did not patronize the Embassy Club. He had quite a touch of arrogance on occasions and had a power of invective utterly lacking in the genial absentee who only became indignant at failing to improve his putting. Jinnah was a cold poker player compared with one who preferred to play roulette with an after-dinner nonchalance. His lock of white hair dangled vigorously before the Moslem League, which he transformed, as he put it, from "the meeting place and organ of a few high officials, wealthy landowners and successful professional men" into a militant body that looked forward to a coherent Moslem state or states.

The Aga Khan was playing golf in Cairo when he heard that his mother was dying and had gone to Baghdad in order to be buried in the Holy City of

Nejaf. Warned that it was not safe to fly, he chartered a plane and went through a blinding storm to Baghdad. Lady Ali Shah was in a coma when he landed and she died without recovering consciousness. She was buried in a tomb next to that of her husband and the Aga Khan wept as thousands of Moslems paid tribute at the funeral. "This is the saddest moment of my life," he said. "After I lost my father, she was more to me than father and mother combined."

After a long period of mourning the Aga Khan returned to England. He made pleas for world co-operation, and told an audience at the Empire Exhibition in Glasgow that the world might yet be saved by establishing a United States of Europe. In a private room he gave himself up to an hour's devotion and prayer.

In Rangoon serious rioting was taking place between Moslems and Buddhists, and he sent a telegram ordering his co-religionists to respect the customs and faith of the people among whom they were living. He was benignly hopeful that Mr. Chamberlain had secured peace for all time at Munich and proceeded to visit his followers in East Africa, where, however, he expressed much concern over the possible fate of Tanganyika, Kenya and Uganda if Germany became too belligerent.

It had been a bad year in many ways. A severe chill, caught in Alexandria, had brought on an attack of dysentery which meant cancelling a long-arranged visit to Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, Governor of Kenya. Instead he went to Lausanne and played a round of golf before going under the anaesthetic for an internal operation. He had intended to go to South Africa for

the winter, but the outbreak of the Second World War decided him to stay in Europe and lend what help he could. He was now approaching his sixty-second birthday and could not be expected to show the martial ardour which he had displayed to Lord Kitchener in 1914, but he offered his services to the Viceroy. To all his followers in India and the British Dominions he issued an appeal for loyalty:

"Today a cruel war has been imposed, and it is our duty to co-operate with heart and soul for the success of His Majesty, the King-Emperor. Such a sincere and complete co-operation will be also the best service to Islam. I beg my brothers in Islam to realize alike our secular duty, and our best way of serving Moslem interests is by completely loyal co-operation with His Majesty's Government."

He was gloomy about the war situation and could summon little enthusiasm for the statement of accounts for his racing interests. It had been his worst season for many years, his horses winning only ten races to the value of £10,797. As a breeder he had also had a lean year, with his horses winning a mere £6,000 compared with the gigantic figures of previous years. In a mood of pessimism he ordered his managers to sell off most of his yearling colts and fillies without reserve. He made drastic cuts in his establishments in Normandy, Sheshoon and Newmarket, but denied that he was disposing of all his bloodstock interests. At Newmarket twelve of his Irish-bred yearlings realized a total of over 25,000 guineas, and seven of his yearlings from the Normandy stud each brought in an average of 1,564 guineas; one of them, Selim Hassan, a colt by Hyperion, selling for 4,000 guineas.

Early in 1940 he flew to New Delhi on a brief visit to consult with the Viceroy. India was in a ferment. Mr. Gandhi had written Hitler an eloquent letter just before the outbreak of hostilities.

You are today," he said, "the one person in the world who can prevent a war which may reduce humanity to the savage state. I beg you to listen to the appeal of one who has deliberately shunned the method of war, not without considerable success."

The proclamation that India was at war was not subject to the prior assent of the Legislature, and Congress promptly withdrew its Ministers in protest, urging a closing of ranks and implying a threat of resistance to pressure. The Viceroy, Lord Linlithgow, had interviewed Mr. Gandhi and Mr. Jinnah, achieving nothing but deadlock, although the Moslem League was not prepared to counsel its members to withhold co-operation in the war effort. Congress, however, refused all offers short of independence, and Mr. Jinnah, fearful that the Government might impose a Hindu Raj on India, became more intransigent than ever in his demand for Pakistan.

"There are in India two nations who both must share the governance of their common motherland," he declared firmly. In Lahore the Moslem League authorized its Working Committee to frame a constitutional plan for the regional assumption of all powers of defence, external affairs, communications, customs "and such other matters as may be necessary."

In this atmosphere of tension and opportunism the Aga Khan used all his powers of conciliation to little effect. He offered his services to the three sides of the

triangle, the Viceroy, Congress and the Moslem League, but found himself impaled on a dilemma. His fellow-Moslems were now sworn to a formula and in no mood for urbane compromise, but the Aga Khan's persistent statement of England's war aims made some impression, particularly among his own religious followers. It was not, however, until the blitzkrieg that Congress was ready to display a sympathetic loyalty. "We do not seek our independence out of Britain's ruin," said Gandhi, who, however, continued to preach the virtues of pacifism.

Sad and disillusioned the Aga Khan returned to France. He was in poor health and with no heart for pleasure. At Evian and Aix-les-Bains he potted round the golf-courses, a multi-millionaire too old to fight and with little to console him. When France fell he escaped into Switzerland with his seven-year-old son and was soon afterwards joined by the Begum, who had scrambled across the frontier from Antibes just before the Germans arrived.

Twenty-nine-year-old Aly Khan, bursting for action, had hung his grey morning-coat in moth-balls and joined the French Foreign Legion. He threw up his commission when France capitulated, after serving as A.D.C. to General Weygand. As always, he showed himself keen for excitement and danger and went out to India as a second lieutenant in the Wiltshire Regiment. Discerning officers, who could recall his father's services in the First World War, pressed him into the duties of propagandist, which did not at all appeal to the former amateur rider and racing motorist. He made no protest and obeyed orders with a resigned good-humour that surprised his fellow-officers. From

Jerusalem he broadcast an appeal to all Moslem peoples to help Britain.

"Speaking as a Mohammedan," he said, "I feel that whatever differences you may have had with the British democracy, remember that religious freedom and all its essential qualities have received what appears to be a death sentence in those countries that have fallen under totalitarian influences. Religious freedom and all it implies exists untrammelled in all Mohammedan countries where there is British influence."

Writing and broadcasting passionate appeals when the tide of war was running dangerously against the democracies, he continued to exhort all Indians, both Moslems and Hindus, to speed up their war effort.

"Some people in Eastern countries under British influence may think that they have not had the full degree of independence to which they feel entitled. It has often struck me that they do not appreciate sufficiently the independence they do enjoy, which would be fictitious but for the armed protection they receive from Britain. Without such backing they would become easy prey for the aggressive militarized powers that are today trying to dominate mankind." Throughout French-Indian territories, such as Pondicherry, he continued to urge the Islamists to rally to General de Gaulle.

In Geneva the Aga Khan read his son's letters with mingled feelings of pride and personal frustration. The empty palace of the League was now a bleak daily reminder of all his withered hopes. He remembered the delegates who had drunk his champagne and waltzed under the glittering new chandeliers. He remembered the tinkling tea-cups of Berchtesgaden

and the Fuehrer's silver-framed, signed photograph that now lay in some forgotten repository. And he remembered with sadness the proud yearlings who had been sent under the hammer of an auctioneer in Newmarket. It was painful to turn the reluctant pages of his album of photographs and see again the proud head of unbeaten Bahram, now sold to an American syndicate for £40,000. There was the picture of himself smilingly leading in Mahmoud and acknowledging the cheers of the Epsom crowd as he walked towards the Royal Enclosure. Now Mahmoud, sold to American breeders for £20,000, would never be his again.

He moved in a dead world, a world of dead horses and dead conferences. His former friend, the "pillar of peace," had at last gratified his lust for the Aga Khan's thoroughbreds by stealing a hundred of them from the Normandy stud and taking them to Germany. There was nothing left but to listen to the radio and play dreary rounds of golf. In muddy boots, with soiled white flannels turned up carelessly, he plodded around indifferent courses, making half-hearted swings and measuring putts that did not matter.

Now and then he would go out climbing and take a look towards France across the border. He had lost his urbanity and became tight-lipped with other refugees who sought to engage him in conversation and explore his views. He declined to discuss the war. "All my prophecies have been so utterly wrong that it is useless to indulge in guesswork," he told a persistent reporter. For the first and only time in his life he was worried about money. All his sources of revenue had been cut off: he was dependent on his credit and the little money which he had been able to take with him.

Soon, however, the refugee was back to his old love. Once more he began to read his stud books and scan the newspapers for odd racing items. He had sold most of his colts, but not the fillies, and there were several in Ireland which would continue to carry the chocolate and green. His Curragh stud was still in being, and such fine animals as Turkhan, Stardust (sired by Hyperion and bought for 1,450 guineas just before the war), Dastur, Umidwar and Felicitation were racing in England. From Geneva the Aga Khan had directed the sale of Bahram and Mahmoud, but by the end of 1941 he was sending telegrams to his agents in England and Ireland instructing them to buy horses, with a knowledge of what was going on that surprised them.

It seemed that suddenly he was back in racing again. Turkhan, ridden by Gordon Richards, had won the substitute St. Leger at Thirsk, with his stable-mate, Stardust, just three-quarters of a length behind. In the name of the Aga Khan, 8,200 guineas was paid at Newmarket sales for a colt brother of Sun Castle, winner of the St. Leger run the following year at Manchester. More and more money was being spent by cable from Switzerland. At the Newmarket July Sales the Aga Khan again bought heavily by remote-control. He acquired the mare Dialia (mated with Bois Roussel) for 4,200 guineas and paid 3,500 guineas for a twelve-year-old mare, Eclair, covered by the famous Hyperion, and carrying a fine colt, Khaled.

He was slowly becoming more cheerful after the first gloomy days of exile. When he learned in Zürich that some of his followers had consecrated a mosque in East London, he at once dispatched a cable: "My prayers join yours for victory and justice and human values,



Above: The Aga Khan and the Begum in 1936 in Bombay, where he was presented with his weight in gold (£25,125) to celebrate his Golden Jubilee as Imam of the Ismailis.

Below: At his Diamond Jubilee in 1946 the Aga Khan was presented with the equivalent of his weight in diamonds (£640,000).



also that all Moslems may enjoy their rights in the new world of equity." He had gone to Zürich to consult a famous throat specialist for an infection that was giving him serious anxiety. More damaging to his peace of mind was a series of rumours that began to snowball across Europe.

His friends in England shook their heads in disbelief when it was reported that the Aga Khan and the Begum had been invited to Paris and Berlin by Hitler's special invitation and even had been seen at various race-meetings with prominent Nazis. It was sheer nonsense, and promptly nailed by the victim, who had never set foot outside Switzerland since his arrival and declared indignantly that he would enter enemy-occupied territory only as a prisoner. Dr. Goebbels, ever the opportunist, had recalled the Aga Khan's unfortunate pre-war visit and saw in this lie an opportunity to discredit him and spread alarm among loyal Moslems.

From India there were reports that saddened him, but he had pledged himself not to take part in politics during his internment and could not raise a finger. He had always admired the Mahatma's saintly qualities and shared gladly in his campaign for the Untouchables. Both men had tried from different directions to cement Hindu-Moslem unity, but there was no sympathy in the Aga Khan's heart when he heard of Gandhi's newest adventures in rabid pacifism. The Congress leader appeared to be quite prepared to accept Europe's misfortunes with the greatest fortitude.

"I think French statesmen have shown rare courage in bowing to the inevitable and refusing to be a party to senseless mutual slaughter," declared Gandhi when Pétain made his senile armistice. He urged Britain to



Above: Aly Khan, the Aga Khan's son and heir, with his bride, Rita Hayworth (his second wife), at the Derby in 1939.

Below: The sumptuous cold buffet for the wedding reception of Aly and Rita at the Château de l'Horizon.



see the war in a nobler way and allow the Axis Powers to take possession of their "beautiful island if they wished." He had no faith in the Viceroy's diplomatic bribes and contemptuously dismissed the promise of post-war self-government for India as "a post-dated cheque on a crashing bank."

Mr. Jinnah shot out his silk cuffs and repeated with an icy insistence one word: "Pakistan." The Mahatma went on to demand that Britain should withdraw from India and let Congress and the Moslem League find their own communal heaven on earth, which he claimed could be found "in a fortnight" once the meddling British were out of the way. He was ready to administer a non-violent stab in the back to a Government harassed on all sides, The Pakistan concept was indicted as the "vivisection of Mother India."

Meanwhile India had responded loyally to the needs of the Commonwealth and the King-Emperor: by 1942 the army had expanded to more than a million fighting men, and was supported by a thriving armaments industry. Even when Pearl Harbour had been attacked and the Japs were heading for India Gandhi continued to advocate pacifism. Not Congress only, but the extremist side of the Moslem League also, were ready to make capital out of disaster.

"Pakistan is our only demand and, by God, we will have it," shrieked the Moslem students. Rajagopalachari cried in the wilderness and wished to accept the Cripps goodwill offer and pledge of "the earliest possible realization of self-government in India," but it was summarily rejected by a Congress convinced of England's imminent defeat.

Gandhi's pacifism now soared into the stratosphere

of fantasy. "The presence of the British in India is an invitation to Japan to invade India. Their withdrawal removes the bait," he declared from his *ashram*. "I see no difference between the Axis Powers and the Allies. All are exploiters, all resort to ruthlessness to the extent required to compass their end." He became more and more militant. "I cannot wait any longer for Indian freedom. I cannot wait until Mr. Jinnah is converted."

In Geneva the Aga Khan sat impotently in his hotel hearing the reports from India on short-wave radio. By a strange irony his own bungalow in Poona was chosen as a prison for Mr. Gandhi, who had been arrested for what he himself admitted to be "open rebellion" against the war effort.

Sadly the Aga Khan thought back to his last meeting with Gandhi at the Ritz Hotel in London; then he had seen himself as the angel of peace in the troubled world of the second Round Table Conference. He could do nothing now but read his daily passage from the Koran, say his prayers and slip consoling messages to his followers in India and Africa. But there was one small practical step still open to him: he issued instructions that all the stake money won by his horses in war-time should be handed over to the Indian Army Fund. It was only a gesture, and the Aga Khan knew it, but as a point of minor interest we may note that between 1940 and 1945 this sum totalled over £40,000; nothing like his record prizes in a single pre-war year, but evidence that his racing interests were not moribund.

Love had not bloomed in exile. The very gay, fashion-conscious Begum was understandably limited

by the social horizons of Geneva and Ferne. She had long been accustomed to the camera lenses at Cannes, Deauville and Ascot, and her exquisite saris did not grace the Swiss slopes too happily.

Nor was the rarefied atmosphere of a small Geneva retreat too idyllic for such an extrovert as the Aga Khan. He loved the company of beautiful, well-decorated women, and in pre-war Europe he could enjoy cosmopolitan society, attack his golf handicap, visit his stud farms, laze on the Riviera and spend his winters in Poona or Bombay, with the spring in Paris or London, as his mood dictated. In war-time Switzerland he was truly a prisoner, chained to a radio which he disliked and balked of the mobility which he had so long commanded. To buy a horse by telegram could never compensate for the sheer sensuous joy of leading in a classic winner. He became irritable and peevish. He read novels and left them half-finished. He reached for anything on the hotel library shelves, from André Gide to Agatha Christie.

For some years rumours of an estrangement had been disarmed by the Aga Khan's smile and the pictures for which the Begum and their son posed so admirably. Now a divorce was quietly filed. In Geneva, just before Christmas of 1943, he was granted a divorce on the grounds of "mutual dislike and diversity of characters." By agreement the father was given custody of his ten-year-old son.

There was no rancour over the proceedings, and the Aga Khan and his former wife remain on the very best of terms, visiting each other on the Riviera whenever possible. According to well-informed reports, as the gossips say, the third Begum has only one grievance:

her former husband once visited her for lunch at Antibes and lured away her chef!

If the Aga Khan's divorce and very prompt re-marriage, at the age of sixty-seven, seems somewhat surprising, one must remember that fundamentally he views matrimony as a Moslem. He has never subscribed to the extravagant claims to perfection made for him by many of his adherents, but, as Imam, he is considered by millions to be both divine and infallible. The creed stated firmly: "There is no god but God, Mohammed is the apostle of God and Ali is the vice-regent of God." And is he not the living descendant of Ali? The quasi-masonic character of his sect is locked in a thousand doctrines, but the Shi'ite law as to marriage is clear.

A Moslem can take up to four wives if so disposed. The mere statement that he no longer loves his wife is enough to secure a divorce if he has not had sexual relations with her in the preceding three months. Three times he repeats "I divorce thee," and then the decree is irrevocable under Moslem law, though of course such a divorce has no validity except in a country, such as Turkey, where the laws of Islam are recognized.

The Aga Khan, as the most Westernized and law-abiding of Moslems, did not take four wives at the same time, but his attitude to marriage and divorce has been necessarily coloured by his faith. It is well to remember that the laws of the Shiah also permit temporary marriages, provided that a dowry is settled and a specified period fixed. Of all Moslem sects the Ismailis are among the most tolerant, with a distaste for the introvert and a passionate insistence that

personal serenity and happiness are the great objects of living. With such a pleasant hedonistic philosophy, so free from heresy-hunting and fanaticism, the Imam could comfortably, and no doubt with perfect serenity, justify his three marriages to infidel women. He insisted, however, on having each of these marriages to Europeans performed by two high imams, with full Moslem ritual, even in the case of Mlle Carron, who, as we have said, refused to give up Roman Catholicism.

The Holy Koran grants full permission for marriage with women of any nation who believe and follow a revealed religion. This brings Christians, Jews, Parsees, Buddhists and Hindus within the category, although the Book does not countenance marriage between a Moslem woman and a non-Moslem man. The settling of a dowry, or *mahr*, on the bride is obligatory at the time of the marriage, the amount depending on the circumstances of the husband and wife. Polygamy is also authorized in the Koran, but only with a cautious reservation: "And if you fear that you cannot act equitably towards orphans, then marry such women as seem good to you, two and three and four; but if you fear that you will not do justice, only one." This is not an instruction to polygamy, but only a conditional sanction.

Marriage, according to Islam, is a civil contract, but there are the firmest injunctions to divorce when attempts at reconciliation have failed. Divorce is revocable and the parties can reassert their conjugal relations and re-marry after the waiting period, or *iddah*. Similar rights are given after a second divorce, but not after a third. Divorce takes place orally or in writing, but always in the presence of witnesses. The

reading of the Koran is benevolent. "Woman is to be treated with equal kindness and generosity, whether she is a sharer in a man's weal or woe as wife, or one from whom he has been compelled to part company. Marital differences, like other differences, may be as often honest as not: but the Holy Koran recommends that the most charitable view of them should be taken."

The Aga Khan, as high priest of his sect, was a generous supporter of his wives and loyally obeyed the injunction of the Prophet: "Let him who has abundance spend out of his abundance, and whoever has his means of subsistence straitened to him, let him spend out of that which Allah has given him. . . . Lodge them where you lodge, according to your means."

Throughout his life he has read a passage from the Koran every day. Often he has surprised his imams with the depth of his learning and his brilliant subtlety of exposition. During his years of exile in Switzerland he re-examined the well-thumbed books of theology which he had conned as a schoolboy and now studied from a rich maturity crowded with paradoxes. He read passages in the Koran which made him ponder: "The love of desires, of women and sons, and hoarded treasures of gold and silver, and well-bred horses and cattle, and tilth, are made to seem fair to men; this is the provision of the life of this world; and Allah is He with Whom is the good goal of life. Say, shall I tell you of what is better than these? For those who have regard for their duty are gardens with their Lord in

¹ *Islamic Law of Marriage and Divorce*, by Muhammad Ali, M.A., LL.B. (Ahmadiyya Anjuman, Isha'at-i-Islam, Lahore).

which rivers flow to abide in them and Allah's pleasure."

There was no ritual difficulty in the case of the fourth Begum, Mlle Yvette Labrousse, whose beauty won her the title of "Miss France" in 1930. A tall and graceful brunette of thirty-eight, with curly chestnut hair and eyes that seemed to sparkle with fun all the time, the bride was a native of Lyons and had met the Aga Khan many years before at a party in London. She had a quick wit, a fondness for ski-ing and dancing, and a clothes sense more than equal to that of her elegant predecessor.

They were quietly married in a private room at a hotel in Vevey, the local Mayor performing the ceremony in the presence of two British Consular officials and a few close personal friends. The bride took Moslem vows and adopted the name of "Om Habibeh," although her husband preferred to use the nickname "Yaky," which he compounded from the initials "Yvette," "Aga" and "Khan."

This marriage seemed to have cheered the lonely exile. He took up ski-ing with enormous zest, resumed his golf and began to set the wires humming to Newmarket. Aly, who had risen to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the British Army, and had won the American Bronze Star for gallantry while serving with the Sixth Army Group during the landings in the South of France, often wrote encouraging letters to his father and gladly agreed to lease him his colt Tehran to run in the 1944 Derby at Newmarket. The Aga Khan was too excited to listen to the race, but heard the result over the telephone within a few minutes. Although disappointed that Tehran had been beaten a neck by

Ocean Swell, he sent a note of congratulation to the winning owner, Lord Rosebery, promising himself that before long he would be back at Epsom to lead in his fourth Derby winner. He had some consolation in the St. Leger, when Tehran, beautifully ridden by Gordon Richards, won from Borealis and Ocean Swell.

The old fever was working in his blood. On his instructions Frank Butters paid the enormous sum of £24,675 for two yearlings at the Newmarket sales. Once again going for first-class stock, Butters bought a chestnut colt by Hyperion and Queen Christina for 12,500 guineas from the Sledmere Stud, which had raised Mumtaz Mahal. He also bought a colt by Blue Peter and Caretta from the National Stud. "The Aga Khan liked their breeding," said Butters briefly. "He sent me a cable and told me what I could go to."

Eager and impatient to depart at last from Switzerland, the Aga Khan sent messages to his followers in India and Africa assuring them that victory was near. He was jubilant when the news reached him that General Patton had found many of his horses in good shape at a German Army stud farm at Altfeld. Soon he was dispatching a great pile of cables to London, Newmarket, Paris, Bombay and Nairobi. The war was over. He and the Begum packed their belongings in feverish excitement and flew home by way of Africa.

DIAMOND JUBILEE

BEFORE LEAVING ON HIS long-delayed return to India the Aga Khan lost no time in making several telephone calls to his stables and stud farms. Stardust, which had been bought as a yearling for over 1,450 guineas and had sired eight winners in the previous season, was sold to a syndicate for £112,000. The owner was satisfied that he owned bloodstock which might carry on the heroic traditions of Blenheim, Bahram and Mahmoud, but he was equally aware that much shrewd buying would still be necessary.

His son, now out of the Army and more eager than ever to crowd a lifetime into an hour, was enjoying a gay round, but managing to spend much time at the sales. Like the Aga Khan, he had visions of recapturing past glories and plans were now being discussed for a possible future partnership. Meanwhile he was making and spending vast sums. He sold the four-year-old St. Leger winner, Tehran, to a syndicate for £100,000 and proceeded to re-invest the money, and much more, with a discernment that delighted the Aga Khan. Although he did not share his father's encyclopaedic knowledge of breeding matters, he had a fine eye for a horse and kept a very cool head over money. At Newmarket one afternoon he desperately wanted to buy a chestnut by Nearco from the famous Sledmere Stud. He bid cautiously, but found himself going up to 15,500 guineas. He decided to go no further. The

Gackwar of Baroda smiled across at him and bid 16,000 guineas. It looked like being a tussle, but Aly shook his head and let the colt go. From the Duke of Westminster he bought a yearling for 13,850 guineas and, a day or two later, gave over 7,000 guineas for a colt by Umidwar, winner of the Jockey Club Stakes.

Aly, now thirty-four, was the father of two boys, Karine and Amine. When General Devers presented him with the Bronze Medal he was cited as showing "tireless energy, marked industry and constant willingness to undertake any task, regardless either of its hazards or of its irksomeness." He was soon showing the same tireless energy all over the playgrounds of Europe, living at a pace which even his father in his ripest Edwardian epoch could not rival.

At Gife Juan, near Cannes, he had bought the magnificent Château de l'Horizon which had once belonged to Maxine Elliot. Here he gave lavish parties at which the loveliest ladies cavorted and dipped their toes in the blue swimming-pool. One evening, after the usual energetic Riviera day, driving his car up the Corniche, sunbathing and playing a little baccarat at the Casino, he went to a dinner party given by the effervescent Elsa Maxwell, who sat him next to a red-head whose marriage to a genius had recently come to an end. As a fervent cinema-goer, Aly needed no introduction to Miss Rita Hayworth, whose pictures had been pinned up in so many wartime billets.

Oblivious of the newspaper headlines that would soon be swarming round his son, the Aga Khan was busying himself with a rapid tour of his East African community centres. At the Jamat Khanas he was received with the customary obeisances and quickly

demonstrated to his imams that his long years of exile had not blunted his perception of the subtleties of the Koran or the financial details that were now placed before him.

He listened with approval to the elaborate plans being made to celebrate his Diamond Jubilee and at once applied his sharp business sense to a great welfare scheme. Some of the leading Ismailis in Dar-es-Salaam had started a trust fund amounting to £1,000,000, and the Aga Khan, approving the plan, decided to subscribe £250,000 in war bonds, together with all contributions made to him for the Jubilee. He was shown the plans for housing and transporting the many thousands of his followers who would come from all parts of South-east and Central Africa and Madagascar. Although not in very good health, he displayed his old energy in visiting schools and hospitals, noting changes and improvements that needed to be made and adjudicating on points of argument.

To the surprise of his more reactionary disciples he announced his intention of meeting Gandhi and trying to find a road through India's barriers. "If the two groups will once sit down for a talk together," he said hopefully, "then there will be a possibility of a compromise. I am not in favour of interference by a third party. The British Government should keep its neutrality. Moslems and the Congress Party will come to terms if they know that the British Government is not to become a partisan."

In this blithe spirit he landed in Bombay and arranged to see Mr. Gandhi in Poona. He was received joyously by his followers, but was somewhat bewildered by the change in the Indian scene. Mr. Jinnah,

that exquisite hawk, had dug his beautifully-manicured talons into Congress and was swooping relentlessly over Pakistan, while Mr. Gandhi continued to dominate Congress from outside. Both sides were treading a minuet, two steps forward and one back, with Lord Pethick-Lawrence, Sir Stafford Cripps and Mr. A. V. Alexander in the gloomy roles of earnest M.C.s, with several orchestras playing different tunes. The Cabinet Mission, after many well-meaning and heartbreaking efforts to achieve a solution, finally recommended to Mr. Attlee that complete British withdrawal should take place not later than June, 1948.

The Aga Khan had received a rapturous welcome from his faithful Khojas, but his political influence was patently waning. "His power over Moslem India had gone by default," comments a friend of mine who met him at this time in Bombay. The restless unofficial ambassador to London, Paris and the Riviera found that the Moslem world had grown away from him. It had drifted steadily from the West and towards self-government. In some quarters he was shrugged away as an old family retainer of British imperialism. Others dismissed him as a rich man from the West. The youths who had blossomed to manhood in the shadow of Congress or the Moslem League thought of him vaguely, but respectfully, as an Elder Statesman who had flourished in the heyday of the British Raj and had achieved some success as a breeder of fine horses. There was no resentment against him, even among the Congress extremists. He was a prince, but without territory, and his subjects, bound to him by a voluntary spiritual allegiance, still revered him to a degree denied the more earthly maharajahs.

He was making no deep impression politically, but, true to his temperament, continued to preach the virtues of patience and good sense. An honest believer in the Koran, he remembered the words of the prophet: "And if they incline to peace, do thou incline to it and trust in Allah; He is the Hearing, the Knowing. And if they intend to deceive thee—then surely Allah is sufficient for thee." It was a comforting philosophy in times of peace, but not one to commend itself to eighty million Moslems thirsting for Pakistan and vociferously fearful of their two hundred and fifty million Hindu neighbours.

The Aga Khan remained on the friendliest terms with both sides. He waved an umbrella in No Man's Land. With the Nawab of Bhopal he met Mr. Gandhi for an hour's talk which was blessed with the delightfully vague adjective, "exploratory." The Nawab contented himself with the limp statement: "There is always hope," while his colleagues preferred to say nothing. The Aga Khan also met other Congress and Moslem leaders and tried, with little success, to impress them with the idea of a confederation of states, Hindustan, Pakistan and a third to be formed out of the existing Native States.

Meanwhile he was left in no doubt as to the devotion of his Khoja adherents. For the past five years money had flowed up Malabar Hill to celebrate the Imam's Diamond Jubilee. On 10 March, 1946, the Aga Khan was paid a memorable tribute in honour of his sixty years as leader of all the Ismailis. Driven in a Rolls-Royce to the Brabourne Stadium, he was greeted by an assembly of a hundred thousand people; they had come from all parts of India, and even from the

Middle East, to Bombay for the ceremony. They had to be accommodated and fed, free of charge, in eight specially erected camps, which provoked a sour local editorial:

"At such a time and hour in the country's history, the Arabian Night picture in which diamonds fill the air and a man becomes a god is something beyond human conscience. One feels surprised, hurt and indignant beyond words at the Government permitting fifty thousand individuals to come to the city, and providing them with facilities for travelling, feeding and housing, when the city's temper is none too sweet and when famine threatens our beloved province."

Such ill-natured criticism did not diminish the fervour of the multitude who greeted the entry of the Aga Khan, dressed in a green and silver turban, with a long white silk robe spangled with silver. Flanked by the Begum, who wore a white sari sewn with one thousand two hundred diamonds, and followed by his two sons, Aly and Sadruddin, he moved sedately to the raised dais protected from the fierce sun by a large green umbrella. Those present included fourteen ruling princes, among them the Maharajahs of Kashmir and Baroda, the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar and sundry nawabs. Those in the front seats had contributed as much as a thousand pounds for their places, while the masses, who had waited several hours, paid only a rupee. All, princes and beggars, shimmered in the haze like fireflies, with the saris and flowers catching the sun and throwing it back to the great blocks of ice, tinted red and green, flanking the carpet along which the Aga Khan and his party proceeded to the flower-bedecked platform.

Seated in a swivel chair on the gigantic weighing-machine he awaited the hour of sunset, while passages from the Koran were read out and speeches of congratulation crackled through the microphones. He sat there, placidly reading the messages of goodwill received from King Farouk, the King of Afghanistan, the Shah of Persia and many other dignitaries, including Mr. Gandhi, who was holding a prayer-meeting at Shiraji Park at the same time. There had been a little anxiety about the diamonds arriving on schedule after their five-thousand-mile journey from England. They had been dispatched, on loan from the London Diamond Syndicate, in H.M.S. *Derbyshire* and had covered the last lap by air from Basra in a Sunderland flying-boat.

Escorted by a special armed guard the diamonds arrived at last, but there was some disappointment among a crowd nursing visions of glittering caskets. The precious make-weights were contained in plastic bullet-proof boxes and consisted of both industrial and cut gems. A councillor in a gold turban placed the first two boxes reverently in the huge scale while the audience murmured with almost unbearable excitement. Slowly the boxes piled up until an excited woman in a rich sari took a handful of diamonds from her bodice and threw it on the scale. They helped to balance the Imam's weight at 17 stone $5\frac{1}{2}$ lb., an advance of over a stone and a half since he had been weighed at his Golden Jubilee. This represented industrial diamonds valued at £440,000 and brilliants worth £200,000. A local statistician, anticipating the shape of things to come, whispered to his neighbours that, by the same reckoning, the more athletic, if less

valuable, 11 stone 4 lb. of Aly Khan would be worth only £26,500 of gold and £418,000 in diamonds.

With a garland round his neck the Aga Khan thanked his spiritual children and blessed the whole multitude before driving back through the bedecked, illuminated streets to his floodlit palace. The boxes of diamonds were promptly flown back to London, their presence being purely symbolic, but the sum value subscribed by the Imam's followers was handed over for a special trust fund to be devoted to the economic and educational welfare of the Ismaili community.

Before leaving India for more Diamond Jubilee celebrations in Dar-es-Salaam the Aga Khan called on the Viceroy, Lord Wavell, as head of a deputation on behalf of Indians from South Africa. He was noticeably tired and ill, and an eye-witness tells me that he looked very different from the bland, smiling figure we had known on English race-courses. His hair had thinned and become almost white and he seemed to be having trouble with his dentures. He and the Begum flew to Nairobi, but he quickly retired to bed with a high temperature and had to postpone several receptions.

In Dar-es-Salaam, floodlit in a dozen gay colours, he was once more ceremoniously weighed against diamonds, this time to a value of £682,000. Wearing a robe of white and silver brocade, studded with five-pointed stars, and a turban of green and gold silk, he was welcomed at the sports ground of the Aga Khan Club by seventy thousand people, who included the Governors of Tanganyika, Kenya and Uganda. Again he announced that the money subscribed to the value of the diamonds would be used for clinics and schools.

Before leaving for Europe he made his first public speech for many years. In a voice that often trembled with emotion, he told his people that the best hope for world peace was probably a union of the United States with Great Britain and her Dominions.

"However excellent the paper guarantees of U.N.O., without a common peace policy our castle will be built on sands on the seashore," he warned. "I am convinced that Italy, Germany and Japan have learned their lesson. Once they realize the unbreakable solidarity of the Anglo-American guardianship of peace they will be only too glad to win back their self-respect by wholeheartedly supporting the World Peace League. In such a world Russia will have every reason to be satisfied and proud of her immense, in fact unique, position." With guarded optimism he concluded: "Russia will be impregnable, not only by her own strength, but by the fact of being surrounded everywhere by peace-loving nations united on solid facts."

On his way to England he stopped in Switzerland to play a few rounds of golf and found himself owner of a hotel. He would not confirm that he had bought the place for an enormous sum rather than leave his suite, which had been booked by another guest. He did, in fact, stay on, and soon afterwards appointed a new board of directors.

Excited by the prospect of seeing his first Derby since pre-war days, he and the Begum flew to London, where they met Frank Butters, who had the liveliest hopes of his Derby entry, Migoli, by Bois Roussel out of Mah Iran, a fine descendant of Mumtaz Mahal. The hot favourite for the classic was Mr. J. A. Dewar's

Tudor Minstrel, which, ridden by Gordon Richards, had recently won the Two Thousand Guineas by the staggering margin of eight lengths and was hailed as the horse of the century. At the incredible Derby odds of 7 to 4 on, the Minstrel looked an easy-money bet, although some experts, including the Aga Khan, rightly doubted his ability to stay a mile and a half.

With his usual Derby bad luck Richards was faced with a choice of riding either the Minstrel or the King's unbeaten colt, Blue Train. He chose the former, and nobody who had seen Tudor Minstrel at training gallops had very much doubt that he would wipe out all opposition. As soon as it was known that Gordon had finally settled his mount many bookmakers refused to quote any price. It looked as if, at last, the champion jockey's hoodoo would be laid in this one hundred and sixty-eighth Derby, and the twenty-second time he had faced the starting gate in this Classic. On the eve of the race it seemed certain that his luck had really turned when Blue Train was scratched because he had developed sore shins after a final pre-Derby gallop.

Meanwhile the owner of Migoli was by no means unconfident that he might lead in his fourth Derby winner. Aly Khan had come over from Sweden to see the horse run in his tuning-up races and gallops and reported hopefully to his father, who decided to fly over from Geneva to watch the race. As usual, the Aga Khan was asked for his eve-of-the-race views and placed the first three as Tudor Minstrel, Migoli and Sayajirao, although with a last doubt that the favourite might fail to pull it off even after winning the Two Thousand Guineas at 36.83 miles an hour. He declined to have

even a small bet on his own horse because he had the superstitious conviction that his wagers brought bad luck to his entries, particularly in the Derby.

Poor Gordon! Wearing the mascot boots of Steve Donoghue, six times winner of the Derby, he and the Aga Khan received the biggest pre-race ovation from the enormous crowd. The sun came out as King George VI, in overcoat and bowler, and accompanied by the Queen and Princess Elizabeth, drove up the course from Tattenham Corner and smilingly greeted the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Aga Khan, Lord Rosebery and many other old friends. The Aga Khan ran a very practised eye over the runners as they paraded. The favourite looked splendid, as did the grey Migoli, but the bay Pearl Diver, standing sixteen hands and one inch, seemed very powerful, and his owner, the Baron de Waldner, had chanced a £50 each way bet on him at 40 to 1.

The favourite fought to get off and seemed determined to smash all lingering doubts about his stamina. But a large contingent of Frenchmen who had flown over from Paris were watching a jockey in a white jacket with black hoops not very distinct from Gordon's colours. George Bridgland had been riding expertly for some years on French courses, and his mount, Pearl Diver, by Vatelour out of Pearl Cap, a great mare, had won the Grand Prix de Nice and the Grand Prix de Saint Cloud. The favourite could not settle down in his eagerness to finish the race in the style in which he had won the Guineas. Gordon had to take the decision to give the colt his head in the hope that he might stay.

Rounding Tattenham Corner he was nicely leading Sayajirao, a son of Nearco, and bought as a yearling

by the Maharajah of Baroda at the record figure of 28,000 guineas. But Gordon's fears were realized when after half a furlong he was challenged from two sides by Sayajirao and Pearl Diver. Edgar Britt brought his colt along very smoothly, but Bridgland seemed almost to push home the French horse, which was running with the mechanical ease of a painted animal in a merry-go-round. Migoli just sneaked in ahead of Sayajirao, but was no real danger to the winner, Pearl Diver, who won by a smooth four lengths and looked as if he could easily have made it more. The Aga Khan congratulated the winning owner and had the faint consolation of having accurately forecast the second and third in the race.

He was disappointed, but not disheartened, by the recent successes of French horses. Imprudence had won the Oaks and Chanteur II the Coronation Cup. It seemed as if M. Boussac and M. Volterra would completely dominate British racing with their fine horses. The Aga Khan made the prophecy, however, that the French run of success would not last for ever. Having carefully studied bloodstock in both countries he could not share the gloom of British horse-lovers. He reminded his friends that France had carried on racing, with plenty of good feeding-stuffs, during England's wartime racing eclipse and he was stubbornly opposed to a panicky adoption of French breeding methods. With over a quarter of a century of breeding thoroughbreds in England behind him, he issued a homely warning: "Be careful when you throw out the water from the tub; do not let the baby fall as well. That baby is speed."

His own theories seemed to be working out very

profitably. In that year of Britain's racing depression his horses won stakes to the value of £44,020, and he and his son had formed a powerful partnership which brought together half a million pounds' worth of bloodstock. Aly was now taking a very active share in the running and management of their combined interests. He might not know much about breeding as his distinguished father, who was something of a Senior Wrangler in the intricacies of racing, but he had a sagacity and flair that soon discouraged those who thought to get the better of him in a deal. In addition to the brood mares, yearlings and foals which he shared with his father under the new arrangement, he was also spending and earning large sums on his own account. He paid long visits to American stud farms, flew down to Argentina and met all the leading bloodstock buyers. He returned to England with a shrewd knowledge of the best outlets for exporting horses, but meanwhile kept replenishing his own stables. Already the owner of several studs in County Kildare, he maintained the closest liaison with his agents in Ireland and bought expensive properties at very short notice.

A few days after the Derby the Aga Khan complained of feeling ill. He was anxious to go at once to Switzerland to recover from the fatigue and excitement of the Derby and his reunions with so many old friends in England. First, however, he was determined to bid farewell to a party of Khoja business magnates who had been touring the country. The host was one of his British followers, a wealthy dealer in real estate who owned much of the rich land in Grosvenor Square. In a Mayfair roof-garden a farewell soirée of great magnificence was held, with the Aga Khan seated on a throne-

like chair above the turbaned visitors who sat at his feet.

In Lausanne he suffered a dangerous internal haemorrhage and was reported, not for the first time, to be dying. He was taken to Paris for an operation which was a complete success, and in a few days was out again on the golf-course trying to improve his putting. Before long he was down in Cannes resting at his villa, which had just been completed to the Begum's own design and under her very competent supervision. Perched high over Cannes, it had been christened "Yakymour," a gallant combination of the Begum's nickname, "Yaky," and the word "Amour." It was an enchanting palace of pink icing approached through the hills above Cannes by a series of hairpin bends with beautiful semi-tropical gardens frothing between stately cypresses. Any attempt at Oriental magnificence had been curbed with the quiet French elegance of the Begum. Visitors, announced by telephone from the concierge's tiny pink lodge, were always surprised to discover so few reminders of the East in this beautiful villa. Apart from the knick-knacks, like a tiny pair of elephant tusks and an exquisite set of miniature Bengal Lancers, there was nothing in the décor to show the smallest influence of the Aga Khan's origins.

Yakymour had cost many thousands of pounds to build, but the chintz-covered furniture was not as elaborate or costly as that in many luxury villas on the Riviera. It was spacious and seemed more so owing to the numerous walls, windows and doors made of glass. There were dozens of small, beautifully carved tables with glass tops, all artistically set for vases of bright flowers. Hundreds of books, many of which had

followed the Aga Khan on his travels from his youth, were carefully indexed and built into light wooden shelves ranged across the entire length of one wall and facing the portraits, painted by the Dutch artist, Van Dongen, of the Aga Khan, wearing his ceremonial robes as Imam, and of the Begum.

In the white living-room, with its huge wall of plate glass giving a view of the sparkling blue bay, the Aga Khan would recline on a vast, striped chaise-longue fitted with rubber tyres so that he could be wheeled into any room or taken outside on the shady terrace in warm weather. With his spaniel at his feet, or fondling one of the Begum's numerous Blue Persian cats, he would see his secretaries and discuss the mass of correspondence which continued to reach him. Although in poor health, he was intellectually more alert than ever, as he proved to his resident imam in debating points of ritual or the many problems which were always being referred to him by his mukhis.

He liked receiving visitors, but only people of fine breeding or superior intelligence with whom he could converse on sport or the arts. Casually dressed in his usual white flannels, with his shirt open at the neck, and a fleecy cardigan mostly unbuttoned, he read newspapers from England, America, France and India, studying the stock market and political columns with equal interest and perception. Always a quick reader, with the knack of getting to the heart of a book in a short time, he always surprised his visitors with his extraordinarily up-to-date knowledge of the best that was being written or thought in half a dozen countries.

When her husband was a little exhausted the Begum would see visitors on his behalf, showing a charming

good sense that delighted everyone. Much of the most difficult correspondence was handed to her and she dealt with it in very practical fashion. She has never been ashamed to admit that she has often designed her own clothes and occasionally makes them herself. In Lyons she had been brought up by a sensible mother who taught her shorthand and typing and gave her personal instruction in dressmaking "in case I ever married a poor man and needed to supplement the family income."

With good-natured strictness the Begum took a vigorous hand in supervising the Aga Khan's diet. He knew much about French cooking and had in the past always given the most expert lectures on gastronomy to his chefs, particularly before an important dinner-party, but now he had to submit to a martinet whom he adored. "Yaky" frowned on champagne and the rich sauces and *soufflés* he enjoyed so much. He mourned by the waters of Vichy, but was speedily so far recovered in health that the big Cadillac began to call at the villa at eight every morning to take him to golf at Mandelieu or up the winding lanes to Mougins.

Now and then he would dine at the Carlton Hotel and only rarely visited the Casino, where his appearance in the Salle Privée used to cause such an expectant buzz. He would go to the Casino only to see an opera or ballet, but showed much more inclination to take his ease at home and listen to gramophone records of Debussy or Brahms. He used to listen with eyes closed and then steer the conversation to the subject of horses, in which the Begum was showing a very intelligent interest. At race meetings she would have a small bet of five or ten pounds on a horse, always smilingly

reproved by her husband. She had now become seriously anxious to acquire one or two yearlings of her own. There would be much good-natured banter by the Aga Khan, whose greatest virtue has always been a sense of humour. He had enjoyed the joke, as did the Begum, one of the best-dressed and most elegant women in the world, when they met Madame Massigli at Ascot and found that both ladies were wearing wide-brimmed model hats, identical to the last detail.

From America Aly brought his father a handsome chair decorated in the famous chocolate and green. It was a pleasant reminder that there was still much to live for, and the Aga Khan quickly demonstrated that he was by no means finished with racing. A friendly rivalry with the Maharajah of Baroda was coming to a head in the Derby of 1948. Previously, in the Two Thousand Guineas, the Maharajah had equalled the course record with his fine colt, My Babu, a well-built animal of quiet temperament, bought privately as a yearling in France, and a son of Perfume, which also foaled Sayani, winner of the 1946 Cambridgeshire.

The Aga Khan had, however, heard excellent reports of My Love, another French colt whose pedigree suggested even greater stamina than that of My Babu. My Love's ancestry he examined with his usual perception, and it excited him more than that of his own entry, Noor, which he had bred himself. Noor, trained beautifully by Frank Butters, was a son of Nasrullah (a son of Nearco) and Queen of Baghdad, but the Aga Khan thought that he was not quite in the class of My Love, owned by M. Leon Volterra, the French theatrical magnate. He conferred with his son, who strongly recommended that he should purchase a

half-share in the colt which had already won a couple of good races in France but was not yet seriously considered a champion. It was this pedigree of speed and stamina, always a magic formula since his earliest racing days, that made the Aga Khan regret his failure to buy a full share from the cautious and astute M. Volterra. My Love was by Vatellor, sire of Pearl Diver, the previous year's Derby winner, and the Aga Khan tipped him without hesitation to the porters at Victoria to whom he gave pound notes, cheerfully recommending them to follow his luck.

He was already pleasantly convinced that this would be a great week for his colours. His filly Masaka (Nearco-Majideh) had won the Oaks by six lengths and he had the greatest faith that My Love, which would be racing in the famous green and chocolate, might complete a wonderful double if the going should be heavy. His only doubt was still the dangerous My Babu, favourite at 4 to 1, but there was another threat from My Love's stable-mate, Royal Drake, also owned by M. Volterra.

A record Derby crowd had gathered in the wind and sun to see the race as the Aga Khan and the Begum, accompanied by Aly, entered the Enclosure and were greeted by the King and Queen, Princess Elizabeth, the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Mary and the Princess Royal, in a bower of dove-grey top-hats and delicate millinery. Following cheers for "Good old Liz" in affectionate greeting to the Princess came a good-natured welcome for the "Good old Aga." His name alone always attracted a weight of sentimental betting, but the last-minute purchase of a half-share in My Love confirmed the faith of his supporters, particularly

women punters attracted by the name of the colt. Not quite so pleased were the bookmakers, who had laid heavy odds against a double on Masaka and My Love.

It was to be a day of wonderful triumph for the partners in My Love, which was being ridden by the Australian-born jockey, Rae Johnstone. The going was perfect. With his glasses raking the tapes the Aga Khan approved My Love's finely shaped head and the strong short back and powerful quarters that told of staying power. Johnstone was nicely placed and soon going smoothly behind Royal Drake. Noor was not too well off at the start, but was now moving well, while My Love continued relentlessly to overhaul Royal Drake. About a hundred yards from the winning post he galloped past him, and Rae Johnstone, who had sent his confident pre-race telegram, "My Love to all," came home a length and a half ahead of Royal Drake, with the Aga Khan's Noor third and the hapless My Babu plodding into fourth place.

As the Aga Khan went to the Royal Box with the Begum to be congratulated by the King, they both confessed that they had had nothing on either My Love or Noor. The winning owner shook hands with M. Volterra, his somewhat rueful partner, and laughed as the photographers crowded around the Begum, whose jewels were the most handsome seen at Epsom for many a long year. In addition to a double row of superb pearls, she wore on her lapel a recent gift from her husband, a beautiful jewelled rose, the flower made of rubies and the leaves of emeralds. In the unsaddling enclosure the Aga Khan, who had watched the race with a thumping heart, leaned heavily on the arm of

Captain Moore, the King's racing manager. "I am delighted," he said jovially.

It had been a phenomenal week, even in his experience; apart from winning the two Classics, his colours had been carried by three other winners. The meeting ended with £20,664 won by him in stake-money, the Oaks alone netting him £10,680, while his half-share in My Love's victory was worth £6,492. Although France had once again shown a triumphant superiority, there was some compensation in the autumn when his Migoli, beaten by Pearl Diver in the '947 Derby and by the Maharajah of Baroda's Sayajirao in the St. Leger, struck a shrewd blow for British racing by beating a field of crack Continental rivals, including Pearl Diver, in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp.

He had won over £46,000 in stake money that season, but the winning of his fourth Derby was the sweetest victory of all after the gloomy years of exile. Now, apparently recovered in health, he once more began to grow restless.

YAKYMOUR

IN THE LATE SUMMER the Aga Khan decided to take his wife on a hunting trip in Central Africa. Sadruddin, now a handsome boy of fifteen and astonishingly mature, was to accompany them, together with a large party of friends. This was to be a holiday of which the Aga Khan had long dreamed while he was buried in wartime Geneva. His previous visits to Africa had always been exhausting; he was now determined to relax and take moving pictures before seeing his followers in Zanzibar and Kenya. Later, if his health stood up to the strain, he would fly on to Bombay and Poona.

Even by his own standards of magnificence this safari was an affair of such medieval richness that Mr. Cecil B. de Mille rubbed his eyes and some of the Imam's more critical followers muttered in their beards. A 45-ton flying-boat was chartered at a cost of more than £5,000. Accompanied by a catering officer who had flown specially from Southampton to ensure that every kind of mouth-watering delicacy was on the menu, the Aga Khan and his party took off from Marseilles. In the refrigerators were caviare, asparagus, *foie gras*, chicken, turkey, salmon and many magnums of vintage champagne. Rose petals floated delicately in the silver finger-bowls brought from the Villa Yakymour.

In the Serengeti National Park huge marquees awaited the visitors. From fourteen lorries hundreds of

native servants unloaded all the compensations of modern civilization. There were porcelain baths, with running hot and cold water, electric light, radio-telephones and the finest glass and silver. Special bakeries and wine cellars had been prepared. To ensure that the hunters should have fresh fruit, poultry and flowers every day, an airlift was organized between the "carap" and Arusha, two hundred miles away.

After six weeks of leisurely hunting and photography the Aga Khan disbanded the party and flew to Mombasa with the Begum. Despite the elaborate comforts devised for the safari, he was unfortunate enough to contract a severe chill and was for some days too ill to take part in the ceremonies prepared in his honour. At Dar-es-Salaam more than ten thousand of his Ismailis had arranged to march in procession before him, but his place had to be taken at the last minute by the Begum, who delivered a message of goodwill from her husband. When an internal haemorrhage developed the seventy-year-old Aga Khan was flown back to France, where he was ordered to prepare himself for an operation. It was at first feared that he had cancer, but the operation was for prostate gland trouble.

Recuperating at his villa, the invalid was becoming increasingly irritated by the reports that his son and Rita Hayworth were chasing dizzily back and forth across the Atlantic. Ever a fond and indulgent parent, with a good-humoured acquiescence in Aly's gay frolics on the Riviera and in Paris, he was nevertheless displeased by the sudden glare of publicity. The whole business seemed to need taking in hand.

Aly and his wife had separated, and while waiting

for the divorce to become final he and his fiancée began a series of trips together that made headlines all over the world. Usually wearing a mink coat over her slacks, and accompanied by her four-year-old daughter, Rebecca, the child of her previous marriage to Orson Welles, Miss Hayworth blazed a trail of flashbulbs whenever she alighted from Aly's private plane, painted as always in his father's racing colours. They crossed the Atlantic, and little Rebecca saw Hollywood, Mexico City, Havana and New York. Playing hide-and-seek with reporters, the couple found a little peace at discreet night clubs and at Aly's farm in County Kildare, usually emerging from different entrances at the "Ritz" in London. There was nearly one awkward moment, however, when they arrived at a hotel in Murren and missed Aly's wife by only a few hours.

The Aga Khan, who was making his usual rapid recovery, agreed amiably that the time had come to see his future daughter-in-law. From Aly's beautiful green-shuttered Château de l'Horizon the couple drove over at night to the Villa Yakymour. A smiling family group was photographed together, and the Aga Khan confessed that he had found Miss Hayworth charming, quiet and ladylike. She, in turn, was quoted as saying: "He is very sweet. I think he's lovely." But sceptics, particularly racing men, remained a little doubtful of the report that he would give his share in My Love to the happy couple as a wedding present.

The long-delayed divorce was at last complete and Aly found himself a free man. With his wife's consent, he was given the custody of the two boys. The Château de l'Horizon, for which he had paid £35,000, was completely re-decorated, a new terrace being specially built



Seated before the throne of the late King Thibaw, in February, 1951, the Aga Khan at an off-the-record meeting with the Burmese President discussing Burma's constitutional problems.



Above: A happy family group at Yakymour. Left to right, the Aga Khan, his son Aly, Rita Haysworth and the Begum.



At his Riviera villa, nursed by the Begum, the Aga Khan recovers from an illness which prevented him watching Tulvar secure his fifth Derby win.

and a large nursery converted from two rooms. Arrangements were finally ready for a reception which must count as among the most bizarre even in the Aga Khan's long career as a wedding guest.

I stood waiting at the little *mairie* in Vallauris, a few miles from Nice, musing on the characters in this strange story which was so much more improbable than any film scenario ever written for the bride. The Vatican had condemned the civil ceremony between a Catholic and a Moslem as "an illicit union," and the local authorities had also refused to allow the ceremony to be conducted at Aly's villa where the reception would be held. But there was nothing to dispel the gaiety and colour of the scene in Vallauris, the little village where Picasso makes pottery.

For this occasion the apostle of peace had designed a set of dessert plates as a wedding gift for the couple. The Communist Mayor, M. Paul Derigon, who was wearing a Tricolour sash round his waist, had made the most earnest efforts to ensure that everything was *comme il faut*. The City Hall had had a new coat of whitewash, some chairs had been re-covered, and the Mayor had personally bought a new gilt-edged book in which the couple would sign their names. To show his appreciation Aly Khan donated £500 to local charities, a sum which his father generously doubled.

While we waited in the hot sun—hundreds of gendarmes linked arms to keep back the crowds, and a radio-equipped jeep patrolled rather unnecessarily, since the onlookers were in perfect good-humour and only impatient for the show to open. Elaborate precautions had been taken by a squad of film experts to boycott gate-crashers and yet secure the maximum

publicity value from the proceedings. The bridegroom was very rich, but Miss Hayworth too, was worth her weight in gold, and possibly platinum, to California. Cameras whirred hungrily, and Miss Louella Parsons, the queen of Hollywood columnists, was preparing to climb to her minaret at the Carlton Hotel and call her faithful millions to syndicated obeisance.

The first guests arrived. They included several of the Aga Khan's more influential Khoja followers, the ladies in rich saris and the men in flowing robes with red and gold head-dresses. Maharajahs, racing magnates from France and England, film pundits and the inevitable detectives streamed into the little hall. M. le Maire stood at the top of the stairs to greet us.

The Aga Khan, still in poor health, had driven down from Yakymour in a magnificent "mousine." He was greeted with a friendly roar from the crowd. Dressed in a suit of white alpaca, an enormous rose sprouting from his buttonhole, he blew kisses to the people and hobbled up the stairs to be welcomed by the flushed but benevolent M. Derigon. The Begum wore a beautiful sky-blue sari and obligingly posed for the delighted photographers.

A few minutes later Aly arrived in the £4,000 Alfa-Romeo which was one of his wedding presents to the bride. He was soon followed by Miss Hayworth, who wore a Jacques Fath dress of light-blue crêpe and rather nervously waved her bouquet to a crowd now almost hysterical with heat and excitement. The ceremony lasted only eight minutes, but the couple were later again to be joined in matrimony according to Moslem rites, by two imams from the mosque in Paris.

After the bride had said *Oui* in a faint voice, we drove to the Château de l'Horizon for some refreshment. As a tribute to the bride Aly had poured several gallons of eau-de-Cologne into his bathing-pool, on which floated two enormous garlands of orange blossom worked into the simple initials "A" for Aly and "M" for Marguerita, the bride's original name.

The reception for one hundred and fifteen guests proved beyond doubt that Aly had inherited his father's flair for generous hospitality. The entire staff from the Casino at Cannes, together with eighteen gifted chefs, some flown down specially from Paris, had been recruited to provide a wedding breakfast such as even the Riviera has not seen in our time. While Jules, the genial barman from the "Carlton," was shaking a specially invented cocktail, gallantly christened "Ritali," the guests at the three bars were making the first attacks on six hundred bottles of champagne, although it was noted that the Khoja dignitaries and the vizirs, who had come from East Africa, did not touch alcohol.

The Aga Khan was in splendid fettle as he chatted gaily with his friends, and ate portions of caviare and several pastries. Aly Khan has never disclosed what that incredible reception cost him. For those interested in "vital statistics" there were forty enormous dressed lobsters, creamy with mayonnaise and cunningly bedecked like dowagers; fifty pounds of glistening caviare; five hundred pastries, each a masterpiece in its own right; a hundredweight of cooked meats; and a succulent display of dressed capon, chicken, asparagus, strawberries, cold salmon with haunting sauces, ice-cream in a mad gaiety of colour, exquisite chilled pine-

apples, with *petits-fours* for those who might still feel hunger pains.

To gratify the photographers the bride and bridegroom walked, hand in hand, round the bathing-pool, while seven violinists in white jackets serenaded them with the strains of *La Vie en Rose*, the bride's favourite tune, and M. Yves Montand from Paris crooned into a microphone. I left in a slight daze, wondering what Queen Victoria would have thought of it all.

The newlyweds, accompanied by the Aga Khan and the Begum, decided to go to England for the rest of the racing season. Before inquiring about his own horses the Aga Khan wanted to hear the latest news of the Turkhan filly, Astrakhan, which he had given Princess Elizabeth as a wedding present. He learned that the Princess was about to register her racing colours (scarlet, purple-hooped sleeves and black cap), but was disappointed to be told that Astrakhan might not stand training. Anxious that the Princess should make a more promising start, he offered her an alternative choice of four fillies of his own breeding, one from his French stud and three bred in Ireland. The Princess was most grateful for the generous offer and chose a Stardust filly out of Bellinzona, which had been sired by Bois Roussel, the famous winner of the 1938 Derby, and had won a few good races as a two-year-old.

The Derby seemed to be something of a family affair that year. The Begum Aly Khan had no entry, but Aly had given her a two-year-old filly, Skylarking, which won its first race at Le Tremblay a day or two later. Aly was running Iran, but had little hope of a Derby win, a view shared by his father, who saw no reason to enter the horse at all. He was not, however, too con-

fidant about his own entry, Hindostan, also sired by Bois Roussel, but prayed that really heavy going might give him a small outside chance. He did not consider backing Hindostan and had a much stronger leaning towards M. Volterra's French entries, Val Drake and the big bay, Amour Drake, particularly the latter, to be ridden by Rae Johnstone. It is an open secret that he would have given much to buy the pair, but the owner, no doubt sadly remembering the success of My Love, was not interested. To console himself the Aga Khan decided to back both horses each way. He smiled indulgently at his daughter-in-law, who, looking up at the gathering rain-clouds, made up her mind to put a few pounds on Mrs. Glenister's Nimbus.

Would France do a Derby hat-trick? The Aga Khan feared the worst from one of the Volterra horses, but hoped that by some miracle a British runner might nose ahead of the white and cerise hoops. It was a race which nobody present will easily forget. Amour Drake, big and powerful, looked dangerous as Rae Johnstone took him to the tapes. Royal Forest, who carried the hopes of so many English punters and yet another chance to break Gordon Richards's Derby jinx, was sweating as he came into the paddock. The Aga Khan, with one last look at the horses coming up to the tapes, could see nothing in Hindostan that justified him in the faintest hope of leading in his fifth Derby winner.

Soon Johnstone, on Amour Drake, was eight lengths behind Nimbus and Swallow Tail, but began to overtake them, apparently with plenty in hand. With only about a furlong to go Nimbus was trying desperately to shake off Swallow Tail, while powerful Amour

Drake settled down to gallop past them both. Almost standing in the stirrups, Johnstone was flashing by on the outside when the other two horses almost came together and rolled to the right. He had to make a split-second decision and elected to cross to the rails, an un'ucky move that lost him the race. Almost locked, neck and neck, Elliott and Johnstone fought out the last few blinding, killing yards. For the first time in the history of the race a photo-finish was called for, and Nimbus was declared the winner of the richest-ever Derby, with prize-money amounting to £17,125.

The Aga Khan, though delighted with the success of a British horse, was saddened by the tragic death of his old friend, M. Volterra, who had listened to the race on his radio and died of a heart attack a few hours later. He had long hoped to win the Derby, and the loss of this race after the disappointment over My Love was a cruel blow. Another sorrow for the Aga Khan was the news that his much-liked trainer, Frank Butters, had been seriously injured in a cycling accident. It was all the sadder since Butters had had a wonderful season, his employer again finishing as leading owner with the tremendous prize-money of £68,916.

With the greatest regret the Aga Khan moved his horses to the Egerton House stables of Marcus Marsh, whose father had trained for Edward VII and George V. To Yakymour flew Marsh, who soon established a firm basis of understanding with his new employer. Meanwhile the Begum had registered her own colours, but raced mainly in France. With the advice of her husband she was buying finely-bred yearlings and hoping for great things from a colt named

Master Bowman, a son of Big Game and Quick Arrow, mother of Steady Aim, winner of the Oaks.

At Yakymour there was constant talk of racing, and the Aga Khan, much improved in health, was playing his usual early-morning round of golf. Aly was now general manager of a thoroughbred empire of vast proportions, with a fine stud farm in Ireland, three in France and some good horses under training with Marcus Marsh. The Aga Khan had topped the winning owners' list in England twelve times and seemed more inclined to allow his son to travel about, buying and selling horses, and limit himself to acting as an emeritus professor on the subject of breeding problems. He would still fly over from Paris or Cannes for the big classic races, but it was noted that he seemed less ebullient. "Really, I have too many horses; I must sell some," he told his friends, when questioned about his plans, but he was as keenly enthusiastic as ever about British bloodstock and critical of those who were defeatist about the French racing invasion.

Although unable to take the chair at the Gimcrack Dinner at York he sent a copy of his speech, which was read out by Lord Zealand. He returned once again to his plea for more prize-money to encourage racing:

"The bloodstock industry may be a minor one from the national point of view, but minors put together make a major. . . . In France a coterie of far-seeing men with great influence on the Government have determined to win world-wide fame and gain the plums of overseas orders by systematic publicity and Press propaganda. . . . The French Government has most wisely allowed vast sweepstakes, which will in future be connected with French races. The Arc

de Triomphe sweepstake brought in for the Government the equivalent of £1,200,000 and also provided some £35,000 as prize-money for the owners of the first, second and third horses. We may for a short time live on our past laurels, but sooner or later the added money of our classics, the Derby and St. Leger included, will appear Lilliputian by the side of the giants."

He thought that when the Tote was introduced it was originally intended to allot some of the proceeds to increase stakes. This would have maintained the prestige of British racing. Some of the prizes for our important races were little more than "a miserable pittance" compared with the French scheme.

"After a mountain of effort," he said sharply, "a very small mouse has emerged. Lots of sideshows for poor relations of the racehorse have come and taken from the Tote, while what has come in for stakes and executives has been treated as one of the sideshows." Nor was he quite happy about the virtues of the recently introduced photo-finish. "It can be a source of great injustice, misleading breeders as to their mating plans in the future when they can only read results in the annals of past racing calendars. A ridiculous situation arises when the body and chest of one horse is in front of the other, yet the head position gives the race to the other horse."

He had meanwhile suffered a great personal shock. Throughout his long life, much of it on such a flamboyant scale that the spotlight was always on his movements, he had never travelled with a detective. In India his great personal prestige and the spiritual leadership he enjoyed had preserved his property from robbers.

With the numerous confidence-men and writers of begging letters who tried to interest him in their schemes he had always been able to deal very firmly. Now, on the Riviera which he had long come to regard as a peaceful country retreat, he was made the victim of a violent outrage.

Early in August, 1949, he and the Begum decided to fly up to Deauville and join Aly and his wife. As his own car was being repaired, he hired another to drive them to the airport at Nice. With her maid the Begum sat behind with a small box containing some of her finest jewels, many of which she had worn at Aly's wedding. There were necklaces, brooches, tiaras and rings worth altogether over £200,000. The Aga Khan, sitting in front with the chauffeur, looked out of the window and remarked that it was a perfect day for flying.

The car had just turned a few yards out of the drive when a small Citroen cut across its path and four men jumped out. Two of them pointed tommy-guns at the Aga Khan and his chauffeur, while the others leaned into the back of the car, calmly took the Begum's jewel-case and piled the stack of valises into their own car. The leader, with a final trace of French gallantry, allowed the Begum to keep the famous ruby and emerald rose brooch which she was wearing in her lapel.

As soon as he had recovered from his first shock the Aga Khan was easily the most composed member of the party. With a tommy-gun pressed in his ribs he passed over his wallet, which contained £73 in francs, and smiled at the disappointment of the gangsters who had evidently expected him to be carrying diamonds

in his waistcoat pocket. In fact, he was not even wearing a watch. As the leader turned to go the Aga Khan fished for his loose change and said sarcastically: "Here, you have missed this." It amounted to £2, which the man took with an ironic bow after slashing the tyres of the big car.

The Aga Khan accepted his loss philosophically. He refused to carry a gun and was impatient with the detective who was now more or less in permanent attendance, on the orders of the *Sûrêd*. The jewels had been insured and a reward of £20,000 was offered. A few months later a parcel of the gems, with only £50,000 worth missing, was sent in a rough brown-paper parcel to the Marseilles Chief of Police. "I shall not buy any more," said the Aga Khan. "I'm tired of being robbed." It must have been a sacrifice for a man who has always admired beautiful gems and understands them with the loving care of the expert.

Not long after the robbery he had the graceful thought of presenting the Begum with a diamond necklace to console her for the loss of the one worth £35,000 which she had prized so dearly. A jeweller assured her that he had collected a superb necklace, stone by stone, as soon as he learned of the outrage. The Aga Khan examined it minutely. "This is exactly the same necklace I saw here a year ago," he snapped, and stumped out of the shop.

He again proved his remarkable memory a week later in London. At the Ritz Hotel he and the Begum, seated on raised thrones in the tea lounge, which had been specially taken over for the occasion, received members of the Ismaili community in England. While his followers knelt before him the Aga Khan slowly

left his seat and walked towards a man in a blue suit whom he suspected of being a trespasser. He looked searchingly at the man and then ordered him to be ejected immediately. "This man is not one of my followers," he said rightly.

He and the Begum were in Egypt when they received a telegram informing them that Rita had become the mother of a baby girl, Yasmin. They were delighted with the news and the Aga Khan thanked Allah for granting him the gift of a granddaughter.

They stayed in Cairo for a short time and dined with Farouk at his Abdin Palace, where the King lived in splendour far beyond anything that the Aga Khan had enjoyed even in India. Four Rolls-Royces and eight other cars were at the service of his visitors, in addition to two yachts and a squadron of private aeroplanes. With an annual income of over £2,000,000 he could indulge in expensive hobbies like numismatics; his collection of coins, of which he was inordinately proud, being valued at £1,300,000. In the dining-room, which could seat five hundred people for a banquet, the service of solid-gold plate was on show although the meals were served on china.

The King was notoriously fond of gambling, but the Aga Khan, whose own appearances at casinos were discreetly quiet even when he played for the highest stakes, had never indulged in such extravagances as calling £20,000 on a card at baccarat or ordering a casino to open specially for his party. Apart from an opulent enjoyment of creature comforts and a common addiction to wearing smoked glasses, the two potentates were, temperamentally and intellectually, very far apart.

All Cairo chuckled behind closed doors over a story that was told after one of the Aga Khan's visits to the Palace. The Aga Khan does not care particularly for *chemin de fer*, but, pressed to play by the King, politely agreed to a short game. Farouk summoned a Court Chamberlain and loudly demanded £500 in notes. His guest shrugged resignedly, called one of his secretaries and murmured an aside. The man returned with £5,000. The King swallowed hard and sent for an additional £4,500. Somewhat put out, he began to bet with a reckless defiance which is almost suicidal against so practised a card player as the Aga Khan. The evening wore on, with the King losing more and more heavily. At last the Aga Khan stood up and announced that play was over.

"You must forgive me," he said firmly, "but I have a plane waiting to take me to Nice."

Farouk snapped his fingers impatiently. "It can wait. After all, it's your plane."

"I'm afraid not," rejoined the Aga Khan gently. "It is chartered. As a matter of fact, I don't own an aeroplane." He gathered his winnings and made a stately exit. Farouk, who prefers always to continue playing until his luck changes, no matter what the hour, watched his guest depart with a certain wry admiration.

"Anyway," he said gruffly to his A.D.C., "at least he doesn't own an aeroplane."

In Bombay, on his first visit since his Diamond Jubilee, the Aga Khan found a country seething with a series of crises, social, economic and diplomatic. Gandhi had been murdered. Jinnah was dead, and Liaquat Ali Khan, Oxford-educated Prime Minister of Pakistan, blew smoke-rings and patiently worked for a

compromise over Kashmir. Within a year he too would fall to a gunman's bullet. Jinnah was the architect of the new State and his faithful disciple would become a victim to the militant reactionary Mohammedanism against which the Aga Khan had fought for half a century.

The Imam of the Khojas was received with great respect by the Moslem political leaders, but he had few illusions about his position. The initiative had passed into other hands. Liaquat Ali Khan had displayed a masterly skill in holding together the dissident forces of the Moslem League. He used great diplomatic finesse in dealing with Nehru, his opposite number in India, and had his own ideas of enlisting the support of the West. He was now preparing to visit President Truman in Washington and, by a coincidence, it was to that city that the Aga Khan was also turning his eyes. "America is the world's only hope," he told an interviewer. If he could call on President Truman when he next visited the United States he would, he declared sadly, urge him to build a seventy-group Air Force with unlimited numbers of hydrogen bombs.

His followers greeted him fervently in Bombay, where encampments had to be built to house the thousands of people who had come in from up-country to hear his address and receive his blessing. He told his closest friends that he would spend no more of his wealth on jewels, but devote millions to the development of medicine and education. In 1954, when he was to be presented with his weight in platinum, from gifts likely to reach nearly £700,000, he planned to establish a research fund for the study of dietetics and

nutrition. "I am shocked to see how thin the people of India are," he declared sadly. "I want to teach people to get more value out of their food." Meanwhile he offered to donate an immediate sum of £95,000 to set up an economic research centre for Moslem countries.

Back in Switzerland, he showed frank delight in his little granddaughter, Yasmin, and commiserated with Aly, who had fractured his right leg in four places while skiing at Gstaad. He also saw his other son, Sadruddin, now a hefty, dark-haired young man of seventeen, reading Law in Lausanne and preparing to go to Harvard. Aly was characteristically impatient to move, and, with his leg still in plaster, was carried from his private plane and taken to the Ritz Hotel in London *en route* for the Two Thousand Guineas. His father was not well enough to come over, but Aly watched the race from a wheel-chair and was able to telephone the Aga Khan the news that he had won his third Two Thousand Guineas with the flying grey, Palestine, which they owned jointly.

They had won stake money of £12,982 by beating the American-bred Prince Simon by a short head. The Americans at once tried to buy the winner. At Yakymour the Aga Khan received two cables, each offering him the enormous sum of £158,000 for Palestine. Anxious to help British racing, which was now being menaced by several fine challengers from France, and possibly still remembering the sharp criticism levelled at him for selling his three Derby winners, Blenheim, Bahram and Mahmoud, he declined to export the fine son of Fair Trial. At a financial sacrifice, but one which greatly benefited

British breeding, he sent the colt to stand at one of his studs in Eire, arranging to syndicate him as a stallion at £120,000, divided into forty equal shares. It was still a profitable deal, for Palestine, after only a season and a half's training, netted his owner £38,215 before retiring.

Aly was far from idle, although still limping about on crutches. He was spending much money on blood-stock and paid out a six-figure sum on a single purchase. Calling a solicitor, who wanted a few weeks to negotiate the deal, he displayed some impatience.

"I'm leaving for Paris tonight," he said firmly. "We will complete today." They did.

With his father he bought a fine Newmarket stud of mares, among them Real, winner of the French One Thousand Guineas, six Hyperion mares, yearlings and foals. Altogether the new stud included thirty-five mares, twenty-three yearlings and sixteen foals.

The Derby that year, 1950, was a disappointment for the Aga Khan and his son. The latter had no horse running, but he was determined to have an each-way bet on his father's Khorossan. True to his Derby superstition, the Aga Khan decided not to bet on his horse, which might, however, get a place. It was bred by Big Game out of Naishapur, and trained by Marcus Marsh.

The owner flew in with Aly, but with not too much hope of leading in his fifth Derby winner, although Khorossan and Prince Simon looked easily the finest horses in the parade. Would M. Boussac, whose filly, Asmeria, had won the Oaks, bring off a double with Galcador? Khorossan was soon under pressure, and once again Rae Johnstone timed a perfect finish on

Galcad or to beat Prince Simon by a head and complete a four days' triumph worth £30,518 in prizes for the lucky owner. The Aga Khan noted with a little satisfaction that the winner's time was exactly three seconds longer than the record still held by his Mahmoud. He refused to bow the knees to all the scare talk of French invincibility. "It won't keep up," he said stoutly. "It's like Monte Carlo. Sometimes red wins, sometimes black." He went back to the "Ritz," bought his usual carnation from the one-legged seller outside, and sipped a refreshing cup of tea.

The familiar round of the Continent uncoiled once more. At Evian the Aga Khan took the waters, played a little golf and conducted a mammoth correspondence by teleg am with Bombay, Nairobi and Newmarket. The Begum was in Switzerland, but she returned to join him in Deauville, where the summer season was at its peak. Every morning, as in the days of his youth, the seventy-three-year-old Aga Khan set out resolutely at 8 a.m. from his hotel for his usual round. His golf was still very thorough, if undistinguished, and his handicap remained a snug eighteen. He was eating more frugally, but his taste for staying up until the early hours would never change.

At the casino he again met his friend, King Farouk, who was winning millions of francs, much to the consternation of the Bank, which had expected a plump partridge. The play at the tables reached dizzy heights, and although the shopkeepers, hoteliers and florists gained by the distinguished visitors there were a few sharp snipings from the Press, who criticized the Aga Khan and King Farouk for "openly gambling with tens of millions of francs in French casinos at a moment

when there is great poverty and fear of war in the world."

It was an uncharitable thought when the sun was shining so brilliantly, and the world of *dernier cri* splendidly on view. Her husband's sartorial deficiencies—his rolled-up white flannels and cardigan had now become a uniform from breakfast to dinner—did not dim the splendours of the truly elegant Begum. At an Orchid Gala in the casino, where over £1,000,000 worth of jewels was worn, she displayed magnificent earrings, a "choker" necklace and a queenly tiara.

Aly Khan and his wife were simultaneously suffering from a rash of rumours about an impending separation, which they promptly smoothed away by announcing their departure for a lion-hunting tour of East Africa. They flew off in Aly's plane with several friends, taking thirty pieces of luggage and much ciné apparatus for those who preferred big game from a reasonable distance. They had an enjoyable time in Kenya, dined with the Emperor of Abyssinia, whose tragedy had disturbed the old League of Nations so long ago, and flew on to Zanzibar, where thousands of Ismailis paid homage to the Aga Khan's heir and his famous bride. No religious exaltation could have reached such heights as the joy with which the natives mobbed the film star. In a blistering temperature they crowded the local cinema to see a shrewdly-timed revival of *Loves of Carmen*.

Not to be outdone, the Sultan of Zanzibar had decorated and refurbished a Spanish-style bungalow for his guests, spending many thousands of pounds on the reception in their honour. Unhappily, Rita Hayworth was not too well on this trip and left her husband

to continue his attacks on the lions while she sailed back to Europe to see the children. At Naples she was pleasantly surprised by the appearance of a French jeweller, who presented her with a superb necklace for which Aly had telegraphed from Nairobi.

The Aga Khan and the Begum had also flown East for the winter. At Cairo, on a few weeks' visit, he played golf and amused himself at the Royal Automobile Club, where he won £10,000 at *chemin de fer* in a single lucky session. In India he attended to religious and business problems, but was noticeably in poor health. His one incursion into the political affairs of Pakistan was not too popularly received. He had given funds to set up a college which was designed to improve the standard of living of Moslem countries and to help to integrate them economically. This was a benevolent, if somewhat fanciful, conception. Far more controversial and less welcome was his suggestion that Arabic should be chosen instead of Urdu as the national language of Pakistan, which would thereby benefit by a closer connexion with other Moslem countries. As this idea was directly opposed to the strongly expressed wishes of the late Mr. Jinnah, the Aga Khan's speech, which was read out for him in Karachi at the Pan-Islamic Cultural Congress, caused a storm of protest.

In failing health, he set off by air for Teheran, accompanied by his wife, a doctor and several secretaries. He had long had the friendliest relations with the Persian Royal Family, and had a few months earlier requested that the Iranian Government should confirm his nationality as a subject of Persia.

Not long afterwards he was a witness at the Moslem

ceremony in Paris between Princess Fatima of Persia and her American fiancé, Vincent Hillyer. The bride's brother, the Shah, had forbidden the civil marriage and sternly deprived the Princess of her Royal prerogatives unless her fiancé agreed to become a Moslem. The presence, therefore, of the Imam of the Ismailis was both a graceful compliment to the ruler of Persia and a guarantee that everything was according to the Koran.

He and the Begum were soon flying to the wedding of the Shah and his eighteen-year-old bride, Soraya Esfandiary, daughter of a German mother and a Persian dignitary living in Paris. The wedding was to have taken place on 27 December, birthday of the Prophet Mohammed, but had been postponed because of the bride's illness.

The thirty-one-year-old Shah was bound to the Aga Khan by ancient ties of race and religion and it was, therefore, fitting that he and the Begum should be the chief guests from abroad. The Shah, who had divorced his first wife, King Farouk's sister, "by mutual accord," was a pleasant and intelligent young man in whom the Aga Khan had always shown an avuncular interest. Long before he had elected to become an Iranian subject he and his ancestors had always regarded Persia as their spiritual home and looked on its holy shrines as their centuries-old heritage. He still had many followers in Persia, but they lived at peace with their fellow-Shiahs, the old feuds and massacres only recalled in muttered curses by a few fanatics.

The young Swiss-educated Shah had more to commend him to the liberal-minded and Westernized Aga Khan than his father, a former Cossack officer, and an

autocrat with few social graces. The late Shah's asperities were redeemed, perhaps, by his love of racing, but not, in the eyes of the Aga Khan, by his despotic approach to the Sport of Kings. At one meeting in Teheran he was so displeased by the failure of the favourite, ridden by an Army officer, that he summoned the winning jockey and kicked him hard in the stomach.

Like the Aga Khan, the young Shah had allocated much of his personal fortune to the building of schools and hospitals. He now won popular approval by announcing that his wedding festivities were to be of the greatest simplicity "because of the world situation generally, and Persia's in particular." The Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, which sounded high Palace officials as to a suitable present for the bridal couple, was primly advised that a new clinic for child and maternity welfare for the poor natives would be appreciated. With more bravura, M. Stalin sent the bride a magnificent set of sables. King George sent a beautiful pair of silver candelabra. President Truman's gift was a crystal vase inscribed with the names of American heroes, though the practical Shah would, possibly, have preferred the Sherman tanks for which he had vainly asked Washington during his last visit to the United States.

The wedding was modest, by the Shah's standards, and, judging from the final arrangements, he would doubtless have regarded the Aly Khan-Rita Hayworth wedding lunch as very austere fare. The banquet was preceded by a simple ceremony according to the Shiah Moslem ritual, such as the Aga Khan and his first bride had celebrated in Bombay so many years ago.

In the Hall of Mirrors at the Palace the Shah, wearing a sky-blue uniform with gold epaulettes designed by himself, greeted his bride, who wore a Dior silver lamé gown covered with six thousand diamonds and one and a half million sequins. Hand in hand, followed by the Queen Mother and other members of the Royal Family, and the Aga Khan and Begum, the couple advanced to the Ivory Room, where they took their places on two thrones before a huge mirror which would reflect and keep the bride's beauty until eternity. One of the two imams placed the Koran in the hands of the bride, who read some verses from it and then answered that she acknowledged his power to conduct the ceremony and agreed to accept the Shah as her husband in accordance with the Moslem faith. The Shah answered similarly and, with his bride, bowed to the candles which would light up their future. On a large shawl were displayed the long loaf of bread, symbolic of plenty, and an array of dates and sweets to bring good fortune. When the officiating imam had pronounced the words: "May Allah shower His blessings on you and may He bless you and unite you two in goodness," the whole glittering company returned to the Hall of Mirrors, where the Aga Khan and the Begum were among the first to be received by the new Empress.

A thousand guests had been invited, but more than two thousand sat down to the wedding feast, much to the displeasure of the Shah, who later called for the resignation of several high officials responsible for the arrangements. Although the scramble for seats did not make for comfort, several beautiful Paris creations being somewhat mauled, there were compensations.

Russian caviare, Persian vodka, French champagne and a toothsome display of iced salmon, pheasant with sweet rice, and £300 worth of asparagus and mushrooms, specially flown from Belgium that morning, helped to mitigate the asperities of the occasion. The Aga Khan, seated with the Begum at the top table, under one thousand five hundred carnations in red and white, the national colours of Persia, ate little, contenting himself with his favourite dish, yoghourt, but as usual he could not resist the ice-cream. Chatting with his customary wit and animation, he was soon the centre of a group of diplomats and politicians who found him an up-to-date encyclopaedia on the latest news from half a dozen capitals.

Aly had meanwhile fitted new locks to the door of the Château de l'Horizon, to keep out persistent trespassers seeking information about his matrimonial affairs. His wife had gone back to film-making and was reported to be seeking a trust fund of £1,000,000 for Yasmin, who was being brought up in the Moslem faith. She announced that she wished to be known henceforth as Rita Hayworth, and appeared to convey that she preferred Hollywood to her life as the wife of the charming but quixotic Aly Khan.

The Aga Khan had heard the gossip, but good-naturedly declared that his thirty-eight-year-old son could settle his own affairs. He was in the best of spirits as he bought his carnation in Piccadilly and entered the familiar suite at the "Ritz."

He had originally entered some twenty horses for the Derby, which might make his fifth win, but only Fraise du Bois II, a son of Bois Roussel, remained to carry the green and chocolate. The colt had raced in

the Begum's colours to win at Ascot the previous June and she was most disappointed that her own Derby entry, Neron, had to be scratched because of poor form. Trained by Harry Wragg and ridden by Smirke, Fraise du Bois was no Bahram, as the Aga Khan admitted sadly, but he thought it was worth departing for once from his usual Derby taboo. He placed £100 to win on the horse, which then shared the position of third favourite with Mme Volterra's Le Vent and M. Boussac's Nyangal, the latter ridden by the dangerous R. E. Johnstone.

The night before the race the Aga Khan went to the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. As he stepped from his car he saw a street musician in the gutter scraping at his fiddle. A fellow-violinist himself, and always unable to resist a good cause, he took a pound note from his wallet and pressed it into the man's hand. "Back my horse," he suggested with a smile. "You will be richer tomorrow."

A seventeenth-stone owner won the Derby of 1951. It was not the Aga Khan, however, but Mr. J. McGrath of Dublin, with his Irish-bred outsider, Arctic Prince, who won by a most comfortable six lengths from Sybil's Nephew and Signal Box. This time the Aga Khan and M. Boussac could commiserate with each other. Far from making the violinist's fortune, Fraise du Bois was left at the post while the blinkered Nyangal soon tired and could not respond even to Johnstone's genius.

The Aga Khan and his wife took a house at Chichester to be near Goodwood for the races, but soon they were back across the Channel to see Fraise du Bois II run at Longchamp. They bought the Italian three-year-old Nuccio for over £50,000 and decided to

let him remain in France for training. They missed the Cesarewitch because the Aga Khan had caught a severe chill, and finally arranged to take their winter sunshine at Cannes.

At the villa he found life brightened with the familiar Riviera colour. He rotated pleasantly on golf-courses, no longer plagued by feverish irritations of old, but playing a mild, almost sedative, game. The living-room at Yakymour, so quiet and fragrant with orange blossom, was favourable to meditation and Debussy. A chance photograph in a newspaper or magazine would send him indignantly to the inkpot to pen a defence of the stymie to the Editor of *The Times*. The concierge would come up the hill from his pink house with the daily bag of mail for *Monsieur le Prince*. As might be expected, this was always full of variety, including, for example, letters from vizirs and priests in Karachi and Dar-es-Salaam; horse sense from Maisons Lafitte and Newmarket; nonsense from fake evangelists in Hollywood; and the usual perfumed invitations from snobs and social climbers.

He was, at first, mildly startled and then frankly charmed to learn that he had been nominated as a candidate for the Lord Rectorship of Edinburgh University, and sent his acceptance by airmail. He was beaten at the poll by a candidate he respected, Sir Alexander Fleming, the famous discoverer of penicillin.

From the letters that reached him from Bombay he caught phrases of despair. Communists and pseudo-Communists were scratching at the body politic, with Kashmir running like a sore between India and Pakistan. In January, 1952, he and the Begum packed

their valises and drove past the tall cypresses along the road to Nice Airport. There were no gangsters to disturb the tranquillity of the afternoon. The sun sparkled on a silky Mediterranean and the scent of flowers hung like incense over the fields as the big engines revved-up.

Soon they were in Karachi, greeted by the Khan of the mountainous Hunza and a hundred other devoted followers. The Aga Khan presided at a conference where excited mukhis announced preparations to celebrate his seventy-sixth birthday on 2 November, 1953. He journeyed on to Dacca, where the police were using tear-gas to break up a meeting of those who protested against Urdu as the State language. He saw young students lying dead or in agony as the tear-gas cleared from the streets. Infinitely sad and lonely in this embittered new country, he flew on to Calcutta.

In the plane he slumped suddenly in his seat, his face twisted with pain. When they landed a wheelchair carried him to his car. After a few days' rest he and the Begum took off for New Delhi, where he suffered another series of heart attacks. He knew he was seriously ill and had been forbidden by his doctors to speak, but whispered to his wife the one word: "Yakymour." With a silent crowd to see him off at the airport, and accompanied by the Begum and two nurses, he was carried aboard an aircraft bound for Nice.

While doctors hastened to the villa, Aly Khan flew to Bombay to complete the programme arranged for his father. Perhaps it was sorrow and anxiety for the Aga Khan, now weak and paralysed, that made him seem a graver and more dignified person to his father's

followers. Perhaps the solemnity of his unaccustomed duties had given him a new seriousness. He read the prayers and conducted mass weddings with a quiet assurance and authority that impressed those who had formerly whispered criticism of his way of life.

Lying on his rubber-tyred sofa by the great wall of glass, the Aga Khan came slowly out of the half-world of sickness. The servants tiptoed about the villa and no visitor was permitted to enter. The eyes behind the tinted glasses began to smile. He had his letters read out to him and insisted on dictating the replies. With his usual shrewdness he studied details of one of his newest business interests, a vast five-hundred-loom jute mill to be operated in Pakistan. Advised not to over-tire his brain, he propped himself up on his elbows and asked for all the latest novels and the racing papers. Sadly he admitted that he hated to miss the Two Thousand Guineas, but had urged the Begum to represent him. He had not been able to see Tulyar win his fifth Derby or Nuccio carry off the Coronation Cup, but there was always the St. Leger. Aly had once gone in a wheelchair and his father saw no reason why he should not do the same.

With his white hair slightly dishevelled, and the old fleecy cardigan rucked up over his broad chest, the Aga Khan looked wistfully out of the window towards Cannes and began to play an imaginary round of golf.

ENVOI

IN MAKING A FINAL assessment of the career and personality of the Aga Khan one remains confronted with paradox. He was skilled in statecraft but reluctant to adapt himself to changes in political tempo. In an age of transition he was strenuous in advocating the *status quo*. By temperament he remained static in a dynamic era. He appointed himself Ambassador without Portfolio between East and West, but found his credentials stretched to breaking point when his people moved inexorably towards self-government. He was condemned to be the Canute of Moslem India. Born to worship Queen Victoria and an Empire upon which the sun would never set, he lived to see the Queen's great-grandson pronounce the death sentence on British rule in India.

His epitaph must be traced with a genial touch. He was a prophet who played baccarat, but somehow it seemed no more shocking than watching a curate at croquet. He had his weaknesses, but they were all in a gentle key. He had some, but not many, of the defects of great wealth. He could play extravagantly and yet remain a gentleman. He was a Moslem prince, reared to immense riches and authority, but there was more of Lonsdale than Farouk in his attitude to pleasure. He spent millions and gave away millions more. He was a mild sceptic, but rarely cynical. He was never impulsive or arrogant and always well-mannered towards those of more humble degree.

He lived to see many of his personal hopes buried

in aspic. Wistfully he once regretted that he had not been born Bobby Jones. In the West, which became more home to him than his native land, he had his pleasures among a thousand golf-balls and expensive menus, but achieved something that rarely comes to multi-millionaires. He will be remembered with affection by millions of humble folk who saw him only in photographs and received nothing of his bounty. Head-waiters and croupiers are credited with unusually good memories, but they will forget the Aga Khan long before the countless Englishmen and Englishwomen who like to have a flutter on the Derby and will always respect a great sportsman.

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