

Office dressing-down

There is nothing new in office dressing-down. When I joined the Civil Service in 1953 I found they had dress-down Saturday. This was a half-day, when one tidied up the office detritus of the working week and did a little gentle idling before in theory going off to one's country estate for the shooting or other activity of the Weekend (sorry, 'Saturday to Monday'). So in my office at 7 Old Palace Yard, just across the road from the House of Lords, it was hearty tweeds and Norfolk jackets on Saturday mornings. As at lunchtime I drove home to my flat in south London I used to take pot shots at pigeons out of the car window, just to get in the mood.

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