



# Plum Lines

The quarterly newsletter of The Wodehouse Society

Vol. 16 No 1

Spring 1995

## A TOAST IN ORANGE AND GIN TO P. G. WODEHOUSE

by Boris Johnson

Alex Hemming, Donald Daniel, Norman Murphy, and John Murray Wilson found this commemorative article in the January 2 issue of the English *Daily Telegraph*.

What with the millennium now only a worrying five years away, and the mercury of the feelgood factor staying pretty much on zero, you might be forgiven for thinking that there was nothing much to celebrate this week. Looking at the general state of things, you might suppose that we, as a nation, no longer possessed anything both uniquely British and beautifully engineered.

Oh, but we do have such a possession, an imperishable feat of verbal carpentry. The reason for celebrating the man and his works today is that 1995 marks the 20th anniversary of his death and that, with the weekend's Honours List, it is exactly two decades since he was belatedly knighted. Not that one needs much of an excuse for commemoration.

It is a mark of the silliness of the Honours system that Pelham Grenville Wodehouse received the KBE only by dint of attaining the age of 93 and becoming the greatest living writer in the English language. They are all worthy men, no doubt, the industrialists and diplomats in their fifties, whose 'Ks' were announced early on Saturday morning. But they stand in relation to Wodehouse as ants to a giant.

To explain the delay in his official recognition, one has to go back to the 1940s and the furious controversy that followed Wodehouse's unfortunate broadcasts while a captive of the Germans. The forces for and against him were ranged— where else? — in the letters column of the *Daily Telegraph*.

Of the three greatest English stylists this century, Evelyn Waugh was educated at Lancing, while P. G. Wodehouse and Raymond Chandler were both educated at Dulwich College. There is room for a thesis here. Some enterprising PhD student might be able to track down the identity of the

inspirational English teacher who lurked at Dulwich during the late 19th and early 20th century. Whoever he was, if he existed, he knew something about encouraging brilliant, epigrammatic English.

Literary criticism of Wodehouse has been compared to taking a spade to soufflé. But one might, hesitantly, begin by discussing his comic timing. Perhaps the funniest four or five pages in the English language are those in which Gussie Fink-Nottle distributes the prizes at Market Snodsbury Grammar School, not knowing that his orange juice has been heavily laced with gin. I defy anyone to spend a few minutes reading that scene and not put it down in a broadly more optimistic frame of mind. It is a beacon of

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### 'Wodehouse somehow resprang the language.'

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our culture. Without it, Kingsley Amis could never have written his own masterpiece, the climax of *Lucky Jim*, in which the drunken Dixon delivers his talk on 'Merrie England'.

There is more to him, though, than mere comedy. Wodehouse somehow resprang the language. At the risk of trying to pin down poetry, it is something to do with taking one trite phrase, bolting it to another, giving the whole thing a twist, and turning it to gold. The magic, for me, lies in the rhythm and pattern of the words on the page, read quickly in the head (it does not work so well



aloud, for some reason).

There is space here for just a couple of examples:

'His whole aspect was that of a man who has been unexpectedly struck by lightning.' (*Eggs, Beans and Crumpets*, 1940.)

Or 'The drowsy stillness of the summer afternoon was shattered by what sounded to his strained ears like G. K. Chesterton falling on a sheet of tin.' (*Mr Mulliner Speaking*, 1929.)

Let us pass over the shameful way in which, after his Berlin broadcasts, the Government encouraged him to be vilified by the BBC and by William Connor (Cassandra) of the *Daily Mirror*, or the way Tory politicians such as the former appeaser Quintin Hogg irredeemably besmirched themselves by accusing him on December 15, 1944 of 'treason' and of 'clowning on the enemy wireless'. To defend Wodehouse, one need only point to a single text of 1937, which shows, beneath the humour, his magnificent disdain of fascism. No could have the remotest sympathy for Hitler who could also write *The Code of the Woosters*, with its portrait of Mr Roderick Spode, the preposterous Mosley-figure ('big chap with a small moustache and the sort of eye that can open an oyster at 60 paces') and founder of the Black Shorts, so called because, yes, as Bertie Wooster discovers to his disgust, they wear 'black footer bags'.

Wodehouse never got over the accusations. He never returned to England after the war, not even to be knighted. What the episode shows most strongly, perhaps, is the incredible willingness of the British to denigrate their greatest achievers.

If you were to ask: 'Well, yes, but What Does He Have To Say To Us Today?' the answer would be that I am not sure. It may be that he has absolutely no message for Mr Major or for the England cricket team. He has, though, another function, which is why there is a Danish Wodehouse Society, which meets at the 'Drones Club' in Copenhagen, and why he delights Indian schoolgirls. He lightens our darkness. He is a possession forever.

## COME TO THE PARTY!

**B**arbara Helling has sent what must a rare item of ephemera: an invitation to Plum's 90th birthday party on Friday evening, October 15, 1971, at the Perkins Inn, Riverhead, Long Island. The invitation was addressed to 'Dr. + Mrs Jerome Rogers/ Basket Neck Lane/ Remsenburg, N. Y./ 11960.' The Rogers were neighbors and friends of the Wodehouses and have fond memories of Plum and Ethel. They have kindly provided this invitation for our pleasure.

The folded invitation, shown here full size, was printed on cream-colored paper, with 'R. S. V. P.' on the cover and the invitation you see below inside. The handwriting, in brown ink already fading, does not contrast well with the cream background in this reproduction.

David Jasen notes, in his *P. G. Wodehouse: A Portrait of a Master*, that the occasion was marked in others ways as well: by the simultaneous publication in Britain and America of Plum's ninety-third volume, variously titled *Much Obligated*, *Jeeves and Jeeves and the Tie that Binds*, and by recognition in newspapers and magazines and on radio and television 'throughout the world.'

Occasion  
90<sup>th</sup> Birthday  
P. G. Wodehouse  
Date  
15 October 1971  
Time  
6 P.M.  
Place  
Perkins Inn  
Riverhead, N.Y.

## FOOTBALL IN MERRIE ENGLAND

by David McDonough

**T**he recent *Jeeves and Wooster* series on PBS, despite its shortcomings, did get me to thinking. Incorporating as it did the short story 'The Ordeal Of Young Tuppy,' it reminded me that I have always wondered how much Plum exaggerated in his account of the savagery of rural football matches. Coincidentally, the question was answered for me in a new book that I happened to pick up, *Big Leagues: Professional Baseball, Football, and Basketball in National Memory* by Stephen Fox. I quote at random:

'Football came down the centuries less as an agreeable recreation, like baseball, than as an example of durable animosities between longstanding rivals. The essential point was to smite the enemy .....It first showed up in the British Isles....about two centuries after the Norman Conquest .....All through the British Isles an annual game ....allowed permissible combat between rival demographic groups, parishes, towns or sections of towns....Unhindered by rules or referees with the ball kicked, thrown or carried, the play roared through streets, bounced off shuttered windows and closed shops and spilled into waterways, heading for some arbitrary goal distant enough to prolong the play for hours .....The players—hundreds, even thousands, in a single match—were mostly young men, but sometimes included women and children ....Designed to ventilate a whole year's worth of grudges in one day, the games were exuberantly rough, punctuated by fistfights, barked shins, rearranged faces and other sideshows...A Frenchman passing through Derby on game day remarked that if Englishmen called this playing, what could they possibly call fighting?'

# TWS CONVENTION '95!

by Elin Woodger

Gentle Reader: It's party time in Boston! For our Chinese fans, it's the year of the Empress of Blandings. For the cognoscenti, it's the Wodehouse Society's Eighth International Convention and Weekend Bash, October 20–22 at the Copley Plaza Hotel. You'll be delighted with all there is to see and do—skits, games, music, surprise entertainment, and the occasional speaker or two.

- **Thursday, October 19** a tour of Boston by Night, led by NEWT John Fahey. See some of Boston's well-known and lesser-known landmarks. Surprises in store!

- **Friday, October 20.**

*In the morning*, an excursion to Lexington Green, Concord, site of Louisa May Alcott's home, Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, and Nathaniel Hawthorne's home by the Old North Bridge. Magnificent panoramas of New England's famous autumn foliage.

*12:00 noon.* Sign-in for conventioners begins.

*2:00 p.m.* Official program begins. Speakers Friday and Saturday will include **Anne Cotton, Dan Cohen, Charles Gould, Jan Kaufman, David Landman, Norman Murphy, and Tony Ring.** Titles are listed below.

*6:00 p.m.* Evening reception will include **Tony Rudersdorf's** One and Only TWS Kazoo Chorus and who knows what else? Dinner on your own.

- **Saturday, October 21.**

*9:00 a.m.* Speechifying by speakers worth all your attention!

Games will be played at various times throughout the convention: Egg and Spoon Race, Top Hat Card-Toss, Pinch the Bobby's Helmet, Pot the Bending Baxter, and Best Use of Table Objects for Describing a Golf Shot.

*6:30 p.m.* Cocktails and socializing.

*7:30 p.m.* Buffet dinner, with skits, songs, a fancy dress contest, and a reading of a Wodehouse short story by NEWT **Stephen Spaulding.** Afterwards, any piano within range will likely be put to use for any number of songs, reminding you of Beefy Bingham's clean, bright entertainments at Bermondsey East.

- **Sunday, October 22** Brunch and farewells for many of us. Those who remain can meander down to the Charles River to view the Head of the Charles Regatta, conveniently scheduled for the same weekend as our convention and giving us an excellent opportunity to sharpen our helmet pinching skills.



*Titles of speeches:* Behind the Green Baize Door, or P. G. Wodehouse and the Servant Problem; Cracking the Code of the Woosters; The Old School Tie that Binds; The OM's Ghost Story; What Every Young School-girl Needs to Know about the Three O'Clock Race, or Wodehouse and the Plain Style; What the Well-dressed Man is Wearing; Wodehouse in the Pavilion; You, Too, Can Croon in June: Wodehouse as Lyricist.

*Musicians needed!* Do you play a piano? Your short turn on the keyboard is all we need to make this the most musical of conventions—please contact Elin Woodger. Kazoos and instrumentalists are still most welcome for Toni Rudersdorf's Kazoo Chorus.

*Book dealers* can still reserve a table for the nominal fee of \$25.

*A complete convention program* will be published in the next *Plum Lines*. But don't let this keep you from signing up immediately for an unforgettable experience! Take your pen firmly in hand, using the interlocking grip, and scribble your name on the registration form *now!*

# TWS CONVENTION HOTEL SUGGESTIONS

by Elin Woodger

• **The Copley Plaza**, a Wyndham Hotel, 138 St. James Avenue. Our convention site. Very few rooms are left, so call now and inform the reservations clerk that you will be attending the Wodehouse Society convention in October 1995. TWS group rates are \$149 single, \$159 double. Phone: 800-822-4200, or 617-267-5300. Fax: 617-247-6681. Note: This hotel serves an elegant tea every day from 3:00 to 6:00 p. m.

• **The Copley Square Hotel**, 47 Huntington Avenue. This charming hotel is just a 5 minute walk from the Copley Plaza. A small number of rooms are reserved at \$125 single, \$145 double. Phone 617-536-9000. Ask for Kim in the Sales Office and mention Elin Woodger in making your reservation.

• **The Lenox Hotel**, 710 Boylston Street. The Lenox is also just 5 minutes from the Copley Plaza, on the other side of the Boston Public Library. A group rate of \$139 single, \$159 double has been arranged. Ask for the Wodehouse Society rate when making your reservation. Phone 800-225-7676 or 617-536-5300. Fax 617-266-7905.

**Back Bay Hilton**, 40 Dalton Street. \$175 single, \$195 double. Phone 800-874-0663 or 617-236-1100. Fax 617 236-1506.

**Boston Marriott**, Copley Place. Corporate rate: \$179 single or double. Phone 800-228-9290 or 617-236-5800. Fax 617-424-9378.

**Boston Park Plaza Hotel & Towers**, 64 Arlington Street. \$175 single, \$195 double. Phone 800-966-SWAN, 617-426-2000. Fax 617-423-1708.

**The Buckminster**, 645 Beacon Street. \$89 - \$109; suites \$129-\$179. Phone 800-727-BUCK, 617-236-7050. Fax 617-262-0068.

**Chandler Inn**, 26 Chandler Street. Double rooms start at \$74. Phone 800-842-3450, 617-482-3450. Fax 617-542-3428.

**The Eliot Hotel**, 370 Commonwealth Avenue. Superb 2-room suites at \$165-\$215. Phone 800-44 ELIOT, 617-267-1607. Fax 617-536-9114.

**'57' Park Plaza Hotel/Howard Johnson**, 200 Stuart Street. \$130 single, \$145 double. Phone 800-HOTEL-57, 617-482-1800. Fax 617-451-2750.

**Holiday Inn/Government Center-Boston**, 5 Blossom Street. Corporate rates: \$179 single, \$199 double. Phone 800-HOLIDAY, 617-742-7630. Fax 617-742-7804.

**Howard Johnson Hotel**, 575 Commonwealth Avenue. \$130-\$145. Phone 800-654-2000, 617-267-3100. Fax 617-262-2959.

**The Midtown Hotel**, 220 Huntington Avenue. \$129 single, \$139 double. Phone 800-343-1177, 617-262-1000. Fax 617-262-8739.

**Sheraton Boston Hotel & Towers**, Prudential Center. Special discount weekend rate (Friday and/or Saturday nights) of \$119 single or double. Otherwise, rates are \$160 to \$180. Phone 800-325-3535, 617-236-2000. Fax 617-236-6061.

**Tremont House**, 275 Tremont Street. \$149 (room for 2 w/queen-size bed); \$179 (room w/2 double beds); \$159-\$209 (suites). Phone 800-331-9998, 617-426-1400. Fax 617-338-7881.

**Westin Hotel**, Copley Place. \$200 single, \$220 double. Phone 800-228-3000, 617-262-9600. Fax 617-424-7483.

## BED-AND-BREAKFAST AGENCIES

**Bed and Breakfast Agency of Boston**, 47 Commercial Wharf, Boston, MA 02110. Phone 800-248-9262, 617-720-3540. Fax 617-523-5761. Phone from U.K. 0-800-89-5128.

**ABC: Accommodations of Boston & Cambridge**, 335 Pearl Street, Cambridge, MA 02139. Phone 800-253-5542, 617-491-0274. Fax 617-547-5478.

**Bed & Breakfast Associates, Bay Colony, Ltd.**, P.O. Box 57166, Babson Park, Boston, MA 02157-0166. Phone 800-347-5088, 617-449-5302. Fax 617-449-5958.

**Host Homes of Boston**, P.O. Box 117, Waban Branch, Boston, MA 02168. Phone 617-244-1308. Fax 617-244-5156.

# CRICKET AND BASEBALL COMPARED

by Tony Ring

To further prepare members for the Convention in Boston, Tony Ring has prepared this brief note, drawing some comparisons between the noble game and the pretender. Throughout, exclusively cricket terms are in *italics*, baseball terms in bold.

	BASEBALL	CRICKET
Duration of game	1 day*	1 to 5 days
Players per team	9	11
Ball size: weight	5 to 5 1/4 oz	5 1/2 to 5 3/4 oz
circumference	9" to 9 1/4"	8 13/16" to 9"
Pitch length	20 yards	22 yards
Target: name	<b>strike zone</b>	<i>wicket</i>
height	<b>knee to armpit</b>	<i>ground to 28"</i>
width	17"	9"
Bat: length	usually 32" to 36"	<i>up to 38"</i>
width	2 3/4"	4 1/4"

\* Part of a day: about three hours—OM

From the brief display of statistics in the table above, one is immediately struck by the relatively small differences in the basics of the two games. Each, in its essentials, consists in a thrower (**pitcher**, *bowler*) throwing a ball at a target guarded by an opponent (**batter**, *batsman*) behind which is a fielder (**catcher**, *wicket-keeper*). The fielding team's object is to dismiss the batting team, who, in turn, are trying to score runs. While in baseball only **three** batters have to be out for the teams to take place (and more than one can be out on the same ball), in cricket *ten* have to be dismissed unless the captain *declares*, i. e., voluntarily concedes the rest of its innings, which he may do if he thinks time is running out. On the other hand, baseball teams typically have **nine** innings each in a match, whereas in cricket most matches below first-class are *single-innings* games; in first-class matches *two* innings each is the rule.

There are significant differences in the way the ball is delivered. The **pitcher** has virtually static feet, whilst a *bowler* may generate pace from a run of thirty yards or more if he wishes. (Despite this difference, in both games some balls are delivered at around 80 to 90 mph.) A ball which *doesn't bounce* is generally regarded as an easy ball in cricket, whereas in baseball a ball which *does* will embarrass the pitcher. Both use variations in height, pace and swerve to discommode the batter, but the *bowler* has the additional advantages of changes in length, and cut or spin off the pitch. But his target is only 9 inches wide, and is guarded by a bat almost half that width!

Hitting the target represents one of the more

popular ways of removing a batter in each game, although in baseball the **pitcher** has to demonstrate it was not a fluke by repeating three times in seven balls. Once is considered sufficient in cricket. In each game, batters can be caught or run out, although since in cricket a *batsman* is not forced to run merely because he hits the ball, the run out is comparatively uncommon. In baseball, of course, there are four bases at which **batters** can be run out; in cricket the two *batsmen* run between *wickets* at either end of the pitch where they can be out. Tagging as a form of dismissal has no equivalent in cricket which does have three other reasonably common (and several very rare) methods to compensate. If a ball will hit the *wicket*, but the *batsman* gets his body in the way, he may be out *LBW* (which stands for *leg before wicket* even if the ball hits the batsman's head or worse). He can be *stumped*, equivalent to the **batter** moving off base, missing the ball, and the **catcher** touching the base before the **batter** gets back home. Or he can hit his *wicket* instead of the ball, a tactless proceeding for which he is rightly told to leave the field.

*Batsmen* score runs by hitting the ball away from fielders and running to the other end of the pitch, i. e., to where the *bowler* has bowled from. There is no limit to the number of runs that can be made on a single hit, though in practice it is rarely more than three. If he hits it to the boundary (edge of the playing area) he scores 4; by hitting it over without bouncing his reward is increased to 6.

The *batsman* at cricket is likely to score far more runs in a season, or even in a single game, than most baseball players will score in a career. The world record

scores for an individual's innings in an international match, and any first-class match, were both increased last year, by the same *batsman* — to 377 and 501 respectively. Jack Hobbs holds the all-time record for run-scoring, a little matter of 61,237 in a career spanning 29 years. Wilfred Rhodes has taken the most *wickets*, 4,187 in 32 years, and he also scored 39,802 runs and took 764 catches.

The highest ever first-class score for a completed innings was 1,107, and the largest win was by a team which declared its innings closed at 910 (with only 6 *batsmen* dismissed) and routed the opposition twice for a total of just 59. The lowest total in first-class cricket is 10, the lowest match aggregate 34 (16 and 18) and the biggest turnaround came in a game when a team scored 15 in its first innings, 521 in its second and won by 155 runs. The 'normal' range of scores in a first-class innings, to the extent there is such a thing, is 150 to 350.

There is insufficient space to make further comparisons between the two games. However, an explanation of cricket was provided as a Foreword to the 1932 First Italian Edition of *A Prefect's Uncle (Lo Zio Del Prefetto)*, which starts:

## IL CRICKET

Dato che il cricket è pressocché sconosciuto da noi e che in questo libro si parla molto del cricket, riteniamo doveroso dare almeno una vaga idea di quel gioco al lettore che non ne avesse alcuna.

Readers who require more details are thus referred to that edition, which also contains a useful summary of where the fielders typically stand relative to the position of the batsmen and bowler. The names of these positions — like *silly mid-off*, *backward short leg*, *gully*, *deep mid-wicket* and *cover point* — are as self-explanatory as the baseball terms such as *second base* and *third base*.

Enjoy the game!

# 1994 ESCAPADES OF THE PDRONES

by Kim Kleinman

I am a quiet Egg (or maybe a Bean, certainly not a Crumpet) sitting in the smoking room doing the puzzle or calculating the effect of wind vectors on the tossing of cards into top hats. While I gleefully join in the chapters hijinks, the coves who lead us are Eric Otten, our president, and Sandy Morris, our secretary-treasurer. Mine are mere observations through the smoke and flying rolls.

Several of our hearty number kicked off 1994 for a weekend trip to Chicago to see City Lit's production of *Right Ho, Jeeves*.

We had four official local meetings:

— On February 26 nine of us gathered with assorted friends and spouses at Eric and Linda Otten's for a tea, a performance of Eric's *The Ghastly Fate of Bertie Wooster*, and some discussion of *Jeeves in the Offing*.

— On May 14 nine of us plus, by my Sam, my soon to be eight year old Sam gathered in Tower Grove Park for a drizzly picnic with croquet and other vigorous sports. Our reading for the day was *Uncle Fred in the Springtime*.

— We met twelve strong for brunch at the Bristol Bar and Grill and favored one another with favorite selections from the canon. By my Sam, if two of us didn't choose scenes featuring Stanley Featherstonehaugh Utridge. Even so, life was not rum.

— We concluded the year with our second annual pursuit of Anatole as we tied on the feedbag at the Cafe de France. We discussed *Quick Service* (my observation was that the Cafe de France did not rush us) and concluded that 1995 should be as much like 1994 as we could manage.

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**Eric Otten**, offering a slightly different view from the eighty-fifth-floor executive offices of the chapter, reports a series of dampish and ominous-sounding events in its recent history:

Three of the restaurants we have used for meetings have since closed.

In one restaurant the ceiling collapsed and water came rushing down and all electricity was lost.

It has rained three times in a row on our picnic dates.

The thought cannot help but cross the old gray cells — are we a jinx?

As Plum remarked once (or twice), it does sound as if judgement day set in with unusual severity. But Eric concludes on a cheerful note:

'We read my pastiche "The Ghastly Fate of Bertie Wooster" as a play, privately at a club tea, and it was a great success.'

# WODEHOUSE IN PHILADELPHIA

by Ellen O'Brien

Daniel and Susan Cohen of Chapter One in Philadelphia sent a newspaper account of a dinner meeting held not long ago. *'The Philadelphia Inquirer [the Philadelphia paper] has done us proud!'* they write, and indeed the coverage is not only most favorable but informed—the writer knows her Wodehouse, and even gives us details of how the Wodehouse Society originated, a story I hadn't heard. A sidebar gave sources of information about the society and has resulted in lots of new members, for which the Cohens, and all of us, are grateful. Excerpts from the newspaper account follow.

It was a Sunday, and the Philadelphia chapter of the Wodehouse Society was busy thinking about lunch. There was a window open at the far end of a long table in the narrow, paneled dining room behind the last of a series of turns and stairs in the Dickens Inn off Head House Square in Society Hill. A dozen Wodehousians were involved in re-ordering drinks and buttering rolls, apropos of Bertie Wooster, of course, although no one had yet said anything about anybody marrying anybody, and not a single roll was to be thrown or tossed, or, for that, matter, lifted from bun-baskets for any other purpose than ingestion.

This was a proper restaurant, thank you, and not an eatery like the Drones Club, where English twits with silly names like Bertie pepper one another with baked goods before sinking into their cups. The air came through the curtains chilly and damp, but the little room, with its beams and linen, was cheery with people determined to be friendly. You see, the world outside can sometimes be a hard, bleak place, filled with more complicated vices than vanity, but not so the cozy world of Wodehouse.

Pelham Grenville Wodehouse was born in England in 1881 and wrote until he was into his 90s. Before he died in America in 1975, he had written 96 novels [about 96 books, 74 novels—OM], sheaves of short stories, musical comedies and plays, and an autobiography.

And if he has not bequeathed to his readers as many unforgettable comic characters as Dickens, he came closer than most writers. Generations of Brits and non-Brits alike carry around images that Wodehouse created for them, of upper-crust ninnies, and marriage-minded heiresses, and dowager aunts in middling dudgeon. And, of course, the valet's valet—as Wodehouse himself called him—the inimitable Jeeves.

So Wodehouse's fan club came together to be less than serious for an afternoon, although do not be

mistaken. This was not a club similar say, to an Elvis fan club: No one shrieked or fainted at the sound of Wodehouse's name. Nor as another example, was it like the Sherlock Holmes Society, where learned papers commingle with looniness.

First things first. Susan Cohen, co-founder and apparent chairman of the Philadelphia chapter, handled the apparent business portion of the meeting. This included her suggestion that everybody think about going together by train to the 1995 [inter]national society convention next October in Boston. Conventioneers do, in fact, emulate, the Drones, and everybody saves the dinner rolls for the after-dinner fight.

'It's ninety-eight bucks, round trip,' said Cohen, and moved on the next piece of business, which was the confirmation of nicknames—after P. G. Wodehouse characters—for each member. Then everyone referred to wallet calendars to make sure they were clear for the January 29 chapter meeting. This was not the stuff of the United Nations.

A traditional English lunch (which is actually dinner) having been served, the members settled down to talk, which is a thing they do enjoy.

David McDonough, a freelance writer from Titusville, New Jersey, said Wodehouse entered his world when he was a boy sick with asthma and his parents gave him *Uncle Fred in The Springtime*, an excellent rendering of an uncle who is almost more trouble than he is worth, which is quite a bit.

That one book, and McDonough was hooked. He grew up in West Hampton on Long Island, near where Wodehouse lived for a long time, and McDonough wishes he knew then what he knows now: 'I was reading a book about him recently—and discovered we had the same dermatologist!' Imagine.

McDonough came upon the [inter]national Wodehouse Society one day when he was paging through the Book of Associations looking for some other association. He found out about the convention and persuaded the Trenton Times to send him to cover it. Cohen and her husband, Dan, also attended that meeting and decided to resurrect the Philadelphia regional group.

The Cohens tracked down Wodehousians from the [inter]national membership list, and the rest is local history, since the whole caboodle began in Bucks County.

The founding chapter of the society was formed

in 1979 by William Blood—a retired U. S. Army captain known to all as Captain Blood—in his home in New Britain, outside Doylestown. Blood was encouraged to form the society by Frank Axe of Huntingdon Valley, after the two men bumped into each other pawing through crates of used books, looking for out-of-print Wodehouses, one day at the Brown Brothers Auction in Birmingham, outside New Hope.

‘From that conversation he spoke to some others,’ said Axe, who, since Capt. Blood went on to set up a new chapter beyond the Pearly Gates, has earned the title Oldest Member.

Blood, however, was thinking globally.

‘Whenever he went to a meeting or an adult course that he was taking, or if he took a little motor trip with his wife, he would talk about the Wodehouse Society,’ Axe said. ‘. . . We amassed a reasonable list [of members]. And it began that way to spread. Maybe somebody in Boston who was signed up had a friend in Montreal or Chicago. And fairly soon some local chapters spring up in other cities.’

While Blood was developing an international reading dynasty, even publishing a newsletter, his local chapter died away.

‘We just stopped meeting,’ Axe said. He can’t now really remember why.

The meeting concluded with McDonough reading to the table a piece he had written about Wodehouse’s use of telegrams in his stories—an examination McDonough said he had become interested in ‘for absolutely no good reason.’

Well. One. In Wodehouse’s writing, McDonough said, ‘there is always a telephone available, unless a telegram would be funnier.’

The afternoon wound down. The checks came around, and chairs were shunted back. The sky outside was still gray and threatening.

‘It’s a world that never did exist,’ Karen Byrne said of Wodehouse’s world, and Bertie, and Aunt Dahlia, and the Empress of Blandings. And Psmith. And Mr. Mulliner.

This was before Byrne rose to leave with the rest.

‘But it’s great fun,’ she said.

## A BIG YEAR FOR NEWTS

by Susan and Daniel Cohen

The Great Non-Political Newt Project has gone over the top in its fund-raising efforts. We (Rosie M. Banks and Cyril Waddlesley-Davenport) have been in constant communication with the Philadelphia Zoo with regard to a special permanent newt exhibit to be sponsored by newt-loving members of the Wodehouse Society. The Zoo has agreed to establish in the Reptile House a special newt tank. This bijou residence will be approximately three feet by two feet by two feet, and contain a Mandarin newt, a paddle-tailed newt and perhaps one or two other newt species. Along with small plaques describing the inhabitants of the exhibit, there will be one acknowledging the sponsors: ‘The Gussie Fink-Nottle Exhibit of Asiatic Newts is Funded by Members of The Wodehouse Society.’ It’s sure to become a shrine and place of pilgrimage for all Wodehouse fans who visit the Philadelphia area.

Our fund-raising efforts have been so successful that there is money left over for the newts to be adequately provided for, probably into the next millennium. We are also planning an annual collection for newt food at a meeting of the Philadelphia chapter. How much can a newt eat in a year?

Our thanks to members of Chapter One (the Philadelphia area chapter), to subscribers to the PGW nct, and to a semi-anonymous big spender from Staten Island, New York, who made it all possible. Your generosity will be rewarded in spirit if not in substance: a newt never forgets!

The zoo is frightfully bucked by the support and interest, and has promised us a modest ceremony to inaugurate the exhibit. Whether we like it or not this is a big year for newts. We have some reason to hope that we can get press coverage of the ceremony.



Heartiest congratulations to Chapter One on a significant accomplishment! The newts of Philadelphia will be a great attraction for us all.

In times of domestic crisis, Jeeves has the gift of creating the illusion that he is not there.

*Ring for Jeeves, 1953*

# HOW WINSTON SAVED WODEHOUSE FROM PRISON

by John Crossland and Christy Campbell

Donald Daniel found this surprising news in the English *Sunday Telegraph* of February 5. The headline above is the one used in the newspaper.

P. G. Wodehouse, the creator of Bertie Wooster, was saved from post-war imprisonment by the French for being an alleged ‘German collaborator’ following a personal appeal by Winston Churchill.

The wartime Prime Minister’s plea for ‘Plum’, the best-selling comic novelist, was sent to the French authorities via Alfred Duff Cooper, British Ambassador in newly-liberated Paris in late 1944. The extraordinary episode is revealed in Churchill’s correspondence in a confidential file just released at the Public Record Office,

If that did not work, Churchill said he would intervene with General de Gaulle on behalf of the 60-year-old author—one of the most famous Englishmen of his day, then in French custody on charges of making propaganda broadcasts for the enemy.

But Churchill was not motivated by personal admiration for the creator of Jeeves and Blandings Castle—his eye seemed set on public opinion at home. ‘Wodehouse can come back to England, live in some secluded place, then go to hell as soon as there is a vacant passage,’ Churchill wrote to Anthony Eden, the Foreign Secretary, in December 1944.

‘His name stinks here—but he should not be sent to prison,’ he wrote. The loathing was evidently returned. Wodehouse was later to call Churchill ‘one of the few unpleasant personalities I have come across’. How Wodehouse, who was living in tax-exile in France in 1940, fell into the hands of the Nazis is a well-known story. His ‘crime’ was to make five whimsical broadcasts from Berlin at the behest of Josef Goebbels in the summer of 1941 to then-neutral America. The talks were rebroadcast to Britain, and caused uproar.

Duff Cooper (then Minister of Information) orchestrated a vitriolic hate campaign with Churchill’s blessing. Wodehouse was denounced by Eden as ‘a traitor.’ He was put up in style by the Nazis in the luxury Hotel Adlon in Berlin, and later in Paris at the Hotel Bristol—where his comic writings continued to flow. German intelligence were rumoured to use Wodehouse’s work for clues to the British character—and parachuted agents into England wearing spats.

But the scale of the diplomatic embarrassment caused by the author’s ‘treachery’ is revealed for the

first time. In a frenzy of post-liberation vengeance, the French arrested Wodehouse in November 1944. British newspapers reported he would be incarcerated in a former German concentration camp while awaiting trial.

French entertainers who had performed on German controlled radio had already been sent to prison for collaboration. The same day Churchill minuted Eden: ‘It seems to me the French are overdoing the thing about Wodehouse. Is he a British subject? If not we have no interest. But if he is, I think we ought to know what he is accused of doing.’

Then on December 4, Churchill wrote to Duff Cooper: ‘I have noticed quite a distinct change in the feelings here towards Wodehouse since it was thought the French were treating him roughly. It seems to me it is for us to judge him, as his offence was committed when he was a British subject, prisoner of the Germans.

‘I will telegraph to de Gaulle myself pointing out that this is a small matter on which to raise difficulties.’

Duff Cooper replied: ‘The French are anxious to meet our wishes... if they can be informed of what our wishes are. The only course that would be difficult for them to follow would be to allow him to continue to live in freedom at the best hotel in Paris.’

The diplomatic manoeuvring worked—while the British literary establishment also aided Plum’s rehabilitation. Malcolm Muggeridge, then a British intelligence officer in Paris, had him moved to hospital. On January 17, 1945, the French released him. George Orwell bought him lunch.

Muggeridge later wrote: ‘Wodehouse’s true offence was to have disinterested himself in the war.’

Wodehouse did not go to hell. In 1947 he moved to Long Island, New York, to enjoy a comfortable retirement. He was knighted on January 1, 1975—a month before his death aged 94. [Actually 93—OM

A small boy with a face like a prune run over by a motor bus.

*Galahad at Blandings, 1964*

## AND A RESPONSE

Norman Murphy wrote the following response to the 'Winston and Wodehouse' article on the facing page, in a letter to the editor of the *Telegraph*. Donald Daniel supplied this item also.

The article on Churchill and Wodehouse unfortunately perpetuates a canard. It is on record that the so-called pro-German talks were first delivered to an amused audience of Wodehouse's fellow British internees. Secondly, the broadcasts were used by American Army Intelligence as superb examples of anti-German propaganda. Thirdly, Wodehouse was ordered, not invited, to stay at the Adlon Hotel and paid his own bills from the sale of his wife's jewellery and such royalties as he could obtain in wartime Europe. Fourthly, he was conned into the broadcast to America by two men he had known before the war. And fifthly, 'enjoyable retirement' in Long Island seems an odd term to describe a 28-year period in which he wrote 36 books sold around the world.

N.T.P. Murphy

## TURF NOTES

by William Hardwick

The English racing scene is still enlivened by some of our favorite names, but don't empty the piggy bank to support them.

We have added a new horse to 'our' stable. It is called 'Wodehouse,' it has had three races this season, and the best so far is fourth place. 'Plum First' and 'Winsome Wooster' have now finished for the season, and set no tracks on fire anywhere. No fortunes to be made following these horses, I'm afraid.

## A FEW QUICK ONES

This month marks the twentieth anniversary of the death of P. G. Wodehouse on February 14, 1975. The event has been noticed by several articles in British newspapers. Sadly, I am not aware of any such notice in America or elsewhere.

Marilyn MacGregor found this in a book called *Ancient Forests*, by David Middleton: 'Pacific giant salamanders, some over 13 inches long, are the largest terrestrial salamanders in the world and are formidable predators of the ancient forest floor. They eat a variety of foods, including snakes, others salamanders, and even small mammals, and are known to growl when angered.'

Donald Daniel and William Hardwick report that BBC radio is doing an excellent series of dramatisations of the golfing short stories under the title 'The Oldest Member.' I don't know who adapted the stories for radio, but if the BBC has even half the good judgment I give it credit for, it got Richard Usborne to do the job.

David MacDonough tells us that another version of Ferenc Molnar's *Spiel im Schloss* has appeared on stage. The first version in English was Plum's *The Play's the Thing* of 1926. This one, entitled *Rough Crossing*, is by playwright Tom Stoppard, and was recently staged in Princeton, New Jersey. As you may guess, the action takes place on a trans-Atlantic liner in the 1930s. The *New York Times* reviewer is tepid in his praise. The production and performances are first rate. But, he says, 'there's not all that much dazzle in Mr. Stoppard's razzle. *Rough Crossing* has been docked here and there for some 10 years, in different versions, none successful.' If the producer is looking for a better version of the play, I can offer a suggestion.

Phil Ayers writes that 'any Plummie who likes mysteries will enjoy "The Bay Psalm Book Murder" by Will Harris. There are several good Wodehouse references. It's a paperback, published by Pinnacle Books in 1983.' Phil recently found to his dismay that both his *American Heritage Dictionary* and Encarta, a reference source on his wife's computer, refer to Jeeves as a 'butler.' Alas, the wells are poisoned and the

*continued on next page*

sky has fallen.

Bertie Wooster is an icon—a symbol that needs no definition. Phil's wife Amy found, in an *Atlantic Monthly* article about Franklin Roosevelt, this description of Roosevelt as a young man: 'Even in pictures from that time he seems a dithery Bertie Wooster in a straw boater.' No more words are needed; we know.

Frits Menschaar has discovered a book review by Plum in the *Saturday Review* of March 14, 1959. It concerns the novel *My Fathers and I* by Eric Linklater. 'It is about a page long,' says Frits, 'and not particularly interesting material for *Plum Lines*.' Nevertheless, a new discovery as far as I know (not listed in McIlvaine), and worth the attention of voracious Wodehouse collectors.

Barbara Helling found a particularly apt reference to Plum in Alastair Cooke's *Decade of Masterpiece Theatre*, Knopf, 1981. In a discussion of the detective stories of Dorothy Sayers is the following passage: '... Dorothy Sayers wrote, "I wanted to make a detective story a novel of manners rather than a crossword puzzle." ... But the character of Lord Peter himself was the unique attraction. He knew everything, as Sherlock Holmes did, but with a quite new, worldly, and off-handed sprightliness. He was right out of P. G. Wodehouse on the surface, right out of Raymond Chandler underneath: Bertie Wooster with Bogart's brain.'

Donald Daniel discovered a whole chapter on Plum's school stories in *The Heirs of Tom Browne: The English School Story*, by Isabel Quigley, published in the UK by Chatto and Windus, 1982. 'Almost certainly out of print,' he notes, 'but it may be available in a library.'

Tony Ring found this disturbing item in the *English Times* of February 9: 'In Court 11 at the Old Bailey today, a Mr Gordon Jeeves is due to stand trial. Next door in court 12, sentence will be passed on a Mr. Terry Wooster.'

Phil Ayers, a past president of TWS, wishes to share his happy memories of Jimmy Heineman, adding to those expressed by other members in the newsletter last autumn. 'Jimmy was kindness personified to me when I was helping set up the New York convention.

Though I was never fortunate enough to meet him he was always helpful when I called him, and I shall always treasure his letters to me. He was a most generous person.'

Several of us in the Blandings Castle chapter spent a most interesting evening with David Jasen recently when he was in the San Francisco area on a business trip. (This is *the* Jasen of the biography, the bibliography, the *Uncollected* collection, and so forth.) We listened for hours to stories about Our Hero. 'I loved Plummie,' he said. 'I wrote the biography because I wanted everyone else to love him.' Could anyone have a finer motive?

William Hardwick has started a collection that may be unique in the Wodehouse world. 'Over the past few months,' he writes, 'I have been collecting recordings of "Bill" by different singers. To date I've collected versions by fourteen women singers, and I'm sure there are more out there.'

Several members have responded, with various degrees of shock, to the return address on the envelope of the last issue of the newsletter. The name was spelled 'Woodhouse.' The explanation is simple: I placed the order for the envelopes orally with the printer of the newsletter at the end of a discussion about the newsletter, still feeling myself enveloped in the Wodehouse world like an actor in character, never imagining it necessary to spell the Word.

I publish this issue of *Plum Lines* with some phew diphphiculties. The type phounders phrom whom I bought my outphit phor this printing ophphice phailed to supply me with any ephs or cays, and it will be phour to phive weex bephore I can get any. The mistaque was not phound out till a day or two ago. I don't lique the loox ov this variety ov spelling any better than my readers, but mistaques will happen in the best regulated phamilies, and iph the phs and cays and xs and qs hold out, I shall ceep (sound the c hard) the newsletter publishing, aphter a phashion, till the letters arrive. It is no joque to me—it is a serious aphphair.

WJH

The Oldest Member



## JEEVES' STICKERS

**M**arilyn MacGregor found some nifty 'Jeeves' stickers in a Berkeley, California, bookstore recently. Each sticker is about six inches long and three inches high, printed in black ink on a shiny gold mylar (plastic) background. The sticker has the outline of, I believe, a whale, with the word JEEVES in large, shiny, gold capitals along its body. The whale has a man's face, arguably the face of a gentleman's personal gentleman, with a black hat atop its head and a neat bow tie ('One aims for the perfect butterfly effect, sir') under its chin. An arm neatly dressed projects forward from beneath its body, bearing a tray with decanter and glass. The whale's expression is civilized in the extreme, and its whole demeanor is that of one who aims to give satisfaction.

It's a pretty flashy little item and I wish I could show it to you here. I've tried several methods of reproducing the sticker in this newsletter, but every effort is defeated by that shiny gold surface—there's quite a bit of it.

'The stickers are available at the Dark Carnival Bookstore,' writes Marilyn, 'at 3086 Claremont Avenue, Berkeley CA 94705, tel. (510) 654-7323 or (510) 654-5666. They're \$2 each, "lovingly hand-cut from gold mylar." There are similar refrigerator magnets at \$4. The store takes VISA and Master Card, shipping is \$3.50, and California residents need to add 8.25% sales tax. Consequently, those who live in the far-flung (from here) reaches of the world may well want one of their TWS buddies who live nearby to pop into the place, pick up some, and send them off in a letter that was going anyway. It also might be a good idea to phone ahead to be sure a supply is available, since I don't think they're prepared for a Plummie assault and I temporarily cleaned them out. They have others, but the Jeeves one is all I wanted.'

## SYLVIA BEACH AND FRIENDS

**S**even members of our Blandings Castle chapter recently flew up to Newport, a small town on the Oregon coast, to spend a Wodehouse weekend with Florence Cunningham and Phil Ayers, who represent, respectively, the constituencies of Kent and Freeland, Washington.

We stayed at the Sylvia Beach Hotel, a book-lovers' hotel named for an important American woman publisher in Paris in the Twenties. Every room is named for an author, is furnished suitably, and is well supplied with that author's books. (The Edgar Allen Poe room is hung with dark red velvet, has a knife-edged pendulum suspended from the ceiling, and a stuffed raven atop a bookcase.) We read in the library, solved jigsaw puzzles, drank the hot spiced wine that is supplied every evening at 9:30, and gazed at the wintry beach and sea just outside the windows. We dined very well indeed. We walked on the beach. We talked. We agreed that P. G. Wodehouse is the world's greatest author. We had a great time.

## THE CHICAGO ACCIDENT SYNDICATE

by Dan Garrison

**J**on Lellenberg, who is rarely idle, came to breakfast last month and in the most off-handed way more or less founded The Chicago Accident Syndicate. We make no small plans, of course, though the only one I am authorized to reveal at the present time is that we hope to be Banned in Boston at the forthcoming October TWS meeting. What I mean to say is that we are hoping the Society will officially recognize us as an unauthorized and illegal scion society of TWS, and we are willing to do whatever is necessary to achieve this recognition, such as publishing no bylaws, declaring bread fights optional, and holding no regular meetings. We are willing to go so far as to state that golf is only a game, but if possible we hope we can avoid holding opinions about anything. Word of the Chicago Accident Syndicate has already leaked out on the net, but members who take their print in ink may be interested in knowing what has broken out in the Heart of the Midwest. Additional members may enroll, though we cannot take responsibility for the effect such association may have on the status of their TWS membership.

# 'JUST THIS SIDE OF IDOLATRY' MORE ON THE

## NEWTFONT

by Jay Weiss

by Frits Menschaar

I knew that Evelyn Waugh respected P. G. Wodehouse enormously but I was surprised to learn that T. S. Eliot's admiration for Plum was possibly even greater. In thumbing through Christopher Sykes's biography of Waugh<sup>1</sup> I found a brief account of Plum's unhappy wartime broadcasts from Germany and what Waugh thought about them. By 1960 Waugh felt it was high time the British government made up for its shabby treatment of the great comic writer by awarding Plum some type of honor. This is how Sykes describes the episode:

On 22 June 1960 Mr. Taplin<sup>2</sup> wrote to Evelyn, recalling their friendship and their common interest in the Wodehouse case. He reminded him that in October 1961 the great comedian would reach his eightieth birthday. Mr. Taplin suggested that some suitable award from his country would be appropriate and, so he had reason to believe, acceptable and desired by P. G. Wodehouse. What about the Order of Merit? If not that, some other major distinction?

Would that Evelyn had not, 'through the surfeit of his own behavior' made acquaintance with T. S. Eliot impossible! Eliot's admiration of P. G. Wodehouse was only 'just this side of idolatry'. The great poet had an entire collection of Wodehouse publications, items from which he lent very rarely and then only to close friends and under severe conditions. Eliot was a member of the Order of Merit, and a word from him might have had effect. Evelyn was not in a position to approach him, and furthermore had disqualified himself from what Diana Cooper described as 'The Honours Rut'

Waugh recorded his BBC talk in defense of Wodehouse in June of that year, without any assistance from Eliot. It was broadcast in July and the text later published in the *Sunday Times*. Sykes describes the talk as 'disappointing,' the prose being beneath Waugh's 'standard.'

As we know, Wodehouse had to wait until a month before he died, in his 94th year, to make the Honours list. His fan, T. S. Eliot, might have speeded up the process. It's been twenty years since Plum was knighted and more than thirty five since T. S. Eliot never got a chance to help him attain that distinction. What has become of the Wodehouse collection that Eliot guarded so zealously? What wonderful association copies they must be. Wouldn't I love to get my hands on them.

1 Sykes, Christopher. *Evelyn Waugh*, Little Brown and Company, Boston, 1975.

2 Walter Taplin, editor of *The Spectator* 1953 and 1954.

In the Summer 1994 issue of *Plum Lines*, I submitted that the source of Plum's newt fixation may well have been a 1919 article in *Vanity Fair* by Robert Benchley entitled 'The Social Life of the Newt.' It appears that I failed to grip and convince, since queries where Wodehouse picked up the newt theme keep arising, lastly by Susan Cohen on page 13 of the Winter 1994 *Plum Lines*.

To substantiate my theory, let us turn this time to Robert Benchley himself. The essay is too long for full reproduction, but the following excerpts give the flavor:

In studying the more intimate phases of newt life, one is chiefly impressed with the methods by means of which the males force their attentions upon the females, with matrimony as an object. Until the valuable researches by Strudlehoff in 1887 (in his 'Entwicklungsmechanik') no one had been able to ascertain just what it was that the male newt did to make the female see anything in him worth throwing herself away on. It had been observed that the most personally unattractive newt could advance to within fifty paces of a female of his acquaintance and, by some *coup d'oeil*, bring her to a point where she would, in no uncertain terms, indicate her willingness to go through with the marriage ceremony at an early date.

It was Strudlehoff who discovered, after watching several thousand courting newts under a magnifying lens (questionable taste on his part, no doubt, but all is fair in pathological love) that the male, during the courting season (the season opens on the tenth of March and extends through the following February, leaving about ten days for general overhauling and redecorating) gives forth a strange, phosphorescent glow from the center of his highly colored dorsal crest, somewhat similar in effect to the flash of a diamond scarf-pin in a red necktie. This glow, according to Strudlehoff, so fascinates the female with its air of elegance and indication of wealth, that she immediately falls a victim to its lure.

This is very much in the vein of what Jeeves and Gussie tell us about the courting habits of newts in *Right Ho, Jeeves*. [See, for instance, Chapter 2. — OM] Bearing in mind that, when Benchley's article first appeared, Wodehouse was a regular contributor to *Vanity Fair* himself (ten essays that year alone), that Wodehouse and Benchley were personally acquainted, and that Wodehouse's use of the newt theme doesn't start until after the Benchley article, I assert once again that Benchley is the likely fountain from which Plum's newts sprang.

# DÉJÀ VUE ALL OVER AGAIN?

by Allen Crocker

We're all familiar with the remarkable variety of phrases that Wodehouse used to describe Jeeves's seemingly preternatural ways of coming and going: Jeeves "drifted in," "oozed out," "shimmered out", and so forth. I was intrigued, therefore, to find what seems an anticipatory echo in Chapter 50 of Dickens' *Pickwick Papers*. It occurs when a waiter at one of the innumerable inns in the story is leaving the room:

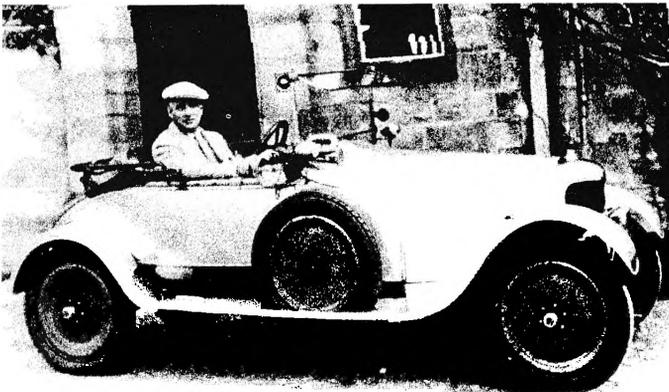
With his mind apparently relieved from an overwhelming weight by at last having got an order for something, the waiter imperceptibly melted away. Waiters never walk or run. They have a peculiar and mysterious power of skimming out of rooms, which other mortals possess not.

It's known that Plum had read *Pickwick*, so one naturally wonders: is this an example of coincidence or influence?

I believe I've found a passage from *Joy in the Morning* where Wodehouse uses the character of Boko Fittleworth to poke some rueful fun at himself. At the start of Chapter XXVI, Bertie is aghast at the prospect of taking a ride with Boko:

To this suggestion, though admitting its basic soundness, I demurred. In fact, when I say demurred, I ought to put it stronger. I more or less recoiled in horror. I had been Boko's passenger on a previous occasion, and it was not an experience one would wish to repeat. Put an author in the driver's seat of a car, and his natural goofiness seems to become intensified.

It's hard not to conclude that here Wodehouse is making an oblique reference to his only sally behind the wheel of a car. In November of 1905 Plum, having just scored his first substantial successes as a writer, blew his entire savings on his first automobile, promptly drove it into a hedge and



'Put an author in the driver's seat of a car, and his natural goofiness seems to become intensified.'

swore off driving for the rest of his life.

Finally, consider the much-quoted poem in praise of the Bolton-Wodehouse-Kern trio:

This is the trio of musical fame,  
Bolton and Wodehouse and Kern.  
Better than anyone else you can name,  
Bolton and Wodehouse and Kern.  
Nobody knows what on earth they've been  
bitten by,  
All I can say is I mean to get lit an' buy  
Orchestra seats for the next one that's  
written by  
Bolton and Wodehouse and Kern.

It appeared in *The New York Times* shortly after the opening of *Oh, Lady! Lady!!* in February 1918, and has been quoted by Jasen and other biographers. None of these writers seems to have recognized that the piece was patterned directly on what is, aside from 'Casey at the Bat,' the best-known baseball poem ever written: 'Baseball's Sad Lexicon,' a 1908 verse by Franklin P. Adams:

These are the saddest of possible words,  
Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance.  
A trio of Bear Cubs fleeter than birds,  
Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance.  
Ruthlessly pricking our gonfalon bubble,  
Making a Giant hit into a double,  
Words that are weighty with nothing but  
trouble.  
Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance.

In metrical pattern, rhyme scheme, and repetition of the second line, the poems are identical. I find it quite odd that the connection between these two verses apparently hasn't been commented on in print—or did the authors think it too obvious to deserve mention?

For those who came in late, Joe Tinker, Johnny Evers, and Frank Chance made a famous infield double-play combination for the Chicago Cubs early in the century.



Note: For more on the origin of this poem, see 'Ditty or didn't he?' on page 20.

# BERTIE AND JEEVES IN CHICAGO

A theatrical review by Dan Garrison

Until fairly recently, Chicago has not been much of a Wodehouse city. If The Master himself was ever here in person, it was to change trains on his way to or from California, and it made scarcely more impression on him than the imaginary Snake Bite, Michigan, home town of the strapping *chanteuse* Spectatia Huskisson in 'Mother's Knee,' or Carcassone, Illinois, whence came the dyspeptic T. Paterson Frisby, president of the Horned Toad Copper Corp. in *Big Money*. Like Cole Porter's Peru, Indiana, the Midwest's villages, hamlets, and farms were for Wodehouse places people came *from*, not where anything happens. Granted that Wodehouse's Chicago claims a playwright (James Renshaw Boyd) among its children, its typical progeny are of a gnarlier breed: the arriviste Lady Tresillian ('there are few things more horrible than a Chicago voice raised in excitement or anguish'), a bootlegger (Ed Murgatroyd), a burglar ('Chimp' Twist), and a gunman (Charlie Yost).

Chicago is still a city of thugs and shrill women, but it also has its theaters, one of which has brought Wodehouse to town with a bang. The City Lit Theater Company has produced two fine dramatizations of Bertie and Jeeves: last year's *Right Ho, Jeeves* and this year's *Code of the Woosters*, which finished a run of over two months on January 28. Masterminded by producing director Mary Hatch (TWS) and adapted for the stage by Mark Richard (who is also the company's artistic director), *The Code of the Woosters* puts vintage Bertie and Jeeves on stage with such seamless transparency that we never doubt it is pretty much what The Master had in mind. Could this be a long-lost script from which Wodehouse adapted the 1938 novel? The adaptation lets Wodehouse's own language do its work, giving Bertie sufficient narrative asides to keep the flavor of the original.

Mark Richard's stamp on the production is pervasive, as he also plays Bertie. This Bertie is less the adenoidal twit that Hugh Laurie gives us in the BBC productions than the oxymoronic hero who lies just under the surface of Plum's farce, slow on the uptake but with a firm grip on the obvious. Rarely in control of the ghastly developments that bubble up around him, Richard's Bertie is masterful in the rare moments when the whip is in his hand, as when he finally remembers the secret word that turns the bully Spode into a baa-lamb. This Bertie is no genius, but it is the worst of the characters around him, and never the audience, who misjudge him a loser.

Everybody who feels slightly uncomfortable with Stephen Fry's simpering Jeeves, who is too much a roommate and not enough a mentor, is given a fresh alternative with Kenneth Northcott's Jeeves. Old enough to be Bertie's father with years to spare, his facial eloquence gives him a range of expression equal to his mastery of quotation and instant command of the literary *mot juste*. Erect and dignified, Northcott's Jeeves has a granitic face that is at the same time supremely butlerine and rich in funny looks. The expressions that flash wordlessly across his face got as many laughs as any line in the show.



Mark Hardiman's casting and direction made the most of funny faces. Steve Wroblewski simplifies Spode into a clown, without the sinister overtones Wodehouse gave him in the three novels where he appears. But we get in exchange a highly comical set of grimaces and swaggers. Likewise, Henry Michael Odum's Pop Bassett gives us a range of suspicious squints that make up for whatever is lost in characterization. Michael Faulkner does a jug-eared, goggle-eyed Gussie that fits his role perfectly, and a surprisingly youthful Aunt Dahlia, exuberantly played by Judith West, charges about the stage with an abandon that recalls what a reckless figure she is in her many Wodehouse appearances. Kelly Nespor plays an equally unscrupulous (and sparkling) Stiffy Byng who is out to snaffle Stinker Pinker, and Devora Jacobs creates a perfectly soppy Madelyn Bassett, whose misadventurous engagement to Gussie puts Bertie in constant danger of a marriage he dreads but could not refuse. Simon Perry, a skilled but

tiny comic, does his best in a variety of bit parts that include characters twice his size: Constable Oates (who should be fat and ponderous), Totleigh Towers butler Butterfield (ditto), and Stinker Pinker (one of Wodehouse's ex-college athletes, who should be large and lumbering).

Mark Netherland's set is perfect for this low-budget production: flats painted with Wodehouse texts and schematic props to indicate changes of scene. Spiffy costuming, well-balanced lighting, and precise management of stage business contributed to a theatrical experience unmarred by the narrow limits of a mere budget.

City Lit's vivid productions are putting Chicago on the Wodehouse map. We can all hope that when the Wodehouse Society comes to Chicago, City Lit will be ready.

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'Eulalic, the name of a line of ladies' underwear designed by Spode: 'You can design ladies' underwear, or you can be a dictator, but you can't do both!' says a triumphant Bertie. The name recalls the title of a 1784 French pornographic novel, *Correspondance d'Eulalie*.

## THE PLAY'S THE THING

The American Conservatory Theater production of this Molnar-Wodehouse play opened in San Francisco on February 22 and will close April 2. Our Blandings Castle chapter is planning a couple of mass assaults on the theater soon, ripe vegetables in hand and the bird hovering in the air. I've seen three or four productions of the play, ranging from a tiny production in a park where the cast nearly outnumbered the audience, to a highly polished presentation in a large theater. All of them were fun. The play is nearly foolproof.

The *San Francisco Chronicle* reviewer is quite favorable to this production, calling it 'a satisfying diversion. . . Comedy is in the unexpected details, and there are some beauties in this production. . . a confection sprinkled with some tasty performances and finishing off with a crisp third act.'

## A. WOOLLCOTT

Marilyn MacGregor came across this letter on page 117 of *The Letters of Alexander Woollcott*, edited by Beatrice Kaufman and Joseph Hennessey, The Viking Press, New York, 1944. It reads in part as follows:

To Jerome Kern

Washington, D.C.

February 22, 1933

Dear Jerry:

On New Year's Night I was finishing up a weekend in a superb old place in Kent, since closed by its defeated family for lack of cash to keep it open. The younger son of the house is an incredibly charming young country squire, who was married the other day to that lovely stepdaughter of Wodehouse—a marriage made in heaven, I should say, and likely to be blessed in Kent, for the young folks were moving into one of the farmhouses to go right on with the horses, the vegetables, and the orchids.

A. Woollcott



The wedding took place on December 14, 1932, in Shipbourne parish church on the huge Fairlawne estate of the Cazalet family. Considering the situation, it's a little hard to understand Woollcott's description of the family as 'defeated.' Peter Cazalet, the groom, had inherited the thousand-acre estate not long before his marriage. Donaldson's biography makes defeat look most attractive indeed: 'For reasons connected with the payment of death duties, Peter and Leonora lived for the first six or seven years of their married life in a house on the estate called The Grange. The house itself was large enough to house a butler, housemaid, cook, and so on, and later a nanny and full nursery staff.' Please enter my name on the waiting list of those who wish to be defeated.

The butler increased the detached expression which good butlers wear on these occasions. He looked like a prominent banker refusing to speak without advice of counsel. *'The Voice from the Past,'* Mulliner Nights, 1933

# NEW MEMBERS

# PLUMMYCROSSWORD

## SOLUTION

**M**aria Kane's crossword was solved by the following members: Sue and Jim Byham, Susan Cohen, Kim Kleinman, Betty Kompst and Jenny Holloman, Margaret and Mary McDonald, Ann Nicholson, R. C. Olson, Durland Skinner, and Jay Weiss.

Jay pointed out a couple of errors in the clues: Clue 4 Down: 'New agency' should have been 'News agency.' My typo.

Clue 37 Across: BOOK (2 wds.). The answer is the short story 'Leave It to Jeeves,' definitely not a book. I should have caught this, and offer profuse apologies to all who were puzzled by it.

Finally, that formidable Clue 30 Down: Blue heavenly body. The answer is 'O star.' That's any star that falls within a certain area of the stellar color-luminosity diagram—I hope my explanation clears up all your questions.

Jay, as well as several other members, sent praise of Maria's work on this puzzle: 'I stand in awe of Maria's skill. I love to do puzzles but I can't imagine how anyone can be clever enough actually to construct one. So thank you very much, Maria, for some very good Wodehousian fun.'

P	O	P	U	P		P	L	U	M		A	H	A	B
L	O	U	P	E		E	A	S	E		V	I	B	E
U	N	T	I	L		G	R	E	N	V	I	L	L	E
S	A	S		H	O	G	S			E	S	T	E	R
			M	A	R	Y		O	H	N	O			
R	A	C	E	M	E		O	R	A	D		D	A	M
E	V	E	R			A	S	I	D	E		I	D	O
L	E	A	V	E	I	T	T	O	J	E	E	V	E	S
E	R	S		N	O	L	A	N			D	O	L	E
T	S	E		R	U	E	R		A	B	A	T	E	S
			V	I	S	E		T	H	E	M			
S	T	O	I	C			T	H	A	R		A	G	O
W	O	D	E	H	O	U	S	E		T	I	M	O	R
A	R	O	W		C	L	A	M		I	N	A	N	E
N	O	R	S		C	E	R	E		E	T	H	E	L

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# PLUM HARVEST

Pamela Bruxner, Donald Daniel, and Marilyn Macgregor found the following item, in the English *Observer* and *Sunday Telegraph*, about an important publishing venture. I have written to Hutchinson to ask about publication plans, and have so far not received a reply. I have no information about the identity of the other members of Tony Wittome's 'small group of devoted Wodehouse fans.'

**I**t seems extraordinary, given the popularity of P. G. Wodehouse, that there has never been a complete edition of his works.

Now a small group of devoted Wodehouse fans look set to redress the balance, producing a collectors' series that should be *de rigueur* for any serious library.

Tony Wittome, editorial director of Hutchinson [Plum's British publishers] and one of the main forces behind the project, said: 'We have to make sure we have the rights for every book before we definitely go ahead, as it would look faintly ridiculous to find ourselves a couple of volumes short.'

At present the most complete set published is the 1960s Autograph edition which contains some 60 works. 'We would like to publish perhaps 10 volumes a year over nine years on a subscription basis,' Says Mr Wittome. 'It will probably act along the same lines as the Trollope Society, which seems to have been very successful.'

Chronological order will be abandoned to allow readers a good mix of stories and, at present, it is planned as a publishing venture rather than a fan club. 'If someone wanted to start linking it to lectures or dinners, then we might consider it,' said one of the group, 'but we would have to make sure they weren't joining it only to go and throw bread rolls at each other.'

The shock to Colonel Wedge of finding that what he had taken for a pile of old clothes was alive and a relation by marriage caused him to speak a little sharply.

*Full Moon, 1947*

# DITTY OR DIDN'T HE?

by David Landman

*This is the trio of musical fame,  
Bolton and Wodehouse and Kern:  
Better than anyone else you can name,  
Bolton and Wodehouse and Kern.  
Nobody knows what on earth they've been bitten by:  
All I can say is I mean to get lit an' buy  
Orchestra seats for the next one that's written by  
Bolton and Wodehouse and Kern.*

Some version of these lines celebrating the triumvirate which revolutionized the musical theatre will be familiar to most Plumies. They are quoted by Wodehouse, himself, in *Bring On The Girls* and appear in just about every biography of the man and in at least one biography of Jerome Kern.\* In the books I happen to have on my shelf, it is quoted eight times by seven writers. (Lee Davis quotes it twice, once as the motto for his book and once in the text.)

Alas, no two versions are identical in every jot and tittle, in every point and comma, not even the two renderings by Davis where a comma in one becomes a semicolon in the other, or, if you prefer, a semicolon in one becomes a comma in the other. Punctuation is played at fast and loose from text to text, and form runs a dead heat with four versions justifying all lines to the left and four indenting lines two, four, and eight as in the version printed above.

'Nit picking!' you cry. And I admit that three decades of gong farming in the Groves of Academe has poisoned my outlook on such minutiae.

But the inconsistencies run deeper. In two of the writers—Green and Phelps—the elided 'an' is rendered 'and.' Barry Phelps is singular in rendering line three 'Better than anyone else *I* can name.' And Lady Donaldson puts some West End topspin on what she calls the 'ditty' when her version promises to buy 'orchestra stalls' instead of the 'orchestra seats' favored by the others.

Yet, if this were all, your nit picking censure would be justified. But it is not all. What is especially annoying to one constituted like myself—pointillist in mind and cubist in body—is that none of our authors is sure *who* wrote the verses or exactly *when* they first appeared. Even the general agreement that they appeared in the *New York Times* appears shaky.

George S. Kaufman is the leading candidate for the laurels due the anonymous author. Lee Davis tells us in a footnote that 'Guy Bolton swore it was George S.

Kaufman, and Anne Kaufman Schneider, Kaufman's daughter, vouches for her father's authorship.' It baffles me why the Kaufman claim should be so eagerly pressed; the lines are not particularly good. In fact, line six—showing the strain of triple rhyming—subverts the intention of the entire piece by implying that one has to get good and drunk to buy tickets to a Bolton, Wodehouse, and Kern show.

The place and date of publication is likewise shrouded in mystery. Disregarding for the moment the putative *Times* original, the earliest 'quotation' I have found occurs in Wodehouse's own *Bring On the Girls* (1952). His version is the one reproduced at the head of this piece. Wodehouse says that the verses appeared soon after the opening of *Oh, Lady! Lady!!* which was on February 1, 1918. (The correct number of exclamation points in the show's title takes us into another strange and horrific world.) 'Oh, Lady Lady' he writes, 'turned out to be what Comstock had asked for, another *Oh, Boy!* [sic] All the New York critics ... were enthusiastic and complimentary. One burst into song.' And then the verses are quoted. Not only does Wodehouse omit to mention which of the 'about twenty' reviewers of the time penned the lines, but he also cannily avoids saying in what newspaper they appeared.

It was David Jasen in his study, *P. G. Wodehouse: A Portrait Of A Master* (1974), who, to the best of my knowledge, introduced the *New York Times* motif which has been accepted by all subsequent writers. Describing the reception of *Oh, Lady! Lady!!* he accounts for the poem by saying that the show 'inspired an unnamed but lyrical critic for the *New York Times*' to verse.

Benny Green in *P. G. Wodehouse: A Literary Biography* (1981) agrees that the verses were printed in the *Times* and that they were written by an anonymous reviewer 'unable to control his enthusiasm,' but it was not enthusiasm for *Oh, Lady! Lady!!*, rather, he avers, the inspiration was *Oh, Boy!* which opened in 1917, the year before. Michael Freedland, biographer of Jerome Kern (1981), seconds the motion, writing that 'one critic was so impressed with *Oh Boy* that he was inspired to verse.'

Lady Donaldson, Barry Phelps, and Lee Davis by direct statement or implication cast their votes for a post-*Oh, Lady! Lady!!* appearance. Barry Phelps bravely ventures so far as to assure us that the 'anonymous panegyric appeared in the *New*

*York Times* in early February 1918.<sup>7</sup> The others are more discretely washy about the date.

Now in an idle moment, I decided to look up the original and discover for myself what the reviewer actually wrote. Days later, I rose like a bleary-eyed Venus from a froth of microfilm, and like Venus was lovely as all-get-out, but essentially unfulfilled. I had fruitlessly scanned the theatre section of the *New York Times* from January 11, 1917 (date of the opening of *Have A Heart*, the first Princess show) until some time in 1922, well after the breakup of the triumvirate, when my eyes downed tools. All I got for my pains was the intriguing tidbit that in the *New York Times Index* the category 'Theatre' generally appears just before the category 'Theft.'

I did not find the poem.

Does someone know the place—if it exists at all—where I can find these lines? We recall that Wodehouse did not specifically say they appeared in the *Times*; that was David Jasen's contribution. Yet they might have, and my watery eyes might have missed them in scanning the theatre pages. Perhaps the verses appeared in a section other than that devoted to theatre. Perhaps they appeared in another of the dozens of contemporary publications; the age was a golden one for newspapers and popular magazines. Or, perhaps—dare I say it?—they never appeared in print at all.

Until someone comes up with the exact source, I am more and more coming to suspect that the ditty or panegyric, call it what you will, was another invention—as is so much of his autobiographical writing—of the sly old master. And until such time as someone sends me a xerox of the original, I offer the following ditty of my own:

Is this the ditty that promoted the fame  
Of Bolton and Wodehouse and Kern?  
Vainly I've sought in the *Times* this acclaim  
Of Bolton and Wodehouse and Kern.  
Nobody mentions the Yankee or Briton by  
Whom this commercial was actually writ, an' bi-  
ographers coily are indefinite and buy  
Each other's say so—but could it be written by  
Bolton or Wodehouse or Kern?

Remember, you read it here first.

\*It is interesting to note that the meticulous Gerald Bordman does not quote the poem in his biography of Kern.

## MORE PRINCE AND BETTY

by Tony Ring

Frits Menschaar described, in the last *Plum Lines*, how he untangled the early publishing history of *The Prince and Betty* in the UK and US. Tony Ring here adds some detail about a magazine version which raises another question.

In addition to the book version and *Ainslee's* magazine version in the US, and the book version in the UK, all described by Frits, there was a UK magazine version in *Strand*. It ran from February to April, 1912. I have not analysed that version in detail, but it is basically the UK book version with a lot of the detail, and some dialogue and situations, omitted. It is compressed into fourteen chapters, compared to the twenty chapters in the book version, and the twenty-one in *Ainslee's*. Unfortunately *Ainslee's* has no chapter headings. The *Strand* version includes one or two better-known locations than the book, for example the Savoy Hotel rather than the Belvoir in Chapter 4.

It is quite clear that each version was carefully considered, and edited. It may well be the magazine editors who made some changes. The UK book starts like the US *Ainslee's*, not like the UK *Strand*. The UK book and *Strand* versions carry the section about how it feels to have someone really fond of you (strawberries and cream, etc.) but *Ainslee's* doesn't, and you would have thought that was exactly the sort of romantic bit he was being advised by the US pulp editors to include.

This merely adds to the mystery which Frits has gone some way to uncovering. If Wodehouse, rather than the *Ainslee's* editor, took out the slushy bit, why would he put it back in for the UK serial, when he was being extremely aggressive in his cuts to meet a reduced availability of space?

There was a howl of fury which caused the local policeman, who had been just about to turn the corner, to stop and tie his bootlace.

*Summer Moonshine*, 1938

# THE ORIGINAL JEEVES

by Pete Barnsley

'Everyone knows,' writes Pete, 'that Jeeves was named after a cricketer, Percy Jeeves, and I wondered if you would be interested in details of his cricket career. I looked them up in *Who's Who of Cricketers*, a book of Olympian authority.'

Jeeves was born on 5th March 1888, in Yorkshire (Yorkshiremen are roughly equivalent to Texans). Whether or not it was because he couldn't get into the Yorkshire side, he moved to Warwickshire, for whom he played in 49 matches from 1912 to 1914. He was a right-arm medium-fast bowler, and he took 199 wickets at an average cost of 20.03 runs, which isn't bad. In 1913, he took over 100 wickets, which was the mark that every bowler aimed for (not nowadays because they play fewer matches). Jeeves was also 'a punishing lower-order batsman.' This doesn't mean he came from the lower orders, perish the thought, but that he went in after the better batsmen had been dismissed. He scored, in all, 1204 runs at an average of 16.05 runs per inning, a lower-order batsman's average, but he did once score 86 not out. Jeeves was killed in France 22nd July 1916, which lends a certain irony to Jeeves's reply to Bertie's enquiry 'Were you in the First War, Jeeves?' 'I dabbled in it to a certain extent, sir' (in *Ring for Jeeves! The Return of Jeeves*). The eponymous Jeeves lived long enough to see himself transformed into a valet, but Wodehouse would have been unlikely reading for a professional cricketer.



Pete also sent a copy of an article by Murray Hedgecock in *Wisden Cricket Monthly* for November 1994. It's all about Plum's cricket career, but for most of us it would be, as Pete says, 'almost incomprehensible.' To prove his point here's a sample describing Plum's first serious match: 'It was a modest debut: Wodehouse batted at 11, was bowled by H. A. Green in each innings for a duck, secured no wickets, but took a second-innings catch.'

## JEEVES AND WOOSTER

Denizens of the United States of Northern America had the opportunity recently of watching another 'Jeeves and Wooster' TV series. I was disappointed and a little sad about the series—disappointed because the series wasn't funny, and sad because it failed to show those unacquainted with Wodehouse what an entertaining writer he was. The adapter just has not translated Wodehouse successfully to the screen. It's a hard job, but others have done it much better. Clive Exton has done very well by Sherlock Holmes, Miss Marple, and Hercule Poirot. He has failed Jeeves and Wooster.

## WANT AD

### For sale

#### Video tapes

PBS Home video 'Jeeves and Wooster' Series 1. Includes 'Jeeves's Arrival,' 'The Golf Tournament and the Gambling Event,' and 'The Hunger Strike and the Matchmaker.' 3 VHS cassettes, viewed once.

#### Audio tapes

Recorded Books, read by Alexander Spenser. Includes 'Jeeves and the Old School Chum,' 'Jeeves and the Song of Songs,' 'Jeeves Takes Charge,' 'Right Ho, Jeeves,' 'The Rummy Affair of Old Biffy,' and 'Thank You, Jeeves.'

BBC Audio Collection read by Richard Briers, Simon Cardell, Ian Carmichael, and Michael Hordern. Includes 'The Golf Omnibus,' 'Jeeves and the Feudal Spirit,' and 'Summer Lightning.'

Talking Tape Company, read by Timothy Carlton. Includes 'Jeeves and the Yuletide Spirit and the Clicking of Cuthbert,' 'Lord Emsworth and the Girl Friend and Mulliner's Buck-U-Uppo,' and 'Ukridge's Accident Syndicate and Anselm Gets his Chance.'

'Theatre Lyrics by P. G. Wodehouse, Music by Jerome Kern'

'Jeeves' read by Terry-Thomas and Roger Livesey.

Prices: \$30 for the video tapes, \$100 for all fourteen audio tapes, or \$125 for all the audio and video tapes.

A Pdrone newsletter from St. Louis appears below, slightly reduced in size, part of an occasional series of newsletters from our chapters to keep you informed about chapter activities.



# THE PDRONES CLUB

The St. Louis Chapter of The Wodehouse Society

Eric Otten, President  
Sandy Morris, Secy-Treas

Vol. III, No. 1

February 1995

## THE 1995 PROGRAM SCHEDULE

The founding of the Pdrone Club in 1992 was celebrated in grand style at the Cafe De France on November 16, 1994. Seventeen members, spouses, and friends enjoyed an elegant dinner, discussed and pondered a quiz on *Quick Service*, and determined the program schedule for 1995.

Attendees included Arlene Brilliant, Barbara Hertenstein, Peggy Galantowicz, Kim Kleinman, Fred Lippmann, Ray and Veronica Mertens, Sandy Morris, Gary Mueller, Lloyd and Roberta Mueller, Dick and Ruth Olson, Eric and Linda Otten, Radha Sundaram, and Phoebe Vas.

It was decided to continue with four meetings a year and with the tradition established in 1994 of a tea, a picnic, a brunch, and a dinner.

Mark your calendar and join us for the following enlightening and inspiring Pdrone programs in 1995.

Saturday, February 11, 2:00 pm –  
Afternoon Tea at the home of Murali and Radha Sundaram  
Book: *The Mating Season*

Saturday, June 3, 10:00 am –  
Picnic in Tower Grove Park  
Short Stories: "The Coming of Gowf,"  
"The Clicking of Cuthbert," and "The Heart of a Goof"

(Continued next column)

## SECOND ANNUAL AFTERNOON TEA

Members will provide suitable edibles, such as cucumber or watercress or ham salad sandwiches or fruit tarts or scones or petit fours or gateau. It is hoped the Pdrone will exhibit their usual imagination and creativity in preparing their offerings to share. A selection of teas will be provided.

The cost is \$2.00 per person, payable to Sandy Morris by February 8, 1995. You may also use the registration form below to initiate or to renew your membership for 1995.

## 1995 PROGRAMS, continued

Sunday, September 10, 11:30 am –  
Brunch and Bring Your Own Book at the Bristol Bar and Grill  
Book: Members to select and read short passages from a Wodehouse work of their own choosing

Wednesday, November 15, 6:30 pm –  
Anniversary Dinner at the Cafe De France  
Book: *Galahad at Blandings*

## RESERVATION

Name(s) \_\_\_\_\_ Telephone Day \_\_\_\_\_ Evening \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Number of reservations \_\_\_\_ x \$2.00 = \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
Add 1995 Pdrone dues @ \$5.00 per person \_\_\_\_\_  
TOTAL ENCLOSED \$ \_\_\_\_\_

# FINANCIAL REPORT FOR 1994

by Tom Wainwright, Treasurer

Beginning balance, Jan 1, 1994		\$4209.10
<b>Income</b>		
Dues and other fees	\$6856.50	
Contributions to plaque fund, Church of Transfiguration	1045.00	
Interest earned	<u>48.48</u>	
		7949.98
<b>Expenses</b>		
Plum Lines printing, copying, mailing	\$5417.01	
Correspondence, copying, mailing back issues	752.08	
PGW plaque and installation in Church of Transfiguration	426.00	
Memorial for Jim Earl	40.00	
Mailing of 1995 convention information	<u>217.68</u>	
		<u>6852.77</u>
Ending balance December 31, 1994		\$5306.51

Note: To summarize financial matters relating to the memorial plaque to P. G. and Ethel Wodehouse in the Church of the Transfiguration ("The Little Church Around the Corner"): Members made contributions to the plaque fund amounting to \$640 in 1993 and \$1045 in 1994, for a total of \$1685. The benefaction amounted to \$1200 in 1993 and the memorial plaque and its installation cost \$426 in 1994, for a total of \$1626.

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## VOLUNTEER OFFICERS

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Information and new memberships Marilyn MacGregor.  
Dues payments and address changes Tom Wainwright.  
Contributions to Plum Lines Ed Ratcliffe, OM

Dues are \$15 per year.

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