



Plum Lines

The quarterly newsletter of The Wodehouse Society

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James H. Heineman

The Wodehouse world and the Wodehouse Society have suffered a great loss: Jimmy Heineman died at his home in New York City on August 10, 1994, at the age of 77. He was a man of many interests. We knew him as the foremost Wodehouse collector and a publisher of extraordinary books by and about Wodehouse, many of which surely would not have been published without his initiative, imagination, and willingness to assume financial risks. He and Eileen McIlvaine were the principals behind the monumental *P. G. Wodehouse: A Comprehensive Bibliography and Checklist*, and a 1993 listing of his publications included twenty-four books and monographs by and about Wodehouse.

An obituary by James Hogg follows. Mr. Hogg is presently writing a biography of Jimmy Heineman's father and was the author of the recent *Lord Emsworth's Annotated Whiffle*. In later pages of this issue are several tributes to Jimmy from friends and associates.

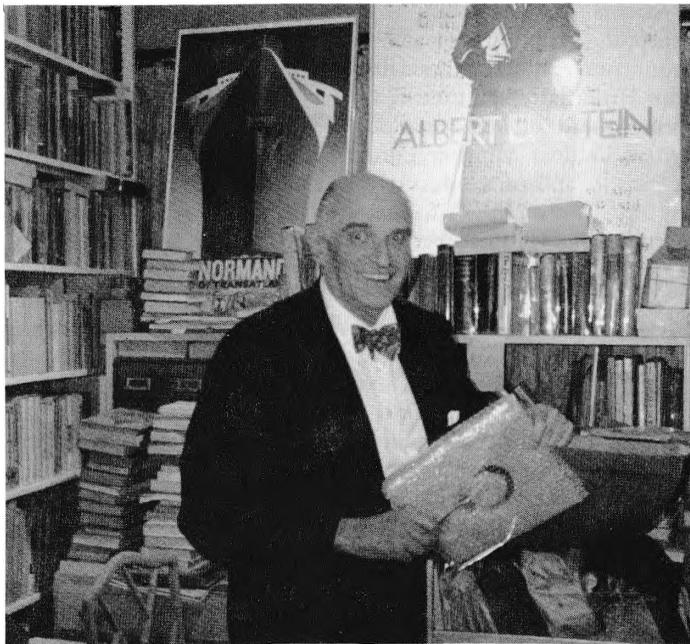
James Heineman, who has died in New York City aged 77, was the

world's foremost collector of Wodehouse memorabilia. His collection, which included English cartoons and *New Yorker* covers, contrasted with that of his father in a way that was possibly unique in one family.

Dannie Heineman was *un homme sérieux*, and his books and manuscripts, now at the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York, show his devotion to the great writers in English, French, and German. His son Jimmy, no less a scholar in his own field, preferred his acquisitions to reflect the lighter side of life.

Jimmy Heineman was a cosmopolitan, whose birth in 1917 was registered in four languages. His American parents, then living in German-occupied Brussels, first had the arrival of James Herbert Makepeace Heineman (his mother was reading *Vanity Fair* at the time) recorded by the Belgian authorities in French and Flemish.

America had entered the First World War ten days before, leaving Spain to represent its interests in Belgium, so Heineman Senior called on the Ambassador, his old



Jimmy Heineman in his book-lined apartment, October 1993. Photo by Maria Sensale.

Belgium, so Heineman Senior called on the Ambassador, his old friend Marques de Villalobar, and acquired a further birth certificate in Spanish. Finally, as soon as an American consulate in Antwerp was restored after the Armistice, Mr. Heineman hurried to have his son registered as an American citizen.

This internationalist debut set the course of Jimmy Heineman's life. He became, as he described it, 'illiterate in four languages.' Speaking English at his home in Brussels, he learned French from friends and servants. His parents retreated into German when they didn't want their children to understand, a ploy Jimmy regarded as the best possible incentive to learn German. He later acquired Spanish during a spell with one of his father's companies in Mexico.

The high point of Heineman's linguistic achievements came in recent years with the publication under his own imprint of a single P. G. Wodehouse short story in over sixty languages. The six-volume set of 'The Great Sermon Handicap' in everything from Tuareg to Old Norse sold sparsely, but Heineman was possibly the last member of the 'publish-and-be-damned-what-the-accountants-say' school of publishing.

His father Dannie, an entrepreneur who was also an unofficial international liaison man at the highest level between the wars, sent Jimmy to prep school in England and later to Uppingham and Oxford.

Young Heineman grew up feeling that world politics flowed through his parents' drawing-room. The house in Brussels was a stopping-off point for prominent figures from many countries. Anti-Nazi Germans like Carl Goerdeler, whom Hitler later had executed, and the future Chancellor Konrad Adenauer would come to confer. The British Cabinet Minister Lord Swinton was a frequent visitor, and on consecutive days in 1938 the guests at lunch were Hitler's former Finance Minister Hjalmar Schacht, who had become head of the Reichsbank, and Chaim Weizmann, the founder of Israel.

The Heinemans were Jews, and Jimmy would recall with pride that on another occasion his mother slapped Schacht across the face with her gloves. But his father cultivated Schacht, who was drawing away from Hitler, as a 'valuable thread' of contact with a saner Germany.

The family was musical and recitals by great virtuosi were held at the house. Queen Elisabeth of the Belgians would attend, though when King Albert I died in 1934 it became Jimmy's duty to meet the mourning widow at the back door and escort her up the servants' staircase to a place where she could listen without being seen.

During the Second World War Jimmy Heineman served with American Military Intelligence in London. After dabbling in his father's business in Mexico—

Dannie Heineman controlled a vast electrical utilities empire—he settled in New York and found his métier as a publisher. His list included a variety of Wodehouse-related books and reprints of another favourite, the Austrian-American humorist Ludwig Bemelmans.

The bookshelves that lined Heineman's apartment left far too little room to hang his collection of pictures, which had to be stacked against every available object, leading his daughters to describe it as 'the Park Avenue ghetto.'

The collection ranged from English cartoons (Pont was a favourite) to poster art of glamorous women, whom he liked even better in real life. His exceptional charm and humour endeared him to men and women alike, and as a host he had few equals. He kept up his companionable ways till the end, despite appalling health. The oxygen cylinder he had to carry everywhere did not curtail his regular visits to London, and earlier this year, at seventy-six and terminally ill, he opened a gallery on Broadway. Characteristically he chose a cartoonist, Ronald Searle, for his first exhibition. He had planned that the next one, in September, would feature *New Yorker* covers, but he did not live to see it.

James Heineman's marriage was dissolved. He had three daughters.

Plum's 'You're the Top'

Barbara Helling and Bill Horn send copies of a letter to the editor appearing in *The New York Times Magazine* of August 22, 1994. The letter, written by Robert H. Montgomery, Jr., Trustee of the Cole Porter Musical and Literary Property Trust, makes the surprising assertion that the lyric for the hit song 'You're the Top' in the musical *Anything Goes* was written by P. G. Wodehouse for the 1935 London production. Cole Porter, of course, wrote the lyrics and music for the original New York production of 1934. Why wasn't his lyric used for the London show the next year?

Bill Horn found, in Stan Green's *Encyclopedia of Musical Theater*, a note that for the London show 'P. G. Wodehouse also contributed local references in dialogue and song lyrics.' There was nothing remarkable in this. A number of people have written alternate lyrics for that very popular song, incorporating topics of interest at the moment. It's not surprising that Plum, who was superbly equipped to do that very thing, did it.

Wodehouse concordance announced

Tony Ring and John Fletcher announce the imminent publication of the first volume of a major opus, *The Millennium Wodehouse Concordance*. Tony Ring tells the story best:

Most Wodehousians are familiar with the two books produced by Geoffrey Jaggard in the late 1960s, *Wooster's World* and *Blandings the Blest*. Each of these was published by Macdonald, and later in Coronet paperback, in the United Kingdom. These books were part of a more ambitious plan, which Jaggard conceived in the early 1950s, to produce a complete concordance of all PGW's works. Of course this was premature, as there were still another twenty-five or so books to come, but by the mid-60s he had a manuscript of 350,000 words and no publisher. The BBC came to the rescue by televising first some Jeeves & Wooster stories, and then Blandings stories, and Macdonalds agreed to publish relevant parts of Jaggard's concordance.

The full manuscript went to auction after Jaggard's death, and was sold to a London dealer, where it remained passively in his ownership for some years. I bought it in 1991, and since then have been working first on the concept and then on the text of a full concordance. This is based on Jaggard's work, much

expanded to cover all the characters—he was highly selective and not always logical in his choice of what to include and what to exclude. The project has the support of Jaggard's heirs, who of course retain the legal copyright to his work. John Fletcher is publishing it in the UK through Porpoise Books and Jimmy Heineman [was to be] the US publisher. We are using the generic title *The Millennium Wodehouse Concordance*, as the eighth and final part is scheduled for publication in 2001, the year in which the



Dr. Sally tells Bill Paradene to prod her legs in *Good Morning, Bill*, Act 1

next millennium actually commences, despite the short-term preference of the ignorant media.

The first book, provisionally entitled *Wodehouse in the Clubhouse*, covers the golf stories, and publication is planned for October this year. Subsequent volumes, starting with the Mulliners (provisionally *Wodehouse at the Anglers Rest*), will also appear in October each year.



Sidney McMurdo removes a fly from the eye of Cora McGuffey Spottsworth in 'Feet of Clay'

A great many of us will welcome this concordance as a highly useful addition to guideposts already available: Jaggard's books, David Jasen's *Bibliography and Reader's Guide*, Dan Garrison's *Who's Who in Wodehouse*, and the Heineman-McIlvaine P. G. *Wodehouse: A Comprehensive Bibliography and Checklist*.



Answers to What-ho, Oxford! Wodehouse quiz

by Norman Murphy, Tony Ring, and others



In the last issue I reprinted the fiendishly difficult What-ho, Oxford! quiz from a recent issue of *Oxford Today*, which in turn had reprinted it from a 1937 issue of a predecessor, *The Oxford Magazine*. Berners Jackson, an old Oxonian, soon afterwards sent me his copy of the magazine, and it was comforting to see that only two small errors had occurred in translating the quiz from magazine to computer to newsletter. Weeks went by with no answers of any kind, until the following set of answers arrived from Norman Murphy, with his introductory material just below. Now at last we will find out who behaved like Alastor, and who was alarmed by the appearance of erastianism in the village.

Herewith the answers for the *Oxford Today* competition: I append below the official results that have just come out in the Trinity Issue. With an obstinacy of which I fully approve, we still use Hilary, Trinity and Michaelmas for the Oxford terms.

Perhaps some background might be of use. *Oxford Today* is the periodical sent to old Oxonians. The competition was originally set in 1937 by the Balliol classicist Russell Meiggs. This is an important point. For example the identity of Lord Bosham (Q.19) is easy—but there are only three references to him before 1937.

Secondly, English usage and phraseology has changed significantly even in the last fifty-five years. Thus all of us thought that 'physical research' in Q.15 was a mis-print for 'psychical research.' We were wrong. Mr Meiggs set the questions in terms that were perfectly straightforward in 1937 but which read ambiguously today.

In Q.32 for example, I knew that Puck was a children's comic that closed in 1940 but, for obvious reasons, I didn't have a copy handy to follow it up.

It is certainly the hardest PGW competition I have ever come across. I answered all the questions [!—OM] but missed some of the examples he wanted.

The 'Wodehouse' questions were straightforward; what I found most difficult were the ones where one had to know one's Rabelais (Q.17), Stevenson (Q.22) and Huxley (Q.23). Still, at least it was Oxford first (I was at the same college as 'Shellac') and Cambridge second. And that, of course, is as it ought to be!

Finally, Mr. Meiggs didn't actually leave any answers! He left a series of clues that sometimes fit and sometimes simply said things like: 'Somebody different from the previous answer.' So the editor asked the three of us to work out the answer sheet. I did the first draft and Dalley and Tony Ring com-

mented and amended as necessary. So what you are getting is the combined Meiggs/Murphy/Dalley/Ring solution.



Message from the Editor of Oxford Today (Trinity Issue, 1994): The dauntingly difficult 'What-ho, Oxford!' finals paper in the last issue created a resounding silence for several weeks. But several entries then appeared, including an impressive effort by 13-year-old Martha Jay. Three outstanding entries jockey for first position. By a very short head Lt. Col. NTP Murphy (Univ 1953) wins, with Chris Dalley (Queen's Cambridge 1968) close on his heels. Third is Tony Ring (Liverpool).

Answer paper (with questions) for What-ho, Oxford! quiz

(Set in *The Oxford Magazine* in 1937
and re-set in *Oxford Today* 1994)

1. Where in the Master's work is there set forth a solution of the problem of war guilt? How does it compare in penetration with the theory of the origin of the American Revolution advanced by whom in what book? What light is cast on such theories by the case of Rodney Spelvin?

(a) War guilt. Peasemarch the steward reveals where the blame for the World War should

lie in *The Luck of the Bodkins* (chap 9).

(b) American Revolution. See *A Gentleman of Leisure* (chap 27), wherein Lord Dreever asserts that it was caused by men like Sir Thomas Blunt.

(c) See *The Heart of a Goof* ('Jane Gets off the Fairway'), where the Master draws a distinction between the events leading to a war and the incident (refusal to tie a can to Rodney Spelvin) that set it in motion.

2. Give a definition of 'desiderium' in the works of the Master. Give more definitions if you can.

See *Bill the Conqueror* (chap 6), *The Coming of Bill* (chap 2) and *Sam the Sudden* (chap 19) for three definitions of 'the feeling which the Romans called *desiderium* and the Greeks *pothos*.'

3. What evidence have we for the theory that Mr. Bertram Wooster was at Oxford, at Christ Church, and read PPE? What other character was at Christ Church if Mr. Wooster was?

(a) Oxford. Bertie's attendance is attested to, amongst others, by Francis Bickersteth in 'Jeeves and the Hard-Boiled Egg' and by constant references in *The Inimitable Jeeves*.

(b) Christ Church. Although a later reference puts Mr. Wooster in Magdalen, the paper was set in 1937 when the answers lie in the references to the college fountain, which only Christ Church possesses. See *The Man with Two Left Feet* ('Extricating Young Gussie'), *Right Ho, Jeeves* (chap 22) and *Thank You, Jeeves* (chap 9).

(c) Did Bertie read PPE (Politics, Philosophy, and Economics)? See the reference to Schopenhauer in *Carry On, Jeeves* ('Clustering Round Young Bingo').

(d) Others at Christ Church, if Bertie was. From (b) above, we can assume Gussie Mannering-Phipps, Tuppy Glossop, and Lord Chufnell. Based on the college fountain argument, Monty Bodkin and Ambrose Tennyson were also House men. See chap 13 of *The Luck of the Bodkins*.

4. Which character in the Works was at Trinity Hall or was no gentleman?

See *The Luck of the Bodkins* (chap 14). Reggie Tennyson dons a Trinity Hall blazer.

5. What progress in the study of ethics was made by Mr. Wooster? What other character had made, at one time, some progress in this science? Would he have fared better or worse if he had done Greats (or Moral Science Tripos)? Reasons for saying no must not involve the use of proper names.

(a) Mr. Wooster seems to have made little progress in the study of ethics apart from cursory glances at *Types of Ethical Theory*. See *Carry on, Jeeves* ('Jeeves Takes Charge').

(b) Progress by other character(s). Not very much by Lord Tidmouth, who is unable to remember the difference between right and wrong (*Doctor Sally*, chap 7). Considerable progress by Jeeves in *Carry On, Jeeves*. By inference it is permissible to add Florence Cray, Heloise Pringle, and Honoria Glossop who all attempted to raise Bertie's ethical standards.

(c) Would it have made any difference if such a character(s) had read Greats or Moral Science? The examiners expect to see arguments based on the premise that drinking and gambling may be reprehensible but Christian charity, i.e., never letting down a pal, is far more important.

6. What characters were alarmed by (a) erastianism and (b) schism in the village?

(a) Mabel Prescott. See *Laughing Gas* (chap 9).

(b) Beefy Bingham in *Company for Gertrude*. Candidates should point out that the quotation is 'schism among his flock.'

7. Who used this quotation? and of whom?

'She starts. She moves. She seems to feel
The stir of life along her keel.'

Bertie Wooster describes Gussie Fink-Nottle thus in *Right Ho, Jeeves* (chap 9).

8. Who, on what occasion, acted like Dante on what occasion? What evidence is there that the resemblance was accidental?

(a) The question specifically asked who 'acted like' Dante. See *Mr. Mulliner Speaking* ('The Reverent Wooing of Archibald') wherein Archibald Mulliner, at his first encounter with Aurelia Cammerleigh, goggled at her, exchanged no remarks with her, but loved her at first sight as Dante did with Beatrice. But see also Rollo Podmarsh in *The Heart of a Goof* ('The Awakening of Rollo Podmarsh') who gazed at Mary as Dante might have gazed at Beatrice. Distinguish from Berry Conway of *Big Money* (chap 7) whose musings on his great love are broken by a jagged roll hitting him.

(b) From 'The Reverent Wooing of Archibald' it is clear that the only resemblance between Dante and Archibald was that Dante was nine at the time, which was about Archibald's mental age.

9. How many prizes (if any) did Mr. Wooster win at school? For what subject (or subjects)?

Two. For the best collection of wild flowers in *The Inimitable Jeeves* ('No Wedding Bells for Bingo') and for Scripture Knowledge (*Right Ho, Jeeves*).

10. Who was up at Balliol in 1926? What did he do after going down?

Cyril Waddesley-Davenport donned a gorilla costume to achieve stardom in Blandings Castle ('Monkey Business').

11. Where is Ipsilante mentioned? Is it Ypsilanti, Michigan?

In chapter 6 of *Leave It to Psmith*, *The Ipsilanti Herald* found Ralston McTodd's poetry 'very readable.' Since there is no Ipsilanti in the *World Gazetteer*, Ypsilanti, Michigan, is clearly meant. Extra marks will be awarded to those candidates who quoted the Ypsilanti (Georgia) *Courier-Intelligencer* in the June 1930 *Cosmopolitan* magazine version of 'Best Seller.'

12. What Russian author is compared to the Master? In what terms? By whom?

In 'The Clicking of Cuthbert,' Vladimir Brusiloff states bluntly that 'P. G. Wodehouse and Tolstoy not bad. Not good, but not bad.' But see also the preface to *The Heart of a Goof* where Wodehouse states his style owes much to Dostoevsky, and *Jill the Reckless* (chap 8) where Wodehouse regrets he cannot describe Freddie Rooke's gloom as Gorky or Dostoevsky would have done.

13. List the reference to Stalin, Lenin, and Trotsky in the Works.

Stalin: *Big Money*, pp 119-123

Blandings Castle ('Company for Gertrude')

Mulliner Nights ('The Knightly Quest of Mervyn')

Summer Moonshine, chap 19

Thank You, Jeeves, p 311

Young Men in Spats ('Archibald and the Masses')

Lenin: 'Clicking of Cuthbert,' p 29

Love Among the Chickens, chap 10, 1921 edition

Trotsky: *Carry on, Jeeves* ('Without the Option')

'Clicking of Cuthbert,' p 29

Heart of a Goof ('The Purification of Rodney Spelvin')

Love Among the Chickens, chap 10, 1921 edition

14. Who behaved like Alastor? Who had heard of the poet Shellac?

(a) Bill West, when walking beside the Battersea pond at chap 13 of *Bill the Conqueror*, paused 'like Alastor on the lone Chorasman shore.' [The line is from Shelley's *Alastor; or, the Spirit of Solitude*, and 'Chorasman shore' refers to the Aral Sea — but of course you knew that already. OM]

(b) Ronald Bracy-Gascoigne quotes Shellac as an example of men who were sent down from Oxford in *Mulliner Nights* ('Gala Night').

15. What evidence have we of Mr. Wooster's attitude to modern physical research?

The wording of this question led some candidates to think 'physical' was a misprint for 'psychical.' Perhaps the term 'research into physics' would have led more candidates to the correct reference, which is to be found at chap 17 of *Right Ho, Jeeves*. Like the chaps trying to split the atom, the headmaster of Market Snodsbury Grammar School is unsure what will happen next.

16. How many newspapers has Peebles (if the Master is right)?

The Peebles Advertiser is quoted at chap 6 in *Love Among the Chickens*. *The Peebles Intelligencer* has a high opinion of 'Strychnine in the Soup' in *Mulliner Nights*. (Two further references are to be found after 1937 but are excluded here.)

17. Who lived 'in the spirit of the monks of Thelema'?

In *Piccadilly Jim* (chap 6) Jimmy Crocker resolved to give up living for the moment as Rabelais' monks of Thelema did.

18. What is a 'wofflesome' noise? Who made such a noise?

A wofflesome sound, as made by the Empress of Blandings, resembles a thousand eager men eating soup in a foreign restaurant. *Blandings Castle* ('Pig-hoo-o-o-ey').

19. Who is Lord Bosham?

Although Lord Bosham appeared in later novels, candidates were expected to give his identity from references written before 1937. See *Something Fresh* (chap 3), *Leave it to Psmith* (chap 11), and *Lord Emsworth and Others* ('Crime Wave at Blandings'). All three identify him as Lord Emsworth's elder son and heir.

20. Who felt like the historian Gibbon? Why?

Ignatius Mulliner when he gave up smoking. Like Gibbon when he had completed his *Decline and Fall*, his life was robbed of all motive. See *Mr. Mulliner Speaking* ('The Man Who Gave Up Smoking').

21. Who was 'one of the young men whom the ravens feed'? Reggie Tennyson. See *The Luck of the Bodkins* (chap 14)

22. Who had read 'The Wrong Box'?

Lord Dawlish recalls 'The Wrong Box' when he mentions the story he had read of people disposing of a body by hiding it in a piano. See *Uncasy Money* (chap 18)

23. What character at what point in his career recalls (faintly) a character in Mr. Huxley's *Antic Hay*?

This question was set to allow candidates to demonstrate their breadth of Wodehouse scholarship. False beards, real beards, inventions of air-inflatable trousers, unrealistic plans for future riches, and a liking for riding in taxis all feature in *Antic Hay*. Candidates were expected to mention at least two of the following:

False beards: Bingo Little (*The Inimitable Jeeves*), Lord Bickerston of *Big Money*, Freddie Threepwood in *Blandings Castle and Elsewhere*, and any other of the Wodehouse false beard wearers.

Real beards: Vladimir Brusiloff of 'The Clicking of Cuthbert' and Lord Emsworth in *Blandings Castle and Elsewhere* are just two examples.

Air-inflatable trousers: The baggy-breeched gentleman admired in the last chapter of *A Gentleman of Leisure*.

Grandiloquent schemes: S. F. Ukridge. See also Bingo Little's betting hopes and dreams.

Taxicabs: Jeeves's aunt in *Carry On, Jeeves* ('The Aunt and the Sluggard').

24. Whose laugh was

(a) 'like a squadron of cavalry charging over a tin bridge'?

(b) 'like waves breaking over a stern and rock-bound coast'?

(c) 'like a train going into a tunnel'?

All references are to Honoria Glossop. See *Carry On, Jeeves*, *Very Good, Jeeves*, and *The Inimitable Jeeves*.

25. Whose face was 'like a motor-mascot'?

Bingo Little describes Bertie Wooster in these terms in *The Inimitable Jeeves* ('Comrade Bingo').

26. Whose voice was 'like old dry sherry'?

In *Summer Lightning* (chap 12), Beach expresses his relief by singing in a mellow baritone 'which might have proceeded from a cask of very old dry sherry.'

27. Whose voice would have enabled whom to 'make a good living calling the cattle home across the Sands of Dee'?

In *Very Good, Jeeves* ('Jeeves and the Song of Songs,') Bertie Wooster suggests that his Aunt Dahlia could make her living calling the cattle home across the Sands of Dee. Ancillary cattle-callers of this school are Willoughby Braddock in *Sam the Sudden* (chap 2) and Aunt Agatha in *The Inimitable Jeeves* ('Pearls Mean Tears' or 'Aunt Agatha Speaks Her Mind')

28. What did this voice screech like?

Candidates should not assume that this question also refers to Mrs. Dahlia Travers. She booms and shouts, she does not screech. The correct answer is EITHER Aunt Agatha in *Very Good, Jeeves* ('Indian Summer of an Uncle') who screeches rather like the Cornish Express going through a junction OR Spectatia Huskisson in *The Indiscretions of Archie* (chap 24) whose 'last note screeched across the room like a shell.'

29. On what occasion did Mr. Wooster quote John Bright?

In February of 1855 John Bright declaimed to the House of Commons that 'The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land. You can almost hear the beating of its wings.'

As Bertie Wooster faced the audience of costermongers in *Very Good, Jeeves* ('Jeeves and the Song of Songs') he felt that 'The bird was hovering in the air. I could hear the beating of its wings.' Distinguish from Chris Selby in *Jill the Reckless* who said of money, 'It is hovering in the air all around me. I can hear the beating of the wings of the dollar-bills as they flutter to and fro.'

30. On what occasion does the Master defy the rules of Greek Tragedy? Do all his narrators imitate him?

The Master goes against Aristotle's advice in Chapter 15 of *The Girl on the Boat* and *Mulliner Nights* ('Best Seller'). The Oldest Member, however, follows the Aristotelian principle in 'The Clicking of Cuthbert.'

31. What son of what clergyman tried to auction his trousers? Where? Why?

Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe. See *Summer Lightning* (chap 7). His father was a Dean, and young Gregory was 'the only man who was ever thrown out of the Café de l'Europe for trying to raise the price of a bottle of champagne by raffling his trousers at the bar.'

32. What evidence is there that Psmith read Puck?

Candidates can be forgiven for assuming that the reference was to *Puck of Pook's Hill* and the examiners have decided to accept references to fauns, e. g., *Leave It to Psmith* (chap 8): 'One thinks one sees a faun popping about in the undergrowth. . . .'

The correct reference is to be found at the third page of chapter 32 of *Mike*. Psmith refers to Mr. Outwood as Professor Radium. Older candidates will recall that Professor Radium was a staple character in the Puck comic strip which flourished in the first thirty years of this century.

33. What evidence is there that the Master forgot either the appearance of a character or of Miss Clara Bow?

In 'The Episode of the Dog McIntosh,' Bertie tells us Bobby Wickham resembles Clara Bow. Both had red hair, but Bobby Wickham had a slim, boyish figure. Clara Bow was known as the 'TT Girl' because of her remarkable physical development.

34. Who said 'Every time a fairy sheds a tear, a wee bit star is born in the Milky Way'?

Madeline Bassett in *Right Ho, Jeeves* (chap 10).

35. Who thought (sometimes) that 'flowers must be the souls of little children who have died in their innocence'?

Psmith in his role as Ralston McTodd in *Leave It to Psmith* (chap 7). Evangeline Pembury voiced similar thoughts in *Mulliner Nights* ('Best Seller').

36. Who 'apparently never went to bed before he was fifty'?

The Hon Galahad Threepwood. See *Summer Lightning* (chap 1).

37. What had Lord Emsworth to fear from the publication of whose reminiscences?

Bertie Wooster's uncle Sir Willoughby's *Recollections of a Long Life* tells a dreadful story about Lord Emsworth. Unfortunately Wodehouse does not give us any detail. See *Carry On, Jeeves* ('Jeeves Takes Charge').

Scream for Jeeves

A parody by Peter Cannon

Peter Cannon, in addition to the signal honor of mem-

bership in The Wodehouse Society, is the author of a just-published parody of P. G. Wodehouse and H. P. Lovecraft. The publisher's announcement follows.

P. G. Wodehouse and H. P. Lovecraft never crossed paths in their lifetimes, and yet in some ideal realm of the spirit these two geniuses—one of humor, one of horror—might have pooled their pens to produce such tales as:

'Cats, Rats, and Bertie Wooster,' in which the intrepid Jeeves and his master leave London for Anchester in order to investigate the spectral doings at Exham Priory;

'Something Foetid,' in which the pair, during a New York sojourn, find themselves involved with a reclusive Spanish doctor with a fondness for cool air;

'The Rummy Affair of Young Charlie,' in which they go to Paris on Aunt Agatha's orders to keep an eye on that oddball antiquarian scholar, Charles Dexter Ward.

Since both authors admired Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes, it comes as no surprise that in this last episode Bertie and Jeeves resort to enlisting the aid of one 'Mr. Altamont, of Chicago'.

Rounding out the volume is a lengthy commentary, 'The Adventure of the Three Anglo-American Authors: Some Reflections on Conan Doyle, P.G. Wodehouse, and H.P. Lovecraft.'

What P.D.Q. Bach has done for classical music, what Roy Lichtenstein has done for modern painting, P.H. Cannon has done for Lovecraft and Wodehouse and Doyle (and others) in this affectionate literary spoof.

Scream for Jeeves, by Peter Cannon, illustrated by J. C.

Eckhardt Woodcraft



Press.
Trade paperback: \$7.50,
hardcover: \$20.00.
Order from
Necronomicon Press, P.O.
Box 1304, West Warwick,
Rhode Island, 02893 USA.

A few quick ones

Tony Ring came across 'a strange reference in P D James's most recent book, *Asta's Book*: "For the first time he smiled, displaying a double row of large Bertie Wooster-like teeth."

'I don't have clear image of what this mouthful should look like,' says Tony. How about a competition for members to sketch what they think the author means—I would be quite prepared to offer a copy of the book in paperback as a prize for the best entry!'

Herewith begins the

Official Large Bertie Wooster-Like Teeth Competition

Send your entries to Tony Ring, 34 Longfield, Great Missenden, Bucks HP16 0EG, England, who is hereby appointed the official judge. Send your entry by the end of September, please. The winning entry, at least, will appear in *Plum Lines*. Black-and-white sketches reproduce best, and heaven knows we all want a good clear view of those teeth!

William Hardwick found, in a Benny Green column in the English *Sunday Express* recently, a preview of Radio Four's six-part dramatization of *Uncle Dynamite*. That uncle is, of course, the 5th Earl of Ickenham, who claimed that the only people he could not impersonate were a circus midget and Gina Lollobrigida. Would that such stories were broadcast on American radio!

Alex Hemming has found another reason to believe that there'll always be an England. A recent item in the London *Evening Standard* notes that 'Should Tony Blair become leader of the Labour Party, he has every chance of emerging in due course as the first public school Prime Minister since Alec Douglas-Home in 1963. . . . Challenged to name his favourite authors, Blair first named Sir Walter Scott. Even more encouraging was Tony's other hero—P G Wodehouse.'

Max Povrichak has responded to the item in the last *Plum Lines* about the short sermons of our day as opposed to the Reverend Heppenstall's much longer efforts. He forwards an article from *The Boston Sunday Globe*, describing how

sermons have become progressively shorter since the mid-nineteenth century even in such an intellectual center as Boston. 'The Rev. Phillips Brooks held forth for an hour at a time,' the journalist notes, and 'even in churches renowned for preaching, sermons today are much more likely to last for 15 or 20 minutes...'

'Dark times for a Great Sermon Handicap!' says Max.

It's time to distribute an updated **membership list** of our Society. To reduce mailing costs we're sending the list only to those who request it. Please send your requests to me, Ed Ratcliffe, 538 San Lorenzo Avenue, Felton CA 95018.

William Hardwick sends a heartening story from the English magazine *Pig Industry*. It describes a possible world record for pig growth rate: Somerset farmer Fred Atherton's hybrid boar gained 233 pounds in 106 days, or three and one half months—surely enough to carry off every possible medal at the Shropshire Agricultural Show.

Paul Sayles has discovered that the red spotted newt is the State Amphibian of New Hampshire, which also has a State Insect and State Mineral. We take comfort in the knowledge that New Hampshire is now equipped for all contingencies.

The last *Plum Lines* brought news of the death of Jim Earl, a valued member in Shrewsbury, England. Betty Crowe, Jim's sister, reports (by way of Toni Rudersdorf) that donations from our members and Jim's Shrewsbury friends have enabled her to make a gift in his memory of more than £300 to the hospital where Jim was treated in his last illness. The hospital will use the money to purchase equipment for the treatment of similar patients.



The Oldest Member



Tributes to James Heineman

Several of Jimmy's friends have sent these comments about a 'superbly accomplished and decent man.'

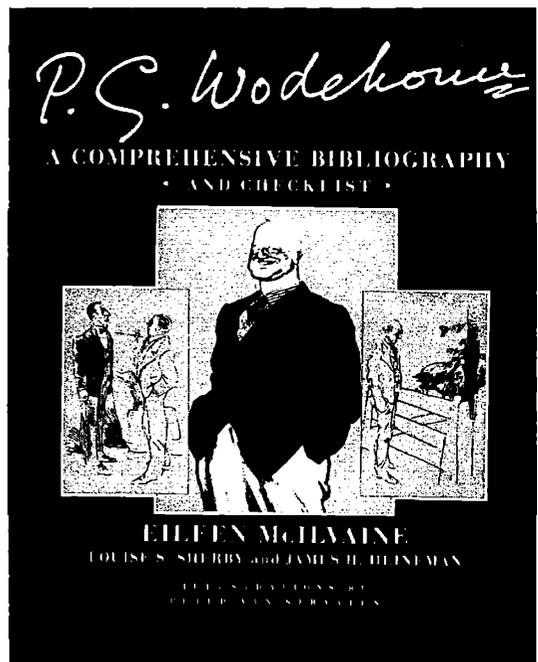
From Charles E. Gould, Jr.:

Jimmy Heineman, my best friend and certainly the oldest, died in August, after a not so long and seemingly cheerful illness. By 'oldest' I don't mean eldest: I mean longest; in a lot of ways—his limitless energy, his constant coming up with bright ideas, his unflagging, vigorous interest in, it seemed, everything—he was the youngest. Actually he was, I think, twenty-eight years older than I, but one of his numerous pleasantries was the annual suggestion that the date of his birth, May 5, made him two days younger, and I can honestly remember a lot of times when he really seemed so. I learned of his death from Tony Ring, who telephoned from London assuming that I'd had the news; but I had not had it, and like the occasional Wodehouse character I reeled, and hung up (as Wodehouse says) whatever you call the thing that you hang up, thinking to myself that Jimmy was all the world to me. And so he was, and so remains to me and to many others. We shall not look upon his like again, as the fellow said.

James Herbert Makepeace Heineman was literally a citizen of all the world—or most of it. As a child, speaking in French, he told the King of Belgium that his flies were not buttoned—that was admittedly on the ski slopes, not at court, but it called for the graceful self-effacing tact which in the child was the father of the man who declared himself 'illiterate in four languages, and quite useless in three others.' The first time Jimmy gave dinner to my late wife and me, he put us immediately at our ease: 'Don't bother about the menu,' he said; 'Everything's translated into Italian, there in the larger print.' He knew a lot about French cooking, I gather, but he told me once that when alone he often ate Lean Cuisine, standing up in the small Park Avenue kitchen where he had once prepared steak tartare for Hedy Lamarr. Saved time for other things, like getting Wodehouse translated into every known language that could be put in print. I had no idea there were so many, and toward the beginning of the project even he confessed himself a little surprised. Or like putting together the Wodehouse Collection which is what brought us all together, really. 'He was the only man I had ever seen who was smoking two cigars at the same time,' Wodehouse writes of Hank Philbrick, and Jimmy was the only man I had ever seen talking on two telephones at the same time—in French on the white one and in English on the black.

He loved language, and spoke swiftly but distinctly and with great style. He wrote slowly, taking pains. He enjoyed the dirty joke, especially if it had a verbal twist, but while I suppose he might have shared it with the King of Belgium, he could easily enough think of something else to say to the Queen Mum, as he respectfully referred to her.

Jimmy said a lot, and he said it well, adopting as his mottoes two of Winston Churchill's: 'Old words are best, and those when short are best of all' was one; the other I suspect of being apocryphal, but Jimmy told the story of Sir Winston's awaking from a light doze at a particularly tiresome dinner table and saying, 'Remove the pudding! It has no theme!' Jimmy's life was full of themes, but it seems to me there were two central ones: Collecting and, ironically, the opposite of Collecting: Giving, for want of a better word. (Probably one of his seven editions of Johnson's Dictionary would supply one.) Jimmy was certainly a born Collector, like his parents before him: Wodehouse, Churchill, Johnson, Charles Addams, Charles Schulz, Ronald Searle, Peter Arno, Ian Fleming, A. A. Milne and dozens of others lined walls and filled drawers at 475 Park



The great Heineman-McIlvaine bibliography of 1990

Avenue. Snoopy and Woodstock in various manifestations littered the desk at which Lord Chesterfield wrote letters to his son and Jimmy wrote letters to the world and its wife. He had a vast collection of things he called Ugliers: to qualify, a thing had to be not only ugly but absolutely useless, like the plastic fried egg on his refrigerator door, or like the statue he found in Italy somewhere, the cost of whose removal was the only deterrent to its presence among his other *objets*.

But though Jimmy said a lot and collected a lot, he said little about himself, and his life was a life of Giving as well as of Collecting. To his friends, his generosity was legendary; to the world's numerous recipients of his humane giving and good will, it is now history. Once on the telephone he did dismiss rather summarily one of those peddlers of eternal light bulbs or such, saying, 'I'm sorry I can't help you, this year I'm doing a hospital.' Then he turned, a bit bashfully, and said to me, 'Well, dammit, it happens to be true.' The Weizmann Institute, the Heineman Foundation, the Marlboro Music School, the Lincoln Center Chamber Music Society—Jimmy's modesty afforded him little opportunity to mention these and other recipients of his time, his money, his powers to organize, inspire and simply get things done. He collected discriminatingly—even the Ugliers had to meet his standard—and he collected widely. He gave in exactly the same fashion.

You may say that in my vanity and sorrow I have made this piece as much about me as about Jimmy Heineman; but there's nothing wrong with that, for much of me is Jimmy's inspiration, his kindness, his generosity, his wit and endurance and style. Had he not lived, I would not have lived as I have done; and when he died, some part of me naturally had to die too. It is a bromide to say that the dead live on in their works and in the hearts of those who loved them. The dead, in fact, do not live on; their achievements do, but they don't. Jimmy used to make light of the need for various contracts and documents, saying that they would prove useful if he should 'fall into a gopher hole.' I always thought the event was as impossible as his metaphor for it. When Tony Ring called, I thought of what Wodehouse reportedly said when he heard that his step-daughter Leonora had died, and I almost said to Tony, 'I thought he was immortal.' He wasn't; and, I'm afraid, neither are we nor our memories of this superbly accomplished and decent man. What, I trust in faith, *is* immortal is the vigorous and invigorating spirit of this man who looked upon all the world and, giving himself largely to it, collected it and made it largely his, and then, in turn, made it ours too.

From Eileen McIlvaine:

Jimmy Heineman needed someone to organize and catalog his Wodehouse collection and called Columbia University Libraries. I had then been involved with compiling annotated bibliographies of reference books but never a personal collection. And I knew some of Wodehouse's work (Wodehouse had caused me to receive many stares on buses and at the beach as I giggled my way through another novel), so I was interested in learning more about Wodehouse, descriptive bibliography, and assembling a collection—not realizing that I would still be involved more than fifteen years later.

When I met Jimmy for the first time, he was very natty in his English tailoring and with a bowtie (and I have only seen him with bowties), his close-cut hair which he cut himself, and twinkling eyes with his half glasses pushed up on his forehead. And he introduced me to his collections: his first edition of all Winston Churchill's work (whom he greatly admired as a leader and a stylist), the collection of early English language dictionaries, the first editions of books which made a difference (e.g., Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*), the first editions of children's classics (he had three sets of Milne, one for each daughter), the Ugliers scattered throughout his apartment (objects both ugly and useless), the lighted, framed picture finger-painted by a lowland gorilla at the Bronx Zoo, all of his Peanuts cartoons and spin-offs, framed *New Yorker* cartoons, and among all this, the Wodehouse collection. Here was someone who enjoyed life and was not always serious, who had time for the joys of wit, of irreverence, and yet had great admiration for the doers, the civilizers of the world—Churchill, James Murray, Mozart, Zola's *J'accuse*. Where did Wodehouse fit in?

Jimmy had begun his Wodehouse collection when a child because, he said, it helped him to learn English. That initial collection, however, had disappeared from the Brussels house during the German occupation in World War II. After the war when Jimmy was in Mexico, he started reading Wodehouse again and, I think, enjoyed the wit and style as well as the familiarity of phrases, of references to the Bible, to Shakespeare, to the Latin classical authors because he had received the same kind of schooling.

But Jimmy was interested in more than Wodehouse's novels—he wanted to know the person: what kind of man was he, was he as unassuming as he seemed, what was the truth about the Berlin broadcasts, how did Wodehouse's work translate (well in the case of Germanic languages, not quite so well for French), what was Wodehouse's role in the development of musical comedy, what influences remain (Jeeves, revivals, etc.)?

As a result the collection is enormous with correspondence, sheet music, recordings, first editions, reissues, memorabilia, scripts, translations, secondary studies (especially the French dissertations, etc.). Much of the collection has been described in the two published bibliographies (Jimmy was planning a five-year supplement), but not all; that was one of the attractions: it was never-ending, something else would 'come through the transom.'

Jimmy was a delight to be with—urbane, funny, interested in everything (except sports), happy to argue about books or politics, and caring about people (but only to a point; he, himself, didn't want to be cosseted). The night he died several of us went out to dinner with him. Though he looked tired, he was in great spirits, especially when he told us about his bringing a cocktail table with him to his niece in London on British Air, and about his very uncharacteristic attendance at two baseball games. He was also very pleased at how well his Bemelmans show was going in his new gallery and he was looking forward to the next three shows. He had many plans germinating—all bringing joy to the beholder. The world will be a grayer place without him. I'll miss him very much.

From Norman Murphy:

Like countless others, I have much to thank Jimmy for. A letter to Dick Osborne on the adventures of the Wodehouse Society around England was published, at Jimmy's urging, as the True and Faithful Account, and I was proud to be asked to write an introduction to one of his Great Sermon Handicap translations.

When I first went to New York, Jimmy invited me to stay with him. Although I assured him I'd make my own way from the airport, Jimmy wasn't having that. He met me with a chauffeur-driven limousine to whisk me into Manhattan; just another example of his legendary hospitality.

I last saw him in November when he came to the Savage Club in London. Despite having to use a stick and carry an oxygen cylinder everywhere he went, he was the same cheerful Jimmy, delighted to see you, interested in what you were doing and anxious to help.

From John Fletcher:

We met briefly in New York and London. He was living proof that a Wodehousian, anyway, can be happy whatever his health. He was about to co-publish with me the nine-volume, nine-year [Wodehouse] concordance, and ironically almost the last thing he said to me was 'this will keep me going until I am eighty-five.'

From Frits Menschaar:

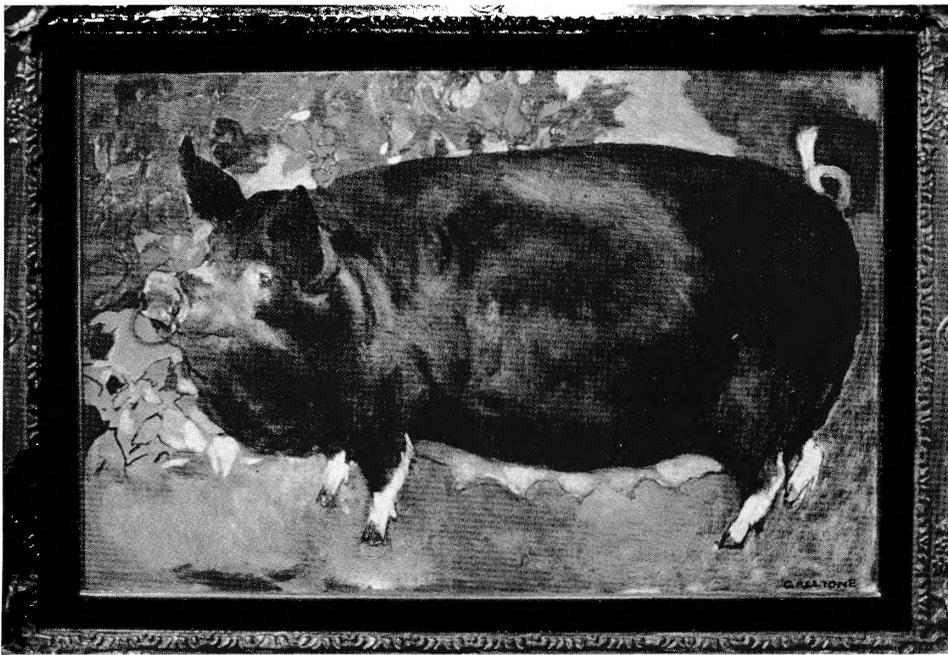
Sadly, Jimmy Heineman passed away August 10. A man of many interests, Wodehousians will remember him foremost as a Wodehouse book publisher and collector. Always in good humor, he enjoyed what he did, much of which was bringing joy to others. For Jimmy, producing a luxurious Wodehouse bibliography or 'The Great Sermon Handicap' in Icelandic was a labor of love rather than a business venture. Doing business with Jimmy was always a pleasure, agreements negotiated in minutes without formality of written contract. When his health (but not his mind!) started failing—he was on oxygen the last two years of his life—his enterprising spirit stayed undaunted; he continued traveling overseas while starting new ventures at home (he launched a series of Ludwig Bemelmans books in 1993, and opened an art gallery just a couple of months ago). He died at his desk, active to the last. He would not have had it otherwise. We will miss him.

From Dick Osborne:

In 1977 Jimmy was in London and beginning to build his collections: of Wodehouse material of all sorts, and originals of the great *New Yorker* artists...Arno, Thurber, Price, Addams and many others, and Low, Pont, Emett, Ronald Searle and Paul Crum from *Punch*. I had written a critique of P.G.W.'s books, *Wodehouse at Work*, and I had taken the *New Yorker* since the fifties. Jimmy asked if I would help him in his collecting in England, bidding for him at auctions and keeping a joint sterling bank account which he would fund and re-fund in dollars. I closed that account last week. His executors will find a small nest-egg of about £750 waiting for them.

Jimmy and I worked together, laughed together and gossiped together for seventeen years. We became very good friends. I traveled with him as his guest to New York three times for exhibitions, to Amsterdam three times to see printers and spring flowers, and to Paris three times because Jimmy loved Paris. When he was in London he liked the chocolate pudding my wife made for him as desserts for dinner. She and I were his guests for a week in 1983 when he and dear Elinor Wahl hired a large car and a good driver for a trip around the Cotswolds. It was from an album of photographs that Jimmy took on that trip that I was able to supply photographs of Jimmy for the obits of him in *The Times* and *The Daily Telegraph*.

There was no way of repaying his hospitality. He always had a coat-pocket stuffed with folding



Jimmy's specially-commissioned and elaborately framed oil painting of the Empress of Blandings

money...dollars, pounds, francs...for taxis, theatres and meals in restaurants. He had had some pretty drastic surgery when we first knew him, and he was to have more. During one of our long, rambling transatlantic conversations (he seemed to have convinced himself that from New York on week-ends such calls cost him nothing) he asked me how my wife Monica was, and I had to tell him the truth...that she was dying. He flew to London next day, and was the last, outside my family, to see her alive: in the hospital he joined me and my children for dinner that evening in a fish restaurant and we had a good chocolatey pudding.

Bon appetit, Jimmy!

From Owen Quattlebaum, The Drones Club, New York:

Once asked Jimmy Heineman to autograph the first volume of 'The Great Sermon Handicap,' that wonderful series of translations of the PGW short story which he hoped to expand to all extant languages. He did so, as follows: 'Not from the Author, but from the Perpetrator.' And that is how I shall always think of him—as a 'perpetrator,' who was delighted to be such a creative one....

Item: when laid up for some time after a hip operation, he began literally to 'pass the time' by trying to

think of some part of PGW's life that was recordable on each specific day of the year. Result: The amusing and informative *A n n u s Wodehousiensius*, a perpetual calendar, which on only a very few days (such as November 22) carries the legend 'PGW loafed.'

We members of the New York Drones were absolutely dumfounded when

he agreed to join us in our periodic dinners. And we were continually delighted with and awed by his wit, his knowledge of the master and his willingness to share all of his remarkable literary breadth and his personal connections.

I personally was privileged to receive what I consider to be an extraordinary education in the art of living by this man, who himself never loafed, but was always ready to act on whatever his instinct suggested was the next best way to be a creative perpetrator.

From Jerry Gold, The Drones Club:

Jim Heineman had the spark. He just had it. A grin and a twinkle were always either present or at the ready.

From the moment he joined the New York Drones, our small group was elevated by his presence. With him in the room we were all wittier, more knowledgeable about PGW and possessed of attractive, sophisticated companions. It's true. It's not an exaggeration. It will not be the same and we'll miss him. We can only hope that Jim's friends from all corners of the Wodehouse world will still visit us at our quarterly dinners and through those visits all of us can keep the spark alive.

How many schools did Wooster attend?

by John Fletcher

In the summer *Plum Lines* (page 20) Charles Gould revived the libel that the Master made a mistake when 'in 1971 he was calling Aubrey Upjohn Arnold Abney.'

This charge ought to convince only those who assume that boys under 14 never change schools and schools never change headmasters. As, however, several commentators have made the accusation, it is time to come to Wodehouse's defence.

The main 1971 passage is 'I remember in my early days at the private school where I won my Scripture Knowledge prize, Arnold Abney M.A., the headmaster, would sometimes announce that he wished to see Wooster in his study after morning prayers' (*Much Obligated Jeeves*, chapter 11). He does not give the school's name.



Hanley Castle Grammar School, circa 1910. Chosen by Norman Murphy as the probable original of Market Snodsbury Grammar School.

Aubrey Upjohn is the headmaster of 'my first private school' (*The Code of the Woosters*, chapter 4). (A 'private school' is Eton jargon for a prep school, a school you attend before going to a public school.) He does not name the school here either. If it was Wooster's first private school, there must have been at least one other.

Later we read '... in my fourteenth year ... I was a resident pupil at Malvern House, Bramley-on-Sea, the private school conducted by that prince of stinkers, Aubrey Upjohn, M.A.' ('Jeeves and the Greasy Bird?'). At that age it must have been his last private school. Yet if he remained at the same place from first to last he would hardly have called it his first private school; we need another in the middle.

This makes it look as though he went to three schools before Eton: the first under Upjohn; the second with Abney (possibly Sanstead House where Abney ruled in *The Little Nugget*); and the third Malvern House, once more under Upjohn.

But he could have been to only two schools, if at one of them he

served under two headmasters. Suppose he were removed from his first school, unable to stand any more of Upjohn (and vice versa), and sent to Malvern House when Abney held sway. Meanwhile the ambitious Upjohn (he is trying to get into Parliament by *Jeeves in the Offing*) moves on, first to St Asaph's (see 'Bramley is so Bracing'), and later to succeed Arnold Abney at Malvern House. It must have been a blow to find on the school roll the name of his old 'friend' Wooster.

Wooster's evidence about who was headmaster at the school where he won a prize for Scripture Knowledge seems at first sight conflicting. The 1971 passage quoted says Abney, but *Stiff Upper Lip* (chapter 24) says Upjohn. However neither passage says the man specified was headmaster when he won the prize, and they do not conflict if Wooster was at the school under both headmasters.

More thoughts or evidence about Wooster's schooling would be interesting. But Wooster gives Abney as his headmaster seven times in *Much Obligated Jeeves*, and the contingency that Wodehouse didn't know what he was writing about seems a remote one.

Turf notes

William Hardwick reports that 'our' horses Plum First and Win-some Wooster paid their backers 16-1 in June, but since then, nothing better than fourth in fifteen races. Buck-U-Uppo B in the oats is clearly indicated. About a quart, would you say?

Something new

by Doug Stow

If you haven't time to read, then listen. That is the message this summer from major publishing houses now investing more heavily than ever in audio books.' So begins an article about new audio books in the London *Sunday Express* sent to me by William Hardwick. I prefer to READ my Wodehouse but every once in a while something comes along that is really quite special, and right now that something is an audio tape available through Barnes and Noble with two stories on it.

'Jeeves Takes Charge' and 'Bertie Changes His Mind' are both read by Edward Duke and were actually part of his stage show which, tragically, was never videotaped because whoever owned the copyright for filming Wodehouse material wouldn't give Duke permission. Or at least that's what Edward told us after we saw him do the show for the last time in San Francisco.

Here on cassette number 1902881 for \$7.95, a small fraction of what it cost to see the stage show once, you can listen to Edward Duke perform his magic as many times as you wish, or possibly can stand, as you will ache with laughter. I had the good fortune to see the stage show three times and I can actually 'see' the performance taking place as I listen to the characters come alive on the tape. More than ten different voices

seem to share the airwaves here, but I assure you they are all Edward Duke. If you own but one book on tape this should be the one. From Barnes and Noble, 126 Fifth Ave., New York 10011. You can phone in your order at 1-201-767-7079. Thanks to Pauline Blanc for bringing this to my attention. I just hope that Mr. Duke had the opportunity to read the third story from his show, 'The Prize Giving at Market Snodsbury' and that it will someday be available on tape. Until then let's count our lucky stars that we have what we do.

The story mentioned in the *Sunday Express* is 'Uncle Fred in the Springtime,' read by Martin Jarvis. It's available on Random House Audiobooks in England at £4.99. I imagine it's available in the US too, but I have no information. Bill also mentioned that Hutchinson (Plum's English publisher) has issued two new omnibus collections, *Mr. Mulliner Omnibus* and the *Theatre Omnibus*, both in paper at £10.99.

Cricket

Tony Ring will speak at our Boston convention in October of 1995, and with what seems to me foolhardy recklessness in addressing a largely American audience, he has chosen cricket as his topic.

'Cricket,' says Tony, 'is actually quite difficult to explain except face to face. On holiday recently an American asked me to do just that, and after having got the salt and pepper pots, the ketchup bottle and the saucers into appropriate places on the field, I was well into the subtleties when our Ugandan waiter took away our wicket-keeper (in baseball, catcher), represented by the butter dish. Great hilarity all around.'

Tony assures me that the following description, 'appearing on a thousand souvenirs, from tea towels to mugs, is accurate, though obviously written by a civil servant.'

Cricket

(as explained to a foreign visitor)

You have two sides, one out in the field and one in.

Each man that's in the side that's in goes out and when he's out he comes in and the next man goes in until he's out.

When they are all out the side that's out comes in and the side that's been in goes out and tries to get those coming in out.

Sometimes you get men still in and not out.

When both sides have been in and out including the not outs

That's the end of the game!

Chapter One forms

Daniel and Susan Cohen report on the second meeting of their new Philadelphia chapter:

At our second meeting there were thirteen at table. Ominous? We have chosen a name, Chapter One, partly in honor of the original chapter of the Wodehouse society, founded in the Philadelphia area by Bill Blood, and partly because it is not a bad name for a group devoted to the memory of a man whose life was devoted to writing.

New members

Oh, Kay! revival in San Francisco

The musical comedy smash of 1926, *Oh Kay!*, has been revived for a limited run by the San Francisco Shakespeare Festival. Presentation will be limited by availability of space to August 18—September 10. Most performances are sold out. The Director's Note by Albert Takazauckas is illuminating:

This musical comedy was written during a mythical period in America, the Titillating Twenties. The Great War was over, we were rich, the party was on! And that hybrid known as the American Musical Comedy was in the center of the festivities. The format was simple: a bunch of terrific performers, great tunes and dance numbers, and a string of gags gluing the whole thing together.

These musicals took their shape from the performers. Numbers were added and subtracted from the show's out-of-town try-outs, not because they advanced plot or elucidated character, but because the show needed another tap solo for 'Potter' or another duet for 'Kay and Jimmy,' or another joke for 'Shorty,' and the author's job was to wedge these into the existing book. The shows contained a brashness, an energy, and an inventiveness that was uniquely American and made the era sing and dance to our music, laugh at our jokes and idolize our stars. In a few years the party would be over, bread lines and dust bowls would replace swimming in the Plaza fountain and Flaming Youth. But then, money changes everything.



The plot of *Oh, Kay!* concerns bootleggers who haul their booze ashore on Long Island and hide it in an empty house that unexpectedly fills with people, rendering further mercantile operations difficult. Love conquers all, of course, and the honorable bootleggers triumph over the underhanded hijacker who tries to cheat them. Practically a Sunday School operation.

With music by the Gershwins and book by Wodehouse and Bolton, the original production ran for 256 performances in New York and 213 in London. 'Someone to Watch Over Me' was the hit song, and the show made a musical comedy star of Gertrude Lawrence, who had previously appeared only in revues. (Sorry about that spelling, but they weren't reviews.)

An off-Broadway revival a couple of years ago lasted only a few months. As one reviewer noted, we can hardly expect millions of customers for a show with dialogue like this: 'What's a poltergeist?' 'Practically any geist that polters!' We aren't having as much fun these days.

Several dozen of us from the Blandings Castle chapter infested the San Francisco performances and cheered lustily. I noted that we were not all seated together—probably a plot on the part of the management to prevent concerted breadroll-throwing.

DRONESBURY

"Excellent browsing and sluicing and cheery conversation and what-not"

THE TEXAS CHAPTER OF THE WODEHOUSE SOCIETY

The striking letterhead above met my eye when I opened a letter from David Smith in Houston not long ago.

'Inspired by Toni Rudersdorf,' wrote David, 'a small band of Wodehouse devotees recently formed the Texas chapter of The Wodehouse Society. We meet every six weeks at a local bookstore and do our share of browsing and sluicing. We extend our warmest welcome to any members who might be passing through Houston at the time of one of our meetings (July 15, August 26, October 7, November 18, January 6). We'd be delighted to have them join us at 7 pm at the River Oaks Bookstore, 3270 Westheimer at River Oaks Blvd. (713) 520-0061.'

David reports that the second meeting included the requisite browsing and sluicing, Toni Rudersdorf's reading of her dedication speech she delivered at the Little Church Around the Corner in New York, a discussion of *Leave It to Psmith*, and a decision to talk about *Code of the Woosters* at the following meeting. Three possible debate topics in connection with *Code of the Woosters*:

Resolved: That Gussie Fink-Nottle deserves Madeline Bassett more than Bertie Wooster does.

Resolved: That the minds behind the cow creamer caper were remiss in not arranging for at least one of the principals to visit Totleigh Tower under an alias.

Resolved: That even Jeeves has human shortcomings.

In addition, Shirley Houston (a Diet-Sprite-and-water) will read a paper, "The Code of the Valet," at the June meeting.'

Two more Dronesbury newsletters have arrived since then, evidence of a continuing and commendable enthusiasm among the Houstonic Wodehousians (not to be confused with the Shropshire Psmiths).

The first, reporting the June 3rd meeting, laid out the agenda for the next three meetings, at each of which a separate book will be discussed: *Joy in the Morning*, *Meet Mr Mulliner*, and *Pigs Have Wings*. Nominations for a chapter name were considered, among them Beads of Persp., Plum loco, and Dronestar. After solemn deliberation it was decided that Jeeves was possibly human—he did, after all, come recklessly close to smiling on one occasion—and nobody really deserved Madeline Bassett. Browsing and sluicing were prominent items on the agenda, as they are at every meeting.

The second newsletter reported a closely reasoned comparison of *Joy in the Morning* and *The Code of the Woosters*, stressing certain Shakespearean analogies, and pointed out that the presence of four women guests from the real world eliminated, until their departure, the tendency to toss bread at each other and bellow what-hos across the room.



Want ads

For sale:

Paperbacks (UK)

1. Dr. Sally, 1959, Penguin 1st edition, fine, £4.
2. Uncle Fred in the Springtime, 1954, Penguin 1st edition, very good, £3.
3. The Girl on the Boat, 1968, Pan 1st edition, fine, £3.
4. The Inimitable Jeeves, 1963, Penguin reprint, fine, £2.

Hardbacks (UK)

5. The World of P. G. Wodehouse, by H. Wind, 1st edition, fine, dust jacket, £10.
6. The Favorite Wonder Book, 1938, 1st edition, good, includes William Tell Told Again, illustrated, amongst other stories, £10.
7. The Great Book of Humour, 1935, fine, includes The Ordeal of Young Tuppy, £10.
8. The World of Psmith, Barrie & Jenkins, ex library, good, £8.

Audio tapes

9. Very Good Jeeves, mint, three stories read by Martin Jarvis, two tapes, £8.
10. The Golf Omnibus, mint, two tapes, £7.
11. Heavy Weather, two tapes, mint, £7.

Please write to Daniel Bright, 4 Warnham Close, Clacton-on-Sea, Essex, CO16 8XW, England.



For sale (prices include priority postage):

1. The Small Bachelor, New York: Doran, 1927. First Am. ed. VG copy in a chipped/rubbed dust jacket missing lower 1/3rd of spine (now replaced by a color photocopy). \$125
2. Very Good Jeeves, London: Herbert Jenkins, 6th printing. VG copy in a complete but slightly worn DJ duplicating the first edition artwork. \$50
3. Leave It to Psmith, New York: Doubleday Doran, 1924, First Am. ed. Good copy (front inside hinge reinforced w. tape). \$30
4. Meet Mr. Mulliner, New York: Doubleday Doran, 1928. First Am. ed. Near fine (but spine faded) copy. \$50

The Play's the Thing

Bill Horn reports that the Guthrie Theater of Minneapolis, a major regional theater group, presented *The Play's the Thing* in a 'superb' two-month revival this summer. Ferenc Molnar's original play was adapted by Plum and had a long Broadway run in 1926, with a 1928 production in London, a 1948 revival in New York, and many other smaller presentations. The Guthrie show received enthusiastic reviews ('...a stylish, charming, sometimes downright magical production.'). and Bill Horn writes that it was 'probably worth a trip to Minneapolis.' We can all rejoice that Plum's work continues to give such pleasure on the stage as well as in print.



With his full moon face, and that smooth, round monocle which glistens under his eyebrow like some lunar lake, Molnar seems an overgrown boy masquerading.

William Smyser, 1929

5. The White Feather, London: A&C Black, 1914. 2nd ed. in the same format as the very rare 1907 first (ex. no gold on spine). VG copy. Now reduced to \$200.

Solution to Plumacrostic 2

Nine contestants responded to Maria Kane's latest puzzle, a smaller group than last time, due I believe to the difficulty of some of the clues and to the fact that the author was not Wodehouse. All the solutions sent to me were correct and complete—I wonder how many more are out there with bits and pieces filled in.

Here are the successful contestants in alphabetical order:

Susan Cohen	Marilyn MacGregor
Jan and Jason Hunt	R C Olson
Kim Kleinman	Srinivasan Sridharan
Betty J Kompst	Erin Stehle Strauch
	Jay Weiss

I had fully intended to carry out my promise of using a particularly vulgar type face for these names, but at the last moment I was struck down, in the prime of my youth and beauty, by an attack of gentility and forced against my will to use Garamond, a more than usually civilized face. Sorry about that.

Here's the completed quotation:

Once a scenario was leak-proof. . . . Wodehouse put together his first rough typescript and reckoned his main labour. . . . was over. There remained the part he really enjoyed: revising, cutting, adding, adding, adding, shaping, smoothing to a high polish.

It's from Richard Usborne's chapter, 'Work in Progress,' in Plum's last book, *Sunset at Blandings*, 1977.

Once again the contestants praised Maria's skill and talent. ('A cheery Well Done! to Ms. Kane for this magnificent piece of work, and I know how much more difficult it is to set a puzzle than to solve it. Do bung a few breadrolls in her direction on my behalf.'—Srinivasan Sridharan.) Maria says she is working on a Wodehouse crossword puzzle now. We wait with bated breath, rapidly turning purple—or, rather, plum.

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Ed Ratcliffe, OM

Dues are \$15 per year.

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