

1. ~~Jean Caines~~

Provided you see no objection to Mr. Jones' making money out of the sale of those photographs more widely, I am content

cc Miss Caines

Gnats - by, no objection  
JL

MR. BUTLER

2. Mr. ~~Jones~~ <sup>12/15/73</sup>  
Some marginal comments

250TH ANNIVERSARY indicated on the text.

FERB

12.7.

I attach the draft Chapter 11 of Christopher Jones' book "No.10 Downing Street" which he handed to me at our meeting yesterday. He is sending a copy together with a synopsis of Chapters 1-10 to Jean Caines. Mr. Jones assures me that there is nothing in those chapters which will cause me concern.

original returned 19.7.85  
copy with FERB's comments now attached  
12/15

On security grounds I have no objection to the attached draft. Leaving aside the numerous typographical errors, I think the references to Wilberforce (p2 lines 7/8) and the official label (p11 lines 8/9) should be deleted. The former is a nice story but untrue; the latter is true but best left unsaid. In fact the incident related to a chair which had recently been returned from the upholsters. The label was removed immediately it was seen.

I agree about the label: I don't feel strongly about Wilberforce.

Christopher Jones showed me the negatives of the stills taken during the BBC visit here. On security grounds a number were not acceptable for publication. Mr. Jones said he would do his best (he was reasonably sure of success) to ensure they were not published but could give no guarantee to that effect. At my request he will try and arrange that these particular negatives are returned to me.

When I commented on the number of shots that had been taken of the BBC crew, Mr. Jones said this was common practice: they like them for their personal albums! He also went on to say that some of the photographs, especially those of the Cabinet Room might be published in the BBC house journal and in other magazines; he mentioned, for example, the house journals of shipping lines.

I had assumed that "the take" - motion and still - within No.10 would be used only in the production of the TV documentary and Christopher Jones' book and in illustrating

the relevant issue of the "Radio Times".

Are you content with the possible wide publication of the stills or do you wish to ask the BBC to restrict their use to illustrate Christopher Jones' book and the relevant issue of the "Radio Times"?

No objection  
to approved  
pictures  
being used  
more widely.

*P.S. Joce*  
(P.S. JOCE)

9 July 1985



NOTE FOR FILE

**250th Anniversary**

Reference my minute dated 9 July to Robin Butler and the manuscript notes thereon.

I informed Christopher Jones about the comments made in paragraph 2. He was at first reluctant to delete either passage. I said that if he wished to publish something untrue about Wilberforce that was his decision. We did not feel strongly but thought we should make the point for the sake of accuracy. However, we did feel strongly about the reference to the label as it could be interpreted as putting the Prime Minister and/or her staff in a poor light. Jones finally agreed to look again at the particular passage. I pointed out that there was no need to re-write the paragraph but simply to delete seven or eight words.

*P.S. Joce*  
P.S. JOCE  
18 July 1985

PERSONAL

*File*



10 DOWNING STREET

19 July 1985

**250th Anniversary**

Further to our telephone conversation earlier in the week I return the draft Chapter 11 of your book which you left with me last week. As you will see, Robin Butler has made a few manuscript comments *(in addition to the two points we discussed).*

*P. S.*  
P. S. JOCE

C. Jones, Esq.



THE LADY OF THE HOUSE.

1.

The first woman tenn<sup>n</sup>ant of No 10. Downing Street moved in on 4th May, 1979, two hundred and forty four years after it had become the official home of the First Lord of the Treasury. Mrs Margaret Thatcher was not given the keys of the door of No 10, since<sup>no</sup> Prime Minister is ever given them. There is no need. Policemen and door keeper are on duty all day every day, and no Prime Minister has ever had the indignity of fumbling ~~taxfuxkix~~ for the keys of the famous front door before a crowd of interested on-lookers.

It is a door which, with its elaborate wrought iron archway in front of it, ~~taxfuxkix~~ surmounted by a lantern topped by a crown, is always kept immaculately glossy and shiny. The letter box, with its inscription "First Lord of the Treasury" is polished every morning, and so is the brass door knob below it. The lion-head door knocker, once touched for luck by troops going off to the trenches in the first world war, is dusted, and the steps kept im maculately clean. There are, in fact, <sup>2</sup> two front doors for No 10. One is kept in reserve ready for the time when the one in service needs repair or repainting. Then all the ~~lambus~~ fittings are carefull switched over from one to the other.

Beyond that famous front door, and its unimpressive exterior, No 10 Downing Street is a political Tardis. Like Doctor Who's time machine, the door opens onto a semingly endless warren of corridors and stairscases and rooms, and the whole confusing, rambling building is made even more complicated by the fact that the ground on which it is built slopes very steeply, so rooms at the back of the house which seem to be on the ground floor turn out to be, to the bemused visitor, on the first flor.



2.

When the front door opens to admit famous visitors, the cameras sometimes get a quick glimpse of the hall-way beyond. The black and white marble chequered floor, first put down in the 18th century, has been restored after Victorian attempts to make it more impressive with elaborately decorated tiles, and in one corner stands a magnificent Chippendale porter's chair, hooded and upholsters in dark leather, and a favourite place from which No 10/<sup>'s</sup> formidable cat, Wilbeforce, inspects the comings and goings. On the right of the entrance hall is a large marble fireplace, filled with elorately arranged flowers, and here Mrs Thatcher <sup>is photographed with</sup> ~~stands to receive~~ her more important visitors. A ten feet high long case clock, with steel and brass face, ~~and~~ made by Benson of Whitehaven, ticks loudly against one wall. And <sup>EYEING</sup> ~~everyin~~

the visitors from the wall opposite the front door, large portraits of Sir Robert Walpole himself and of the Earl of Chatham - a rather odd choise for such a prominent position since, although he was certainly Prime Minister, he never lived at No 10. CHATHAM

RrinxXixixtex

Beyond the entrance hall begins ~~the~~ what seems to be acres of gold-coloured carpet which stretches down the endless corridors of the house; covers the floors in the ante-rooms and offices, and carries onx up the confusing number of stair cases. Once all this used to be a rather grand red, but the present colour is very much in keeping with Mrs Thatcher's taste. She dislikes heavy colours and decorations, and approves of shades and patterns which give lightness and airyness to the house.

The carpet windx its way along the immense corridor that leads, eventually, to the Cabinet Room. On one side, <sup>OF THE CORRIDOR</sup> there are high windows; on the other portraits of actors and actresses - Ellen Terry, Garrick,



Sarah Siddons - and beyond that an Henry Moor statue in an alcove. Mrs Thatcher has arranged these as "a little art gallery," and it is one of several groups of people of interest that she has had brought into the house from galleries and museums.

In the ante-room of the Cabinet Room, Mrs Thatcher has made ~~xxxxxx~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~xxx~~ small concessions about the furniture and decorations of No 10. She has allowed the brown baize to stay on the oval-ended table in the middle of the room. With her dislike of heavy colours, she has had the brown baize doors which were in No 10 when she came there of white-painted wood and glass replaced with others/that were resurrected from the basement, but she has allowed baize to stay on the ante-room table, because this is/where <sup>the room</sup> ministers gather, sometimes in rather nervous conversation, before the Cabinet meeting. They invariably have their red boxes, full of official papers, with them and dump them down unceremoniously on the table. Rather than let such a fine piece of furniture get scratched, the Prime Minister has let the brown baize stay.

Brooding over the gathered Minister/<sup>s</sup> is a large portrait of Churchill, entitled "Blood Sweat and Tears", 1942-3" by Frank O. Salisbury and beside the double doors of the Cabinet Room itself - double, so that their discussions cannot be listened to by inquisitive ears outside - a long case clock, its chiming mechanism turned to "silent", ~~on~~ <sup>and</sup> on the left hand side the Royal <sup>VPHER</sup> initials WIVR carved into the wood, and below it Ind Bd<sub>g</sub> (for India Board,) indicating that it once kept time in another house in Downing Street where the India Board had its offices.

Like so much else about No 10, the Cabinet Room, the very centre of power and authority in Britain, is understated and undramatic. Without its immense historical connections, it would seem <sup>simply</sup> a rather large, bright and well proportioned <sup>room</sup>, light by high windows; its walls



...with the walls painted off white; three electric brass chandeliers hang <sup>now</sup> from the high ceiling; and <sup>with</sup> two large book cases - all that are left of the ones that used to take up much space in the room - are along one wall. Many companies have board rooms which are far more grand and expensively furnished and decorated; but none of them has, even remotely, the history that this room contains.

Dominating the room, of course, is the Cabinet table - described tactfully as boat-shaped, less tactfully as coffin-shaped. It is a modern top to the original massive legs which support it. Mrs Thatcher is not enthusiastic - partly because it is covered with the dreaded brown baize, and partly because she would like to see the fine original oak table top restored to its proper place. "We must find it," she says.

The original chairs still surround the table; the ones that the cabinets of Disraeli and Gladstone used, made of solid mahogany, with scrolls carved into the backs. There are twenty three of them round the table - ~~the~~ one at the end is traditionally reserved for the chief whip who is ~~usually~~ called into Cabinet meetings - each upholstered in tan coloured hide. Only one chair has arms; the Prime Minister's chair, from which she presides at Cabinet Meetings, sitting half way along one side of the table, in front of a fine marble fireplace, and beneath the only picture in the <sup>THAT PICTURE</sup> room. It is, as it certainly must be in such a place, a portrait of "Sir Robert Walpole K.C. The first Prime Minister to occupy No 10 Downing Street, by Van Loo." In fact, it is not the original portrait. When Walpole's pictures were sold after his death, the original went to Russia, and 'T is now in the Hermitage Museum in Leningrad. The Cabinet Room



5.

version is a copy either by Van Loo himself or by his studio.

In front of the Prime Minister's place at the table is a silver William IV wafer ~~box~~ box, used now for pencils and pens, and beyond that a splendid silver candlestick, once owned by ~~Reed~~ Sir Robert Peel and Lord Rosebery Pitt and then by Disraeli, and given to Mr Macmillan in 1957 for the Cabinet Room. ~~Two~~ <sup>Three</sup> other pairs of silver candle sticks (a Georgian

X

pair was given by Lord Avon) are precisely placed at even intervals along the table; <sup>He latest pair - model of the candlestick which stood on the table in Paris at which the Treaty ending the American War of Independence was signed - was given by the US Government in July 1985 to mark 200 years of diplomatic relations.</sup> and before each seat is a leather blotter with cream blotting paper, stamped with the words: "Cabinet Room, First Lord," and with a crown and the royal cypher.

At one end of the Cabinet Room are two large classical pillars, marking the place where the room was extended during one of the many alterations to the house. Beyond them the two book cases, with books given, over the years, by members of the Cabinet. Some are in imposing leather-bound sets; others are their own works - "The Regeneration of Britain" by Anthony Wedgewood Benn MP; Aneurin Bevan by Michael Foot; The Body Politic by Ian Gilmour. Who, one wonders, gave "God's Children with Tails" by Violet Campbell?

~~WhenzWaiPniKzmoxezziKozNexiQzX~~ The Prime Minister's anti-baise campaign has not yet penetrated to the office of her Principal Private Secretary, just beyond the Cabinet Room. Once it was a waiting room next to "My Lord's Study", but now it is the office for the most senior civil servant in No 10. The baize - this time it is navy, not brown - has survived on a magnificent pair of double doors that lead into the Cabinet Room, and to one side of them is the Principal Private Secretary's desk, a marvel of Victorian mahogany solidity. A globe of the world stands in one corner, a reminder of the far flung ramifications of the work done in this imposing room, and in the room beyond, <sup>(MOST OF)</sup> where the <sup>(OTHER)</sup> Private Secretaries have their desks, another



reminder of the sudden dramas of international politics. Between the high windows of what the old plans show as "My Lord's Dining Room", where the Private Secretaries now work, are three large brass ship's clocks, easily visible from each of the <sup>five</sup> heavy mahogany desks. The clock on the left hand side shows the time in the United Kingdom; in the centre the time in Washington; the clock on the right usually shows the time in Moscow, but it can be changed to anywhere in the world when a crisis blows up.

~~Unlike many Prime Ministers before her,~~ Mrs Thatcher does most of her work in her study, rather than in the Cabinet Room. Churchill and many other Prime Ministers used the Cabinet Room as their private study, but she feels more comfortable in the room that ~~xxxxxx~~ was once the Prime Ministerial bedroom and bathroom. Not, however, until she had had some drastic changes made. "I like things light," she says, "but when I first came here the walls of the study were covered with heavy sage green damask flock wall paper. It was oppressive, but it looked as if it was going to last for another 20 years. So I had it re-done myself at my own cost." Now the sun shines in on ~~xxxxxx~~ walls papered in pale grey strips, and on furniture upholstered in ~~xxxx~~ cream coloured damask.

In one corner of the Prime Minister's study is a magnificent Queen Anne walnut bureau. She delights in showing it to visitors, and opening its mirrored doors to disclose more complicated doors and mirrors and drawer inside. Two small shelves pull out in front of the mirrors as stands for a pair of silver candlesticks, which then throw the reflected candle light down onto the desk. Behind the Prime Minister's <sup>OWN</sup> desk is a Zoffany of the Rosoman family - it used to be in the Pillared Drawing Room - and on a wall in front of the chair in which



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she does much of her work, is a portrait of the young Nelson, which she had brought to her office. He is one of the Prime Minister's heroes - she has had another portrait of him put in the Blue Drawing Room - and she like<sup>s</sup> to see him <sup>(SHOWN)</sup> in his prime as a young man, without his eye patch and the empty arm of his coat.

Like so much else in Downing Street, the bureau and the portrait and a great many other pictures, ornaments and furniture do not belong there. They come from various museums and galleries, and are simply there on loan. It sounds like a housewife's dream to be able to go round the nation's finest collections, selecting anything that takes the Prime Minister's eye. But it is not, apparently, at all like that. "Oh, they will not let me have the best," says the Prime Minister. "They hide it when you go round!"

Only a few, very important visitors get as far as the Prime Minister's study, or even - and these are the most important people of all - as far as the Cabinet Room for talks with the head of the Government. The great majority of people invited to No 10 are entertained in the splendid formality of the State Rooms. To get there, they have to wind their way, sometimes in rather long and slow moving queues, up the main stair case, and past the <sup>(PRINTS AND PHOTOGRAPHS)</sup> ~~pictures~~ of all the other Prime Ministers on the wall. Only the last one, of Mr Callaghan, is in colour; all the rest are in black and white. As each Prime Minister departs from No 10, the pictures are slightly re-arranged, to make room for the previous holder of the office at the very top of the stairs. Beyond ~~that~~ <sup>THE STAIRS</sup>, there is a small landing, and the Prime Minister <sup>(FINALLY)</sup> receives her guests in the Blue Drawingroom.

There are generally three large parties given every year at No 10 to which people in all walks of life are invited. Groups of people with special achievements - exporters, for instance - are also



invited to meet the Prime Minister, and there are endless <sup>LUNCHES</sup> ~~lunches~~ and dinners for visiting politicians. Since the rebuilding of the early 60's, these events are safe and smoothly run. Before the rebuilding, members of the staff had to be stationed between the rooms to make sure that the several hundred guests at the big events moved round so that they did not overload the decidedly unstable floors.

The impression that the guests receive when they first come into the State Rooms is one of subdued and carefully restrained splendour. In the evening, the massive crystal chandeliers glitter from the high ceilings, and show up the richness of the silk-covered walls. <sup>IN THE BLUE DRAWING ROOM</sup> Two George II comodes stand between the windows, which are draped in swags of silk to match the walls. To one side of the large carved marble fireplace is the portrait of Nelson that Mrs Thatcher had put there; on the other side, a portrait of the Duke of Wellington - <sup>HIMSELF</sup> who would have used the room when he lived at No 10. In one corner is a battered, decidedly rickety desk, with a much worn red leather top, which is said to have been the one used by <sup>PITT</sup> ~~Peel~~ when he lived, so uneconomically at No 10. It is the only memory ~~that remains~~ of his years there that still remains in the house; it is, in fact, one of the remarkably few pieces that have any connection with <sup>any of</sup> the former First Lords.

The White Drawing Room is the smallest of the State Rooms, and the most attractive. It is small enough not to be over-powering ~~and~~ <sup>or</sup> dauntingly formal, and to the staff ~~at No 10~~ it is still known as the Boudoir. In fact, it was precisely that from the first years of No 10. Lady Walpole used it as her boudoir; <sup>TWO HUNDRED YEARS LATER</sup> Lady Churchill used the room in precisely the same way. <sup>FIGURES</sup> Staffordshire of Gladstone, Beaconsfield and Wellington (all of whom ~~lived~~ in the house), and of Peel and Cobden

~~the~~  
~~same~~  
~~thought~~  
~~it was~~  
~~fact.~~



9.

(who did not live there) are on semi-circular side tables beside the marble fireplace, and <sup>AN</sup> ~~the~~ Adam commode in satinwood and walnut stands beneath a magnificently elaborate gilded mirror. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~  
~~XX~~

Three Turner landscapes are on the walls, but rather hidden away in one corner is a seascape - the <sup>only</sup> picture by Churchill in No.10.

The most splendid - and altogether the most formal and intimidating - of the three reception rooms is the Pillard Drawing Room. The two pillars at one end, <sup>HAD</sup> ~~are, in fact,~~ <sup>ly</sup> clever/concealed steel supports, <sup>(INTO THEM)</sup> inserted in the 1960s rebuilding, and between them stands ~~near~~ a heavily elaborate gilded and marble table by Kent, the architect who remodded the two houses for Walpole. On the floor, bearing the brunt of generations of shuffling feet, <sup>splashed</sup> drinks and trodden-in cocktail snacks, is a magnificent Persian carpet. It is a copy of a 16th century carpet in the Victoria and Albert museum, with an inscription woven into it, <sup>WHICH</sup> ~~it~~ reads; "I have no refuge in the world over they threshold. My head has no protection other than this porchway. The work of a slave of the holy place, ~~XXXX~~ Maqsud of Kashan in the year 926" - the Muslim date corresponding with 1520. A portrait of William Pitt, by Romney, gazes down on the guests from a large gilded frame above the fire place, and on one of the gilded side tables are silver trophies won by the Earl of Bridgewater in 1809 for Five Best South Down ~~XXXX~~ Hogs!

Prime Ministers have always been fond of the small dining room, and have used it both for their own family meals, and for relaxed entertaining of important guests. Mrs Thatcher ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ has used the room <sup>AS A GALLERY</sup> to display portraits and busts of eminent British scientists. There is a bust of Isaac Newton, and pictures of Joseph Priestly, Humphrey Davey and Edmund Halley (by Kneller). The mahogany dining



10.

dining table has eight chairs round it, <sup>AND</sup> if conversation should flag during meals ~~in the dining room~~, the host can always get it going again ~~by~~ by pointing out the very odd architectural feature of the room. Above the fire place, where the chimney breast should be, <sup>instead,</sup> there is/a large window.

Beyond the small dining room, the State Dining Room, a room as impressive as its name implies. Soane's high vaulted ceiling gives the place an air of ceremony and formality, and massive pieces of silver, brought to No 10 since Mrs Thatcher moved in, gleam on the Adam mahogany side-board and along the enormous dining table.

Some of the pieces are "Speaker's Silver" - silver, that is, that ~~was~~ Speaker, <sup>ONCE</sup> received for use in <sup>THEIR</sup> his own official house when <sup>THEY</sup> he took office, and which <sup>THEY WERE</sup> he was allowed to keep, as an extremely valuable perk when <sup>THEY</sup> he retired. <sup>RESIDENTED IN ABSOLUTE FORMALITY</sup> (Round the table are twenty reproduction Adam dining chairs, made originally for the British Embassy in Rio de Janeiro, but brought back to No 10 after the Embassy moved to the ultra-modern Brasilia. And presiding over all this splendour, a <sup>VAST</sup> portrait of George II, the man who first gave No 10 Downing Street to the First Lord of the Treasury.

~~Only~~ Very few visitors indeed to No 10 penetrate beyond these official and formal parts of the house to the private rooms; the apartments that the Chamberlains first had made, and which have been adapted and modernised for successive Prime Ministers. ~~These~~ is the part of No 10 where Prime Ministers and their families can be alone, and away from officialdom. Even here, of course, their staff can come to them when there is some important development, but it is here, also, that they can relax and become, even briefly, ordinary citizens.



11.

Prime ~~Minist~~ Ministers' wives have reacted very differently to the private flat. Lady Wilson found it ~~dark~~ <sup>sunless</sup> and cut off; Mrs Callaghan found it sunny and welcoming. Mrs Thatcher has made it very much her own - and with her enthusiasm for lightness, she has ~~turned~~ turned the main bedroom into her sitting room because, she ~~thought~~ thought, it was getting more sunlight.

Yet ~~even~~ <sup>e</sup> her/ in the privacy of the flat, officialdom remains. All the furniture is Government owned - some ~~still~~ has the official labels still tied to it with string. <sup>OFFICIAL</sup> No domestic staff is provided, however, so the Prime Minister has made arrangements for two dailies to come in and keep the place immaculate.

For her ~~furniture~~ <sup>furniture</sup> in her sitting room the Prime Minister has chosen two two-seater settees, covered in a floral pattern of red and blue on a cream background. The cushions and curtains match, and so do the seats in the window recesses. Above one of the sofas is a Lowry townscape, "Lancashire Fair, 1946", which ~~used to be~~ used to be in the Prime Minister's study, but which Mrs Thatcher had brought to her living room. Like everything else, it is Governmently owned.

"It's much too expensive for us," says the Prime Minister. (There are, of course, some private things around; "some of the bits and pieces are mine," she says. There are family photographs on the side tables; a large plaque ~~with~~ <sup>WITH</sup> a portrait of Mrs Thatcher, made of fine in-lay work, which was given to her when she signed the Hong Kong agreement in China in 1984. Large arrangements of flowers stand on the tables, and over the electric fire in the fireplace, there is a drawing of a head of a woman by Henry Moor and signed "For Margaret Thatcher." Part of her own large collection of Derby and Staffordshire china, about which she is very knowledgeable, is in a recess by one of



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the windows. Much more of it is in big display cabinets in the passageway leading to the flat.

Mrs Thatcher describes it as a homely room. <sup>IT IS OFFICIAL</sup> ~~The~~ furniture ~~is~~ ~~official~~ but "it is nice official furniture" and they can genuinely feel at home there. <sup>YET</sup> ~~But~~ they can never forget the ~~world~~ <sup>world</sup> outside. However late the Prime Minister comes home from her <sup>LONG LIST OF</sup> ~~official~~ engagements there is always <sup>more than one</sup> a red box to be gone through before she can go to bed. Officials can come here when there is something important she ought to be told about, so she is never really <sup>off</sup> ~~on~~ duty <sup>EVEN</sup> there. At week-ends she and her husband try to get away. "It's not very nice being here at week-ends," she says. "Somehow the whole place is a morgue. It is so terribly quiet."

The part of the private flat that does <sup>RATHER</sup> disappoint Mrs ~~Thatcher~~ Thatcher, as a housewife, is the kitchen. And it most certainly is not grand, <sup>or</sup> remotely like the ideal kitchen of the colour supplements. She calls the ~~long~~ narrow room, with its very ordinary blue and white fittings, a "galley kitchen." "You can't eat in it," she says. "There isn't room for a table; I long for a really large kitchen where you can spend a lot of your time." The Thatcher tastes, when they are at home, are for simple meals - shepherd's pie, lasagna and chicken pie, plus meals out of the deep freeze which is stocked from a "very well known chain store." Pencils stick out of a pot on one of the work surfaces, handy for Mrs Thatcher to leave notes about needing more coffee, or clear soup or pepper.

When entertaining is done at home, and it usually for <sup>VERY</sup> close personal and political friends, the meals are in the dining room next to the kitchen. It has a table with six Hepplewhite chairs, each carved with the Prince of Wales feathers, and the food is served from a trolley with hot plates. There is a large Regency side board with



13.

THE GOBLET

~~an~~ engraved glass goblet on it. On ~~it~~ is etched a view of No 10, and the rather mysterious inscription: "Queen Elizabeth 1575 Margaret Thatcher 1975".

The private flat at No 10 is the sort of place where a successful business man might spend his <sup>WORKING</sup> week before going off to his country home at week-ends. Like the whole of No 10, it lacks entirely the ritual grandeur with which some heads of Government surround themselves, <sup>LIKE OLD HOUSE,</sup> but ~~it was,~~ as everyone who has lived or who works there invariably emphasises, <sup>SOMEHOW</sup> retained the atmosphere of a home. ~~The people who work there, and many of them seem surprsingly young for such immense responsibilities,~~ <sup>THEY</sup> feel very much that they belong to a close and immensely loyal group, <sup>AND BECAUSE</sup> ~~They feel, too,~~ that ~~since~~ No 10 is relatively small, it means that the numbers who surround the Prime Minister must always be kept within bounds. There simply is no space in No 10 for <sup>THE DEPREDACTIONS OF</sup> Parkinson's law to operate.

~~Next~~ "This place seeps into your blood," says Mrs Thatcher. "It becomes part of your life. It is, above a l a home - a d it is a house of history."

THE END.....