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## DIARIES

## ALAN CLARK

WEIDENFELD AND
NICOLSON
LONDON

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Sunday, 28 January

.. Percy Cradock<sup>1</sup> Minister admired had had quite an ood it was, 'so full and? Did I trespass

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nough allowance isury) and every e Prime Minister or accepting, and ded our support.

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t arguments of

e form at the

sh Ambassador to s future of Hong rs since 1984. John Major, whom I like more and more, said to me sotto voce, 'You're a military strategist. Oughtn't you to be sending your tanks round the flank, rather than attacking head on?'

Saltwood

Wednesday, 31 January

I am skiving. Second day of 'flu'. But having been rather awful and restlessly dry-hot yesterday (I took to my bed) I am now over it; and sitting around in the Green Room eating sundry delicacies that Jane sweetly prepares (not in nouvelle cuisine portion size).

Two 'crises' preoccupy the Department. Neither anything to do with me whatever. Complacently I can spectate. The first is something to do with a 'dirty tricks campaign'. These are always a bore. As far as I'm concerned 'dirty tricks' are part and parcel of effective government. But apparently Number 10 were misinformed by us – or so they claim.

More serious, news is about to break concerning the trouser-leg (sic) fractures in Warspite's cooling system. This could affect every nuclear-powered submarine. The whatever-it-is Authority have already given their advice that we should 'cease to operate' them until the condition is 'rectified'.

The result would be over twenty submarines tied up in UK ports, crews with nothing to do, local papers making inquiries, general trouble.

TK, quite rightly in my view, is continuing to keep the newer ones on station (although whether this is really his decision or was forced on him by the Lady I simply don't know). I suspect the latter because when, sadistically, I rattled him at a meeting, 'If – if there is an accident, it's not just you who resigns; the Government falls,' he didn't blench.

In a calm frame of mind I was eating chicken livers on toast when the phone rang. Jane answered. It was Julian.

'Julian at seven p.m.?'

As always looking on the bright side, she suggested, 'Perhaps TK's had an accident?'

John Major, briefly Foreign Secretary, 1989, before becoming Chancellor of the Exchequer following the resignation of Nigel Lawson.

First published in Great Britain in 1993 by Weidenfeld & Nicolson The Orion Publishing Group Ltd Orion House, 5 Upper Saint Martin's Lane, London, WC2H 9EA.

ISBN 0 297 81352 8

British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data is available for this title.

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Typeset by Selwood Systems, Midsomer Norton Printed in Great Britain by Butler and Tanner Ltd, Frome and London

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