

LEARNING FROM OTHERS

The autobiography of
Syed Babar Ali



بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

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Syed Babar Ali

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This book is dedicated to my dear wife, Perwin,
our wonderful family, my daughter, Henna, her husband Faisal,
my son, Hyder, his wife Amina and grandchildren, Mubarik, Zehra,
Murtaza and Gauhar and to the youth of Pakistan.

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PREFACE

In the late 1990s I was giving a talk at Johns Hopkins University, at a Conference on Pakistan and industry. There was a sizeable crowd of people known to me, who had gathered there from Washington. Among them were journalists Khalid Hassan and Khaled Ahmed. After the Conference, I was talking to them and Khaled reminded me of a remark I had made five or six years earlier when I was roped into an interview for a documentary about LUMS and the interviewer asked me, 'How do you wish to be remembered?' I said 'I don't want to be remembered.' Khaled said 'You are the only person who has ever made such a remark.'

Why have I written this autobiography? I would rather not have it. In the way I have been brought up and lived my life, I have never tried to advertise what little I have done. Instead of blowing my own trumpet, it is for others to see and recognize it. Very early in life I remember a friend of my father's remark: 'One should never talk about oneself.' At that time I was just entering as a young person in our family business and that has always stayed at the back of my mind. Talking about oneself gives one no mileage, and I have seen that people recognize my effort without my talking about it.

I have recorded these memories because many people have suggested that I have witnessed events that they could not read about anywhere else. The only compelling reason for bringing out this book is that it might trigger ideas in others and somebody might want to improve on what I have attempted. The question is: 'Can the next generation benefit from it?'

The initial text was written by me in 1986. Subsequently, more material was added from extensive discussions primarily with Mr. Naveed Riaz during the period 2008 to 2010, which were recorded and transcribed. The two texts were amalgamated and subsequently further refined. Dr. Khalid Hamid Sheikh did many readings and corrections. During 2013 and 2014, Lucy Peck then further improved the writing and selected pictures to go with it. In all this effort, my assistant Sahil Zaheer has put in many hours of hard work in transcribing the narrations, more times than I can record. For his effort, I am most grateful. I owe a debt to Naveed Riaz, Khalid Hamid Sheikh and Lucy Peck for their generous help. However, as far as the correctness of the facts is concerned, the ultimate responsibility is mine.

The biography may be useful to someone who would like to extract and distil what I have written and from which hopefully some lessons can be learnt. The whole purpose of this initiative is not for people to learn about me and what I did, but to see what lessons can be learnt from it. It would give me great satisfaction if, in the future, somebody were to use it as a case study.

I had not thought that a second edition would be required as early as February 2017. In this I have taken advantage of Mr. Hameed Haroon's advice to increase the size of the font, correct the typos and improve the grammar, as advised by Prof. Alvin Kwiram to whom I am most grateful.



Syed Babar Ali

PARENTS
& SIBLINGS

FATHER: SYED MARATIB ALI

My grandfather, Syed Wazir Ali, came from a family living in Tobian Gali, a narrow lane in Hatta Bazaar, which is near Rang Mahal in Lahore's walled city. The family must have been doing reasonably well because they owned property and had their own graveyard. In 1858, they established a small shop in the Lahore Cantonment and in 1875 my grandfather set up a business in Ferozepur, then one of the largest army cantonments in India. It was a large provision store carrying food, clothing, furniture, and household goods combined with a business as contractors for individual regiments of the British Army. This would involve supplying everything, from furniture, through barbers, to *Punkba* pullers. Many testimonials speak highly of their service, especially their ability to support regiments on campaign. My grandfather developed a reputation as a reliable businessman and made a reasonable living. This enabled him to own the property where the shop was located and the adjoining house. He also made money from property in Ferozepur that was rented out to the British Army.

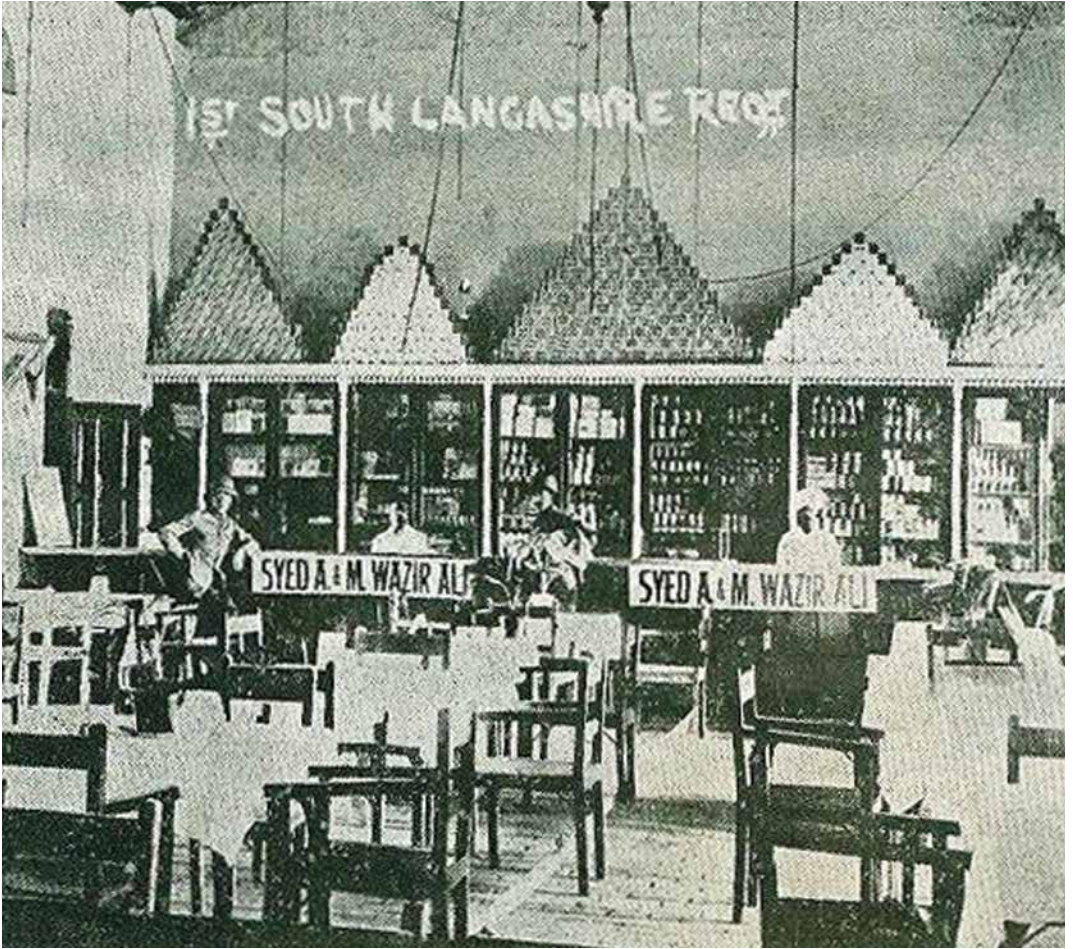
My father, Syed Maratib Ali, was born in Lahore on the 10th of June, 1882. He was the third child of Syed Wazir Ali. His eldest sister, Nawab Bibi, was born in 1876 and his elder brother, Syed Ahsan Ali, was born in 1879. Both boys attended school in Ferozepur and helped their father in his business. Shortly before my grandfather's demise in 1900, the main shop in Ferozepur burnt down and the entire stock and records were reduced to ashes. People who owed money to them vanished and people to whom they owed money came to ask for it! The money they borrowed was from money-lenders; there were no banks then who would lend money for the purchase of property and all landlords were in debt to money-lenders; they always complained about the high rates of interest.

After my grandfather's death in 1900, the brothers inherited the business, in those days known as 'The Oilman's Store'. My grandfather had a good standing among people in the Cantonment and when he died there were many friends in the city happy to help my uncle and father. My grandfather's first wife had died after having three children. He married again and he had three sons and a daughter by his second wife, who was much younger than him. As usually happens in such circumstances, when my grandfather died, the second family wanted their share of his legacy. His friends put their heads together and, I assume, money was borrowed to pay off the second wife and various creditors.

The official name of my grandfather's business was 'Wazir Ali & Sons'. Since my uncle and father had paid the other family off, they were advised by my grandfather's friends to form a new company, 'Syed Wazir Ali's Sons', later 'Syed A&M Wazir Ali' – 'A' stood for my uncle Ahsan Ali and 'M' for my father Maratib Ali. They still, however, had to take responsibility for all the money owed to money-lenders and their ambition was to be debt-free. They worked hard and achieved this within ten years, by which time their operational base had moved from Ferozepur to Lahore. Once they had repaid their obligations, they never looked back. God is very kind: they went from strength to strength in their business and by the time I was born they were a wealthy family, ranking among the more prosperous Muslim families of Lahore (not many Muslims were in business in the Punjab at that time). Their business and properties were in their joint names, and so were their bank accounts, until my uncle died in 1942.

After ten years of struggle, my father became a 'lakhpati', which was a lot of money in those days! Earlier Rs. 100 had meant a lot to him. After my parents' marriage, my father and uncle had an office in old Anarkali, opposite

PARENTS & SIBLINGS



One of the 'Coffee Bar' shops run by Syed A & M Wazir Ali that catered to British Regiments

Tollington Market, which was one of their starting points in Lahore when they moved there. The first day, in about 1904, when the manager had a Rs. 100 note changed to smaller notes, the two brothers started to weep because this small fortune was being broken up!

While my uncle, Syed Ahsan Ali, had a greater flair for business, bargained competently, and had acumen and ability in purchasing goods, my father applied his energy to the detailed aspects of the business and had a special aptitude and interest in developing contacts and building good relations with their business acquaintances. He was 18 years old when my grandfather died, and was totally devoted to his brother, who was three years his senior.

PARENTS & SIBLINGS



Faqir Syed Iftikharuddin (Maternal grandfather)

PARENTS' MARRIAGE

My uncle's marriage to a relative of his mother's had already been decided by my grandfather. His second wife was the grand-daughter of Raja Jahandad Khan from District Hazara. When my father came of age, he and my uncle sought advice from the friends of my grandfather about a family for him to marry into. He learnt that Faqir Syed Iftikharuddin had a daughter and through a family friend, he contacted him and made a proposal for his second daughter, Mubarik Begum. Faqir Iftikharuddin interviewed my father and was very impressed by him. He went inside and asked his wife to give him a ring and a shawl and then put the ring on my father's finger and the shawl on his shoulders, the mark of his acceptance. His wife questioned the suitability of this person but Faqir Iftikharuddin said, 'Today I have seen a wise and mature head on young shoulders.' My parents were married in 1904.

In those days, the Faqir family ranked among the gentry of Lahore. They had prestige, property, and the distinction of having had members serve as key Ministers in the court of Maharaja Ranjit Singh. In addition, Faqir Iftikharuddin was among the chiefs of Punjab and was a senior official in government. People asked him how he could give his daughter away to a boxwalla (this was the terminology used by the British for a businessman). Though my father belonged to a Syed family but they just had a shop in Ferozepur! However, my grandfather judged wisely for his favourite daughter.

Faqir Syed Iftikharuddin was a member of the Indian Political Service, the elite service of the British Empire. Some of the brightest brains were in the Political Service as foreign emissaries. He was posted as the Resident in Tonk State (Rajasthan), where he did well. In 1906, he accompanied the Amir of Afghanistan on a tour of India. In his official report, of which I obtained a copy from the India Office Library, he described the tour as largely successful on both sides and that 'the

PARENTS & SIBLINGS

No. 99 of 1910.

GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.
FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

SECRET.
Frontier.



To
THE RIGHT HON'BLE VISCOUNT MORLEY OF BLACKBURN, O.M.,
His Majesty's Secretary of State for India.

SIMLA, the 21st July 1910.

MY LORD,

We have the honour to report that at a farewell interview, which was granted on the 22nd June 1910, by His Majesty the Amir to Fakir Saiyid Iftikhar-ud-din, British Agent at Kabul, on the eve of the latter's return to India, on retirement from his appointment, the Amir conferred upon him the order of "Izzat" as a mark of His Majesty's pleasure.

2. We recommend that His Majesty the King's gracious permission be granted to Fakir Saiyid Iftikhar-ud-din to wear this decoration. A similar concession was granted, in accordance with the orders conveyed in paragraph 10 of Your Lordship's military despatch No. 93, dated the 7th June 1907, to certain other officers upon whom the Amir had conferred decorations; and, as in the case of those officers, we would also recommend that the decoration presented to Fakir Saiyid Iftikhar-ud-din should be treated as a medal under the Foreign Office Regulations of 1885, instead of as an order under the Regulations of 1898.

We have the honour to be,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most obedient, humble servants,

Minto
Outreach
Ermy Stretwood Wilson
St. Pindar
M. Williams
Rev. G. G. G.
Robertson

A page from the Afghanistan report of Faqir Syed Iftikharuddin

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Punjab Mohammedans, both old and new fashioned, have formed a good opinion of him, though there was some gossip among the Lahore Mohammedans at his Majesty having worn an English hat! He was then posted as the British Agent in Kabul, from 1907 to 1910. His mother was from the Afghan royal family and he himself toured Afghanistan with the Amir for seven whole months. The Government was very pleased with his work in Kabul and he was awarded the title of CIE (Commander of the Indian Empire).

Faqir Iftikharuddin died in 1914 at the age of 46 and the downfall of *Faqirbana* started while my father's financial means improved day by day. However, he always looked up to the Faqir family and respected and supported them. On one occasion in the early 1940s he bought a property in Bhati Gate from a member of the family, to assist that person and to honour the family by creating an *Imam Bargab* there. He named it Imam Bargah Mubarik Begum, after his wife.

THE GROWTH OF THE BUSINESS

When my maternal grandfather accompanied the Amir of Afghanistan in India, his son-in-law, my father, got the opportunity to look after the King's entourage and travelled throughout India with them. This was the big break for my uncle and father, to be recognized by the government in Delhi, and it brought their firm more business with the British Army. Because of their hard work and the quality of their service, they soon became the largest contractors to the British Army in India, spread all over the country. The contracts were to look after individual British regiments when they visited India and they would last till the regiments went back to England after a stay of four to five years. To supervise the business, my uncle and father had to travel a great deal and it would not be wrong to say that for more than half of their working lives, my father and uncle were away from home.

Every British regiment chose a contractor from an approved list, based on recommendations, and this contractor followed the regiment, which normally moved from one military station in India to another every two or three years. In all, there were perhaps thirty such military stations and, at any one time, our family firm had a contract with seven to ten different regiments. This meant that our business was spread over a similar number of locations, which could be as far away as Rangoon in Burma, Chittagong at the eastern fringe of India, Madras in South India, Bombay in Western India, Peshawar and beyond it on the Khyber Pass, Landikotal.

There was very close liaison between the civilian administration and the army, which was kept informed of any problems brewing among the civilian population. That is why outside every large city, such as Delhi or Lahore, there was a cantonment, to quell any uprising in the city. In addition, strategic places served as hubs from where the army could be moved very swiftly. One was Rawalpindi, from where the army could get to the Frontier, where the Northern Command was established. A cantonment in Jhansi served Central India while Nasik, outside Bombay, controlled that city. Lucknow itself had an army centre although there was also one in Faizabad to control both Lucknow and Allahabad. Patna in Bihar was another centre. For Calcutta, there was an army presence in Barrackpur, and Assam was controlled from Shillong. Ammunition was produced in Jabalpur, in central India, and Sikanderabad was used as a base to control Hyderabad. Bangalore and Belgaum were used to control the South and Pune, while the cantonment at Ahmednagar looked after the Marathas. During the

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338
 4/36 Left Allahabad at 10 Pm. and Arrived
 at Lucknow at 6 am on the 18th.

17/36 Left Lucknow at 2 Pm for Deost Dabla

18/36 Reached Lahore from Lucknow at 7 am

20/36 Left Lahore at 7 am, Reached Amritsar
 at 10 am, Left at 11 am Reached Jammu

21/36 Left for Amritsar at 11 Pm

22/36 Arrived at Amritsar at 7 am. and left
 for Lahore at 12 Pm Reached Lahore 7 1/2 Pm

27/6. Left Lahore at 9 Pm. and Reached Bombay
 on 29/6 at 10 am.

28/6 Train 29/6 Bombay.

3/7.36. Left at 30 clock, Arrived at 7.30. at Poona and left
 at 11 Pm and Came Back to Bombay at 8 am
 on 4/7th.

8/7/36. Left Bombay at 9 Pm, Left Desiva Am
 Bahad and Reached on 10th at 8 am, Lahore and
 New house to Batala for mian Sir Fajal Hussain

9/7.36 Barri at procession
 mian Sir Fajal i Khiani Dird to right

10.7.36 Reached Lahore from Bombay at 8 am.

15/7.36 Left for Rawalchi at 9 am.

An excerpt from Syed Maratib Ali's diary

War, 80,000 Italian Prisoners of War (POWs) captured in North Africa were brought to the Bairagarh Camp in Bhopal where we looked after them. We also had the contract for the other POW Camp in Dehru Dun, where the Germans were kept. The Germans were there in hundreds, not thousands, but one of them was Heinrich Harrar, who escaped and went through Tibet, finally returning to Germany where he wrote a book about his experience¹.

My father's diary is fascinating: he was always on the train! Each business was self-contained and each had managers – people they had groomed. They hired people who were men of integrity: Muslims, Hindus and Sikhs, without any favour. Everybody was autonomous and each business was an independent profit centre.

¹ Seven Years in Tibet', 1952.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE FAMILY BUSINESS

The business was owned equally by my father and uncle. When my uncle died in 1942, my father had to pay off his brother's two wives and three daughters. My uncle also had one son who was a minor at that time. My father talked to the younger wife and her brother, who represented the family, and said, 'Even though I am going to take over the business, I do not want my nephew to be disassociated from it.' After paying off my uncle's family, he was left with only half the fortune. My father re-established the partnership, with himself taking four annas out of sixteen. He gave three annas each to my two elder brothers and three annas he offered to the young son of my uncle, also six paisas (anna and a half) to me because I was a minor and six paisas to my other brother who was not active in business because he was not well. This is how he restructured the ownership, treating his sons and nephew as partners.

After Independence, the partners decided to start new ventures and make them limited companies. Shares were issued against the assets that they had owned in the businesses, thus converting a partnership into share ownership in limited companies. Unlike in other *seth* families, each of our family members was given his shares and we were allowed to keep or sell them. People were quite willing to buy these shares but we could also sell them internally. One of our companies, IGI Insurance, could naturally own shares and we decided that IGI Insurance would buy family members' shares at the market value. For example, if one of the daughters, whose families had their own needs and aspirations, wanted to sell shares, the market rate was checked and IGI would buy. The result is that IGI Insurance Company today is the owner of a large number of our group company shares and has become a kind of a holding company. I think this has served the family well. Everybody has the right to sell their shares to anybody, but the family members find it much more convenient to sell their shares to IGI because they get immediate cash.

Once I was invited by the Young Presidents Organisation in Karachi to speak to them. These were young budding *seths* and one of the main concerns in their family businesses was what to do with their elders. They wanted to know how our family tackled that issue. In our family there was no problem because, by the Grace of God, we have always had more challenges than the number of family members: there was enough work for all. My father was not one who wanted to control and was very generous – he treated our family business as a genuine partnership.

When the location of Packages was being discussed in 1955, I proposed that we set up the factory in Lahore. A major consideration was that both my parents were getting on in years and I wanted to be in Lahore with them in their old age. My eldest brother, Syed Amjad Ali, who had opted to serve the Government as early as 1950, was either abroad on a diplomatic assignment or in Karachi. My other brother, Syed Wajid Ali, was looking after our business affairs in Karachi, so I was the only one with an option to be with our parents in Lahore. Because I was there I spent a great deal of time with my father. Our relationship was very formal; I always treated him with the utmost respect and I had the same awe of him as I had as a child. He was very happy to see the development of Packages and he would often come to the plant and walk around. He never interfered in the business and was always keen to know if he could help in any way.

FATHER'S BUSINESS AND PERSONAL ETHICS

My father received much respect in the business and political communities of the country. He conducted himself with impeccable manners and integrity; his object was always to be of service to others and his business was not

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dependent on the contacts that he was establishing socially. His purpose was to see how he could further the cause of improving others' lives, be it in education or in health. He thereby lived a very satisfactory life, with honour and respect from the community.

However, despite his standing in the country he still suffered slights from the British: he had a memory of riding in Murree and meeting an Englishman on foot, who stopped him and told him that he had to get down from the horse. He could not tolerate an Indian riding a horse past an Englishman walking on foot! My father carried that scar in his memory, and shared it with me.

He had a strong ethical feeling of obligation: after I had set up Packages Limited in 1957, my father called me and said, 'You have to employ Faqir Jalaluddin's grandson, Raziuddin, because I could not pay back what I owe to that family. Fifty years ago, this family provided accommodation to Col. Z. Ahmed², who took care of my health. You have to pay back that debt by employing this young man at Packages.' Col. Ahmad was an old friend of my paternal grandfather's and one of the first Indian officers in the British army's Indian Medical Service. When he learnt that my father had TB, he took three months' leave and came to Lahore to treat the son of his old friend! My father's house in those days was modest, so Faqir Jalaluddin³ hosted Col. Ahmad in his home. This is what made my father: he considered himself ever indebted to anyone who had done him a good turn.

Another example of his ethics: my mother came from an affluent family and came to a house that had very modest means. Early in their marriage, my mother asked my father to keep a buggy (a horse drawn carriage), the equivalent of a car today. In those days, most important



Syed Maratib Ali 1882-1961 (Father)

² Col. Z. Ahmed, from Assam, was the father of Mr. Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed, who became the President of India. He had married into an eminent Delhi family, with connections to the Loharu family and Nawab Asad Ullah Khan Ghalib, the poet.

³ Faqir Jalaluddin was one of the first students to be admitted to Aitchison College and received a Gold Medal in 1890

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people had buggies. My father replied, 'How will I face the money-lenders to whom I owe money when I ride my buggy on the Mall Road? I will only have a buggy when I have paid off all my debts.'

My father was a person of very simple habits and he was very modest and austere in his personal life. He was a self-made person who learnt from others and throughout his life he was keen to improve his knowledge, conduct, and learning. He sought out people who knew more than he did and cultivated their acquaintance and friendship. He was very even in his relationships with people and maintained his friendship at the same temperature throughout his life irrespective of whether his friends went up or down in their position or wealth.

My father's whole effort in his life was to meet people who were better educated than him. He only had schooling for seven years; the rest he learnt by working. Exposure to people who were better equipped than him was his means of educating himself. He had this desire and urge to associate with people who were a step higher than him in skill or knowledge - but only people who were of good character. He never associated with people who indulged in wine, women and song, although he was not against serving alcohol at appropriate occasions. One of the people that my father regularly called on was Dr. Muhammad Iqbal and he made sure that if he needed anything, it was provided. Dr. Iqbal was a man of very few needs but if he needed anything, my father was there to help and he did the same for other people he knew. My father was a deeply religious man with a devout faith. He was a Shia, yet he respected and honoured people of all other sects and faiths.

My uncle and father used their own growing wealth for their business. The business generated money, which they either ploughed back or invested in property, which they never sold. Until 1915, they lived 'above their shop' in Anarkali after which they lived together in a house in Rattigan Road, next to Central Model School and across the road from Bradlaugh Hall, a prominent political meeting place, where Mahatma Gandhi and all the nationalist leaders used to come and address meetings. The house was named by my mother and was called 'Ashiana'. By 1932, the family had expanded and we moved into a house bought by my father on Davis Road. It was an independent bungalow named "Nasheman" by my mother. The house on Rattigan Road was rented out after my uncle subsequently built a very large house on the Canal Bank, taking the name "Ashiana" with him. The architect was Anderson, the chief architect of the Government of Punjab; it is very well designed and even today, eighty years later, it looks modern in appearance. Like my father, my uncle was meticulous about cleanliness and tidiness, which was why both brothers did so well in business; they would not accept anything that was not perfect. In 1955, my father built a much larger house in Gulberg and the name 'Nasheman' was transferred to this house.

My father was extremely humble in his lifestyle. For instance, when I got married, he visited every single member of my wife's mother's family, to say how pleased he was that she was joining our family. He was also very unbiased: he could see the good points in other people's children and the weaknesses in his own. He was a meticulous person and paid full attention to detail. I overheard him tell people, 'Always work with passion, not as a burden.' He was always neatly dressed and all his pencils were kept sharp. He did not use a sharpener but instead he kept an ivory knife in his pocket with which he used to sharpen his pencils. He always used copying pencils; I don't know why. He used to tell me, 'Beta, write things down, why keep something on your mind! Put those things in the mind which

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you cannot write.’ He was always carrying something on which to write notes. He wrote in both Urdu and English; he spoke Urdu within the family, as did my mother, because it was considered more formal and respectful, but my parents conversed primarily in Punjabi, their mother tongue. He was always impeccably dressed and had set habits. He used a cologne called ‘Shamel Naseem’, which was in a glass bottle with a glass stopper wrapped in silk. My sisters used to use his cologne and, to make up the quantity, they would add water in it. I remember my father saying, ‘What times! Now even the colognes are not pure any more!’

FATHER IN PUBLIC LIFE

Starting from a humble background in the early 1900s, by the 1930s my father was recognised by the government as a businessman of integrity. In 1932, he was made a member of the Indian Trade Delegation to Afghanistan⁴. In 1935, he was made a Founding Director of the Reserve Bank of India. Prior to this, his activities were confined to his army contracting business. At the Bank, therefore, he moved into another circle and came into contact with senior members of the Government of India, especially in the Ministries of Finance, Industry and Commerce. In 1939, when Alkali & Allied Chemicals (later ICI India) set up a soda ash plant in Khewra, in the Punjab, they invited my father to be a member of its Board. This was again a distinction because ICI was among the top industries in India, at that time owned by the British. The Government recognized his merit and integrity and he was knighted in 1940.

When India refused to give Pakistan’s share of the cash assets at Independence, the Government asked my father to go to Delhi to talk to the Government of India. My father was picked because he knew the relevant people there and was much respected by them. Accompanying him was lawyer Ch. Nazir Ahmad⁵, who practiced in Sahiwal before Partition and later served as Pakistan’s Minister of Industries. They had a successful visit and were able to get Rs. 40 crore (Rupees Four Hundred Million) from the Government of India.

After Partition, the Government asked my father to take over Gulab Devi Hospital in Lahore. It became his main interest and he went there every day to make sure that the patients were looked after properly and that they had food and medicine. He rounded up some of the top people of Lahore to help him manage the Hospital. He brought in Dr. Amir-ud-Din and Mr. Nazir Ahmed Haroon, who was then Secretary of Finance, Punjab, and Molvi Karamatullah Sahib who used to be on the faculty of Aitchison College Lahore. These excellent people supported my father well. There were some others, whom my father did not know well, who suggested to him that they change the name of the Hospital. Gulab Devi was the wife of Lala Lajpat Rai; she died of TB and the Hindus of Punjab built the hospital in her memory, the foundation stone being laid by Mahatama Gandhi. My father knew the history and said, ‘No way. If we change the name, I will have nothing to do with this Hospital.’

My father did much social work. As a young student, I went to him and said he should set up a Trust and suggested various people to serve as Trustees. He said, ‘I will myself become the Trustee’. He set up his own Trust in 1939, which is now supporting education and health.

⁴ The other prominent member in that delegation was Sir Shri Ram of Delhi Cloth Mills, Delhi. As far back as I can remember, they were very close friends. Sir Shri Ram was a very prominent industrialist of Delhi and had an outstanding distinction among the industrialists of India. He was nominated by the Nehru government to be a member of India’s first Planning Commission.

⁵ His house used to be where the Siddique Trade Centre is now, on Gulberg’s Main Boulevard in Lahore.

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I was the youngest of his four sons and eighth of the nine living children. I used to call my father, 'Bhaijan'. I had a blend of respect, love, and some fear of him. When I came on the scene, from what I can recollect, my father was in and out of Lahore. Whenever he returned to Lahore, he invariably came via Delhi and always brought Delhi sweets for the family. These primarily consisted of '*soban balwa*', '*babsbi balwa*', and '*paitha*'.

He used to have contracts in Murree, looking after the troops stationed in Jheeka Gali, Kuldana, and Barian, where British soldiers moved for the summer. When I was as young as six years old and on holiday in Murree⁶, he took me along with him. He used to take me to the grocery bar, which was like a supermarket, and asked me to sit there and observe how customers came and went; this was to get me attuned to the work culture.

From the age of six onwards, whenever we had a party at our house, and these were only for men, my father made it a point that I should attend. This was so that I could be in the company of elders and learn from them. I was asked by my father to have meals at the main dining table whenever we had guests at our home. I remember sharing such meals with people like Chaudhry Zafrulla Khan⁷, who was a frequent visitor. This was a part of my grooming: to conduct myself properly in company.

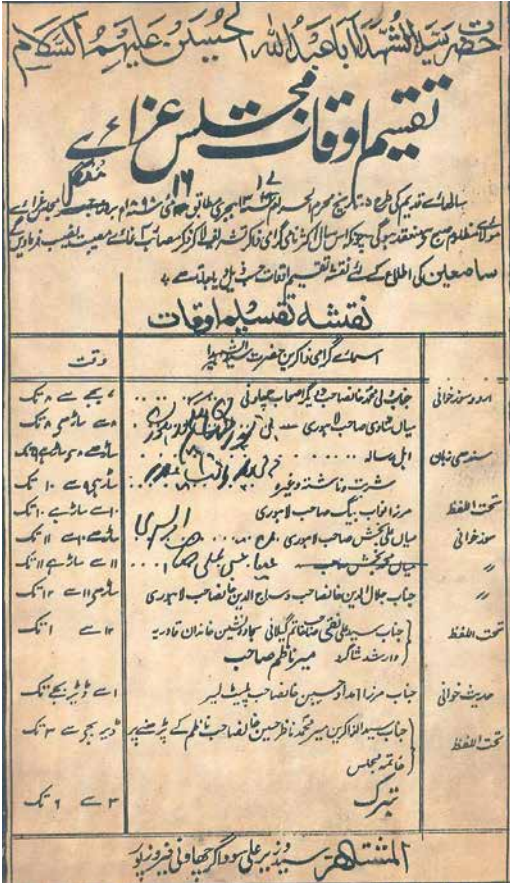
ENTERTAINING

My father had a passion for entertaining guests, which he learnt from his father (see the invitation for the Moharrum Majlis, sent out by my grandfather in 1898). Following his appointment as a Director of the Reserve Bank of India, my father had an annual dinner in Delhi in honour of the Finance Minister of the Government of India; this banquet was attended by senior members of the Indian Government. I had the occasion to attend more than one such party even though I was still a schoolboy. He was meticulous about the arrangements for guests. He was also very particular about which food to serve. For example, if lamb was on the menu it had to come from Peshawar, because the best quality of lamb was available there, and he would get partridges from Jhansi. This can be seen in the menu card for the lunch he gave in 1944 for the Quaid, then Mr. Jinnah, which bears his signature.

Any important visitor to Lahore whom he knew would either be staying at our house, Nasheman on Davis Road, or would be entertained to a meal. He would go out of his way to be of service to established politicians, whether they were in Government or otherwise. Whenever Mr. Jinnah came to Lahore, my father had a party in his honour and this continued right up to the time of Partition. My father was not a politician but he had a very devoted affection and loyalty to the Quaid. He would call on him in Delhi or Bombay when he travelled there and the Quaid-e-Azam received him with great courtesy and affection.

⁶ From my earliest childhood, my mother and my unmarried sisters went for the summer holidays to the hills and depending on my father's commitments during the summer, we went to Murree, Simla, Dalhousie, or Srinagar. Except for Murree, where my uncle had bought property and where we went most, we went to rental accommodation.

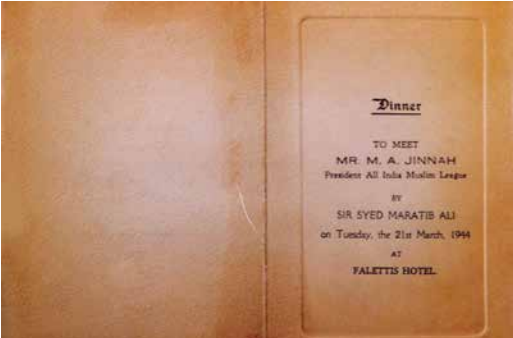
⁷ See page 225



An invitation issued by paternal grandfather Syed Wazir Ali for Moharrum Majalis in Ferozepur

FATHER AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF LAHORE

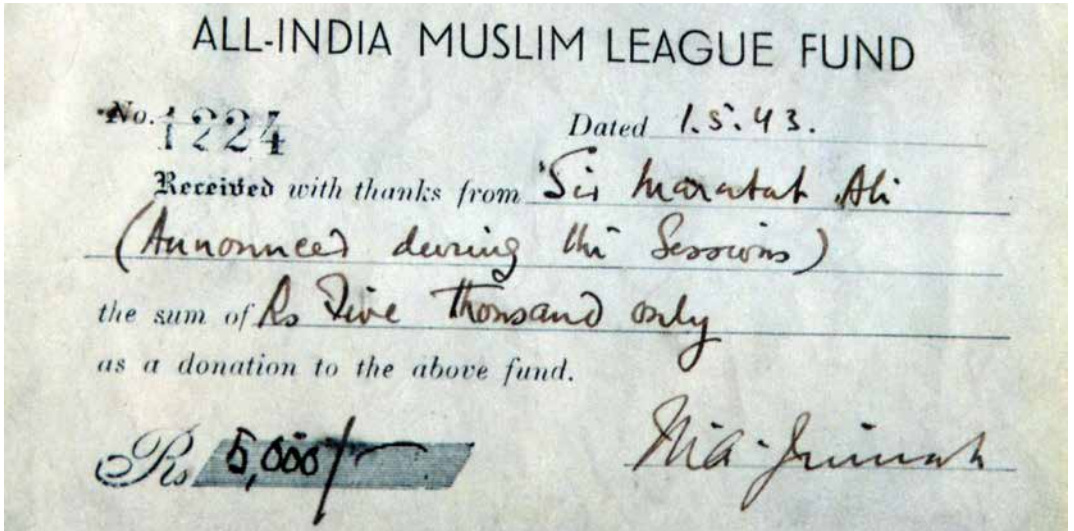
In pre-War days, nobody put money in banks. My father and my uncle used to acquire property instead. They purchased much property in Lahore and also in Ferozepur, where my grandfather had started his business.



Menu for the dinner hosted by Syed Maratib Ali in Lahore in honour of Mr. M. A. Jinnah

The FCC area, where most of our family has houses, was a large tract of land, 50-60 acres, purchased by my father and uncle in the 1930s. This place used to be our country house and I remember that the fodder for our milk animals and horses used to come from there to our town houses (on Rattigan Road and then, from 1933 onwards from Davis Road). When I was at Aitchison, we used to run our cross-country race in this area, now Gulberg. When Gulberg was being developed in 1950, my father went to Zafar-ul-Ahsan who was Chairman of Lahore Improvement Trust (now called Lahore Development Authority) and persuaded him to acquire only 50% of the land and leave the rest for our own use, for which we paid development charges. The plots were divided among the children of my father and his brother.

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Receipt of donation from Syed Maratib Ali to All India Muslim League Fund dated 1st May 1943 acknowledged by the Quaid

My father told me a very interesting story. He was negotiating the purchase of the land in which Mayfair Courts* and Ashiana were built, on Aziz Avenue. The whole plot was 25-30 acres. A Hindu broker was negotiating the sale and told him that the land was no longer available. My father was very keen on the property so he asked who had purchased the land. The buyers were Forman Christian College (FCC). So my father said, 'Go and offer 15-20% extra to the College and suggest they go further up, thereby getting double the land for the same amount of money.' This is why FCC is where it is today. Before that it used to be near the G.P.O., in the triangle north of Mall Road where now the YMCA and Bank Square are located. The Christian cemetery is also there as the area once belonged to the missionaries.

Once in two weeks, my closest school friend, Harcharan, and I were allowed to go to the movies. But in earlier days movies were considered the works of the devil. At that time, in the mid 1920s, a big piece of land in the triangular block between McLeod Road, Beadon Road, and Cooper Road was offered to my father. He went to inspect it but there were two cinemas there - Regents and Majestic. Three of his sons – Bhai Amjad, Bhai Afzal, and Bhai Wajid – were growing up and he feared that they would be corrupted by going to the cinema, so he turned down the offer.

My family owned a large piece of land opposite Lahore Gymkhana. A part of that land was acquired by the Government when the WAPDA Colony was built and compensation was paid in the form of the allocation of a plot of land to each member of the family. Each son and daughter of my brothers and sisters got a plot but they mostly sold them.

* Now demolished

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*March 4, 1959 - Nasheman, Lahore - 55th Wedding Anniversary of Syed & Begum Maratib Ali.
Syed & Begum Asad Ali who were married on February 27, 1959 appear prominently in this family photograph*

FATHER'S PASSING AWAY

I used to visit my father every morning before going to work and my last visit to him was on 21st May 1961 when I had breakfast with him and my mother. After lunch at Packages, I got a message from the telephone operator that there was an urgent telephone call from home and without waiting to telephone home, I rushed to the house, where I was told that my father had had a heart attack. He had been quite hale and hearty till noon. He had an office in his house at Nasheman and he had been busy sending Eid cards to his friends. Dr. Balighur Rehman from Gulab Devi Hospital was already there and within ten minutes of my arrival in the house my father breathed his last. My brothers, Syed Amjad Ali, was in Washington on a Government mission and Syed Wajid Ali was in Copenhagen, Denmark, attending a meeting of the International Olympic Committee. The first problem for me was making arrangements for the funeral, but this was made easy because of the spontaneous and warm support from my colleagues at Packages. An issue to be decided was where he was to be buried because he had not given us any instructions. We asked his Secretary, who produced a copy of a letter he had addressed to the Commissioner of Lahore seeking permission to be buried in the Imam Bargah Mubarak Begum at Bhati Gate and on the copy he had affixed his full signature. For me this was his mandate. The funeral was attended by over a thousand people, and he was mourned by all who knew him. People came as soon as they heard the news and said, "Shahji was always there in our time of grief and need. We



Syeda Mubarik Begum 1888-1969 (Mother)

owe it to him.” Field Marshal Ayub Khan, the President of Pakistan, came specially to condole with the family.

We were able to put together his biography, which was published within a year of his death under the title of “Hayat-e-Maratib” written by my old teacher, Dr. Mohammad Abdul Lateef.

At times, I feel that it is good that my father is not here because he would not have been happy to see what has happened to this country. The whole value system that he cherished and looked up to has been destroyed. He would have been an unhappy person to see how sectarianism has raised its ugly head. There is corruption and there is no respect for gentlemen, for example teachers, those in the academic world, or the judiciary. Gentlemen in his day did not necessarily have a lot of money but they had a certain stature in society resulting from their personal conduct, character, and ability.

MOTHER: SYEDA MUBARIK BEGUM

My mother was the second of the three daughters of Faqir Syed Iftikharuddin from his first wife. The eldest one was Faqir Waheeduddin’s mother, the middle one was my mother, and the youngest one was married, but had no issue. The other two daughters were married to near relatives but my mother was married outside the family, to a stranger and to someone who then came from a not so well-to-do station in life, neither socially nor economically. Faqir Syed Iftikharuddin had the foresight to recognize the ability and the potential of my father.

Faqir Syed Iftikharuddin raised his three daughters as if they were sons and spent a lot of time with them. They were educated at home but he ensured that they were well versed, not only in religious education but also in Persian and Urdu literature. All three daughters were taught to write well, not only in content but also in calligraphy.

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Faqir Syed Iftikharuddin's friends were prominent people of the Punjab, not only Muslims but also Hindus and Sikhs. Because my maternal grandfather's ancestors had held important positions in the darbar of Maharaja Ranjit Singh, there was an understandable sympathy for the Sikhs in my mother's family. Faqir Syed Iftikharuddin was third or fourth generation after his elders who were Ranjit Singh's ministers.

When my mother and her two sisters were growing up, they worried that their father had no male issue. They persuaded him to marry again in the hope of having a male heir, with the result that their own mother took umbrage and estranged herself from her daughters. She was a strong and an unforgiving lady; for example, when she proposed that her first grandchild, who was a bit simple, should marry her brother's daughter (in the *Faqir Khana* family) he refused and she did not speak to him for twenty years! The daughters were keen to see their father married into a family of good lineage and found a family from Ferozabad near Delhi and arranged the marriage. A year later, in 1913, a son was born from the new marriage and was named Sirajuddin. Faqir Iftikharuddin died when the boy was a year old. The three sisters doted on their brother and raised him as their own son. Their step-mother was a stranger to Lahore; they provided her total support and forewent their share in the property of their father because they wanted their brother to inherit it. Sirajuddin went to Aitchison College and then Government College. He became a very well respected PCS officer and when he died of cancer, at the early age of 51, he was the Secretary for Food in the Punjab government. His sons, Waqaruddin and Anwaruddin, also served admirably as very well respected senior government officials.

THE FAQIR FAMILY

The Faqirs were blessed with intelligence and creative minds. As a young kid, I remember my mother and her sisters recounting anecdotes about their ancestors, the three brothers who served in the court of Maharaja Ranjit Singh - Faqir Azizuddin, Faqir Nuruddin and Faqir Imamuddin. Faqir Azizuddin was the Prime Minister of Maharaja Ranjit Singh, Faqir Nuruddin was his Foreign Minister, and Faqir Imamuddin was the Governor of Qilla Gobindgarh in Amritsar. Maharaja Ranjit Singh had faith in them because he knew that the family was very pious and did not drink; they were well read and were trust-worthy.

Maharaja Ranjit Singh said that he wanted to give them a title and the three brothers said that there could be no better title than Faqir. Faqir Azizuddin wrote Persian poetry, which has been collected, compiled and published.

Maharaja Ranjit Singh picked Faqir Nuruddin to negotiate the Sutlej treaty with the British in 1809. The British were keen to know which was the Maharaja's blind eye. They asked Faqir Nuruddin, who replied, 'The Maharaja is my king; I have never had the courage to look into his eyes! I always keep my eyes downcast, so I don't know.' They sent a painting of the Queen to Maharaja Ranjit Singh and requested Faqir Nuruddin to reciprocate with a painting of the Maharaja. Faqir Nuruddin instructed the artist to portray the Maharaja aiming a gun, thus not revealing which was the bad eye.

The Maharaja used Faqir Azizuddin as an advisor. The Maharaja was fond of his favourite horse, Asp-e-Laila. One day, greatly upset, the Maharaja said to Faqir Sahib, 'Have you heard: Kharak Singh (the Maharaja's eldest son) has had the temerity to ride Asp-e-Laila today!' Faqir Sahib replied, 'Don't be upset. It was only his father's horse!'

In those days, there were very few Sikh teachers. Most of the teachers of the Kunwars (the princes) were Muslims and were called '*moulvis*'. One day an outraged Maharaja told Faqir Sahib, 'Have you heard that [a particular *moulvi*] has beaten the prince?' Faqir Sahib replied, 'You should be pleased with the *moulvi* and reward him for reprimanding the young prince.' Such was the Faqir's influence that the Maharaja viewed the incident in a new light and sent for the *moulvi*, who came into his presence trembling. The Maharaja asked him with which hand he beat the prince. The *moulvi* feared that his hand would be cut off so he put up his left hand but the Maharaja said, 'Put gold bangles on *moulvi* sahib's hand.'

This was a part of the legacy of the Faqirs. Each one of them had acquired a quick wit and their conduct towards each other was both literary and humorous. Most of the Faqir families once lived in Bazar-e-Hakiman, but they have gradually moved out, apart from my cousins in the *Faqir Khana*, who have maintained the house as a Museum, with Faqir Saifuddin as caretaker. He is the youngest son of Faqir Syed Mugheesuddin, the eldest son of Faqir Jalaluddin, who was my mother's uncle and established the Museum. He inherited a number of objects around which he built a large collection. Faqir Mugheesuddin added to it and now Faqir Saifuddin is preserving and expanding it. They have also given a few of their items as a special exhibit to the Lahore Museum.

The family's history as courtiers and their wit and intelligence stood them in very good stead with the British. The Faqirs were landed gentry but over the years their inheritance was diluted.

Because they came from the so-called aristocracy, the Faqirs were respected in society. Most of the people in the family were inducted into the civil service. For instance, there were two uncles of mine (cousins of my mother's) who were inducted into the Police, where they served their full term. Of course, the British would not tolerate any corruption and these gentlemen lived on incomes from their farms and other inherited properties. There was another uncle of mine (my mother's cousin) who joined the Railway. Nobody ever bothered about their rank! They went to work every day and put on the uniform but there was no question of working towards a promotion!

My first cousin, Faqir Syed Waheeduddin, joined the Army during World War II, when there was a rush to join the Army. Faqir Sahib was well read and intelligent; he joined as a Captain in the Recruitment Department and was soon promoted to Major and then Colonel within a period of three years. He was responsible for the recruitment of non-combatants, the people who served in the Army without uniform, for example the cooks, bearers, watermen, and others attached to each Regiment. The Commander-in-Chief had asked my father if he could help with this recruitment and my father introduced Faqir Waheeduddin, when he was already an army officer. After my Senior Cambridge examination in June 1941, Faqir Waheeduddin asked me to visit him in Madras, where he was posted (it was an important recruitment centre). This was my first visit to South India and I spent six weeks there; Faqir Sahib lived like a Maharaja.

MY MOTHER'S LIFE AT HOME

During the first fifteen years of my mother's married life, she had to live modestly. My mother totally adapted herself to my father's family and groomed and encouraged my father. She raised a large family, four sons and six daughters, of whom one daughter died before she was five years old in a fire accident. All the rest matured and

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were married in her lifetime. All my brothers and sisters were sent to the best schools my father could afford and she encouraged all of them to study as much as was possible. My sisters went to Lady MacLagan School and later on they studied at Queen Mary College, one of the best girls' colleges in Lahore. My brothers went to Central Model School and then to Government College, Lahore. When I came of school-going age, I was first sent to Sacred Heart School for nursery and elementary education and when I reached the appropriate age, my mother had me admitted to Aitchison College, about which I write in the next chapter.

My mother stayed at home all day; her children were her life. She not only ensured that we were properly clothed and fed, but she also took a lot of interest in how we did at school and especially what kind of friends we had: not whether they came from a rich family or not, but whether they were people of good character. Through experience, she knew that the children of good parents were normally good influences. Like my father, my mother had no religious prejudice in the selection of our friends. She was brought up in a home that was conservative, where the social life of the women was confined to their gender, and they did not meet men from outside. Nonetheless, from an early age when I was at Aitchison College, she would insist, even though she was in purdah, on meeting my friends to see what kind of company I kept at Aitchison. Most of my friends were non-Muslims and she treated them with motherly affection.

My mother never made me feel that wealth was important. She always used to say that the motto of her family was '*Al Fakbro Fakri* – we are proud of being faqirs!' She said to me once, 'These women run after gold ornaments; do these things ever remain anyone's lasting companions?' Wealth is fine up to a point, but after that it is unimportant.

My three elder brothers had already completed their education when I started going to school. Therefore, I received more attention from my mother than my other brothers and sisters.

Because of her good education and wide experience in her parents' home, my mother had a broad vision and a great enthusiasm for literature and history. She travelled all over India with my father whenever it was possible for her to do so and made a point of visiting historical places and meeting literary personalities. She was in *purdah* and did not attend mixed gatherings but she bent the rules to the extent of one-to-one meetings with interesting men. Her elder sister, Bibi Jan, was married to Faqir Syed Najamuddin, who was a contemporary of Dr. Iqbal and a very close friend of his. Many-a-time when Dr. Muhammad Iqbal came to see Faqir Syed Najamuddin in Bazar-e-Hakiman, my mother was also there. In fact, when Dr. Muhammad Iqbal moved from Sialkot to Lahore, he stayed for a while in Bazar-e-Hakiman at the residence of Hakim Aminuddin⁹ and it is here that he recited one of his early couplets.

When my mother went to Lucknow in the 1920s, she sought out Pandit Ratan Nath Sarshar, the author of "Fasana-e-Aazad" of which she had already read all four volumes. Many years later, she accompanied my father to Burma and in Rangoon she made a point of visiting the grave of the last Mughal emperor of Delhi, Bahadur Shah Zafar.

⁹ Founder of the Hakim family, who set up a clinic in Bhati Gate. The family availed itself of modern education and became members of the Government and successful lawyers.

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My mother was very keen on travelling, mainly for the sake of acquiring knowledge. She was totally at home wherever she went. She had a special feeling for Afghanistan because her father had served there for a number of years in the British Embassy and her maternal grandmother came from Kabul. Once she went with me by car to Kabul. She also went for Umra (pilgrimage) to Saudi Arabia with my father and earlier on for 'ziaraats' to Iraq and Syria. She travelled to England with my father and sister in 1955. My father and my mother were invited to a Garden Party in Buckingham Palace and she was very pleased to be presented to the Queen.

She was deeply religious and a devout shia. Both my parents were shias but they had a liberal attitude towards religion and never tried to influence me as to how I should offer my prayers. I first learnt my prayers when I went to Aitchison College and in those days we had just one class for religious instructions. The *moulvi* sahib was sunni and he taught us the sunni way of prayer.

My father was totally devoted to my mother and when his circumstances improved, he ensured that she led a comfortable life. She was not interested in expensive clothes or jewellery. Her only desire was to raise her children so that they would bring a good name to the family. Four of my sisters were married outside the family, to men from the landed gentry and because of the way she had raised them, these girls took educated and enlightened ideas to the remote villages of Shah Jewna in Jhang where two of my sisters are married, one to Qatalpur, and to Renala in Okara District where my fourth sister was given away. My fifth sister was married to Syed Akhtar Ahsan, son of my father's brother, Syed Ahsan Ali, and brother of my wife Perwin.

From the time I could write and whenever I was away from Lahore, even during my school days, my mother was extremely keen that I should write to her regularly and she would respond with punctuality. When I finished my studies in Lahore, and while I was waiting to get admission abroad to an American University, I spent part of my time away from Lahore in Bhopal and Bombay as part of my initiation into the family's business. My mother kept in touch with me through letters and I could feel that she had a very special love for me. On my return from America in December 1947, when I was visiting Lahore from Karachi, I was invited to dinner by Qurban Ali Khan¹⁰, who was a very dear friend of the family and very kind to me. At 9 p.m. my mother rang Bhai Amjad to ask, 'How will Babar get home?' Bhai Amjad said, 'Ma Jee, if he can come back from America, he can also return from GOR (Government Officers Residences)!' For her, I had not grown up. Bhai Amjad used to call our mother 'Ma Jee'. I used to call her 'Bahooji' as did everybody, since the time she came to my father's home as a young bride.

She would come to Karachi for months to be with me. When her health was weakening through old age, she wanted to remain in Lahore and I was happy that Packages provided me the opportunity to live in Lahore. For a year, after we moved to Lahore, our house was under construction so we had no home of our own. My parents had moved into a new house, which had never been my home, and my wife was keen to stay with her mother, so I was happy to live there for a year, but every morning I had breakfast with my mother before I went to work. My breakfast consisted

¹⁰ He was the I.G. Police Lahore after whom Qurban Lines is named. He joined the Police as an ASP and then rose to the rank of I.G. He became the I.G. responsible for Anti-Corruption in the whole of India. After Partition, Sardar Patel became the Interior Minister of India and he asked Mr. Qurban Ali Khan to stay on in India but he elected to go to Pakistan. After retirement, he became the Governor of Balochistan, and also served as the Minister of Interior and the Governor of NWFP.

PARENTS & SIBLINGS



Parents' graves at Imambargah Mubarik Begum

of almonds that had been soaked overnight and pink Kashmiri tea with '*baqarkhani*' (a spiced flat-bread). This practice I followed until the last day of my mother's life. I went to see her in the evening as well. Whenever I visited her I knew that she had been looking forward to my visit. She never talked about any subject that would depress me as she felt that my mind should be free from any worries; whenever I visited her, she would only talk about pleasant things. My business took me abroad frequently. She was always very concerned whenever I stepped into an aeroplane even though by then it had become a normal mode of travel.

My father's death came all of a sudden but she bore it with tremendous fortitude and courage. As this was the first death in our family in forty years, she was very concerned as to how her children would take this loss and she acted very bravely and did not show her own emotion, so that her children could bear the loss sensibly.

In September 1969, I was sent by the Government to be a delegate to the U.N. General Assembly in New York. While I was there, on October 29th, I received the sad news that Bhai Afzal had suddenly died of heart failure. I could not leave New York earlier than November 20 and when I returned to Lahore, I found that the loss of my brother had completely shattered my mother. She had lost her appetite and one could see that she had lost interest in life and was looking forward to her own end. Her health was deteriorating rapidly. I maintained my

routine of visiting her for breakfast every morning as I felt that this was one occasion that she looked forward to every day. Towards the end of December 1969, her condition deteriorated further and she ran a high temperature. Her kidneys were failing. When I visited her for my last breakfast with her on 29th December, she was lying down in bed. As I entered the room, she sat up just to show me that she was not that sick! She insisted on my having breakfast and as usual it was laid out very elaborately on the table in her room. That evening her condition worsened and at 10 p.m. she breathed her last.

She had sent for my eldest brother, Syed Amjad Ali, two days before she died and instructed him that she wanted to have a 'kacha' grave and not a concrete one with marble as had been constructed, for my father. Her funeral was as well attended as my father's and she was buried by his side in the Imam Bargah that was named after her.

Her going away created a tremendous void in my life and I still have not been able to overcome her loss. After 29th December 1969, I have not had the courage to drink green Kashmiri tea as it would never be the same for me again, and would reinforce the knowledge that I would never again receive the kind of love that was showered on me by my mother.

Her biography, written like my father's, by Dr. Mohammad Abdul Lateef, was published as Hayat-e-Mubarik. In 1996, the Babar Ali Foundation launched a scholarship programme named after Syeda Mubarik Begum, for needy female graduate and post-graduate students in public sector institutions. Up to June 2011, around 4,000 female students from all over Pakistan had benefitted from the scholarship scheme.

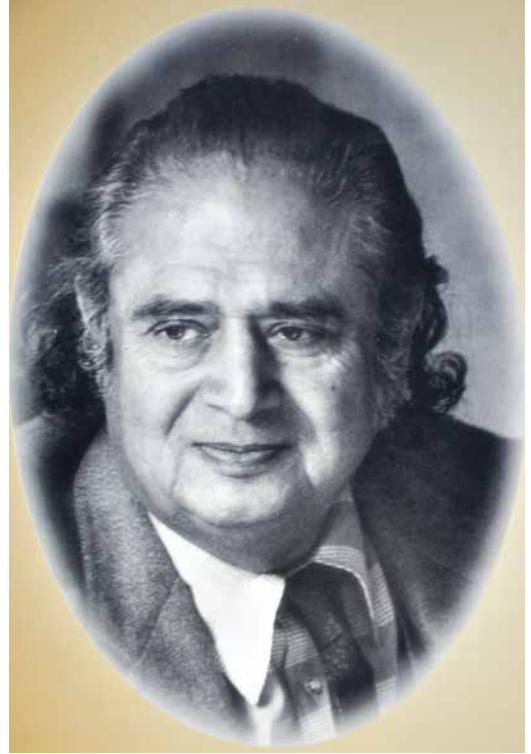
BROTHERS

My eldest brother, Syed Amjad Ali, was born on 6th July 1906. Being the second child of my parents and the first son, he was the apple of their eyes and also of my uncle, Syed Ahsan Ali, who till then had only two daughters. He was also the favourite child of my mother's youngest sister, who had no children of her own; so he was brought up with more attention than any of my other brothers and sisters. My second brother, Syed Afzal Ali, born in 1909, was afflicted with Meningitis at an early age, which impaired his education. He still took a lot of interest in the family business and was very much loved. My third brother, Syed Wajid Ali, was born in 1911. He grew up in a competitive environment, with no special pampering. He accepted the rough and tumble of life. Whereas Bhai Amjad was a good student and was keen to do well at school and later on at college, Bhai Wajid, who was five years his junior, had little time for studies and gave all his time to extracurricular activities like caring for his dogs and looking after the horses of the family. He had too many distractions in Lahore, so my eldest brother and father decided to send him to Bishop Cotton School in Simla, where he was educated for a few years. He took his matriculation examination and joined Government College, Lahore. In order to discipline him, my father and brother enrolled him in the Army as a 'Y' cadet. This was one route to getting a commission in the Army: you served as an apprentice for a few years and if there was a mutual liking between the cadet and the Army, then you could make a career as a commissioned officer. This was a natural home for him as he found himself in a congenial environment, doing physical work requiring guts and stamina. However, no sooner had he settled down in military life, after a couple of years my father and uncle decided that they wanted him to help them in running the business.

SYED AMJAD ALI

Being her first son, my mother had put a lot of emphasis on Bhai Amjad's education and upbringing and wished that, like her father, he should go into government service. He went to Government College and did his B.A. Honours. He then went abroad in 1931 and joined the Inner Temple to read for the Bar in England. Meanwhile, the Round Table Conference had started in England, where the British government was talking to the Indian leadership about the future political status of India. They were not thinking of freedom for India but dominion status, like Canada, Australia and New Zealand.

My father knew the top Muslim leadership of India – Dr. Muhammad Iqbal, Sir Fazl-e-Hussain, Sir Zafrulla Khan, Sir Shafaat Ahmed, and Mr. A.H. Ghaznavi, some of who were members of the Muslim Delegation to the Round Table Conference. My father suggested to Sir Zafrulla that, as Bhai Amjad was in London, the Muslim delegates could use him as their Honorary Secretary. This exposed Bhai Amjad to Indian politics when Gandhi was the sole representative of the Congress Party. At the Conference, Bhai Amjad was noticed by the Aga Khan and thereafter, whenever he visited India, he asked Bhai Amjad to be his assistant. It was a great benefit to be exposed to the Aga Khan's wealth of experience. Bhai Amjad thus entered the political arena. The first election in India was held in 1937, soon after the passage of the India Bill, which resulted from the Round Table Conference and through which the Indians were given more power. Sir Fazl-e-Hussain, a lawyer from Batala, set up the Unionist Party in the Punjab and said to my father, 'I want you to give your son to the Punjab.' As Bhai Amjad was not interested in the army contracting business, he was very pleased. Sir Fazl-e-Hussain made Bhai Amjad Assistant Secretary of the Unionist Party and a member of the Party's Secretariat. This Party, constituted in Nawab Mamdot's house, was a new political party, mostly based on the landed gentry of the Punjab, with participation from Hindus, Muslims and Sikhs.



Syed Amjad Ali 1906-1997 (Brother)

P A R E N T S & S I B L I N G S

Bhai Amjad filed papers for a seat in the Central Assembly in Delhi but his papers were rejected because candidates had to have personal property to be eligible for standing in the elections. Although the family had a lot of property there was nothing in his own name. He thus did not get the ticket and was disqualified. He instead got elected to the Punjab Assembly from Zeera in Ferozepur. Because of his education and background, having lived in England, and due to his having rubbed shoulders with people like the Aga Khan and having attended Round Table Conferences, Sir Sikander Hayat¹¹, Sir Fazl-e-Hussain's successor, selected him as the Private Parliamentary Secretary. In those days, you had three tiers in the Unionist Party: Minister, Parliamentary Secretary, and Private Parliamentary Secretary. At the young age of 28 years, Sir Sikander made Bhai Amjad the Private Parliamentary Secretary of the Unionist Party. The Parliamentary Secretary was Mir Maqbool, Sir Sikander's brother-in-law. Bhai Amjad was made a part of Sir Sikander's entourage because he was someone who spent his own money, was always available, and was generous in entertaining. He was part of the team that went to Bombay for the meeting at which the Sikander-Jinnah Pact was negotiated. Bhai Wajid was in Bombay at that time and he played host to the entire Lahore delegation.

Sir Sikander died suddenly of heart failure in 1942, on the day that two of his sons, Shaukat Hayat and Azmat Hayat, and his daughter Tahira celebrated their weddings¹². Sir Sikander Hayat was succeeded by Khizar Hayat, who picked Bhai Amjad as his right hand man because he wanted somebody of integrity to guide him. By 1945, when Quaid-e-Azam Mohammad Ali Jinnah emerged as the undisputed leader of the Muslims of India and the demand for Pakistan was asserting itself, there was a plea that Khizar Hayat should give up the Unionist Party and join the Muslim League, which unfortunately did not happen. Our whole family supported the Quaid but Bhai Amjad's loyalty was to Khizar Hayat. There was tremendous pressure on Bhai Amjad to join the Muslim League. Eventually, Bhai Amjad went to Khizar to apologise for leaving him. Khizar said, 'Et tu Brutus', to which my brother replied, 'It is not just family pressure. This is where the future of the country lies.' My brother's reluctance to abandon Sir Khizar Hayat was known both to the Muslim League as well as to the Quaid-e-Azam. When elections were held in 1946, Bhai Amjad, who had done a lot of work in Zeera, Ferozepur, applied for the ticket again but it was awarded to Mian Bashir Ahmad from the Baghbanpura family of Lahore. This was his first major setback.

Between 1945 and 1947, Bhai Amjad spent a lot of time in Delhi, where he had many friends in the Government as well as in politics. After Partition, Bhai Amjad was readily recognised as a person with ability and resources, who could be put to use for the nation. When I started work in 1948, Bhai Amjad was attending to business in Karachi but he only worked from 9 to 1 and his commitment to business was peripheral. He was good at ideas but left it to others to implement them. He was pleased when in 1950 he was asked to go to Washington as a member of a special mission to negotiate with the International Monetary Fund over the value of the Pakistani rupee. The British Pound had devalued and the international community thought the rupee should devalue too, but Pakistan

¹¹ Sir Sikander Hayat was an outstanding politician and Chief Minister of Punjab after the 1937 elections, heading the Unionist Party which consisted of leading landlords among Muslims, Hindus and Sikhs of the Punjab. He became the Deputy Governor of the Reserve Bank of India when it was created. Prior to that he was the first Muslim Governor of the Punjab. When, in summer, the Governor was on leave, Sir Sikander was the Acting Governor. See page 221.

¹² I remember Hakeem Ahmed Shuja was there and he said, 'The scene does not change so fast even on the cinema screen as has happened today!'

P A R E N T S & S I B L I N G S

wanted to keep its value up in order to import machinery for industrialisation¹³. This he successfully achieved with the able support of Mr. Anwar Ali, who subsequently became the head of the Saudi Monetary Agency.

Prime Minister Liaquat Ali Khan appreciated both my brothers because he recognized that they were prepared to serve their country. When there was a shortage of wheat in the country, Liaquat Ali Khan asked Bhai Amjad, since he knew people in America, to go there and buy wheat. Bhai Amjad travelled at his own expense and this was another national contribution.

Bhai Amjad was appointed Pakistan's first Economic Minister in Washington and in 1954 Pakistan's Ambassador to the USA. He brought great credit to Pakistan. In 1955, he was asked by the Government to be the Finance Minister of Pakistan, where he remained till 1958 when General Iskandar Mirza and General Ayub declared Martial Law and abrogated the Constitution. Two years later, Bhai Amjad was asked by the Government to be Chairman of the Investment Promotion Bureau and then again he was made Ambassador, this time to the United Nations, where he served till 1966.

He then represented Pakistan on more than one of the Permanent Committees of the United Nations. He endeared himself to the U.N. system, which he came to know extremely well. He generously entertained hundreds of participants at the United Nations and contributed to the deliberations of the Organization. The U.N. recognized his merit and made him Chairman of the Committee on Contributions. For thirty years running he was elected head of this Committee by the entire United Nations; it was an honorary job and he attended its meetings regularly. The U.N. would pay for his travel and stay in New York. He was also the first Chairman of ECOSOC (Economic & Social Council of the United Nations), which recognized his many contributions. In the United Nations he knew everyone, from the security guard at the gate to the Secretary General. He would invite them for lunch and feel equally comfortable eating with the security guard or the Secretary General.

Bhai Amjad perfectly understood the internal politics of the U.N. He said to me that he had told Kofi Annan ten years before he became the Secretary General that he could rise to that level. At that time, Kofi Annan was in the third tier of the hierarchy, with about twenty people at the same level. Bhai Amjad advised him, 'I know the United Nations well. You will become the Secretary General but you should not display any interest. Just keep doing your work well, don't show your ambition; ultimately you will get there.'

Bhai Amjad never retired from the U.N. He used to go to New York three times a year and used to stop over in London for two to three weeks and then come back to Lahore. He was always looking forward to his next visit. When he realized that he could not travel any more, it was the end. He died on March 5, 1997.

Since my childhood, I have had a great deal of respect and a certain amount of in-built fear of my eldest brother

¹³ Pakistan at that time had a positive trade balance. We had jute, cotton and rice. There were very few imports and the complete budget of the Army was Rs. 100 crore.



Syed Wajid Ali 1911-2008 (Brother)

because of our twenty years' age difference. However, he always treated me with the utmost consideration and gave me as much love as he gave to his own children.

SYED WAJID ALI

Bhai Wajid was away from Lahore throughout my school life except for two or three visits a year to see my mother while he was working for the family business south of Delhi. After I completed my university education, I went to spend time with him in Bombay, where he lived for a number of years, and from him too I got a great deal of love. He had been introduced to Mr. Jinnah by my father, and with his genial disposition, it was not long before he developed a personal relationship with the Quaid-e-Azam and Miss Jinnah. He was among the few people who had the privilege of visiting their house without a prior appointment.

The Quaid used to dote on him because of his charm and sincerity. He made Bhai Wajid a member of the four-person Frontier Committee on June 14, 1947, to make arrangements for and oversee the Referendum in the North-West Frontier Province (NWFP) to decide whether NWFP was to join Pakistan. The other members of this four-person Committee were Mr. I.I. Chundrigar, Mr. Ghazanfar Ali Khan and Pir Sahib of Manki Sharif. Bhai Wajid was asked to handle all financial matters.

Bhai Wajid had a charming personality. Like my father, he enjoyed meeting people who were better educated than him. He had a one-on-one personal relationship with a very large number of people. Bhai Wajid was a leader and had a tremendous sense of drive. He had not studied modern management but during World War II he was feeding 100,000 soldiers a day, organizing it extremely well in ten different towns.

PARENTS & SIBLINGS



Wedding of Syed Wajid Ali 1940: L to R: Syed Amjad Ali, Syed Maratib Ali, Syed Wajid Ali, Syed Absan Ali, Governor Punjab Sir Henry Craik and Mr. Haswari (Father-in-law of Syed Wajid Ali)

He was a member of the International Olympic Committee for 40 years. I followed him as a delegate from Pakistan at the International Labour Organisation in 1969. Although he had left ten years earlier as a member of the Governing Council, the staff asked me if I was related to Syed Wajid Ali. Wherever he went, people singled him out because he spoke very well and was blessed with good intuition. I always used to consult him on business matters. Among us brothers, we had complete trust in each other.

I received affection in very large measure from both Bhai Amjad and Bhai Wajid. Bhai Amjad never showed it while Bhai Wajid was not shy of demonstrating his love. They both gave me the opportunity to talk to them openly and frankly, especially as far as business and family matters were concerned, and, invariably, they have both heeded my advice despite my being many years younger. I never found them to show any partiality for their own sons and daughters in preference to me.



Syed Afzal Ali 1909-1969 (Brother)

SYED AFZAL ALI

I had a third brother, Afzal Ali, who was not so active in business because of the childhood Meningitis, but he participated in business whenever possible. He raised a family of five daughters and a son who have all done well. He and his wife, my sister-in-law, enjoyed living with my mother and lived with her till my mother passed away. Even after the death of my parents, she continued to live in the house till her death.

SISTERS

The eldest child of my parents was a daughter, Baji Surraya, the next three children were sons, described above. The next four were daughters, Baji Fakhra, Baji Gullo (who died before she was five years old in a fire accident), Baji Kishwar, and Baji Sarwat. Then I arrived, and after me was Sitwat. As far back as I can remember, I saw more of my sisters, of whom only Baji Surraya was then married (when I was a year old), than my brothers. I was one boy among the four girls in the family. My mother and my sisters all pampered me and I received a lot of love and affection from them. From 1935 onwards, one by one they were all married, but our relationship remained extremely close and I became equally fond of their husbands who were admitted to our family and treated as additional sons of my parents.

My mother was a great believer in educating daughters because, as she often used to say, 'If you educate a girl you are educating a whole family because a girl who later on becomes a mother is the tree under whose shadow sits a whole family.' My mother raised her five daughters with this object in mind: that they would one day raise five families who would bring credit to our family, and this is what happened. Although none of them pursued higher education and my eldest sister was only educated up to the 5th class, the other four matriculated. Four of my five sisters were married to landed gentry who came from conservative rural areas and these sisters were able to participate in the development of their husbands, their families, and improve their whole environment.

EDUCATION

EDUCATION

My date of birth is authenticated by an entry in my father's diary, which reads: "30th June 1926 at 3 am, by the Grace of Almighty a son was born – Babar Ali".

I was born after four sisters, so there was great jubilation and happiness on my arrival. I attended the kindergarten classes and received my primary education at Sacred Heart School, Lahore, which was within a twenty minutes walk from the house where we then lived on Rattigan Road.

AITCHISON COLLEGE

In 1934, I was eight years old, which was the age limit up to which boys could study at Sacred Heart School. In October 1934, I joined Aitchison Chiefs College, as it was then known, in Form 1, the junior most class.

My father did not send his elder sons to Aitchison because he could not afford it at the time¹⁴. Besides, it was an exclusive College for the Chiefs of Punjab and out of reach of the business community. The only reason I could get in was because my maternal uncle, Faqir Sirajuddin, and my brother-in-law, Syed Mubarak Ali Shah, had studied there. If they had applied the law very strictly, I was actually not entitled to be admitted because none of the connections were from my father's antecedents. In those days, there used to be a published book called, 'The Chiefs of the Punjab', and your name had to be in that book before you could apply for admission to Aitchison. Nonetheless, my eldest sister, Surraya, married to Syed Mubarak Ali Shah, took me to the College to meet with Moulvi Karamatullah, a member of its teaching staff who had been a tutor to her husband, and Moulvi Sahib introduced me to the Principal, Mr. C.H. Barry, who allowed me to join. My father was not in Lahore at the time I was admitted to the College; when he returned and saw me in school uniform, he was very happy.

My family already had social contacts with the leading families of Lahore but, of course, when I joined Aitchison College, I was in another league altogether as about half the Aitchisonians were from outside Lahore; they were from the States of Patiala, Bahawalpur, Khairpur, and the Kulu Hill State. We also had the sons of the landed gentry from Punjab, mainly Muslims and Sikhs. I was the only one I can remember whose father was in business. Sometimes other students teased me as a 'contractor's son' and tears used to roll down my cheeks when I heard this expression!

Joining Aitchison really opened a new world for me. I was the 84th student on the rolls of the College in October 1934¹⁵. The School had a very elaborate programme, starting with physical training in the morning, a whole day of studies, and compulsory games in the afternoon. Even Sundays were not free. In each class, we were hardly 10 to 12 students, with the result that we got to know each other well and the friendship with some of my classmates has lasted till today. In the first year, I was able to settle down in my studies and my class position was second after the first annual examination. I spent the next nine years at the School and I was always able to maintain a position as one of the top two students in the class. Almost every year, I got a scholastic prize on Founders Day and in the School Certificate Examination of Cambridge University I won two Gold Medals for standing first in History and Geography as well as in Science and Mathematics. This was very heartening as I won two of the three

¹⁴ In 1934, the School fee at Aitchison was Rs. 105 per month. By contrast when I joined Government College in 1944, the fee was Rs. 28 per month.

¹⁵ By the time I left, there were 120 pupils in all.

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Medals awarded to our class. In the Higher School Certificate, I stood first among the science students and was second in the whole class.

When I got to Aitchison in 1934, I could neither read nor write in Urdu, even though we spoke Urdu within the family. My parents conversed primarily in Punjabi, their mother tongue, but they both spoke to us in Urdu because it was considered to be more formal and respectful. The only time I failed in any subject at Aitchison was in Urdu. My mother employed a calligraphist who started me writing on a *takhti* (wooden tablet) and that is how I improved my Urdu handwriting. Due to our father's engagements and travelling, my mother played an active role in our upbringing and made up for his absence. However, whenever my father was in town, he would go and meet with our teachers and the principals to make sure that each of us was being properly educated.

At games, I was above average. I was in the swimming team at Aitchison and won my colours. I got a position in the College tennis squad, won tennis colours, and in my final year I was able to make it to the cricket team, and was given colours. The above three colours enabled me to wear the full College Blazer which was a much coveted award, as no more than two or three students per year acquired this distinction.

TEACHERS

I was very fortunate that throughout my stay at Aitchison, Mr. C.H. Barry was the Principal, infusing new life into the College when he took over in 1933 until his retirement in 1946. He was an excellent teacher, a great disciplinarian, and a rabid Tory. I remember my father had brought me a felt hat from England and I wore it to a cricket match at Aitchison. Mr. Barry came up to me and asked, 'What is your nationality?' I said, 'I am an Indian' and he said, 'Why are you wearing a hat that is not Indian?'

In 1941, my friend Harcharan wrote a letter to Mahatama Gandhi, who was on a fast unto death in jail, that he was praying for his life and he fully supported his cause. The letter was intercepted by the CID and sent back to Mr. Barry. I remember we were sitting in our class and the peon, a short Muslim fellow, whom we called the Angel of Death, came and asked for Harcharan Singh to see the Principal. Mr. Barry asked him, 'Harcharan, did you recently write a letter to anybody?' Harcharan replied, 'Yes, I regularly write to my mother.' Mr. Barry said, 'No, anybody in politics?' Harcharan said, 'Yes, I wrote to Mahatama Gandhi.' Mr. Barry asked him what he had written. Harcharan told him and Mr. Barry said, 'You are a student here, you should not be bothered by these things. You should concentrate on your studies. Politics will come later.'

After Partition in 1947, Harcharan was elected to the East Punjab Assembly and was a Deputy Minister. On a visit to his village, the Inspector of the Police Station in the village came to pay his respects to Harcharan and brought his file, which was in the Police Station. Harcharan was very surprised to find in the file a letter from Mr. Barry to the Deputy Commissioner (D.C.) of Ferozepur saying 'Harcharan Singh Brar is a student of Aitchison College. He is a snake in the grass. You have to watch him!' That letter went to the D.C. and was then passed on to the Police Station in Harcharan's village. This was before Partition and shows how the British kept an eye on their political opponents. Harcharan told me that he could use that letter as a certificate of distinction in the Congress Party!

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I was once nearly caned at Aitchison. Mr. Gwynn was the Games Master. I was very keen on tennis and I went up to him and said, 'I want to see the tennis match between Iftikhar and Ghaus at the Carson Institute.' It was probably a long day and he said, 'No, you have to play games.' I still went to see the match and found that Mr. Gwynn was also there! He gave me a dirty look and the next morning he said to me, 'You disobeyed me. I am going to recommend that you be caned by Mr. Barry.' It was winter and I wore shorts under my trousers so that the caning would not hurt me. When I got to school, the Principal's peon came and called me to his office. Frightened, I went there. Mr. Barry was sitting along with Lala Dhani Ram, the Head Master, and Mr. Gwynn. Mr. Barry said, 'You disobeyed Mr. Gwynn.' I apologised and he said, 'You are very lucky. Today I have a bad pain in my back. You see this cane: I would have used it on you but I will spare you.' He thus let me off and that was the nearest I got to any punishment.

I was in touch with Mr. Barry from 1984 to 1993 when he passed away in Netherfields, U.K. He helped my cousin, Aijazuddin, in writing "The First Hundred Years of Aitchison College", which was printed in 1986 to commemorate the first centennial celebrations of the College. I remember seeing Mr. Barry some three years before he died in 1993, when he was 85 years old and I had not seen him for forty years. I wrote to him in 1985 to say that I was setting up an Institute of Education for the training of teachers in Lahore. I knew that Mr. Barry, after retiring from Aitchison in 1947, was posted as Inspector of Schools in Manchester as his first job after he left India. I sought his help in preparing a blueprint for the teacher training school. He visited me in London, accompanied by the then Inspector of Schools to give me advice on teacher training. I addressed Mr. Barry as 'Sir'. He said to his colleague, 'I taught him forty years ago and he still calls me 'Sir'!'

It was ingrained in us to treat our teachers with reverence and this has remained with me for all my life. I was fortunate that throughout my stay, we had one Principal and among the other members of the staff there were very few changes, with the result that we got to know them very well and were able to benefit from their guidance and affection. I was fortunate in maintaining relationships with many of my teachers long after I left Aitchison and after their retirements; in most cases I was able to see them regularly before they passed away. Among them were Khan Anwar Sikandar Khan, Chaudhry Shahbaz Khan, and Syed Zulfiqar Ali Shah. Shah Sahib¹⁶ belonged to an old Syed family of Lahore; he knew my elders and he took a great deal of interest in me. He saw that I conducted myself correctly. He was in charge of swimming and under his tutelage I learnt to swim and take part in competitive swimming. He was our science teacher but like other teachers he was also responsible for supervising games. He had the distinction of being the first Pakistani Principal of Aitchison and after his retirement from the College, he very kindly accepted my request to help and advise me at Packages Limited. He stayed with me till his demise in 1979.

We also had very distinguished non-Muslim teachers at Aitchison, starting with Rai Bahadur Dhani Ram Kapila, who was the Headmaster, Sardar Harnam Singh, and Sardar Gajinder Singh. I had the same love from all my non-Muslim teachers. The school environment was totally free of communalism with the result that even today I am totally comfortable with non-Muslims. Non-Muslim teachers migrated to India after 1947, but I was able to

¹⁶ See pages 51, 52

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see some of them during my subsequent visits to India. All of them have now passed away. Among the Sikhs, Sardar Harnam Singh, our Mathematics teacher, was very kind. He was an outstanding hockey player in his day. Hockey was a very prominent game in Lahore and Punjab and to play for the District of Lahore team between 1920 and 1940 you had to be an outstanding player. If you played for F.C. College or Government College, you were bound to play for Punjab. Regular tournaments were held throughout the year.

I was a good student and if you were one, you automatically became a favourite of your teachers. When I had been at Aitchison for little more than a year, and no more than nine years old, Sardar Harnam Singh was our class master. He made me responsible for the storing and issuance of stationery to our class. This was the way we were taught responsibility and leadership. I can never forget an incident on the hockey field one particular afternoon when I was about 13 years old. Games for us were compulsory, which meant that we had to attend the games period every school day. On this particular day, I was captain of my side and playing in the position of centre-forward. The opposing centre-half not only marked me closely but repeatedly hooked my stick from behind which is against the rules of the game. I warned him twice, and in exasperation when he did it the third time, I waved my stick at him without any intention of hitting him. This was noticed by Sardar Harnam Singh, who was in charge of the game. He immediately sent me off the ground and asked me to run round the field during the rest of the game. This punishment was most humiliating as I was the senior-most boy on the field, but it taught me a lesson for the rest of my life, which was never to lose one's temper on the playing field, whatever the provocation.

In our days at Aitchison College, the 'full blazer' was the most coveted achievement and it was only awarded on the basis of one's performance in sports. You had to be in the College team and a colour-holder in at least three games including riding, swimming and athletics to qualify for it. Once I qualified for the full blazer, the one with yellow piping, I went to Sardar Harnam Singh, who was in charge of monitoring this award. I informed him of my completing the requirements for the blazer and he told me that he would verify it. Sardar Sahib took two months to do so; I didn't have the courage to ask him again. I was not allowed to order a blazer until it was announced in the College Assembly but once the announcement was made, I went straight to Pitman's tailor on the Mall to make the order. It was the most coveted recognition at Aitchison, like a knighthood. Now there is also an academic blazer at Aitchison, with blue piping.

The Principal at Aitchison till 1947 was always from Britain and there were a number of British teachers as well. Among the British teachers, one who had a very strong influence on me from an academic point of view was Victor Kiernan. He taught us English and he was not a run-of-the-mill Britisher. He was a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and came out to India in 1938. He joined Aitchison in 1941 after a stint at Sikh National College. He returned to the U.K. in 1945 and became a lecturer and then Professor of Modern History at Edinburgh University. I saw in his biography, which recently came out on his 80th birthday, that he was a Communist!

At Aitchison, there was as much emphasis on grooming us for good behaviour as on acquiring knowledge and learning; this was passed on to us both on the playing field and in the classroom. The teachers at Aitchison taught

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us how to discern the difference between right and wrong. They taught us good personal conduct, to be truthful, not to back-bite, to be modest and humble, and not to show off.

A deliberate purpose of the College was to inculcate western knowledge in the ruling elite class and the curriculum was designed as such. For instance, we were hardly taught any Indian history; we were taught British history, about the colonies in North America and how the savage Red Indians were civilized! The history of India that we were exposed to was designed to show how British rule brought good to India – for instance the abolition of *sati* (an Indian wife burning herself on the funeral pyre of her husband). Now of course we know how the British conquered India but we, as students, were made to feel that it was a blessing that the British had come to India and we always felt that they were superior to us. It took some decades after they left to rid myself of this complex.

Another aspect of our education, taught by Chaudhry Shahbaz Khan, was Agriculture. In those days the curriculum was designed for the landed gentry and, therefore, agriculture was a compulsory subject for three years for Aitchisonians. We were even taught to plough the fields with bullocks. Our whole class was taken to the Agriculture College at Lyallpur (now Faisalabad) to spend four days seeing different aspects of agriculture.

Today, the teacher has become a mercenary. He is only interested in delivering his lecture or lesson and then he has to be out because he has to go elsewhere to give another lecture or tuition. In my day, the salary of an Aitchison College teacher was no more than Rs. 500, similar to what a Provincial Civil Officer would earn. It was a reasonable salary but I remember that our teachers had only one set of clothes for the winter and another set for the summer; you seldom saw them in new clothes. Their shirts would be washed at home. There was no teacher at Aitchison who had a car; they used bicycles, as did some of the pupils such as me.

SCHOOL FRIENDS AND SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

We were a hundred odd students at Aitchison and everybody knew everybody. Among my first friends at Aitchison were Suraj Shamsher, son of Lala Rup Chand of the distinguished Mela Ram family of Lahore, and his younger brother, Ranbir Shamsher. Ranbir died while at school after an appendix operation. This was the first death of a student at Aitchison while I was there and it was a traumatic experience because the entire school followed the funeral procession from their family house on Egerton Road on foot to the cremation ground outside Taxali Gate, a distance of over three miles. It was very sad to see a dear friend's body engulfed in flames; the pyre was lit by his unfortunate father.

When I was new at the school, there was a student, Surinder Singh Tikka, a Tikka Sahib of Nalagarh, who was some four years senior to me. 'Tikka' meant Prince but I didn't know that. In my innocence, I asked him why people called him Tikka Sahib. The good and kind person that he was, he said there was a mole on his forehead because of which everybody called him 'Tikka'! After Partition, he became a favourite of Mrs. Gandhi and was posted as the Food Commissioner of India. The last time I saw him was in the foyer of the Oberoi Hotel in Delhi where he was buying pastries for his family. I met him after an interval of twenty years and in one second time had disappeared. This was only a few weeks before he died of heart failure. He was a very good wicket-keeper in the College cricket team.

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Sardar Ahmad Khan, son of Colonel Hamid Hussain, the Military Secretary to the Maharaja of Patiala, joined Class II in 1935 and remained my classmate until 1941 when he left school after taking the School Certificate Examination. He subsequently joined the Patiala Forces and served in the Indian Army in the Middle East during the War. After the creation of Pakistan, he was in our Army. I established contact with him in 1948 when he served in the Governor General's Bodyguard in Karachi, first as an Adjutant and later as the Commandant. We both played in a polo tournament in Karachi in February 1958 where he met with a fatal accident. He was in a coma for almost ten days but never left the hospital alive. I had the sorrow of participating in this very dear friend's funeral, when he was buried with full military honours with Governor-General Iskander Mirza among the mourners. His son, Adnan, who was then only three years old, grew into a very promising young man, and I had the privilege of having him work at one of my business organisations for a number of years after he had returned from the USA, having completed his education.

Among my other classmates were Raghvindra Singh and Ganindra Singh, both sons of the Maharaja Bhupinder Singh of Patiala, and Mohammad Abbas and Haroon Rasheed, sons of Nawab Sadiq Mohammad Khan of Bahawalpur. These early classmates did not progress in their studies.

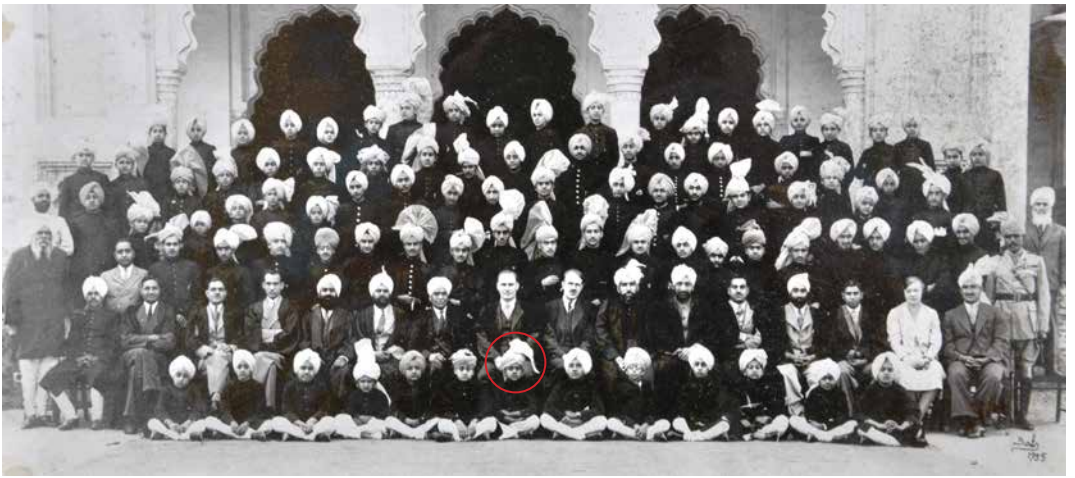
In 1937, Harcharan Singh Brar¹⁷ from Ferozepur joined our class. He was some three or four years older than the rest of us. He was a very hard-working student and especially good at mathematics. Very soon, Harcharan and I became friends and this friendship lasted till his death in 2009. I can say that Harcharan was my closest friend, and it was a privilege to have had a friend like him almost all my life! I visited him in India on a regular basis and our families are just as close – his daughter, his son, his grand-children all call me 'Dadaji', and they are more free with me than with their own parents.

Some boys smoked but this habit was looked down upon. Patiala boys, of course, were baptized into alcohol at an early age. Harcharan Singh Brar never touched alcohol because his brother had died of its abuse. There were some boys in our group who drank or smoked but they did not force it upon us. Like every class, we had some clowns too, who were poor academically but generally good sportsmen. They were not ostracized; indeed there was a lot of liking for them. We avoided the fellow students that we did not like.

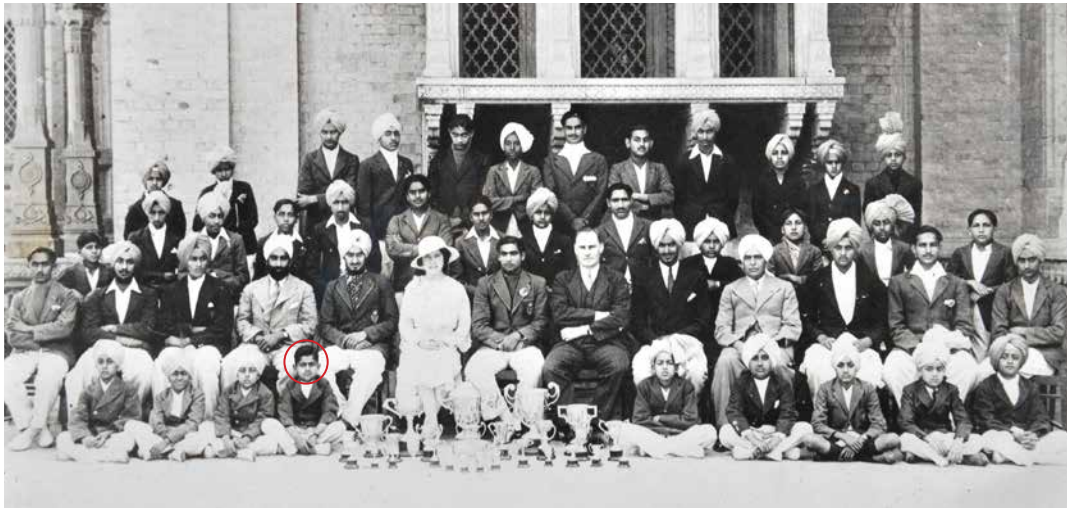
On the sports field, we played games with boys from other classes. We used to play games six days a week and Sardar Harnam Singh used to referee our hockey games. I lived with my family on Davis Road and went home after studies in the afternoon but always returned to participate in sports every day, six days a week.

My interest in horse riding started at Aitchison. In my days, riding was compulsory and the first time I was made to sit on a horse was my first day at Aitchison! I was fortunate enough to ride very regularly from that first day to some forty years after I left Aitchison. I played low handicap polo for at least ten years and maintained a stable of horses till 1980. I became a member of the Lahore Gymkhana when I was a student in 1944 and I am probably now the oldest member. I was proposed by two Englishmen: one was Mr. Gwynn, seconded by Mr. Bustin, the

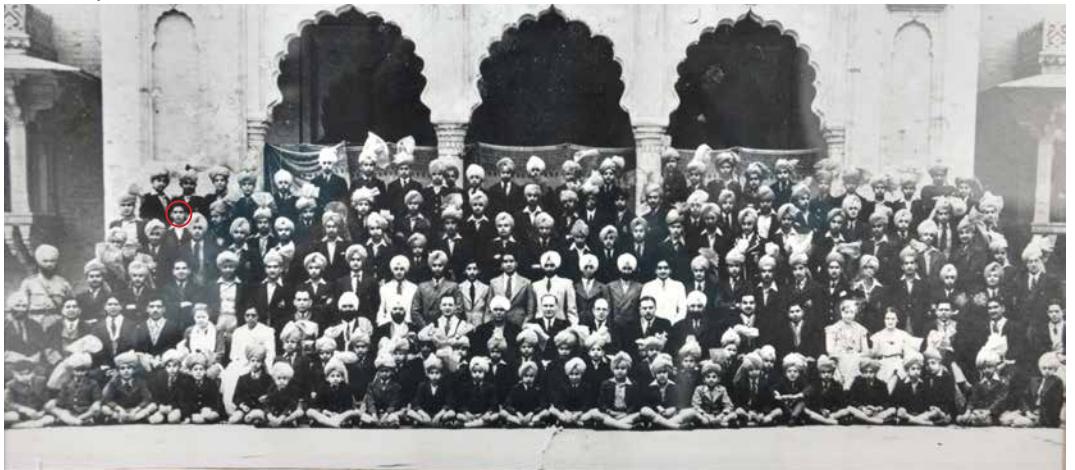
¹⁷ See pages 48 - 51 for more on Harcharan Singh Brar



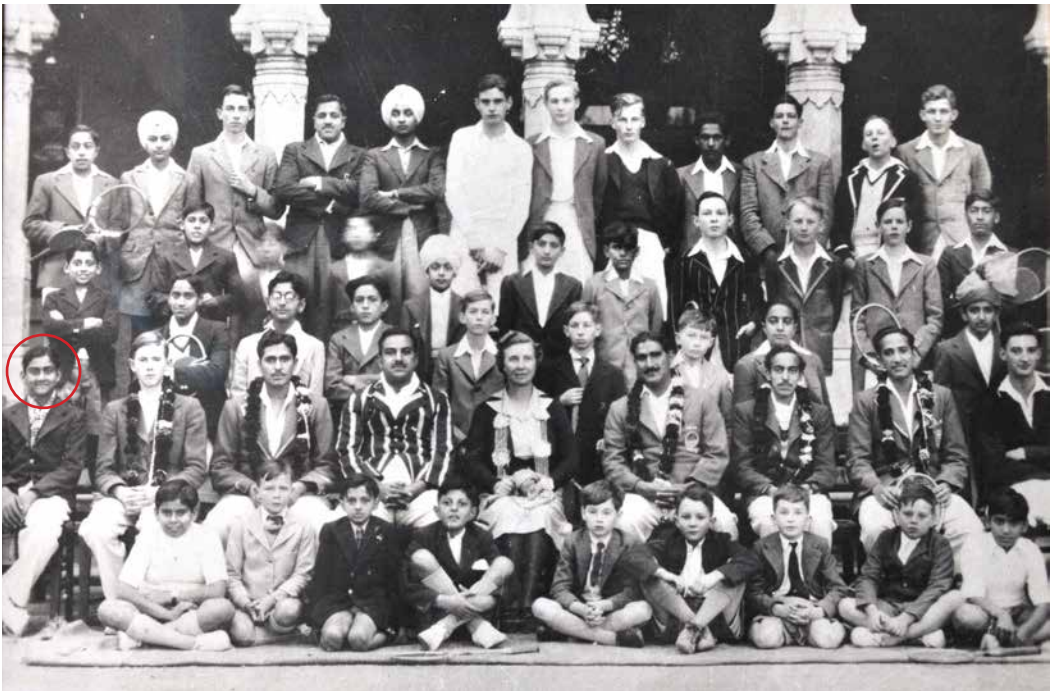
1935: Full College



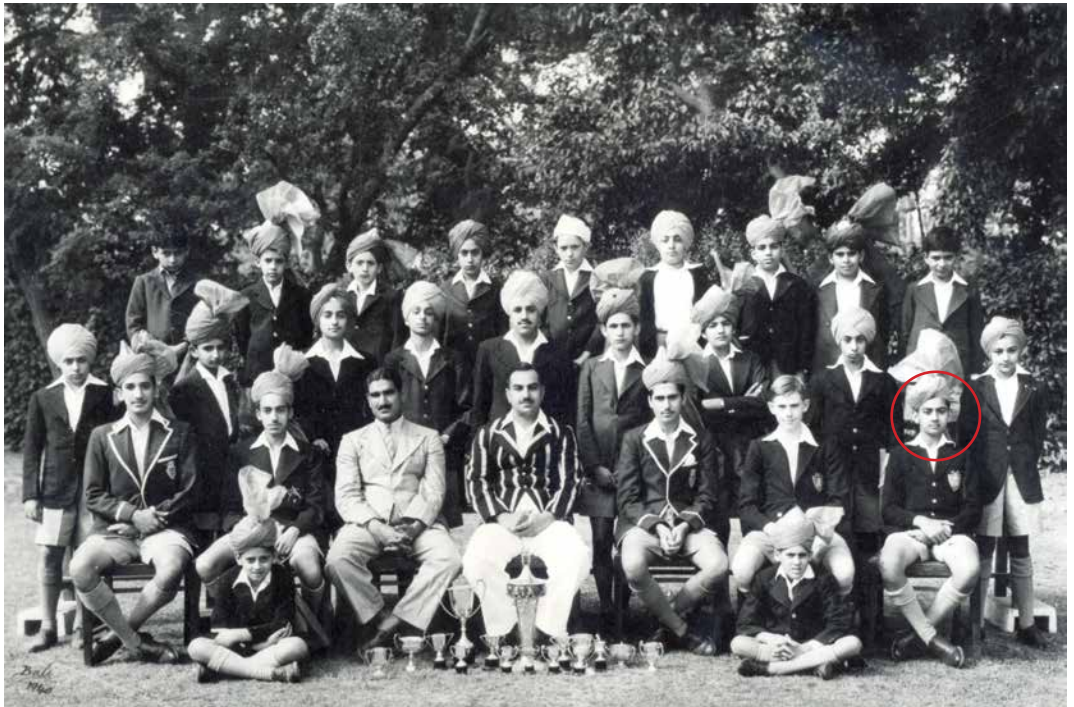
1935: Godley House



1940: Full College

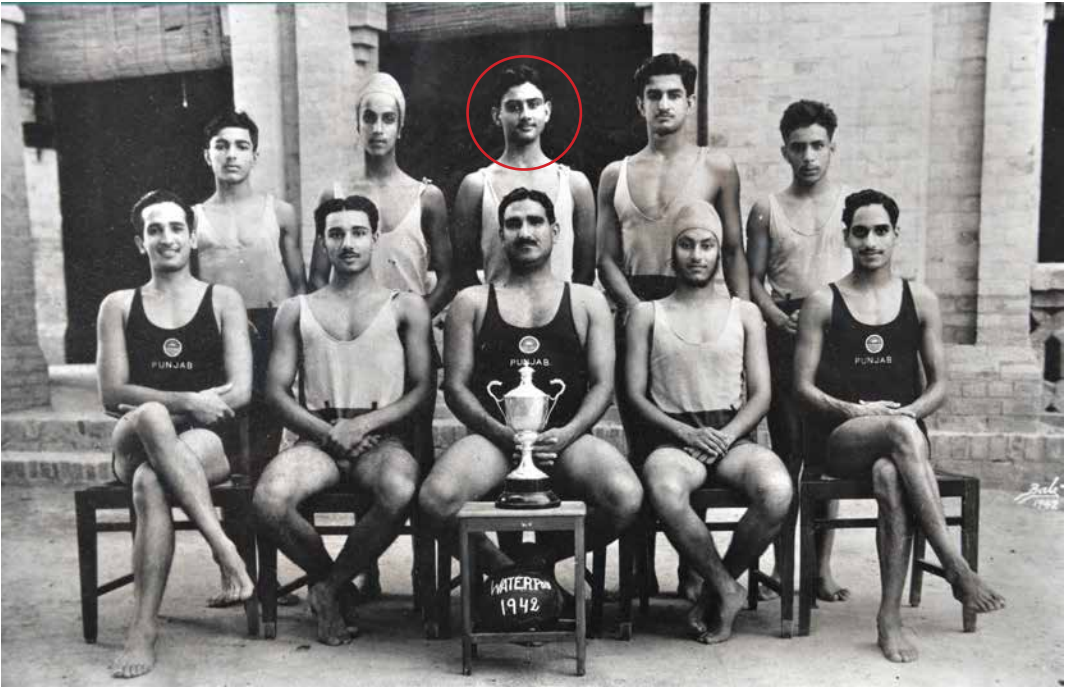


1941: Jubilee House



1939: Jubilee House, Aitchison College, Lahore

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1942: Water Polo team

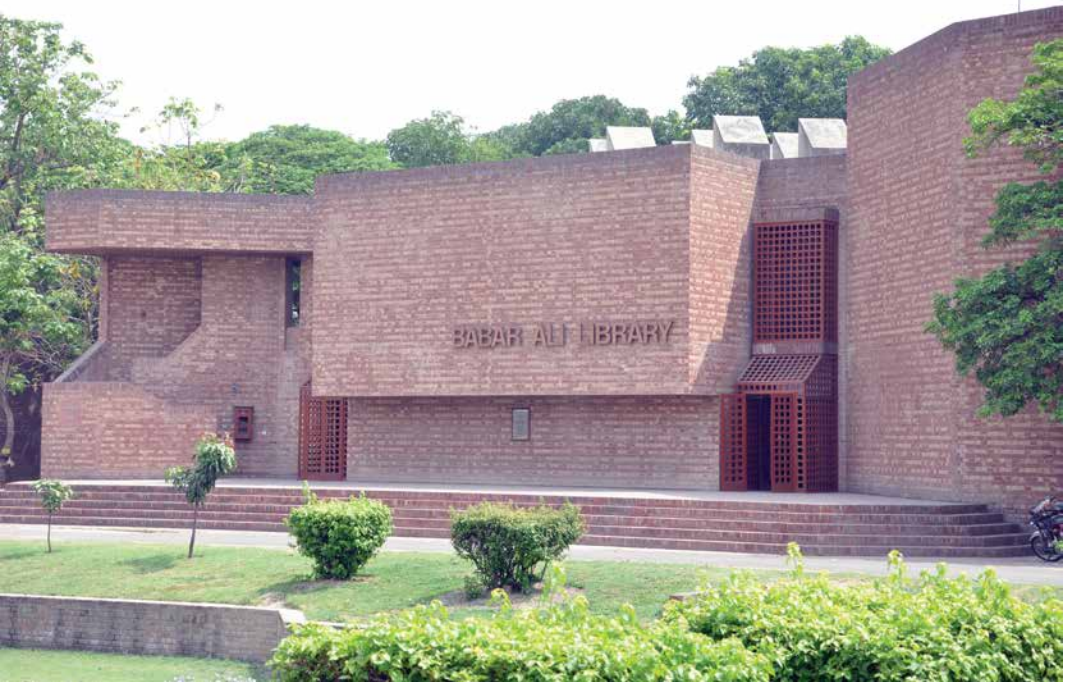
editor of the Civil and Military Gazette. Mr. Gwynn had taken me to the Gymkhana during a cricket match, to introduce me. There was no interview. The process was simple. Your name went up and you were either taken in or rejected.

The nine years at Aitchison went past very quickly, with my total involvement in school activities. I feel I learnt as much on the hockey, cricket, and tennis grounds as I did in the classroom. It was one large family, and there was no bias or discrimination on the basis of religion. The teachers, who were Muslims, Hindus, Sikhs, and Christians, treated students fairly, without any prejudice. There was much respect for teachers among students, and equally a great deal of affection for students from teachers. Aitchison inculcated a tremendous family feeling among the students and this was not only for one's classmates but also for all the other students. This comradeship has been a source of tremendous strength throughout my life.

RELATIONSHIP WITH AITCHISON

I never 'left' Aitchison and remained in touch with my teachers and the school because Aitchison was like a mother to me. It still is. Once or twice a day a message comes to me about Aitchison and I always give it priority and address it straightaway; I never tell them that I am busy. This relationship never changes, irrespective of whether I like the Principal or not. I owe so much to that institution. Aitchison has done so much for so many

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Babar Ali Library at Aitchison College, Lahore

people. Unfortunately, there is no culture of giving in this country, especially to institutions that have given so much to the people who have benefited from them.

The gates for the main building and the junior school were given by me to Aitchison College soon after my father died in 1961. He had been on the Board of the school from before Partition till he passed away in 1961. I had the gates designed by National College of Arts faculty and some students (Ms. Abidi Abbasi, Ahmad Khan, and I think, Nayyar Ali Dada). They produced the design and also found me a blacksmith to make the gates, which are still very sturdy. Outside the gates is the monogram of Aitchison and on the inside there is a plaque saying that it was a gift in memory of my father. Inside the Junior School, another plaque says that it was a gift from me as a former student. The design was so much liked that many gates in Punjab have been copied from it, for instance the gates at Bagh-e-Jinnah. I also helped Aitchison with the design of the auditorium. I didn't pay for it but I helped find a good architect, Anwar Pasha. On their Centenary in 1986, I presented a library to Aitchison College, which the College named after me.

I am very fond of former Principal Shamim Khan at Aitchison, who told me that parents had come and demanded that he give the Gold Medal to their sons. Sometimes he even got a telephone call from Government House asking the Principal to give the Gold Medal to a particular boy! In my days, it was unthinkable that anybody



1986: With Harcharan Singh Brar at the opening of the Aitchison College Library

would even raise the question of an award with the Principal or staff, whether it was a colour at sports or recognition in the classroom.

OTHER MEMORIES

A cruel prank

Our H.Sc. class boys who were boarders lived in Bungalow No. 2. Its warden was a teacher, Mr. Jagdish Lal, who was a cricketer of repute. Once he was on leave playing for the Northern India Cricket Association and in his place a Sikh teacher had been asked to sleep in Bungalow No. 2. I and a group of students went onto the roof of the bungalow and hung alarm clocks in the chimney at different heights, with alarms going off every hour from 1 o'clock in the morning till 5 am! The teacher who was subjected to this prank did not say a word to anyone. When we checked the next day, all the clocks had gone!

The Fruit Vendor

My pocket money was Rs. 5, but this was generously supplemented by my mother. The money was spent at the fruit shop at Aitchison. Meher, the vendor, used to extend credit to us but he had no written account; all was from memory and we were always in debt to him! My friend Harcharan had a very good sense of humour and he used to tell Mehar, 'The payment for your fruit dries out more blood in our bodies than the amount of blood that your fruit makes in us.'

The Council of State

While I was studying at Aitchison, there was a long tradition of a forum called the Council of State, which was held once a fortnight until it was disbanded during the War. This Council of State ran like a Parliament, with the Principal in a wig, sitting in the Speaker's chair in the middle of the hall. It was mandatory for all students of Class III and above to participate and

teachers would encourage us to take part in the debates and helped us write speeches. The Chiragh Din Debating Cup was given to the best speaker. In these Declamation contests, we used to be given three or four topics to choose from.

I remember a particular Declamation contest in 1941, when we were given some five topics to speak on. One was 'purna suvraj', i.e., complete independence. I spoke in this debate with the assistance of my brother-in-law, Syed Mubarak Ali Shah¹⁸, who helped me with my speech. The person who was declared the winner was Romesh Thapar¹⁹, a very brilliant speaker who later became a prominent journalist in India. His uncle was a senior medical officer in the British Army and Romesh had come to Aitchison from Bishop Cotton School. In his fiery speech, he referred to Mr. Churchill as 'that Bull-dog Churchill'. An Englishman was sitting in the audience who was guardian to the heir-apparent of Chamba State. He went to the Governor and told him about the abuse to the British Prime Minister! The Governor called for an explanation from our Principal, Mr. Barry, who happened to be ill that evening and had not attended. All the students were summoned by the Principal, who conveyed the wrath of the Governor to us. Mr. Barry was very fond of Romesh and a compromise was reached that Romesh would make a conciliatory speech on our Founders Day, when the Governor would be there.

The Princes

During our days at the College, we marvelled at prominent former Aitchisonians – the Maharaja of Patiala, the Nawab of Pataudi and other great sportsmen. Bhupinder Singh of Patiala was totally devoted to Aitchison College and even as the Maharaja referred to the Principal as 'Sir'. When the school faced bankruptcy because there were too few students, the Principal wrote to the Maharaja for help. The Maharaja arranged for the sons of chiefs from Patiala to be sent to Aitchison, including two Muslims, who were sponsored by Patiala State. One was Khalifa Saeed Hassan from Samana, near Patiala. The other was a very dear classmate of mine, Ahmed Khan, whose father was military secretary to the Maharaja.

While I was at Aitchison, a very memorable occasion was the celebration of the Golden Jubilee in 1936, when for one week in March, old boys of the College, many of whom were distinguished members of the princely families of Northern India, participated in various sports and other functions. The Maharaja of Patiala came with full pomp and we saw five or six Rolls Royce cars going round the campus showing the Maharanis where the Maharaja had grown up.

The Maharaja died around 1940, while I was at Aitchison. The College was closed to pay respects to his memory; he had done so much for Aitchison and was a great benefactor. King Edward Medical College also received a major donation from him and Patiala Block there was named after him.

Many of the students at Aitchison were from the princely families of Northern India - Patiala Kapurthala, Bahawalpur, Khairpur, Bugti, Lasbela, etc. Although these boys had such different backgrounds from us commoners, we had no difficulty in interacting with them. During my time, eight of Maharaja Patiala's sons (Kunwars) were at

¹⁹ Brother of the Indian historian Romila Thapar

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the College. They did not put on any false airs with us because they were our school-mates, even though they arrived in a Rolls Royce. They lived in Patiala House, opposite the Governor's House on the Mall, now the site of Ministers' houses and the Pearl Continental.

When I was in Class IV, we had a teacher, Sardar Gajinder Singh, who hailed from Gujranwala. His son, Jagdarshan, was a classmate of mine (he later became an Engineer General in the Indian Army). In addition to Patiala's sons, we had a boy from another princely state in the class who said something which upset Sardar Gajinder Singh; he said to the boy 'Kanwar Sahib, don't think too much about your money, many characterless people have a lot of money!' I still remember that. Most of our teachers used to speak in English or Urdu but Sardar Gajinder Singh would break into Punjabi to explain something. I remember him once explaining what standard time was; he said, 'When the sun crosses my head, it is my noon time and when it crosses your head, it is your noon time.' These teachers were not selected merely on the basis of their intellect and command of a subject, but for the ability to develop good characters in the boys. Such was Aitchison College!

HARCHARAN SINGH BRAR

Harcharan was my closest friend at school and he was very mature for his years. I did not know his background till much later: his mother was his guide, ensuring that he went to the right school. Like me, his older brothers had not gone to Aitchison but she sent Harcharan there because she believed that he would be well groomed and would make the right contacts. Harcharan and I were both good students and although we competed for the top position in the class, we accepted the results of the examinations and never begrudged each other's better results.

My mother was in purdah but she insisted on seeing Harcharan every time he came to our house, when he would touch her feet. It reminded her of her ancestors who served in Ranjit Singh's court. When he visited, she would say, 'Harcharan is my 'badshah'!' and 'My 'badshah' has arrived!'. Harcharan gave her the same love that he gave to his own mother and she encouraged my friendship with him.

From the very beginning, Harcharan was an Indian nationalist, and he knew that I was an enthusiastic supporter of the Muslim League and Pakistan, but that did not dampen our friendship. While we were at Aitchison, around 1941, he and I both attended a meeting addressed by Mr. Jinnah outside Mochi Gate. We sat very close to the dais from where Mr. Jinnah spoke, and we happened to sit next to Mian Mohammad Shafi, who was then a reporter working for the Civil and Military Gazette, one of the two English papers in Lahore at that time. He was known as "Meem Sheen", and was a veteran and much-respected journalist. My friendship with him goes back to that evening outside Mochi Gate and lasted till his death in 1993.

When I came back from America in December 1947, Qurban Ali Khan was I.G. of Police in the Punjab, based in Lahore. I had been away during Partition so I only read in the newspaper what happened and did not have any personal experience of the upheaval here. I went to see Khan Sahib and I told him I had a friend, Harcharan, in India whom I wanted to meet. He asked me where he lived and I told him that my friend lived in Ferozepur. He said, 'If he can come to the border, I will send you in the I.G.'s jeep to the border and you can meet in no man's land.' Harcharan knew everybody on that side; he got permission and we met in no man's land. In those days,

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there were no bananas in Pakistan so he had brought some bananas for me. I had brought some ties for him from America. We enjoyed our meeting but the army people did not allow us to exchange our gifts. I came back in the I.G.'s jeep and Harcharan went back to India.

At university in Lahore, Harcharan zeroed in on a lady whom he later married. She was two years senior to us; she was in M.A. and we were in B.A. He said to me, 'I have seen somebody; you must see her.' We saw her walking from Government College to the Punjab University with a friend. She happened to be a very good athlete and was a Champion at the College. Harcharan was a Jat Sikh and he was very particular about being a Sidhu Brar! He found out that she was also a Jat. Harcharan was very political in his thinking and ambition (while at Aitchison, he was always reading The Tribune when everybody else read The Civil & Military Gazette and he would attend all the political meetings when any Indian leader came to town). He discovered that this girl's father and uncle were both in jail and there was no way of our approaching the family for the hand of the lady. He found somebody who could visit them in jail and inform them that there was this Jat Sikh who wanted the hand of their daughter. When they were released, we found an intermediary to take the proposal. She came from very good stock; she was the niece of Sardar Partab Singh Kairon, who later on became the Chief Minister in East Punjab, and her father was a card-carrying Communist. In the twenties, the family had gone to America and then to Russia. When they came back to India, they were put in jail by the British. Partab Singh Kairon joined the Congress Party but the girl's father remained a Communist till the day he died. Harcharan's wife passed away in 2013.

Harcharan went into politics, serving as a Minister in the Indian Punjab Government. When Sardar Beant Singh, the Chief Minister, died in a bomb explosion in 1995, he became the Chief Minister of Punjab.

Harcharan got into horse breeding with Sonny Habibullah, a very dear friend of mine, and a horse enthusiast. The Habibullahs were from a very good *taluqdar* family in Lucknow. Sonny had come to Pakistan and had taken citizenship, but he could not tear himself away from India as he had very close friends there. During Harcharan's visits to Pakistan, he got very close to my brother, Bhai Wajid, who also bred horses, so Harcharan got interested in breeding too. The Habibullahs had a Stud Farm in Bhopal in partnership with a Bombay family called Gokal Das, who were Gujratis. Habibullah asked me to introduce him to Harcharan, in order to start a horse-breeding farm in Ferozepur. I then acted as a midwife to get Sonny Habibullah and his brother General Inayatullah (a General in the Indian Army) to join with Harcharan and take their horses from Bhopal to Harcharan's farm in Punjab. It started as a partnership: land and infrastructure was provided by Harcharan and horses brought in by the Habibullahs.

When Harcharan's son, Sunny, came of age, he started taking an interest in the horse breeding but the Habibullahs did not treat him well and had a low opinion of his capability. Harcharan didn't like his son to be ignored so the partnership soured. I went to Delhi and realized that the relationship could not survive. I told Sonny Habibullah and Harcharan that the best thing was to part ways. They appointed me the arbitrator and I decided that the Habibullahs should take back the horses they brought. I told Harcharan that he should pay Habibullahs off by giving them Rs. 1 million so that they could get started elsewhere. He wrote a cheque there and then without a question and handed it over to them. After 5-7 years, I said to Harcharan that I felt a little guilty that I had been a

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bit harsh on him in the transaction. He said, 'If you had said I should give Rs. 2 million, I would even have given that without a question!' He trusted me totally. I said, 'You see, I gave them enough money for them to start elsewhere, otherwise they would have been on the road. You had brought them from an established set up, you provided them a new home; it did not work out, so they had to have enough resources to start a new operation.'

I now interact with his daughter with whom I am very close, a continuation of my relationship with Harcharan. This friendship lasted more than seven decades and somehow I took it for granted that it will always be there. About 15 years ago he called me and said he had just been to Madras and had a medical check up. Some of his arteries were blocked and the doctors recommended a by-pass. I knew the head of the Cleveland Clinic who was with me at Harvard so I asked Harcharan to tell me when he would like to go to Cleveland and which surgeon he would like for the operation. He wanted Dr. Loop and wanted me to accompany him, to which I readily agreed. I said I would of course go but that he should take his son, Sunny, along. He said, 'I don't need Sunny because you will be there!' I remained with him till he was out of Intensive Care. His wife, of course, was with him and she then allowed me to return to Pakistan.

On 16th September 2009, Perwin and I had to make the sad journey to Sarai Nanga for the *bbog* ceremony for my dear friend, Harcharan. *Bhog* is the last of the ten days of mourning after the demise of an individual. It is also the occasion to nominate the family lineage successor of the deceased and this ceremony is called *dastar bandi*.

Harcharan 's daughter Bubli Brar had made excellent arrangements for us right from the Customs & Transit Lounge at Wagah and we drove in a Government vehicle piloted by a police car all the way from Attari to Sarai Nanga. The police vehicle escorted us to the next district where another escort took over. Between Attari and Sarai Nanga, we passed through five districts – Amritsar, Taran Tarran, Ferozepur, Faridkot, and finally Mukhtsar.

The *bbog* ceremony started at 11 am. The big dais, constructed to accommodate over 100 people, was where the Sikh holy book Garanth Sahib was placed and for two hours there was recitation from the Garanth Sahib and religious songs accompanied by music. It was amazing to see the turn out of the masses – over 15,000 had congregated over a large field that had been specially prepared for the occasion! Despite the heat, the audience was in a quiet and sombre mood.

Also on the dais were the Chief Minister of Punjab, Mr. Badal, and two of his Cabinet Ministers. There were also two Union Ministers – Mr. Ghulam Nabi Azad, Minister of Health, and the Maharani of Patiala, Minister of State for External Affairs. Among other dignitaries, there to pay homage, was the Maharaja of Patiala's younger brother, head of the Bias Group.

It was very touching to see the large crowd of men, women, and children of all ages sitting in the sun in scorching heat for over three hours. The entire ceremony was conducted with utmost dignity and solemnity. The masses were invited to have their food after the function in the various *gurudwaras* in Sarai Nanga and dignitaries were entertained by the Brar family to a well-prepared meal.

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To me personally, this was a very sad occasion because it was the first time that I had been in Sarai Nanga when Harcharan was not there!

On our return, we specially asked to travel via Ferozepur Cantonment, the starting point of my father's business life, where in my childhood, I often used to go with my parents. My father and uncle always looked back to Ferozepur as their business home. They acquired over thirty bungalows in Ferozepur Cantonment and in 1921, they constructed one of the largest residential buildings there, naming it after their father and calling it 'Wazir Ali Building'. I was amazed to see that even sixty-two years after Partition, the building, even though ill-kept, was still inhabited. After 1947, the building was allotted to over twenty families who migrated from Pakistan to India and though the name of the building had been erased by whitewash, they still referred to it as 'Wazir Ali Building'. The rest of the premises of the store that my family had built and maintained right till the time of Partition had been replaced by a number of ill designed and shabby structures and the original buildings could not be discerned.

SYED ZULFIQAR ALI SHAH

Shah Sahib was my teacher at Aitchison College. He took a great deal of interest in me and was my mentor. Almost every student would specially look up to a particular faculty member and I was lucky that I had a good personal relationship with more than one teacher, of whom Zulfiqar Shah Sahib was one. He was a very complete person: he was an outstanding sportsman during his student days and had an excellent academic and sporting career at Government College, where he was captain of the college cricket team in the 1930s. After he joined Aitchison as a member of the staff, he maintained a fine balance between his teaching in the classroom, of Maths and Science, and his coaching on the playing field and he took a very special interest in my studies and games. He was also my housemaster. While at Aitchison, he was appointed Headmaster of Indian Mercantile Marine Traineeship Dufferin in Bombay. All trainees who went into the Indian Merchant Navy went through Dufferin. That was their IMA or Kakul and it was under the Ministry of Commerce, Government of India. The first Indian Headmaster of Dufferin was Mr. U. Karamat. Prior to that they always had an Englishman. After Partition, Shah Sahib came from Bombay to Karachi and got a position in the Ministry of Commerce. He was posted as Trade Commissioner, serving first in Kabul and then in Sri Lanka. The post of the Principal of Aitchison College fell vacant and he was appointed and served in the position for about four or five years until *Nawab* Kalabagh became the Governor of Punjab in 1960. The Nawab abrogated the School's constitution and put himself and other politicians onto the Governing Body.

Nawab Kalabagh had been at Aitchison and had had a poor relationship with Shah Sahib, while his particular mentor was a gentleman by the name of *Moulvi* Karamatullah. *Moulvi* Sahib had cultivated the Nawab of Bahawalpur when he was a student at Aitchison and became a guardian of Nawab Bahawalpur's sons, also at Aitchison²⁰. *Moulvi* Sahib was not a sportsman and was only an average teacher, so when Mr. Barry became Principal in 1933, *Moulvi* Sahib was one of the first teachers to be retired from Aitchison. Thinking that Syed Zulfiqar Ali Shah had a role in this, Nawab Kalabagh, when he became the Governor, had no tolerance for Shah Sahib as Principal. One fine day, he just fired him and got in Abdul Ali Khan as the new Principal. This came as a total shock to me. My father had just

²⁰ Moulvi Sahib was also very close to our family because he was the guardian and teacher of two of my brothers-in-law, Syed Mubarak Ali Shah and Syed Abid Hussain.

passed away and I requested Shah Sahib to come to Packages where he then spent the rest of his days, in the office two doors away from mine. I told him we needed a mentor after the demise of my father and he was a source of great comfort to me. He initiated for Packages the sponsorship of the Jafar Memorial Hockey Tournament, which has been held every year since 1961. As an elderly person, young business executives at Packages would consult him. If there were issues with labour or anything else, he would be a good influence. We published Amir Khusru's complete works under his supervision. He was a healthy influence on all of us and everyone respected him. He was a great influence on my life as a teacher and later on at Packages.

When Henna and Hyder were growing up, Zulfiqar Ali Shah would spend an hour every evening with them, talking to them about different subjects, especially religion and shiaism. Both Henna and Hyder are more devoted shias than me! Shah Sahib had beautiful handwriting, both in English and in Urdu, and he tried to improve their's. He would also guide them in the different subjects they were studying.

GOVERNMENT COLLEGE

I thoroughly enjoyed my stay at Aitchison. I loved it and was very sad to leave. We took the Higher School Certificate Examination of Cambridge University in December 1943 and most of our class joined Government College, Lahore, in January 1944, in the Third Year. Normally, the Third Year classes were admitted in May after the Intermediate examination but as the Higher School Certificate Examination took place in December, we were allowed to join the Third Year classes in January which meant that we took the B.A. Examination in 15 months as against two years after the Intermediate Examination. Fortunately, I had an Aitchisonian friend, Padamindra Singh of Patiala, who studied Physics and Chemistry as I did, and during all the 15 months that we spent at Government College, we were together most of the time. My very good friend Harcharan Singh Brar also joined Government College but he studied Economics and Political Science. We only had the optional Urdu in common and for the rest of the time we were in different classrooms, but I saw Harcharan as often as I could during free time in the College. I was happy when the 15 months at Government College were over, when I had taken the B.Sc. Examination of Punjab University.

Going to Government College Lahore from Aitchison was like going from a 5-star to a 2-star hotel – the physical facilities in Aitchison were much superior, the grounds were tremendous, the roads were good, even the equipment in the laboratories was better and, of course, we were a much smaller group of students at Aitchison, with individual attention by the teachers in comparison to Government College. It took me many months to get adjusted to a different environment. The most important differentiating feature between the two institutions was the varied background of the students - at Government College students came from different schools, varied walks of life, and spoke different languages. The boys from Aitchison or the Doon School had a different standard of conduct and treated the staff with more respect. The students from those two schools hung together rather than socialize with the rest. Our study hours at Government College were brief and the contact with the faculty was minimal. We went there at 9 a.m. and returned home at 2.30 p.m.

G.D. Sondhi was the Principal of Government College in our time. Both his daughters, Urmilla and Sonu, were studying at the College at that time. I was telling Urmilla about ten years ago that 'half the boys were in love with

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one sister, and the other half with the other sister!' She asked me, 'Who were you in love with?' I said, 'Both!' While talking about Government College, I would like to mention my teachers. As against Aitchison where I spent nine years and got to know the teaching staff very well, there was not much opportunity to meet the faculty at Government College at close range except the ones that I met in the Chemistry and Physics laboratories. I got to know Professor H.R. Sarna who was an eminent Physicist and Mr. Sundar Lal Aggarwal, who took a lot of interest in guiding me in my Chemistry practicals. I kept in close contact with Mr. Aggarwal. He went to the United States in 1946, got his Doctorate at Cornell and stayed on to become the Head of Research & Development at General Tyre. I was very happy to meet him after a lapse of almost forty years in 1985 when he travelled from Akron, Ohio to meet me in Cleveland.

I had the good fortune to take Urdu as my optional subject and to attend lectures by Sufi Ghulam Mustafa Tabassum. I did not know him at that time but subsequently, thirty years later, got to know him well. He wrote a number of books at my request, which were published and distributed to his admirers by Packages Limited.

We were taught English by a very interesting Hindu gentleman named Baldoon Dheengra. He was an Oxford graduate and, I remember, he used to come to College on a Raleigh bicycle, the height of technical sophistication in those days! Later on, Mr. Ashfaq Ali Khan replaced him. There was a world of difference between Professor Dheengra and Mr. Ashfaq Ali Khan in their teaching abilities. Mr. Ashfaq Ali Khan had just started while Mr. Dehengra was an experienced teacher, always very well prepared and very formal, with an Oxford accent. Mr. Ashfaq Ali Khan later became the Principal of Government College and a road near the College.

I did fairly well in the B.Sc. Final University exams; I came second in my College and stood 14th in the University among 664 candidates. While at Government College, I spent most of my vacations in Bhopal in Central India, where I acquired a different kind of knowledge. The family business, as purveyors to the British Army in India, had expanded considerably during the 1939-45 War and among the additional opportunities provided to the firm was the provision of food and other needs to the Prisoners of War in Bhopal. My elder brothers, Syed Amjad Ali and Syed Wajid Ali, visited Bhopal in connection with the business and they were introduced to the Nawab of Bhopal.

Very soon they saw an opportunity to acquire a large tract of land consisting of 2,000 acres of irrigated and 8,000 acres of 'barani' land, which mostly consisted of forests. It was called 'Palakmati Farms' and during the vacations from Government College, I made a beeline for Bhopal because of its attractions. I was hardly eighteen years old and my brothers gave me the opportunity to go and work with the management of the farm and to monitor their efforts, but the big attraction to me was the abundance of 'shikar' there, both gamebirds (partridge and quail), as well as blackbuck, chital, sambar, 'nilgai' and chinkara. Panthers and tigers were seen on our land but I never came across them. My brothers set up a horse-breeding farm and established mechanised farming with tractors and harvesters long before these were introduced on a large scale elsewhere in India. The quality of the land was very poor, however, and financially the farming venture was a total disaster, but I had much fun being involved in various aspects of this establishment and, of course, the greatest excitement was to go into the forest looking for wild game. This exposure to managing money and people and getting involved in growing crops added a new dimension to my learning at an early age.

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, ANN ARBOR

The big question for me after I had passed my B.Sc. exams was what to do next. I was very keen to go to America for higher studies and, with my science background, I wanted to gain admission to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) for a Program called Business & Engineering. In May 1945, when the Punjab University results came out, World War II was still on and even during the rest of that year the War atmosphere prevailed. Though peace in Europe was officially declared in May 1945, Japan only surrendered two months later. The atmosphere in India remained more or less on a war footing for the rest of the year because of the demobilisation of millions of soldiers, of whom many hundreds of thousands were Europeans and Americans who had to be shipped back home.

Our family was in business, but business administration as a subject was not known outside the USA. The subject started at Harvard and was taught at other universities but in those days very few universities offered it. America was the country to go to for studies in the years 1945-1947 but at the time it was very difficult to get university admission. Under the G.I. Bill of Rights every American who had served in the Army had the right to education even at university level. All the universities were, therefore, flooded with applicants. In addition, there was a large contingent of Indians who went to America for studies under some British or American plan. Irshad Hussain (later the first General Manager of Packages Limited) was one of the people to be picked to go to Harvard. I was pestering him to get me admitted to the Harvard Business School. At that time, I was only twenty years old and I did not realize that to study at Business School you had to have acquired some work experience. I was, therefore, too young to get in. I was also trying to get into MIT and I used my father's influence with the Indian Ambassador and with the Education Attache, Mr. Sundaram. I made his life miserable by sending him cable after cable! All my pocket money was spent on sending these applications to the US for admission.

One of my teachers from Government College, Sunder Lal Aggarwal, had got into Cornell. At that time, the Minister of Education in Punjab was Nawab Ashiq Hussain Qureshi. Most of these people were in and out of our home because they were friends of my father, my brothers, and my brother-in-law, Syed Mubarik Ali Shah. I had written a letter to Ashiq Qureshi and requested him to support the application of Sunder Lal Aggarwal. Sunder Lal was thus beholden to me for getting him the scholarship and guided me as to which universities I should apply to for admission. After three months and some thirty applications sent to different universities in America, I received a letter of admission to the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. When I arrived in Ann Arbor and had settled down, I got an admission letter from MIT, but I didn't follow it up.

My father and mother were not keen on my going abroad. My mother was extremely fond of me and she did not want me to go overseas. My father wanted me to join the family business. He, from his own experience, felt that higher learning could be substituted by hard work. Among my classmates and close friends, Padamindra Singh got admission to study Civil Engineering at the London University, and Suraj Shamsher, with whom I maintained a very close relationship from my first day at school and whose parents and grandparents were close family friends, left for studies in Ohio in the summer of 1946. I went to see him off at the Ballard Pier in Bombay. My father observed to my mother, 'Now we are in trouble! His friend has gone, and now he will not stay here!' My elder brother, Bhai Amjad had been abroad, but he had gone to England and that too when he was mature and married. I was twenty but they

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finally relented and agreed to my going to Ann Arbor. In 1946, there was no air service from India to the United States and sea passages were regulated by the Government because ships were still requisitioned by the Government for the movement of troops. With great difficulty, I managed to get a berth on a ship of the Union Castle Line called 'Sterling Castle'. Union Castle normally plied between Scotland and South Africa, but this vessel had been converted into a troop ship. We were six people bunked into a double berth compartment. My parents went to Bombay to see me off and my father took the trouble to come on board the ship and introduce me to a number of his friends who were travelling with me from Bombay to Southampton. We sailed around the 20th of December 1946. It was my first time abroad and I was greatly excited. An *Imam Zamin* was, of course, put on my arm. So the departure was nostalgic.

There were some twenty senior officers of the then Indian Army on the ship, the highest ranked being Brigadier K.M. Cariappa. He subsequently became the first Indian Commander-in-Chief of independent India. We also had Colonel Iftikhar Khan who was among the first Muslim generals in the Pakistan Army, and Major Haji Iftikhar Ahmad who subsequently became a General. All these gentlemen treated me with tremendous kindness. Mr. A.T. Naqvi, ICS, was going to England to attend the Imperial Defence College. He later became the Chief Commissioner of Karachi and remained a good friend for the rest of his life. My father wanted to make sure that I sat at the right dining table and when he discovered that Major Haji Iftikhar Ahmad was on board, he sent him a message that he would like me to sit at his table. I remember when we sat down for our first meal, I was hesitant to eat meat because I was not sure whether it was 'halal' or not. Major Haji said, 'If I can eat it even though I am a Haji, why can't you eat it! Are you a bigger Haji than me?' That was the end of my worrying about eating *zabiba* (halal meat) or otherwise.



1946: Relatives see off Syed Babar Ali at the Lahore Railway Station on his departure for the U.S.

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The conditions within the cabin were austere for six people in a room designed for two, but now with three tiers of bunks. Luckily though, it was winter, a good time of the year. We went via the Suez Canal and Gibraltar. At Port Said I bought some 'luqum' – a local sweet. You had to send money in a basket on a rope and the product travelled the same way. As the 'luqum' was coming up, somebody put his head out of a porthole below and grabbed it. That was the end of the One Pound that I had spent on 'luqum'! I was also introduced to the game 'Deck Cricket', which was played with a soft ball and a net on the deck.

I had a few hundred Pounds and Dollars, which my father had given me; all that was allowed under the rules. The Dollars were for the school fees plus a monthly allowance sanctioned by the Reserve Bank of India. At that time, one got four Dollars to the Pound and thirteen Rupees to the Pound, therefore about three Rupees to the dollar. Initially I took a bank draft and I remember that it was signed by Mr. Nazir Ahmed, Mr. Hayat Ahmed Khan's brother, who was working for Lloyds Bank²¹.

We arrived in Southampton on the 7th of January 1947. I was met by Syed Fazal Shah, who had migrated before the War and was married to a cousin of my father's. He ran a small readymade garment store in Whitechapel Lane, very close to where Punjab Kabab House now is, in the East End of London. That winter was one of the coldest in English history. England was very short of food and was run under the regime of coupons. One egg every two weeks was the ration, and no butter! But in the East End, Indians used to eat chicken and parathas, because they knew the loopholes in the system. For four shillings, you could eat chicken curry in a bowl and the paratha cooked in butter! I stayed in Bayswater at the Coberg Court Hotel, now called Coberg Hotel, near Queensway Tube Station. I stayed there for two weeks till I got my passage across to America. There was a massive power shortage in those days and it was quite cold outside but the rooms were heated. I remember we were not allowed to have a bath every day! I was not used to sleeping with the lights off so the first night I kept the light on in my room. The next morning, there was a letter from the Manager to say that the light in my room was on the whole night. He wanted me to switch the light off when I retired for the night.

One could see the destruction from the War all over London. The St. Paul's area was particularly badly affected. They had taken away the debris but you could see the walls that were now only three to four feet high indicating the boundaries of buildings. My father's friend, General Dunford, a former QMG of India, had travelled on the same boat from Bombay and took me on a sightseeing tour of London by bus. I had read about London and had heard about Buckingham Palace and knew where it was on the Mall. I also knew about Admiralty Arch, Trafalgar Square, Hyde Park, and Marble Arch, where one turns left to go to Queensway. When I saw all these places, I was over-awed, having been brought up to look up to England and the English!

I remember going to the Windmill Theatre on that first visit to London. They said 'the show never stops' and it was

²¹ I can never forget visiting Nazir Ahmed in the Bank. He was the Head Clerk and in those days everybody wrote with an old-fashioned pen that you dipped in the inkpot. I still remember the very neat blotting paper worn on his left cuff, which he would use to blot after each signature. He had, of course, to sign many hundred times a day. I was given the original bank draft and I remember it was on Irving Trust, New York. They were correspondents of the Lloyds Bank.

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1947: London

indeed a round-the-clock programme. This was for British soldiers, in London for R&R. I have never been there since. The first meal in London, I remember, I had at Shafi's Restaurant, the main watering hole for Oxbridge and local Indians, in Leicester Square. It was owned by a Hindu, a fellow called Lalji, but called 'Shafi's Restaurant'!

I spent most of my two weeks in London going to the India Office to secure my passage across the Atlantic because you had to be sponsored by the High Commission. I remember the High Commissioner had a Christian secretary called Dudley Pound and I had to pay my 'salam' to him every day. Every berth across the Atlantic was allocated. Hundreds and thousands of troops had to be repatriated from Europe back to North America. With great difficulty, I finally got a berth on the Cunard Liner 'Aquitania' which had the distinction of having four funnels. The ship took us from Southampton to Halifax in Nova Scotia, Canada. While the voyage from Bombay to Southampton was very pleasant and smooth, this trip across the Atlantic was rough and I hardly came out of my cabin during the five-day journey. I was very happy to get off in Canada, where the winter was no less severe. I travelled from Halifax to Detroit with a change of trains in Montreal, Toronto and Windsor. The journey took three nights with a break in Montreal. Windsor is the last station on the Canadian side, from where you go under the river and arrive in Detroit. I travelled in a Pullman sleeper where train seats become beds at night. At the end was the lounge where you had the washbasin and the 'loo'. I used to shave with a cut-throat (the straight edge) razor in those days and when I pulled it out to shave, a fellow passenger remarked: 'Oh, a real hero!' In American

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Western films you often saw the hero shaving with a straight edge! He said, 'I am seeing a real hero for the first time in my life!' The journey was heavenly, with excellent food, compared to the sea voyage. From Detroit, I took a train to Ann Arbor, only an hour away, and I was very happy to finally arrive at my destination, which was to have a big impact on the rest of my life.

The day after I arrived in Ann Arbor, I presented myself at the School of Business Administration and met with the Dean, who enrolled me in the BBA classes. I did not have any prior experience of the American educational system, which runs on a semester basis, which means that you complete a particular course during a semester and if you pass you get credit for it. It required almost three years to get a Bachelor's Degree in Business Administration, and a year more to get the Master's Degree. I was not prepared for such a long stay away from home. This was my first time abroad and the first time I had been away from my family for any length of time, so I decided that I would only spend two semesters in Michigan, to take Business Administration courses which I thought would be useful in broadening my knowledge. But I did decide to take full advantage of my stay, to see and learn as much of the working of business in America as was feasible. I did not miss an opportunity to visit factories: an aeroplane manufacturing plant, a paper mill in Kalamazoo, and the Kellogg cereal manufacturing plant in Battle Creek. Detroit was the home of automobile manufacture. I visited Ford, Chrysler, and Kaiser-Frazer car and truck plants.

Fortunately, within the first week of my arrival, I met a group of very fine American students, Jay Nolan, Don Levleit, and Peter King, who have remained my good friends. Don died in 1985 and Jay Nolan passed away in the late 90s. All three belonged to Michigan and during my subsequent visits to Ann Arbor we met together on several occasions in later years. They were a few years older than me because all three of them had served in the American Forces during the War and, like many of the students at the university, they were studying under the GI Bill of Rights, which meant that the American Government was paying for their education. I also met with a Gujrati Indian, Desai, who was very helpful.

Before the War, Michigan University's total strength was about 10,000. After the War, and the promulgation of the GI Bill of Rights, this swelled to 30,000. When I arrived in Michigan, the University was looking for housing outside the campus and converting barracks at Willow Run into housing for students. I went to look at this housing and was amazed to see a car standing with its engine running. I asked my friend why that car engine was running and he said it's cheaper to keep the car running than to restart it. In those days, petrol was 25 cents to a gallon. Overall, I noticed a totally new culture and environment, not having seen many American films. The affluence of America, and the size and scale of everything, the highways and cars, struck me. One was totally overawed by the abundance: one could go to a soda fountain and eat ice cream galore.

America's openness was inspiring. You were accepted with complete sincerity as a student of the University. Everybody was helpful and friendly. This was unlike in England, where they did not speak to you unless you were introduced. Here, everybody wanted to be helpful. There was no bias against me as an Indian.

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I learnt to dance at classes in the University. There were women who volunteered to come to the International Centre of Michigan University to teach foreign students how to dance as an introduction to the American society. I learnt the Fox Trot, Waltz, the Rumba and the Samba. I remember at my first dance at the University, I was shaking and fully concentrating so that I would not step on my partner's foot. At the Main Ball in Ann Arbor, all senior and foreign students participated. You just walked across and asked your friends for a dance. I thought it was a very good way of interacting with the opposite sex. It was the done thing and my parents never objected to it. My father would never go to a dance, but my brothers did.

I remember talking to my friends and saying 'I don't see that many good looking girls on the campus' and was told 'they are all married off.' I also talked to mothers who used to nag their daughters, saying 'You had better find a husband, otherwise you will be a spinster. All the good boys will be gone by the time you decide to get married!' And this was said to girls of twenty-one. This was the American mothers' approach to their daughters. There was a big pressure on girls as soon as they turned twenty-one. I remember a friend of mine asked me to take his sister out on a date; we had double dating, and triple dating – three boys and three girls.

At the University of Michigan, we used to have fish on Fridays. Whether you are a practicing Catholic or not, fish is the standard item on the American menu at universities. On Saturday, we had turkey. On Sunday they gave us chicken croquettes. It was the leftovers of the previous day, turned into a croquette – something like a samosa. On Monday, it was chicken cake –the same turkey, again labelled differently.

I arrived in America in early 1947. At that time Pakistan was demanded by the Muslims of India but it was not expected to be a reality in the near future. In March 1947, I received a letter from Bhai Abid Hussain, who was married to my third sister, Baji Kishwar, and was a Member of the Central Assembly in Delhi, saying that Pakistan was close to realisation. The total Indian community at Ann Arbor including Muslims was about seventy and we met very frequently at the International Centre. At the Centre, I saw a notice asking for speakers who would go and address various clubs and organisations that wanted to know about foreign students and the countries they came from. I volunteered and had the opportunity to address a number of associations and clubs within a few hours' driving distance of Ann Arbor. My talk was mostly to explain why the Muslims of India were anxious to have Pakistan. This was a very educational experience because I learnt to talk in front of strangers and was able to make a small contribution towards creating awareness of the cause of Pakistan. What surprised me was that at the end of the speaking assignment, I was given an envelope with money in it, \$5 or \$10: for a student a welcome reward. Once I spoke at a Rotary Club and was paid a generous \$15. So I collected about \$45 from my speaking assignments, which I donated to the Muslim students organization in Toronto run by Ameen Tareen, Irshad Ahmed and Shamim A. Mian.

Our relationship with the other communities, especially with the non-Muslim Indians, was extremely cordial and correct. When the Partition of India was announced and the independence of the two countries was declared, we decided to have a joint celebration of the independence of India and Pakistan at the Rackham Auditorium. The Indian national flag was to be similar to the tri-colour of the Indian Congress Party flag, the only addition being

IF BRITISH WITHDRAW :

**Indian Students See Country
Able To Solve Its Problems**

Six Indian students representing both Hindu and Moslem viewpoints said yesterday that the present Indian government should be able to handle the situation in India when the British move out,

although they admitted some time will be required to settle Hindu-Moslem differences.

No Difference

B. Nasiruddin from Calcutta said that Britain's stepping out should not make much difference as she has already lost all practical control over the country.

The deep rooted differences between the Hindus and Moslems, however, will take some time to settle, Nasiruddin said. He added that the problem will be more easily settled when the British move out.

Declaring that Nehru is a capable leader, Rohit Desai from Bombay said that India is fully capable of taking care of herself.

Warning that a crisis will be precipitated if the Congress does not make concessions to the Mos-

lem League, Ali Barbar of Lahore said that in the past the Congress has been slow in compromising with the League. Barbar said the Moslems prefer to settle their differences now rather than postpone them to some future date.

Capable Government

No disturbance on a major scale was foreseen by M. T. Govind of Madras. He said the present Indian government is capable of handling the situation. Govind declared that Britain has been indirectly responsible for past clashes between Hindus and Moslems.

H. B. Desai of Bombay emphasized that the two major political parties will not be able to come to terms within a short time.

V. C. Chandan, an American citizen formerly of India, said that the situation in India is part of a trend apparent throughout the world. Chandan said that the people of India throughout their history have been able to settle their differences, and the Moslems and Hindus will be able to reach a solution now.

April 1947: Ann Arbor News, Michigan, USA

the Ashoka wheel in the middle of the flag. The Pakistan flag was announced just before the creation of the new country and we only had a description of it. Kamla Chaudhry, a Hindu lady who came from Lahore, and who was a graduate student at the University, was kind enough to stitch the Pakistan flag, which was hoisted beside the Indian flag at the rostrum of the Auditorium.

I had informed my father that I would stay at the University for two semesters, after which I would want to get practical experience of industry in the United States. But before that I went on a trip across the USA with my friend Suraj and his younger brother Shakti from the Mela Ram family of Lahore, who were at Aitchison with me.

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I went down to Columbus, Ohio, where they resided and we started on our journey in a new Packard convertible that Suraj had bought. We motored from Columbus to Indianapolis, through Kansas City to Denver, Colorado, then on to Salt Lake City in Utah, through the Yellowstone National Park and Glacier National Park, and then to Seattle in Washington State. From there, we motored south along the Pacific coast to San Francisco and further on to Los Angeles, then on to Reno, Nevada, and from there to Boulder Dam, then to Flagstaff in New Mexico, and back to Denver. We travelled north to the Black Hills in Montana and then east to Chicago and further southeast, back to Columbus, Ohio, where we ended our trip.

This five-week journey of almost 8,000 miles was a very educational experience, which not only taught us the geography of the United States but also introduced us to so many different people. We stayed mostly in small towns in private homes and had the opportunity of living with lower-middle class American families, who were very easy to get on with. They were kind and sympathetic to foreign travellers, but were very business-like. This was a time when not many people from our part of the world had been to America and certainly not to the remote areas where we went. The scale of the country over-awed me. The ease with which we could travel, the people we met, and the way we were welcomed everywhere was just amazing. We did not feel discriminated against and we saw orderliness and activity everywhere. California impressed us the most because there was such tremendous prosperity there, even compared with elsewhere in America. However there was discrimination against the blacks, who were not even allowed to come and sit at a soda fountain. At that time, we were, in a way, used to such discrimination because in India we had encountered constant belittling prejudice by the British, while on the railway stations you had 'Hindu water' and 'Muslim water', so we had been brought up with these sorts of barriers. However, there was still opportunity in the US for anybody to do anything. When I came back home, for the first year I was miserable. I could not get adjusted; Pakistan had just been created and there was a shortage of everything. I wished I had stayed on in America!

During the last days of United India, when Pakistan's boundary was being decided, our home in Lahore, Nasheman on Davies Road, was the centre of the preparatory work being undertaken by the Muslim League organisations under the leadership of Sir Zafrulla Khan. He was a very close friend of the family and soon after the creation of Pakistan, the Quaid-e-Azam appointed him as the first Foreign Minister. Sir Chaudhry Zafrulla was asked to lead Pakistan's delegation to the United Nations at Lake Success in New York. My father asked him if there was a possibility of my working as his assistant during his stay in New York. Sir Zafrulla had known me from childhood and, in fact, he had tried to get me admitted to an American university during 1945-46. After we had returned from our car journey, I was very glad to receive a letter from Sir Zafrulla inviting me to New York to work with the Pakistan Delegation.

My elder brother, Syed Amjad Ali, had established a business relationship with Lever Brothers and planned a joint venture with them for a soap and ghee factory in Bahawalpur State. He asked them whether I could get work experience in the United States, so before going to New York, I spent the month of September with Lever Brothers in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where their American headquarters were located. They put me through the different departments of their organisation and I was able to get a bird's eye view of how this large organisation functioned. After my stay with Levers, I was happy to go to New York to join the Pakistan Delegation.

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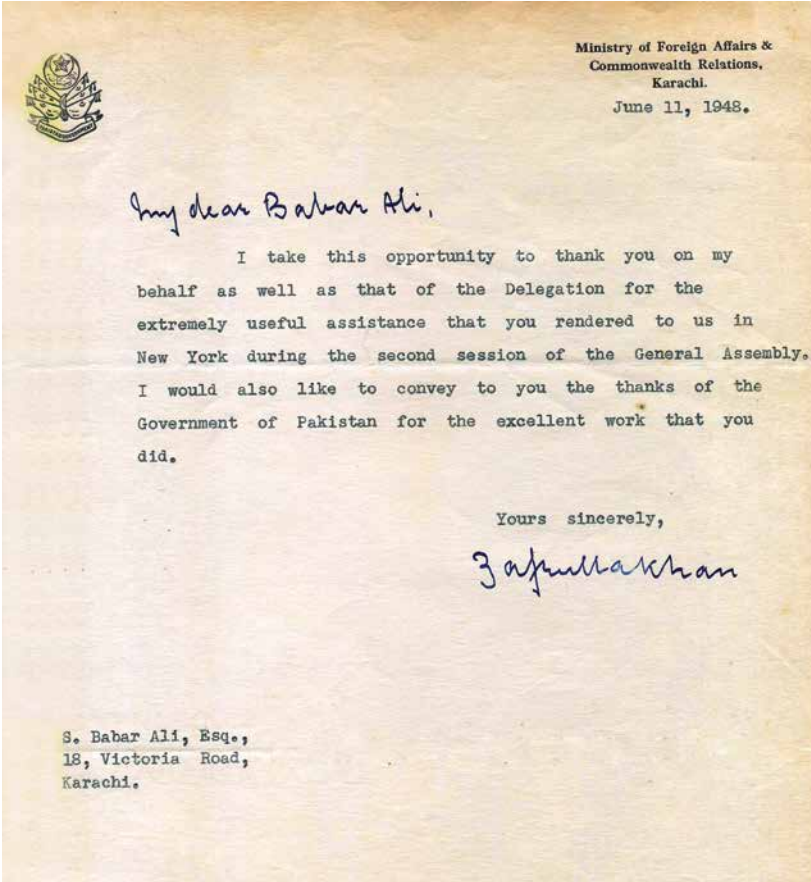
Sir Zafrulla was very gracious and made me feel totally at ease. Other delegates who represented Pakistan were Mir Laiq Ali from Hyderabad Deccan, Mr. M.A.H. Ispahani, Pakistan's first Ambassador to the United States, Mr. Abdul Sattar Pirzada, and Begum Salma Tassaduq Hussain. Mr. M. Ayub, ICS (subsequently CSP), was the Secretary General of the Delegation. The committee meetings of the United Nations were held at Lake Success, an hour's journey from mid-town Manhattan, and the plenary sessions met at Flushing Meadows, half way between Manhattan and Lake Success. It was very exhilarating for me, then only 21, to be walking in the premises of the United Nations not only as the errand boy of the Pakistan Delegation but, on several occasions, as the main representative of my country in committee meetings, as our Delegation was very short of people.

One of the questions debated was whether Israel should be created or not. Chaudhry Zafrulla Sahib was the main defender of the Palestinian cause. He had been chosen by the Muslims, including the Arabs. His knowledge was vast and he used it to trace Palestinian history from early times. I remember him talking about the Shareef of Makkah, and how, after the First World War, the victors carved up the whole of the Turkish Empire, and rewarded two sons of the Shareef: Faisal was made head of Iraq and Abdulla head of Jordan. But before that, during the First World War, when the British and allied forces had defeated the Turks and the British wanted to bring the Americans into the War, their strategy was to offer a Jewish state in Palestine as an inducement, known as the Balfour Declaration. After the Second World War, Chaudhry Sahib outlined this history and said that there was no place for a Jewish state in the region. If you had to compensate the Jews for the holocaust, then their state should be in Europe, not in the Middle East. He fought it out. The Americans, of course, took a strong line from the beginning. The British were playing both sides because of oil and other interests. The Russians' position was unknown; they had yet to show their hand. They had Vyschinsky as their representative, a fantastic speaker who had been the Prosecutor General at the 1936-38 trials in Moscow when Stalin got rid of his competition. It was Vyschinsky who was their hangman; his tongue worked like a sword. He spoke in Russian but there were very good interpreters and simultaneous translation.

I also saw President Dr. Weizmann who was almost blind. He made a speech to the Special Committee and although it was printed so large you could read it from twenty yards he had to use a magnifying glass. I remember Chaudhry Sahib walking up to him to shake him by the hand. Chaudhry Sahib used to carry an autograph book, which had signatures of very special people. He took it out and asked Dr. Weizmann to give him an autograph. As well as witnessing the big drama over Israel, I also saw how the Americans controlled South America. Whenever it came to voting, the South Americans en bloc, right from Argentina to Mexico, looked to see what the Americans did and raised their hands as the American hand went up. To aggravate Russia, the Americans would ask one of the smaller countries of South America, for example Nicaragua, to say something against the Russians. Vyshinsky said 'It reminds me of the old Russian story: there was once an elephant walking through a village and a dog came and started barking at that elephant; you, Nicaragua, are that dog.' He would pull no punches!

I once asked Chaudhry Sahib, 'Why don't you talk to the Turks?' This was the time when there was trouble between Greece and Turkey, and Russia was trying to grab these two countries and bring them into the East European fold, which the Americans were opposing. A civil war was going on in Greece and in Turkey there was also a bit of an upheaval. Chaudhry Sahib said to me in Punjabi, 'The Turks cannot vote against the Americans, even in their dreams!'

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Letter from Chaudhry Zafrulla Khan, Pakistan's first Foreign Minister

Among the other great people that I was able to see from very close quarters were Prince Faisal, later King of Saudi Arabia, Mrs. Vijay Lakshmi Pandit, Mr. Andre Gromyko, Mr. Warren Austin, Mr. Charles Chamoun of Lebanon, and Mr. Carlos Romulo of the Philippines. This baptism at an early age at the United Nations was very helpful to me several years later when I had the occasion to participate in other deliberations there.

After the completion of my assignment, without my asking, Chaudhry Sahib wrote to me on behalf of the Government of Pakistan to thank me for all the work I had done. I was there at my own expense and I took no compensation, even paying for my own food in New York. He was very affectionate and took a genuine interest in what I was learning. I always walked two yards behind him, which was the way we were brought up. One day, he said, 'The Ambassador and I were singing a duet in praise of the way you have conducted yourself.'

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In those days, though air travel had started, people still preferred to travel by sea, so I prepared to return home by sea via England. I was able to get a berth on the Cunard Liner 'Queen Mary' from New York to Southampton. In London I was very happy to meet Dr. R.U. Qureshi who was a family friend and who, whenever he visited Lahore, was a guest at our home. He very kindly put me up as his guest at his apartment in Talbot Square in Paddington. I spent two weeks in London and on 20th November 1947, I was fortunate to witness from the Mall the wedding procession of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip. This was the first great ceremonial function in England after the War and the British celebrated it with enormous enthusiasm. Dr. Qureshi took me early that morning to the Mall and found me a good spot from where I witnessed the pageantry in its full glory.

From London, I went to Germany to visit the Hoechst factory in Frankfurt. I was supposed to be there for a week but my experience there made me very depressed: when I went to the mess to eat, there was American steak and other good things, but the bearer who was serving us looked starved and the way he looked at the food prevented me from eating. The next day, I went on to Switzerland and spent a week in Zurich. Switzerland was just like America. Food was plentiful and the funniest thing was that I spent nothing because of the exchange rates: at that time you were allowed to take no more than 75 pounds out of England, which was convertible. I went and converted these 75 pounds into travellers cheques denominated in Swiss Francs, spent a week in Switzerland, did my shopping, took the train back to Hoek van Holland and there I converted the remaining currency back to pounds and got 75 pounds for it! These 75 pounds in Swiss currency were not convertible and so valuable that I got a vastly favourable rate of exchange.

I spent eight days in Switzerland and was happy to get back to London to be with Qureshi Sahib once again, around the 15th of December. It was not possible to get a boat back to Karachi so I had no alternative but to take my first long air-trip, from London via Amsterdam to Karachi on KLM. I arrived at Karachi and two days later flew up to Lahore and was very happy to be greeted by my father, mother, and the rest of the family at Lahore Airport. I had been away from home for a year, which seemed like ages, because during these twelve months I had not met a single member of the family. I was truly homesick during my stay abroad, and I was very happy to be back! However, things had changed: Partition had taken place and there had been a massive movement of non-Muslims from Pakistan into India and an influx of Muslim refugees from India. The buildings were there but their residents had changed. The ownership of the shops in the main areas of Lahore which I was familiar with had changed as well. The majority of my friends, that I had known for most of my life, were non-Muslim and I missed them.

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While Bhai Amjad was a member of the Punjab Assembly and in politics, he developed an interest in industrial production and his desire was to have the family move from military contracting towards industry. He made friends with Sir William Roberts, a colleague in the Punjab Assembly who was the first Principal of the Lyallpur Agriculture College, and a very successful cotton grower from Khanewal, with business contacts in Lancashire. Bhai Amjad entered into a partnership with Sir William to set up our first large industrial venture, a textile mill in Rahim Yar Khan, Bahawalpur State. This was the start of the Abbasi Textile Mills. He and Sir William also persuaded Lever Brothers in Bombay to establish a joint venture for a vegetable ghee factory as well as a soap factory in Bahawalpur State, in which the Government of Bahawalpur was also a shareholder. In 1945, at the end of World War II, the Government of India wanted to reward those Indian States that had helped them in the War effort. One of these was Bahawalpur, the State forces of which were amalgamated into the regular Indian Army. By way of thanks, the Government of India offered permission to Nawab Sadiq Mohammad Khan to set up industries and the Nawab sent an emissary to my father to tell him of this offer. My elder brother, Syed Amjad Ali, who was the most knowledgeable in our family about industry, had suggested that we approach Lever Brothers, with whom we already had a business relationship because of our Army contracting operations. Levers had no operation in Northern India (later to become Pakistan) and here they saw an opportunity. We had already acquired sufficient land, 150 acres near the Railway Station in Rahim Yar Khan, to set up the textile mill so part of that land was offered to Lever Brothers for the ghee and soap factories. At that time, Rahim Yar Khan was a small town of no more than 5,000 inhabitants. The only burnt brick house was the Canal Rest House where we stayed on our early visits; the rest of the buildings in the city were of mud bricks.

Syed Amjad Ali was the Founding Director in the two Lever companies called Sadiq Soap Limited and Sadiq Vegetable Oil Company Limited. The marketing of both oil and soap was assigned to a third company called Lever Brothers Pakistan Limited which was 100% owned by Levers²². In subsequent years, Levers felt that it would be more sensible to amalgamate the three companies and these then came under the umbrella of Lever Brothers Pakistan Limited. In 2002, the Company adopted the name of Unilever Pakistan Limited, to be in line with Lever companies elsewhere. My connection with them lasted a very long time: in 1952, Syed Amjad Ali was posted as Economic Minister at the Pakistan Embassy in Washington, D.C. He suggested to Levers that I be made a Director in his place and I remained a member of the Board of Lever Brothers till 2006. I had the opportunity of visiting the senior management of Levers in England from time to time and witnessed the transformation of a colonial imperial company to a modern enlightened corporation. Attending their Board meetings over the years added a great deal to my knowledge of the working of a large corporation.

Within a week of my return to Lahore from the US in 1947, the welcome from the family men, i.e., my father and my brothers, wore off quickly and they were anxious to put me into harness. Our family's business had changed dramatically: prior to Partition, it was entirely connected with the British Army in India, and when the British decided to leave, the business came down to "zero", apart from our new joint ventures with Lever Brothers and Sir William Roberts. With the mass exodus of Hindu merchants from Pakistan, there was a big vacuum in

²² Subsequently the State of Bahawalpur was amalgamated into the province of Punjab and the investment by the State government in the Lever companies was inherited by the Government of Punjab.

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providing for the needs of the people of Pakistan. The new country had almost no industry except for three modest sized textile mills, one in Lahore, another in Lyallpur, and the third in Okara, all belonging to Hindus who had left for India. The production from these mills was totally inadequate for the needs of the country. The Governments of Punjab and NWFP invited my father to help them with the import of cotton textiles. We were asked to work immediately with the Pakistan Liaison Office that had been set up in Bombay to purchase them. Our responsibility was to transport imported cloth for the Governments of Punjab and NWFP. So the first business our Karachi Office was involved in was the import of textiles from India. We were paid a fixed handling fee of no more than 1% for all the financing and physical handling of the cloth till we put it on the railways to be dispatched to different destinations in the Punjab and the Frontier Province, under instructions from the Governments of these Provinces.

Pakistan grew over a million bales of cotton, with a large number of ginning factories spread over the provinces of Punjab and Sind. In Sind, ginning factories were still owned and operated by Hindu merchants, while in the Punjab these had been abandoned and declared evacuee property. The Government of Punjab was very anxious to have these factories up and running again. The country was born in August 1947 and the cotton crop was due to come in from the Punjab fields in October. My father was asked by the Government of Punjab to organise the management of two ginning factories at Khanewal and Pir Mahal in Multan District. This was the second business we were inducted into. Syed Wajid Ali, who lived in Bombay from 1940 till 1947, had excellent contacts in the business community there. Among them was Mr. D.K. Parker, a Maratha businessman, who was closely associated with the Saksaria family. They had a very large cotton-seed oil mill in Hyderabad, Sind, the largest in Pakistan, which they wanted to sell; through the mediation of Mr. D.K. Parker, we bought it. We had no problem in finding management for these various businesses because a large number of our senior management, those who were Muslims, came with Bhai Wajid from India to Karachi and it was our obligation to give them employment.

On my return, my eldest brother, Syed Amjad Ali, pointed to the box of papers that he was carrying, pertaining to the textile mill at Rahim Yar Khan. He wanted me to get involved with it and in January 1948 I went with Bhai Amjad to Bahawalpur. We stayed with Nawab Mushtaq Ahmad Gurmani²³, Chief Minister of Bahawalpur and a close friend of the family. Nawab Gurmani was introduced to my father by my cousin, Faqir Waheeduddin, who attended school at Aligarh, where Nawab Gurmani was his classmate in the 1920s. Gurmani Sahib stayed at our house in Lahore when travelling between Muzaffargarh and Aligarh during his student days. My father took a great liking to him and was responsible for introducing him to the family of Col. Z. Ahmed of Assam²⁴, whose daughter he married.

After a few days' stay in Bahawalpur, Bhai Amjad and I motored down to Rahim Yar Khan, the site of both the textile mill and the soap and vegetable ghee plants. From Rahim Yar Khan, we went down to Karachi by train, where we had made a very modest beginning in a two-room office in Zeenat Mansion on McLeod Road, opposite the Chartered Bank building. No sooner had I settled down in Karachi than I was thrown in at the deep end

²³ See pages 223 - 225

²⁴ See footnote page 15

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1948: Khawaja Nazimuddin, Governor-General of Pakistan, at the inauguration of Abbasi Textile Mills, Rahim Yar Khan

with the handling of the machinery for the textile mill through the port of Karachi and its warehousing and dispatch by train (at that time road transport had not developed). My second assignment was to make frequent visits to Hyderabad to provide whatever support was required by the management there to operate the oil mill. Cotton-seed was purchased by the mill at Hyderabad in consultation with our office in Karachi but the sale of their production, which was refined cotton oil and the by-products of oil cake and husk, were sold in the Karachi market. Cotton linters²⁵ was another by-product and this was sold in the Karachi cotton market. The construction of the Abbasi Textile Mills building at Rahim Yar Khan had commenced under the supervision of our engineer based there and support for materials like steel, cement, and all the other requirements was provided from Karachi, as Rahim Yar Khan had nothing available locally except bricks. So the Karachi office grew into a supply base for the Hyderabad and Rahim Yar Khan industries. Sir William Roberts had good contacts in Lancashire and we asked him to buy equipment for the Mill.

The Textile Mill ended up a failure. It was too soon after World War II and new textile machinery was not yet under manufacture in Europe as industry there had been geared towards manufacturing war equipment. We had

²⁵ The fuzz on the outside of the cotton seed after the seed has been separated from the cotton.

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to import second-hand machinery, which was not a good experience. Later, when the new textile machinery was available, we installed new equipment, but overall our management was poor and the enterprise did not flourish. Others did better than us. For example, Dawoods went for new Japanese equipment in the 1950s and they did very well. Most of the textile equipment at that time was imported from Japan – from Toyoda and Yamaha.

Our family still had a large agricultural holding in Bhopal. In 1946, we had also acquired an oil mill from a Hindu owner but we had never made it work. Another task that was given to me was to go to Bhopal to liquidate these properties and to send the proceeds to Pakistan. At that time, there was no restriction on sending money through the banking system. I went to Bhopal in the summer of 1948 and was able to sell the oil mill to J&K Group.

My father and brothers had the foresight to buy residential property in Karachi immediately after it was known that Pakistan was to be established. My brother-in-law, Bhai Abid Hussain, went to Karachi a few months before the birth of Pakistan and bought a property at 18 Victoria Road. In addition, he also purchased eleven acres of agricultural land in Malir City next to the railway station. Both these properties were bought from Parsi owners who were residents of Pakistan, so we did not have any problem regarding the sale confirmation. My father and brothers generously had this property acquired in my name and the payments were debited to me in the family partnership account, where I had a 10% share.

FORD AND ALI AUTOMOBILES

During 1948, we had a visit to our office in Karachi from a Ford Motor Company team from Bombay who were looking for a Muslim businessman who could be appointed as their main dealer for Pakistan. We had been recommended to them by the British banks that Ford was dealing with. In a very short time, my brothers were able to negotiate and finalize our appointment as the Direct Ford Dealer for Pakistan and set up a separate company under the name of Ali Automobiles Limited. Bhai Wajid took over the responsibility of looking after this business. The first thing my brothers considered when taking on a new project was who would run it; when Ford approached them, they asked Ford to find a manager for the project and they brought in an Englishman who had worked for them elsewhere in the world to serve as the first General Manager. They also brought in an American expert. Bhai Wajid had his hands full in developing the motor car business because a network of showrooms had to be set up in Lahore, Rawalpindi, and Peshawar as well as inventories of spare parts developed for supply to the customers of our vehicles.

The motorcar industry of Europe had not been revived by 1948 and most of the vehicles came from the United States and Canada. During Bhai Wajid's stay in Bombay, he had developed a close friendship with the senior management of the Canteen Stores Department from whom most of the supplies for our business with the British Army were received. Among them were Sir John Abercrombie and Mr. Joe Quinlon, an Australian. Joe Quinlon had suggested to Bhai Wajid that we set up a razor blade manufacturing plant and he was able to establish contact with the American Safety Razor Corporation of New York. A joint venture agreement had been signed for the blade factory in Karachi and this resulted in the Treet Razor Blade Company, due to be housed in a new building at West Wharf. When the Ford products started arriving, it was decided to put this business in the building that

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had been constructed for the razor blade industry and to move the razor blade plant next to the Sind Oil Mills at Hyderabad.

In 1950, the Ministry of Industries, Supply & Development Department, approached Ali Automobiles to procure for them a large supply of spare parts for the army vehicles. Most of these trucks were of Ford manufacture. The spare parts were urgently required and I had my first independent task, to go to the United States for three months and with the help of the Ford Motor Company to locate a supply of spare parts. The vehicles that Pakistan had inherited were of War-time vintage and they were not in current manufacture, so the spare parts were not available from Ford. Ford, however, helped us to locate the spares in Canada and I spent three months in both countries procuring the parts, giving me the opportunity to learn at the early age of 24 to inspect the goods, negotiate the price, and arrange for the packing and shipment. My father and Bhai Wajid were very pleased with my efforts, which gave them confidence that I could work independently.

From 1950 onwards, I went to Europe every summer to maintain personal contact with our Agents for cotton on the Continent and also to visit Sir John Abercrombie in London and explore with him new opportunities for business. Sir John was a dyed in the wool businessman and an ancestor of his came to India in the early 1800s as an employee of the East India Company. He himself was a successful businessman and built up his personal company under the name of Lathom and Abercrombie, which was finally bought by Forbes, Forbes & Campbell during the War, when Sir John was asked to organize the Canteen Stores Department to provide for the needs of the British Army in India. He retired from Government of India service in 1947. He visited us in Karachi in 1948 and suggested that we set up an associate company in England, which he offered to run. After getting permission from the Government of Pakistan, we opened a company in London called Wazir Ali GB Limited with Sir John Abercrombie as its Managing Director. This Company helped us in the export of oil cake and cotton to the U.K. and provided us with the supply of spare parts and other items that we required for our industries in Pakistan. He took a great deal of interest in my development in business and was very generous with his guidance and instructions.

Soon we grew out of our office in Zeenat Mansion and we rented a larger office at 140 Bunder Road in a building called "Bait ul Hamd" which belonged to a Muslim business family based in South Africa. Bhai Amjad had by now served in various Government assignments. In 1950, he had been appointed as Economic Minister in Pakistan's Embassy in Washington. My father was based in Lahore and, although he participated in the affairs of the motor business in Lahore, his visits to Karachi were confined to attending Board meetings of the State Bank of Pakistan and Imperial Chemical Industries. The four years of my stay at 140 Bunder Road Office were an invaluable experience because I had to provide support to the industry in Hyderabad, the textile mill at Rahim Yar Khan, and also our trading business, importing textiles and exporting cotton and oil cake.

In 1949, a Russian by the name of Khanetsky arrived in Karachi to buy cotton. He visited us and within a short time we became good friends and he made substantial purchases of cotton from us. I have never seen a person so well organized. He was single-handedly buying 20-40,000 bales of cotton every month for Russia. Not only that, he was selling Russian goods for the balance of payment. He ran the whole business out of his bag! In those days

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telexes were the order of the day and I remember that he had a system in which, at the top of every message, one could see that he had sent a particular number of telexes on the subject and he had received a particular number of telexes from the other party. Thus he could trace if any messages were missing.

Russia was keen to supply textiles and some other manufactured products like sewing thread, steel nails and printing paper. They paid us a very good price for cotton, on which we made a handsome profit, so we felt obliged to import Russian goods. Our purchases from Russia were not profitable but, on the whole, we had a positive result, in that we made more on the sale of cotton than we lost on purchases from Russia. This gave me and our organisation exposure to marketing such goods, an experience that was totally new to us. By 1950, we were among the prominent cotton merchants of Karachi. We established a good reputation as reliable exporters, which continued for the next three years. Our cotton brokers and selectors were Hindus as they were experienced in the trade in Karachi in those days. They served us fairly loyally, but the cotton trade itself was speculative in nature and by 1954, we realised that we had not developed expertise within the family and, therefore, this was not a business on which we could build our future.

We sold 1,100 tons of cotton seed oil to Egypt in 1952-53. There were no shipping tankers in those days so we had to have 5,000 fifty-gallon drums. I wrote to Sir John Abercrombie and told him that the drums were not available in Pakistan. Would they be available in Europe? He wrote back that they were available in Holland, where there is a very big market in Rotterdam. I went to Holland and bought the drums, which Sir John was to ship to us. In those days you could lose 1/7 or 1/8 of the value as a duty drawback and we were working on very thin margins. I asked Sir John not to take his commission on the deal. I said, 'We will compensate you overall but don't charge us the commission. The lower the price of the cargo, the lower the duty drawback deduction will be.' I still remember sitting with him when I said this. He got up, smoking a pipe, and started pacing up and down in his small office in London before saying, 'Babar, no. I won't do it and I won't let you do it. This is how a Marwari thinks [he had lived all his life in Bombay]. This is not what you should be doing today.' What a wise lesson he gave me!

My three nephews, Fakhar Imam (my sister Fakhra's son), Tariq Ali and Kamal Ali, sons of my brothers, Bhai Amjad and Bhai Afzal respectively, were sent to England in 1960 to study at Court Street Prep School. Sir John was their guardian in England and I was their contact person in Lahore. All three nephews did well and were admitted to Clifton College, a public school in Bristol. They did well at cricket. Two of them (Tariq and Kamal) had the distinction of playing at Lord's for Clifton. A few top English public schools then had the privilege of playing at Lord's. Fakhar became the secretary of the cricket team and was a wicket keeper but he did not make it to the team that played at Lord's. Kamal did extremely well in the match as a bowler and Sir John wrote to me, 'No hat in England is going to fit Kamal Ali any more!' Sir John advised me to keep my nephews on a strict budget. He used to say, 'Nothing spoils a young man more than giving him more money than he should have.'

I was the guardian of the three boys for about five years, managing their affairs. After they had completed their 'A' level, Fakhar, who was the more forward thinking, opted to go to America and went to the University of California at Davis, Berkeley, to study agriculture. Kamal tried hard to get into Oxford without success. Tariq stayed on in London and opted for chartered accountancy.

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Sir John died in 1960 of cancer and I remember going to the King Edward Hospital to see him. He was my father's age and was an excellent mentor.

VISIT TO RUSSIA IN 1952

In April 1952, the Soviets organized the first economic conference to which they invited people from the developing world with whom they were trading. They sent me an invitation. I was in America on a business trip, but Bhai Wajid called me to say that there was an invitation from my friends and that he had promised them that I would attend. I was to get to London to have my Russian visa organized. The instructions had been passed on to the Russian Embassy. I went to London and arrived at the Embassy. They asked for my passport. I asked them how I could get to Moscow. They said I should take a plane to Amsterdam and then the KLM plane to Prague, which was the hub for traveling into Eastern Europe. I missed the bus, which in those days was the normal way to get to Heathrow, and took a taxi. When I arrived at the airport, there was an MI5 man, opening the taxi door. Only then did I realize that I had been followed from the Russian Embassy because they were curious to know who I was and why I was going to Russia - this was during the height of the Cold War.

When I landed in Amsterdam, my passport disappeared for an hour. The British must have sent them a message to investigate. They were suspicious, but I was not interrogated or questioned. I then flew from Amsterdam to Prague and from there we took a Russian plane, which looked very much like a DC-3. It was a 4-5 hours flight and there were no more than 5-6 passengers in the plane. We landed in Minsk where a typical Russian met us, wearing a trench coat and a felt hat. He started asking me questions in Russian and I told him I did not speak the language. He asked how much money I had. I took out the four to five hundred dollars that I was carrying. He made a note of it.

When I arrived in Moscow I was met at the airport by a gentleman from the Economic Conference, along with a lady. He said, 'I have come to welcome you on behalf of the Conference organizers. The lady is your translator and guide.' They must have put my name in their computer and from my name they were confused and thought that I was from Iran. The guide that they had for me was from the School of Oriental Studies who spoke either English or Persian. The guides for all the other Pakistanis were Urdu speaking. Since I can manage conversation in the Persian language and spoke English I did not ask for an Urdu speaking guide. I asked 'Where are other people from Pakistan staying?' He said, 'They are staying at the Muskva Hotel.' I asked, 'Where have you made arrangements for me to stay?' He said, 'At the Muskva. But if you don't want to stay there, we can arrange somewhere else.' I said 'No, that is fine.' It was a one-star hotel and the best in Russia at that time was two-star. From Pakistan there were Mian Naseer Sheikh, Altaf Hussain (editor of Dawn), Mahmoud Haroon, Hatim Alvi, Mian Iftikharuddin, Sadri Ispahani, Muhammad Ali Dossa, and Bawany. There were some twelve delegates from Pakistan. The visitors from Pakistan had been selected on the basis of the business they were doing with Russia. These people were either buying from Russia, selling to Russia, or had an interest in Russia.

We stayed there for about ten days, during which we had meetings and then visited various museums. We were given red carpet treatment from the Russian point of view. Their circus was renowned for a bear driving a motorcycle...and I saw that. We went to the Bolshoi theatre, and we also had some business meetings.

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One thing that surprised me about the Russians was that they were very bullish about their country and told us that 'Russia is the best country in the world and there is nobody like us'. Once, walking in the street, I bought two cones from an ice-cream kiosk and gave one to my guide. She said, 'What do you think of the quality?' I said, 'It is very good, this is the second best ice cream I have ever had.' She asked, 'Where did you have the best ice cream?' When I said 'In America' her face went pale. They were not ready to accept that they were second to anyone. One day she asked me, 'Is there anybody in particular that you want to meet or see?' I said Oistrakh, the violinist. Spontaneously her first reaction was, 'Oh, that Jew!' I had not realized that there was such anti-semitism among the Soviets. That came as a surprise to me.

Moscow was very run down after the War. In April, it was still winter and there was a lot of snow on the streets. One saw elderly women cleaning the streets and instead of wearing boots, they had their feet wrapped in hessian and tied with strings. Maybe they had boots underneath but they did not have rubber boots. Russia was totally destroyed during the War and the remaining architecture was very ornate, nothing modern. Within Moscow, the roads were serviceable but there were very few cars, and these were 'Zis' and 'Zim' cars, copies of old Packards. I remember we were driven to a church outside Moscow; they wanted to show us that there was freedom of religion in Russia. We drove about 70 miles out of Moscow in a bus. I had a camera with me and I was taking photographs of ordinary huts. My guide asked me, 'Why do you have to take pictures of buildings which look so poor?'

I was 26 years old then and in the evening I would go out night-clubbing. I still remember that in the foyers of the clubs, inside the front entrance, there was nothing but drunken Russians lying on the floor! They had been thrown out of the dance hall. When you went inside, there were girls sitting there, waiting to be asked to dance. I walked up to a girl and asked for a dance. We were dancing and I said, 'Do you speak English?' The minute I said that, she left. She was scared, as she had probably thought I was from Central Asia till I spoke in English! Probably, their training had been that every foreigner was a spy and there to destroy them. At that age, one could not care less. The clubs were simple and good. There was music and drinks. I don't drink so I cannot tell what it tasted like.

On our way back, Mian Naseer Sheikh and I travelled together to Prague and then to Geneva. I had a very good personal relationship with Mian Sahib. As a young man, he came to our house very frequently. He was a member of the Muslim Chamber of Commerce before Partition and was then the Head of that Chamber with a handful of other people.

IGI INSURANCE

I have been associated with IGI Insurance from its very beginning. When we started our trading business in Karachi, all goods that we were importing had to be insured. The insurance business was conducted solely by agencies of foreign insurance companies. I don't remember any local insurance company in the early fifties. My eldest brother, Syed Amjad Ali, wrote to Alliance Assurance in Calcutta and asked if we could represent them in Pakistan. We thus became chief agents for Alliance Assurance, a U.K. based Company. They then sent one of their staff from Bombay to run the office in Karachi. We knew nothing about insurance but we provided the facility in

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our office. When the time came to set up an insurance company in Pakistan in 1952, we asked Alliance to be our partners. I was the first Managing Director of the Company and Alliance sent in an Englishman who looked after the business. We had 75% ownership of the company and Alliance owned the remaining 25%. Initially, our Group companies were growing so fast that we confined ourselves to insuring our own companies. We decided to take only external business when we could be sure that our client followed ethical practices. Alliance ran the Company for about ten years and then they were taken over by Sun Insurance Company of South Africa who had no interest in Pakistan. They wanted to exit and we bought them out, thus becoming 100% owners of the Company. We decided to go public soon thereafter because most of our other companies were public limited companies, but as I explained earlier IGI Insurance had also become a sort of a holding company for the family.

IGI has two streams of income: one from underwriting and the other from investments. These investments have done extremely well. We started with a paid up capital of Rs. 5 million. In October 2013, IGI's market capitalisation was Rs. 14 billion. IGI pays well and follows ethical practices. We avoided the malpractices of the market. For instance, when importing goods, it is possible to issue a cover note, meaning that the goods are legally covered but when they arrive, the cover note is torn up. No premium is paid because the goods have already arrived!

Because of our ethics, we have generally been able to find good managers. For insurance, you need specialists and you have to support them by helping them learn more and improve their capacity. You keep on investing in people, enabling them to enhance their knowledge. In most of our companies, the management is home grown, but in insurance, our people are easily targeted because of our track record. Our people have thus been enticed away by other companies who double or triple their salaries. When we look for people, the first thing we look for is integrity. Competence comes next. You can always make up for a person's lack of competence by reinforcing and providing support, but integrity has no substitute.

IGI was listed on the Stock Exchange in 1987 and it has developed well. We have resisted the temptation of enlarging its under-writing business, which has a lot of pitfalls because of unethical practices in the general insurance market. Its investment portfolio has been meticulously monitored and today it owns a substantial portion of shares in the publicly owned companies in our Group.

By the early 1950s we had four ventures: the soap and vegetable ghee company in Rahim Yar Khan with Levers, the razor blade plant with American Safety Razor Corporation at Hyderabad, the insurance company with Alliance, and Abbasi Textile with Sir William Roberts. We were comfortable with our foreign partners because the partnerships were based on mutual trust and confidence. We were also exporting oil cake from Sind Oil Mills to the United Kingdom at the rate of over 1,000 tons every month. In one good year, we shipped over 20,000 bales of cotton to Russia alone! Our annual shipment to destinations in Europe and Japan was substantial.

MY FIRST HOUSE

My parents were very keen that I should have a house of my own in Karachi, built within the compound of 18 Victoria Road, as there was sufficient space available. In my search for an architect, I was very happy to make the acquaintance of Mehdi Ali Mirza who was introduced to me by Sharif Moloobhoy, a very good friend of Bhai

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Wajid when he was in Bombay. Sharif and Mirza had studied at the J.J. School of Arts in Bombay. Subsequently, Mirza went to England and got his ARIBA and joined the Pakistan Public Works Department as the Chief Architect.

Mirza was among the people who have had the most profound impact on my life. He came from Hyderabad Deccan. During World War II, he went to England and was among the 'Bevin Boys' who were conscripted to work in factories to replace the English youth who were serving in the British Army. He stayed on in England and married an Estonian lady while studying in the U.K.

Some six years later when I decided to build a house in Karachi, I approached my friend, Abdul Qayyum, an engineer who worked in the Pakistan PWD in Karachi and he connected me to Mirza who was PWD's Chief Architect. I requested Mirza to design my house in Karachi and gave him a free hand, not only in the design of the house and the furniture, but also in the selection of contractors and workmen. He was very knowledgeable in all branches of construction and in picking skilled artisans with whom he worked day and night for two years to complete my house, which, still looks as new and modern as on the first day.

I met many important architects through Mirza – both Pakistani and international. Among them were Richard Nuetra and Edward Stone. Stone designed the Kennedy Centre in Washington D.C., the President's House in Pakistan, and WAPDA House. During one of his visits to Pakistan, I asked Edward Stone if he knew Frank Lloyd Wright. Frank Lloyd Wright was, of course, considered a god to architects. Edward Stone said, 'Yes, Frank Lloyd thought I was a hopeless architect. He used to tell me, "Ed, you better give up architecture." But when I married Maria [Maria was a vivacious lady, very good looking], nothing could go wrong with Edward Stone, I was the best architect after I married Maria!'

Mirza Sahib was a gourmet and enjoyed good food. In the evenings, he used to stay away from home. He was in the drinking crowd. I was not a part of that but we spent time together. We would talk about poetry, calligraphy, and similar things in which he got me interested. He was interested in design, furniture and art, and had a big influence on my interest in things that are not expensive but rich in design and quality.

At that time I was toying with the idea of getting married and Mirza once recited Iqbal's line: 'Bay-khatar kood purra aatish-e-Namrood mein Ishq.'

He said don't think too much about it and do not calculate. That was the turning point. I still remember my parents were very much after me to get married but it was Mirza's recitation of Iqbal's line that helped me take the big decision!

One of the oft-quoted remarks of Mirza was: 'A doctor buries his mistakes. but an architect leaves it on the ground for at least a hundred years and if he has done a bad job, he continues to get flak from the people.'

Apart from being perhaps the best architect that Pakistan has so far had, Mirza was a person of fine qualities. We became good friends and he took immense interest not only in designing my Karachi house but spent many

THE FAMILY BUSINESS

hours every day for almost two years supervising the minutest details in the construction of the house. I had given him a free hand in respect of the selection of materials, the craftsmen, and the budget. The house was nearing completion in 1954 and he had that year visited America and Scandinavia. He urged me to go to Finland to buy the light fittings for the house as nothing suitable could be found locally. Mirza Sahib had been much impressed by what he saw in Scandinavia, especially Finland, and he suggested that I should go there to buy them. I used to visit Europe anyway every summer because I had to meet cotton merchants who were buying from us. It was only because I was going to Finland to buy light fittings for my Karachi home as recommended by Mirza Sahib that I contacted Åkerlund & Rausing with whom we created Packages Limited.

One day in 1961, Mirza and I were sitting at Packages during the time that our Lahore house was under construction. He said, 'I do not know whether your house will be completed in my lifetime.' I said, 'What has happened to you?' He said, 'I have cancer.' I said, 'Where is it?' He said, 'Tongue'. Since tongue in English and leg in Punjabi are pronounced the same way, I thought it was in his leg. I asked him to show it to me. He pointed to his mouth and said it was there. I asked him to get into the car. A very dear friend of mine was the head of the Dental Hospital. This was Dr. Haider Ali, son of Syed Zulfiqar Ali, former Principal of Aitchison College. Haider and I were very close friends. He was an outstanding swimmer and had held the All India breast-stroke swimming record. I took Mirza to the Dental College where surgeon Dr. Riaz Qadeer was already present. Haider and Dr. Riaz Qadeer had one look at Mirza Sahib and said that he should go to England straight away. I brought Mirza Sahib back and that very evening I took him to Karachi and arranged for him to go to England. Two days later, I put him on the plane to England. He was operated upon and came back after about a month but I noticed that he was still smoking. Soon thereafter, there was a relapse. We arranged for him to go to England again and this time he never came back. This was about the time my father passed away.

PACKAGES
LIMITED

PACKAGES LIMITED

August 17, 1954.

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1954

GRAND HÔTEL
STOCKHOLM
TELEFON 22 10 20
TELEGR. GRAND

20 AUG 1954

M/ls. Åkerlund & Rausing
Stockholm

Dear Sirs:

I shall be grateful if you will kindly arrange for your representative to meet me at this hotel at 9 am. on Monday August 23 to discuss the question of supply of packing material viz. the Treet Safety Razor Corp and Suid Oil Mills, Pakistan, whose Director I am.

I am going to Helsinki tomorrow and return on Sunday.

Yours faithfully
S. Babar Ali
(BABAR ALI)

The first letter written to Akerlund & Rausing

Before my 1954 European tour, I asked the people in my Karachi Office if there were any letters from Scandinavian countries that could lead to business contacts, because I was planning to visit Finland anyway to find light fittings for my house. I was informed that a Swedish packaging company, Åkerlund & Rausing, had repeatedly offered us packaging material for our razor blade plant but we had not bought from them because of their high prices. In those days, if you wanted to go to Finland you had to go through Sweden, so when I arrived in Stockholm, I tried to find the telephone number of the company, Åkerlund & Rausing (Å&R). I did not know that the Swedish alphabet places the 'A' with a 'zero' on top, pronounced 'O', which comes after "Z" in the alphabet which meant that I could not find the company among the 'A's. I took their address and wrote a letter to them saying that I was going to Finland and I would be back on August 22 and staying at the Grand Hotel. I asked them to send their representative to meet me on August 23.

In the course of our talk, I asked them if they would consider a joint venture in packaging in Pakistan. The person I was talking to was the Export Manager and he said that he was in no position to give a positive answer. He invited me to visit their head office and meet their Managing Director, Mr. Holger Crafoord, in Lund, which is a University town located near the city of Malmo in southern Sweden. Two days later, I visited the factory in Lund and during our discussions that morning in August 1954, the foundation was laid for our collaboration and for establishing our joint venture in Pakistan, which blossomed into Packages Limited.

Holger Crafoord immediately saw an opportunity. The manufacturing of new packaging equipment in Europe after World War II had just begun. During the War, factories in Europe were producing goods only for War, and they were trying to switch over to products for other uses. The first priority for Å&R was to replace

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the old equipment. Sweden was doing well because, as a neutral country during the War, it was rich, having sold their goods to the Allies as well as to the Germans. Holger said, 'We will replace our existing equipment with new equipment from Germany and England and we will sell our existing equipment to you.' The Germans were, of course, far ahead of the English in printing technology. I said, 'We are not interested in second-hand equipment.' He said, 'Why are you worried? You will get it at a fraction of the price. We will be your partners and we will send people to run the equipment.'

In the autumn of that year, they sent over to Pakistan their Export Manager, Mr. Warfvinge, whom I had originally met in Stockholm, to help prepare a feasibility study. Within a year thereafter, we signed our agreement, got Government permission, and arranged for finance and an import licence. The reason we got such positive support and speedy sanction from Government was their anxiety to have facilities established in Pakistan for converting paper and board into packaging. Prior to this, since Partition, the consumer industry had been importing all its packaging material.

So far, all our industrial interests were in Karachi and Hyderabad and we were not looking beyond that area. We came from Lahore but we had little business there other than the Ford marketing operation. We decided that Lahore would be the appropriate place to put up the factory. Since 1947, no new industry had been located in Lahore as it was considered too close to the Indian border. When we approached the Government of Punjab for permission to set up the plant, we were asked to locate it at Jhelum. We persisted with our request and finally we were able to get land on lease from the Government at village Amer Sidhu near Kot Lakhpat. We had no knowledge or experience in the printing or packaging industry and we relied 100% on guidance from Å&R. They gave us the layout of the building and they were totally responsible for the selection of plant and equipment, all of which came from their own factory in Sweden and other sources. The ground was broken in March 1956 and twelve months later, the factory was in production.

We named the company, 'Packages Limited' because I wanted a generic name, having nothing to do with the family. We have done the same with all our other companies, like Milkpak Limited and Tri-Pack Films.

RUBEN RAUSING

With the start up of Packages and its early success, there was an increasing interest in its affairs by the majority owner of Å&R, Ruben Rausing. About a year after signing the contract, in June 1955, I stopped over in Sweden on my way to America and met him. Mr. Rausing was then in his early sixties and I was 28 years old. It was a very brief meeting but he took a liking to me. His acceptance of me put my relationship with Å&R at another level and I got very willing and warm support from his colleagues in the Swedish Company. Throughout my association with him, I saw that he was always driven by the ambition to achieve more. His ambition was not only to get richer – he had plenty of money already – but to build an industry based on the uniqueness of his ideas and inventions. He was forever seeking information and learning about new things, be they in engineering or in more complicated subjects such as medicine.

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Ruben Rausing 1895 - 1983

He was an economist by background. He graduated from the Stockholm School of Economics, and among his classmates were the Wallenberg brothers, Jakob and Marcus²⁶, Professor Bertil Ohlin, and Mr. Henning Throne Holst, who founded the Marebou Chocolate Company. Mr. Rausing went on to Columbia University in New York to gain his masters' degree, from where he returned before 1920, and went to work for Mr. Åkerlund, a prominent publisher in Sweden. Ruben's family name was Anderson but to be different he had changed it to Rausing because he came from a place called 'Raus'.

While in the USA, Mr. Rausing had seen the start of the American distribution system for consumer goods and he felt that it would soon be coming to Sweden. He tried to divert Mr. Åkerlund's attention from publishing newspapers and magazines to starting a packaging company. By 1930, he had served Mr. Åkerlund so well that Åkerlund agreed to finance the start-up of a packaging company. Åkerlund said, 'I will provide you the finance on the basis that you pay back what I lend to you. I will also give you my name' – at that time Åkerlund's name was well known, Rausing's was not. So the packaging company was jointly owned by Åkerlund and Rausing and was named after them.

Åkerlund was very keen to acquire another publishing house in Sweden and he put Ruben Rausing on that trail. He said to Ruben, 'You get me that company and I will walk out of the joint venture, Å&R, and you can be its sole owner.' Rausing was successful; Åkerlund was delighted to be the largest publisher in Sweden and happily made Rausing the sole owner of Å&R.

²⁶ The Wallenbergs owned almost all the top companies of Sweden including banks, i.e., Ericsson, ASEA and Stora Kopparbergs. My Swedish class fellow at Ann Arbor, Hampus Grunditz, once told me that 'there is only one power in Sweden and that is the Wallenbergs.' Everybody, even the government, looks up to them because they have brought much credit to Sweden. The Wallenberg brothers were second cousins of Raoul Wallenberg, famous for saving many Jewish lives in Nazi-occupied Hungary.

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1969: Dr. Ruben Rausing (extreme right) during his visit to Packages Limited

Ruben hired three very bright young men coming out of the Stockholm School of Economics, which was like the LUMS of Sweden in those days. He told them, 'I will make you my partner and lend you the money. Once the company has earned a profit and paid a dividend, you can pay me back.' By the time I got to know him, Ruben Rausing was the majority owner of Å&R with 75% of shares. The remaining 25% ownership he had given to his colleague, one of his three original young hirees, Mr. Holger Crafoord.

Both Ruben and Holger were very interested in interacting with academia. Ruben told me that one reason why they put up the plant in Lund rather than Malmö, only 25 miles away, was that Lund had a university. He said, 'All the brains are there.' That indirectly was the reason why we put up Packages Limited in Lahore, because of the proximity of Punjab University and the University of Engineering & Technology - a lot of talent was available here.

On Mr. Rausing's first visit to Pakistan, during the winter of 1958, he spent about a week with us and was happy to see the early start up of Packages. He encouraged us to persist in our technical developments on the lines and philosophy that his Swedish Company had been developing, and he was happy to see that this was being ably implemented by the team that had been sent out from Sweden.

He was at that time in his late sixties and in winter he travelled to countries with a warm climate. He was in Lahore for about two weeks and stayed at our home. He had three sons – Gad, Hans and Sven. Gad and Hans were in business with him while the third son, Sven, had meningitis at an early age, impairing his ability to learn. Ruben brought him along with his governess, who took care of him. Ruben wanted to see Pakistan and I drove him all

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the way up to the Khyber Pass. With all that interaction, he started taking an interest in me. After this, I used to visit Sweden regularly and by 1960 I had got to know him fairly well. He used to write regularly to me on various issues. He would sit with me for hours talking about his ideas. He was always looking into the future and he was very concerned about the future of Pakistan. He used to say that unless we controlled the population, we would not have any development. Towards the end, he treated me like a son.

Ruben could think big but was never extravagant. He had a multi-dimensional personality and his ability to think big also opened up my own thinking. He would seldom talk about business; instead he would talk about ideas and new things.

I learnt from him how to build a team. The first thing he told me was 'You are as strong as your team'. The second thing that he told me was to trust people. He said, 'If you cannot trust people, give up business!' I also remember him saying '50% of the number one's time should be spent on training his number two'. He was extremely generous to his employees and many of his managers became millionaires during his lifetime as he helped them set up their own businesses.

He was always concerned about the future of the people who worked with him. For example, Ruben told me that when Hans Hallen, the head of the Swedish group in Lahore, went back to Sweden, he planned to buy a house for him. This is what he did with many who worked for him. One of his managers, who was in charge of his factory in Germany outside Frankfurt, and later became a very important industrialist in Sweden, told me that one day during the winter Ruben invited him and his wife for dinner. His wife was wearing a coat that was not very warm. The next day Ruben called her and said, 'Go and purchase a fur coat and send me the bill.'

Ruben was a man who was always interested in new technology and new ideas. Tetra Pak was a major development by Åkerlund & Rausing and he got so much involved with it that he sold off the mother company Å&R in 1965 to put all his resources into Tetra Pak, after which the Rausing's were able to devote their human and financial resources exclusively to building up that company, making it the envy of the packaging world. I remember when Å&R was sold, I happened to be in Sweden, his partner, Holger Crafoord said, 'For the first time, we will be able to pay our bills on time!'

The sale, for 95 million Swedish Kroners, was to the Wallenbergs, who had been Ruben's contemporaries at the Stockholm School of Economics. Their Bank, Svenska Enskilda, financed the growing needs of Ruben Rausing's enterprise, first Å&R then Tetra Pak, and they had a representative on the Board of Directors. Ruben's fortunes kept on going up and one day I said to him, 'The Wallenbergs must be very pleased because they have been supporting you and you have made such a success.' He said, 'Babar, so long as they could look down upon me, they were very happy. When they see me coming up to a level from where I can look them in the eye, they don't like it.'

Ruben saw his family's future in Tetra Pak. Within thirty years of that decision, his family became one of the richest in the world! He told me, 'I started the original Å&R company with a capital of 30,000 Swedish Kroners.' In 1965, he sold this company for 95 million Swedish Kroners and put all that money into Tetra Pak. During his

life, Tetra Pak was 100% owned by him, and his sons Gad and Hans inherited the company.

Ruben was totally involved with the technical development of his packaging company Å&R and then Tetra Pak. Most of the patents of the company were taken out in his name, not only just for proprietorship but also because of the contribution that he had made towards the development of these patents. The Universities of Stockholm and Lund awarded him Honorary Doctorates in Engineering and Economics.

RUBEN RAUSING'S PERSONAL RELATIONSHIP WITH ME

Swedes appear reserved by nature, but after my early few meetings with him, I found Dr. Ruben Rausing extremely warm and open. He visited Pakistan four times in the 25 years I knew him and each time he stayed for about ten days, and I was with him all the time. From 1955 to 1983, until his death, I visited him in Europe at least once a year and spent half a day with him when there were just the two of us. I benefited from his advice, guidance, and experience.

Ruben Rausing had a profound impact on me. He took me under his wings and encouraged me to go into the milk industry, providing all his contacts to me. He knew many important people in Sweden: the top doctors, financiers, industrialists, technicians and inventors. He was happy to see Packages making progress. I think what broke his reserve with me was my openness, truthfulness, and my anxiety and eagerness to learn. I kept on asking him questions. This is what he himself did: he always asked people questions. He not only became my friend but also my mentor.

He was always sending me ideas in his letters. I remember in one of his letters he wrote, 'I have seen the statistics; Pakistan has a large number of cattle, most of which are scrap. The world is short of meat.



Mr. Ruben Rausing and his sons, Dr. Gad Rausing (1922-2000) and Dr. Hans Rausing looking at the first Tetra Pak proto-type machine

There is gold lying on the ground of Pakistan. Why don't you pick it up?' He suggested that we should package milk here. I said, 'No industrialist in Pakistan is going to put up a milk processing plant because they say that milk is the business of the milkman! Anybody who has any money, like the Adamjees, Dawoods or Saigols, would want to set up textile units and cement factories.' He asked what could be done and I said, 'We have to put up the first plant ourselves.'

Ruben Rausing once said that companies that are run cash short are more efficient than companies that are cash rich. It is not by choice that you become cash short. You never try and budget for a deficit. It only comes when factors influence the business beyond your control that you are in that situation. This is the time when you start thinking about how to generate more money or to save money. There are two ways of winning a cricket match. One is to score runs when you are batting, and the other way is to save runs when you are fielding. This happens in business also. Ruben Rausing made this statement to me when I was just starting my career. While I did not face such issues at that time, it is very valid today because of my various involvements in both for-profits and not-for-profits, which expose us to issues of not having enough resources when we have to keep body and soul together.

One day, Ruben said to me, 'I hate to pay taxes.' He left Sweden in his lifetime to go and live in Switzerland to avoid taxes, especially estate duties. Ruben was very obsessed with legally saving taxes. Carl Borgstrom was his tax consultant and he accompanied Ruben to Lahore. Borgstrom was offered a judgeship in Sweden but Ruben said, 'No, I will pay you more than you would get as a judge. You protect me from doing anything that is illegal but help me save taxes.'

RUBEN AND MY FAMILY

My family was in France and I had come back to Pakistan when the war with India was declared in 1965. Ruben wanted to know where my family was. He found out that they were in Paris and he immediately called up Perwin. He said, 'You come over to Sweden and stay with us till things have settled down in Pakistan.' He enrolled both Henna and Hyder in a Swedish school. He asked his son, Hans, to provide accommodation for them so that Perwin could stay in the city with her children. Earlier, when we had Ayub Khan's Martial Law in 1958, he sent me a message saying that if we were in any danger, he would send a chartered plane to fly us out. He gave me that kind of reassurance and standing!

Ruben Rausing was many years older than me. He died at the age of 88 and when he was around 75 I remember asking him how old he was. I told him 'I will never get to your age.' He said, 'Why not?' To which I replied, 'Because I work harder than you did.' He said, 'Hard work has never killed anyone. Drink, weight, and women kill one much faster.' He was very health conscious and used to walk regularly. He only drank wine. He was looked after by the best health specialists in Scandinavia. One of his friends was Dr. Askupmark, who certified the purity of Ramlosa, a famous brand of bottled water in Sweden. Ruben only ate white meat (fish and chicken) and he was a great advocate of fish oil. He was averse to red meat and would not let me eat it. I used to play polo in those days. On one of his visits, he said to me, 'Hans used to fly planes and I told him to give up flying because it's too dangerous. Must you continue to play polo?'

I once told him I wanted to have my medical check-up. He picked up the telephone and called up the head physician at the Lund University and said, 'My friend, you have to be the personal doctor of Babar Ali'. This was Prof. Malmros and till his death he gave me a medical check-up every year. Another time, I told him that I was very keen to become the Consul of Finland but he said to me, 'Finland is a small country. I will get you the Consulship of Sweden.' I served as the Consul General of Sweden for 37 years from 1961 to 1998.

RUBEN'S FARM

Ruben was from a modest family and wanted to become an aristocrat like the Wallenbergs. One of the signs or labels of aristocracy in Sweden was to own land. Right at the very beginning, even before I met him, he had acquired 2,000 acres of property in the South of Sweden, Simontorp – torp means village, so Simon's village. Ruben converted the house there into a comfortable home for himself with a library and everything else. Whenever I went to meet him in Simontorp, we would ride in his SAAB car, which was like a jeep and could go anywhere.

Ruben said, 'I had this property surveyed and asked them to drill to take samples of soil in various places up to ten meters deep and analyse it.' He asked a forester to recommend the kind of trees to be planted to suit the soil. Oak was the recommended tree. Ruben surveyed his entire property and found that there was not a single oak tree growing there. He was surprised that through the ages for hundreds of years people had not planted oak even though it was the most suitable tree for the area. He took this problem to a historian and asked him to discover why there were no oak trees on his land. The historian reported that in earlier times all oak trees, irrespective of where they grew, were the property of the king of Sweden because the wood from the oak would be used for warships for the Swedish Navy. If you had oak trees growing on your property, the king's men would come to make sure that the tree was still there and well looked after. The king's men had to be fed when they visited, so as soon as a farmer found an oak tree growing on his land, he would pull it out.

Ruben said, 'I have decided to plant oak trees on my farm. It takes seventy years for oak trees to mature. I know I and my children will not benefit from this plantation, but my grand-children will one day thank me for it.' This is the kind of vision Ruben had.

HIS DEATH

Because of the cold Swedish weather and high taxes, Ruben decided to move, first to Italy in the late 1960s and in the early 1970s to Switzerland. Ever since his first visit to Pakistan, when he visited my younger sister Sitwat and her husband Mohsin at their Farm in Renala, he appreciated Pakistani wild honey and we made sure that he received enough honey every year that he could eat it every day, so in May 1983, I took a parcel of honey for him to Lausanne and was sad to learn from his secretary that he had had a stroke a few days earlier. That evening at dinner with Hans and Marit Rausing, I was informed that Ruben was very keen to meet me. I went to pay my respects to him the next day. He was sitting in his living room with his legs on a chair. When he saw me, he tried to get up to greet me. His mind and memory were still very clear though he looked very frail. After ten minutes of my stay with him I did not want to burden him with my presence, so I asked to be excused. He insisted that

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I should stay on, which I did for another fifteen minutes. He was as always very gracious, kind, affectionate, and inquisitive - what I was thinking and what I was going to do next. He and I both knew that this was our last meeting but he never showed any sign of weakness! He died in Sweden three months later. I attended his funeral, which was organised by his sons in a manner fit for royalty, such was its magnitude and splendour. He well deserved such a final send off!

With the demise of Ruben Rausing, my contact with the Rausing family did not come to an end. Hans Rausing, President of Tetra Pak at the time, took an active interest in the introduction of Tetra Pak in Pakistan.

RUBEN RAUSING'S FAMILY

Ruben's sons Gad and Hans were both very well educated. Hans was made the Managing Director of Tetra Pak while Gad was made the Vice Chairman. Ruben thought that Hans was more focussed on the business but Gad was very wise; he was a philosopher, a writer, an archaeologist, and also had business acumen. I was very friendly with both of them. Gad was keen on hunting wildlife and visited Pakistan regularly; he died in 2001. Sven, the third son who was not well, also died. The only surviving son now is Hans.

Ruben was very devoted to his wife, Lisbet. She died of cancer in the early 1940s. He started researching about cancer and wrote a thesis on it for which the Lund University gave him a Ph.D.



1995: Hans Rausing at Packages with Syed Wajid Ali

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HANS RAUSING

Hans took a keen interest in the development of Packages and, later on, in the establishment of Tetra Pak Pakistan. At his suggestion and with his support, Packages was able to develop a new process, producing semi-chemical pulp from straw, which was done for the first time anywhere in the world. In 1984, he took the bold decision to set up Tetra Pak Pakistan, to introduce liquid food packaging in Pakistan. This was done in partnership with Packages, giving us the majority shareholding in the Company. To the best of my knowledge, to date, this is the only joint venture that Tetra Pak has had anywhere.

Throughout his stewardship of Tetra Pak, I found Hans a very supportive collaborator, quick in taking decision and trusting me in everything, for which I will always remain grateful.

After he sold his interest in Tetra Pak, I invited him to participate with me in taking a minority shareholding in Coca-Cola Beverages Pakistan Limited (CCBPL), which was to be the sole bottler of Coca-Cola in Pakistan. He readily accepted my invitation. Some years later, he decided to retire from this investment, which Coca-Cola Atlanta was happy to take over.

Perwin and I have enjoyed the friendship of Hans and his devoted wife, Marit, and we have had the most pleasant relationship with the family including their daughters, Lisbet and Sigrid, and their son, Hans-Kristian.

GAD RAUSING

Ruben Rausing's elder son, Gad Rausing, was also in regular correspondence with me. Gad earned his doctorate in Archaeology and was a very keen student of both history and archaeology, hence his interest in Pakistan. He visited some of the archaeological sites in Taxila and in the Northern Areas. Gad was passionate about hunting and collecting weapons; he made several visits to Pakistan including two trips to the Northern Areas where we went out looking for wild sheep and goats in the Karakoram region.

We have greatly enjoyed our closeness with Gad and his family. After Gad's death in 2000, our friendship with his wife Birgit Rausing (Bibs) continues and we have visited her several times in her beautiful home overlooking Lake Geneva in Territet. Bibs is an academic and in her own right she has earned a doctorate for her books connected with art and history. Bibs and Gad's eldest daughter, Kirsten, is the closest to us. She runs a very successful horse-breeding establishment, Lanwades, near New Market. In the last twenty-five years, she has established her competence as a horse-breeder and is the only lady member of the Jockey Club of England. Her brothers, Finn and Jorn, have ably steered the Tetra Pak Group of Companies ever since their father's demise and I am very happy to see that Tetra Pak today is many times larger than when they inherited it.

We are very proud of our friendship with the Rausing family.

HOLGER CRAFOORD

Ruben's second in command at Å&R was Holger Crafoord whom I knew from my first contact with the Company. He was then the Managing Director of Å&R and had joined Mr. Ruben Rausing as an economist fresh from the

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1986: Visit with Gad Rausing to Pakistan's Northern areas



1994: Gad Rausing at Packages with Syed Hyder Ali

University when he started the company in the early 1930s. Mr. Rausing guided his career and, when he saw the organising capabilities and hard-working ability of Holger, he offered him a share in the company. When I came into contact with Å&R, Holger Crafoord owned 25% of the partnership and was the main driving force in day-to-day operations while Dr. Ruben Rausing was the inspirational guide.

Holger was different in outlook from Ruben, a pragmatic and well-focused business leader with whom I had a very close relationship throughout his life. Ruben Rausing was a dreamer and was always thinking many years ahead while Holger was the one who tackled the nuts and bolts, and converted the dream into reality. Ruben used him well. While Ruben's sons were growing up, Holger was the person on whom Ruben relied.

Twenty-five percent of Å&R belonged to Holger. When Å&R was sold to the Wallenbergs, they made it a pre-condition of their purchase that Holger would stay on as the Managing Director. Holger ran the company but got the cash for his 25% ownership. After the sale, Holger developed his individual personality. Holger had a 25% share in Tetra Pak and said, 'Now that I am leaving Å&R, let me also leave Tetra Pak because I will not be able to serve on Tetra Pak's Board.' Ruben was keen to buy Holger out, so financially they parted ways.

Holger started a company that pioneered the throw-away-kidney under the name of Gambro. He gave me the background of his venture into this business: one day, at a lunch in Lund University, he was sitting next to a nephrologist. The nephrologist said, 'I am a sad person today. I have condemned two young people to death. They were on dialysis and they are failing in health. I have taken them off dialysis and I know that they cannot live for long.' Holger asked, 'Whether



Holger Crafoord 1908-1982

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2013: Perwin and Syed Babar Ali with Holger Crafoord's grandchildren in Lund, Sweden

he had any remedy or solution?' The nephrologist said, 'Yes, I am working on the idea of an improved dialysis machine into which the arteries and veins are plugged in, and the heart pumps the blood through a disposable filter for cleansing without the need for an extra pump.' Holger said, 'I will financially support your idea.' This came from a part of the money he received from the sale of his 25% share in Å&R. Gambro, the first artificial kidney, then became a new discovery and a blockbuster! Holger did not become as rich as Ruben Rausing but he did make many hundreds of millions of kroners. Holger gave generously to charity and he instituted the second largest prize in Sweden, after the Nobel Prize, called the Holger Anna Greta Medal for Economics, named after his wife, with whom he had three daughters. He also put up a new Economics building at Lund University. A part of Å&R's shares in Packages Limited were given to Holger, which he gave to his daughters and grandchildren, who are still shareholders in Packages.

I mentioned to Holger that the Rausings had left Sweden and he said, 'Yes, because of taxes. I will only leave Sweden when the taxes go up to 98% because this country has given me everything.' In those days, the tax rate was 80-85%. Holger suffered from arthritis but was amazingly active despite his severe physical discomfort. On my visits to Lund, I always called on him and he was always very warm and affectionate.

RUNNING PACKAGES

The first important question was who was to manage and run the company. I was very lucky to be able to

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1964: With Irshad Hussain and Hans Hallen at Packages

persuade a friend, Syed Irshad Hussain, to join me. I had met him in Boston in 1947 when I was at the University of Michigan and he was at that time at Harvard. I had gone there to meet Lever Brothers, our partners in the factory in Rahim Yar Khan, and I stayed with him and got to know him well. When the idea of Packages developed, I asked Irshad to join us. He had returned from Harvard and was posted as Executive Engineer in the Public Works Department in Lahore. He was not willing to resign his official position but I managed to get him leave to work with us for two years. Meanwhile, Irshad married an American. I offered to send him with his family to the US every three years while serving us. His wife then persuaded him to resign from the Government and work with us permanently. He stayed at Packages for about eighteen years as the first General Manager and Chief Executive Officer.

Our Swedish partners sent technicians to ensure the proper installation of the machinery and its operation. We were very fortunate that the head of this group of twenty-two technicians was Hans Hallen. Irshad, Hans, and I were all around thirty years of age in 1956. We soon became close friends. My father and brothers left the management of Packages entirely to me and my colleagues. We had excellent support but no interference from Sweden. On our part, we tried to make things as easy as possible for the Swedish families: they lived in our housing so they were near each other and they used a big tank at Packages as a swimming pool. We also arranged a school for them in my brother Syed Amjad Ali's house on Wazir Ali Road (named after my grandfather), part of which Hans Hallen occupied.

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In the beginning, I was living in Karachi and commuting to Lahore regularly. Around 1958, I realised, and Hans Hallen was the first to point this out, that my living in Lahore was important for the smooth running of Packages. Another important consideration for me was that both my parents lived in Lahore and were getting on in years and it was essential that one of their sons should be close at hand. Fortunately, my wife was equally happy to move to Lahore, where her mother and her only brother lived.

My main effort was to ensure that Hans Hallen and his Swedish team got all the backing they required by way of material and equipment, both from within Pakistan and from abroad. To obtain an import license was a very cumbersome and time-consuming effort in those days. Once the factory was nearing completion, we had to establish contact and build up links with the main consumers of packaging material, almost all of which were multi-nationals based in Karachi. Pakistan Tobacco Company, Lever Brothers, and Liptons were importing their packaging from abroad and they became our main customers. They gave us excellent support, enabling us to manufacture the kind of packaging they needed. We followed the policy of hiring young men - engineers, polytechnic graduates, and ordinary workers - with no prior work experience but always on the basis of pure merit. There was tremendous enthusiasm among members of the staff and we started with one shift operation, with the main technical work being done by the Swedish experts. Within a year, we went over to a three-shift operation. Our people learnt the trade and skills very quickly and there was no lack of market demand.

There was no hierarchy as such in Packages and we had an egalitarian management team. Irshad had a solid civil engineering background and, having worked in Government for almost eight years, had an insight into how the bureaucracy functioned. Being in the first group of Government servants who had received an American education, Irshad knew many of the decision-makers in Government in Lahore and because of his active social life he was a popular member of Lahore society. He took care of the administration of the company in a methodical manner. He organised the civil works, the construction of the buildings at Packages, and found speedy solutions to issues which came up from day to day, in respect of areas where Government permission was necessary, such as plan approval and getting electricity and telephone connections. We had our own water supply from tube-wells and constructed our own sewerage system. When we started production, we had a total of 300 people.

Our first endeavour was to fully utilise the equipment that we had initially received from Sweden and this was achieved within the first two years of our operation. We realised that in order to maintain the momentum and to meet the growing requirements of our customers, we needed to add new processes and equipment. The sales of the company in the first 12 months of our operation were 6.3 million rupees and we made a profit in the first year. There was no problem in financing capital equipment as both partners, Å&R and my family, were keen to build the company rather than take dividends.

Ruben Rausing took a great interest in Packages and its development owes a great deal to his vision and guidance. We started as a converting plant, buying our paper from Karnaphuli Paper Mills in East Pakistan (owned by the Dawoods), our board from Adamjee Board Mill in Nowshera, and straw board from Sethi Mills, Rahwali. All these mills had originally been set up by Pakistan Industrial Development Corporation (PIDC) and then sold to the private sector, which at that time did not have the financial or technical ability to establish industry. These were monopolies

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at that time, under the regime of import licensing; local mills were not interested in meeting standards or delivery deadlines.

Ruben said if we wanted to do well in the packaging business, we had to have our own source of paper. I approached the Pakistan Industrial Credit & Investment Corporation (PICIC), the main source of financing. The PICIC man said, 'Mr. Adamjee is my Chairman. I want to help you and I will give you money for a paper mill, but it will only be for your own needs, not to compete with Mr. Adamjee. Go to Japan and find a small sized factory.' I went to Japan with Hans Hallen and we brought back an offer to PICIC, which was financially and technically feasible, with a production size of 25 tons a day. I told Mr. Rausing what we had done and he said, 'Don't do anything, I am coming to Lahore.' He flew here and said, 'You don't put up a paper mill for five years; you put it up for fifty years. You must have a plant five times this size.' I said, 'PICIC is not giving us the money for that.' He said, 'I will go to the World Bank and help you get financing.' At that time, the head of the IMF was a Swede. Mr. Rausing went to Washington and met him. He told Mr. Rausing that IMF did not give money to the private sector and introduced him to the World Bank. The World Bank's private sector arm, the International Finance Corporation (IFC), sent a representative to Lahore to carry out a feasibility study. PICIC was then the local agent for the IFC and I warned them that PICIC would never agree because of their Chairman. The IFC said they would overcome this hurdle! They said, 'We will give money to PICIC and they will give the money to you.' This is how the paper mill was set up in 1965. Mr. Rausing advised and helped me to set up a paper mill for fifty years, not five, and it has now been going for fifty years! The man had vision.

Our relationship with Å&R altered slightly in 1965. The Tetra Pak Company had been founded in Sweden by the Rausing about the same time as Packages started



1960: Sports Day at Packages, Syed Maratib Ali, Syed Babar Ali, Syeda Henna Babar Ali

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operations in Pakistan in 1956. By 1965, Tetra Pak's activities had grown to a point where the Rausing family felt that they could no longer sustain the development of both the parent company (Å&R), which provided packaging material for general purposes, and the daughter company, Tetra Pak, which was devoted to liquid food packaging. Ruben Rausing and his sons, therefore, decided to sell the parent company to the Swedish Match Company and concentrate their resources, both men and materials, on enhancing the development of Tetra Pak. The investment in Packages had come partly from Å&R and partly from the personal fortunes of Mr. Ruben Rausing and Mr. Holger Crafoord. In 1965, the shares in Packages owned by Å&R were thus transferred to the Swedish Match Company.

Being the first prominent and modern industry in Lahore after Partition, we very soon came to the notice of the Government in Lahore and we took the initiative of inviting important decision-makers to visit Packages, not in groups but in smaller numbers so that we could give them personal attention and they would be able to learn more about our efforts. By the early sixties, Pakistan Administrative Staff College, along with other Government training institutions, such as the NIPA (National Institute of Public Administration), had been set up. These institutions were attended by senior Government functionaries for short- and long-term courses, and we invited these groups regularly. This practice we have adhered to during the last five decades and it has been of immense benefit to the company, giving Packages exposure to Government officers.

Packages was the first important Swedish investment in Pakistan and till today it is probably the most prominent one. The only visit that a Swedish Prime Minister has made to Pakistan thus far was that of Mr. Tage Erlander and we were very fortunate to welcome him to Packages when he visited early in 1960. This visit brought Packages to the attention of the Swedish Government in Stockholm and subsequently we were able to get continued support and recognition from them.

MANAGEMENT PHILOSOPHY

Whatever work I have been involved in, especially after 1955, my commitment to it has been total and Packages is where I have spent most of my working life. Whatever new things I noticed, saw, or learnt, either by reading, or through word of mouth, I was not afraid to try them out if I thought they would improve Packages. Throughout my time as the Managing Director, I spent many hours on the factory floor. I made it a point from the very beginning to walk through the factory from one end to the other, even when the factory was under construction, as I learnt that, by visual inspection, my knowledge of what was going on was much more than through reports. By walking around, I cannot recall a day when I did not learn something new. Additionally, by virtue of my normal routine of visiting each area every working day when in Lahore, the workers and the departmental managers could discuss their problems and ideas in their own environment; it saved everybody's time and they did not need to come to my office. Similarly, no employee needed a prior appointment for a meeting with me on any day; whenever I was in the office, provided there was nobody else with me, they could walk in and discuss any problem, either in relation to Packages or themselves. I found that making myself accessible to my colleagues added a new dimension to our relationship.

From the very beginning, we have tried to inculcate a spirit of egalitarianism among our people. At the start, we had a staff of only 300. When we set up a lunch-room for senior officers, we discussed who would be eligible to use it. We started with the management personnel first, and very quickly we broadened it to include the office staff. The

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1960: The Swedish Prime Minister Tage Erlander and his wife at Packages Limited

purpose was to groom people who came from humbler backgrounds, enabling them to rub shoulders with those who had better fortune, so that they could feel at ease socially. Thus, when they advanced in the company, they would be comfortable not only with their superiors but with people who came from other walks of life, in and out of business.

At every level we have tried to help our workforce. Ninety percent of our workers at Packages who didn't do their matriculation have had kids go through college. We have had talks on family planning at Packages since the early 1960s and we also gave out condoms to our workers. I even told our people not to keep a record of how many were issued to whom. Even so there would be 100 workers in Packages with ten or more children! We tried to do much for them but you can only do so much and no more. It is a sad commentary; this country will explode through population growth.

In Packages a very genuine effort was made, not only to develop professional management, but to improve their skills and give them responsibility. When the Company went public in 1965, Irshad Hussain was made a Director, and subsequently Tariq Hamid was invited to join the Board in 1970. It was very pleasing to see Tariq become

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a Director of Packages because he was the first product of the Company who rose from the rank of a trainee engineer to that of a Director and that too in only 14 years. He fully justified the confidence reposed in him by developing the Company during his stewardship as General Manager from 1973 to 1994. After retirement Tariq Hamid served with acknowledged integrity and success as Minister of Finance in the Punjab Government, for four years as Chairman of Water and Power Development Authority (WAPDA) and Pakistan's Minister for Water & Power in the interim government in 2007-8, all very prestigious appointments.

While I was away from Packages, serving as Chairman of the National Fertilizer Corporation between 1974 and 1977, my brother, Syed Wajid Ali, took over as Managing Director and when I returned, he offered to vacate the position for me. I requested him to stay on as I felt that I could serve the Company better in an advisory capacity, to concentrate on the development aspect of the Company rather than to monitor its day to day running.

The way Packages was born and has developed has given me a lot of satisfaction. From the very beginning, after the Swedish technicians arrived, we decided on the policy of taking in only fresh young people from schools, technical institutions and universities with no prior work experience and chosen entirely on the basis of merit. This practice has been strictly adhered to till today, barring a few exceptions. It would be safe to say that out of the 3,000 employees in Packages, less than 100 have worked anywhere else before and these were people such as typists, secretaries, a few specialist accountants and, of course, men working for Security who were formerly serving in the Pakistan Army.

From the very beginning, we sent our young managers and promising young technicians to Sweden, not only to give them exposure to the way Å&R was operating, but also to broaden their horizons by seeing a more industrially developed environment. Every year, at least five people were sent abroad for such training and development and today we have in excess of 100 employees at Packages with such experience. In addition, some of the selected engineers and managers have been sent to the Harvard Business School in their Programme for Management Development (PMD) and Advanced Management Programme (AMP).

ABOUT PACKAGES LABOUR ISSUES

The first labour agitation at Packages erupted when I was in New York as a delegate to the United Nations in 1969. General Yahya Khan had come in as the new President and there was much turmoil. The labour force wanted to assert its role. That was the first time we had a fifteen days strike at Packages. Later, during Bhutto's time, there was agitation and, while there was no stoppage of work, there was a slow down. Bhutto wanted to create labour as a constituency for himself and the labour leaders felt that now they owned the Government! One day I was in the old city near *Bibi Pakdaman* and there were two or three young girls walking in front of me who told a shopkeeper, 'Now you will not have to pay the rent of the shop, it belongs to you!' That was the kind of message that was being disseminated - that there was licence and no law. I was surprised. Bhutto brought the djinn out of the bottle without realizing that it would also consume him.

When I returned to Packages in October 1977, after a stint as Chairman of the National Fertilizer Corporation, I found that the management had done an admirable job despite the turbulence generated among the labour



2015: A view of the Packages Rose Garden; Packages main building is seen in the background

force during the Bhutto regime. Fifty of the former employees, who had been dismissed from Packages for various misdemeanours prior to December 1971, had to be taken back as a result of official pressure. Rehman and Baloch, the leaders of two rival factions in our former labour union were also re-employed and, as expected, they did not lose any time in starting agitational activities among the labour force. Rehman came out the winner and within two years of his re-joining Packages, he emerged as a strong political force in the working community of the Kot Lakhpat area where Packages and a number of other industries are located. There was no curbing the power he had gained, with the result that he used high-handed methods to cow any opposition or threat he might visualise, not only among the factory labour but also in the local community. He humiliated some villagers of Kot Lakhpat who also happened to be ex-employees of Packages, and this resulted in his murder in 1975, committed in broad daylight while he was riding on his motorcycle back from the city on Ferozpur Road. He would have gone far as a labour leader had he not impatiently tried to over-extend his power. I spent many hours talking to him on labour issues and I found him very intelligent and devoted to the cause. Baloch, his rival leader, was arrested as a possible accomplice in the murder, tried and sentenced. He served about seven years in jail. After he came out, he often visited me at Packages.

THE PACKAGES ROSES

In 1958, I was in Sweden during the summer and Å&R arranged for me to meet some of their customers, to get an idea of what new kinds of packaging we might be looking at. Among these was the frozen food industry and their most important customer was FINDUS. While driving to the FINDUS factory in South Sweden, we passed

large fields of roses in full bloom. I was struck by the intense colour and large quantity of flowers covering many acres and I requested my guide to stop the car. He told me that the area belonged to a rose nursery. I went and saw the Manager of the nursery and requested her to help us develop a rose garden at the factory in Lahore. To start with, I asked her to suggest twenty varieties. This was the beginning of roses at Packages. In the next few years, we found that on account of the short summers in Sweden, roses from that country were not suitable for Lahore and we were introduced by the Swedes to a rose nursery in Hamburg called Kordes, one of the leading rose growers of Northern Europe, and over the last five decades we have regularly added to our collection of roses at Lahore, which now exceeds 300 different varieties. We started propagating roses and established a fair-sized nursery. Visitors to Packages not only come to look at our factory but also to admire our roses. We have distributed rose plants to institutions and individuals and currently we give away almost 5,000 rose cuttings every year to people who are interested in horticulture. Today, Packages is perhaps better known for its roses than for the work we do in industry! In the annual calendar that we publish, the rose has featured more than three times and this too has reinforced people's knowledge of Packages' interest in roses. Apart from growing roses, Packages has taken an active interest in the activities of the Horticultural Society of Pakistan and has been responsible for financing the annual chrysanthemum and spring flower shows in Lahore for many years.

SOME IMPORTANT EMPLOYEES

In 1962, one of my former teachers at Aitchison College, Syed Zulfiqar Ali Shah, lost his position as the Principal²⁷ so when I found him out of a job after having served Aitchison so selflessly, I felt it was my duty to ask him to join Packages. Till he died in December 1979, he brought a new dimension to Packages as he got us interested in sponsoring publications of out-of-print Urdu and Persian literature of old masters and making collections of works that had not been put together before. He oversaw the publication of the works of Amir Khusru and Saadi. Shah Sahib was looked up to with reverence by members of the Packages organization as his door was always open for guidance to any worker, supervisor, manager or director.

Around 1960, Hakim Ahmed Shuja, who was a very prominent author and a literary critic, in addition to being a very close friend of the family, for whom my parents had a great regard, sent to me Mohammad Iqbal, who came from a family of calligraphists. Iqbal was in his mid-thirties. His father, Abdul Majeed Parveenraqam, had done the calligraphy for the books published by Allama Iqbal. We installed Iqbal in our Art department and his ability to write well was soon acknowledged by our customers, who required Urdu writing on their cartons. Taking advantage of Iqbal's presence at Packages, we organised a competition among the school students of Lahore Division to give them a cash award for good handwriting in Urdu and in English, to encourage young boys and girls to write beautifully. These competitions were held regularly and continued for almost twenty years till Syed Zulfiqar Ali Shah Sahib died. Babar Ali Foundation now holds these competitions annually. I was very keen to promote good handwriting, both in Urdu and in English, as there is no equipment required to achieve this other than paper, pen, and hard work.

One of my favourite teachers at Aitchison was Mr. Victor Kiernan, who translated Faiz and Iqbal into English. We

²⁷ See pages 51, 52

did not see this side of him at all at that time as he used to teach us English and History. He married an Indian lady from Bombay, who was a very good dancer, by the name of Shanta. She had a strong character and they fell out quite quickly. Unlike Mr. Kiernan, she was quite effervescent and while he was at Aitchison, she went away and never came back. After I joined Government College, I still used to go and see Mr. Kiernan because he had an open house. One day when I visited him, Dr. Nazir Ahmad was also there. Dr. Nazir was an entomologist and Mr. Kiernan introduced him to me as his friend who was an expert on the intestines of insects!

Dr. Sahib was a true scholar and knowledge seeker. When he came back from the U.K. after doing his Ph.D., he could not get a job. He started to work as a reporter in one of the Urdu papers called *Zamindar*. He had done his Ph.D. in Entomology but was writing in a local Urdu paper at a salary of Rs. 32 per month! He eventually joined the teaching staff at a College in Jhang in the 1930s.

Dr. Nazir Ahmad had a very colourful background and having grown up in *Barood Khana*, with *Heera Mandi* close by, he had acquired a good ear for music. He had a close circle of literary friends – Taseer, Sufi Ghulam Mustafa Tabassum, Faiz, and Kiernan. When you have that kind of a group around you, it generates a lot of thought and discussion and new ideas emerge.

In 1959, Dr. Sahib became the Principal of Government College. When he retired, I asked him about his plans. He told me that he was looking for employment and he had an offer from the Saigols. I said, 'Before you say 'yes' to them, I would like to have a chat with you.' Syed Zulfiqar Ali Shah had just passed away and I told Dr Sahib that an office was available next to mine. He came to meet me and said, 'What will I do?' I said, 'Whatever you like.' He said, 'I have been thinking for a long time about putting together the works of Sufi poets.' He spent about ten years with us and produced four classic compilations of the works of Bulleh Shah, Sultan Bahu, Shah Hussain and Baba Farid. He sat at the tombs of these Sufi poets to listen to the qawwals and he used to compare the written poetry with what the qawwals sang. A great deal of Baba Farid's material was in Garanth Sahib, the Sikh holy book. Dr. Nazir went to Amritsar, he learnt gurmukhi, and worked with scholars at Guru Nanak University over a period of time to complete the book on Baba Farid. Dr. Nazir Ahmad was a wonderful addition to the Packages family. Students of Punjabi literature can never repay their debt to Dr. Nazir Ahmad for these publications. We were fortunate that Dr. Nazir Ahmad was with us right till the end of his life, in 1985.

Through Dr. Sahib, I had the opportunity to meet Sufi Ghulam Mustafa Tabassum and spent much time with him. Sufi Sahib died very suddenly and Dr. Sahib was very upset. He was always sad that people never recognized the genius of Sufi Sahib.

Hans Hallen headed the team of Swedish technicians who came out to Lahore to set up the plant and teach technical know-how and skills to the Pakistani staff. A year prior to his arrival in Pakistan, he was chosen by Å&R to oversee the entire Pakistani project. He selected the equipment and supervised its dismantling and packing in Sweden while at the same time building a team of competent engineers and technicians, mostly drawn from Å&R's young staff. The layout of the Lahore factory was drawn by Hans Hallen in Sweden and very soon after

his arrival in Lahore, I found that we had a very fine partner and collaborator in him. In no time, we became good friends and I am proud to say that we remained friends and our regard for each other only grew warmer till his demise in 2013. Hans was not only a meticulous and competent engineer, he was also hard-working and generated a great deal of affection among his colleagues. He was in charge of technical matters at Packages from the day he arrived till he left us to return to Sweden seventeen years later. His wife Britt was an immense source of support to him and she became a very important member of the Packages family.

MILK INDUSTRY, TETRA PAK PAKISTAN

I was glad to be back at Packages in 1977 and to be among the people with whom I had spent my time since 1956, although I found that during the years from 1973 to 1977, the plant and equipment at Packages had remained static with very little new investment. One of my first tasks was to encourage the management to embark on a programme to update the equipment and increase the production capacity, as I expected a resurgence of economic activity after Mr. Bhutto's exit.

Since 1965, Tetra Pak was very keen that we should develop a market for liquid food packaging in Pakistan and we received regular visits from their regional sales representatives from Sweden. In 1968, Tetra Pak stationed a Swede as sales manager in Pakistan for two years to stimulate the local market but all he could do was sell two machines – one to a fruit juice processor and the second to a newly established dairy plant, Milko Limited, which was set up by a friend of my family for his son who was still serving in the Army as a Major; this equipment was never used. My advice to Tetra Pak was that the only way they could become established in Pakistan was if we set up a modern milk processing plant ourselves in collaboration with Tetra Pak. The kind of people who had set up milk processing plants earlier were new businessmen with little management skills and the milk industry was not challenging or interesting enough for an established industrialist to get involved in - their preference was to set up a textile mill, a cement factory, or a sugar mill, and not a mundane milk processing plant.

In 1976, the Industrial Development Bank, which had financed Milko, approached Packages, saying that their loan to Milko was outstanding, the plant had never worked even for a single day, and could we, in any way, assist the Bank to resurrect the plant and help them recover their loan. Javed Aslam, who was Sales Manager at Packages at that time and a colleague for almost twenty years, knew that we wanted to launch Tetra Pak in Pakistan and suggested that we should take Milko on lease for three years, to learn about the industry and to see if we could introduce Tetra Pak successfully in Pakistan. We got encouraging support from Tetra Pak in Sweden, who helped us locate Danish Turnkey Dairies as our technical partners for the processing of milk. At the same time, Tetra Pak provided full support to Packages and helped us manufacture the right quality of paper for the cartons. Within a year of our taking over Milko, we were able to see a marked success in the introduction of a new kind of packaging, along with the building up of experience in the procurement of milk, and our ability to market this new product. Packages had invested almost ten million rupees in learning about this new industry before any financial benefit accrued to us but we saw the potential for what could come in the future. Based on the experience that we were getting at Milko, and knowing that the unit would be with us for less than two years, we decided that we should plan to set up a large milk processing plant on our own.

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I, therefore, took upon myself the task of starting a new investment in Packages, both in the Paper Board Division as well as in the Packaging Division, and to develop our own milk processing plant. We decided to set up a separate company called, "Milkpak Limited" and I went to Europe to persuade Danish Turnkey Dairies as well as Tetra Pak to be our partners in the new venture. Both agreed. I then visited Washington to seek the main financing for both Packages and Milkpak from the International Finance Corporation. My frequent visits to the USA, which I combined with visiting my children at Ann Arbor, helped to speed up the financing arrangements. The enlargement of the facilities at Packages went very smoothly and between the years 1978 and 1987, Rs. 685 million were invested in fixed assets. As a result of this investment, the sales of Packages grew from Rs.213 million in 1977 to Rs. 720 million in 1987.

In view of the major investment programme at Packages, I felt that the management had to concentrate on implementing our own expansion programme and we could not release senior management for Milkpak. Aftab Ahmed, who had worked as General Manager (Technical) in the corporate headquarters of the NFC and who subsequently became the Managing Director of Pak Arab Fertilizer Company in Multan, was keen to live in Lahore and I had developed a good working relationship with him while I was at the NFC. I asked him if he would like to join me in setting up Milkpak as its chief executive officer. He readily resigned his job in the Government and brought with him Mr. Ziauddin Qureshi who was a senior fertilizer plant engineer who had worked in Saudi Arabia and Multan. I accepted the recommendation and encouraged Aftab to learn about the milk industry. I then left it to him to procure the plant and set it up on a site near Sheikhpura. The plant came into operation with a slight slippage of three months in the timetable and a minor cost over-run.

After almost a year's operation, I felt that Milkpak was not being managed effectively and this was repeatedly confirmed to me by the senior staff of Danish Turnkey Dairies and Tetra Pak, who were coming out regularly from Scandinavia to monitor and advise on the operation of Milkpak. Our foreign partners confirmed to me that Ziauddin Qureshi, who was the plant manager selected by Aftab, was not the right person; his attitude was bureaucratic and his competence questionable. For three months, I repeatedly brought my concern to the notice of Aftab and I found that, regrettably, he did not take any steps to rectify the situation. Finally, in October 1982, I had to take the unpleasant decision of asking Aftab, Qureshi, and four of their senior colleagues to leave the company. I myself took over the responsibility of managing Milkpak and was readily supported by the senior management at Packages, who provided such assistance as I needed to set the Company right. Within three months, we made a major overhaul of the administration, both at the factory and in the head office. I could then see a marked improvement in its operations, which was reflected in the financial results of the company. After three years of managing Milkpak, I handed over the responsibility of Managing Directorship to Yawar Ali, son of my eldest brother, Syed Amjad Ali, who had been working in Milkpak at a fairly senior position, under the control of Aftab, ever since the company was started.

As soon as we felt that the establishment of Milkpak was generating enough interest among new investors to come into the milk processing industry, I persuaded Dr. Hans Rausing, Ruben's son, to set up a joint venture between Tetra Pak Pakistan and Packages for the exclusive manufacture of Tetra Pak paper and for the marketing of their

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machines. Packages Limited provided the building and some equipment. The rest of the equipment was imported from Tetra Pak companies around the world. As the Production Manager of the factory, I was happy to see my friend, Hans Hallen, coming back to Pakistan and in a very short time he was able to develop facilities in which an acceptable quality of liquid packaging paper could be manufactured in Lahore. In 1983, Hans Rausing suggested that he would send out a Swede from his organisation to be the Managing Director of the Company in Pakistan, to which I readily agreed. The objective was that Tetra Pak Pakistan Limited should develop its own identity and it should not be overshadowed or influenced by Packages, so that customers other than Milkpak could feel comfortable in dealing with Tetra Pak Pakistan. I could see their viewpoint and I encouraged them to develop Tetra Pak Pakistan on lines that were acceptable to the Tetra Pak family of companies.

By 1987, Tetra Pak had progressed remarkably; they had placed more than sixty machines in twenty different factories, and they annually sold more than 350 million packages. Tetra Pak Pakistan sold 1 billion packs in 2002. The company now had its own identity, a first class independent office, and its own management. The company has been a financial success.

NESTLÉ

Having worked on Packages Limited with Å&R as a joint venture and seen its development over the years, and then by serving on the Board of Directors of Lever Brothers Pakistan Limited and Hoechst Pakistan Limited, I progressively realised that a successful business venture in Pakistan could be assured if we had a partner who was a world player in the particular field in which we were interested.

We started Milkpak as a joint venture between Tetra Pak, Danish Turnkey Dairies and ourselves, on the basis that the processing technology came from Danish Turnkey Dairies, the packaging of liquid food was from Tetra Pak, and that we would be able to manage the venture successfully with the help of these two partners and then learning on our own. Within the first two years of the operation, we realised that neither Tetra Pak nor Danish Turnkey Dairies could offer the kind of support that would help us develop new products, especially the more value-added products we needed, as long life milk did not in itself offer the kind of margins that could sustain a large operation. We then looked into powdered milk, baby foods, and other such products. There again, the technology was not enough – brand and marketing were equally important. We were looking for a foreign partner through Powder Machinery Manufacturers, and the Stork Company of Holland identified Friesland Dairies as a possible collaborator. We were in serious discussions with them till one day we heard that the Executive Vice President of Nestlé managing the Asian region wanted to visit us in Lahore.

The negotiations for this joint venture are described in greater detail elsewhere, but it is enough to say here that the meeting was very positive and within the first half hour, both Nestlé and we came to the conclusion that there was a lot of sense in joining hands. We controlled almost 80% of the Milkpak shares. I offered Nestlé half of these at its price quoted on the Stock Exchange. I also expressed our desire for this Company to be run as a Nestlé Company; we would follow their advice and guidance. I was then the Chairman of the Company and Syed Yawar Ali, my nephew, was the Managing Director. Within two years, Nestlé embarked on an expansion of the Company. They appointed expatriates and whatever else was required. We readily agreed to their taking over the

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full management and control of the Company. They appointed a Nestlé executive as the Managing Director while Syed Yawar Ali became the Chairman and I stepped down to become a member of the Board. The company has made remarkable progress. Within the first five years, the sales increased over six-folds and it is today the largest food company in Pakistan.

PACKAGES LIMITED AND AFRICA

In 1970, we received a telex from National Development Corporation (NDC) Tanzania announcing the arrival of Mr. Maramba to meet with us in Lahore. He had come to recruit a manager for a corrugating plant, which NDC had inherited as a result of Tanzania's nationalisation programme. The plant had been set up by an Asian who had left the country after nationalisation. I asked him what had happened to the previous manager and he told me that he had been killed in a car accident. There and then I suggested that he should hire a company instead of an individual. The Company would not be killed in a car crash! He was surprised by my suggestion and said he would convey this to his Chairman in Dar es Salaam. The next day, he informed me that they were willing to discuss our offer and I told him that before we could undertake the assignment, we would like to go out to Dar es Salaam and see the plant, to decide whether we could assist them in improving its operation if we took over its management. All we asked for was a ticket for Irshad Hussain to visit them, to which they readily agreed. Irshad gave us a positive report after his visit to Dar es Salaam and we then signed a contract with NDC to provide them with the management for Kibo Paper Industries.

We sent an initial team of four under the leadership of Tanwir Ahmed, Manager in our Sales Department, who would be the General Manager at Kibo. Our team made an immediate beneficial impact on its operation. Within the first year, the loss-making company was converted into a profit-earning business and during the next ten years its operation enlarged manyfolds. We rotated our people in Tanzania every two to three years so that a new crew could go out to gain experience and benefit from expatriate salaries. This regular movement of our personnel spread the benefit among our employees. Dar es Salaam was a very agreeable place to work and NDC was a good employer. In all, around two hundred Packages personnel had the benefit of living in Tanzania from 1970 to 1983. With this effort in Tanzania, we were able to generate considerable goodwill for Pakistan and for Packages. Packages received some compensation in management fees but the main benefit was the development of our people, who gained a great deal of confidence working in a foreign environment. The result was that all the 200 people who went to Africa were able to build their own homes in Pakistan on their return. An even bigger benefit to them was the education of their children in international schools. Many of those young children who benefited from that exposure are now working as professionals in foreign countries. Most of our people were thus well trained; it was as if they went there as Captains and came back as Colonels within three years because they had been on their own!

After we had successfully managed Kibo Paper Industries for about four years in 1974, National Development Corporation (NDC) asked us to take over the management of Printpak Limited, another company in the para-statal organisations, which specialised in producing textbooks as well as the daily English newspaper. We managed this company for six years and it provided another excellent opportunity for some of our middle management people from Lahore to get hands-on experience at senior management level. Kibo Paper Industries was a converting

plant, similar to what we had begun with at Packages in Lahore. There was no paper industry in Tanzania, and we suggested to NDC that they should consider putting up a paperboard plant based on the recycling of waste paper, which was abundantly available in Tanzania. At NDC's request we drew up a feasibility study and we were then asked to implement it. Within two years, we built a plant based on equipment imported from Germany, according to our specifications. We undertook the entire planning of this paper mill, and by the Grace of God, without a hitch, it came into full production and we did not even have any teething problems! Thus Tanzania was able to get a paper industry at a minimal cost, with the entire technology made available to them from Lahore. We sent only ten key specialists from our plant who were responsible for the erection, start up, and running of the factory for the first four years, during which time we trained the Tanzanians to take over the operations and management of the factory. The paperboard produced at the paper mill was converted in the Kibo Paper Industries, a parallel operation to that in Lahore since the start of our paper mill.

The growth and development of Packages in Lahore was successfully carried out by many of the people who had got such good experience in Africa. After almost 13 years of involvement in Dar es Salaam, we were able to train not only the local operators and supervisors but also Tanzanian managers and we were in a position to hand back the management of the Tanzanian companies to their nationals.

In Zambia, the International Finance Corporation, Washington, asked us to help a Zambian entrepreneur, Mr. E. Kasonde, to set up a packaging plant in Ndola. We sent a team from Lahore to prepare the feasibility study, which was accepted by IFC and Mr. Kasonde, and for the first ten years of its operation, the management and technical operation of Century Packages Limited was handled by our people, sent from Lahore. Here too, the personnel from Lahore gained invaluable experience in addition to great financial benefit. Our experience in Zambia ended on a sour note as Mr. Kasonde decided to entice one of our employees to manage the plant permanently and the relationship between Century Packages and ourselves came to an end.

By the mid-1970s, our ability to assist in management and technology was known in other African countries. We had a ten-year support programme for a packaging company in Somalia, for two years in Aden, and for three in Kuwait. In Nigeria, we were asked by the Nasreddin Group, who had a large industrial complex in Jos, in the north of the country, to set up a packaging plant primarily to supply the needs of packaging for their soap and detergent company as well as for their biscuit plant. We designed and built an elaborate packaging plant, which not only met the needs of the Nasreddin Group but also became one of the main packaging companies in Northern Nigeria. The unit has been a great financial success.

NDC asked us to introduce them to other industrialists from Pakistan who could manage other nationalized industries in Tanzania. So we introduced them to Saigols and to Service Industries. However, the contracts with these industries didn't last long.

Harvard Business School heard about our effort in Tanzania and they sent Professor Lou Wells to Lahore to write a case study. I asked the Professor what his findings were, since he had interviewed many of the people who

PACKAGES LIMITED

had gone to Tanzania. He said, 'The leadership, hands-on experience, and exposure you have given your people could not have been possible even if you had sent them to Harvard Business School'.

OTHER JOINT VENTURES AND ASSISTANCE

In 1971, soon after our foray into Africa, we were asked to turn around a printing and packaging company in Indonesia, in which we were again successful. In 1992 we did the same thing in Russia. Our last contract of this nature began in 2003, to help in the management of a Syrian plant, which continued until the troubles began.

Another joint venture, related to our core business, was in 1994 with Coates Lorilleux to produce printing ink. In 1998, we entered into a joint venture with local Sri Lankan companies to set up a plant producing flexible packaging in Colombo. It is called Packages Lanka (Pvt) Ltd and is run by our team.

OTHER VENTURES
IN INDUSTRY

AMERICAN EXPRESS

In the establishment of Packages Limited, the Chartered Bank of India, Australia & China, as it was called in 1956, played an important role in terms of providing finance to my family as shareholders in Packages Limited. Once Packages was operating successfully in 1965, we decided to go public to raise funds for the paper and board mill. Chartered Bank not only provided us resources but also took equity shares by underwriting the public offering. In the early 1970s, the Chartered Bank went through some internal re-organisation and reduced their interest in Pakistan. Subsequently they decided to bow out of their business with us, including disposal of their shares, which we were happy to buy.

During our relationship with Chartered Bank, I was approached repeatedly by American Express Bank. I explained our loyalty to Chartered, who had been very supportive of us throughout. When Chartered exited, I offered our business to American Express, which they happily took over. In the following years, as our business developed successfully, American Express profited from and enjoyed this relationship. American Express's Chairman, Howard Clarke, and his deputy, Jim Robinson, visited Pakistan and they were very pleased with their relationship with us and my personal contact with them. I got on very well with Jim, who was from a very old Atlanta family, some of whom had been founder members of Coca-Cola Company. In 1969, we were attending meetings of the Conference Board²⁸ in San Francisco when he asked me to be his Advisor in Pakistan. I said, 'OK Jim but I am not going to tell you how good the Company is. I will only tell you about its weaknesses.' He replied, 'The reason why I am asking you is because you need to tell me when my fly is open, not to tell me how well I'm dressed.'

This was a new opportunity for me to work with an independent company in Pakistan, in which I had no financial investment but in which I could learn and at the same time, share my ideas as to how their business in this country could grow. In the 1970s and 1980s, I was regularly visiting New York in connection with my work with the United Nations Commission on Transnational Corporations and I took the opportunity of visiting the American Express head office, to meet with their senior management. This relationship continued very cordially.

American Express Company went through major changes. Jim Robinson succeeded Howard Clarke as the Chairman of the Company but stayed only for a few years. With Jim Robinson's departure, the interest of American Express Company in investment banking as well as their Bank declined drastically. In 1998, I decided that I should retire from my advisorship as American Express's commitment to Pakistan was waning. I worked very closely with the senior management of American Express Bank throughout my advisorship and even today, though there is no official connection, my contact with the Bank and the Company is close and warm.

HOECHST PAKISTAN LIMITED

When Pakistan had just been created a very dear friend of mine, Sonny Habibullah was working at the Pakistan High Commission in London. I was on my way back from America and he said, 'In Pakistan there will be a great need for industrial chemicals. Why don't you go to Germany and visit some of the chemical companies which are re-starting'. In those days, you could not go to Occupied Europe, especially Occupied Germany, without a

²⁸ A forum for Business leaders

OTHER VENTURES IN INDUSTRY



1970: Foundation laying ceremony of Hoechst Pakistan (now Sanofi Aventis Pakistan Limited) L to R: Uwe Weimann, Pir Ali Gobar, Syed Babar Ali, Prof. Sammet (Chairman, Hoechst A.G.), Dominik von Winterfeldt, Karl-Heinz Gross, Top L to R : Dr. Seyfried and Dr. -Ing. Stegfried Lenz

visa from the British government. Sonny Habibullah arranged a visa for me and I took a train from London to Harwich, where I took a boat to Hoek van Holland and from there, I took a train for Amsterdam then onwards into Germany. Although the train was comfortable, it was a very depressing journey because, like London, Germany was totally devastated. The train passed through ruined cities and I especially remember when we arrived in Frankfurt, it was evening and you could only see the steel structure of the station; the whole building had been destroyed. There was no electricity and the guard and other railway staff had lamps hanging around their necks, with which they examined the tickets of the passengers.

It was very dark and grim, and I stayed in a hotel run for American staff and soldiers, where I paid two dollars a day. On the train, you asked people what they did and they told you, 'I do black marketeering.' Coffee and cigarettes acted as currency – they were the Reich Mark and they calculated that a pound of coffee would buy so much meat or cigarettes or whatever. I remember sitting in a train with small compartments, with three people sitting on each side. I had some chocolate, which I offered to the Germans with me, but they would not take any because of their honour and dignity.

OTHER VENTURES IN INDUSTRY



2015: Sanofi Aventis in Korangi, Karachi

At that time, I visited the Hoechst factory near Frankfurt, which was partly destroyed but slowly coming back to life. I was too young to talk about business but I mentioned to people that I was from Pakistan and needed some contacts. Little did I know in 1947 that 22 years later, Hoechst and I would be partners in their chemical plant in Karachi under the aegis of Hoechst Pakistan Limited, with me as its Chairman.

The very rewarding experience that I had with my joint venture with Å&R encouraged me to seek out foreign partners who had already established themselves in the competitive world outside Pakistan. Hoechst was one of the larger chemical giants that emerged from the breaking up of the German chemical conglomerate, I.G. Farben after the Second World War. Hoechst aggressively took to setting up companies outside Germany and this initiative was led by Mr. Kurt Lanz, the senior director of the Central Board of Hoechst. I was fortunate enough to get to know him rather well and visited him in Frankfurt every year till he retired from the Company.

Hoechst had a pharmaceutical operation in what was then East Pakistan and wanted a base in West Pakistan. When they were looking for a local partner in 1971, they asked Fergusons, the Auditors, for recommendations. Fergusons asked me if I would like to meet them and I said I would. It was to be a private limited company and I readily accepted an equity share of 20%. They sent a lawyer and I remember he very hesitatingly said, 'Mr. Babar Ali, we would like to make an agreement with you.' He gave me the contract and there was a clause that read

OTHER VENTURES IN INDUSTRY

(paraphrased) ‘If Mr. Babar Ali dies, Hoechst has the right to buy his shares.’ I said this was not fair at all and not acceptable to me. First of all, they should cut out ‘if’ and put in ‘when’ regarding my death. I said, ‘This clause will deprive my family. They will not only lose their father but also their shares in Hoechst! Why cannot my family inherit my shares?’ Hoechst accepted that this was reasonable. The company was set up and the main plant was built in the then new industrial estate in Korangi.

In 1999, Hoechst went through a big transformation. They sold off their chemical operation to Clariant, the Swiss company. Their Crop Science business merged with Bayer A.G.’s pharmaceutical company Rhone-Poulenc, becoming Aventis, with the headquarters moved from Frankfurt to Strasbourg. Aventis then bid for the French pharmaceutical company Sanofi but the French did a reverse buy out! The French government didn’t allow Sanofi to be sold because the Louis Pasteur Institute was a part of Sanofi and they felt that this made it the world’s Mecca of vaccines. The French government, therefore, provided support to Sanofi to buy out Aventis, becoming Sanofi-Aventis in 2004. Consequently, in Pakistan the original Hoechst Pakistan Limited has ended up as Sanofi Aventis Pakistan Limited, only concentrating on the pharmaceutical business, while the crop science business became Bayer CropScience Pakistan Limited. As I had 20% equity in the original Hoechst Pakistan Limited, we ended up with slightly less equity in the merged Sanofi Aventis Pakistan Limited and a similar proportion in Bayer CropScience Pakistan Limited.

Mr. Dominik von Winterfeldt was the first Managing Director of Hoechst Pakistan and I have enjoyed his friendship to this day. After his transfer from Pakistan, he eventually became the head of Hoechst in the U.K. and some years later he retired to start a head-hunting company in Germany. Aventis Pakistan is now Sanofi Aventis and its shares, traded on the Karachi Stock Exchange, are much sought after.



1998: Alumni get together of Advanced Management Program Harvard Business School, 1973

ADVANCED MANAGEMENT PROGRAM AT HARVARD

Irshad Hussain's wife was an American from Boston and every three years he used to go on vacation to the United States with his family. He was an alumnus of Harvard and he had spoken to me of the Advanced Management Program offered at the Harvard Business School and suggested that I should participate in it. I applied and was admitted to the Program for the 65th Session, from early February 1973 for 13 weeks. It was a very exhilarating and useful experience to be once again in the academic environment among 160 top executives, mostly from the United States. The 160 participants were divided into groups of eight and each was called a CAN. In each CAN, the members were of the same age but with different business backgrounds, and there were at least two non-Americans. In our CAN, No. 13, we had Robert Kilpatrick who later became the head of the AETNA Insurance Company; Eric Whittle, who rose to be No. 1 in Lloyds Bank, U.K.; Chuck Carter, Director Finance, Kraft Company; Dave Heerwagen, a Captain in the US Navy; Durf Durfee, Director Technical, Starch Company; Douglas Moorhead, an engineer, who owned a consulting company, and Lennart Rosenblatt, who was manager of the Grace Chemical Plant in Boston.

Outside our CAN, I got to know a number of people with whom my acquaintance blossomed into deep friendship. Among them was Gopalkrishna Singhania of the J.K. Singhania family in India, who was among the top industrialists in that country. He unfortunately died suddenly around 1980. I also got to know Bill Kiser, who later became the Chairman of the Board of the Cleveland Clinic, which is among the best-known health-care centres in the United States. Because of Bill, my family and I have visited Cleveland several times for our annual check up and also for my first major medical treatment, surgery for Dupitrand tendon on my right hand, done there in March 1987.

At Harvard, we lived together under the same roof for thirteen weeks. I had never been in a boarding house before and this was a unique experience for me, enabling me to make such deep friends even over a short period of three months, friendships that have been warmly maintained since then. A special type of comradeship developed and one was able to get an insight into the thinking and behaviour of people who ran successful companies. Interaction with the senior faculty at the Harvard Business School was also a very rewarding experience. My stay, though brief, markedly changed my attitude and outlook towards management. I have been able to do much more following the AMP at Harvard than in all the previous 25 years.

NATIONAL FERTILIZER CORPORATION

In early January 1973, I met my friend Mr. A.R. Faridi in Lahore. He was married to the sister of Sonny Habibullah and Ishaat Habibullah, whom I had known ever since Partition. Faridi had retired from Burmah Shell after serving as its chief executive officer and had joined the public sector as Chairman of Pakistan Industrial Development Corporation (PIDC). Faridi asked me for advice about possible directors of the Multan fertilizer company. I suggested names of prominent persons from the Multan Division, who primarily came from the landed gentry.

A few days later, I had a telephone call from Mr. Alauddin Ahmed, Additional Secretary, Ministry of Production, Government of Pakistan, Islamabad, asking me if I was agreeable to becoming the Chairman of the National Fertilizer Corporation (NFC). On enquiring whether I could take this office in addition to my responsibilities as Managing Director of Packages Limited, he said that the Chairman's job was full time and that I would not be able to do anything else. I requested him not to take any action until I saw him in Islamabad the next day. When I met him, he explained to me that NFC was to be carved out of the PIDC and that it would require my total devotion. I was not prepared for such a switch-over, especially as Packages had just lost my two closest colleagues, Hans Hallen to Sweden and Irshad Hussain to the UN. He asked me to see the Secretary of the Ministry, Mr. Shaukat Buksh Awan, to whom I reiterated my reluctance. Mr. Awan, whom I had known for many years and who was a very kind friend of the family, pleaded with me not to say, "No", and a few minutes later I was ushered into the presence of Mr. J.A. Rahim, the Minister for Production. Mr. Rahim had been the Secretary-General of the People's Party and was a senior Minister in Mr. Bhutto's Cabinet. I walked into Mr. Rahim's office at one minute past twelve. I greeted him with "Assalam-o-Alaikum", and he answered back "Good afternoon"! I explained to Mr. Rahim that I was very honoured by this offer but that, as it had been very sudden, I required some time to think it over. He told me that Prime Minister Bhutto had given his approval of my appointment and in case I was not available, the Prime Minister would have to be informed.

Awan Sahib suggested that I should also go and meet with Mr. Vaqar Ahmed, the Establishment Secretary. I knew Vaqar very well. He was a close 'chaila' of Mr. S.A. Hasnie, Former Governor of the State Bank, and he had also worked with Bhai Amjad when he was Chairman of Investment Promotion Bureau. I visited Vaqar Ahmed in his office in Rawalpindi. He said, 'My advice to you is not to say "NO". Your name has been approved by Mr. Bhutto. In the current circumstances, if you decline, you will stand out like a sore thumb.' I returned to Lahore to consult my brothers. Five of our companies (Ali Automobiles Limited, Wazir Ali Engineering Limited, Wazir Ali Industries Limited, Treet Corporation, and the life insurance business of International General Insurance Company Limited) had been nationalized after Mr. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto won the 1970 elections on the slogan, 'roti, kapra aur makaan' which promised, 'food, clothing and shelter for all Pakistanis'. It was a part of his Party's manifesto to nationalize many private industries, so their advice was 'Look, it's very simple. With any old excuse, Bhutto will nationalize Packages too. The question is whether you get nationalized or Packages Limited!' I said, 'In that case, I will accept the appointment.'

I went back to Islamabad and informed Mr. Awan that I was ready to take on the responsibility. My first question to him was who would call the shots in the Corporation and he said that it would be me. I then asked him where the headquarters would be and he said that the Minister's wish was that these should be in Karachi, but that it was up to me. He accepted my suggestion that the headquarters be in Lahore. I then said that I would be able to start work after three weeks because I wanted to go to Europe to explain to our Swedish partners why I had to vacate the Managing Directorship of Packages.

Once I had agreed to join the public sector, I called in my senior colleagues at Packages and disclosed to them that I would be leaving them in the next few days. I told them that we had worked together for over twenty years, there was nothing more for me to tell them and I was confident that they would continue to take Packages to newer heights without me. I then talked to my senior-most colleague, Tariq Hamid, who was the General Manager, and I told him that there was only one important thing for a Number One in an organisation and that was self-discipline and self-restraint; I told him that there would be nobody to check him, but he himself! This is all the advice I gave him. When I came back after nearly four years, I found that he had fully justified my faith and confidence in him.

I was totally unfamiliar with the fertilizer industry. Taking advantage of my connection with Hoechst, I asked them to arrange an orientation programme during my visit to Europe in January 1974. Before leaving for Europe, I made quick visits to Multan and Daudkhel to see the two large fertilizer factories that were a part of the PIDC and which were now to form the core of the National Fertilizer Corporation (NFC). Hoechst then briefed me about the fundamentals of the industry.

During my visit to Sweden, our associates were able to see the logic of my decision to join the public sector. Mr. Ruben Rausing asked me what philosophy the Government of Pakistan was following regarding the management of the public sector industries and I told him that a team from our public sector had visited Italy to study the Italian State-owned companies and they were following that pattern. His curt reply was, 'Why has your Government chosen the worst example to follow?' I returned to Lahore in early February 1974 and presented myself at the PIDC

office in Dayal Singh Mansion on the Mall, Lahore, where I was received with utmost courtesy as Chairman of NFC. Mr. Saeeduddin was the PIDC representative in Lahore and he was to be my friend and guide for years to come.

I started my work as Chairman of the National Fertilizer Corporation on February 1, 1974, and spent three and a half years in the post. The Government was very supportive of what I did. I think it was known to them that I did not want the job but that it had been forced on me. However, once I was there, I was 100% devoted to it and, although I was based in Lahore, I visited Packages only once during the three and a half years that I served NFC. That was my commitment to my job at NFC!

We were given \$500 million by Mr. Bhutto's Government to put up new manufacturing facilities and I had to take major decisions about spending that money and the appointment of suppliers and contractors. There was never any interference. We instituted a procedure for competitive bidding and evaluation. We also followed the protocol of the Government when appointing contractors and in every case the Government accepted our recommendations.

I inherited a fertilizer industry that was already in the public sector as a part of PIDC (Pakistan Industrial Development Corporation). It was taken out and transferred to the NFC, a new Corporation. Very soon, I discovered that most of the people working in PIDC and in the fertilizer industry were competent. Here, I give credit to Mr. G. Faruque who had originally set up PIDC; the people he had recruited and trained were quite motivated. There was hardly anybody that we wanted to get rid of except people at the bottom where there were some cases of corruption. By and large, my impression was very positive.

My first task was to visit the four factories that formed the National Fertilizer Corporation. These were at Multan, Daudkhel, Lyallpur (now Faisalabad), and Jaranwala. These factories, from the first generation of fertilizer plants, could only produce a fraction of Pakistan's requirements. The newer plants were in the private sector – the Exxon plant at Daharki and the Dawood Hercules plant in Sheikhpura. These two factories were more modern and had larger outputs.

I first had to understand what the four plants of NFC were doing and get to know the people engaged in their operation. The Government had already decided that the Multan plant was to be enlarged manyfolds by installing a large Ammonia and Nitric Acid facility to manufacture additional quantities of Urea, Ammonium Nitrate, and Nitro-phosphate. The contract for the engineering of these plants had already been awarded to Kellogg, from the US, and to Udhe of Germany, and the Managing Director for the plant, Mr. Amanullah Lone, had already been selected. Mr. Lone had been Number 2 in Sui Northern Gas Company, another public sector organisation. I was asked to go to Washington along with Mr. Lone and Secretary Economic Affairs to negotiate a loan with the World Bank for the financing of the Multan plant. This we were able to accomplish during a week's stay in Washington.

The main task then was to arrange for the procurement of the equipment, which had to be done in collaboration with our engineering contractors who were responsible for the specification of the equipment and for its procurement. On Mr. Saeeduddin's advice, I selected Mr. I.A. Sherwani, who was then in charge of the Daudkhel plant, to be

based in the UK and to be responsible for all purchases from abroad for our Multan plant. Later on, when we were to purchase material from abroad for the Mirpur Mathelo plant, Mr. Sherwani was again responsible, and procured it in a very competent manner. The pre-qualified vendors were asked to submit their offers in two envelopes; in one were the technical specifications and in the other the price quotation. Sherwani and the engineering contractors opened the technical offer first and only the price envelopes of those vendors were opened whose technical offer was up to specifications. The contract was awarded to the lowest bidder. The opening of the tender was done in the presence of the vendors' representatives. If any of the tenderers had a complaint of unfair dealings by Sherwani, he was at liberty to bring it to my notice as the Chairman of NFC. In all, Mr. Sherwani made purchases for the Corporation of over 200 million dollars and there was only ONE complaint, and that too from a vendor whose quotation was not up to specifications! Mr. Sherwani's contribution to NFC was invaluable. It was a great loss to the Corporation when he died suddenly of heart failure while serving as Managing Director of the Pak Saudi plant at Mirpur Mathelo.

MEETINGS IN ISLAMABAD

I had been at the National Fertilizer Corporation for about a month when one morning I heard that Mr. J.A. Rahim had been dismissed as Minister and Mr. Rafi Raza had been appointed in his place. All the Chairmen of the Corporations under the Ministry for Production were summoned to Islamabad and were introduced to the new minister. I met him for the first time, though I had heard of him for many months, as he was one of Mr. Bhutto's close associates and was his Special Assistant. The meeting was purely introductory. When we recessed, most of the Chairmen then drove to Mr. Rahim's house to pay our respects to him. He had attended a dinner party the previous evening at the Prime Minister's house and while the Cabinet was in session, the dinner guests were kept waiting for some hours; Mr. Rahim, who was an elderly person, went home rather annoyed, having made some derogatory remarks that were reported to the Prime Minister, who then announced at the dinner that Mr. Rahim had been dismissed. At this, some of the guests unashamedly clapped and rejoiced. The FSF (Federal Security Force) raided Mr. Rahim's house, beat him up, and took him to the Police Station, from where he was rescued by Dr. Mubashir Hassan in the middle of the night and brought home. When we saw Mr. Rahim, he was lying in bed, all bruised. His sole attendant was his son, Sikandar Rahim, who was then serving in the Planning Commission. I told Sikandar that if ever Mr. Rahim came to Lahore I would take care of him as his host. The next day, I met Mr. Rafi Raza²⁹ and informed him what I had told Sikandar Rahim, and he said to me that I had done well. Mr. Rahim never came to Lahore. I also informed Mr. Rafi Raza that I had joined the National Fertilizer Corporation not out of choice but at the invitation of the Government and that I would be available for no longer than three years as I was keen to return to the private sector. From my first meeting with him, I received the utmost courtesy from him.

The next day, all the Chairmen who were then in Islamabad were summoned to the Prime Minister's office in

²⁹ I became very close to Rafi Raza. During the elections of 1977, we were flying in a WAPDA plane to Multan and he told me that the President had put him in charge of the Election Cell. I said 'He has put you in a job where you cannot do right; these are your marching orders!' Rafi Raza later recorded my comments in his book. I had said the same thing to General Yaqub Khan when he heard that he had been posted as the GOC of East Pakistan. He was in London, at the Imperial Defence College, and I remember I had just come back after watching tennis at Wimbledon; we had dinner together and he said he had received the orders for the posting. I said, 'Jacob Mian, that is the end of your military career because you cannot come out of East Pakistan as a hero!'

Rawalpindi. His table was at the head, opposite the entrance door to the room, on an elevated platform; thus the top of his table was two feet higher than the long table in front of him, around which we sat. On one side were Mr. Rafi Raza, the new Minister, Secretary A.B. Awan, senior officers of the Ministry and senior members of the Board of Industrial Management (BIM), whose Vice Chairman was Mr. Feroze Qaiser. On the opposite side sat the Chairmen. Each one of us was asked to introduce ourselves and to say a few words about the Corporation we were managing. When my turn came, Mr. Bhutto saved me from introducing myself by addressing me and asking me to tell him about the National Fertilizer Corporation. I had taken over only a few weeks earlier and I submitted to him that I was just learning about the Corporation and the main task given to me was to establish new plant facilities. Mr. Bhutto had been informed of the liberties that some of the Chairmen had taken as a result of Mr. Rahim's lax control and he read the 'Riot Act' to us, saying that Mr. Rafi Raza was too clever to allow any of the tricks that had been played on his predecessor. As I was utterly new to the situation, these words were not addressed to me.

The Chairman of the PIDC, Mr. A.H.A. Qazi, talking about his work, mentioned that the PIDC was looking at a paper project for Sind and that it had not been decided whether the plant should be located at Larkana or elsewhere. At the mention of the word 'Larkana', Mr. Bhutto perked up and asked who their consultant was. Dr. Shahnawaz, advisor to PIDC, was present so the Prime Minister asked him where the paper mill should be located and Doctor Sahib's immediate response was, "Wherever you like, Sir"! This was an MIT Ph.D. talking! I was not aware of the protocol of the Prime Minister's meetings: the practice was that you only opened your mouth when he asked you a question. As I had past experience of the paper industry, I put up my hand and when the Prime Minister asked me what I had to say, I told him that a large sized paper plant would cost at least 100 million dollars and Pakistan could only afford a paper mill once every four or five years. Therefore, the location of such a large investment should be based on technical and economic considerations alone. Though the Prime Minister said he agreed with me, I knew he did not appreciate my interjection and some years later, Mr. Rafi Raza told me that one day the Prime Minister asked him, "How is that clever man Babar Ali doing?" He had not forgotten my interjection!

Mr. Bhutto was very hard-working. The above meeting of the Chairmen of the public corporations at his Rawalpindi office started at 10 in the morning and finished at 5 in the evening. Incidentally, the cups in which we were served tea were 'Pakpor' while his tea was served in imported china!

As far as I was concerned, Prime Minister Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto³⁰ treated me well. He knew I did not want the job in his Government and therefore he took no liberties with me. I never had a telephone call from him recommending anyone to be given a job or to ask me to purchase materials from a particular source. This is despite the fact that I spent US\$500 million of Government money on new plants during the nearly four years that I was at NFC and these were big contracts.

BUILDING THE TEAM

Back in Lahore, we soon found that the office accommodation at the Dayal Singh Mansion on the Mall was not sufficient. We were lucky to get a whole wing on the Second Floor in the Alfalah Building which had been

³⁰ See pages 226, 227 for more on Bhutto

OTHER VENTURES IN INDUSTRY

vacated by USAID and from then on that was the Head Office of NFC. We were expanding so I started collecting senior staff to support me. I was able to persuade Mr. Aftab Ahmed, who was then the Plant Manager at Dawood Hercules to join the National Fertilizer Corporation as General Manager (Technical). Also, there were people in the Ministry in Islamabad who wanted to transfer to Lahore. They were competent so I took them under my wings. Javed Talat was one of them – he was a Joint Secretary in the Ministry for Production. He was from Lahore and his background was in finance. He had already maneuvered a scholarship for himself through the Asia Foundation to go to Harvard Business School. As I had attended the Programme the previous year, I readily agreed to let him go. I asked him about his successor and he suggested the name of my cousin, Fakir Aijazuddin. Aijaz was then working in the public sector, in the Tractor Corporation. Although he was related to me, I did not know him professionally. While Javed was away for three and a half months, Aijaz, who was a Chartered Accountant, took care of the job. When Javed Talat came back to his job, Aijaz was Acting Finance Director. One of the first things Javed wanted was to have Aijaz removed. I said, ‘Aijaz is doing very well, why don’t you use him?’ But Javed felt that Aijaz was a threat to him. I called up Awan Sahib and I said, ‘Javed Talat has come back and wants Aijaz removed.’ Meanwhile, Aijaz had been working well with me and he often went to make presentations at the Ministry, where he had made a good impression. Awan Sahib said, ‘Don’t worry, I will take care of Javed Talat.’ A great facility in the Government is that a man can easily be promoted and transferred to a better post! Javed was made the Managing Director at Ittehad Chemicals.

The only person I took with me from Packages was Ashfaq Hussain, my Personal Assistant. He later became a General Manager at NFC. After leaving NFC, his contacts in the public and private sectors served him well. He has been supplying machinery parts to power companies. His two sons, both engineers, went into the indenting business and the family has done very well.

OPERATIONS

Our object in the NFC was firstly to optimise the production of the existing plants and to improve their working, and secondly to install two new plants, one at Multan and the other at Mirpur Mathelo, as quickly as possible. Both sites had been selected already. Multan already had a factory; the new plant was to overshadow the earlier plant and new infrastructure facilities were to be developed there. Amanullah Lone had an opportunity to become the Head of Sui Northern Gas Company and, as the activity at Multan had not started yet, I was able to release him. In his place, Mr. Saeeduddin was appointed as the Managing Director. The plans for the housing and the civil works for the plant were prepared very speedily and contracts were awarded to a number of Pakistani builders so that the work could simultaneously proceed on all fronts. Mr. Zahoor Ahmed Khan was the Plant Manager at Multan and under his stewardship the construction work at the site proceeded at the utmost speed. The machinery arrived in time, and its installation was undertaken. The plant, including local costs, was estimated at around 100 million dollars but within six months of the start of the activity, we found that there would be an over-run of 20 million dollars. The Government of Abu Dhabi had already agreed to participate in the Multan plant so I was asked to go to Abu Dhabi to persuade the Government to provide an additional 20 million dollars equity to make up the shortfall. I had sent Mr. Saeeduddin earlier to prepare the ground for my visit and I went to Abu Dhabi with a falcon as a gift for Sheikh Tahnun who was the Head of Abu Dhabi National Oil Company (ADNOC), through which the investment was made in our plant. I also took with me some kilos of ‘halva’ for the Sheikh and when I was finally

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1974: Sbeikh Tabnun Al-Nabyan, Chairman, Abu Dhabi National Oil Company (ADNOC) signing the contract in Abu Dhabi

ushered into his presence, he spent 10 minutes looking at the falcon, 5 in eating the ‘halva’ and two to decide that he would invest another 20 million dollars in our project!

The Mirpur Mathelo project was a more interesting challenge because, other than the site selection, no other work had been done. We had to do everything from arranging the financing and selecting the engineering contractor through to completion. The Government arranged for me and the Secretary Economic Affairs Division to go to Riyadh for funding and negotiate with Saudi Fund for Development. Once that was secured, we were asked to make a presentation to the Government with our recommendation as to the selection of the engineering contractor. Crousot-Loire, the French company who had supplied the machinery earlier for the Multan project established in the 1950s, had performed below expectations but were keen to get the order for the Mirpur Mathelo plant. The Crousot-Loire agent was Mr. Andre Moutzoppulus who was a close friend of Mr. Bhutto and looked after him in Paris when Mr. Bhutto was in exile after he had left Field Marshal Ayub Khan’s Cabinet. Andre lost no opportunity to take advantage of Mr. Bhutto’s Prime Minister-ship and visited him very frequently in Pakistan. He

even accompanied him to China to be introduced to the Chinese Government as a supplier of French arms. I had known Andre from my days in Karachi in the 1950s, when he lived there as owner of the Andrew Paint Company. At that time, Andre was married to a Greek girl. Later on, he divorced her and married a very beautiful French woman. He lost no opportunity to join the social circles of the 'Power Centres' of Government decision-makers in Pakistan. He very soon represented most of the important French suppliers to Pakistan, including the arms manufacturers. Andre had, however, moved his base to Paris many years before Mr. Bhutto came to power in 1972.

My predecessor as Chairman PIDC (when the fertilizer industry was a part of it) had given a letter of intent to say that when we establish the Mirpur Mathelo plant, Crousot-Loire would be given first preference for the supply of equipment. When I took over the National Fertilizer Corporation, I was told by my technical people that the Crousot-Loire equipment had given them nothing but headaches, and it was a can of worms as far as technology was concerned. When we were evaluating which technology we should have, another two main suppliers or designers were being considered – one was Kellogg's, the famous American company, and the other was Snam-Progetti, an Italian based company. I sent a team of our top factory engineers to visit plants designed by Kellogg, Snam-Progetti and Crousot-Loire. They unanimously recommended the Snam-Progetti design because its technology was better and it worked well. My Minister, Rafi Raza, asked me which plant we were putting up. I said, 'We are deciding between Kellogg's and Snam-Progetti, but I can tell you that we will not acquire the plant from Crousot-Loire because it gave much trouble in Multan. I know that the agent of Crousot-Loire is a personal friend of Prime Minister Bhutto and you had better make it clear to him that if he wants the Crousot-Loire plant here, then he will have to get a new Chairman for NFC.' He said, 'Do you really mean it?' and I said, 'Yes'. He called me after four days and said, 'I have talked to the Prime Minister and he says you can do whatever you like'.

We followed the Government protocol regarding the award of contracts and before we selected the contractor for Mirpur Mathelo, we made a presentation to Minister Rafi Raza in Islamabad. He had called the Secretaries of Finance, Industries, Economic Affairs, and Production to this meeting. We gave details of the offers we had received from several pre-qualified contractors and made our recommendation based on price, quality, and time of delivery in favour of Snam-Progetti of Italy. The Government was keen on Kellogg because of their reputation and as this contract was for over 200 million dollars, they were anxious that we should not give it to an un-tried party. We were confident in our decision because the team sent to see the various plants installed by Kellogg and Snam-Progetti were firm in their joint recommendation that Snam-Progetti technology was superior. When I confirmed that we wanted Snam-Progetti, the Secretary General of Finance, Mr. A.G.N. Kazi, asked me what would happen if the project did not work, to which I promptly replied that my head would be on the plate. Aijazuddin who was then sitting next to me whispered in my ear, 'You might think your head is worth 200 million dollars; the Government may not!' Finally, our recommendation prevailed and we were allowed to award the contract to Snam-Progetti. Procurement of the plant, the planning of the building, and the construction went very swiftly and a fine oasis was developed in the desert of Mirpur Mathelo.

Parallel with the construction of these two plants, we undertook a massive recruitment and training programme for engineers and technical workers. We set up a training school at Daudkhel where special facilities were built to house fifty engineers recruited through competition from all over Pakistan. They were given theoretical lectures

and made to do practical work in the plant. During three years, 150 engineers were trained at Daudkhel and they became the foundation staff for the Multan and Mirpur Mathelo factories.

MANAGEMENT

Every month, I would travel to Multan, Haripur, Mirpur Mathelo, Daudkhel, Lyallpur, and Jaranwala to visit the factories and to see the progress of the previous thirty days. I continued this practice throughout my nearly four years in the NFC and it provided me with a close working relationship with the people at different plants.

A habit which I developed soon after I started work in 1948 was to keep my table free of any papers. At NFC too I maintained this and had no cabinet for confidential papers. I also followed the open door policy I had at Packages. I am a great believer in management by walking around. My routine was to visit each plant once a month. I used to drive from Lahore for day trips and each time I went, I took at least three engineers with me and we discussed business issues. It was a good opportunity to interact with them. It gave me an opportunity to evaluate them and see how keen they were. I went to each plant twelve times in a year, walking around and learning about production issues. This helped in judging the competence and efficiency of each operation. I had done this at Packages as well but in NFC I did it in six different locations. It was a very good way of energizing people. The presentations I remember were at first made by the Managing Director. The next time I went to a particular plant, I said I wanted the number two to make the presentation. Two turns later, I asked that the number three should make the presentation. This was one way of recognizing people and planning for succession. Unfortunately, this practice ended when I left NFC. I was succeeded by a very competent and good manager, Mr. Riyaz Hussain Bokhari, who later became the Auditor General of Pakistan and afterwards worked with me at Packages, but he didn't work in the same way as me: the first thing he did after joining NFC as Chairman was to put a cabinet in his room where all the important documents were kept.

Before NFC was set up, each factory was responsible for its own sales, but there was a centralised procurement system. I reversed the procedure: I made each plant responsible for its own procurement of raw material and other needs. I gave full authority to the Managing Directors of the factories, and then established a marketing company that would sell the fertilizer for all the plants, with the Managing Directors of the plants on the Board. Thus far, fertilizer had been in short supply and there was no selling required; it was only a question of distribution. With new capacities shortly to come on stream, it was necessary to change the attitude of the Corporation's staff, to make them understand the needs of the farmer, and to make fertilizer available of the right quality and at the right time. Prices were controlled by the Government and subsidies were still allowed for various fertilizers because the Government was keen to promote its usage. But prices for wheat and rice were fixed far below the international price and there was little inducement for the farmer to use fertilizer. A network of distributors and agents for the marketing company was established and a programme for the promotion of fertilizers was developed through the establishment of demonstration plots all over the country for different crops, to show the benefit of fertilizer applications.

Most of the senior management in NFC came from within the system and it was very heartening to see the quality of their work, their competence, and their integrity. They all responded magnificently to the challenge and this made my work at the National Fertilizer Corporation very rewarding.

THE NEW YORK TIMES

A Pakistani Capitalist Runs

By DAVID A. ANDELMAN

LAHORE, Pakistan—Five years ago Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, then Pakistan's Prime Minister, nationalized S. Babar Ali's Ford auto assembly plant and seized his passport.

A year later Mr. Ali signed up with the Government to run what he has now built into the largest and most successful of its nationalized enterprises—the National Fertilizer Corporation of Pakistan—in a sector he knew little about.

"It was simply a challenge I couldn't turn down," Mr. Ali said in a recent interview. "Mr. Bhutto wanted our country to become self-sufficient, and he needed a good manager. How could I refuse?"

Mr. Ali is one of Pakistan's truly extraordinary entrepreneurs. He is the head of one of Pakistan's 22 leading families who, since the British took over Pakistan more than a century ago, have dominated commerce and industry in this country, one of the world's poorest.

"If this is ever going to stop, if this cycle of poverty is going to end, we must break it somewhere," Mr. Ali said. "In our country, where agriculture is 70 percent of our economy, this is where we must begin." His remarks came less than a week after Mr. Bhutto was deposed in a military coup and placed under indefinite protective custody. Gen. Mohammad Zia ul-Haq, as chief martial law administrator, is now Pakistan's leader.

When Mr. Ali became chairman of the National Fertilizer Corporation of Pakistan, it was little more than a name on a Government document ordering seizure of the half dozen small Pakistani-owned fertilizer plants, although there were pledges from foreign governments to build new, modern facilities that would make efficient use of the natural gas resources Pakistan was beginning to find on its own territory.

Two foreign-owned fertilizer plants, those of Exxon and Darwood-Hercules, were not nationalized. They are continuing their operations, but they must buy their petroleum feedstocks from the Pakistani Government.

At the end of 1971 Pakistan was still importing more than 50 percent of the fertilizer it needed. So the Government did little to encourage small farmers to use this relatively scarce commodity because every pound used was costing Pakistan valuable foreign exchange.

"We had two problems," Mr. Ali said in the interview in his Spartan office on the second floor of an old downtown office building. "First, we had to make Pakistan self-sufficient as quickly as possible. Then we had to provide assistance to the farmer."

The first problem was easier, al-

though more expensive, than the second. Within a year after walking into the chairman's office, Mr. Ali had three major internationally funded projects under way.

The first will go into production by the middle of next year—a \$200 million nitro-phosphate plant at Multon funded 48 percent by the Abu Dhabi National Oil Company and 52 percent by Pakistan with help from the World Bank and the Asian Development Bank.

By the time plans for the Multon facility were completed, Mr. Ali's passport had been restored. His first trip

*'Agriculture is 70%
of our economy.
Fertilizer is where
we must begin.'*

was to Saudi Arabia. The Saud's agreed to fund a \$200 million urea plant that will begin producing some 1,700 tons of fertilizer a day by the end of next year.

A year after that the final project is to start production. This will be a urea plant, capable of producing 350 tons a day, financed by a \$50 million grant from China.

"By the end of 1979, Pakistan will have 50 percent more fertilizer consumption than today," Mr. Ali said. "But with all three plants on stream, we will still be able to satisfy all our nitrogenous fertilizer needs, though there will be a slight shortfall in phosphatic fertilizer."

With these needs filled, Mr. Ali's next challenge involves the farmers who will be using the product. Pakistan, like many other underdeveloped countries, has tens of thousands of small farmers. Many of them produce subsistence crops of wheat and rice. Others have small plots of Pakistan's largest export cash crop—cotton.

Even with the cost heavily subsidized by the Government, farmers have long sharply resisted the widespread use of fertilizer. They continue to work their land the way their forebears have for centuries.

"We had to find out why there was this resistance," said Mr. Ali, whose own family is many generations separated from the soil. "So we approached AID, the United States Agency for International Development. Now they are studying just what is keeping the farmer from using more fertilizer. Within the last 18 months, the T.V.A., the Tennessee Valley Authority fertilizer center has pitched in."



But Mr. Ali is a man inclined to take action and not just wait for the results of studies to reach his desk. As a Government agency, National Fertilizer inherited a network of field agents and sales executives throughout Pakistan. Mr. Ali quickly mobilized them to push the product and, even more important, to push the concept.

"The chairman has had all sorts of promotional schemes," said one of Mr. Ali's top aides. "Most of them have worked beautifully. In fact, only one fell flat. But he learned something even from that."

What fell flat was a fertilizer calendar Mr. Ali had ordered printed and distributed throughout the country. It

S, SUNDAY, JULY 31, 1977

s a Nationalized Industry



The New York Times

S. Babar Ali in the Lahore offices of the National Fertilizer Corporation.

showed a happy farmer spreading fertilizer on his field.

But Mr. Ali failed to reckon with Pakistan's tremendous regional prejudices—a bitterness vividly shown in the political disturbances that have nearly torn the country apart during the last several months. The farmer pictured on the calendar was a Punjabi (from the province of Punjab, of which Lahore is the provincial capital). Outsiders have trouble telling the difference, but farmers in Sind province (around Karachi) and in Baluchistan and the Northwest Frontier areas instantly knew he was not one of their own.

"Next year there will be different

calendars for each province," the aide said.

If there is one talent that Mr. Ali has above all others, it is that of a consummate salesman. It's a talent that has run in his family as far back as anyone can remember. In 1875 his great-grandfather, Wazir Ali, laid the foundations of the family's fortune as a major supplier to the British Army in India, which then included what was to become the nation of Pakistan.

By the time of the partition in 1947 the Ali family was well established in the import-export trade, headquartered (unlike most of the major traders) in the inland town of Lahore. After partition, India acquired most of the major

industries, and Pakistan was left only with the entrepreneurial talent of about two dozen families like the Alis, though most of them finally set up shop in the nation's principal port, Karachi.

The Alis stayed on in Lahore, expanding into textile mills, vegetable oil processing and one of the first foreign joint ventures—a soap factory with Lever Brothers. Later the Alis acquired the Ford assembly plant that was nationalized. They also acquired a pulp, paper and packaging factory, known as Packages Ltd., which was not nationalized.

'It's unlikely that nationalization will be reversed' in the October elections.

The Bhutto administration brought nationalization to many industries, including shipping, banking and insurance.

The political disorders of recent months have ended with the military takeover of the Government. There is a prospect of victory in the October elections for the Pakistan National Alliance, a nine-party coalition that is committed to the principle of free enterprise.

"It's unlikely that nationalization could be reversed in most areas," Mr. Ali said wistfully. "Banks, insurance and all that would be just too complex—they have become too much a part of the Government. But what will happen is the restoration of the confidence of the entrepreneur that this country wants him."

It is hard to imagine Mr. Ali, at 50 a huge bear of a man with restless energy, spending the rest of his days grappling with the strictures of bureaucracy. His associates say that, with the fertilizer projects well launched, he feels that his mission for the Government is nearly done. Mr. Ali's return to the private sector may not be far away.

OTHER VENTURES IN INDUSTRY

Tel: { Grams: "PRODUCTION"
Phone: 22749



SECRETARY

MINISTRY OF PRODUCTION
GOVERNMENT OF PAKISTAN
ISLAMABAD

September 12, 1977.

26/9-77 (1017/77)

Dear Syed Babar Ali,

Please refer to your letter dated July 8. Your request for resignation from the Chairman-ship of the National Fertilizer Corporation was submitted to the Chief Martial Law Administrator and has been accepted by him. Formal notification is being issued separately.

Your departure comes at a critical time for the development of the fertilizer industry in Pakistan but I am glad that the NFC which was your responsibility almost from its birth is showing great vitality in the implementation of major projects which will ultimately make us self-sufficient at least in nitrogenous fertilizer. This has been made possible by the leadership and organising ability provided by you in making a fledgeling Corporation what it is to-day.

I know that there will be many claims on your time now that you will be reverting to private life after giving your best to the public sector since the year 1974. Nevertheless, I hope that it will be possible for you to continue to take interest in the Public Sector and find time for advising on such specific matters as may be referred to you in future in which your rich business and administrative experience may be drawn upon.

With warm regards.

Yours sincerely,

(S. B. AWAN)

✓
Syed Babar Ali,
Chairman,
National Fertilizer Corporation,
Alfalah Building,
Lahore.

Ninety per cent of management issues are common, irrespective of which industry you are working in: purchasing, accounting, finance, and the selection of good people who will deliver, delegate, and monitor. My approach has always been to delegate but not to abdicate, and keep myself informed of what is happening. NFC was a very good experience. I felt totally satisfied because I could see the impact on the development of the industry: the new plants were either operating or about to start production. I enjoyed every minute of it except for the last few weeks when I wanted to leave. As we say in Urdu, 'I wanted to let go the blanket, but the blanket would not leave me!'

DEPARTURE

When my three years were over, I started agitating with my Minister for my release. In April 1977, Mr. Rafi Raza informed me that Mr. Viqar Ahmed, Cabinet Secretary, and Mr. Ghulam Ishaq Khan, Secretary-General Defence, were both keen that I should take over as Chairman of Defence-Production. He told them that I might not be available because I had already asked him for my release from the NFC to return to the private sector. A few days later, I visited Mr. Ghulam Ishaq Khan in Rawalpindi and explained to him my inability to serve Defence-Production and he graciously accepted my plea. In July 1977, Mr. Bhutto's Government was overthrown by Martial Law. My request for release was already in the Ministry and in September 1977 my resignation was finally accepted and I was happy to return to Packages.

Today, NFC is a shadow of what it was. All the plants are now privatized and there is no functioning publicly-owned plant, but in Government no organization ever dies! NFC still has a marketing company with nothing to do! The Board is there, the Chairman is there, but there are no factories, nothing is left! To keep it alive, they have a licence to import fertilizer but there is now no proper reason for the existence of NFC.

SYSTEMS LIMITED

Aezaz Hussain, who had studied Electrical Engineering in England and had worked for IBM in his early years, came to see me when I was Chairman of the National Fertilizer Corporation. I knew his family: he is the grandson of Mian Amiruddin and I knew his father, General Riaz Hussain. Aezaz wanted to know if there was an opportunity for him to work for the National Fertilizer Corporation. We wanted to set up new systems at NFC and we had embarked on a number of projects, so I hired Aezaz to monitor their progress. Four years later, when I left NFC, the job that Aezaz had been doing had been accomplished because all the new plants had been set up. I suggested that Aezaz put on his IBM hat again and start a software company. In 1978, the software business was unknown in Pakistan. I proposed that he should revive his IBM contacts and see how we could break new ground. I told him, 'I will provide all the capital but ultimately the Company has to be owned by the people who work in it because the main ingredient is brain-power - no machinery. As and when your people are mature and ready, you buy me out on the valuation of the shares on the balance sheet.' Today, thirty years later, 98% of the Company is owned by the people who are running it and I own 2%.

³¹ There was another reason why Humayun returned. I had a very good friend in Khanewal, Mr. A.K. Nasir. He was General Manager of Roberts Cotton Associates (our partners in the Abbasi Textile Mill). Nasir's daughter, Salma, who was a pupil of Dr. Khalid Hamid Sheikh, is a botanist and was engaged to Humayun. Nasir was very keen that his son-in-law-to-be should come back to Pakistan. Humayun remained a Director of Systems till he died.

It has been a very satisfying concept and its successful fruition means that we launched a new industry in Pakistan. One of the things that Systems developed was the font for the 'nastaliq' script. The person who helped Systems in this was a calligraphist, Sher Zaman, from Packages, who I lent to Systems.

The partner I found for Aezaz was Dr. Humayun Mian, who unfortunately passed away in 2010. In the early 1980s, Dr. Humayun was teaching at Strathclyde University in Glasgow. While I was on a visit to Edinburgh, he drove over from Glasgow to see me and I persuaded him to return to Pakistan and join Aezaz. Aezaz needed somebody and Humayun was already working in the area of software. One reason I am able to convince successful Pakistanis working abroad, such as Humayun, to come back and work in Pakistan is, I guess, openness. It is necessary to give the person the feeling that he is wanted and to give him room and space. Humayun was brought in as a partner in Systems. Sooner or later, a Pakistani living abroad has the urge to come back. His biggest worry is how to start. If you provide the reassurance of an easy landing, without the need to look for a job, people do respond³¹.

Aezaz Hussain had a chartered accountant friend, Manzur ul Haq, from Justice Anwar-ul-Haq's family, who was working as a freelance consultant. I think they were in England together during their youth. Aezaz brought Manzur into Systems. When they got a consultancy assignment for Germany's KSB Pump Company, Manzur was asked to advise them, as he spoke German. They liked him so much that they wanted to hire him. Manzur then came to me and said, 'I have been offered another job. Can I leave Systems?' I said, 'Of course it is up to Aezaz', and he agreed. Manzur did very well and became the Managing Director of KSB Pumps in Pakistan. A few years later, he was Regional Manager of KSB in the Asia region. They posted him to KSB America where he remained for five or six years and did extremely well.

Today, there are a few hundred people who have started their own software companies. Systems was the first and it has done well. Systems has a subsidiary in the United States and today they employ over 1,000 people. The US subsidiary has a subsidiary in India but they are trying to unwind this relationship so that the American company can stand alone. Aezaz built up Systems Limited as a successful company, which will probably go public in the coming years.

DANE FOODS

Among the early important customers of Packages was Premier Tobacco Company managed by Mr. S.A. Samad, from South India. They were Packages' customers for twenty years and I got to know Mr. Samad quite well. They were in partnership with Philip Morris and when they eventually took over his company, Samad asked me if I could suggest a new industry for him to start.

In the early years of Milkpak, one of the by-products for which we wanted an outlet was butter and, during my visits to Denmark, I discovered that butter cookies consisted of almost 30% butter. We had a feasibility study prepared but were reluctant to start such an operation on our own because at that time we were concentrating all our efforts on keeping the Milkpak operation afloat, long before Nestlé approached us.

I handed over the feasibility to Mr. Samad and asked him to carry out his own study. He decided to set up the plant in the Nooriabad Industrial Estate outside Karachi. Samad had participated in the initial capital of Milkpak to the extent of Rs. 1 million and he asked me if I could reciprocate my assistance to him by investing the same amount in his company and become a Director. The investment was made by our insurance company, IGI, and I agreed to be a Director, but a very passive and distant one. Danish Butter Cookies was formed with Mr. Samad as its main shareholder and Chairman, and was managed by him.

Unfortunately, the Company made huge losses and was closed down. The Industrial Development Bank of Pakistan (IDBP), which had given a loan to his company, zeroed in on me to pay back the loan. Mr. Samad, for all practical purposes, had disappeared from the scene! We took over the machinery from IDBP and repaid the loan with interest, after which we were fortunate enough to have the Kelsen company, owners of the Danish Butter Cookies Company in Denmark, take an equity interest in the company. We obtained permission to set up this revived project in Hattar. The Danish Development Bank (IFU) readily participated in this venture, with equity shared equally between Kelsen's, IFU and ourselves. The project came into operation early in 1994 and within the first 15 months, it established itself as a manufacturer of high quality butter cookies. Here again, the technology, the brand, and the image of the company is a replica of the Danish operation. Later the operation went into marketing and financial difficulties and we had to close the plant in 2001.

SHEIKHUPURA FARMS

Of our business ventures that have failed, one was a dairy farm, set up soon after Milkpak went into operation.

I felt that there was a need to bring in new technology and a new strain of high-producing cows to Pakistan. In 1979 I went to New Zealand to attend the General Assembly of the International Union for Conservation of Nature & Natural Resources (IUCN). From there, I took the opportunity to visit Australia, where my niece's husband, the late Major General Wajahat Hussain, was Pakistan's Ambassador. I decided to go across to Perth to meet an old friend, Ian Hay, who was farming there. I had visited some dairy farms in New Zealand, and then through Ian Hay's contacts saw a number of milk producing farms. I felt that the climate of Western Australia, especially around Perth, was very similar to what we have in Lahore and through the help of Ian Hay decided that we should start a modern dairy farm in Sheikhpura where we had bought 100 acres of land. We imported 150 Fresian heifers in calf. The farm was laid out according to the latest design and properly equipped with a milking parlour. Fodder was cultivated to feed the animals. Ian Hay came over to supervise and initiate the management and the farm started well, but we soon realised that we needed an expert who knew about modern dairy farming. We hired someone from the UK whose family had been in dairy farming for three generations, but unfortunately we realised within three months of his arrival in Pakistan that he was not the kind of a person we wanted. He worked only from 8 to 4, weekdays only which was totally unacceptable in a dairy farm that requires 24 hours' presence and attention.

Within three years, one tragedy after another struck the Farm. There was disease as well as lack of supervision, so we decided to sell off the animals and close the operation. The problem was that we were trying to run a dairy farm as an industrial venture. The attitude of our supervisors was totally out of tune with what was required.

OTHER VENTURES IN INDUSTRY

SIEMENS

Siemens has a 150 year-old history; they are one of the oldest companies in Germany. In 1989, they asked me if I would agree to be the Chairman of their Company in Pakistan. They said they would need my advice from time to time as to how to conduct their business in Pakistan and to preside over their Board meetings. I had no financial interest in the Company but I agreed to serve as its Chairman and it proved to be a remarkable learning experience with the opportunity to visit Siemens headquarters where I met people who were looking at the whole world as a market. Siemens is a very prestigious company and it has been a privilege to serve as the Chairman of their Pakistan Board.

I was very close to Von Pierer, who was the Chairman of Siemens, a member of their Central Board and also an advisor to the German Chancellor; it is ego-satisfying to be meeting people at that level! Soon after General Musharraf assumed power, there was a rally of country heads around the world, visiting Islamabad to reinforce their confidence in the new regime. When the German Chancellor came, Von Pierer came with him and I was invited to Islamabad to meet the German delegation. Siemens also invited me to visit some of their factories abroad. I went to visit their factory in Turkey and their operations in China. Siemens has over forty joint ventures in China!

I also had another relationship with Siemens. When I was working for the United Nations on the Commission to prepare a code of conduct for transnationals, a former Chairman of Siemens, Dr. Gerhard Tacke, was also



2013: Tri-Pack factory in Port Qasim, Karachi

a member of the Commission. When I embarked on the LUMS journey, I wanted Siemens' participation as a founding member and Dr. Tacke was very helpful in getting us Rs. 2.5 million from Siemens.

In 1997, I was invited to the 150 years celebrations of Siemens in Berlin, where Chancellor Kohl addressed the gathering. That was quite an experience. It was just the beginning of the European Community coming together and I recall Chancellor Kohl saying that he visited President Mitterand in France when he was on his deathbed and Mitterand told him 'Never let nationalism come back to Europe because it will only mean war.' Chancellor Kohl said, 'We should think as Europeans rather than as Germans and French.' I thought that was very revealing.

Siemens Pakistan went through a major restructuring in 2012 and I resigned from the Board after serving as Chairman for 23 years.

FIRST INTERNATIONAL INVESTMENT BANK LIMITED

In 1988, the Government of Pakistan decided that the banking sector should have private participation. Till then, the banks were either wholly owned foreign ones or nationalised Pakistani banks. As a first step, the Government decided to invite applications for the establishment of investment banks in the private sector. We thought this would be a good opportunity to go into banking provided we could find a suitable partner. Packages had a long-standing relationship with American Express Bank, and since early 1970 I had personally been an Advisor to the American Express Company for their operations both in Pakistan and the Middle East, so I had access to senior management of American Express in New York.

At that time, the operations of foreign banks in Pakistan were restricted on account of credit limits and other bureaucratic controls. American Express saw this as an opportunity to expand their activities in Pakistan. At that time, American Express was a very active player in the financial world because of their ownership of Lehman Brothers. Along with American Express and the International Finance Corporation (IFC), we applied to establish an investment bank under the name of First International Investment Bank. After two years of deliberation, the Government finally gave us permission. American Express was to provide management to this new bank and the bank was to work in close cooperation with them.

The investment bank had a slow start because investment banking in Pakistan was unknown and staff had to be trained, under the guidance of an expatriate Managing Director seconded from American Express. During this early period of the bank's operations, American Express had a change of management in New York. Mr. Jim Robinson was replaced by Mr. Harvey Golub, who decided to take American Express out of investment banking. They sold off Lehman Brothers and their expertise in investment banking gradually diminished. They told me that since they were getting out of investment banking, they wanted to exit from First International Investment Bank and asked me to buy them out. By mutual consent, at the expiry of the tenure of the expatriate manager seconded from American Express, we took over the management and appointed Fakir Syed Aijazuddin as Managing Director. He changed the management style and made the bank pro-active to the needs of the market and increased its activity, previously confined to Karachi, Islamabad and Lahore.

Aijazuddin was replaced by Saeed Siddiqui, and under his stewardship the Bank improved its performance in a more difficult environment. Nonetheless it has been a struggle ever since we took it over and we still have not had any benefit from it. One of the major reasons why investment banking didn't do well is that the functions of investment banking have been taken over by commercial banks and there is now no need for a dedicated investment bank.

TRI-PACK FILMS LIMITED

In 1991, I visited Japan after an interval of many years and sought a meeting with the senior management of Mitsubishi with the purpose of exploring the possibility of setting up a joint venture for the manufacture of Hydrogen Peroxide. The Japanese met me with their usual courtesy but I soon found that there was no possibility of building a Peroxide plant with their help because Mitsubishi belonged to a cartel that restricted Peroxide plants around the world. As Mitsubishi had participated in two Hydrogen Peroxide plants that were under construction or in early start-up in New Zealand and Indonesia, it was not possible for them to participate in another plant in Pakistan. In their discussions, however, they seemed keen to have a joint venture with us and after going through a list of possibilities, we arrived at a project whereby Mitsubishi provided the expertise and Pakistan had the need; this was for a Biaxially Oriented Polypropylene Film plant.

By temperament and nature, the Japanese work very slowly but within two or three meetings we were able to tie up the loose ends and come to an agreement to start the joint venture, which went into production in the middle of 1995 at Hattar in NWFP. The project is doing well. We have added a second production line and a new plant has been set up in Port Qasim, Karachi. Tri-Pack is a public limited company listed on the Karachi Stock Exchange.

BUSINESS
LEARNINGS

Business Ethics

- Before regulating your colleagues, you have to discipline yourself. You are not above your colleagues; you are one of them. You have to accept the fact that you are not a privileged person: you cannot break any law, public or private, and whatever the laws and rules of your organization, you have to be the first to conform to them. Only then can you enforce them on others.
- You cannot have any personal bias. In my youth, my best friends were non-Muslims so I had no religious bias. There was a great benefit in growing up in a very non-sectarian environment.
- You have to be fair: a lesson learnt on the playing field. For instance, at Aitchison, when we played cricket it was the norm that the batting side provided the umpire and so the umpire had to give a verdict against his own batsman. When you put on the white coat, you had to give a run out or LBW against your own team player. It is a wonderful training. That to me is what real education is, and you do not learn it in the classroom!
- You have to respect everyone. One of the things that my parents were very particular about was to respect the people working in our house and we were taught to treat them as a part of the family.

Some examples

During Malik Feroze Khan's regime (1957-8), his eldest son Noor Hayat started raising his head as a budding businessman. It was in the Prime Minister's house in Karachi that my brother, Wajid Ali, got up and said, 'Malik Sahib, we understand that your son wants to be a business tycoon but this is not on in Pakistan.' Others tried to quieten Bhai Wajid down but he said, 'No, the price that the family has to pay for your father being the Prime Minister is that you will be denied the opportunity of becoming a businessman.' At that time, there were a number of people who were taking the PM's son as their partner to push their own businesses. There was somebody from Bahawalpur, I think, who had him as a working business partner.

One wrong person in an important position ruins much. In the 1960s, we had the chance of having the Centre for Advanced Studies in Physics when Dr. Abdus Salam was working to set it up in Pakistan. Unfortunately, the then Finance Minister, Mr. M. Shoab, had the proposal turned down and the Centre was instead established in Trieste, Italy.

I was talking to a group of about 60-70 corporate leaders, the second tier of businessmen in Karachi, some years ago. Somebody asked me, 'How come you have had so many successful foreign joint ventures? Why have others who have tried them not succeeded?' I responded that the simple reason was the way I approached business. I said, 'I treat my partner the way I want him to treat me.' Samad Dawood asked 'Why doesn't it work in Pakistan?' I responded 'The general practice among partners in Pakistan, even among brothers, is that the one who is not in the driving seat feels that the partner or brother sitting in the driving seat is having a greater benefit from the company than him. That is why two brothers can fall out; it is even more likely in the next generation, when the children may be cousins but come from different households and hardly talk to each other.' This applies everywhere but more so in our culture.

We don't have any local joint ventures. My philosophy has been to have joint ventures with foreign companies. With foreigners, everything is transparent. My preference for foreign partners may also be inherited from my elders: not mixing business with friendship otherwise you lose both the friend and the money.

NEGOTIATIONS

To me, the purpose of negotiation is to solve issues or reach a mutually satisfactory agreement in transacting a business. You cannot be cleverer than the other person. You have to know whether you want a deal or not and the relationship has to be on the basis of equality of enthusiasm on both sides. You should know clearly what you want out of a deal but also you do not want either side to feel victorious or losers in a transaction. Both sides must shake hands happily over a deal rather than otherwise. If there is a relationship that we want to build on long-term, then I come in at a very early stage because I do not want the waters to be polluted. When it comes to thrashing out the details I do not get involved but leave it to those who specialize in figures or the 'language'. My brief to them is that the other person should be happy after the deal rather than unhappy, while also ensuring that we are not unhappy either.

It is not a question of scoring points and it is not a question of winning a game. It is a business relationship based on long-term considerations; ideally both sides will want further transactions. In Packages, we know that invariably we lose money on the first order because every job is tailor-made for the customer. We aim to make money on the second order from the same customer and we will get substantial benefit when we do the 100th job. You will not get the second order if the customer is not happy with the first one. The whole idea is to make sure that there is consistency in your performance and in what you have promised to deliver. This is not just confined to the packaging industry, it pertains to all other business relationships. I believe that a relationship in business is long term, not one-off, and this has always been my endeavour.

I was never involved in negotiations with labour in our factories. I have always shied away from it because I believe in good relations with employees and did not want confrontation. I give the same respect to labour as I do to management. I feel that they are a part of the same family whereas the labour leaders feel that unless there is confrontation they have not done their job; their clientele is happy if they are confrontational. Labour leaders visit me in my office and I talk to them as members of the same family.

I learnt to make quick decisions due to my on-the-job training when I was in the Karachi office looking after many activities at the same time - we were buying and exporting cotton, and running the oil mill. I remember Syed Zahoor Hussain Shah (father of Syed Irshad Hussain, the first General Manager of Packages Limited), a PCS officer, visiting me in my Karachi office. My telephone was ringing all the time because I was getting calls from cotton brokers and others. He said, 'Your office seems like Lahore Railway Station Enquiry!' I had to adjust my quick decision making to match diverse people with very different questions.

If you make a wrong decision, you can always go back and correct it. Not taking a decision might hurt you more. If you have gone too far with your wrong decision, then you have to cut your losses.

We have a very transparent and open management style and most of the people one comes across are not that open. For example, people try to be clever and not pay taxes. We do not want to pay more taxes than are due; we will fight for every rupee but we pay all that is due. The Government recognizes us as people who pay their taxes across the board, whether it is customs, income tax or sales tax. At one time, there used to be Excise

Officers in factories and the least attractive post for any Excise Officer was at Packages. He used to have a good meal here but that was all.

I give here some concrete examples of negotiations:

COCA-COLA BEVERAGES PAKISTAN LIMITED

In 1995, I got a telephone call from somebody who said he was ringing on behalf of McKinsey, the international consulting company, and told me that one of their Partners based in Delhi wanted to come and see me. I said I would be very happy to meet him and asked, 'When?' He said, 'He wants to see you tomorrow.' I said, 'I will be in Islamabad tomorrow' and he said, 'He will come to Islamabad. It is very urgent.' The McKinsey representative travelled from Delhi via Dubai to Islamabad to see me. He said, 'I have been commissioned by an American company to find a partner. I have done my homework. I have gone around Pakistan and I have spoken to people who have been associated with you; your name is at the top of our list.' I said, 'Before I can say yes or no, I need to know which multinational it is.' He said, 'Coca-Cola.' I said, 'Why us?' He said, 'I have done a survey of all the people who have joint ventures in Pakistan and we checked with your partners and your name keeps coming up.' I said, 'Coca-Cola have eight bottlers in Pakistan.' He said that their idea was to buy out all those eight bottlers and have one anchor bottler, with you as their partner. I said, 'I would like to meet Coca-Cola to see what their game plan is.' The Coca-Cola people visited us in Lahore with a very ambitious plan. We told them that we knew nothing about the business but they offered us a 40% share in the new Company. We looked at the amount we had to invest and declared our inability to partner them. I suggested a couple of large Groups they could approach including Engro who had deep pockets, also Fauji Foundation, a large conglomerate. A month later they came back and said, 'We want you. We will accept whatever you wish to invest. We can give you the option and you can put in the money later.' Being part of Coca-Cola has not been a financial success in these first twenty years because, without consulting us, they paid too much to acquire the original bottling companies. They had an American formula for calculating the worth of the bottler and they worked accordingly. Today we own less than 2% of shares in Coca-Cola Beverages Pakistan Limited but now they listen to us as if we are a large shareholder.

NESTLÉ

The agreement with Nestlé went very smoothly and swiftly. I had been running Milkpak for about ten years as the Chairman. We were buying milk, processing it, and selling it, but the margins were very low. I knew that we needed to have brands.

The demand for milk is greater in the summer. On the other hand, the availability of milk is the lowest in summer because the buffalo milking cycle is such that summer is the lean period. We thought we should convert the extra milk produced in winter into powder and during the summer season we could reconstitute the milk and make that into liquid to even out the supply. For this, again, we needed technology. I am a great believer in the futility of re-inventing the wheel so we invited offers for a powder plant with the condition that the powder plant manufacturer was to find us a partner who had good technology and a good brand. Stork Company from the Netherlands found us a Dutch company who were in the milk powder business but they were a co-operative. Their negotiating person was a former Nestlé man. He knew the benefit of coming to Pakistan and we had discussions with him for many

months. We provided all the information they wanted but we were still not coming to a conclusion. I went to Holland once and I sent my nephew Syed Yawar Ali, the Managing Director, another time. I said, 'Show us the powder plant.' Each time it was under repair! Then I went to Denmark to seek a partner there, which had DANO as their brand. As I walked into their office, the Managing Director recognized me. He was an ex-employee of Tetra Pak. He said, 'Do not waste your time here. We are a co-operative. Our objective is to sell our milk powder in your country. We don't want you as a competitor.' His advice wisened me – I realized that the Dutch didn't actually want the deal either.

In the 1970s, Mujeeb Rashid was Marketing Manager of the packaging company we were managing in Tanzania. Mujeeb's apartment neighbour was Wermilinger, Nestlé's representative in Dar es Salaam. When we set up Milkpak, Mujeeb was appointed as its Marketing Manager. Mujeeb told me that Wermilinger was now posted to Karachi and he was asking for information about Milkpak Limited. I told him to feed all the information Wermilinger wanted but not to exaggerate, only to give him the correct data. After some months, Mujeeb told me that Rudi Tschan, the Zonal Director of Nestlé, was coming from Switzerland and wanted to meet me. I asked Syed Yawar Ali to bring him to me but first he should show him the Milkpak plant, take him to one of the milk collection centres, and show him Packages Limited. Then I would meet him and I would not have to tell him all about our organization and activities. Mr. Tschan came and said, 'Nestlé want to be in Pakistan. Our first choice is to have you as a partner. Our second choice would be to go for a greenfield plant ourselves because we see much potential here.' I said, 'I am looking for a partner but I have been talking to somebody else.' He said, 'Well that makes our task easier. How can we be partners?' I said, 'We control 80% of the shares; 40% of the shares are with our friends who had invested from abroad: Tetra Pak, IFC from Washington, and Danish Turnkey Dairies who supplied the processing equipment, but I can persuade them to sell their shares to you. You take 40%, we keep 40%, 20% is with the public. You run the Company and the price is as quoted on the Stock Exchange today.' He nearly fell out of his chair, and said, 'I cannot ask for anything more.' I asked, 'How long will you take to decide?' He said, 'I will go back to the Board and to the Chairman. Give me a week.' He went back and sent me a long telex saying that their Board had approved the joint venture. Packages had a certain track record and when people here saw us going into milk, many new milk-processing plants came up based on UHT milk, which Milkpak had introduced.

When they planned to enter the Pakistan market, I had warned Tetra Pak that they would be selling equipment to people who would be unable to run the plants because it required management skill. They said they would be able to sell the equipment, attributing my remark to the inaccurate belief that I did not want competition when actually I was concerned that, if it did not work, it would bring a bad reputation to Tetra Pak. When Nestlé bought into Milkpak, Tetra Pak had been able to sell 8-10 plants. They told us that they wanted to exit from Milkpak because they did not want to be seen as competitors to their customers. Meanwhile, Milkpak had gone public and our Rs. 10 share was trading at Rs. 27. Most of the companies to whom Tetra Pak had sold equipment in the early days were not successful and wound up. The investment banks at that time were flush with money. They backed such projects and ended up losing money!

When Nestlé took over, our shareholding was 40:40 while the remaining 20% was with the public. In late 1990s when they wanted to make a large investment in a spray tower, Nestlé's Managing Director came to see me for

additional equity but we said we could not put in any more money. They said they would put more money in. I agreed with that on the basis of the book value of the shares and not on the market value, which had gone quite high by then. I felt it should be a reasonable price. Nestlé's shareholding in the Company was inching up. When it got to 49%, they said, 'We want to put in new technology, and large investment; do you mind if we have majority shareholding?' I said, 'No problem'.

They started putting Nestlé's name on every product because that was the brand they were building up. They came to me and said that now they had come to a point where we should just have Nestlé as the name of the Company, changing the name from Nestlé Milkpak Limited to Nestlé Pakistan Limited. I said, 'Milkpak is not a sacred name and the Nestlé name will only help to increase the value of the Company. If that will make you more comfortable, make it Nestlé Pakistan Limited.'

I was not interested in putting obstacles in their way only to score a point. It was our understanding that Yawar Ali would remain the Managing Director. I was the Chairman of the Company at that time. I said to them, 'Give him a few years and if you want to bring in your own man, we will have no issue'. After two years, they said, 'We want to bring in one of our top executives as a Marketing Director.' A couple of years later, they said, 'We want to designate our Marketing Director as the Managing Director.' I asked Yawar to become the Chairman in my place and I stepped down to be a Director, so Yawar's emoluments were unaffected. I did not need a rank in the organization. Yawar was not happy, but to me the relationship with Nestlé was more important. Yawar's father, Bhai Amjad, was very resentful but I persisted in the larger interest of the family. The change in management was effected without any delay.

Nestlé is the largest food Company in the world and they have many brands. Today, we have less than a 30% shareholding in Nestlé Pakistan but they give us much respect. Nestlé increased their shareholding by subscribing to the Rights shares while we did not. When Nestlé came into Milkpak, the sales that year were Rs. 380 million. In 2011, they had sales of Rs. 63 billion, an almost 160-fold increase in twenty-three years! They brought in new technology, new brands, money, and management. The Nestlé Company worldwide spends 10 billion Swiss Francs on R&D every year. Incidentally, Packages benefits by selling them packaging; they are important customers, although all dealings are at arm's length.

BAYER

We have sold off companies in which we were just shareholders, for example Levers. I was the founding director of Hoechst (the German chemical giant) in Pakistan. Hoechst split up: the pharmaceutical company went one way, the chemical company went a second way, and their crop science (pesticides) business went the third way. They sold off their crop science business to Bayer and I ended up being a shareholder and Chairman of Bayer CorpScience in Pakistan. We worked together with the Bayer people for three or four years until they came to me and said, 'We have Bayer Pharma and Bayer CropScience Pakistan (100% owned by Bayer Germany) and we want these two companies to amalgamate. We cannot do it because you are a shareholder of Bayer CropScience Pakistan.' They wanted to buy our shares, which I was willing to sell. They talked to our finance people and reached an evaluation of our shares, which was fair to both sides but more favourable to them than they had

BUSINESS LEARNINGS

expected. The whole negotiation took half an hour. The gentleman from Bayer came to me and thanked me, saying, 'I want to make one further request to you. You have been a good partner and have always made good contributions at our Board meetings. Can I request you to stay on our Board as a Director?' I accepted and attended Board meetings in Karachi and Singapore. When the Bayer Singapore representative, Mr. Bernd Naaf came to Lahore, I took him to LUMS to show him what I was involved in. Later, when I went to Singapore he said, 'I was so impressed with the way you handled our share transaction that I want to give a million dollars to LUMS as a contribution.' This was probably the extra amount that he assumed I would demand for my Bayer shares.

There were two local partners of Bayer of whom I was the major one. The junior partner was Pir Ali Gohar who had also been a shareholder of Hoechst from the beginning. He came from a very respectable Sindhi family. Mr. Naaf said, 'I also want to compensate Pir Ali Gohar. Because I have given a million dollars to you, I must give him an equivalent amount for his share in the Company.' I said, 'Don't give it yet. I will talk to him and instead of the million dollars, please can you give a million Euros to LUMS, because that would be 30% more.' Pir Sahib's share was less than 30% of my share. I called up Pir Sahib and explained my suggestion. When we had originally negotiated the price with Bayer, Pir Sahib had given me the authority to negotiate on his behalf. He had an implicit faith in me and he had asked me to sell his own shares at whatever price I sold my own. I called up Pir Sahib and said, 'Bayer want to give you some extra money but I want you to give that extra money to LUMS.' He said, 'Fine, no problem.' So Bayer wrote a million Euros cheque to LUMS. Now Bayer also gives two scholarships to the LUMS National Outreach Programme.

PROMOTION
OF EDUCATION

ALI INDUSTRIAL TECHNICAL INSTITUTE

Soon after Packages came into being and we were recruiting new employees, I was inundated with recommendations and personal pleas by young men coming with their parents to seek employment. They would wait outside our house every morning. Most of the job-seekers were young boys who had completed their Matriculation examinations. Very soon, I came to realise that there were far fewer jobs than job-seekers and that the job-seekers did not have the right qualifications or training. I suggested to my father in early 1961, only a few months before he died, that we should set up a technical institute to train young boys in basic engineering skills, and offer to build it on our own land on Ferozepur Road near the Walton Airport. The family had nearly nine acres of land in scattered plots bought by my father and uncle some thirty years earlier. With his approval, he and I took a letter to the Additional Secretary Development, Government of Punjab, offering to build a technical institute with our own resources on our own land, provided the Government consolidated the land that we owned. Mr. S.I. Haq, the officer concerned, immediately saw the greater benefit and within a short period of time got the approval of the Governor of Punjab, Mr. Akhtar Hussain. The Chairman, Lahore Improvement Trust, ordered the consolidation of the land and handed over a plot of nearly nine acres to us for the specific purpose of building a technical institute.

We set up an independent Trust called the Industrial Technical and Educational Institute (ITEI) and monetary donations were made to it, primarily by Packages and some other companies in our group. In May 1961, my father passed away, but the readiness and enthusiasm with which he had blessed this project speeded the translation of the plans into reality. My brothers agreed that the residual assets of my father, consisting of shares in some of our companies that were in his name at the time of his demise, be donated to the Industrial Technical and Educational Institute Trust. I approached my friend, Dr. Mubashir Hassan, to draw up a feasibility plan for the institute and he prepared a very sound one with which I could approach the Swedish Aid Agency, SIDA, to help us implement the plans. The Swedish Government debated for almost two years before they finally agreed to provide us generous assistance in giving us five teachers for three years and also equipment that was not available in Pakistan. The total assistance was over one million Swedish Kronors. Ali Industrial Technical Institute (AITI) was built to the design of a Swedish architect and the first batch of students was admitted in 1971, consisting of about a hundred students for a two-year programme.

Until 1991, every year around hundred students passed out with a specialised skill in one of the five trades offered at the AITI, i.e. Workshop Practices, Automobile Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Refrigeration & Air Conditioning and Tractor Maintenance. This Institute took boys with basic 10 years of education and put them through a rigorous two-year training programme. By 1989, 2,185 such technicians had been trained. They are now spread all over the country and abroad, earning a reasonable living and making a positive contribution in running engineering operations either on their own or in the factories of others. In 1989, I felt that the purpose for which the Institute had been created had been served. Many public and private institutions on these lines had by then been established and there were sufficient numbers of technicians coming out of these institutions. We, therefore, decided to close down AITI in 1989.

AITI was entirely funded from the ITEI Trust set up by the family or by donations from companies run by the family. There were no fees charged and our endeavour was to recruit students who came from genuinely poor

PROMOTION OF EDUCATION

families, especially from the rural areas, so that the benefit went to the people who had not had the opportunity to otherwise improve their standard of living by gaining a skill.

I am very grateful to God for giving me the idea of the technical institute and with the blessings of my father I was able to translate it into a reality within a few years.



Ali Industrial Technical Institute

LUMS

THE FIRST YEARS

I was exposed to the study of business administration at the University of Michigan in 1947. At that time, business administration education consisted of subjects that one now studies in one's B.Com. or M.Com. My second contact with the study of business education was in 1973 when I attended the Advanced Management Program (AMP) at the Harvard Business School. That was when the impact of management development really influenced me.

I came back from the Program with two very distinct impressions:

1. That most of the things one learnt during the Program one had already been exposed to in one's working life; and
2. There was a great deal of diversity of approach to solving a particular problem.

Soon after I came back from the Harvard Business School, I was drafted into national service by Mr. Bhutto's Government and was asked to set up and manage the public sector National Fertilizer Corporation. I stayed there for over three years and was able to put into practice many of the things I had learnt at Harvard. On my return to private life in 1977, the AMP experience continued to guide me. From 1977 onwards, I adopted the role of an Advisor to Packages instead of Managing Director, which I had been for almost the first twenty years of the Company's existence.

Having worked in business and industry since 1948, I realised the importance of management for the success of any operation, be it in the private sector or in Government. I also realised how great the dearth of good managers was in Pakistan and felt that this could be the single most important cause of the country's inefficiency in many walks of life. In Packages, from the very beginning in 1957, we have had a rigorous training programme for people who were taken in on the management side. We were able to develop these people by sending them to factories of our foreign partners in Europe. This kind of opportunity was not available to many Pakistani businessmen and I started toying with the idea of setting up a Business School in Lahore.

I started agitating with the public sector for a Business School. When the Government nationalized the private sector, they took people from there to get their industries going. I said to them that this one time harvest had been taken but to sustain their businesses, the Government must set up an institution to train managers. I wrote a paper on this subject at that time which is on record.

Having served in the public sector, I knew most of the Chairmen of public sector corporations with whom I had served. I approached Razak Dawood and Dr. Parvez Hassan and told them about my dream and they readily agreed to join me in this endeavour. A person who played a very important role in all this was Mr. M.R. Khan, Chairman of the Pakistan Banking Council, who had been in the State Bank of Pakistan and headed their Foreign Exchange Control. He told me, 'Today, I need 1,200 managers for all the branches of my nationalized banks.'

After my stay at Harvard, I kept on going back to the Harvard Business School whenever I visited the United States, to meet with the faculty and exchange views. I developed an urge to see if we could replicate the Harvard

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model itself in Pakistan and approached my Harvard faculty friends there to ask if we could have an affiliation with them. On a visit to the United States in 1984, I tested the idea of a Business School with my friend, Javed Hamid, whom I had known since my NFC days, when he was in the Planning Division in Islamabad and who had subsequently joined the International Finance Corporation as an Economist. Javed, an MBA from the Harvard Business School, was very positive and I asked him to provide me with ideas and suggestions. Two months later, when I next visited him in Washington, he gave me a write-up on the proposed Business School, by him and Professor Bob LaPorte of the Pennsylvania State University. I asked Javed Hamid if he would help me in realising this dream by coming to Lahore and working with me at Packages, not only on the Business School plan but also to assist us in planning what Packages should do next. He said, 'Get me leave from IFC and I will be available to you.' I knew the hierarchy very well in the IFC and I told them, 'I am going to start a project that will help business development in Pakistan. You are interested in business development in the country and want good managers. This will be a source of good managers for you. Can you give three years leave of absence without salary to Javed Hamid to establish our Business School in Lahore?' They agreed.

For a year, Javed sat two rooms away from my office writing out the concept of the School. Finally, we registered the National Management Foundation. I kept my friends who had agreed to support the project informed. We at Packages were doing all the legwork but I got all their encouragement and financial support to build the School.

To be able to raise funds, we needed the blessing of the Government for our Foundation, which would provide the financing for the School, and I sought a meeting with the then President, General Mohammad Zia-ul-Haq. I met him at the Governor's House in Lahore and requested a Charter to set up a Business School that would enable us to grant our own Degrees. I also asked that donations to the Foundation which would finance the School should be treated as an expense by the donors for tax purposes and thirdly that the President of Pakistan be the Chancellor of the University. He was surprised that I did not seek any help for land or money and readily agreed to grant our request; within the following four months we were given the Charter, not only for the establishment of a Business School but for a University! In this regard, Dr. Mohammad Afzal, the then Minister for Education, played a very supportive role, for which LUMS will remain ever grateful.

Javed said, 'We need to establish our credibility by starting the School as soon as possible.' He then looked for accommodation and took three houses on rent near Liberty Market. He hired an architect and remodelled one of the buildings to have two classrooms and a few discussion rooms.

We were fortunate to persuade a number of young Pakistani teachers at different US and Canadian universities to abandon their careers there for a challenge at LUMS. Razak and I travelled to North America to seek out these individuals. Among them were Wasim Azhar, Salman Shah and Wasif Khan.

Because of my Swedish connections, I was able to find the first Dean of our Business School from Sweden, Prof. Jan-Erik Vahlne. The second Dean was Jim Erskine from the University of Western Ontario. They were very good teachers and created the brand of LUMS. The market's response to our graduates was very positive.

PROMOTION OF EDUCATION

We took our first batch of 36 students in September 1986 for a two-year MBA Program patterned after the Harvard Business School. The students we took were often not outstanding but they had good work experience prior to their joining LUMS, which was invaluable as we were teaching by the case method.

President Zia-ul-Haq visited the modest facilities in 1987. Mr. Lee Kwan Yew, the founder of Singapore and its first Prime Minister, came to LUMS at the Liberty Market campus in 1988, where we offered him dinner and he addressed the students. At that time, the total population of our students and faculty was under 80!

The decision regarding setting the fees was left to Javed Hamid. The idea was to have a number that would be competitive, meet our expenses, and which the students and their families could afford. My guideline to Javed was to have a surplus budget; I didn't get involved with micro-management.

We had decided that we would ask potential donors for Rs. 2.5 million, which was at that time equivalent to US\$180,000. Because I had been successful in business, it gave us a certain credibility; there was never a question as to what I would do with the donors' money. I went and touched about 100 people, of whom 60 gave me Rs.



1992: Mr. Lee Kuan Yew (First Prime Minister of Singapore) at LUMS

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2.5 million each. In that group there were people of the stature of Chaudhry Nazar Mohammad, Yusuf Shirazi and Razak Dawood, who all gave generously from their companies. I went to Mr. M.R. Khan and asked for the same amount of Rs. 2.5 million. He said, 'No, I will give you Rs. 5 million!' Including his later contributions, he gave us a total of Rs. 10 million from the Banking Council because he knew that LUMS was essential for producing good quality graduates for banks and businesses.

I was on a flight from Lahore to Karachi when someone I had never met sat next to me. He was Mr. Alfred E. Dapp, a Swiss gentleman, from Ciba Geigy. He spoke excellent Urdu and he told me that he had a teacher from Lucknow. Before we landed, Dapp Sahib committed Rs. 2.5 million for LUMS. Dapp Sahib and I are still very good friends; he is now retired and lives in Switzerland. I then made personal visits to multinationals, specially the ones that I was associated with or had business dealings with for over two or three decades, like Hoechst, Siemens, Ciba Geigy, Philips, and American Express. I had met with their senior management in their home countries either in connection with my participation as a Director of these companies in Pakistan or through my association with the United Nations Centre for Transnational Corporations. It was heartening to see a very positive response right at the top. They endorsed support and the local management of these companies generously participated in the project.

I used all my contacts everywhere to put pressure on local people to participate. I give credit to people who contributed at that time when there was nothing on the ground. Now people go to LUMS and make commitments because they can see something happening. I wrote the first cheque which I feel is the basic requirement before going and asking money from others. Later, for the School of Science & Engineering at LUMS, I again wrote the first cheque for Rs. 100 million.

We received donations not only from within Pakistan but we also got contributions from Pakistanis working abroad. Sheikh Irshad Ahmed, who some years earlier was head of NESPAK, and whom I had known since my student days, sent in a cheque for a million rupees even when he had not been approached! He said, 'Both my sons have educated themselves. Here is a million rupees which has been lying in my Postal Savings Account.' That was the single largest personal donation till then, all others having donated from their companies. Such has been the spirit of contribution that has gone into building LUMS! Mr. Yaqub Ali and Sir Anwar Parvez, very successful businessmen in the U.K., and Jabbar Malik in the United States, whom I had known for many years, sent us generous donations for our Scholarship Fund. The names of people who contributed in one way or another are innumerable. It shows that when people have faith in a cause, they will contribute. Not one person who has contributed for LUMS has come to me to say that I have let him down or not delivered.

The other major private sector support was from the Rausing family. I had asked them to contribute to the establishment of the Executive Development Centre, for which they readily gave one million US dollars. The Centre was named after the founder of the family, Dr. Ruben Rausing, on his birth centenary on 17th June 1995. Later, the Rausing family donated another million US dollars for the Centre.

The idea was not to make managers for Packages Limited; Packages had its own management programme and we had no shortage of people with excellent qualifications whom we could recruit and train. We wanted to improve the general quality of business in the country for which we needed to have good managers both in the public as well as the private sector. The idea was to produce a large pool of young men and women who could manage business, industry and banking.

THE CAMPUS

At the start, our vision was very contained and narrow. Javed Hamid was the first Project Director of LUMS. I asked him how much money was needed. He said we could start the School if we had Rupees 20 to 30 million. We collected that money and even had some surplus with which we bought land for a larger campus. In pieces, we acquired fifty acres adjoining the Defence Housing Authority. Further land was later purchased to enlarge our holding to over 100 acres.

In the funding for our new campus, the real break-through came when the Russians invaded Afghanistan and the US announced that they would give financial assistance of US\$3.2 billion to Pakistan. In those days, foreign Embassies were quite accessible. I went to the American Embassy and I asked them if education fell within the US\$3.2 billion economic assistance that was promised. Ambassador Dean Hinton said, 'I don't see why not.' Then I went to our Government and informed them that the Americans would support us if the Government of Pakistan endorsed our application. Saeed Ahmad Qureshi, the then Secretary Education, said, 'I will do so on the condition that for every dollar that you take from the US, you raise a dollar yourself. I don't question your integrity. But the minute others find out that Babar Ali is getting funds from the Americans, there will be a queue outside my office to forward their applications as well.' I said, 'In that case, you have to count the fees we collect as money raised.' He said 'Accepted.' I then went back to the Americans and told them that the Pakistan government would forward our case. The American Ambassador Hinton invited me to lunch. It was winter and we were sitting in his garden. He had the Head of USAID with him and only the three of us were there. The Ambassador asked me, 'What kind of money are you looking for?' I said to the Ambassador, 'Does US\$10 million frighten you?' He said, 'Not really.'

We now had to spend that \$10 million. My previous experience of building factories while I was in the NFC came in very handy. We had to decide on an architect and knew that it had to be someone with whom we could work well. I looked around and decided that Habib Fida Ali³² was an architect we could communicate with. He had lived in Lahore and was an Aitchisonian. I have dealt with many architects; they are a cross between an engineer and a poet. The architect thinks he is a poet and I consider him an engineer! The poet feels that nobody can dream like him! I was looking for somebody who would listen and who was willing to learn. I asked Habib to go round the world and see Business Schools including Harvard and all the new Schools that had come up. I put him in touch with the architect of the Harvard Business School to learn the philosophy of the new construction there. Habib went to Japan, England and America and started drawing up the plans, which we discussed with our faculty members. I asked Habib to go back to Harvard and consult the faculty there, especially Professors Lou Wells and Jim Austin, who were on our Academic Council, and get the plans approved by the architect there. Habib had the

³² The first building he built for me was at 308 Upper Mall, Lahore. See page 195

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1992: Construction of the Academic Block at LUMS

ability to admit that he didn't know everything. We laid out the plans with a view to setting out the basic concept, from which the whole thing would grow. We started construction of the campus in 1992 and the Main Academic Block was ready for occupation from the Academic year starting in September 1993. At that time, just the Academic Block was four times larger than our needs!

I find Habib Fida Ali to be the most educated among current architects. I have always hung on to my architect and spent time with him. Habib Fida Ali has designed the entire complex of buildings at the LUMS campus. There have been some questions asked as to why we only had one architect, but I wanted one theme to run throughout the entire campus. I think he has done a good job. I must say the Management Committee of LUMS has been supportive and raised no objections and Habib has proved his worth and has delivered.

Once the Academic Block had been built, we installed a plaque acknowledging the support of the US Government, with the text approved by USAID authorities, at the main entrance. American Ambassadors who have come to Pakistan since then have all said to me that the best ten million dollars spent in Pakistan were on LUMS!

LUMS has also benefited from the extremely gratifying involvement of some 100 large business enterprises in Pakistan who have generously participated with their money and time to further the cause of business education.

Today, our graduates are well sought after. We have qualified and experienced faculty in the case method of

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March 27, 1995: U.S. First Lady Hillary Clinton at LUMS

teaching, we have our own campus, and thus have a base on which we can build. The challenge is to maintain our quality and continue to make a change in the business scene in Pakistan.

The objective of setting up LUMS was to upgrade business education in Pakistan so that our business environment develops into a new sphere. An important aspect of LUMS, therefore, has been to offer short courses for Executives who are already working. We hold such courses ranging from two days to three weeks on functional and topical areas. We also hold tailored courses for individual companies, organisations and industries. These are held at the Raising Executive Development Centre. We also have a Small and Medium Enterprise Centre engaged in research, training, and problem solving for small and medium scale businesses on specific subjects all the year round, and we are encouraged by the results.

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1994: Dr. Gad Rausing inaugurating the Rausing Executive Development Centre at LUMS

Other than these activities, LUMS constantly has seminars and speeches by eminent educationists through the Centre for Management & Economic Research, which we believe has become a forum for imparting knowledge. The Centre also coordinates research.

UNDERGRADUATE PROGRAMME

LUMS started the Undergraduate Programme in 1994. Our idea was that it would provide some of the ‘feedstock’ for the MBA Programme. There was great demand from parents who could not send their sons and daughters abroad. We started with a B.Sc. Honours Programme, a four-year course with substantial liberal arts content plus specialisations available in Economics and Computer Science. This programme has run very well providing an opportunity for young Pakistanis to study a wide US style curriculum at the undergraduate level in Pakistan.

Right from the very beginning, we have emphasized that the criterion for admission, as well as employment, is merit alone. This is generally not in line with the practice in our country and especially at the beginning, it was an uphill task for us to convince the lobbyists and people of influence that merit was the cornerstone of our creed at LUMS. Over the years, the pressure to move us away from merit has generally eased, making our task easier and more rewarding.

I believe there is room for improvement in the undergraduate admission system, which is based mainly on the number of marks obtained by the student in the Matric and ‘O’ level. It is not based on other factors that, for

example, American universities look at. However, if we started that system here, there is a danger that people would start doubting and questioning the system because it will not be based on a purely quantitative assessment; I have not come across any parent or grandparent who does not believe that their child is a genius. Yet I believe we are missing out on some very good talent because of our approach and this requires the attention of an academician. We have also aimed to bring in students from disadvantaged families. Today, 10% of our student body comes from families who cannot afford LUMS. They have the mental capacity to benefit from the LUMS environment and our experience has only confirmed this. After graduation, some of them have gone on to leading Universities such as Harvard, Cornell, and Columbia. In 2012, we had 350 such students out of the 3,500 on campus. Each one of them costs Rs. 500,000 per annum. More than forty of them are Babar Ali Scholars.

It is very gratifying to see LUMS graduates doing well not only in Pakistan but also abroad, in the most competitive environments. I am not aware of many LUMS graduates who have lost employment because of their incompetence or lack of industry and hard work. Of course, the 'brain drain' out of the country worries me; out of 9,000 that have graduated perhaps 3,000 are abroad, but even these are sending money back home. Moreover, I am confident that this exodus will lessen as we retain more graduates here and others return home, much as is now happening in India.

As the Chairman of the National Management Foundation and as the Pro-Chancellor of LUMS, I have been very fortunate to have the very able and unflinching support of my colleagues, namely, Razak Dawood, Mian Altaf M. Saleem, Manzurul Haq, Dr. Parvez Hassan, Osman Khalid Waheed, Faisal Farid and Shahid Hussain, who bring their own special expertise and enable the Management Committee to take decisions that further the objectives and aims of LUMS.

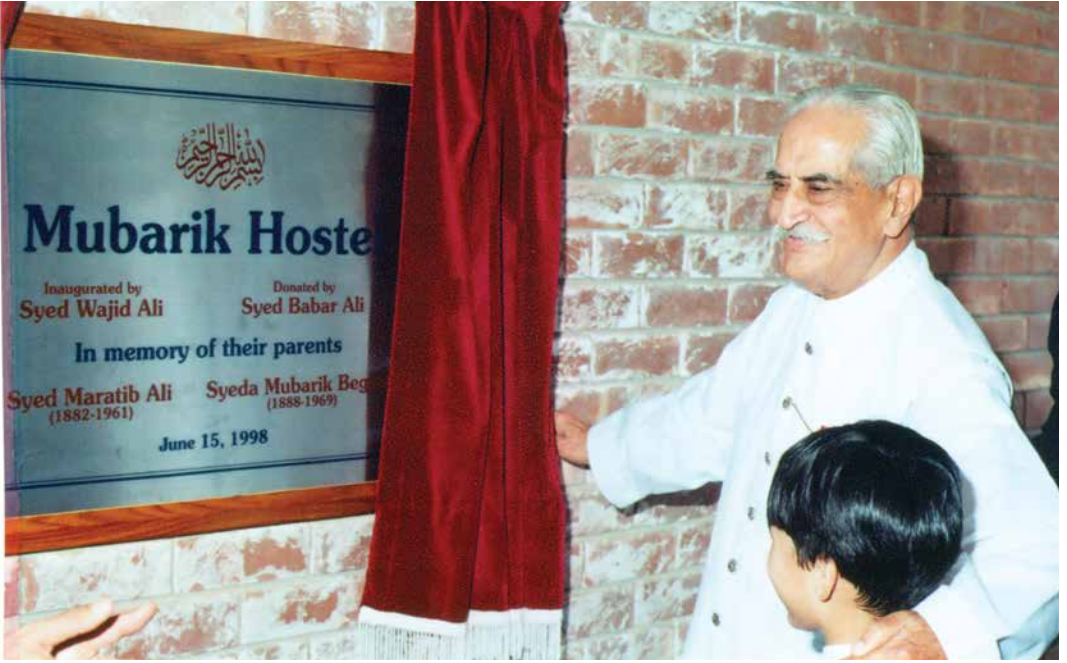
LUMS has also been very fortunate to have a very dedicated faculty. The foundation was laid by Javed Hamid who was the first Director and who helped us recruit faculty both from the US and Pakistan. The first two Deans were from Sweden and Canada. Wasim Azhar was the first Pakistani Dean and he ably presided over the faculty for some twelve years, succeeded by Dr. Zahoor Hassan, who joined as a faculty member from the very beginning in 1986.

One of the heartening features at LUMS has been the active participation of women. They have participated enthusiastically and fared extremely well, ranking well among successful students.

MCGILL UNIVERSITY DOCTORATE DEGREE

LUMS has had a relationship with the Business School at McGill and the McGill President wrote to say that they would like to award me a Degree of Doctor of Laws, Honoris Causa in 1997, for which I travelled to Montreal. Razak, Altaf Saleem, Wasim Azhar, and Manzurul Haq all joined me there and my life-long friend, Ralph Redford, also joined us from Washington.

³³ See pages 223 - 225



1998: Syed Wajid Ali inaugurating the first girls hostel at LUMS. All first five girls hostels at LUMS up to 2015 were sponsored by Babar Ali Foundation

GURMANI CENTRE

We started the Gurmani Centre at LUMS with generous funding from the Gurmani Foundation and family. Nawab Mushtaq Ahmed Gurmani³³ was like an elder brother to me. He called and told me that he was setting up a Foundation and wanted me to chair it. I suggested that he should have a member of his own family as its chairman, but he insisted on me.

In 1980, on my advice, he invested two million rupees in Milkpak (now Nestlé) and Packages Limited shares. In September 2012, the value of this investment exceeded four billion rupees, apart from over a billion rupees the Gurmani Foundation has received in dividends since the investment. In September 2012, the family very generously agreed to donate shares in Nestlé to the value of one billion Rupees to the National Management Foundation. Dividend income from their largesse will be primarily used for the education of less privileged students at LUMS. The Board of Trustees of LUMS has decided to name the School of Social Sciences & Humanities after Nawab Mushtaq Ahmad Gurmani.

I am very happy that the Gurmani Centre for Urdu, Arabic and Persian has been established at LUMS. This will

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1997: Honorary degree of Doctor of Laws awarded by McGill University, Canada

continue to make a difference in the lives of coming generations. Someone from LUMS has recently suggested that we should also start Punjabi and Saraiki in this Centre.

SCHOOL OF SCIENCE & ENGINEERING

In 2005, we felt that with management you can only improve the country in a limited way. However, if you want to make a quantum leap, you have to add value to what the country produces, and that would be through science and

engineering. I give credit to Dr. Zahoor Hassan for piloting this thought when he said, 'Let us take stock of what is happening in the country in science and engineering.' He selected two young PhDs – one from MIT, Khurram Afridi, and the other, Owais Kamal, from the University of Michigan. Zahoor gave them a three months assignment to scan the country from Peshawar to Karachi and visit all the leading Universities, looking at their science and engineering programmes, to find out whether there was a need for a School of Science and Engineering at LUMS. They were also to ascertain from the employers of the engineers and scientists from these universities what their abilities were. Khurram and Owais made a presentation to us and said, 'Pakistani universities are teaching yesterday's science and engineering and there is no research worth the name.' They had met employers who said that the science and engineering graduates of the Pakistani universities were good but their knowledge was bookish and they couldn't solve problems. They could keep the plants running, but if they were asked how to improve the equipment or think of new product designs, they were not very proficient.

We discussed this in the Management Committee and Manzurul Haq and Razak Dawood said, 'This might be a good thing but it is expensive and we cannot afford it.' I said, 'If the country needs it, I will take it upon myself to raise the money, but first let me do some homework.' I was going to America very regularly because two of my granddaughters were then at MIT. I went to Boston and arranged to meet people who were in the engineering and science professions, and also people who were not only academicians but had set up their own companies. I asked them for their opinion and they said, 'Quality science and engineering education is needed, but you have to do it the right way.' Then I went to San Francisco where I met Atiq Raza who at that time was one of the most successful US Pakistanis, having sold his company for \$300-400 million. He was a classmate of my son-in-law Faisal Imam. Atiq said, 'You should aim high. You should try and produce people whom Microsoft and G.E. would want to hire, not the cement and sugar industry in Pakistan whose needs will automatically be met.'

I then asked the people with whom I had been interacting to suggest a way forward. They said, 'We can arrange for you to meet the Professors who taught us.' I met Dr. Khalid Aziz at Stanford University. At MIT I met a number of professors including Professor Bob Jaffe, senior professor of Physics. Jaffe had verified my credentials from his friend, Professor Hoodbhoy, in Islamabad. Hoodbhoy encouraged Jaffe and when I went to see him he said, 'I would like to help you. How many people have you met?' I gave him a report on all the people I had seen. He said, 'Why don't you organize a retreat for two days where we can focus on this idea? Do this over the weekend so people have the time to attend.' It was held outside Boston at Endicott House, which had been donated to MIT by a rich alumnus, Mr. Endicott, and had been converted into a small residential hotel for MIT conferences. The legwork was done by Khurram Afridi and Salal Humair, both MIT PhDs working in the Boston area, who were taking me around.

The advice we received was:

1. We should start from where Harvard and MIT want to be tomorrow, not today.
2. We should have a School of Science and Engineering with science and engineering without boundaries, so that the chemist and the biologist and the mathematician are forced to talk and work together.
3. We should have a very strong Undergraduate Programme bringing in students who are strong in basic sciences. These are the pillars; science changes very slowly while technology changes all the time. These students should have a solid base in Physics, Chemistry, Maths, and Biology.

4. They were blunt and frank with us. They said follow the American system, not the European system. They told us that there were hardly any Nobel Prize winners coming out of Europe! The US, they said, is where new knowledge is being created. They suggested that all Deans that we select should be from America because if we hired someone from Britain, he would spend all his time telling us how bad the Americans are.

We had previously been dealing with professors coming from Harvard Business School, who needed to be rewarded with a financial payment. At the end of our session, I asked Professor Khalid Aziz, 'How do we compensate these professors?' He replied, 'You cannot afford it! We are all doing it for the love of it. Just take care of the travel expense, give them Business Class tickets, and look after them when they are in Pakistan.' Now we have 15 people from various universities of America who are giving us guidance on the Advisory Board of the School of Science and Engineering. Only four of them are of Pakistani origin, the rest are Americans.

I have made sure that this School is not a drain on LUMS, neither for capital nor for its running cost. Science and engineering is quite expensive because of the need for laboratories. Regarding planning and construction, we have followed the same procedure with this School as with the rest of our buildings. We sent Habib Fida Ali to MIT and to the West Coast universities to see how their labs were set up, and asked him to lay out the laboratories in such a way that the chemist could talk to the biologist and so on. The School's building is vibration proof so that our standard would be acceptable to the best pharmaceutical company or the best electronic company. I received a note from someone saying that we spent too much on the laboratories. I said, 'We have put up the building for the next hundred years.' Khurram Afridi, who initially wrote the feasibility report, was the Project Director for the building and he did a superb job. The interior of the building, the classrooms and laboratories, were designed by Faisal Haroon, an accomplished architect from Lahore.

In June 2012, we graduated 150 from the Undergraduate programme at the School of Science and Engineering. The School is an on-going challenge because no university will ever be complete and no university will ever have enough money. Even Harvard, with an Endowment Fund of US\$40 billion, has to raise funds every year. Our real endowment will accrue when our alumni become millionaires and multi-millionaires. That, I am confident, is bound to happen. So far, 9,000 have graduated from LUMS of whom 7,000 graduated in the last ten years. A thousand graduated in the first fifteen years. Out of that 1,000, I would say a few hundred have moved into a class where they are millionaires but they are not necessarily millionaires who can write a cheque. They still have young and growing families. But this year we have had two cheques of \$70,000 each from two of our alumni! One, who has given \$70,000 now, has promised a million dollars in ten years' time.

RAUSING & TETRA PAK'S SUPPORT FOR LUMS

As a Company, Tetra Pak has been very generous and their contribution to LUMS is unparalleled. They have donated \$3 million and 5 million Euros (about \$7 million) - \$10 million is a very large sum of money. When I started LUMS I went to them and said, 'We would like to pay a tribute to Ruben Rausing and build an Executive Development Centre in his honour.' They asked me how much money was needed and I said two million dollars. They immediately released one million. Once that was spent, I went to the Tetra Pak Chairman, who was not a Rausing, and told him we needed the second tranche. He agreed and released the money. For my 70th birthday,

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2011: Inauguration of Gad & Birgit Rausing Library at LUMS

on their own initiative, they gave another \$1 million. Ruben's grand-daughter, Kirsten, visited Pakistan and she made a surprise announcement, without telling me, that Tetra Pak would like to give another million dollars.

When we were putting up the School of Science and Engineering, I asked the Rausing's to support it, saying that we needed five million Euros. They said they would put the request to the Board. They waited for my 80th birthday and, coinciding with that occasion, they announced a gift of that amount to the University.

LUMS AND MONEY MANAGEMENT

By my background, upbringing and practice, finance and accounting are areas to which I have given little attention. Although I can read figures and understand them, I am not a figures man. So I left this to my colleagues on the Management Committee at LUMS. I found that this area needed to be more disciplined as LUMS was spending more money than we were earning. We had built up a certain amount in the endowment fund over the last 25 years for future income and a rainy day, but even the principal of it had been eroded as a result of careless spending. In well run educational institutions, whether public or private, fees are never enough to fund the cost of education. It is usually the alumni who provide support to the educational institution to make it financially viable. I would not have allowed the endowment fund to be eroded so rapidly if I was watching closely how the money was being spent. My focus in the last few years had been to start SSE and the people who were looking after the finances of LUMS could have done a better job. The last thing I want to learn when I am not here is that LUMS has suffered because of lack of resources.

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LUMS AND ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT

LUMS is something I believe in, I have a passion for it, and it has got to work – not for my ego, but because it is such an important institution. I believe that the only way this country can go forward is through better education. LUMS cannot be the only effort; it has to be an example for others to follow. To me, education is very dear and it is something that the country needs. The head of any department, school, or institution should be a team leader, like the conductor of an orchestra. He does not have to make music himself; he makes everybody else work in unison.

The British left in 1947 and we cannot continue to complain that it was not in their interest to educate our people. What have we done to improve the quality of education since our independence? Hopefully, good people will be coming out of LUMS and other educational institutions and we may get a Jinnah from among them to set things right; somebody with vision and the ability to take the country forward. I have been telling the Americans that they are giving money to Pakistan but they should not waste it in spreading it from Gwadar to Gilgit. I suggested to them to pick ten institutions and give them enough to enable new leadership to emerge. The failure of Pakistan is in not producing leadership; the masses are good.

Somebody asked me what was my vision for the School of Science and Engineering at LUMS. I said, 'My vision is that the School should produce a Nobel Laureate in the next twenty-five years.' When our Advisory Council was here, Professor Jaffe attended one of the classes and at the end of the class he told me, 'The next Nobel Laureate will not come from among your faculty, it will come from one of your students. They are that bright.'

SCHOOL OF LAW

For some years, we have been thinking to add to our curriculum the teaching of law, not only with the objective of producing good lawyers and jurists who will make better laws and improve the governance of the country, but also to have good parliamentarians and political leaders. The Freedom Movement was largely led by outstanding lawyers, including the Quaid-e-Azam, Mahatama Gandhi, and Pandit Jawahar Lal Nehru. When we started our School of Law I said, 'Its objective should not be to produce litigants, its aim should be to produce the Jinnahs, Nehrus and Gandhis of this country.'

All the LUMS schools are autonomous, with their own Deans. My concentration has been on the School of Science and Engineering because there are no other sponsors. The rest of the Management Committee has reluctantly accepted this School because I have pushed it down their throats. They said, 'Alright, this is your baby.' I have pulled myself away from the School of Business because Razak's family has given large funds for it and it is named after his father, Mr. Suleman Dawood. I, however, feel that writing a cheque is not enough. You have to provide the passion. When I am gone, Razak is the obvious successor, and I hope he can do the job. Then who will succeed Razak? Do we have that person?

THE FUTURE OF LUMS

LUMS will Insha Allah continue to produce graduates who will be leaders in whichever field they choose to go into.

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Syed Babar Ali

June 30, 2006

Dear Babar-

The Rausing Family and the Tetra Laval Group Board has the honour and great privilege to celebrate your 80th Anniversary with a donation in your name to the Science & Engineering University SSE in Pakistan with an amount of

EUR 5 million over five years.

We hope that this donation, and the Gad Rausing family's previous contributions to LUMS, will reflect the strong ties of friendship and loyalty that join our two families for many decades. We appreciate the opportunity to honour you in this way and also, in a small way, to be part of Pakistan's ongoing growth and development.

The transfer and practicalities relating to this gift will be co-ordinated by Larry Pillard and Tetra Pak Pakistan.

With our sincere congratulations and warmest personal regards,

Kirsten Rausing

Finn Rausing

Jörn Rausing

Tetra Laval Group

70, avenue Général-Guisan, P.O. Box 430, CH-1009 Pully, Switzerland
Telephone +41 21 729 22 11, Direct fax +41 21 729 27 58

Letter from Finn Rausing, Jörn Rausing and Kirsten Rausing announcing a contribution of Euro 5 million for LUMS School of Science & Engineering

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I want my family to be involved with LUMS and I hope they will continue to support it from their own resources as well as from my Foundation. I hope they will do well financially and add to what I leave behind as a legacy. My granddaughters are quite involved with LUMS, and so are my children, Henna and Hyder. Hyder is on the Board of Governors of the National Management Foundation, and he is a member of the LUMS Board of Trustees and the Management Committee.

I have been talking to other members of the Management Committee and specially Razak, my obvious successor. I told him, 'Writing a cheque is not enough; you have to give passion because the work requires total commitment. Not only when you are free; you have to make yourself free whenever LUMS needs you.'

Apart from physical infrastructure we now have at LUMS all the various Schools that should be a part of a university. We have the Business School and the School of Social Sciences, which consists of subjects like Economics, History, Geography, and Languages (English, Urdu, Persian, and German). We have the School of Law and then there is the School of Science and Engineering. Each one of these has the potential to become a centre of excellence, depending on the leadership in each School and whether they are able to attract the best faculty. Buildings just provide the physical infrastructure; the most important element in a school is the people who teach, guide and inspire students. That will be the on-going challenge for whoever leads this effort.

For research, you need to have an idea; for facilities you can go to America and the whole world is open to you - you can rent facilities. Take the example of a pen; you have it in your hand, you can write music and poetry with it. If it is in my hand, I will add $2 + 2$. The pen itself does not generate anything. The same is true of musical instruments. In science, if you have an idea you have to verify whether the idea is correct or not, so you test it through experiments. At LUMS SSE, we have just started and we are doing elementary work. We are working with other universities and it has been suggested that we look at particular areas, for example, basic verification, which is very important. I had a very interesting person visiting me who happens to be a relative of mine. She did a Ph.D. in Physics at Stockholm University. I was trying to get her to come to LUMS. I asked her, 'What do you need?' She said she did not need anything. She just needed somebody to spar with, somebody who would challenge her, and tell her that what she was thinking was wrong and why didn't she look at another aspect. That is what scholars need - they want to be continuously challenged. It is not only the equipment. I hope we will have the equipment as well as the basic ingredients, but the whole idea is to create an environment of inquiry and put together people with different backgrounds and disciplines.

One of our Physics professors at LUMS, Dr. Asad Naqvi, was on sabbatical, on a two-year fellowship at Princeton Institute for Advanced Studies, where Einstein came from. I asked him what he was working on. The answer was that having done his Ph.D. in Physics he was now looking at Biology, to see how he could apply his Physics knowledge to Biology. Asad has never studied Biology at Ph.D. level but Princeton paid him \$50,000 or \$100,000 a year to use his Physics brain on biological issues. They have got the books and the laboratories, they have biologists, and they told Asad Naqvi to go and discuss anything he liked with them and see who could challenge him. Asad Naqvi is now working in Wall Street! This is of course a pity, from the point of view of science and Pakistan.

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Our Schools at LUMS are not only going to produce good scholars, but hopefully they will also produce new knowledge in the subject. I hope there will be research, especially in the area of science and engineering. New knowledge should be created because we have got the infrastructure, the facilities and laboratories. Today, the whole world is grappling with how to educate their citizens better because that is the key to the future development of any country. We have got the platform and it will depend on our successors as to how they take it forward. The other big challenge is that we must have adequate financial resources to embark on these efforts, to ensure that there is no slippage in any of the things that we want to do. I believe that we have to make that effort ourselves. We cannot depend on handouts from foreign governments to give us an endowment; we have to raise it from within the country. Our own government's resources are limited, so it will have to be done by the private sector.

Another School, which I hope we can put together in the next two to three years is the School of Education which will contribute towards improving the approach to basic education throughout the country.

ALI INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION

In 1990, after the LUMS MBA Programme had been going for some five years, we felt that the quality of the applicants was low. They were serious in wanting admission because each one of them had spent a minimum of Rs.5,000 to put in their applications. Only 10% of the applicants were of a standard that could be admitted to the Programme. I called a meeting of some educationists of Lahore whom I knew and who were concerned with the quality of education to see what could be done to upgrade the quality of students coming out of colleges.

The general consensus at the meeting was that most damage was being done at the primary and secondary school levels. We identified the problem as the teacher who was neither qualified nor had the zeal to make a difference. Poor schooling cannot be made up, even by the best college education. I therefore persuaded my family to start a teachers' training programme in Lahore, not only to impart proper training to the young women and men who would be the teachers of tomorrow, but also to upgrade the skills of existing teachers.

We had been running the Ali Industrial Technical Institute for twenty years and we were spending Rs. 3 million a year producing around 100 technicians. I thought if we could produce a hundred teachers a year from the same resources, they would, in their lifetime, be able to transform many more lives. I asked the Principal of Ali Industrial Technical Institute in 1990 not to take any more students. We ran the current students out and at the end we retired the teachers and donated the equipment, which was still in first class condition, to other private technical institutes.

I then went to my friend, Dr. Hamid Kizilbash, who ran SAHE (Society for Advancement of Higher Education) and asked him, 'Would you like to start a teachers training institute?' He said, 'I am a teacher of Political Science in the Punjab University, how will I be able to train primary school teachers?' I said, 'Think it over. It is a challenge.' After a week, he came back and told me that he would take the job. We modified the whole building to convert it from workshops into classrooms. By the Grace of God, the Ali Institute of Education is today considered to be among the better teacher training institutes in the country. There is, however, an on-going effort to improve it.

By SABRINA TAVERNISE

LAHORE, Pakistan

SYED BABAR ALI, a businessman and philanthropist, is two decades older than his country, Pakistan. He has witnessed every turn in its tumultuous history. Now, at 83, he feels he has earned the right to give it a bit of advice.

Mr. Ali is an institution in Pakistan. He has started some of the country's most successful companies. But perhaps his most important contribution has been his role in creating the Lahore University of Management Sciences, or L.U.M.S., begun as a business school but now evolved into the approximate equivalent of Harvard University in Pakistan.

Pakistan's biggest problem, he believes, is one of leadership. A corrosive system of privilege and patronage has eaten away at merit, degrading the fabric of society and making it more difficult for poor people to rise. The growing tendency to see government positions as chances to profit, together with the explosion in the country's population, has led to a sharp decline in the services that Pakistan's government offers its people.

"Nobody is bothered about the masses," Mr. Ali said.

It did not start that way, he says. Muhammad Ali Jinnah, Pakistan's visionary founder, criticized Pakistan's system of feudal power, in which rich landowners reaped profits from land worked by impoverished peasants, calling the system "vicious" and saying it made the rich "so selfish that it is difficult to reason with them."

Pakistan was created as a haven for the Muslim minority of the Indian subcontinent, but Mr. Jinnah was adamant that the country should protect all faiths and be a fair society, where the poor, through hard work, could advance themselves.

But 62 years later, many of those ideals seems just as distant. Attempts at dismantling the feudal system were halfhearted, and decades later it is still more or less intact and landowners still form the bulk of the political elite. Other powerful groups that have governed, the military and wealthy industrialists, fared no better.

"You can't build a country if you're not thinking beyond your own lifetime," Mr. Ali said.

Pakistan's education system has been one of the casualties. Good public education can create opportunity in societies,

but in Pakistan it has been understanced and ignored, in part because the political class that runs the country does not consume its services. Fewer than 40 percent of children are enrolled in school here, far below the South Asian average of 58 percent. As a result, Pakistan's literacy rate is a grim 54 percent.

For Mr. Ali, education was the country's most urgent need, and in 1986 he helped create L.U.M.S. Founded as a business school, it later added a rigorous liberal arts program, one of the strongest in Pakistan. Breaking with the tradition of rote learning, the school encourages its professors, many recruited from abroad, to foster debate in classes, and its graduates tend to be critical thinkers with open minds.

These days the university attracts many offspring of wealthy Pakistanis, who would otherwise have gone to the United States or the United Kingdom for their undergraduate studies.

THAT was the case for Mr. Ali, who was studying at the University of Michigan in 1947, the year Pakistan became a state. He returned to Pakistan in December of that year, ultimately earning his bachelor's degree from Punjab University in Pakistan, but he kept his ties with the United States. His brother later became Pakistan's ambassador in Washington, and Mr. Ali's wedding was held in the embassy there benefited by a system he now criticizes. The ceremony was attended by Richard M. Nixon, then the vice president, and was photographed for Life magazine. Back in Pakistan, he began to set up joint ventures with multinational companies, including Tetra Pak of Sweden, Coca-Cola of the United States, Nestle of Switzerland and Mitsubishi of Japan.

Meanwhile, the country was growing, though its politics remained volatile. A charismatic politician, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, became president in 1971, appealing to the masses with the slogan "food, clothing and shelter for the poor" and nationalizing private companies, including four belonging to Mr. Ali's family. A flawed leader, Mr. Bhutto was deeply threatening to Pakistan's elite, and was executed in 1979.

"He became a dictator and forgot about the roti, kapra and makaan," Mr. Ali said, using the Urdu words for Mr. Bhutto's slogan. Mr. Ali had a brief stint in government during that decade, running a fertilizer plant.

The SATURDAY PROFILE

One Pakistani Institution Places His Faith in Another*'You can't build a country if you're not thinking beyond your own lifetime.'*

SYED BABAR ALI

The next decade was one of the country's darkest, with an American-supported general, Zia ul-Haq, crushing the country's progressives, giving broad state support to a hard-line form of Islam and rewriting textbooks to offer an ultra-nationalist worldview and a sanitized version of history.

"Zia did more damage than any other leader," Mr. Ali said. "He sowed the seeds of this fundamentalism that has raised its ugly head."

As early as 1973, Mr. Ali began thinking that Pakistan needed more graduates with leadership skills. He was studying at Harvard Business School at the time. Pakistan's growing economy needed managers, and its political class needed creative thinkers. That mission became all the more urgent after the changes brought by General Haq in

the 1980s, which were narrowing the worldview of Pakistan's youth.

Pakistan's young people, Mr. Ali said, should be "citizens of the world, not narrow-minded or intolerant."

L.U.M.S. has produced about 4,000 graduates since 1986. Of those, a large number are in graduate programs abroad. Almost all are employed, many with lucrative careers in the West.

While L.U.M.S. is an elite institution, largely inaccessible to most Pakistanis, it does have a program for underprivileged students and is currently offering full scholarships and admissions help to about 250 students, Mr. Ali said.

One hope is that the university will help inculcate a sense of merit and fairness that has all but disappeared from Pakistani society, crippling its growth.

"Merit and fairness are gone," he said. "The whole system is getting bogged down."

Admission to L.U.M.S. is strictly on merit, he said, and Pakistanis who try to use connections to get in are turned away.

Mr. Ali notes that Pakistan is still young and needs more time to create a system that places the central value on merit and punishes corruption. In the early 20th century in the United States, he said, powerful robber barons ignored the law and openly flouted authorities.

"It took 200 years for you to clean your system," Mr. Ali said.

Pakistan may still have a long way to go, but that does not get Mr. Ali down. What is most urgently needed, he said, is "a good leader who will not think of himself first."

His university gives him some hope. "One of these people might one day deliver," he said.

PROMOTION OF EDUCATION



1997: Convocation of Ali Institute of Education

It opened in 1992 and up to 2012 around 1,500 girls and boys have passed out from the institute after a one-year Programme. In all, about a hundred trained teachers have been added to the pool annually but this is a drop in the ocean. We need many thousands of new teachers every year. I am hoping that our teacher training Institute will have satellite training institutes in the rural areas because trained teachers, even if they come from villages, do not readily go back to rural areas to work. This effort needs to be replicated many times over throughout Pakistan.

AIE was granted a Charter for the award of Bachelor's Degree in Education in February 2010. AIE has reorganized its structure, statutes and rules in light of the requirements laid down in the Charter. Ali Auditorium at AIE is one of the best in the city with state-of-the-art facilities and a 380 seating capacity. AIE provides accommodation to its female students and for trainees who attend short courses.

TASK FORCE ON HIGHER EDUCATION

In my quest to seek guidance on improvements at LUMS, I regularly called on my friend, Professor Lou Wells from the Harvard Business School. He introduced me to the Dean of Harvard College, Professor Henry Rosovsky, an economist who was a specialist on Japan. I asked them both to help us evolve a vision for LUMS and to guide us as to whether we were on the right track. It was a very rewarding experience to interact with Henry.

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1998: World Bank-UNESCO Task Force on Higher Education at its Cape Town meeting

Henry Rosovsky then asked me if I would serve on the Task Force that had been put together by him. He was the Co-Chair of this group, consisting of experts from 13 countries brought together to write a report on higher education in the developing world. This Task Force on Higher Education and Society was convened jointly by the World Bank and UNESCO. I had the privilege of participating in its deliberations from 1997 to 1999. We met in South America, South Africa and Europe. This exposed me to the thinking of educationists from different nationalities and it was a very enriching experience. The Report, 'Higher Education in Developing Countries: Peril and Promise', was completed in 2000 and submitted to the World Bank in Washington, D.C.

Armed with this report, I sought a meeting with the Minister for Education in Islamabad, Ms. Zubaida Jalal and suggested to her that Pakistan should set up a similar Task Force to develop a vision for Pakistan's own needs in higher education. I had the privilege of co-chairing this Task Force along with Shams-Kassim Lakha of Aga Khan University. The report was brought out in 2001 after consultation with all the major higher education institutions

PROMOTION OF EDUCATION

and stakeholders of Pakistan. We found that 90% of the recommendations we made were in the Sharif Report (1959) and several subsequent ones. We had added hardly anything new; those people were wiser than we are today!

It is a pity that earlier recommendations were not followed, but at least ours were. We submitted our Report to President Musharraf and the cabinet in 2002. It was accepted by the Government and a Steering Committee was instituted of which I was not a part. They finally created a Higher Education Commission, which has made waves in the running of public sector universities in Pakistan.

NAQSH

After my parents passed away, the responsibility of looking after the family property in Bazar-e-Hakiman, Bhati Gate, fell on me. The Imam Bargah was instituted there during my parents' lifetime and during the first ten days of Moharram the *Majalis* were held there every evening and the *zuljinab* procession visited our *Imam Bargah* on *Asbura*.

Another important property we had in the area were the stables of my grandfather, Faqir Syed Iftikharuddin, located on the main Bazar-e-Hakiman street which were in ruins. I thought the best way to utilize this valuable property was to construct a Gallery-cum-School, where we could revive the dying skills of Urdu calligraphy and miniature painting. I discussed this concept with Mehmud-ul-Hasan Rumi who had retired from his position as a Director of the Art Department of Packages Limited. He was able to suggest a retired miniature artist who claimed that he came from a family of calligraphists of the Mughal court. Similarly, we found an eminent calligraphist who was also in retirement. The building constructed for the purpose was designed by my architect friend, Pervez Vandal. I asked that the design should be such that it would blend well with the walled city and it should have a 'jharoka'.

Meanwhile, there was also a building adjoining the *Imam Bargah* lying vacant, and with the guidance of Mehmud Rumi we set up an Art School there by the name of Naqsh, with the purpose of providing training in drawing, ceramics, miniature painting, landscape etc., primarily catering to people from the walled city but also people from less affluent localities elsewhere. These boys and girls, who had an interest in art, were not able to get into the regular Government art schools and colleges. We gave these people an opportunity to learn new skills and earn a reasonable living. In the ten years of its existence, Naqsh has enrolled over a thousand students who have attended this poor man's art school from a few weeks to many months. About a hundred students have completed the three-year programme, accomplishing a good skill in their specific art form and are now able to earn a reasonable living.

BOARD MEMBER OF OTHER EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS IN LAHORE

With the vision and learning I have had from my LUMS experience, I have tried to benefit other educational institutions that I am involved with, for example Kinnaird College, F.C. College, Lahore School of Economics, and Aitchison College, some of whose Boards I joined. As I had received my early elementary education at Sacred Heart School, I felt an obligation to contribute whatever I could to the missionary educational institutions, and to be of service to the Christian community who have done much to groom our young men and women.

PROMOTION OF EDUCATION



A miniature painting produced by a Naqsh artist depicting artisans at work



2012: Naqsh students working outdoors

PROMOTION OF EDUCATION

I give credit to the Boards of these institutions who picked up some of my ideas for improvement. My reason for serving on any Board is to make a difference, otherwise I will waste neither my nor anybody else's time. I don't interfere for the sake of interference. If I have an idea, I explain it. The idea of working on a Board is not to micro-manage; one needs to have a macro view and wait to see the results and then act on them. At Kinnaird College, we selected a Principal, Dr. Bernadette Dean, who came from Aga Khan University, Karachi. I was all for her at first but when she didn't do well, I was keen to have new leadership. I also helped organize the finance and administration at Kinnaird College. I introduced classical music there and funded the programme for the first year, including the provision of instruments.

WWF-PAKISTAN AND
WWF INTERNATIONAL

Both Bhai Amjad and Bhai Wajid were keen on 'shikar', although I doubt if my uncle or my father ever handled a gun. When my brothers came of age, they were members of a society in which 'shikar' was a prestigious pastime. From the age of six, I would accompany my brothers whenever they went on 'shikar' around Lahore and I enjoyed these opportunities.

One of the attractions of our purchase of the large tract of land in Bhopal, about which I have talked elsewhere, was that in the 10,000 acres of property, there was an abundance of wild animals from tigers down to partridges. When I went to Bhopal to oversee the farms, the big attraction was to go out on a shoot. The biggest animal I hunted was a 'sambar', a large antelope. After Partition, I got the opportunity to go frequently for duck and partridge hunting on weekends from Karachi.

In 1964, Hans Hallen, Gad Rausing, Tom Roberts, and I went on a ten-day trip to the Northern Areas, with our base at Gilgit. Our aim was to hunt 'Markhor' and Ibex, which are coveted trophies. We saw many animals but did not manage to shoot any. Some years later, Hans Hallen, Tom Roberts, and I repeated the effort with an equally unsuccessful result. Based on my experience of these two unsuccessful expeditions, what I did appreciate was that Pakistan had a few wild animals, and these were being hunted indiscriminately.

WWF-PAKISTAN

In 1968, Tom Roberts introduced me to his English friend based in Lahore, Christopher Savage, an engineer working with the consultants at Mangla Dam. Mr. Savage was a keen conservationist and he spent many hours persuading me to help in setting up a wildlife conservation organisation in Pakistan, which would be affiliated with World Wildlife Appeal in Switzerland, founded a few years earlier by Sir Peter Scott (son of Robert Scott, of Antarctic fame), and a few other concerned people. Sir Peter Scott was a naturalist and artist who set up the Waterfowl Reserve near Slimbridge, Bristol, and designed the well-known WWF logo. He dedicated his life to wetlands and waterfowls.

They had invited Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands to be the first President. He was a keen hunter; it happens that most hunters are also interested in conservation of wildlife because they want the animals to be there so that they can hunt forever. Prince Bernhard used to go to Indonesia every year because of the former Dutch connection there. We got a message to say that on his way to Indonesia, he was to stop over at Karachi airport for a few hours and would I round up some people who were interested in meeting him. I organized a group of about 7 or 8 from Karachi. They included Muntaz Bhutto (chief of the Bhutto clan and one of the founders of the Pakistan People's Party) and Manzoor Hayat Noon. Tom Roberts was also there. I think this was in 1968 or 1969. We met in the Karachi airport lounge and Prince Bernhard said, 'I would very much like you to establish a WWF Chapter in Pakistan.' This, of course, had to be followed up by having an organization registered and getting Government approvals.

I looked around and found that there were various important people in the Government at that time, who were worth approaching. One of them was Mian Muzaffar Ahmad, Chairman of the Planning Commission during General Yahya Khan's regime and a keen *shikari*. I told him about the organization we wanted to set up and

suggested that he should become the President, to which he agreed. That helped complete the necessary formalities required to establish an NGO and our WWF branch was founded in April 1970. Mian Sahib asked me to be the secretary to provide the secretariat and other facilities, so all the legwork was done by me and my colleagues at Packages.

With the departure of Yahya Khan in 1971, Mian Muzaffar Ahmad left the country and got a position in the World Bank. We needed another person of eminence to head WWF-Pakistan because we had to have some kind of a protective umbrella. Mumtaz Bhutto was a Minister in Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto's Government; he took on the WWF role and brought some of his friends onto the Board. I was also on the Board, serving as the Secretary General and Treasurer. I raised money though not from the Government and ran the whole effort out of my office with no cost to the organization. I also liaised between Pakistan and the head office in Switzerland, which had by then received international status from the Government of Switzerland.

After the change in Government of Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto, Mumtaz Bhutto lost interest in WWF-Pakistan and General Habibullah had his eye on the position of President. He was a member of The 1001 Nature Trust (see next pages) and Dr. Parvez Hassan was after me to appoint General Habibullah. Most of the Board members were opposed to this suggestion because they wanted me to be the President. Meanwhile, General Zia-ul-Haq had taken over and General Habibullah joined his Cabinet. General Habibullah did not take very kindly to the WWF Board's preference and through official channels, he started to hound the WWF organization in Lahore - whether it was properly registered and had it been paying taxes, and so forth.

I was on the radar screen of General Zia-ul-Haq and he sent for me. At that time, both my son and daughter were studying in America. General Zia-ul-Haq said to me, 'I know both your children are studying in America. Why don't you become the Chairman of Pakistan International Airlines (PIA)?' I told him that this was not something that excited me. While I was sitting with him, I said, 'I want to make a request to you. I am running WWF in Pakistan. Your people are hounding me because of General Habibullah.' The next day General Zia issued instructions to leave our organization alone. Dr. Khalid Hamid Sheikh, who was in charge of WWF-Pakistan at that time, told me that the pressure was off!

I didn't go out and seek funds from anybody. I contributed whatever was needed to run the organization and gave all my support to the staff. I also had to keep predators away because there were a lot of people who wanted to use WWF as a platform to project themselves. One of my mandates for the organization was to have it live within its means and have people who were committed to the mission. We started with Z.B. Mirza, a naturalist and a very good artist of nature, especially birds, and then later Dr. Khalid Hamid Sheikh, a botanist. He took on this responsibility in 1980 in addition to his job at Punjab University as a Professor. Later on, we got Dawood Ghaznavi, who was working with Glaxo, but was fed up with working for a multi-national and wanted to work for a non-profit. He was followed by Ali Habib, who was working for ICI and left that position to join WWF. Both left lucrative jobs for a much lower salary. Dawood Ghaznavi was an engineer who went to Russia for Steel Mills training, and did his MBA from Yale. He spoke excellent Russian and after he had served as the Director General of WWF-Pakistan, Dawood was picked up by WWF International and went to Gland, Switzerland as Director, Asia Pacific.

What I was always looking for was someone with passion. We tried to run WWF-Pakistan on a shoe-string budget. We were keen to build a network for disseminating information and knowledge to others. I provided free accommodation to WWF-Pakistan at Packages and while I was working at the National Fertilizer Corporation, the WWF-Pakistan office remained there. Conservation in Pakistan was an alien concept and we had to educate everyone - the younger generation, the government functionaries, and people at large.

HRH Prince Philip visited Pakistan in February 1982. In addition to visiting WWF-Pakistan, he visited Karachi, where a fundraising dinner was arranged at which Rs. 500,000 was raised. He also visited Haleji Lake, had lunch at my home in Lahore and visited Islamabad where he met President General Zia-ul-Haq.

THE 1001: A NATURE TRUST

In 1972, Anton Rupert, member of the international Board of WWF, came up with a suggestion to raise a large endowment to run the administration of the organization in Switzerland. He suggested that WWF should have 1001 members from all over the world, each making a one off contribution of US\$ 10,000. He delegated one of his executives, Charles de Haes, to help WWF implement this suggestion. Anton Rupert funded the cost for Charles de Haes for the first three years. Anton Rupert's idea was to have \$10 million, which would be put into an endowment that would be able to run the Swiss office in perpetuity. The Swiss Government provided the tax benefit that all international organizations are given in that country.

I received a call from Charles de Haes, who said, 'I am Prince Bernhard's representative and, as you run WWF in Pakistan, please tell me how many people in Pakistan can be identified who can each give \$10,000 for this cause.' I said, 'You may be able to find seven people who could each give \$10,000'. At that time, the value of the US dollar was under Rs. 10. He said, 'The hit rate is 1 in 10. Can you give me 70 names by tomorrow to whom Prince Bernhard can write directly about becoming members of The 1001?' Those were the days of telexes and I worked overnight and gave him a list of 70 names of people I knew in Lahore and Karachi who I thought might be able to join 'The 1001 Nature Trust'. To cut a long story short, they got eight out of those 70 to join. I received many calls from people saying they had received a letter from Prince Bernhard and they were curious to know more about our organization. The following eight were the select group who joined:

- A member of the Habib family
- Bhai Wajid and me
- Mumtaz Bhutto, who was the Governor of Sind (the Government of Sind wrote the cheque on his behalf)
- Mino Bhandara
- Agha Hassan Abedi
- Tom Roberts (who had meanwhile moved from Rahim Yar Khan to Khanewal); and
- Christopher Savage

WWF INTERNATIONAL

In 1976, WWF - Pakistan organized Prince Bernhard's visit to the Lal Suhanra National Park in Bahawalpur. He was impressed with this visit and liked the work we were doing. Prince Bernhard then invited me to join the International Board of WWF. At that time, WWF didn't have anyone on the Board from Asia. I was inducted onto

the International Board. Soon thereafter, in 1976, because of a problem between Prince Bernhard and the Dutch Government over a deal with Lockheed Aircraft Company, the WWF International Board asked Prince Bernhard to step down³⁴. John Loudon, who was head of Shell International, again a Dutchman, was brought as an interim replacement. He remained there for two years and at the next election, Prince Philip was elected. This was international diplomacy; they did not want one Prince to be succeeded by another.

My association with WWF International created a new opportunity for me to meet and learn from some top business and industrial leaders of the world, including outstanding scientists and personalities. Apart from Prince Philip and Prince Bernhard, I remember the following outstanding people on the Board of WWF and others connected with it:

- Sir Peter Scott
- John Loudon
- Luc Hoffman from Hoffman La Roche
- Russell Train (Administrator of the EPA in USA from 1973 - 77)
- Princess Beatrix (who later became the Queen of The Netherlands)
- Dr. Okita, an eminent Japanese who had served as a Minister in the Japanese Government
- Anton Rupert from South Africa (the founder of the Rothman's empire)
- Gavin Reilly (head of Anglo-American Mining Company in South Africa)
- John Nash
- David Ogilvy, the advertising giant
- Thor Heyerdahl of Kon Tiki fame
- His Highness Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan
- Madam Fleur Cowles, the artist
- Sir Edmund Hillary, who climbed Everest
- Sonja and Thomas Bata
- Dr. Karan Singh of India
- Prince Hendricks, Prince Consort of Denmark
- Princess Alexandra of the U.K.

I was fairly active in the deliberations of the meetings. When Prince Philip came in, in the late-seventies, he made me the Treasurer of WWF and then later a Vice-President. I also served as a Member of the Executive Committee of the WWF Board, which ran the day-to-day affairs. The Executive Committee met four times a year, depending on Prince Philip's availability.

Prince Philip re-organised the set up and reduced the size of the Board of Trustees. He established a larger forum,

³⁴ Prince Bernhard visited Pakistan again in 1986 for five days and he travelled throughout the country, during which period I was with him and we were able to organise his visit to further the cause of conservation in Pakistan. He was very pleased with his visit and he was kind enough to award me the 'Order of the Golden Ark', which he presented to me at the Soestdijk Palace in Netherlands in June 1986. For more on Prince Bernhard see pages 181 - 184



Washington, D.C. 1985: Sitting L to R Dr. Khalid Hamid Sheikh, Honorary Administrator WWF-Pakistan, Syed Babar Ali, President WWF-Pakistan, HRH The Duke of Edinburgh, President WWF International, Mr. Charles de Haes, Director General WWF International

the WWF International Council consisting of 50 conservationists and supporters from all over the world, with Sir Peter Scott as its first Chairman. Prince Philip had seen my participation in the Board of Trustees meetings over many years. When Sir Peter Scott retired in 1985, after a three-year period, Prince Philip asked me to take over as Chairman of the Council and I also served in that capacity for three years. It was later decided to play down the importance of the Council, which finally withered away.

I was then asked to chair the Conservation Committee, which was to evaluate the projects to be funded by WWF and I presided over this Committee for a full term of three years. I was then inducted as the Treasurer to replace John Nash, who stepped down from the Board. As a Treasurer, I served as a Member of the Executive Committee. The Board and Exco meetings were held wherever it was convenient for Prince Philip to be present. We met at different locations around the world but most of the meetings were held at Buckingham Palace in London; there were also two Exco meetings at Windsor Castle and one in Aberdeen, Scotland. To work as Chairman of the Council and as a Member of the Board of Trustees of WWF International was a very unique experience for me. The meetings lasted a whole day and I was honoured and thrilled to have spent six hours each time at the Palace. WWF International meetings were fixed at least six months ahead because of the heavy commitments of Prince Philip. The first meeting at Buckingham Palace happened to be on the day of the funeral of the Duchess of

Windsor who was to be buried at Windsor Castle. Prince Philip attended our meeting till lunch and flew directly from the Palace by helicopter to be in time for the funeral at 15:00 hours. Such is the tight scheduling for British royalty!

Wherever the Annual Conferences of WWF were hosted, we met the top leadership of that country. We had a meeting in Australia, for instance, where we were invited to dinner by the Governor General of Australia. When we went to Vienna, we were invited by the President of Austria to a meal at his Palace. I remember, another occasion when we were in Germany during the Chancellorship of Helmut Schmidt and he gave a dinner; Prince Bernhard was the President of WWF at that time. The first item on the menu was turtle soup and when it came, Prince Bernhard said, 'You are serving turtle soup!' Everybody put their spoons down! The Chancellor had to apologise.

Because I was one of the members of the Bureau, in my capacity either as the Treasurer or the Vice-President, I had the opportunity to accompany Prince Philip to all these places. Apart from the sound and splendour, there was also the chance to meet with people who were dedicated to conservation.

In Canada, I had the opportunity to work with Dick Ivey and of course, the Batas. I remained close to both Tom and Sonja Bata. One of the very interesting individuals I came across was Prof. Okita, head of WWF-Japan, a very well respected and bright senior Japanese bureaucrat, whose basic discipline was engineering. Witness the Japanese foresight: when Japan went into the Second World War, he was asked to head a cell to decide what Japan should do if they were defeated. He did not tell me about this himself but I was told this by my friend, Mansoor Ahmed, who served as Pakistan's Ambassador in Tokyo. When Mansoor invited me to lunch I asked him to invite Dr. Okita as well. Mansoor had done his homework and he told me about Dr. Okita's background. In America, of course, there was Russell Train and I also came across people like Roger Sant, who had served as a Minister, and Rod Wagner who was head of J.P. Morgan.

The businessmen who were a part of WWF had risen through their own merit. A common trait among these people was that they were meticulous. They had an eye for detail. Anton Rupert, for example, when he started his cigarette manufacturing company, told his people 'Not one stick will be defective! Every stick has to be perfect.' Anton was very modest. During the early years of WWF, we were at a dinner in London at the Savoy hosted by the Batas. Perwin sat next to Anton and not knowing who he was, asked him, 'What do you do?' Anton took out the pack of his Cartier cigarettes and said, 'This is what I do.' Anton at that time was switching from cigarettes to luxury goods. He bought the brands of Cartier, Mont Blanc and Dunhill and set up a new company in Switzerland. Anton died about ten years ago and all these brands now belong to his family. Anton invited me to his 80th birthday in South Africa. He was an outstanding individual, warm, and very humble. When Perwin and I were in South Africa in 1995, he asked me about our travel plans and I said we were going to Port Elizabeth along the Garden Route, a very famous drive from Cape Town to Port Elizabeth— all wild flowers for about 200 miles! He said we must take his car and when I said that we were to go to Durban from Port Elizabeth, he said, 'No, the road between Port Elizabeth and Durban is not safe. I will arrange for you to fly from Port Elizabeth to Durban and my man will escort you all the way through.' He didn't have to do that! That showed his warmth and regard for us.



1998: Cape Town, with Gavin Reilly, CEO Anglo-America (left) and Dr. Anton Rupert (right)

The common trait among my colleagues, important people in the WWF organization, was that they didn't carry their rank on their shoulders. They went out of their way to make one comfortable. For instance, I remember a meeting of the Executive Committee in Switzerland, when we were all staying in the same hotel. The Board meetings were always held in the office, where we also had lunch. Prince Philip wanted us to eat dinner together, in the suburb of Gland, one of the villages between Lausanne and Geneva. At one dinner, he asked me to sit next to him and when they passed cigars around I took one - I used to smoke in those days. Prince Philip is a non-smoker and I still cannot forgive myself for blowing smoke right into his face. He didn't make a face and carried on the conversation. At a meeting in Windsor Castle, when the meeting ended, we went for lunch. The main item on the menu was sausage, which of course I passed. Prince Philip noticed it and said to me, 'I want to apologise. I forgot to inform them that you would be here.'

WWF had started with the idea of saving wildlife. The next move was to look after the environment because you cannot protect wildlife if you do not have the environment in which wildlife can live. Also important was to educate and motivate the young. The name of the organization was changed from World Wildlife Fund to World Wide Fund for Nature to reflect the new philosophy and the work of the organization. These steps were taken during the stewardship of Prince Philip in the 1970s and 1980s. The organization in each country reached out to the people, informing them of the cause and mission of the organization and sought funding from individuals;

many ordinary people contributed \$10 or \$20. The largest fundraising was from countries like the Netherlands and Denmark. WWF-Netherlands reached out to a million people who contributed 10 Guilders each. The mission was well propagated among the population and school children. Of course there were rich donors also, motivated by regular events where Prince Bernhard and Prince Philip were present.

A WWF CRISIS

After completing the task of enrolling 1001 members, Charles de Haes was appointed Director General of WWF in Switzerland. He was a South African with English roots. WWF-US felt that they should have a greater say in the affairs of WWF International and thought that Prince Philip was listening to Charles de Haes while ignoring good advice from WWF-US. Moreover, half of the 1001 members were from the USA. Russell Train, who could be counted as minor American 'royalty', was President of WWF-US and had been on the Board of WWF International for a number of years. Being the most prominent member, he enjoyed an important position on the Board and for a term he was also the Vice-President. In 1988, at the WWF Board meeting in Hong Kong, I was nominated by the Board as Vice-President.

The growing tension between WWF-US and the WWF headquarters over Charles de Haes came to a head at a meeting of the Board at Buckingham Palace in 1993 where presentations were being made on the re-organisation of WWF, including its name and logo. By that time, the Americans were much more vocal in their criticism of Charles de Haes. Prince Philip's nerves were getting edgy and he asked Russell Train what he wanted. Russell Train said, 'We want Charles de Haes out.' Prince Philip replied, 'If he is out, then I am out too.' Some of the members intervened to cool tempers but positions had been taken. The elections for the President were coming up in 1994 and Prince Philip announced that if Russell Train was to be the representative of the US on the Board, he would not accept the Presidentship of WWF.

Martin Laing was the head of WWF-UK. He was CEO of John Laing, the construction giant. He and I were good friends. I told the Board, not Prince Philip, that Martin and I would go to the US to mend bridges with the US organization and to see if we could persuade them to have a representative other than Russell Train, because Prince Philip had made it known that he was not going to work with him. Soon the word got around within the WWF family and Martin Laing backed out. I went to see John Loudon who had previously served as President. He was a very close friend of both Prince Bernhard and Prince Philip. I told him that I needed his help in tackling the issue and he agreed to talk to Russ.

I arrived in New York and called Russ Train in Washington. I said, 'When can I see you?' This was January, the year the new American President was to be sworn in. He said, 'You won't find any accommodation in D.C. I will come up to New York.' Meanwhile, WWF had fixed a Board meeting in Zurich that was to be held at the end of January and there was a move afoot that the US was to be thrown out of WWF at that meeting. There was general disappointment in the Board at the conduct of the U.S. members and it was considered to ostracize the U.S. membership from the Board of WWF International. Meanwhile, the term of all the trustees was coming to an end and elections of the International Board of WWF were round the corner.



BUCKINGHAM PALACE

25 November 2015

Dear Babar,

Many thanks for sending me a copy of your splendid autobiography. So far, I have only had a chance to glance through it, but I did read the bit about your involvement with WWF. It brought back many memories of visits to strange places and some of the awkward problems we had to solve while we were with WWF. I was delighted to be reminded of our visit to Hunza and Gilgit.

I feel that I still owe you a debt of gratitude for all your help, particularly with the Russ Train saga.

It so happens that I was reminded of those far off days when I presented the DoF Conservation Award here earlier this week. I was delighted that it went to two people who work in marine conservation.

Please remember me to Perwin and all the family.

Yours ever
Philip

Russell Train came to New York and we met at the Harvard Club where I was staying. I said to him, 'Russ, the cause is much bigger than any individual. I think you have to solve this problem and my suggestion is that all of us resign from the Board.' My mission was to make him resign from the Board without singling him out. He said, 'That is acceptable to me.' I called up Switzerland at 11 pm, which was 5 o'clock in the afternoon there, and relayed the decision to Charles de Haes. He said, 'I will immediately call the Palace.' That evening Prince Philip declared that he would stand for election of the WWF for a last term.

When we met in Zurich, there was a sigh of relief from the Board and everybody congratulated me for saving the situation. A major crisis was averted. I was lucky that I was in the right place at the right time with the right kind of advice. I give credit to Russ Train. He could have dug in his heels. I also give credit to John Loudon who played his role behind the scene. John died a couple of years later. He was a very honourable person.

CONFERENCE IN LAHORE

The Conference of WWF International is held annually in a location decided at the Board Meeting of the Trustees. As I had been serving on the Board for almost ten years, I had from time to time been suggesting that they should consider Lahore as a possible venue. It was finally decided at the Annual Conference in Vienna in October 1993



1994: HRH The Duke of Edinburgh after inaugurating the WWF-Pakistan Head Office Building along with WWF- Pakistan Director- General Dawood Ghaznavi



1994 : HRH The Duke of Edinburgh with Syed Babar Ali and family at their home in Lahore

that Lahore would be the venue for the WWF Annual Conference in November 1994. WWF-Pakistan therefore had to prepare for this challenging task, though the groundwork and basic logistics would be provided by WWF International Secretariat, who had organised similar Conferences during the previous ten years.

Our endeavour in Pakistan was to ensure that not only did we meet the basic requirements of the Conference but also to make a special effort to ensure that the particular needs of every individual participant of the Conference were met. We received some 130 foreign delegates and accompanying persons from some 36 countries and the entire programme and all the various activities ran according to plan and fortunately without any hitch or hiccup.

The President, His Royal Highness The Duke of Edinburgh, was in Lahore from November 14 to 18, during which time I hosted two evening functions, including dinner at our home, 70-FCC Gulberg, Lahore. The Conference ended with a Board meeting of the International Trustees on the 18th and that same afternoon Prince Philip and his personal staff consisting of Lord Buxton, Sir Brian McGrath, Inspector Paul Fuller, Lady Assistant Alexandra Fearn, and Valet Sergeant Dave Berwick along with Dr. Luc Hoffmann, Martin Laing, Claude Martin, the Director General of WWF International, Ashiq Ahmed, the Conservation Director of WWF-Pakistan, and myself flew to Islamabad in the Queen's Flight to attend a dinner hosted by the President of Pakistan, Sardar Farooq Ahmed Khan Leghari. He had invited about ten guests to this dinner in honour of Prince Philip, which took place in the main Darbar Hall in the Presidency with all the trappings and fanfare.

The next morning on November 19, 1994 Prince Philip visited the Rawal Lake area to do some bird-watching

along with WWF-Pakistan's experts Z.B. Mirza and Ashiq Ahmed. Unfortunately, the police security was all over the place, which disturbed the birds and hardly any were seen. Z.B. Mirza later told me that as he was walking with Prince Philip, a couple of security people met them. The Prince said to them sarcastically, "Thank you for chasing the birds away!" Thinking that they were being praised for their efficiency, one of the security men replied, "You are welcome, Sir!"

WITH PRINCE PHILIP TO THE NORTHERN AREAS

When we were planning the Annual Conference many months earlier, I was informed by Prince Philip's staff that he would have three days available after the Annual Conference in Lahore and asked what kind of a programme could we suggest to keep him occupied in Pakistan. I thought the best proposal would be to take him up to the Northern Areas, which he had not seen before and which offered unique scenery to which he had perhaps never been exposed. So after the Annual Conference, I took Prince Philip into the mountains, right up to the Chinese border. At 10 am, we took off from Islamabad in the Queen's Flight for Gilgit. This was the first time that I had flown in a jet to Gilgit, where normally only turbo prop F-27 planes plied. We flew at a height of 29,000 feet, from where we had a very clear view of the mountain ranges as far as the eye could see.

As we approached the Gilgit Valley and in particular above Bungi, where we were to start descending, heavy cloud layers started appearing. We learnt later from the captain of the aircraft that they had enough fuel to circle for ten more minutes after which they would have to return to Islamabad. We were lucky enough to get an opening in the clouds through which the plane was able to dive steeply and we were able to make it to Gilgit airport. The Chief Secretary Northern Areas and his entourage were present at the airport to receive us. We drove to the Aga Khan Rural Support Programme (AKRSP) Head Office in Gilgit, where they made a one-hour presentation on the activities of AKRSP. We then retired to the Serena Hotel for a quick lunch, changed into our warm clothes and embarked on the drive to the Hunza Valley, which we had been looking forward to for months.

An hour and a half later, we stopped by the roadside to be greeted by the elders of the Bar Valley who had, by previous arrangement, organised a brief presentation for Prince Philip on the conservation work that we were doing there. The Bar Valley is 20 kilometres off the road and, as we did not have enough time to visit it, we had suggested that they should meet us on the road and explain to Prince Philip the effort that they were making to conserve the flora and fauna of the Valley, with financial and technical support provided by WWF-Pakistan. The elders of the Valley, who were dressed in their traditional costumes, made a presentation and I was surprised to hear some of them conversing in English, which Prince Philip could understand!

An hour later, we arrived in the Hunza Valley and drove up to Karimabad to be received by the Mir of Hunza at his Palace. The Mir was in his late forties and his ancestors have been rulers of the Valley for many hundred years. His Palace was built some fifty years earlier by his grandfather but the earlier abode of his ancestors, the Baltit Fort, overlooking the valley, was being renovated as a tourist attraction for which The Aga Khan had donated considerable funds. We were told that the reason for its elevated location was that they could protect themselves better as they could see any approaching enemy well in advance.



1994: HRH The Duke of Edinburgh in Hunza

The Mir organized a cultural evening for his guests, which consisted of elderly men dancing to the music of flute and drum. Surprisingly, there were no women in the performance or in the audience. I sat next to the Magistrate of Hunza from whom I tried to learn about the social character of the people. I was amazed to hear from him that there was hardly any crime in the area of his jurisdiction, which covered an area of over a thousand square kilometers. He told me that there was no more than one murder a year and that was invariably caused by a dispute over land. He told me that there were no robberies, no abductions and no rapes.

At dinner that night, I mentioned to our group what I had learnt from the Magistrate and the Mir explained that if there is a complaint against a young man for teasing a girl, he was reprimanded by the entire village. If he made any serious advances or were he to commit rape, then the people of the village would go and destroy his house and burn it down. Such a strong reaction from the people against any aberration from their moral code was a great deterrent and the young men lived in harmony with and displayed proper conduct to the women of the area. The next morning when we sat down for breakfast, Prince Philip was in a particularly good humour, and said, 'If I were to tease a girl in Hunza, I would find somebody burning down Buckingham Palace!' A few moments later, he said 'Perhaps Charles teased somebody in this Valley last year and that is why we had a fire at Windsor Castle!'

From Karimabad we drove on to Sust where there was a Custom's post for visitors going to China. At Sust, we climbed up a narrow and steep road to meet with a large gathering of people who had assembled to greet Prince Philip. This was organised by AKRSP to show Prince Philip the afforestation project that had been undertaken



27 November 1994

Dear Babar,

Now that I am on the way home from India, I have a moment to send you a short note of thanks and appreciation for your many personal kindnesses and hospitality while I was in Pakistan. I would just like to add how much I enjoyed my visit to the Northern Areas. It was a fascinating experience and I was much impressed by the success of the WWF-Pakistan projects among the people of that area.

I have already told you how much I admired the way you organised and managed the Annual Conference. I thought the atmosphere was friendly and constructive, and my impression is that it was a great success with all the delegates.

I am afraid the Board meeting was a bit of a gallop, but I think it was worth having a full discussion about the 'Randers' proposals. I hope you agree that we reached a reasonable compromise. I am quite convinced that you cannot influence policy if you have no control over the allocation of funds. I suspect that there is already rather too much bilateral funding of projects by NOs and the 'Randers' system would only reduce even further the ability of the Program Committee to achieve a rational coordination of the international program. I would hope that this trend could be inhibited by giving more responsibilities to the Regional Sub-Committees for matching funds to projects, rather than passing them all to the Country Teams.

Yours sincerely
Philip

1994: Letter from HRH The Duke of Edinburgh

on a self-help basis by the people of the area. It was a creditable engineering feat, in which a gorge over a hundred metres long had been cleared to bring water to land that had never before been irrigated and where they were now growing fruits, vegetables, and other crops.

We drove back from Sust to Gulmit for lunch on the bank of the Hunza River. We had arranged for a barbecue including trout, which had been brought there from Gilgit that morning. We then drove back to Gilgit to arrive just before dusk. I hosted a dinner in honour of Prince Philip at the Serena Hotel to have him meet with some twelve important officials of the Northern Areas, who had helped us in the preparation of the visit.

The next morning, at 9 am, we flew out of Gilgit. It was a cloudless sky and we were able to see clearly the peaks of Nanga Parbat and K-2 - truly an incredible view. We stopped at Islamabad to refuel and continued our flight to Karachi, where we landed an hour and a half later. Prince Philip was supposed to be greeted by a Minister of the Sind Cabinet but the Protocol arrangements by the Sind Government were rather sloppy. We had not been informed that Mr. Asif Zardari would be receiving Prince Philip and nobody took the trouble to introduce Mr. Zardari to Prince Philip, who was not aware that Mr. Zardari was the Prime Minister's husband. He was told later, during the motor ride to the State Guest House, by the UK Deputy

High Commissioner. Prince Philip informed me of this when I saw him later that evening, before the press conference, which he gave at the State Guest House.

That evening on November 21, 1994, I hosted a fund-raising dinner in honour of Prince Philip. The Director General of WWF-Pakistan, Dawood Ghaznavi, and his Conservation Director, Ashiq Ahmed, made two excellent presentations. Prince Philip lauded the work of WWF-Pakistan and also the arrangements they had made for the Annual Conference.

I was with Prince Philip for three days during which he spent one night in Gilgit and one night in Hunza. The fact that he had been to Hunza with me didn't mean anything; I always kept my distance. He very graciously gave me a signed photograph and an autographed book on conservation. He said that he was very happy to have seen the projects that WWF-Pakistan had undertaken and that he had enjoyed his visit to Pakistan. This was very evident and he later wrote to me (see page 178)

PRESIDENT OF WWF

At the end of his last term, Prince Philip said, 'I have served WWF for 17 years and I am going to be 80. I don't want to continue and you have to find a new President.' A Search Committee was constituted and I was asked to be a member. We took suggestions from WWF National Organizations and we looked at people from around the world. It was not easy to fill Prince Philip's shoes. We considered Robert Redford. He declined. The name of Maharaja Karan Singh of Kashmir was suggested but it was felt that he was too controversial because of the Kashmir problem between India and Pakistan. Prince Bernhard was keen that we should have Prince Charles as the President. His name was put up but Prince Philip said, 'No, each member of the Royal family has his own interests and I don't want to turn this into a dynasty.' He, therefore, shot down the suggestions of both Princess Anne and Prince Charles.

We were having a meeting of our Executive Board at which we had to decide on the next President of WWF International. We had hired a head-hunter in London, Heidrick & Struggles, who had put up various names. The head of Heidrick & Struggles travelled with Prince Philip from London to Geneva that day and they must have had a discussion on the way. We went through the names and the representative of Heidrick & Struggles said, 'There is also an internal candidate.' I said, 'Who is that?' and he replied, 'Mr. Babar Ali'. I said, 'I can't be. I'm a member of the Search Committee.' Prince Philip said, 'This is not your choice. This is our choice. I am going to step down and you have to take over.' I said, 'If you order me I will do it, but I will not serve the full term.' He said, 'It is up to you whether you serve the full term or not, but take it away from me.'

Two or three weeks later, we had a meeting of the WWF Board in Rome, at one of the historic villas. We went through the normal agenda, and the next item was the appointment of the new President. I got up and left the room. Prince Philip said, 'Why are you leaving the room?' I said, 'The people must have the right to oppose my name if they want.' I went into another room and five minutes later I was invited back to the meeting where everybody congratulated me and I was told that I had been selected unanimously.

The whole idea was to have a seamless transfer. I have always said that I had been given shoes that were too big for me. I fully realized my own limitations and there was no question of my trying to outshine anyone else. It was a big climb down, from Royalty to a Mr. Nobody.

I took over on the 1st of January 1997. While I was serving as the President, I concentrated on the financial side. I cleaned up the Secretariat and removed extra layers in the system, thus reducing costs and increasing efficiency. I elevated Chiew Chong as the Head of Finance and we took out the Chief Accountant and some other people in the Department who were not actually adding value. I said, 'This fellow is pretty good. You don't need a Head of Finance sitting on top of him.'

My trigger for firing people is when they fail to deliver what is expected of them. It is not personal at all, never. It just depends on whether that person is adding any value to the organization. But my policy is to part on the best of terms; I believe in generous exit terms.

The head office of WWF is a small organization and I knew everyone, from the Receptionist to the Director General. I don't stand on ceremony or rank and was very friendly with everybody. The WWF family is all over the world and we had to make sure that the head office provided what was needed to national organizations, because they were the ones who were raising the money and running the programmes. The head office had to be efficient enough to give them all the support that they required. There were Board meetings twice a year, one of which coincided with the Annual Meeting and we had to make sure that the proceedings went through in an efficient manner. Our endeavour was to ensure that there was no wastage in the system and we always had an eye on the gas tank to see how much we had so that we never lived beyond our means. We saved money and put that into our endowment. That came in very handy later when WWF International started running a deficit, when funds were not coming in at the same pace as they were being spent, and we had to draw money from our reserves.

I had to make sure that the Executive Committee and the Board meetings were held on time and that there was full participation by the members. We had more than twenty National Organisations (NOs) in addition to Programme Offices. At places where there were no NOs we had WWF offices established like a camp office, with a view to developing them into NOs. NOs were independent, each raising their own money, and some of the affluent ones even financed the head office. The head office was not just keeping a tab on the NOs, it was also providing them technical support. The head office in Gland, Switzerland was a reservoir of talent available to all NOs.

My work was also to be the spokesperson for the organization. I happened to be in Jakarta in 1997 when there were forest fires over a large area, which covered much of Sumatra and parts of Java. These were man-made fires, created to replace natural forests with palm plantations. BBC and CNN were calling me frequently during my stay. We told them that we were up against the slash and burn mafia and we were coordinating with the Indonesian government regarding the crisis. We told the Government that they had to stamp out this mafia - we could only agitate, and that we did.



1999: Farewell at WWF International meeting in Kota Kinabalu, Malaysia

I operated from Lahore and communication was by telexes and faxes. I attended the Executive Committee meetings, which were held four times a year and of course, the Annual Conference. I served on the Executive Committee for a very long time. Now WWF has made a limit of three years for anyone to serve on the Executive Committee and the Board; I served on the Executive Committee and the Board off and on for a period of almost thirty years!

I don't think there were any medals to be won for my tenure as the President of WWF. My aim was to keep the ship afloat and create no waves. It is a worldwide organization and I had the opportunity to meet and work with some of the most dedicated conservationists from all over the world. These people had succeeded in their businesses and were willing to give time and money to the cause. Among my colleagues was Dr. Anton Rupert. Apart from founding Rothmans, he was a Professor of Chemistry and a great entrepreneur, developer, and do-gooder. He helped in the conservation of Stellenbosch, a small town just outside Cape Town, to restore the original Dutch design. He also supported Stellenbosch University. Along with him, I met Gavin Reilly who was the head of Anglo-American Company, again from South Africa. This was the stature of people I got to know in South Africa, not just casually but intimately. In Europe, we had Luc Hoffman of Hoffman La Roche, the pharmaceutical company. I was responsible for bringing his son, Andre, to WWF. When I was the President I said to Luc, 'Luc, you have done much for WWF, what about your son?' He said, 'Andre does not listen to me. Why don't you talk to him?' Andre was at that time living in England, married to an English girl, and was working for an investment bank in London. I told Andre, 'Your family has contributed so much to WWF. Your father is dedicated to the cause. People look up to you because the family has resources and are interested in the cause.' I got Andre to work with WWF and he is now among the key members of the organization.



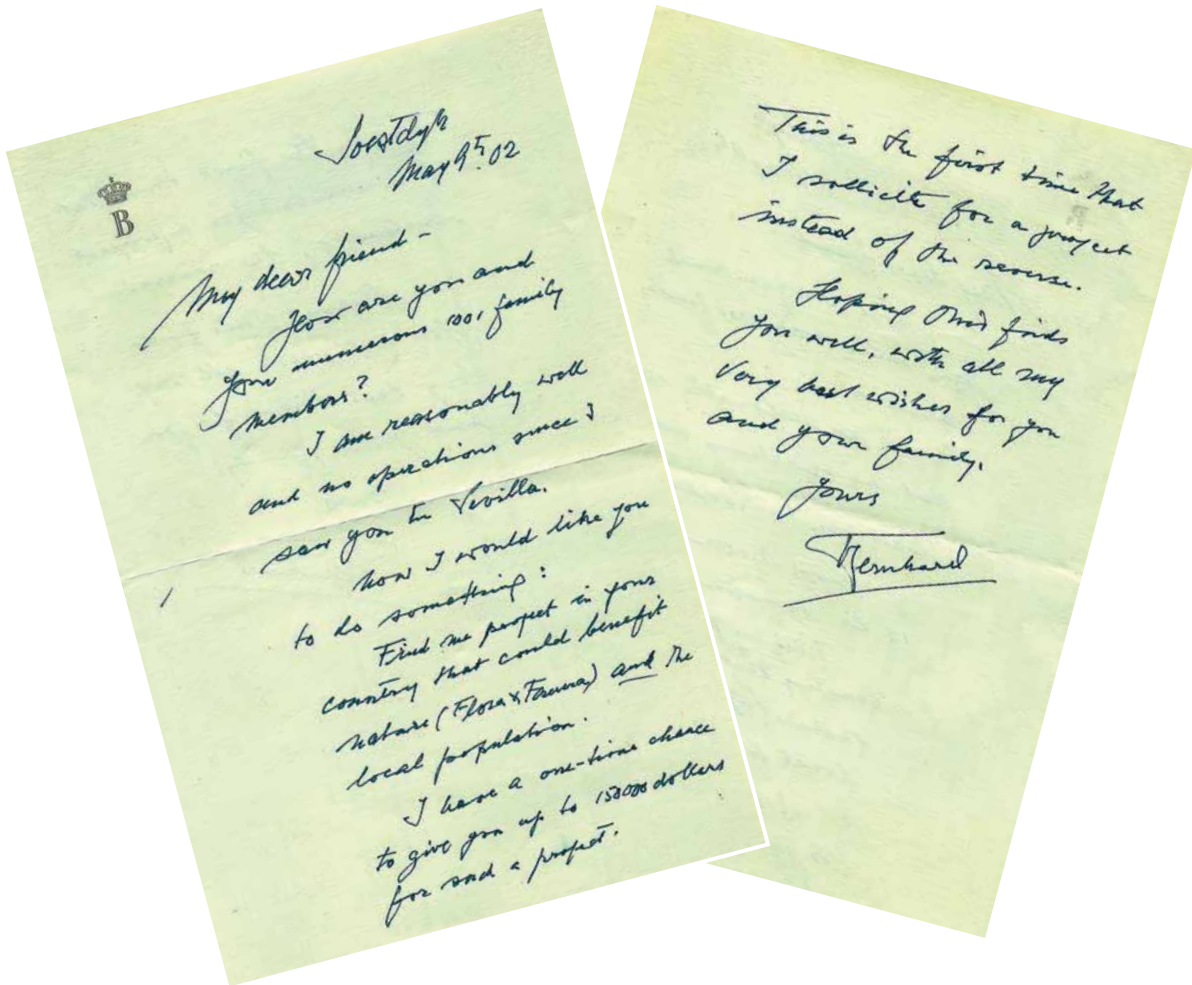
1986: Presentation of the Order of the Golden Ark by Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands

PRINCE PHILIP AND PRINCE BERNHARD

I would just like to say a few words regarding Prince Philip and Prince Bernhard. It was not easy for them to get familiar with individuals because they had to maintain their distance and I made sure at all times that I did not take advantage of their kindness. It was Prince Philip's choice to make me a member of the Bureau, then the Chairman of the Council, and later his successor. I always knew where I stood and never ever asked him for anything that was not proper.

Prince Philip felt totally comfortable visiting our house twice during the WWF Annual Conference in Lahore in November 1994. You could not spring any surprises on him. Whenever he travelled, two months ahead a reconnaissance team would come on a special plane to see the people he was to meet. Prince Philip's personal secretary at WWF, Angela Giacometti, was part of the staff of WWF but assigned to him as his secretary. When Prince Philip was due to visit our house, two months ahead I asked her if I could request Prince Philip to pose for a photograph with my family. She confirmed that he had agreed to it, so when Prince Philip came to our house we assembled the family and he stood with us for the photograph.

Prince Bernhard (husband of Queen Juliana of the Netherlands) was the first President of WWF. He was always very warm and close to me, and he insisted that I should see him at least once a year when I was in Europe. He



Hand-written letter from HRH Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands to Syed Babar Ali

used to write to me regularly, in his own hand. He was the one who selected me and took me to the International Board. He was very open with me. One day he said, 'I have been very indiscrete.' I did not ask him what his indiscretions were but he told me, 'I have now sold my riding boots, I have sold my guns, and I do not shoot anymore. But I still have one of the early Ferraris'. He gave a lot of money to charity. He wrote me a letter a few years before he died and said, 'I want to give a one time gift of \$150,000 to any cause in Pakistan that you think is worthwhile.' He sent me the cheque and we gave it to WWF-Pakistan for one of their projects on the beach in Karachi, for the conservation of marine turtles. He was very generous.

Prince Bernhard visited Pakistan in 1975-76 and I took him around. He visited Bahawalpur, Islamabad and Lahore. He was flying in a plane that belonged to the Dutch Queen's Flight. I was accompanying him and he loved to fly



2004: With Prince Bernhard in Soestdijk Palace, The Netherlands

it himself, especially at take off and landing. When we had landed in Islamabad, he came back into the cabin and said, 'It was very odd what the Control Tower asked me: Are your wheels down? Nobody has asked me this before!' I said, 'Do you see that plane on the ground which landed without letting the wheels down?' PIA 747 had landed a week earlier at Islamabad in such a position!

Some years later, he complained to me, 'I used to get a plane from the Queen's fleet. Now they have stopped that.' In comparison, Prince Philip was much more reserved and discreet about his family.

I remember that the last official function I had with Prince Bernhard was his 90th birthday celebration in Seville, on 11th September, 2001. There were two main tables there. One was Prince Philip's and the other was Prince Bernhard's. WWF had put Perwin and me on Prince Philip's table. When Prince Bernhard saw the lists, he said, 'No, I want Perwin and Babar on my table.' I got a message from WWF that the dinner was in honour of Prince Bernhard and he wanted us on his table. I said, 'Whatever his wishes are.' Our daughter-in-law, Rani, was with us and we had her sit on Prince Philip's table. I continued to have a warm relationship with Prince Bernhard.

At my last meeting with him, Perwin and I walked into his office in 2004 and he said, 'This is the first time I am not getting up to receive you because I am not feeling well. I will be writing out the list of the people that have to be invited to my funeral and a list of the people who are not to be invited.' We sat and talked. Then Perwin asked if we could have a picture with him. He called his ADC. Perwin had a camera, and we had a picture taken. The very next day, he wrote a note to me saying, 'It was wonderful seeing both of you together.' I cut that out and pasted it under that photograph. This was 19th of November and he died on the 1st of December, only twelve days later.

When Prince Bernhard died, I happened to be in Europe. I called up the WWF headquarters and asked them to check whether or not we were expected at his funeral because I knew he had made two lists. They called the Palace and were told the funeral date and that we were invited. I attended the funeral, which was a very solemn affair. His body was carried from The Hague to Utrecht on a horse drawn carriage for the service. When it arrived at the church, the coffin was taken by pallbearers, who stopped for a second and exactly at that moment planes flew over to dip their wings as a mark of respect. Later, they put the body into the vault in the basement.

After the service, we were invited to the Palace where the Queen met me and said, 'Thank you for coming such a long distance.' Later, when I walked up to the Queen to take leave and to thank her, she said, 'You know there was a list of people who were not to be invited to the funeral but we could not follow it.'

I had worked with Prince Philip as a member of the WWF International Board for about twenty-five years in various capacities and I had seen that the only way to work with him was to keep my distance. We used to meet at least twice a year at the Palace and every meeting ended with lunch. When we went for lunch, there used to be two or three round tables for about 20-25 people. There was no head table. I would always pick up my plate and go and sit on the third table. That, I think, was one of the things that he noticed. He saw that I was not pushing myself forward. This was so throughout my time working with him. He used to write fairly warm letters to me. I never drank and Prince Philip knew it. So no wine was ever served to me.

The whole system works with such precision. I realized that he was correct to the second, not minute. Through my business contacts, I used to get a car to take me either to Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle, whichever was the venue for the meeting. We would go and park our car outside five minutes before I was due. Exactly two minutes before, I used to drive in, give my name, and would be called in. We then drove up to the point where the footman would open the car door. As I climbed the stairs, Prince Philip would be there to receive me.

Everything was done with meticulous detail. When the footman met you, he indicated where the rest rooms were. The rest rooms at the main entrance are as modern as they can get but at the other end you would go down in the basement where there were thunder-boxes of the Victorian period!

The food was usually English and of very good quality. If the Queen was there, the serving was done by the staff, otherwise it was a buffet setting. One day at lunch at Buckingham Palace, the plates were so hot that we needed napkins to hold them.

One lunch we had in Buckingham Palace was served in the China room, which overlooks the Victoria Memorial. Prince Philip asked me to visit him in his office half an hour before lunch. This was the occasion when Mr. Ruud Lubbers, former Prime Minister of the Netherlands, was to take over from me as President of WWF. When we were leaving his office, Prince Philip himself switched the lights off. I keep on telling people that if Prince Philip can switch the lights off when leaving a room, why cannot everyone else follow his example!

The record keeping of visits is also meticulous. On a visit to Pakistan ten years earlier, Prince Philip very graciously gave me his photograph and a book. I had forgotten about that portrait. Ten years later, I wrote to Prince Philip's Personal ADC and requested a photograph. A week later, I received a response that their record showed that Prince Philip had already given a photograph to me!

When I became the President of WWF in 1997, I asked for a meeting with him. He said, 'Come and have lunch with me at Windsor Castle on April 22.' I did not realize that 21st April was the Queen's birthday.

I had gone to talk to him about my taking on the Presidency of WWF and to ask him when I should step down. He said, 'You should serve three Annual Meetings. That would be my advice.' I had taken a tie for him, which he kindly accepted. He did not tell me about the Queen's birthday and walked me to where the rest of the group was. Two minutes later, the Queen walked in. I was presented to the Queen. She said, 'I am coming to Pakistan next October' and told her ADC, 'When I go to Lahore, I would like to see Mr. Babar Ali.' I was asked to walk with the Queen to the dining room. It was a small intimate party with about twenty-five people and I had the honour of sitting next to the Queen. She is keen on horses and talked about racing. I mentioned Kirsten Rausing, who owns a stud farm in Newmarket. She knew Kirsten. She somehow thought that I was a banker and asked me, 'How is your Bank?' I said, 'I do not have a Bank.' We talked about general subjects.

About six months prior to that, we had WWF's Annual Conference in Berlin. Prince Philip had mentioned to me that Mountbatten's grand-daughter-in-law had asked him where she should go for a holiday and he had suggested to her that she should go to Hunza. He had asked me, 'Would you be able to arrange it?' I had said, 'No problem'. At that lunch, she was also there; Prince Philip had arranged for her to sit next to me and she introduced herself, explaining the connection.

Prince Philip and the Queen came to Lahore in October 1997 and I was invited to the Governor's House – Shahid Hamid was the Governor then. One day before that, the Ambassador called and said, 'The Queen would like to present the OBE to you.' After that, Prince Philip and I flew to Chitral and on our return Prince Philip and the Queen went to Murree and I went from Islamabad to Europe that night.

Prince Philip came to my house for meals on three different occasions. He visited once in February 1982, and twice when he came for the Annual Conference of WWF in Lahore in November 1994. When he came to our house, I did not sit at his table, as my wife was the hostess. In those days, menus used to be a problem; it had to be different each time; one evening we served quail, which he enjoyed. When he visited our home, I never asked him personal questions, just general questions.

I remember once I went to Windsor Castle and there were only two or three of us there. A couple of weeks prior to that, Gorbachev and his wife Raisa had been to the U.K. I asked, 'What is Raisa like?' He said, 'She never stopped talking!'

On another occasion at Windsor Castle, our meeting finished an hour before lunch. He looked at his watch and said,

'There is an hour to go to lunch. Let me walk you around the rooms in the Castle.' We first went through the large dining room and there they were preparing for the visit of the Polish President. The table was a large one, good for about 150 guests. One room was specially prepared for the visit of Napoleon II during Queen Victoria's time and kept in the same state. We walked through many rooms and finally came to a larger room where there were glass almirahs with different mementos. I was looking at one very large showcase with all the decorations of the Queen that other governments had given to her. Then Prince Philip pointed to an almirah and said, 'This should interest you. These are the personal belongings of Tipu Sultan given to us' – he then stopped and corrected himself: 'No, we took them away from him.' They were kept in mint condition. A tiger of solid gold was among Tipu's belongings. Prince Philip also showed us the kitchen, which had been modernized but still had rotisseries, where a whole oxen could be roasted. One thing I noticed was that all the clocks, which were of old vintage, were in working order. When we were having a WWF meeting in Vienna, we had been invited by the President of Austria to the Palace for a meal. There I noticed that no clock was working!

While I was serving as the Treasurer of WWF, Prince Philip sent a message that he would like to have the meeting



1988: Dinner on H.M.S. Britannia hosted by HRH The Duke of Edinburgh in honour of the President of Costa Rica

of the Executive Board of WWF on the Britannia at Estoril in Portugal. I, therefore, went to Switzerland and then to Lisbon. There were three of us and we went through the whole agenda. He timed it very well. He did not wear a watch; he always had one without a strap in his pocket. He said, 'It is now time for us to go for lunch.' At that lunch, Princess Alexandra, the Duchess of Kent, joined us along with her husband and one or two others.

I was at an IUCN meeting in Costa Rica in 1988 where, unexpected by me, Prince Philip was also there. He saw me in the audience and afterwards I went up to pay my respects. He invited me to dinner on the Britannia, which was anchored on the Pacific side of Costa Rica while our hotel was on the Caribbean side. The dress for the dinner was black tie. I informed his ADC that I did not have a dinner jacket with me. After checking with Prince Philip, he said a dark suit would do and that he would provide me with a black tie on arrival at the Britannia. I did not want to take a chance. I went and borrowed a black tie from a waiter but when I arrived, the butler was indeed waiting for me with the black tie. We then went into dinner, given in honour of the President of Costa Rica. There was to be a group photograph as you walked into the dining room from the reception area. Prince Philip took me by the hand and introduced me to the President of Costa Rica. He did not want me to feel awkward because I was not wearing a proper dinner jacket! As we finished dinner and were leaving the boat, each one of us was handed a signed photograph of Prince Philip. It was very well arranged.



2000: Three successive Presidents of WWF International: HRH The Duke of Edinburgh (1981-1996); Syed Babar Ali (1997-1999) and Ruud Lubbers (2000) at St James's Palace, London

All the Royal staff, both in the Netherlands and in England, do the German salute: the lowering of the head. I didn't do that either with HRH or with the Queen but I saw everybody else among their staff do it. This is because I come from a different background and it is not natural for me. You are always inadequate in the presence of the Royalty but they put you at ease.

When the Queen came to Lahore in 1997, when she gave me the OBE at the Governor's House, my family was there to be introduced to her. Hyder, at that time, was at Harvard for a Program. When the Queen met my daughter-in-law, she said, 'Where is your husband?' They are very good at these conversations. They have fifteen minutes in which they meet a hundred people without letting anybody know that they are in a hurry.

I went to attend the Duke of Edinburgh Award ceremony at Buckingham Palace in February 2010. The Award was given to a Chinese scientist. This was a drummed up function by WWF to raise funds, so they invited many British business people including the owner of Easy Jet who came without a tie, the only man without one. I don't know how much money WWF was able to raise from the event but WWF has always used HRH's name to round up new donors. I was there because of my past relationship and, of course, I was invited at HRH's behest. WWF couldn't invite people to Buckingham Palace without HRH's approval. In fact, I had long notice beforehand that an invitation was coming to me from Buckingham Palace for this event.



BUCKINGHAM PALACE

18 February 2010

Dear Bahar,

Thank you very much for the splendid TUGHRA. It is a beautiful piece of work, but it is just as well that we do not have that custom here, it would bring all communication with my office to a complete halt !

It was a great pleasure to see you and your wife again at the award ceremony. It brought back many memories of some very interesting, and challenging, times at WWF-International.

Yours ever
Philip

Letter from HRH The Duke of Edinburgh

Perwin and I were standing in one corner and I said to her, 'Let the Royalty meet with new people.' HRH saw where I was standing and before we went to lunch, he finally ended up where we were. There was a photographer following him too. Prince Philip asked me, 'How are things in Pakistan?' I replied, 'Not too good.' As he was leaving, he patted me on my shoulder and said, 'Nice to see you.' I had taken a tughra for HRH and I was carrying it in my hand. I handed that along with a cover letter to HRH's ADC Brig. Miles Hunt-Davies, whom I know very well from meetings over the years. The letter explained what a tughra is. I said to Miles, 'Can you give it to HRH?' That very afternoon, HRH sent me an acknowledgement, thanking me and saying, 'It was a great pleasure to see you and your wife. It brought back memories of some very interesting and challenging times'.

WWF-PAKISTAN

My association with WWF has given me an opportunity to make a small contribution towards making the people of Pakistan aware of conservation. I have been able to assist in the establishment of offices in Karachi, Lahore, Islamabad, and Gilgit. A programme for the education of the young has been initiated and sufficient funds have been collected so that income from the core fund is adequate to run the programme of education as well as to undertake projects in Pakistan. This effort has been acknowledged by international organisations, which have also generously supported us.

Before the 1970s, there was no talk of conservation at all. People today are conscious of the fact that certain animals need protection as well as their habitats and waterways. The contrast between when the organization was registered and today is like day and night - not because of me but because of the organization and its work.

In the Northern Areas, the snow leopard, markhor and ibex are protected, after a certain amount of persuasion and work with the Government. We asked the Government to give licences to hunt markhor and ibex for trophy and to give the licence money for distribution among the people in areas where the animals live. Previously they were hunted for meat but today, in every markhor and ibex, they see \$25,000! We now have far more ibex and markhor – exotic goats and sheep – than we have ever had before.

The other thing we have done is to work with the Chinese government to create a Peace Park – we have the Tashkorgan Park on the Chinese side and the Khunjerab Park on the Pakistani side. Marco Polo sheep can roam across the border while being protected by both sides. The result is that the number of snow leopards, which live off Marco Polo sheep, is also increasing. In addition, if a goat or sheep of the locals in the Northern Areas is killed by a snow leopard, we compensate the owner. Now, if a domestic animal is killed by a predator, the people do not feel that they have to go and kill it. WWF-Pakistan has set up a fund for reimbursement and the community decides about the veracity of the claim.

The Houbara Bustard is a migratory bird that requires protection. It was a bone of contention and Prince Philip said, 'Why can't you stop the Sheikhs from coming into Pakistan to hunt this bird?' We tried our best with our Government but there is a great deal of money involved. First, the Sheikhs used to bribe the local people: they took them on Haj and gave them gold watches. Then, of course, the Government realized that these people came and spent a lot of money in Pakistan; they did not want to antagonise them. For instance, the Sheikh of Abu Dhabi had a base in Rahim Yar Khan.

A big influence on me was my nephew, Syed Asad Ali, who advised me in all these conservation activities. He was Bhai Amjad's eldest son and lived in Karachi. He was a born naturalist. He was a hunter in the beginning, then he became a fisherman, but ultimately he became a photographer of wildlife, especially birds, and a conservationist. Every Sunday, he would go out fishing or bird watching. He had a network of people who thought similarly. I was also in touch with my friend Tom Roberts, a great naturalist and part of a group who would meet regularly. I had a whole circle of friends who were feeding me ideas and giving suggestions and I valued their advice. My policy was to identify the right people, push them into the right spots and let them get all the glory.

The effort of WWF in Pakistan has now grown even more and the organization is currently spending about Rs. 100 million a year. We have over a hundred people in our offices in Lahore, Islamabad, Karachi, Gilgit, and Quetta and WWF-Pakistan has many projects specific to the Northern Areas. It is able to raise money from foreign funds because WWF-Pakistan has done a good job and have something to show for it.

When we started spending our summer vacations in Seattle in 1997, I was serving as the President of WWF International. We met Helen Freeman in Seattle, who had set up the Snow Leopard Trust. She had been a regular visitor to Pakistan and had adopted a snow leopard cub, which prompted her to form the Trust. I introduced Ashiq Ahmad to the Snow Leopard Trust and now Ashiq Ahmad is one of their advisors.

IUCN

My association with WWF brought me into contact with the International Union for the Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources (IUCN). This is a scientific body, which then worked in tandem with WWF International



Syed Asad Ali in the outskirts of Karachi

in Switzerland and around the world. I was invited by the IUCN to serve as their Regional Councillor for six years, out of which for three years I was the Vice President of the organisation with Dr. Kassas of Egypt as the President. This gave me an opportunity to learn closely from international scientists about their concerns for conservation. I was very fortunate to make the acquaintance of Dr. George Schaller and a number of other world authorities, who were working to save the world's flora and fauna from destruction.

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BABAR ALI FOUNDATION

The genesis of my father's trust, the Syed Maratib Ali Religious and Charitable Trust, dates back to when I was a student at Aitchison College and I suggested to him that he should start a Trust. I sowed the idea in his mind but he created it all by himself. He went to the lawyers and had it registered with himself and Bhai Amjad as the Trustees. My brothers were, however, not interested and they asked me to take care of it. On my father's demise in 1961, therefore, it fell to me to look after the Trust. My father had assigned three properties that he owned in Lahore Cantonment as an endowment for the Trust, to be used as a source of income, divided equally for the following three purposes:

1. For the upkeep of three houses;
2. For azadari during Moharrum; and
3. The remaining one-third for his less privileged relatives.

The houses were rented to the military and as they were producing very little income, I got permission from the court to sell them. This enabled me to make a proposal for land next to my father's house, Nasheman, 4-FCC, an eight kanal property that he had given to his four sons. We had fifty Swedes coming to Lahore to set up the Paper Mill at Packages. Twelve of the families were accommodated at our family flats in Mayfair Court and I suggested to my brothers that we should build additional flats on the eight kanal property. I said to them, 'Each one of us has a house. Why don't we gift our respective share to our father's Trust? I need to build apartments for the Swedes and I will give advance rent to the Trust so that it has finances to build apartments on the land. In the construction, we will also use some of the money raised from the sale of the three Cantonment bungalows.' The twelve flats, which became known as the Swedish flats, were designed by an architect from Sweden. Because of the rental income from the Swedish flats, my father's Trust received a much larger income than before.

When my father's house, Nasheman, was willed in favour of his four sons, I said to Bhai Wajid, 'I am going to donate my share to our father's Trust. Would you also like to do so?' He agreed. Bhai Amjad's children prevailed on him not to give his share to the Trust so I bought Bhai Amjad's share of my father's home from his heirs and built eight townhouses. (These eight properties are providing a yearly income of over Rs. 10 million to Babar Ali Foundation). My fourth brother's family didn't give their share to my father's Trust either and it was bought by my father's Trust and nine additional townhouses were constructed with an interest-free loan from me to the Trust. The Maratib Ali Trust, therefore, owns three blocks of housing (flats and townhouses) and the main house, 4-FCC, all bringing income to my father's Trust.

Meanwhile, my own wealth started growing and in 1985, I decided to have my own Foundation so that I could give money to causes that interest me.

During the period when I was in the National Fertilizer Corporation in the mid-1970s I had the good fortune to be allotted a plot of land on the Mall. This was in compensation for the land that had been taken from the family for WAPDA Colony. This came totally out of the blue and I was the only one in my family who received a plot on the Mall without asking for it. The rest of the family members were given plots behind the main road. I considered it a gift from God and decided to give the plot to Babar Ali Foundation when it was registered in 1985. I donated

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extra funds to my Foundation to construct an office building there in 1991-92, designed by Habib Fida Ali and told him 'Please ensure that the design is such that it stands up to the standard and reputation of Lahore. I don't want anybody to come and curse my soul later on for constructing an ugly building.' The major source of income for the Foundation has been the rent from this building: 308 Upper Mall.

The resources of Babar Ali Foundation continue to grow. 90% of our focus is on education, LUMS being the primary beneficiary, but we also support other causes that interest me, such as healthcare, art, and culture.

Babar Ali Foundation (BAF) and I have given to LUMS for some of its capital needs. All the five female hostels at LUMS are BAF funded. The first one is named after my mother, Mubarik Begum, the second after my wife, Perwin, the third after my daughter Henna and daughter-in-law, Amina, the fourth after my grandchildren – Mubarik, Zehra, Murtaza and Gauhar and the fifth in honour of my brothers and sisters. These five hostels give accommodation to 1,050 female students. The fourth building was completed in July 2011 at a cost of Rs. 100 million while the fifth in 2015 with an outlay of over Rs. 220 million. The Sports Complex at LUMS is again donated by my Foundation and is named after my father, Syed Maratib Ali. I hope my family will continue to support LUMS in the future.

Outside of LUMS, Babar Ali Foundation provides Syeda Mubarik Begum Scholarships (named after my mother) to girl students to support their graduate and post-graduate studies in public sector institutions in Pakistan. More than 3,000 girls have benefited from these scholarships since 2002. In 2011, we had a budget of Rs. 10 million for Syeda Mubarik Begum Scholarships, which went to girls from all parts of the country.

In 2003, we started the Naqsh School of Arts in Bhati Gate. We have provided support to various schools and have contributed to sports activities. We have also given for efforts to promote harmony and to promote peace between India and Pakistan under the banner of Balusa – a track II initiative.

Babar Ali Foundation donated the 'Shamim Khan Hall' at Aitchison College to honour the good work done by Shamim Saifullah Khan during his tenure as its Principal.

While on the Management Board of Kinnaird, I suggested to the College that they should have a music society. I approached Hayat Ahmed Khan of The All Pakistan Music Conference and asked him to find a music teacher for Kinnaird and to provide them with all the musical instruments they required. I told Kinnaird that I would support the Music Society for one year, after which they would be on their own. We did this for Kinnaird College, Lahore College for Women, Home Economics College, and Government Fatima Jinnah College for Women. Hayat Ahmed Khan worked diligently to introduce these College girl students to classical music, which should be a part of our lives.

Babar Ali Foundation is a lean organization with minimal operating costs. I hope that in the years to come, it will have a growing income, which can be deployed in a meaningful way to support education and other philanthropic causes in Pakistan, to make this country a better place.

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1994: Consul-General Syed Babar Ali meeting with the Swedish King and Queen in Stockholm

Doing all this has enriched my life. I find that giving is very rewarding. My late cousin, Faqir Syed Waheeduddin read this epitaph to me many years ago:

‘What we gave, we have
What we spent, we had
What we left, we lost’

{Epitaph of Edward Courtney, Earl of Devon, 1419 A.D.)

HONORARY SWEDISH CONSUL

When Packages was established in 1956, Mr. Ruben Rausing was keen that I should represent the Swedish government in an honorary capacity because of the large Swedish investment in Packages. I remained Swedish Consul for 37 years, from 1961 to 1998, much beyond the normal age of retirement for a Consul.

Throughout my tenure, I maintained the closest contact with the Ambassador of Sweden in Islamabad and provided the Embassy with such support and advice as they needed. No important Swedish visitor to Pakistan missed the opportunity of visiting Packages, Sweden’s flagship in Lahore. The Consulate in Lahore looked after the entire region north of the province of Sindh. For many years, the facilities were provided by me and we even issued Swedish visas here. This was later discontinued as foreign Embassies in Pakistan en bloc decided not to give this facility to Honorary Consuls. Hyder Ali, my son, took over the responsibility of the Honorary Consul General for Sweden in 1999.

Acknowledging my association with Sweden, I was awarded Knight of the Royal Order of Vasa, First Class in 1972 and Commander of the Royal Order of the Polar Star in 1984 by H.M. The King of Sweden.

WORK WITH THE UNITED NATIONS

My first experience with the U.N. was soon after my stay at the University of Michigan in 1947 when

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Honors from The Netherlands, Sweden & UK

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I worked with the first Pakistan Delegation to the United Nations General Assembly under the leadership of Chaudhry Zafrulla Khan.

The second one was as a Pakistan delegate to the 1969 U.N. General Assembly where I attended as the primary delegate in the Second Committee which discussed economic issues. This was the first time that the environment had appeared on the radar of the U.N. and considerable Committee time was dedicated to highlighting its importance. This session lasted from September to the end of the year.

My third major contact with the U.N. was when I was invited to be a Member of the U.N. Commission on a Code of Conduct for Trans-Nationals. This Commission met two or three times a year for two weeks at a time, mostly at the U.N. Headquarters in New York. However, its meetings were also held in other capitals such as Mexico City, Geneva, and Vienna. Most of the members of the Commission were from the private sector and leaders of multi-nationals, e.g., Siemens, Unilever, IBM, and Bata. This Commission was set up as a result of the demand by some of the developing countries and the Eastern Bloc, led by the Soviet Union, following turmoil in Chile. The Anaconda copper mines there had been nationalized under President Allende and eventually the Americans engineered a coup, General Pinochet took over, and the mines were returned to their original owners. There was uproar in the United Nations, with the Eastern Bloc gunning for multinationals, saying that they were a power without guns but able to create coups. The United Nations then passed a resolution to set up a Commission, with a Centre in New York, to prepare a code of conduct for transnational corporations. I served on this Commission for almost six years and it was an invaluable experience for me working closely on international issues with leaders of some of the largest industrial and business corporations in the world. The Commission met two to three times a year in New York, which I found very convenient as it enabled me to visit my children at the University of Michigan. I served on the Commission for six years from 1971 to 1977. Today, you see the beneficial fall out from the Commission's report – initiatives on conservation, environment, child labour, and human rights have all come out of that.

IN THE CARETAKER GOVERNMENT OF MR. MOEEN QURESHI

On July 19, 1993 I returned to Lahore from Europe after a five-weeks stay abroad and learnt that Mr. Moeen Qureshi had been sworn in as the Caretaker Prime Minister. That very night around 12 O'clock I got a telephone call from him, asking me to join his Cabinet as his Minister of Finance, Economic Affairs & Planning. I thanked him for his kind thought but apologised for not being available as I was already totally tied up with my various commitments. I told him that I was much too busy and in any case there was nothing I could contribute in such a short period of ninety days. He asked me to think it over but I gave him no encouragement.

The next morning, I felt that the pressure was off. I was feeling quite at ease and had forgotten about the invitation. The same night, this time at half an hour past midnight, the telephone operator at the PM's House called again and put me through to Mr. Qureshi who said that there was no way that he could take a 'NO' from me and that he needed me. I suggested a couple of other names for his Finance Minister but he firmly turned them down. I then offered to see him in Islamabad two days later to explain why I was not available. At his insistence, I travelled to Islamabad the next day and went directly from the airport to see Mr. Saeed Qureshi, Secretary

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General, Ministry of Finance. I had known him for almost twenty years and had kept in touch with him during his various postings in Punjab and Islamabad. I always found him a very open friend. Saeed Qureshi knew that I had been invited by the PM and I explained to him that I was not available. I then informed the PM's Military Secretary that I was in Islamabad and was available to see the PM at his convenience. Meanwhile, I got a telephone call from Mr. Sartaj Aziz who was Minister of Finance in the Cabinet of Mr. Nawaz Sharif. I went to see him prior to my meeting with Mr. Moeen Qureshi. Sartaj Aziz informed me that it was he who had suggested my name. I thanked him but I also informed him of my inability to accept the offer. Finally, at 4 p.m. on July 21, I was ushered into the Prime Minister's office in the PM's House; Mr. F.K. Bandiyal was also present. I had known Mr. Moeen Qureshi very well since 1978, when he was the Chief Executive Officer of the International Finance Corporation in Washington. I had seen him at least twice a year during the last fifteen years and spent considerable time talking about Pakistan and how one could contribute to make it better.

I reiterated to Mr. Qureshi my inability to respond positively to his kind offer. He pointed out that despite his ill health and his absence from Pakistan for over 35 years, he could be prevailed upon to serve his country for these few weeks until the next elections, so why could I not make myself available when I lived in Pakistan and could afford to be away from my own commitments with much less inconvenience than it would mean for him. I was still not agreeable. He then said that when he took over two days earlier, he never realised how bad the financial position of the country was, and with his personal health not being normal and a long agenda, tackling many different issues, he wanted me to look after the finance and economic matters. He said that he was confident that things could be set right but he could not do it alone and that he and I together could do it. I made up my mind there and then that I could not let the country and him down. I still told him, however, that I would go back to Lahore and let him know my decision the following morning. He called me in Lahore at 9 am the next day and I told him that I would join him and that I was faxing him the conditions on which I would be available; these were:

1. That I would delink myself from my business organisations during the duration of my tenure;
2. That I wished to continue working with the non-profit educational and environmental organisations I was associated with both in and out of Pakistan, particularly the World Wide Fund for Nature; and
3. That I would only be available to serve the Government till October 15, 1993.

I returned to Islamabad on July 23 and that evening I was sworn in as the Minister of Finance, Economic Affairs & Planning. The other members of the Cabinet sworn in that day were:

- F.K. Bandiyal;
- General Mohammad Shafiq;
- Ahmad Faruque;
- Nisar Memon; and
- Abdul Sattar

Immediately after the swearing in, we were invited to the PM's House, for the first informal meeting of the Cabinet, where the PM welcomed us and informed us of his intention to tackle some pressing economic issues. However, he said, 'The first priority was to plan for fair and free elections'.

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The next morning I went to the Ministry of Finance and called on the senior officers. After that, I went around the Divisions of Economic Affairs and Planning to meet with the new colleagues with whom I was to spend the coming weeks.

I called a joint meeting of the Secretaries of the four Divisions that I was responsible for and told them that I had no clue as to how the Government functioned and that I needed their guidance and advice. I assured them that I had total faith and confidence in their capability. I asked them to list the decisions that the previous government had shied away from; provided these were in the interest of the country, I was ready to stick my neck out and bite the bullet. If anything went wrong, I would take the blame and when things went the right way, the credit would go to the government servants. These then were the rules of the game from the beginning.

Before the end of the first day, I realised that there was a total lack of harmony between the Secretary Finance and the Secretary General Finance. As I had a long agenda to tackle during my brief tenure, I had to do something about this. I consulted some of my friends in Islamabad who were not directly connected with any of the Divisions that I was associated with and asked for their advice. They encouraged me to put my faith in the Secretary General, whom I had known for many years, in preference to the Secretary Finance whom I had known but not intimately. With the advice of Mr. Saeed Qureshi, the Secretary General, we worked out a plan to shift Khalid Javed from the position of Secretary Finance to Chairman of Agricultural Development Bank of Pakistan (ADBP) which was an important position within our own Ministry; to move Javed Talat from ADBP to Secretary Revenue and Chairman of the Central Board of Revenue, Economic Affairs Division and Qazi Alimullah from Secretary Economic Affairs Division to Secretary Finance. This circuit was all within the three Divisions in my charge but such a major move had to have the approval of the Prime Minister, who had meanwhile left for Karachi en route to Washington. I was able to talk to the Prime Minister at Karachi Airport prior to his boarding the plane. He asked me whether these transfers could wait till his return from Washington in the next three days and I said that I had to start taking some vital decisions in my Ministry and wanted his agreement right away, which he was gracious enough to give. So this major decision, where four Secretaries of the government were moved in one day, set the pace of the working of the Ministry of Finance & Economic Affairs. We did not look back and had no hesitation in taking major and important decisions thereafter, one of which was making the State Bank independent, with a charter from the Ministry of Finance.

OTHER INSTITUTIONS AND INITIATIVES

Having lived in Lahore all my working life, I have had the opportunity to participate in a number of initiatives in the social life of the city.

Shalamar Hospital

Throughout my career, I have shied away from activities of various trade organizations and Chambers as I realized that these were progressively being used to project the interests of the directors of the Chambers rather than of their constituents. I did, however, try to maintain a personal relationship with some of the prominent businessmen of Lahore and Karachi. Chaudhry Nazar Mohammad, the Chairman of Service Industries, was a person for whom I have had much regard and respect, not only for his wisdom and simplicity but also for his

interest in social work. In 1980, he invited me to join him as a Trustee in the setting up of Shalamar Hospital. I was happy to do so. Chaudhry Sahib was very close to the then President of Pakistan, Chaudhry Fazal Ellahi, and through his effort, Shalamar Hospital was able to get land from Pakistan Railways to build a hospital on Shalimar Link Road. This land was made available on an undertaking by the Government of Punjab to Pakistan Railways that they would provide them land in lieu of the land given to the Hospital.

Chaudhry Nazar Mohammad devoted a great deal of time, effort and money towards the building of this Hospital and by the time he passed away in 1996, the Hospital was well established. Subsequently, Chaudhry Ahmad Saeed succeeded as the Chairman of the Hospital and I have been working very closely with him and colleagues on the Board of Trustees. We are making a concerted effort to provide quality healthcare to a section of Lahore where adequate medical facilities had never been available before. One third of the patients at the Hospital get either free treatment or a very large subsidy. Shalamar also has a School of Nursing and a Medical College.

Lahore School of Economics (LSE)

I was happy to give support to the initiative taken by Dr. Shahid Amjad Chaudhry and his family in setting up the Lahore School of Economics, established in 1993. LSE took the space where LUMS was initially housed, which they maintain as a city campus along with their main campus on Burki Road. LSE has been a very welcome initiative that has provided good opportunities for quality education to the youth of Pakistan.

Bagh-e-Rehmat

Mian Naseer Ahmed was a very good friend of mine, a retired bureaucrat and a very keen tennis player. His wife, Perwin Naseer, was also a good tennis player. Mian Naseer and I used to be at the tennis court every afternoon. In the mid-eighties I thought Lahore needed another graveyard and I mentioned it to Mian Naseer Ahmed. He had been working in the Board of Revenue and said, 'I will find you the land. You set up the organization.' I went to Chaudhry Nazar Mohammad and I remember he said to me, 'Shah Sahib, you are still quite young, why have you started thinking about these things!' I said, 'We need to do this for the city of Lahore.' We therefore set up the Bagh-e-Rehmat Trust with Chaudhry Sahib as its first Chairman. I did all the legwork and Mian Naseer opened the door of the Board of Revenue and got Shaikh Ghayas Ahmad, a Government functionary, onto the Board. All the legal formalities went through quickly and we got land next to Bhatta Chowk. I was, at that time, on the Syndicate of the Engineering University. I asked them to give me a young architect and they introduced me to a young man called Aziz. He was the younger brother of Dr. Mahbub ul Haq. Aziz had just qualified from MIT in Architecture. I told him that we needed his help to design the mosque at Bagh-e-Rehmat and said, 'Here is an opportunity for us to do something for Lahore. Of course, we will not pay anything.' He designed that beautiful mosque out of over-burnt bricks.

Having some space in Bagh-e-Rehmat, Chaudhry Nazar Mohammad built a home for the elderly and the homeless on the premises. Chaudhry Sahib offered to feed them but asked them not to beg. Nobody wanted to live there; they wanted to be out and begging. A part of that building was then turned into a primary school, which is being run by his daughter, Mrs. Fareeda Kardar.

South Asia Centre for Policy Studies (SACEPS)

At a U.N. Workshop in Dhaka, I learnt that the foundations were being laid to set up a Centre for Economic Policy Studies for South Asia. Economists from India, Bangladesh, Sri Lanka, Nepal and Maldives were invited and I was asked to be a member of the Executive Board and to be their main contact in Pakistan.

It was originally based in Dhaka, but there was discussion as to where the permanent headquarter should be. I suggested Delhi; the Ford Foundation provided some funding, and SACEPS moved from Dhaka to Delhi. We wanted the same protocol from the Government of India as is given to an international organization, but the Government of India declined to give SACEPS such a status, where its foreign employees don't pay taxes, and there is no tax on any money coming into the organization from international sources. The Government of India didn't allow that and said that all international monies for the organization had to be routed through them. This was not acceptable to the members so we moved back to Dhaka. The Government of Bangladesh initially promised to give us the privileges of an international organization but they dragged their feet for too long. Meanwhile, Nepal said they would do it, so SACEPS moved to Nepal.

The mandate of SACEPS is to write policy papers to promote economic activity between the SAARC countries. For example, there was a paper on open transportation systems in the SAARC countries: another to find a way for Pakistani trucks and trains to go to Dhaka and for their trucks and trains to come to Pakistan; for the free movement of goods between Sri Lanka, Nepal, India and Bhutan, etc. The paper looked at the benefits as well as the negative aspects. Then there was a paper on custom duties, and another on education. There were economists from different universities in India, Sri Lanka, Bangladesh, and Pakistan – I got LUMS involved. They wrote papers on various projects and there was a lot of international funding because the world wants harmony among our countries, to save the time and money that we spend fighting each other. If there is peace here, they will be able to sell more of their goods and this region will be less of a thorn in people's eyes.

Ultimately, I was appointed as a Co-Chair of SACEPS along with Dr. Arjun Sengupta, a member of the Indian Upper House and an international economist. Currently I am the Co-Chair of SACEPS with Prof. Muchkund Dubey, former Foreign Secretary of India. During the past many years, we have had several meetings in different member countries and this has provided me with an opportunity to learn the points of view and national interests of the participants. Through working at this forum, I find that there is a basic urge for South Asian countries to work together for the common good.

South Asia Regional Fund (SARF)

SARF was an international fund coming out of the UK's Commonwealth Development Corporation (CDC). CDC set up this fund for the region and they asked me to be on the Board, where I remained for about ten years (1996-2005). It was based in Mauritius, a great venue for meetings once a year. I made a small contribution to the decision-making and it was a good interaction with regional businessmen and financial leaders.

Balusa

'Balusa' means peace, and it is a track II effort to improve relations between Pakistan and India. It consists of

retired diplomats, military officers, and active journalists. They invited me from the private sector to be a part of this effort. We have been meeting with our Indian counterparts for the last fifteen years in different locations; we had a meeting in Albuquerque, a meeting in Amman, in Chennai and in Chandigarh. It had international funding at one time, but not now. We have had Balusa meeting at LUMS twice which I sponsored and we looked after all the travelling, residential and conference costs.

India-Pakistan relations

I was 21 when Partition took place. My growing and learning years in school and college were in undivided India. Fortunately, I was not here during Partition; I was in America, so I didn't see the carnage.

As I mentioned to the Indian High Commissioner in Pakistan recently, 'You can change history; you cannot change geography.' The two countries are so close and so similar to each other. We have to get on with each other. There are no two countries in the world that have so much in common as India and Pakistan - in language, food, customs, nuances, and history. It is very unfortunate that instead of working together, we are working against each other!

Both countries are at fault. I believe that India could have played a better role; as a stronger and bigger country they should have shown more magnanimity. A couple of years ago, I was at a SAARC meeting in Colombo and among my friends, there was an Indian, a Sri Lankan, a Bangladeshi, a Bhutanese, and a Nepali. I said to the Indian, 'I can understand the Indians and the Pakistanis not being friendly but why are you not friendly with Bangladesh and Nepal? With Nepal, you share the same religion.' But the Nepalese do not like the Indians. Sri Lankans don't like the Indians either; they have to come to us in Pakistan to train their army because India had been fuelling the Tamil fire. In support of neighbouring countries, India could kill with magnanimity and kindness and still not give away more than it could afford, but they don't ingratiate themselves. They have to overcome that and I hope they will.

Indians have had a history of a thousand years of foreign rule. Like the Afghans, they don't like foreigners. Whereas the Afghans have fought foreigners, the Indians have resented them and never socialized with them. I remember we Muslims had the closest relations with Hindus but we didn't eat at each other's home. We loved to eat puris at Hindu shops but when we attended their weddings we would not stay for the food. Of course, the Hindu caste system is a problem.

Economically, the two countries would benefit tremendously if they worked together. Pakistan is inherently at an advantage in producing certain things such as agricultural produce and today our textiles are, if anything, better than Indian textiles. Though India has caught up very quickly in textiles, for the first thirty or forty years, there was too much emphasis on Indianisation. They didn't want to import equipment and said they would make it themselves. Pakistan had no textile machinery industry but they imported the equipment from wherever it was available. That is why we were able to produce goods of better quality. When Indians come to Pakistan, women rush to buy saris and textile materials. There are certain things that we do well. In the packaging industry, the Indians today have caught up, but there are a number of products that we can produce better than them. Of

PUBLIC DUTIES

course we import many products and raw materials from India but often not directly. For instance, India has one of the most modern chemical industries in the world and currently we are importing these goods from them via Singapore and Dubai! A few things come directly across the border, but if we had open trade between India and Pakistan both countries would benefit, especially consumers on both sides.

The biggest benefit would be through tourism. There are over a billion people in India and 180 million in Pakistan. Tens of millions of people in India would like to come to Pakistan if they could. Your *chabri-wala* would benefit, your *ricksshaw-wala* would gain, people would open B&Bs and make money. This is what happened in Europe and America. As a student in 1947, I travelled from coast to coast of America by car, staying in rooms for \$2 a night!

India has economies of scale but there are certain niches in which Pakistan can do well. We should not be producing everything we need, but we should produce things in which we can excel. For instance, take motorcycle sales: one of the Shirazis was telling me that of the parts that go into Indian motorcycles, almost 87% are made in Pakistan. Perhaps we can make tyres better and sell a billion motorcycle tyres to India. Take the example of Airbus, parts of which are made in seven different countries, and Boeing wings are made in Japan. We have to see who excels in what and then buyers can pick and choose. We must not have a situation in which almost 100% of goods are made in India and nothing in Pakistan. This is a challenge to our universities and to our industrialists here, to identify a niche in which they can do better than others. But Pakistan is not at a disadvantage here; India, for the first thirty years, closed her borders to luxury finished imported goods, while in Pakistan things were either smuggled in or imported, so our industry has competed with imported goods. Our people are not dumb and they are very innovative. I don't see that it would be a one-way benefit.

Above all, look at the amount of money the two countries are spending on defence: if this could be cut down to half and that money applied to health and education, what progress the two countries could make: one F-16 costs as much as a university! And then think how much is needed to keep that machine in running order! That would pay for so many PhDs.

The problem is that our foreign policy is not made by our Foreign Office. They are only pawns in the game. Unfortunately, the mindset of the army in the past has been one of total belligerence towards India.

Today, we are in a tremendous bind because we have conjured such djinns from the bottle that they are destroying everybody. The Taliban are destroying our whole society and it will require a major battle to eradicate them and force them back in the bottle. We have to reform all the *madrassas* so that they produce better people, which will take much hard work. Hatred for others and among ourselves has been brought into our society. We have to fight the poison in our system.

MARRIAGE
AND CHILDREN

MARRIAGE AND CHILDREN

My family and parents were forever talking about my marriage, even while I was still studying at Government College in 1944. Bhai Amjad was married when he was 19 but Bhai Wajid got married much later at the age of 29. Like me, Bhai Wajid didn't want to settle down at an early age.

Perwin is the daughter of my father's elder brother, Syed Ahsan Ali. We therefore shared the background of our fathers' early years, when they struggled to build up their business; we were told how they would sleep on the ground beside their bicycles when they made trips away from home. Things were much easier by the time we were both born, which in her case was in Peshawar, where her mother had accompanied her father on a business trip. When Perwin was newly born, my mother went to see her and told my aunt that she was to be her daughter-in-law, when I was only four years old! This plan remained what my parents wished for.

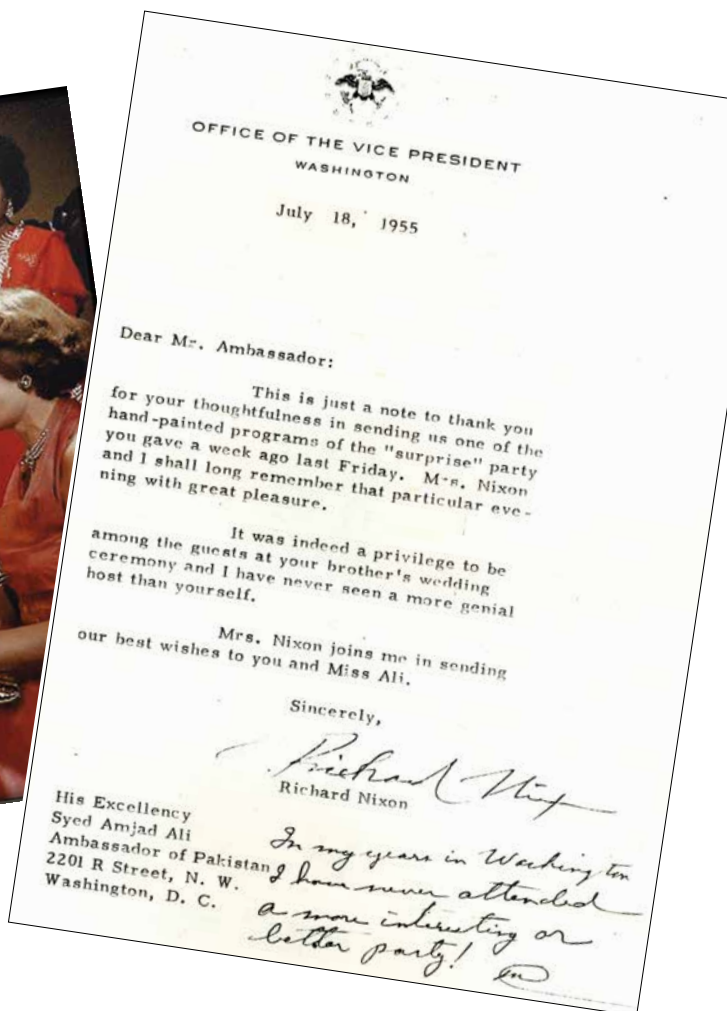
When I came back from America in 1948, I was not keen to get married in a hurry. My father was keen that I should get married soon. But at that time I lived in Karachi, living the life of a young man about town, with plenty of partying and dancing but no drinking. I didn't mix with people who drank and we never served alcohol at our house. Even so, my father disapproved of my lifestyle. My group of friends, boys and girls, came from very prominent Karachi families. One very dear friend, Mazhar Ahmad, was the Naval ADC to the Quaid. He had been in Government College for his M.A. when I enrolled in 1944; he later joined the Navy and served for some years in Bombay, where I saw him regularly when I visited Bhai Wajid. During Khawaja Nazimuddin's regime as Governor-General of Pakistan, because of Mazhar, we had a free run of the Government House facilities, including the Sandspit beach hut, which we frequented on Sundays. Among my friends were the Bokhari sisters, daughters of Z.A. Bokhari³⁵, Zeenat Haroon and Mari Hussain (later wife of General Habibullah), Nafees Sadik (she married Azhar Habib Sadiq who was also an ADC to the Governor-General), and Veera Katrak, who married John Cowasjee, brother of Aredeshir Cowasjee.

My mother encouraged me to have a home of my own and not live in the larger family, telling me that she did not want me to be 'beholden to your bhabis'. She was adamant that I should build a house of my own in Karachi. As soon as the house was completed, Mehdi Ali Mirza, my architect, pointed out that when you have the nest, the nesting comes very quickly.

I was engaged to my cousin, Perwin Ali. When I came back from America, I joined the family business in Karachi which in those days was a fun city with a lot of dance parties. I also moved around. Perwin came to know about it. She was upset and broke the engagement and stood up for her right when she learnt about my partying. My whole family was very upset. Bhai Amjad was then Pakistan's Ambassador in Washington. Perwin was taking guitar lessons in those days and her desire was to take lessons from Sagovia in Washington, D.C. After a great deal of persuasion, Bhai Amjad convinced Perwin to come to D.C. She went and stayed there for some time. In the meantime, I went to Perwin's best friend, Nusrat, to explain to her that dance parties were innocent fun. With great difficulty, she convinced Perwin and she said yes.

³⁵ One sister married Afzal Khan of Burmah Shell and the other sister married Hakim Ali Zardari

MARRIAGE AND CHILDREN



1955: Washington, D.C. Mr. & Mrs. Richard Nixon attending Perwin and Syed Babar Ali's wedding and their thank-you letter

It was time for Perwin to go back home so Bhai Amjad called me to Washington D.C. so that before Perwin again heard some other rumour about me, we should be married in D.C.

In 1955, I was 29 years old and Perwin was 25 and popular with my family. She had not wanted to marry early as she wanted to complete her degree in Humanities and Literature at Kinnaird College. All my sisters liked her and she was a favourite with my brothers. Being all by herself, and being the only unmarried daughter of my uncle added to her character.

MARRIAGE AND CHILDREN

The wedding took place on 8th July 1955. On the invitation card, Bhai Amjad mentioned that it was a surprise party – he didn't mention that it was a wedding as he didn't want the guests to bring any presents. He was very meticulous about such matters. Of course, when he got a call from the office of Vice-President Nixon (who attended) to ask what the occasion was, he told them. Among other notables were the head of the World Bank, Mr. Eugene Black, and Nelson Rockefeller. There were 250 guests and they enjoyed the ceremony, which had many Pakistani cultural traditions. Perwin and I wore traditional wedding dresses. Of our relatives, apart from Bhai Amjad, one of my sisters, Sarwat was there and Perwin's brother Akhtar who was married to my sister. Nusrat came all the way from Pakistan. My niece Tamkanat, nephew Syed Asad Ali and Syed Imtiaz Mehdi were also present. The custom of 'Arsi Mosaf' (you look at each other in the mirror for the first time) was also done. It was the very first time I had a proper look at Perwin since she was a child! Later, Vice-President Nixon gave a toast to the bride in which he wished us happiness and then I had to reply. In my speech I narrated the story of a person who said that when he and his wife got married, they decided that all major decisions would be taken by him and all minor decisions by his wife. They had been married for thirty years, he continued, and not a single occasion had arisen when a major decision was necessary! The wedding pictures and story were in the Washington papers the next day. Life magazine had covered the wedding and it would have been the feature of Life that week but the Khrushchev-Eisenhower meeting took place in Geneva that very weekend so that became the feature story, but Life sent us the pictures they took at our function. A few years ago somebody from Life magazine saw our wedding picture with Richard Nixon and put it on the facebook.

My parents travelled to London but decided to stay there to meet us; for them Washington was too far away. We joined them in London and then spent a few days in Paris; at the night club, the Elephant Blanc (White Elephant), we were thrilled to see the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. While we were in Paris, my father had a heart attack so we returned to London where he fortunately survived. He asked me to return to Lahore in time to supervise the Moharrum Majalis at our Imam Bargah. When we arrived in Karachi, the Customs people asked us about our heavy luggage, which included gifts, and we told them of our wedding and showed them our newspaper photographs.

I am happy I decided the way I did. Ever since I got married, my wife has played a very important role in all my activities. She has been an impeccable housewife, entertaining our guests, especially my business associates, whether they came for a meal or to stay with us. We have maintained my father's practice of having an open house for visitors. This ranges from sit down dinners to big dinners for groups of fifty or more. Perwin has always made our visitors completely at home and we have enjoyed playing host to friends from all walks of life and nationalities. I can never thank Perwin enough for the support she has given me all these years.

CHILDREN

My first child, Henna, was born on December 4, 1956 at the United Christian Hospital (UCH) Lahore. I got a telephone call from Rahim Jan, a very close friend of the family, to tell me that we were blessed with a daughter. My mother had already decided that if a daughter was born, she should be called Henna. She had an interest in literature and she named most of her children and grandchildren. Being the youngest son, my mother doted on me and Henna got a lot of love from my parents and also from my mother-in-law. Hyder was born on October 21, 1958, at the Holy Family Hospital in Karachi and was named by me. I remember I was listening to a majlis and all of a sudden a thought came to me that if I had a son, I should name him Hyder.

MARRIAGE AND CHILDREN

I was very keen that Hyder should go to my old school, Aitchison College. Before that, he went to Toddlers' Academy at the age of three and a half, which was run by Mrs. Alam, next to the International Hotel on the Mall. Before being delivered to school, the children used to drop me at Packages in the morning. I can recall that Henna, soon after she joined the Convent of Jesus & Mary, could read the letters 'A, B, C. . . .'. In those days there were not many buildings in the neighbourhood and you could see the 'Packages Limited' sign from a distance. I used to ask Henna to read what was written and she would read 'P, A, C, K, A, G, E, S – Packages Limited'. This was a daily routine. Hyder was at Toddlers' Academy and was learning the alphabet. I asked him to read the same and he said, 'A, B, C, D. . . . Packages Limited'. When we started growing roses at Packages, we named the garden 'Henna Rose Garden'. She was only about 4 or 5 at that time and when somebody once asked her name, she said, 'Henna Rose Garden'!

We had a nanny from Hyderabad Deccan and she looked after the children till they went to school. We didn't over-indulge them but we gave them what we could afford. We travelled abroad quite extensively, especially during the summer holidays and found it a bonding time for the family. The most rewarding moments of my married life have been the lack of tension.

We were very keen that when the children arrived, they had a good education and upbringing. After his retirement from Aitchison as the Principal, I requested my teacher, Syed Zulfiqar Ali Shah, to join us at Packages. At the time the kids were 14 and 12 years old and Shah Sahib used to come to our home in the evening to spend time with them. He taught them various subjects but he was more of a tutor than a teacher. In the summer holidays, we used to go to Karachi, and Shah Sahib would come with us. The children thus had this very rich upbringing with Shah Sahib. He exposed them both to Urdu. Henna took to Urdu but Hyder didn't – he could read Urdu but nothing more. It didn't stick! Later, he got interested in *qawali*, which he still loves. As a five-six year old child, Henna was very daring and without any hesitation she would plunge into English without even knowing what she was talking about.

We had a very large repertoire of friends for the children to meet. For example, Bano Qudsia and Ashfaq Ahmad made Henna interested in Urdu literature and she became particularly friendly with Bano Qudsia. The culture in our family in comparison with my parents' family was different in that I was not travelling as much as my father did and I was in much closer contact with the children. Both Perwin and I were very welcoming to Henna and Hyder's friends. The result is that I am still very friendly with most of Hyder's friends and Perwin is friendly with his and Henna's friends. In fact, many of Hyder's friends are in direct contact with me and come to me for advice; my wife has had a similar relationship with Henna's friends. This was very comforting because we knew that Henna and Hyder were mixing in the right crowd and we didn't have to tell them who to be friends with.

My wife participated intensely in the process of bringing up our children and we are still in daily contact with both of them. Perwin must get full credit for the way she has brought up our children. Because of my pre-occupation with my work, I could not devote as much time to the children, and all credit for the way they were brought up must go to her. She also participated in the upbringing of our grandchildren, and showed the same enthusiasm and devotion as she did for Henna and Hyder. She is more like a friend to them rather than a grandmother.

THEIR EDUCATION

Hyder did his 'O' level from Aitchison College. We wanted him to go to a University in America but from Lahore to America in the 1970s we thought was too big a step, so we sent him to England to do his 'A' level at King's School, Canterbury. He was then admitted to the University of Michigan in the U.S. for his Undergraduate Programme in 1976. Henna also gained admission there. She had already done her B.A. from Kinnaird College Lahore, completed after private study at home and only three months at the College. We were very proud that in Geography and Music, she came first in the University of the Punjab.

As a member of the U.N. Commission on Transnational Corporations, I visited New York three times a year and that gave us the opportunity to visit Henna and Hyder at Ann Arbor. When they got to the US they each got an allowance. In the first year, they stayed in the University Halls. In the third year, they rented an apartment together and shopped at supermarkets with trolleys – his, hers and theirs! They both graduated in 1979 after which Henna did her Masters in English Literature from Ann Arbor. After her return to Pakistan, Henna developed an interest in writing poetry in Urdu and English and published several books. She took up Pakistani classical music seriously and spent much time with Madam Noor Jahan and Farida Khanum who coached her. Later, after her marriage, she has played a key role in the brand development at Packages Limited and is an important member of the management team. She has leadership skills and is currently the Chairperson of DIC Pakistan Limited, the largest ink company in Pakistan, a joint venture between Packages and DIC of Japan.

After Hyder had completed his undergraduate studies in chemical engineering at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, Perwin and I were very keen that he should do his Masters. I sought advice from my friends in the paper industry as to the best place for him to get his Masters from. They recommended the Institute of Paper Technology, attached to Lawrence University in Appleton, Wisconsin, which had been sponsored by the paper industry of America. There was no way one could get admission there unless the student was outstanding. Hyder did well and got admitted there, joining a student body of 100 with 50 faculty members. This was entirely merit-based, attracting a full scholarship with no fees. I was keen that Hyder should do his PhD and Hyder got admission in the PhD programme but he deferred the admission for a year. He later decided not to join the Programme.

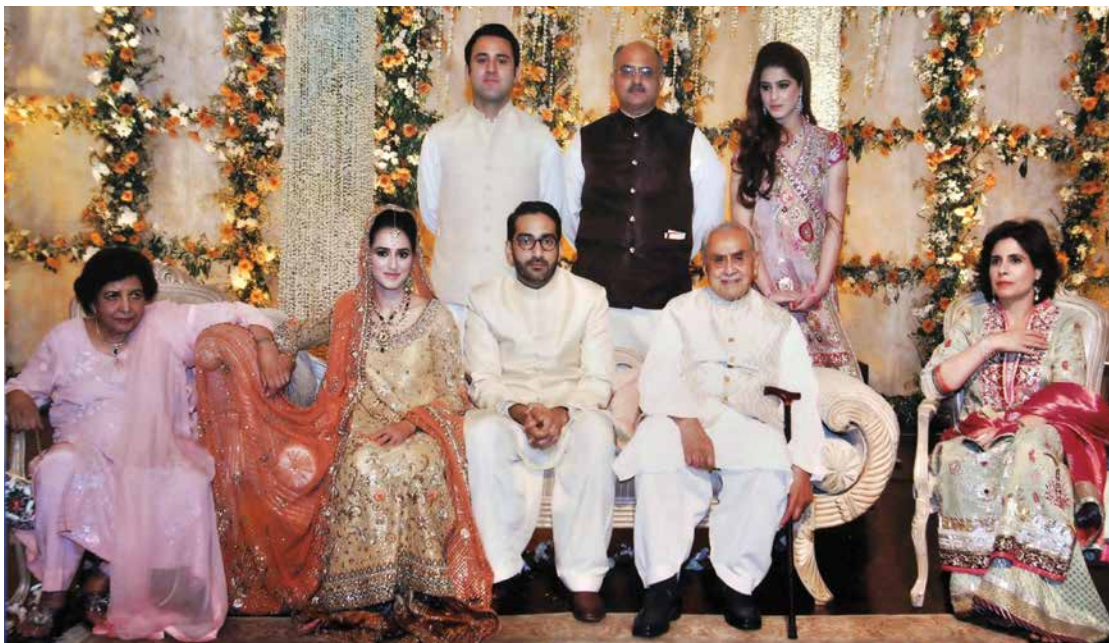
Hyder had a clear-cut educational career, which led to an internship at Weyerhaeuser in Seattle. We were buying pulp from Weyerhaeuser for our paper mill in Lahore so I encouraged them to employ Hyder, to give him some practical training. They liked his work so much that they offered him a permanent position and he worked with them for four years. Because of my close relationship with the Rausing's, I asked them what Hyder should do next. They suggested that he should get some commercial exposure and they offered him a job in Tetra Pak America, where he worked for two years. Of these two years, he spent one at their plant in Dallas where a new factory was commissioned. The other year he spent at the Tetra Pak America head office in Connecticut. After that, we wanted him to come back and he did so willingly. Henna and Hyder had been coming to Lahore every summer so they were not cut off from Packages.

Hyder is now the Managing Director of Packages Limited and it took him twenty years to rise to that position. Just as my father had broken me into business, I did the same with him. My father used to send me to various centres

MARRIAGE AND CHILDREN



2013: Photograph taken at the wedding of Mubarik Imam and Talba Sattar



2013: Photograph taken at the wedding of Zebra Hyder Ali and Isfandiyar Khan

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in India, visiting what they called the 'coffee shops' where they had canteens and grocery stores etc. Hyder started working on the ground floor at Packages and worked first in the Corrugated Department before taking charge of that department. He was then in charge of new projects and gradually worked his way up to the second floor. I tried to inculcate in him and others that professionals in the company are not socially or economically disadvantaged. Nobody has the last word on any issue at Packages; we take decisions by consensus.

THEIR FAMILIES

We have been fortunate to have a wonderful son-in-law, Faisal Imam, married to our daughter Henna, and a wonderful daughter-in-law, Amina (Rani), married to Hyder Ali.

Faisal Imam is my sister's son. Henna agreed to his proposal and they got married in 1983. Faisal studied at Aitchison and F.C. College, did his B.Sc. in Agricultural Economics and then an MBA from Cornell. He has an excellent combination of interests: one is farming, which he inherited, but he is also an astute politician, playing an active role in politics in his area. He has taken a great deal of interest in social work, especially in the area of education, primary and secondary as well as technical, and provides leadership and support to a number of schools in his district. Faisal and Henna's only child, a daughter, is Mubarik.

Mubarik studied at Lahore Grammar School and on the basis of her excellent results in 'O' and 'A' levels, she was admitted to the Undergraduate Program at MIT Boston where she completed her degree in Electrical Engineering and Physics. She then worked for two years with Bain & Co., a consulting firm, before spending a year as a fellow of the Acumen Fund. After that, she decided to take a three-year Masters Joint Degree between the Kennedy School at Harvard and Stanford University, where she performed with credit. She is outgoing and adventurous (at one time, she wanted to be an astronaut!). She is a sky-diver and is currently learning to fly. She married Talha Sattar whom she met during her studies in America. Talha comes from a respected business family in Karachi. He did his Undergraduate studies at North Western University, Chicago and his MBA at Stanford before joining McKinsey. They were married in March 2013 and now live in Palo Alto. After her MBA, in September 2013, Mubarik decided to join What's App and we were thrilled to know that she was on the negotiating team that finalized the sale of What's App to Facebook for \$19 billion in March 2014!

My wife gave a choice of two girls to Hyder and he decided to get married to Amina (Rani), who is the granddaughter of my wife's step-sister, our next door neighbour. Amina has not only reared her children well, but has also participated fully in family activities, especially in fostering good relations with our business partners. Amina took up studies again after raising three very handsome and loving children. She has been teaching at Kinnaird College Lahore in the M.A. programme and is now pursuing a doctorate degree. Very courageous in a family where more women have been home-makers!

Hyder and Rani have been blessed with two daughters and a son. The eldest daughter, Zehra, like Mubarik, studied at Lahore Grammar School and gained admission to MIT for her Undergraduate studies. She continued for her Masters degree at MIT in Architecture and Environment. She is an enterprising young lady and started her own Company,

MARRIAGE AND CHILDREN

Ghonsla, which was a result of a competition while at MIT. She has been able to carve out a niche for her product, which is based on turning waste material into insulation products for buildings. Zehra married Isfandiyar Khan, whom she met after her studies in Pakistan. He is an accomplished economist who started his Undergraduate studies at LUMS and moved to Rutgers and then to Columbia for his Masters degree. He is now working for the World Bank. They married in May 2013 and are now living in Brussels.

Like his grandfather and father, Hyder's son, Murtaza, studied at Aitchison College and then did his higher schooling at the Lab School in Washington D.C. where his parents bought a home and where he is now pursuing his Undergraduate degree at the American University. He is humble, a keen cricketer, and a boy of lovely habits and demeanour, making us all very proud of him. He takes advice from his grandmother on all issues. When asked by her what he wanted to do in life, he said, 'I want to be like my grandfather'.

Rani and Hyder's youngest daughter, Gauhar Afroze, is a very bright young lady. From day one, she has been interested in fashion designing. After she had completed her 'O' level, she arranged a dress exhibition at which she was able to sell all her designed dresses within two hours for a hundred thousand rupees which made her very happy! She is now in Poly Moda School of Faragamo in Florence and excelling in fashion design. She is even helping some students in the third year at her School in Florence. Out of my grand-children, Gauhar is the most devoted shia. Because there is no Imambargah in Florence, she listens to Majalis sermons on her laptop during Ashura. She has a very soft heart and would make all possible efforts to help any human being.

We are very proud of all our grandchildren who, after excellent academic records, are putting these to good use in their professional careers. I think I was a better father than a grandfather because I was more strict as a father, but we enjoy the company of our grandchildren and are more friendly with them than we were with our own children, perhaps not uncommon with grandparents!

FAMILY'S TOGETHERNESS

When my brother Wajid Ali was alive, he entertained the entire family at Eid lunches. Since his demise, we have had the privilege of having over a hundred members of our larger family to Eid lunches in our house, at which my wife has been a gracious hostess. She looks after all the details and I don't even have to spend a few minutes in this arduous task.

I have had unconditional support from my family, who have provided a tranquil home background. Henna, Hyder and their families come over for dinner at our home whenever possible. Henna and Hyder eat early like us, but the grandchildren follow their own timings and, therefore, do not always eat with us.

I am very happy with the way Henna and Hyder were brought up and the way they have developed their personalities. My children and grandchildren also support me in my promotion of LUMS but they feel that I do not stress enough the need for the graduates to repay something to LUMS; they have all benefited from the superb facilities and many of them have received full scholarships.

INTERACTION WITH SOME POLITICIANS

THE STORY OF THE THREE PHOTOGRAPHS

When I was studying at Aitchison in 1941, I wrote letters to Mr. Jinnah, Mahatma Gandhi and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru asking for their signed photographs.

All three replied:

Mr. Jinnah's secretary said that I could get his photograph from Saroni Studio in New Delhi.

Mr. Gandhi's secretary suggested that I should send Mr. Gandhi's photograph along with Rs.5 for the Harijan Fund and Mr. Gandhi would be happy to put his signature on the photograph.

By the time, my letter reached Pandit Nehru, he was already in prison in Dehra Dun after the start in July 1942 of Congress's Quit India Movement. Pandit Nehru wrote that he did not have a photograph in jail and that I should remind him when he was a free man again. I did this and he was gracious enough to send me a signed photograph.

The photographs and the replies I received from the three leading statesmen of the sub-continent are shown here.

THE QUAID-E-AZAM

If there was any legal issue with our contracts, my father would, in important cases, seek Mr. Jinnah's advice as a lawyer. He introduced my brother, Bhai Wajid, to Mr. Jinnah when Bhai Wajid was based in Bombay looking after the business there, and he got to know Mr. Jinnah very well. During my holidays, I used to go to Bombay, where I was very well looked after by Bhai Wajid. He offered to introduce me to Mr. Jinnah and asked his P.A. if he could bring me over. The next day, Mr. and Miss Jinnah invited us for lunch and I remember a very embarrassing incident. We were served grapefruit, fish, and roast chicken with the skin on. When I tried to carve the chicken, a piece fell on to my lap! I picked it up with my hand and put it on the plate. I looked at Mr. Jinnah who pretended that he had not noticed. I can never forget that. He was a generous host.

My mother had a ladies party for Miss Jinnah – about 30-40 ladies attended including my sisters and nieces. My sister Fakhra and her daughters were very fond of singing and sang a number of songs for Miss Jinnah. One of the songs was based on the contemporary political situation in Punjab. At that time, there was a tussle going on between the Unionist Party and the Muslim League. Mr. Jinnah wanted Khizer Hayat to have a Muslim League flag in Punjab and not a Unionist flag and the British were urging Khizer not to become a Muslim Leaguer but to remain a Unionist. Khizer remained loyal to the British. Glancy was the Governor of Punjab at that time and he encouraged Khizer to oppose Mr. Jinnah, until the Governor retired and went away. Chhotu Ram was one of Khizer Hayat's ministers. He was a very fine gentleman, a Jat from Rohtak, who died in 1945. The song was based on a contemporary Indian song and went like this:

Jub tum he challe England baja kur band
Glancy payara, Consull main kaun hamara
Ab jainay ki koi aas nahin
Ab Chhotu Ram bhi pass nahin

INTERACTION WITH SOME POLITICIANS



Guest House Hyderabad Dn
8th August 1941

MOUNT PLEASANT ROAD
MALABAR HILL
BOMBAY - INDIA

Dear Sir,

I beg to inform you that you can obtain the
photograph of Mr. Jinnah from "Sarony Studio",
Cannought Place, New Delhi.

Mr. Jinnah regrets that at present he has
no copy of his photograph to spare.

Yours faithfully

Sayim

Syed Babar Ali Esq

Letter from Quaid-e-Azam Mohammad Ali Jinnah's secretary

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BEVAGRAM
V. WARDHA (G. P.)

सेवाग्राम
बर्धा होकर (अध्य प्रांत)

سیو اگرام
براد واردها (سی-پی)
1-8-41

Dear friend, if you send a photograph
such as you like, and a donation of
at least Rs. 5/- for the Harijan fund,
with postage for returning the photo,
you can get Gandhi's autograph.
Yours sincerely
K. S. Mashram
Secy. Secy.



Letter from Mahatma Gandhi's Secretariat

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Mr Jankhalal Nehru
Dishitgaol, Dehra Dun

198 M

Mr Babar Ali
Dallhaus
Nishalbach Bingen



Dear friend,

Your letter has reached me. I am afraid I
cannot send a photograph of mine for prison. I do not
keep that in prison, nor can I get this here for this purpose.
Later on, when I am in a position to send it to you, you
might remind me of it.
With all good wishes,

Yours sincerely
Jankhalal Nehru

Pandit Nehru's Letter

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The next morning the servant of Nawab Mamdot came early and said that Miss Jinnah had asked for the Bibi (Manno, my niece) who sang the song last night. My sister lived in the house next to ours so I went and said, 'Manno, Miss Jinnah is calling you.' I had her readied quickly and we walked across the road to Mamdot House and were shown into the drawing room. After five minutes, Mr. Jinnah came in and Miss Jinnah said, 'Sing what you sang to me yesterday' and Manno took off immediately. With his monocle on, Mr. Jinnah said to me, 'Let her sing and you translate it for me.' Thus I saw the lighter side of Mr. Jinnah.

Mr. Jinnah was also most gracious. I remember that, on the day that we visited him at his home in Mount Pleasant, as we were leaving in the car, he came down to see us off and he said to my brother, 'Give my affectionate regards to your father.' I have not heard anybody claim that the Quaid would say this to anybody. He was renowned for being formal even with those he was closest to. In those days, the story went around that he wrote to his sister as 'Dear Miss Jinnah'!

Around 1945, Mr. Jinnah was a Member of the Parliament (Central Assembly) in Delhi and my father called for an appointment. Mr. Jinnah invited him to lunch and my father told him that I was with him so I had the honour to be invited to the lunch too. Another guest was Sheikh Ali Ahmed from Bombay, where he ran a carpet shop in the Fort area. Ali Ahmed had just been to England and met with Mr. Kendell, a Member of the British Parliament, who had invented a car similar to the Volkswagon that had been introduced in Germany as the people's car. Ali Ahmed was telling Mr. Jinnah about the merits of the car and that he was in negotiations with Kendell regarding the manufacture of the car in India. Mr. Jinnah suggested that Ali Ahmed should have the factory in Karachi and not Bombay; he was looking to the future, when Karachi would be in Pakistan. After lunch, my father and I accompanied Mr. Ahmed Ali to the Imperial Hotel where he showed us the details of the car. My father called up my brother, Bhai Wajid, and mentioned this meeting. My brother, who had the ability to judge people well, knew of Ahmed Ali's reputation and told my father straightaway not to take him seriously.

In 1946, the British were still talking of dominion status but some people in the Congress wanted complete independence. Gandhi was compromising on dominion status. I personally witnessed a very historical event. The Second Cabinet Mission plan, accepted by the Congress and the Muslim League, would have created three blocks, A, B, and C – A was Hindu majority, B was Muslim majority, and C was the Princely States. It was agreed that if after ten years these States did not get on well, they could part. We were all hoping that this plan would go forward. Nehru said that the constitution of India should be sovereign and they could just undo this agreement. Within a week of signing, the Congress went back on it. Mr. Jinnah called a meeting in Bombay of the Muslim League Council, the body that advised the Working Committee on the direction the League should take. At that time, I was in Bombay and I attended most of the sessions of this two-day meeting. The mood was one of defiance. People came to the rostrum and renounced their titles including my brother, Syed Amjad Ali, who was a CIE. My father was a Knight and he had gone to Mr. Jinnah to seek his advice. Mr. Jinnah asked him, 'Will renouncing the title hurt your business?' My father told him, 'My business is 100% with the British.' Mr. Jinnah said, 'I don't advise you to renounce the title because you are an asset to us.'

I remember Mr. Jinnah was sitting beside the dais and everybody else was sitting at ground level. Maulana Hasrat Mohani was sitting in the first row. He was one of the greatest political leaders of his era and a very fine poet. He used to have a blanket in which his clothes were bundled along with a 'jai namaz' and that used to be under his arm. He used to wear a Turkish cap and an *achkan*. This was all that he possessed and this is how he travelled. He was the one who defied Gandhi. He stood up and said, 'What you are doing is not enough, you have to go ten steps forward.' He suggested boycotting the British and direct action. That is the only time I saw Mr. Jinnah shout: 'Sit down.' Hasrat Mohani refused to sit down. At that meeting, Mr. Jinnah spoke with a lot of fervour. He said, 'We have been let down by the British. We have always been saying that Congress is not to be trusted.' Just before he sat down, he took a paper out of his *achkan* pocket and like a good lawyer read out in a very oratorical way the translation of a Firdausi couplet, which meant, 'if you want peace, we do not seek war but if you want war, you will have it unhesitatingly.' I remember reading the headline the next morning in the Times of India, which said 'Mr. Jinnah spoke with fire in his eyes'.

SIR SIKANDER HAYAT

Sir Sikander's two sons, Shaukat and Azmat, and his daughter, Tahira, were married on the same day in December 1942 but that very night Sir Sikander died of heart failure, which was a big loss to Punjab and the Muslims of India.

Sir Sikander Hayat was an outstanding politician and the Prime Minister of Punjab after the 1937 elections, heading the Unionist Party, which consisted of leading landlords among the Muslims, Hindus and Sikhs of the Punjab. He became the Deputy Governor of the Reserve Bank of India when it was created. Prior to that, he was the first Muslim Governor of the Punjab. When, in summer, the Governor went on leave, Sir Sikander was the Acting Governor.

Sir Sikander was a man of complete integrity. I remember, at his eldest daughter Mahmooda's wedding, my father went and left a present. Sir Sikander himself came over to our house to give it back and said, 'I have very close relations with you but I just cannot take it because of my position.'

Sir Sikander Hayat had no property at all, not even his own house. Bhai Amjad at that time was the Parliamentary Secretary to the Unionist government and was very close to his family. He suggested to them that, in recompense for his work, the government should be asked to grant the family 2,000 acres of land. Mir Maqbool, from Amritsar and the brother of Sir Sikander's first wife, thought that the family should instead work towards getting Shaukat Hayat, his son-in-law, made a Minister in the Punjab Cabinet. The British conceded to this request as Sir Sikander Hayat was very well liked by them. Shaukat resigned his commission from the Army and was appointed Minister for Public Works in the Unionist government, under Malik Khizer Hayat as Prime Minister.

MALIK GHULAM MOHAMMAD – GOVERNOR GENERAL 1951-1955

Living in Bombay, Malik Ghulam Mohammad was a friend of my brothers, Syed Amjad Ali and Syed Wajid Ali. Towards the end of the War he was briefly a founding partner in 'Mohammad & Mahindra', an engineering manufacturing company, and he then worked in a top position in the Railways. After the War, he became Finance Minister to the Nizam of Hyderabad and then served in the Ministry of Finance of undivided India. After

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Partition, the Quaid-e-Azam appointed him Pakistan's Finance Minister in the first Cabinet and he resigned from his company, which became 'Mahindra & Mahindra', today one of the leading automobile companies in India.

While serving as Pakistan's first Finance Minister, Malik Ghulam Mohammad was a regular visitor to our house in Karachi. He once came over to my brothers in an agitated state saying, 'If this country is to be saved, do some lobbying and make sure that the Objectives Resolution is not passed.' This was the Resolution that named Pakistan as the Islamic Republic of Pakistan and added all the Islamic clauses - it was passed in 1951. It was rumoured that it was Chaudhry Mohammad Ali's initiative; the Quaid had passed away by then. The then Prime Minister, Nawabzada Liaquat Ali, had been advised that this Resolution would make him popular! He was from Karnal in UP and was elected from East Pakistan to the National Assembly, so he had no real political base in West Pakistan.

On another occasion, I remember Malik Sahib came over to the house and borrowed our car to drive to the airport. Later, we discovered that he had dropped our driver at the airport and driven the car to Karachi Cantonment to meet Mir Laiq Ali. Mir Sahib was the Prime Minister of Hyderabad Deccan and after the "Police Action" in September 1948, he had been held as a prisoner in his house in Hyderabad. One day, the Indian Authorities discovered that Mir Sahib was missing and later on he appeared in Karachi. For many days, the news of Mir Laiq Ali's escape to Pakistan was kept confidential by the Government of Pakistan. Later, it was disclosed that he had travelled by train incognito from Hyderabad to Bombay and flew from Bombay to Karachi — all undiscovered — under a pseudo name! Malik Ghulam Mohammad was among the first government officials to meet Mir Laiq Ali after his arrival in Pakistan.

When Malik Sahib, as Governor General, decided to go on Hajj, he invited my brother, Wajid Ali, to accompany him. Because of his other commitments, Bhai Wajid had to decline. My brother's valet, Fazal, was also in the room and Malik Sahib offered to include him in his entourage. This was without anybody's asking. Malik Sahib was a very generous and egalitarian individual, who never stood on rank. Fazal later told us that he was treated with utmost generosity throughout the pilgrimage and even had the rare honour of being admitted to the enclosure of the tomb of the Holy Prophet, a very unique honour reserved only for very important guests of the Saudi government.

After the death of Nawabzada Liaquat Ali Khan, Khawaja Nazimuddin was persuaded to step down as Governor General to become the Prime Minister of Pakistan and Malik Ghulam Mohammad was sworn in as the Governor General. Malik Ghulam Mohammad's son, Inam Mohammad, meanwhile worked for National Bank of Pakistan at a salary of Rs. 500 per month! Such were standards of integrity where the Governor General's son worked for a meagre salary.

Malik Ghulam Mohammad continued to be the Head of State till his resignation due to ill health; he suffered a stroke and his speech was impaired. I remember, one day in his retirement, I received a telephone call in my Karachi office that he wanted to talk to me. I knew that I would not be able to understand what he would say on the telephone so I rushed from my office to his daughter's house in Clifton where he was living. He asked me to go to the Collector of Customs to have a box cleared for him that he was expecting from abroad. I was happy to carry out this task for him. This was the last time I met him; shortly thereafter he passed away.

PANDIT NEHRU

Enayat Habibullah, called Bubbles by us, became a General in the Indian army. His wife, a political worker, was also from Lucknow and became a member of the U.P. Assembly. Their son, Wajahat, and Rajiv Gandhi were classmates at Doon School. When Wajahat was passing out of Doon School, the parents wanted to send him to England because his father and uncles had all studied there. Enayat's wife suggested that they should seek advice from Panditji as to whether they should send Wajahat to England for his further studies or whether he should continue his education in India. Panditji advised that they should let Wajahat continue his education in India because otherwise adjustment would become an issue when he came back. Enayat's wife said, 'But Panditji, you went to Harrow, then to Cambridge.' Panditji replied, 'Who told you I am adjusted?'

Mian Iftikharuddin family was the most senior family of Baghbanpura and had the right to the mangoes of Shalimar Gardens because they had been the gardeners of the Mughals. Mian Iftikharuddin was very close to the Nehru family. Panditji, when he came to Lahore, used to stay with him. When Indira Gandhi got married, Mian Sahib was invited to Allahabad and, of course, Mian Sahib went. The entire Nehru clan from all over India was there. Mian Sahib told me that the last night that Indira spent in her father's house was in a room that was shared by Panditji, Indira and Mian Sahib. He told me that there were no other rooms available and Panditji asked him to stay with them in their room. In those days, it was considered an insult to send someone to a hotel. To manage the overflow, tents were erected. There used to be a standard line on the wedding card next to the RSVP, "Bring your bedding". Invariably, the weddings were during the winters and tents were erected in the compound where the guests used their own beddings to sleep.

Some connections with the Nehru family

Mr. S.P. Singha was a prominent member of the Christian community in Lahore and Registrar of the Punjab University. His elder daughter, Champa, married Mr. Mangat Rai, an ICS officer and they migrated to India, where they separated. Mangat Rai then married Mrs. Vijay Lakshmi Pandit's daughter, Tara.

I used to meet Mrs. Pandit's younger sister, Krishna Hutheesing at my brother's house in Bombay. Her pet name was Betty and she had been at school with Amtul, the widow of Sir Ross Masood (the grandson of Sir Syed Ahmed Khan, founder of Aligarh University), who married Rahat, son of Nawab Ahmad Saeed Chatari, another prominent person from Aligarh. Rahat was a Recruiting Officer during World War II and shared an office in Delhi with my cousin, Faqir Syed Waheeduddin. Like most Nawabzadas, Rahat was a very romantic person. When Rahat married Amtul, they were guests of Bhai Wajid in his flat in Bombay, where I was staying. Betty often visited, to see Amtul. The usual conversation between them was about their school days, no politics at all. Raja Hutheesing was quite a well-read man.

NAWAB MUSHTAQ AHMAD GURMANI

Gurmani Sahib was from an influential family of Muzaffargarh and was elected to the Punjab Legislative Council. He had originally been introduced to our family by my cousin, Faqir Syed Waheeduddin, who was a classmate of his at Aligarh School, next to Aligarh University. He was such a likeable person that he was adopted by my family and became a regular resident of our house. Whenever he travelled between Aligarh and Muzaffargarh, he stayed with us in Lahore. From my childhood, therefore, I saw Gurmani Sahib regularly in our house. His father had

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Nawab Mushtaq Ahmad Gurmani 1905-1981

died but his mother also used to visit our family. She was a very learned lady, also from Muzaffargarh.

One of the very close friends of my paternal grandfather, Syed Wazir Ali, was Col. Z. Ahmed from Assam, who was in the medical service in Ferozpur. Syed Wazir Ali died in 1900 and my father inherited him as a friend and an elder. My father was diagnosed with T.B. in 1908. He was in Lahore and Col. Z. Ahmed took leave from his job in Ferozpur and stayed in Lahore for three months to treat my father! Therefore, when Gurmani Sahib came on to the scene, Col. Z. Ahmed's family was very close to my father. Col. Z. Ahmed was looking for a match for one of his daughters. My father suggested Mushtaq Gurmani, and said, 'Mushtaq is the eldest in the family and has a good background.' Thus my father had Gurmani Sahib married into this cultured family. Gurmani Sahib was very articulate, not well read, but very well tutored. He interacted with people like M.D. Taseer. During the War, he was in the Labour Department and he had Taseer posted there. He also knew Mr. S.M. Sharif, Secretary of Education, Punjab. He was all the time talking to them, absorbing and learning.

Gurmani Sahib had three daughters and no son. He treated me like his own son with a lot of affection and looked to me as somebody who would take care of his affairs after his death. He made me the Chairman of his Gurmani Foundation, in which position I still serve. I said, 'The Gurmani Foundation belongs to your children and grandchildren. They should manage it. Why should I be involved in it?' but he said, 'I will not have the Trust without you.' I invested Rs. 1 million from his Trust into Milkpak Limited and a similar amount into Packages shares. In 2012, the two investments were worth Rs. 4.3 billion. The annual income of the Foundation in 2012 was Rs. 50 million. I have been wanting to leave the position of Chairman but the family does not let me do so.

Gurmani Sahib found out that General Zia-ul-Haq had offered me the ambassadorship to Washington but that I had excused myself. He called me up and said, 'Bubbooji [my childhood name was Bubboo], I have found out and I am very happy. This is what I expected of you.'

CHAUDHRY MUHAMMAD ZAFRULLA KHAN

Despite the disparity in our ages, Chaudhry Sahib was the kind of person whom one could talk to freely and he treated me as a young friend. When I was a student, I was on a very tight budget so when, in New York, he asked me what I could donate for his community, I said I could only give \$100, which he accepted. He gave away all his wealth to his community three times in his lifetime - and each time started from zero again. He was always neatly attired but wore the same suit, with a fresh shirt, and his shoes were always well polished.

Chaudhry Sahib was a deeply religious person, very austere, and yet very open-minded. He started his life as a lawyer in the Punjab. He attended the Round Table Conferences in London in the early 1930s and represented India at the League of Nations in 1939. He became a member of the Punjab Legislative Council, then a member of the Viceroy's Council in Delhi, holding many ministerial positions. His last position in undivided India was as a Judge of the Supreme Court.

When Chaudhry Sahib was a member of the Cabinet, he was very concerned about the future politics of Pakistan and impressed on my brother, Wajid Ali, the need to use his influence with the Quaid, to ensure that the Constitution of Pakistan was framed during the Quaid's lifetime. He was the Head of the first Delegation from Pakistan to the United Nations. I joined this delegation and witnessed some of the proceedings, described earlier. He served as Pakistan's second Foreign Minister, and from there he was elected a member of the International Court of Justice in The Hague. He was Pakistan's permanent representative at the United Nations from 1961 to 1964 and became its President before returning to the International Court of Justice.

I have some treasured memories of him at the United Nations: as soon as we arrived, the secretariat published a provisional list of delegates. It began with Sir Zafrulla Khan as the leader and Ambassador Ispahani. Then there was Mir Laiq Ali, the Prime Minister of Hyderabad; I do not know why the Quaid sent him, but probably to provoke the Indians, as Hyderabad was still independent at that time. Among the youngsters, there was Abdul Sattar Pirzada (Hafeez Pirzada's father), and Begum Salma Tassaduq Hussain. Also there was the Secretary General Mohammad Ayub, a very fine table tennis player, at one time rated as the number one in India. When the final delegates book came out a month later, as a matter of courtesy because she was a lady, they had put Salma Tassaduq Hussain's name above Abdul Sattar Pirzada. Pirzada Sahib said to me, 'They have demoted me.' I said 'Pirzada Sahib, it does not matter. The book has been published, what can be done now?' He persisted and went to Ayub Sahib who told him that 'it is not a degradation for you in any way. It is only a list'. Pirzada Sahib was still un-consolable; he went to Chaudhry Sahib. He said, 'Chaudhry Sahib, they have put me under Salma Tassaduq Hussain!' Chaudhry Sahib replied, 'I entirely agree with you, the position is most unnatural!' Pirzada never spoke on the issue after that.

On one occasion, the women delegates to the U.N. had been invited by Ms. Eleanor Roosevelt to Hyde Park, the Roosevelt Estate in upstate New York. Chaudhry Sahib said, 'It is a beautiful time of the year (it was Fall), and the

car has to go there any way. I can take you along on one condition: I will sit in the front and you will have to sit at the back with Salma Tassaduq Hussain. Going and coming back, you have to make sure that she does not talk to me.' It was an hour's drive each way and I kept her engaged all the time. For years on end, Chaudhry Sahib said to me, 'You did a first class job. You did not let her speak to me even once.'

I got to know him extremely well during that period. My wife knew him independently before our marriage. When she was in America, staying with my brother, Pakistan's Ambassador to the US, Chaudhry Sahib used to go to Washington frequently and he got to know her very well and they started an independent friendship. When Perwin and I got married, both of us were made very welcome at his home and he would come to our house.

Later, Chaudhry Sahib married a young Lebanese, to help her escape the oppressive regime there at the time. My wife was in regular correspondence with him and wrote that she had heard the news of the marriage, and wanted to verify it. Chaudhry Sahib wrote back to say that it was correct but the facts were very much twisted: 'They say she is 18. She is not 18, she is 22! They say, I am 75. I am not 75, I am 72!'

Chaudhry Sahib lived abroad for the last 25 years of his life. Whenever he visited Lahore, we had the privilege of spending time with him. He was a gracious host and always received my wife and me with the utmost kindness and love. Over a year before he passed away, he permanently moved to Lahore where we saw him frequently.

ZULFIQAR ALI BHUTTO

Sometime in November 1964, I received a telephone call at Packages that the Minister of Industries, Mr. Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto, wanted to talk to me. Bhutto said, 'Mr. Babar Ali, I believe you have black roses in your garden'. I said, 'Not really black roses, but we have some dark colours'. He told me that he wanted black roses for his house in Larkana, and I said, "They are in bloom at the moment so if you are coming to Lahore in the next few days, why don't you come and have a look? You can tell me which ones you like and we will make arrangements to send them to Larkana.' A few days later, he telephoned again, and said: 'I am coming to Lahore, I will be staying at Falletti's [there was no Pearl Continental or Avari at that time] and I will be ready at 10 a.m.'

Three or four months prior to that I had gone to Mysore in India to see a paper mill based on bagasse. We were at that time toying with the idea of putting up a paper mill ourselves and we were looking at raw materials other than wood, because there was no wood in Pakistan and bagasse was available. In Mysore, I was walking through an under-construction mill and met a young Sikh, Mohinder Bedi, who happened to be an old Aitchisonian. We embraced each other and he said I should join him for dinner that evening. There he asked me, 'How is my friend Zulfi?' I thought he was referring to my nephew, Zulfiqar Bokhari, because he was also an Aitchisonian. I asked, 'Were you and my nephew, Zulfiqar, in the same class?' and he said, 'No, I am talking of my friend, Zulfi Bhutto.' I said, 'How do you know him?' and he said, 'We were together in Berkeley; there was myself, Zulfi Bhutto, Mohammad Faruque, and Omar Kureshi, and we shared the same "chumri" in Berkeley.'

This story was still at the back of my mind. So when he sat in my car at Faletti's as we were driving to Packages, I was wondering what I should talk to him about because I was determined not to talk business. I did not want

him to feel that as Minister of Industries, we were under a licencing regime and that I was trying to get something out of him. I said, 'I was recently in India and met a friend of yours.' He asked who it was and I told him. He looked through me without any comment. I then talked to him about the weather and this and that. When we got to Packages, I showed him our roses. I then took him to my office, gave him a cup of coffee, and drove all the way back. The flowers he had selected we sent to Larkana, for which I later got a thank-you letter. Irshad Hussain saw me with Bhutto at Packages, and said, 'You were with the Minister of Industries; I hope all was okay.' My spontaneous remark to Irhsad was: 'He may be the Minister of Industries but I have no respect for him because he was not prepared to acknowledge to me that he had a friend in India!'

My next meeting with Mr. Bhutto was set up by the late Mian Mahmood Ali Kasuri, who called me up one day, prior to the 1970 elections, and invited me to breakfast with Mr. Bhutto at his house. There was no one else on this occasion except Mian Mahmood, Mr. Bhutto, and myself. Mr. Bhutto talked optimistically about the forthcoming elections. I asked him how strong his party was in East Pakistan. He said that he was concentrating on the West Wing where he thought he would get a majority. I was all the time wondering and thought that he would either ask me to join his party or ask for money for the election campaign. To my surprise and relief, he asked for neither. I stayed with him for about an hour and the only indirect hint that he dropped was when he mentioned that although he had sanctioned an oil refinery to Mr. Jalil, he had contributed no money to his election fund.

My next meeting with Mr. Bhutto was long after he had taken over as the President of Pakistan and when he asked his government to draft me into public service as Chairman of the National Fertilizer Corporation about which I have written earlier.

He was a person of many sides. Among his positives, he was very efficient. Any file that went up to him came back within twenty-four hours. He was very hard working. When he was travelling, he had almost Chengez Khan like arrow riders who would get him the files whether he was in Quetta or wherever; he left nothing pending. He had a very quick disposal system.

GENERAL MOHAMMAD ZIA-UL-HAQ

Soon after taking office as the Chief Martial Law Administrator in July 1977, General Zia-ul-Haq invited me to join his cabinet, which I declined. Some months later he again sent for me and asked me to take over as the head of Pakistan International Airlines. I declined again saying this was an industry for which I had very little feeling. At my next meeting with him, he invited me to go to Washington as Pakistan's Ambassador. I thanked him for his confidence in me and apologised that I could not accept as I was busy with the setting up of a milk processing industry based on new technology. I said to him that if I dropped this industry, it would be a long time before anybody else would attempt it. 'On the other hand', I said, 'You can find a much better person than me to go to the US'. He was gracious enough to accept my submissions.

Later, I received a letter from the Foreign Office saying that the President of Pakistan would be visiting America in the coming months. As I visited the US quite often, they asked me to go and create the right environment

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in Washington to make his visit more agreeable and successful. They asked me to use my own contacts in this effort. I went to Washington and met my friends who had been American Ambassadors and diplomats. I asked them what the issues were that they were concerned about. They said, 'the bomb'. In those days, it was not clear whether we had a bomb or not. They said this was something the US would want to discuss with our President. I sought a meeting with General Ejaz Azim, our Ambassador in Washington. The Foreign Office had already sent him a copy of the letter they had written to me. General Ejaz, therefore, knew that I was snooping around Washington, preparing the ground for the President's visit outside diplomatic circles. I told him about my findings. Military man that he was, he responded, 'Babar Ali Sahib, don't worry about Washington; it is fully covered. I want you to go and concentrate on New York and get us investments.' I said, 'General Sahib, nobody is going to invest simply on my asking them to do so. They will only invest after checking with those who have already invested in Pakistan. You have to go and talk to the people who have invested in Pakistan and are making money; they will be your best advocates.' I said thank you to General Sahib and came back.

During my tenure as Chairman of the National Fertilizer Corporation, we had embarked on a Pak-China fertilizer project in Haripur, near Islamabad. After I left, it was to be inaugurated by the President. Riyaz Bokhari was the Chairman of National Fertilizer Corporation at that time. I went to the ceremony to show my face to the people with whom I had worked and to make them feel that I was still interested in their progress and development. They put me in the front row, fifty yards from the dais and the President noticed me. Once the speeches were over, the President went to a small *sbamiana* for tea and to meet important people, and I went to the car park for my vehicle to return to Islamabad and then Lahore. While I was looking for my car, a man in military uniform rushed up and said, 'The President is looking for you.' I quickly went and met the President. He said, 'Till when are you here?' I said, 'I was leaving but I can stay on.' He said, 'Can you stay till 1 o'clock? I am going to fly back to Islamabad in my helicopter, so please come to the helipad at 1 p.m.'

I got to the helipad at 12.30 p.m. Army and CID people asked me who I was. General Saeed Qadir was also there. I knew him quite well and he was, of course, very close to the President so I told him the President had asked me to join him. In the meantime, the President arrived and asked me to sit with him. This was my first time in a helicopter. I noticed that there were three or four toughies also with the President, like bouncers in a nightclub. I think they were there in case something went wrong, to help the President with a parachute. Because of the noise in the helicopter, we could not have any conversation, so when we landed at the helipad in Islamabad he asked me to accompany him in his car. He said, 'You went to the US; what is the message?' I told him exactly what I had learnt. He did not say a word.

General Zia introduced the Majlis-e-Shoora in 1980 and I got a call from the Punjab Governor, General Jillani, who told me he had put my name forward as a member. I said, 'Let me come and see you. I am not a politician; what will I do in the Shoora?' He said, 'Your name is now on the list. If you say no, you will stand out. Become a part of it. If you don't like it, you can always leave.' I did not want to go against the wishes of the Government during Martial Law and I agreed. I served on the Majlis-e-Shoora and had the opportunity to meet the President from time to time in social gatherings. He showed the utmost courtesy to me, which encouraged me to seek his support and patronage in setting up the Lahore University of Management Sciences (LUMS) and I asked him to

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come and see it, at that time in rented premises in Liberty Market area, Gulberg. Within the next few weeks, he was in Lahore and he graced us with a visit.

A couple of years after the setting up of LUMS, I met General Zia-ul-Haq at a function of the Pakistan Agricultural Research Council in Islamabad. At that time, my right hand was bandaged as I had undergone surgery to straighten my fingers, which were affected by 'Dupitran tendon'. He saw me from the rostrum and he was kind enough to remark, 'I see Syed Babar Ali with a bandaged hand. Even with one hand, he works more than many others with both!'

General Zia was very generous with me despite my declining three times the various positions he had offered me. If it was somebody else, he would have wondered what I thought of myself! I was never invited to his house for a dinner or anything. If it was a big function, yes I attended, but no small parties. In fact, the last function that I attended at the President's House was just before he died. At that time, he had announced elections to democratize Pakistan. Wasim Sajjad was his Chairman of the Senate and when I met him I said, 'Congratulations, things are opening up.' He said, 'I don't know whether he will hold the elections or not!' This was one of his closest colleagues!

What I have heard and read since his death is totally opposite to what I saw in him. He was very gracious. For instance, whenever I went to his house (which, incidentally, was always the quite modest Army Chief's house in Rawalpindi) for a meeting, he always came to see me off to my car. I never invited him to my house; it was something I have always shied away because I did not want to be at the same level as him.

General Zia-ul-Haq was educated at St. Stephen's College, Delhi. I was flying from Lahore to Karachi and Mr. Natwar Singh, the Indian High Commissioner to Pakistan, was on the same flight. He told me that he was part of a delegation from St. Stephen's. General Zia had told the Pakistan High Commissioner in Delhi that he was from St. Stephen's and asked if he could contact a senior professor there to invite some of General Zia's class fellows if they were still around, as guests of the Government of Pakistan. They had gone through the archives of St. Stephen's and found a group photograph in which Zia-ul-Haq featured as a student. When the guests were invited to the President's House, General Zia was presented with this group photograph. General Zia recognized himself in the picture and said that he did not have it because the photograph had cost Rs. 2.50 and he could not afford it at the time, so he was very pleased. Natwar told me that he could not imagine any other President in the world telling him that he could not afford a photograph worth Rs. 2.50 when he was a student!

General Zia was also very anti-shia. During my Shoora days, on the 10th of Moharrum, Ashura day, I got a call from Bhati Gate that as soon as the Majlis was over, I should leave for home. The next day, I found out that there had been a mob attack on our Imam Bargah and they had tried to burn it. Our neighbours, who were not shias, came and fought to protect it. A few weeks later, one of the senior bureaucrats of Lahore, who was not a shia, called to say that the next morning he had received a telephone call from General Zia-ul-Haq to ask what had happened in Lahore. He had told General Zia that nine people had died in the unfortunate incidents. General Zia said, 'Only nine!' In those days General Zia had put together a force employed by the government to drag people to the mosques.

If General Zia had been an honest person, he could have undone all the damage that Bhutto had done to the economy and to the social fabric of the country but he had his own agenda.

BENAZIR BHUTTO

I met her for the first time when I put in an application for an investment bank in partnership with American Express. She was the Prime Minister whose approval was necessary. I found out that the Government had approached American Express and suggested that they should take me out and put their own man in as their partner but this was not acceptable to American Express. They told the Government that they would either go with me as their partner or they would have no joint venture investment bank at all.

Prior to my meeting with the Prime Minister, I first had to meet the Finance Minister, Ehsanul Haq Piracha. Muzaffar Ahmad, the Additional Secretary Finance, whom I had known for many years, was sitting with him. Piracha said, 'We will give you approval for the Bank on one condition, which is that American Express does not repatriate any dividends.' I said, 'You will make a mockery of foreign investment. Why would anyone invest money in Pakistan on those terms?' Muzaffar looked at me in consternation at such a severe answer but there was no other way to put it. Piracha insisted, 'Why don't you ask them?' I said, 'I don't want to ask such a question, the answer is no.' My meeting with Benazir was arranged after that.

The Government had no option, they invited me, and I was ushered into her presence. She was very graceful. She got up as soon as I entered the room to greet me. She knew about my association with WWF and asked whether she could wear her mink coat. I said, 'As long as it is not from wild mink; if it is from reared mink that is alright.' Her husband and Qaim Ali Shah were also there, and two or three other people whom I didn't recognize. I had simply been called to receive the blessing. She said, 'Fine, we will give you the license.' The meeting took no more than 10-15 minutes.

I met her again at a breakfast meeting at the Prime Minister's house when Moeen Qureshi, as Prime Minister, had invited her. I was there as Minister of Finance. I cannot think of anything significant at that meeting; we just exchanged pleasantries.

GENERAL PERVEZ MUSHARRAF

I met General Musharraf long before he came into prominence. He came to my office while he was serving as the Corps Commander Mangla. His cousin, Adnan Asad, whose father, Asad Hameed was a friend of mine, brought him for some advice. His son was studying in America and wanted to pursue actuarial science. What did I think? I said, 'General Sahib, actuarial science is a very tough subject and few want to study it. If he likes the subject, you are very lucky. Let him do it because once he is qualified he will be much sought after as there is a big demand for actuaries.'

There was no further meeting with him till he took over as the Chief Executive of Pakistan. I was in Delhi on the night of October 12, 1999 and I saw on CNN that there had been a coup in Pakistan. I went on to Bangalore for a meeting for a couple of days and from there I had to go to Washington for another meeting. At 2 am in the morning

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in Washington, I got a telephone call, which later on I discovered was from General Khalid Maqbool, not General Aziz from GHQ, which was the way he introduced himself. He said, 'Being a military man, I will come directly to the point. We want you to take over as the Governor of Punjab.' I had some common sense even at 2 am, and said, 'General Sahib, I am 74 years old [although I was 73] and I am too old for that kind of a job. In any case, you should not have someone from within a province as Governor of that province.' He asked, 'What is your suggestion?' I said, 'You caught me cold. Perhaps I can tell you tomorrow morning. How do I get hold of you?' He said, 'Don't worry, I will contact you.' The next morning, I received a telephone call from the Military Attache in Washington, who said, 'You have spoken to General Sahib; he wants some names from you.' I talked to some of my friends and sent him the names that I thought were the most appropriate. For Punjab, I suggested Omar Afridi from the NWFP, who had served as Chief Secretary in the Punjab, and came from very good stock. For NWFP, I suggested Mr. Isani, a Sindhi civil servant, who had served as Chief Secretary in that province. For Sindh, I suggested Saeed Qureshi, a Punjabi bureaucrat, who had served as Chief Secretary Sindh. For Balochistan, I suggested someone from Sindh. None of these outstanding civil servants were appointed.

Then I got a message from Adnan Asad that General Musharraf wanted to see me when I returned to Pakistan. So I went directly from Karachi to Islamabad on 29th October, 1999. Adnan was there to take me to the Army House in Rawalpindi. General Musharraf kept on 'sirring' me and he met me with a lot of kindness. I was with him for an hour and did all the talking. I told him I could not come in but I suggested that the priority for his Government should be to see how the army could return to barracks with honour and dignity. I suggested reforms of the police and judiciary, the need to strengthen the civil service, and I stressed the necessity of preparations for clean elections. He kept on saying 'yes', asked Adnan to take notes and then give him the paper, but I could see that he was too new and it was beyond him to comprehend what he had taken over. As I came out, I told Adnan, 'Everything I suggested seemed to go over his head.'

I met General Musharraf a further three times, when he was more and more confident of himself. Once I asked to meet him in relation to Aitchison College and its constitution, which had been altered to give excessive power to the Governor of Punjab, and which he was reluctant to relinquish.

As the President, he was the Chancellor of LUMS and he came and presided over our Convocation once during his tenure. At that time, we were launching the School of Science & Engineering. He was very supportive and in response to any request, he never said 'no' but he could not, in fact, deliver.

CONCLUSION

CONCLUSION

In 1978, when I had completed my national service at the National Fertilizer Corporation, I came back to the private sector and worked on setting up 'Milkpak Limited'. I went to International Finance Corporation (IFC) where Moeen Qureshi, whom I had known for a long time, was the head. He said, 'You are the first Pakistani who has come to me for a project in Pakistan since Bhutto's time. Now Pakistanis come to me about projects outside of Pakistan.' I said to him, 'Moeen, I started work on January 1, 1948 and I have seen a transformation. In many ways, Pakistan was better yesterday than today. At that time, you could get prompt responses from the government, which was keen to push you forward. I have only two options. One is to stay at home and do nothing. The other is to go out and bat to the best of my ability and leave the rest to Providence.' This has always been my attitude: to bat till the last ball of the match. I regard it as a physical and personal therapy: you have to stay engaged and do things with passion; you have to get involved. You have to be meticulous about small things. You have to read more than once what you have written, to correct your mistakes. It is a question of habit and discipline.

Today, if you read the newspaper you would not want to go to work. I just see the headlines and do not even want to know what is written beneath them. My favourite programme on the television is Masala T.V. I don't believe in the ability of the cooks shown in the programme and I think they must be chosen because they speak well. Neither do I agree with their recipes and their way of cooking, but I still favour Masala T.V. over other channels; at least it gives one some optimism. It just depends on how you look at life: whether it is a glass half full or half empty.

There is no such thing as excellence. Life is an on-going challenge and it is always relative. You have got to keep on improving and challenging yourself to do better. No plan, programme or concept is cast in concrete; you have to keep on modifying and improving it. You must have the will and courage to challenge yourself and say to yourself, 'This is not good enough, I have got to do better!' It is also the on-going spirit you have to inculcate in other people.

I was amazed to hear that a fourteen-year-old-boy from Delhi had climbed Everest. When George Mallory did it in 1953, it was a great achievement. Everest had been there for thousands of years and there was little mechanical equipment needed, just courage. When asked why he had made the climb to Everest, George Mallory's famous answer was, 'Because it was there!' That spirit has to be infused into the younger generation and they have to keep on challenging themselves to keep on improving.

A good institution provides a platform from where you can embark on any journey, but not all good ideas come out of labs. I was at Harvard recently and met a friend of mine, David Bloom, an economist working in the School of Public Health. I said, 'David, what new ideas are you injecting into public health?' He told me that they were comparing statistics on the survival rates of people coming into emergency wards in America and England and found that the swifter the response in the emergency ward, the better the chances of survival. Somebody came up with the idea of studying Formula One racing to see how they change the tyres, add petrol and everything else in just seven seconds, and to apply this knowledge in the emergency ward. One should always be in a learning mode.

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There is enough knowledge to be learnt from nature itself. You must have seen how some of the big eagles land; they land the same way as the Concord used to land, which was only mimicking nature. Another interesting example was given to me by a friend of mine, Dr. Mehmood Khan. He was told this by the head of R&D of General Electric. One of the problems that G.E. faced was that dust settled on the blades of windmill fans, reducing their efficiency. It took time to stop the fans and clean them, and then the dust settled again. They were looking around for a solution. Somebody pointed out that the lotus leaf never has dust on its surface because it is covered in tiny spikes so nothing can settle on it. They replicated this on the skin of the fan blade. You got to have people who can think out of the box. Let us pick up ideas from here, there, and everywhere.

Recently I was talking to my friend, Mr. Keshub Mahindra, head of Mahindra & Mahindra Group in India. I said to him 'you have done very well in business. What have you done on the social front?' He said, 'My family is financing 30,000 Mahindra Scholars studying all over India!' This is the scale at which he was working and nobody had even heard about it! My first reaction was that we should at least do it for a thousand people in Pakistan!

These are the example one wants to follow. Rather than build a larger factory, one should support others.

A long time ago, I asked a doctor, 'What keeps you going? You see patient after patient, which is a strenuous effort'. He said, 'A good doctor lightens the burden of the patient and takes his problems on himself. The smile on the face of the patient is my real compensation. When I see my patient happy, I feel enriched.' In the same way, it is very satisfying if you are able to provide some kind of support to somebody, enabling him to blossom.

I have always believed that in friendship you just give and not take. I remember, one day my school friend, Harcharan, and I were sitting with my mother and my younger khala (aunt), Mahboob, who was the brightest of the three sisters. She looked at me and said, 'Do you know what dosti (friendship) means – when do (which means two in Urdu) are satti (make sacrifice) then you have dosti!' There is no take in dosti, only give, and I heard this sixty years ago from my khala. Dosti does not mean that you want something from your friend. My father always used to say, '*Beta*, if someone has been bad to you, it is his fault. Two wrongs do not make a right. Don't try to get even with an adversary because then you and he will be equal.' One is sometimes let down on a financial transaction, but we should consider ourselves lucky if nine times out of ten we have done well.

God has been very kind to me and I have always been blessed with resources. If somebody needed help of any kind and I was fortunate enough to have the means, I have tried and helped. I have never expected anything in return. One person, from a very noble Lahore family who were, property-wise, very rich, came to me having run into bad times. He had made some terrible mistakes because he had no clue as to how business is done. He walked into my office and said he needed financial help. He gave me a figure, and I put that amount in an envelope and gave it to him. This gave me tremendous satisfaction because it took away some of the pressure he was under. I had known him from childhood and I knew this was something I should do. It was not a favour to him, it was a favour to myself!

CONCLUSION

My brothers were very loving, kind, generous, and trusting. When Hoechst wanted to set up a company in Pakistan, they wanted me and not the family. I had no money of my own at that time so I went to my brothers to tell them that I wanted to sell my shares in Abbasi Textile Mills and Treet Corporation in order to put the money into Hoechst. They said, 'Fine. They have approached you as an individual and it is a personal invitation for you. So that is fine by us.'

When I was in Karachi, I was the main family member in business. My father had more or less retired and he was very busy in social work. My brothers were often abroad representing our country so I was the only family member available for day-to-day business. They both gave me their general power of attorney to do anything on their behalf. I could buy and sell their shares, operate their bank accounts, I could do anything! Each one of us had given each other a power of attorney. Any of the three could go and do anything on behalf of the others. That power of attorney was never revoked! There was complete trust and never a question as to who signed what, where and when.

You do not embark on a journey if you don't have enough money for the ticket. You have got to make sure that you have enough resources plus contingencies because the resources disappear very quickly if there is an over-run. If you have two rupees, you should not spend more than one and a half. God has been very kind and I have tried to live within my means.

The same applied to my mother. We were a large brood: nine of us. My uncle had fewer children and he was an equal partner with my father so he was able to live in greater style than we did but my mother never let us feel deprived in any way. My cousin, who was a few years younger to me, had many more toys than I ever had, but my mother said, 'You should be happy to see his toys, rather than be jealous. It is a disease which only hurts you.' I don't remember going home crying for anything. I bought my first bicycle when my mother said I should have one; I was very pleased but I never had to pine for it.

I am a very satisfied father. Looking around, I see illness, drugs, drink, and broken marriages, especially among people who are well off. I think children go wrong because they have too much money. In our days at school it was unthinkable to have a Rs. 100 note in your pocket; we would just have coins. If we had a Rs. 10 note we felt rich! The Principal of Aitchison College was telling me the other day that there was a boy in the hostel with a wad of currency notes worth Rs. 10,000 in his pocket! When I was looking after my nephews who were sent to England to prep and then public school, Sir John Abercrombie, a friend of my father, who was their guardian in England, said to me, 'Money is like a poison to a young man. Don't give them more money than what is allowed by the school as pocket money.'

When our children were in America, we made sure that they had enough but they didn't ask for more. For example, they didn't ask for a car in America while they were studying there until Hyder joined the Masters programme, when I bought him a Mazda 606 at a price of \$6,000. He kept that car for 13 years and when he left America, there was no buyer for it - he had to give it away. This shows how careful they were with money. This trait continues with them today.

CONCLUSION

I believe that extravagance is when you buy twenty shirts when you only need a couple. We started travelling first class only in the last few years. We used to travel business class even though we could afford first class. We took the decision to upgrade ourselves because of our age -- for comfort, not to show off. Similarly, we could afford to stay in hotel suites, but we have always stayed in ordinary rooms. And I don't stay at the very best five star hotels. For example, I go and stay at the Harvard Club in New York, which is perhaps three-star but has its own special ambience. When I started buying cars, I went for BMWs while other people were buying Packards or Lincolns. BMWs are expensive cars but not ostentatious. Noor Hayat Noon, a car fiend, said to me, 'I notice that you have a good car without showing off.'

It has been a gradual transition to comfort. When I designed my Karachi house, it was a traditional house with a drawing room, kitchen and dining room, but there was no such thing as a T.V. lounge. Ten years later, we built our Lahore house, also designed by my very dear friend, Mirza. I said to him, 'I want a simple house which can be run by one cook-bearer.' We have been living in our Lahore house for the last forty-five years and we have never had to think of another house because this one gives us all the comfort we need. We have two guest rooms and the third is our own room.

I have tried to pass on some of my values to my children. They know that they should be truthful, they must not show off, not overspend, and not suggest to others that they are better. I have tried to set an example for them to follow and they have successfully passed this onto their own children.

By the Grace of God I have had good health. I joined Aitchison College in 1934, where taking exercise and participating in riding, swimming, hockey, cricket and tennis was compulsory every day of the week. I continued with this practice for the rest of my life but as a result my knees wore out and in 2011 I had to have both my knees replaced. I cannot thank my family enough for the support that I had from them during and after these major procedures. My wife Perwin, my son Hyder, my daughter Henna, and my son-in-law Faisal Imam, were all with me. My grandson, Murtaza, who was studying at the American University in Washington was available to me after his school hours until late in the evening. By the Grace of God, the surgeries were very successful and I am now able to walk and take regular exercise.

I have a set regime. On Sunday, for example, I go to the main Dargahs of Lahore – Mian Mir Sahib, Bibian Pak Daman, Data Sahib, and to my parents' graves in Bhati Gate. Since my brothers passed away, I also go to Miani Sahib, to our family graveyard. For the last fifty years, I have done this every Sunday I have been in Lahore! It takes about two hours and I start at about 8 am. I have missed it only a few times in the last fifty years! I get peace of mind afterwards. I find that it brings one down to earth, seeing how people live, and making me feel that I am no special person, but one of the masses. It is a chastening exercise and reminds me of my own mortality.

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Aerial view of LUMS, 2012





