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A Source for Alexander Worple

BY KAREN SHOTTING

CORKY CORCORAN's uncle Alexander Worple holds a special place in the Jeeves and Wooster canon. Had this Worple been a sort of Cheeryble Brother gleefully distributing largesse to a needy nephew, Corky might never have enlisted the aid of his pal Bertie Wooster, who would not have had any reason to utter the fateful words "leave it to Jeeves." PGW tells us that it was when he was writing Corky's story that Jeeves's qualities dawned upon him. Plum's artistic soul would not permit him to allow the mentally negligible Bertie or Corky to come up with the creative, brainy solutions to Corky's predicaments, so he brought back a bit player, a valet by the name of Jeeves from the short story "Extricating Young Gussie," and gave him his first costarring role with Bertie.

For those of you who may be a bit foggy on the details of "The Artistic Career of Corky"/"Leave It to Jeeves," I will state that Corky finds himself in need of a guide, philosopher, and friend to assist him with a couple of sticky situations. First, he needs counsel regarding ways and means for obtaining his uncle's blessing for his marriage to Muriel Singer, who unfortunately is in the chorus of *Choose Your Exit*. Second, he wants to avoid life on the lower rungs of the jute business when Worple cuts off the the funding for that career after viewing the ghastly portrait that Corky paints of this same uncle's only child.

What of this Worple excrescence, then? In *My Man Jeeves* we are told that Corky's principal source of income was derived from biting the ear of this rich uncle who is in the jute business. (Apparently the populace is pretty keen on jute, for Mr. Worple

If you're planning to attend the TWS convention in Chicago in October, you can find last-minute, interesting, and useful information about the event on pages 5, 7, 9, 20, 23, and 24. On those pages you'll find information about group activities, about the dress code at the host site (the Union League Club of Chicago), the Saturday Gala, and many other items.



*Karen Shotting, Vice President of
The Wodehouse Society and ornithologist researcher*

had made an indecently large stack out of it.) More important, we find that Mr. Worple, in his spare time, is what is known as an ornithologist. This Worple had written a book called *American Birds* and was writing another, which would be called *More American Birds*. When he had finished that one, he was expected to begin a third, and go on until there were no more American birds left.

I have wondered, from time to time, whether the ornithology wheeze was based on a real-life example. I immediately rejected the first person that came to mind (John James Audubon and his *Birds of America*) because it seemed unlikely to me that Wodehouse would have been thinking of such a mythic figure when sketching out Alexander Worple's back story. Moreover, Audubon's book is famous primarily for its beautiful, lifelike drawings, whereas Mr. Worple is clearly an author and not a painter.

It was Audubon's *Birds of America*, though, that led me to another ornithologist who I think may have been the original for Mr. Worple. If you will indulge me for a minute or two, I will share with you my path of discovery, which starts at my favorite California paradise, the Huntington Library, Art Collections, and Botanical Gardens.

The Huntington is one of the things I like to share with Wodehouse friends when they visit me here in southern California. I have, in fact, designed a "Wodehouse Tour" that is ever-so-faintly reminiscent of, and ever so much slower than, Norman Murphy's Dulwich Walk, which I was fortunate enough to participate in during A Week With Wodehouse in 2007. This walk, conducted by the incomparable Elin Woodger Murphy, incorporated appropriate Wodehouse quotes as we viewed Wodehouse's Valley Fields.

On my Huntington-Wodehouse Tour, I share the related quotes with my visitors as we view some iconic items. This results in, I hope, a pleasant and instructive afternoon. The Huntington boasts a genuine eighteenth-century Schuppe silver cow creamer and has Blandings-like rose gardens and a Temple of Love, as well as Sir Joshua Reynolds's most famous portrait of a very regal Sarah Siddons (see *Quick Service*). We also view the Huntington's copy of Audubon's *Birds of America*—with quotes about Alexander Worple—simply because it reminds me of his *American Birds*.

In anticipation of one of these tours, I consulted the Huntington's library catalog for additional information about Audubon (and to see whether there were any Wodehouse books in the library). This is how I stumbled upon an ornithologist with an eerily familiar name: one Alexander Wilson, who produced nine volumes on American birds in an attempt to depict every species of bird in North America. (Sound familiar?) The Huntington owns the presentation copy of Wilson's magnum opus—*American Ornithology, or The Natural History of the Birds of the United States*—that Alexander Wilson

gave to Audubon (a weightier work in every way than Muriel Singer's *The Children's Book of American Birds*, which she presented to Mr. Worple shortly after its publication).

I learned that Alexander Wilson was a man who was regarded primarily as a writer, although his work does incorporate illustrations that he painted. "Wilson was, first of all (though not only), a writer: in Wilson's *Ornithology* the linguistic text is as crucial to and as much a part of the ornithological project as are the engravings." Audubon's text that went with *Birds of America* "is little read or known in comparison with his famous prints." (Laura Rigal, "Empire of Birds: Alexander Wilson's *American Ornithology*, 1807–1814," *Huntington Library Quarterly* 59:2/3 (1996): 243–245.)

Upon application to the Huntington, I was allowed to peruse several volumes of this gorgeous and entertaining rare work. Unfortunately, this is the only way to see it, so *American Ornithology* has not been added to my Huntington-Wodehouse Tour, and Audubon's *Birds of America* remains as a proxy. While I was there, I also glanced at a few other Wodehouse-related items: PGW's brother Armine's World War I poems, *On Leave*; two books by John Wodehouse, Earl of Kimberley, which provide some interesting Wodehouse family history; and a few of the 135 Wodehouse books that the library owns.

I do not have independent verification that Wodehouse had Alexander Wilson in mind when he wrote "Leave It to Jeeves." Perhaps young Plum Wodehouse came across a copy of *American Ornithology* while rambling about used bookstores in Greenwich Village or when writing turnovers for the *Globe*. (From *Over Seventy*, we know that "turnovers" were "1000-word articles for the first page which turned over onto the second page. You dug these out of reference books and got a guinea for them.") It is only a theory, based partly on the fact that "Wodehouse liked retaining the initial letters and rhythm of original names for fictional characters" (N.T.P. Murphy's *A Wodehouse Handbook*, Vol. 1, p. 318) and partly on the two men's common goal. Alexander Worple was working on his second book when he faded in the mists of minor Wodehouse characters, so we never learn whether he went on to write more. Perhaps, like Alexander Wilson, he continued his output to a ninth volume.

When you're in Los Angeles, come visit me—we'll do a Huntington-Wodehouse Tour, followed by a bit of browsing and sluicing at the Huntington Rose Garden Tea Room.

Publishing Dynamite

W. W. NORTON has done it again. Their latest effort is a new set of paperback editions of *Cocktail Time*; *Service With a Smile*; *Uncle Dynamite*; *Young Men in Spats*; and *Thank You, Jeeves*. You can purchase these new editions at all the usual online outlets to add to your or your friends' collections. They are certain to give pleasure!

Nor is his emotion hard to understand. When a sensitive young man, animated by a lively consideration for his personal well-being, has been told by a much larger young man of admittedly homicidal tendencies that if he does not abandon his practice of hobnobbing with housemaids in the drawing-room at one-thirty in the morning, he, the much larger young man, will scoop out his insides with his bare hands, he shrinks from the prospect of being caught by the other entertaining a housemaid in his bedroom at two-forty-five. If Pongo said "Gar!" or it may have been "Cool!" and behaved as if an old friend whom he had recently caused to be murdered had dropped in to dinner with dagger wounds all over him, he cannot fairly be blamed.

Uncle Dynamite (1948)

Wodehousean Events in the Real Golf World

CAPITAL! CAPITAL! member **Rob Grivey** spotted an article in the May 22 *Washington Post* wherein columnist Sally Jenkins suggested that "P. G. Wodehouse could have scripted" the recent shenanigans in the golf world. The USGA and Royal & Ancient both have banned the "anchoring" of the long putters against any part of the golfer's body. According to Jenkins, Wodehouse would not have been scandalized by the new tool but instead would have seen it as "a farcical and unsightly expression of desperation, a cry of help from those too unsteady to take a free swing." She quoted from Wodehouse to support her case: "He missed short putts because of the uproar of butterflies in the adjoining meadows." She also had ideas about how Wodehouse might have treated the feud between Sergio Garcia and Tiger Woods. After Sergio made a rather inappropriate comment about fried chicken, Tiger accepted his retraction by saying that "I'm confident that there is real regret." Jenkins said that "this had a smack of the disingenuous, too—next you expected him to tweet, 'What ho.'" To read the full article, visit <http://wapo.st/10UcpDD>.

Two Bertie Woosters to Go, Please



Lynn Vesley-Gross has mentioned this bakery called Umpleby's in Hanover, New Hampshire. We found a picture of one of their menus on the Fans of P. G. Wodehouse Facebook page, posted by a fellow named Jai Galagali. What say we all meet there for lunch next Tuesday?

An Australian's Take on *Blandings*

BY MURRAY HEDGCOCK

RELUCTANT AS I am to differ from so informed an observer of Wodehouse on screen as Brian Taves, I do feel we who joined criticism of the new BBC *Blandings* series should be allowed modest space to summarize our complaints. [See the Summer issue of Plum Lines for Brian's "An American's Take on Blandings."]

As a non-professional critic, via PGWnet, I declared the series badly cast (Timothy Spall battled bravely, but was just not right); badly scripted (Jennifer Saunders as Connie was made a total dragon, her softer moments ignored); and badly directed (every possible slapstick moment was played up).

Jack Farthing as Freddie was a pain throughout, from that silly motif of a car crash opening each episode, to his ludicrous self-raising hair. He made the genuine Freddie look like the fount of all wisdom. And the ridiculous extra characters invented for the series—such as the German dancing master—produced a shudder, not a smile.

I'm glad that Brian did question the presentation of Baxter. This was an over-the-top revamping of a basic character which needed to be played absolutely straight.

Above all, we were presented with a continuing vulgarization of a generally gentle saga in a desperate attempt to appeal to the masses, rather than to committed enthusiasts.

Brian sums up, "If the goal of a comedy is to make the viewer laugh out loud, then *Blandings* succeeded." That really startled: I sat grimly through all six episodes and I may have laughed once. Just once.

I know there is an argument that to appeal to a wider audience, it is necessary to "de-Plum" Plum, eliminate the subtleties, and broaden the humor. But a travesty such as *Blandings* means that we who love our PGW, rushing to watch every transfer to the small (or large) screen, can find the result like biting into a bad oyster—as Wodehouse would put it.

It was not an ideal haven, but he was in no position to pick and choose. The interior of the tank from which the gardeners drew ammunition for their watering-cans . . . suggested the presence of frogs, newts, and other slimy things that work their way down a man's back and behave clammily around his spine. But it was most certainly a refuge.

Money for Nothing (1928)

The Dumbing Down of Plum: A Brit's Take on *Blandings*

BY MICHAEL POINTON

MUCH AS I appreciate the eloquent detail of Brian Taves's defense of the recent BBC-TV adaptations of *Blandings* stories, I fear he has overlooked the fact that the essential elements which distinguish Wodehouse's immortal work were missing: subtlety and wit.

I'm afraid that Mr. Taves's high opinion of the 1995 BBC production of *Heavy Weather* may have clouded his judgment in this case since, as far as I recall, rather than play Lord Emsworth as the genial eccentric written by Wodehouse (and definitively portrayed earlier by Ralph Richardson), Peter O'Toole depicted him as virtually a criminal lunatic. If "masterful" means acting in a stagebound style that tried to project to the back of the theatre, O'Toole certainly succeeded! On the other hand, Timothy Spall, a talented performer, did capture Emsworth's bewildered, self-absorbed gentleness, but the grotesquely mugging Jennifer Saunders played Lady Constance as a quasi-concentration camp guard. As for Jack Farthing's Freddie Threepwood, it might as well have been a typically charmless and frenetic Jim Carrey role, such was its likeability quotient.

In fact, the only other sympathetic piece of casting—counterbalancing the usual gaggle of vacuous young female stereotypes seemingly mandatory in such period travesties—was Mark Williams as Beach. But such was the quality of the scripts that one felt he and Spall were trying to make bricks without straw. Guy Andrews's dialogue had no vestige of the Master's scintillating sparkle and, attempting to appeal to a younger "streetwise" public, often plumbed depths of embarrassing coarseness that would have made the characters' creator ashamed. The music was the usual mediocre period pastiche.

I harken to the 1965–67 *World of Wooster* series on BBC-TV, not mentioned in the article, when adaptors Richard Waring and Michael Pertwee, and producer Michael Mills caught the appropriate mood. But then, with the shimmering presence of Dennis Price as Jeeves, they were home and dry before they started!

If he called you a perishing old bottle-nosed Gawd-help-us, it seems to me that the first thing to do is to decide if he was right . . .

"Uncle Fred Flits By" (1936)

Rummaging for Contributions

BY THE TIME you receive this issue of *Plum Lines*, the Chicago convention will be only a few short weeks away. What fun and surprises are in store for us? Time will tell, but there is one thing we know for sure: There will be tables loaded with goodies begging us to spend our oof on them.

Fundraising has been a regular part of TWS conventions since 2001. In 2007 it became formalized with the creation of the Convention Reserve Fund. Proceeds from our raffles, auctions, and rummage sales are deposited in this fund, and convention planners are able to draw on it as needed for special events or to cover unforeseen expenses. The Reserve Fund helps us to keep convention costs down; therefore, keeping it replenished through fundraising has become an essential element of our biennial gatherings.

This is where *you* come in! Items for sale or auction do not appear out of thin air. We need the members of The Wodehouse Society to keep the tables filled with treasures. The items donated can be anything from books (especially of the Wodehouse variety) to magazines, clothing, and bric-à-brac, as well as items specially created for the occasion (e.g., Wodehouse-related notecards, magnets, and beer labels). Anything that is in good shape and appealing in some way (no junk, please!) would be welcome for the rummage sale. If you are attending the convention, you can bring your donations with you, *or* send them ahead of time to Dan and Tina Garrison (contact details below). If you are not attending the convention but have something you'd like to contribute for the fundraising anyway, please send it along.

In addition to the rummage sale, we will be holding an auction. If you have something special or (better yet) unique that you think would make a good auction item, again, please send it to the Garrisons. It could be a rare edition of a book, an old copy of the *Saturday Evening Post*, an original Wodehouse letter, or perhaps an original statuette of the Infant Samuel at Prayer (intact, of course).

If you are mailing your donation for the rummage sale or auction, it should be sent **by September 30 at the latest** to The Garrisons.

Please be sure to let Tina know when you have sent your donation so that she and Dan can look out for the package. If you are planning on bringing your contribution with you, let them know this as well. The email address is tina@thegarrisons.us.

Arriving early for
the Chicago convention?
Come and see award-winning
contemporary
folk singer/songwriter
TERRY
KITCHEN

(aka the NEWTS' own Max Pokrivchak)

Thursday, October 17, 2013

8:00–10:00 PM

The Loose Leaf Lounge

2915 N. Broadway, Chicago, Illinois

773-348-7881

THOSE OF YOU who have attended TWS conventions over the last couple of millennia know that one of the special treats is a performance at a neighborhood club or coffee shop by Terry Kitchen (aka Max Pokrivchak). Terry is a TWS member, NEWTS chapter member, and highly respected folk-music composer and musician (www.terrykitchen.com). These performances are typically held on the Thursday night leading into the convention weekend. Terry has recorded several CDs of his thoughtful and humorous original music. You can find out more and order CDs through his website at www.terrykitchen.com. Terry has also written a novel entitled *Next Big Thing* and will have copies for sale. You can also find that at www.terrykitchen.com/NextBigThing.

This year, our luck continues! Terry will be at the Loose Leaf Lounge (www.looseleafounge.com) on Thursday, October 17, from 8 to 10 PM. The Loose Leaf is not too far a jaunt from the Union League Club, and is located at 2915 N. Broadway. It is an actual tea room with teas from around the world and serves sandwiches, soups, salads, and desserts. There is no cover charge. At least one Wodehouse song will be sung. We hope that, if you arrive early enough, you can make it to the gig.

One unpredictable element of Terry's convention shows is that yours truly, the Apprentice Oldest Member, sometimes plays a couple of tunes. As a result of this possibility, no overripe tomatoes will be permitted in the Loose Leaf Lounge.

Frank Axe

FRANKLIN JULES AXE, age 89, passed away on March 2, 2013. Frank cofounded Chapter One (the Philadelphia area chapter of TWS), and was a co-founder of The Wodehouse Society itself (with Bill Blood). He was the beloved husband of the late Edna Jarris Axe and friend to many. Franklin grew up in Philadelphia and earned degrees from Temple University and, after serving in the Navy in World War II, the University of Pennsylvania Law School. He joined the family retail business and later taught at Trenton State (now the College of New Jersey). In retirement he remained active in groups such as Retired Executives and Professionals (REAP) and The Wodehouse Society. He was a beloved member of Chapter One. He remembered every birthday, marriage, anniversary, and birth of family and friends with original poems that revealed a kind, intelligent, and loving heart. He brightened the lives of all those with whom he came in contact, and will be missed by us all.



Chicago's
Millennium Park

They fell into pleasant conversation, but after the first few exchanges it was plain to Lord Ickenham that the young man of God was becoming extremely nervous. Nor was the reason for this difficult to divine. Some twenty minutes had elapsed, and there were still no signs of the bride-to-be, and nothing so surely saps the morale of a bridegroom on his wedding day as the failure of the party of the second part to put in an appearance at the tryst.

Service With a Smile (1961)



Chicago's Navy Pier

Dogs, Spies, and Beans

BETH CARROLL found this in Alexander McCall Smith's *The Dog Who Came in from the Cold*: "Tilly smiled at the term 'old bean.' In most circles it was considered archaic, belonging to a Wodehousian world that had long disappeared, but this was not true of MI6, where it was still used extensively (a fact not widely known). It was almost a shibboleth, a password that identified one member of the service to another." Beth notes that, other than that, the book was "just OK."

What to Read at the End?

CAROL KINNAIRD sent us this item from a Christopher Buckley interview in the *New York Times Book Review* of July 7. When asked what book he had always meant to read and had never gotten around to, Buckley replied, "*War and Peace*. But when the doctors tell me I have six months to live, will I really read *War and Peace* instead of P. G. Wodehouse?"

The Spring of Uncle Fred

BY DAVID LANDMAN

BORN THE YEAR "The Star-Spangled Banner" was officially adopted as the national anthem and Twenty Grand won the Kentucky Derby, I have come to suspect that my *première jeunesse* is about to end. I sense this when I am in danger of rocking myself back to sleep trying to get out of bed in the morning—a joke even older than I am. Thus it is that I am fascinated by the muscle tone of Wodehouse's sprightly seniors like Gally Threepwood and Frederick Altamont Cornwallis Twistleton, 5th Earl of Ickenham.

I am especially awed by the abdominal muscles of the latter. It will be recalled that in *Service With a Smile* the redoubtable earl spends a considerable amount of time on the castle grounds screwed into a hammock. This is understandable, but what boggles the mind is that twice in the chronicle he rises from his sloth-like posture with a jolt. In chapter 4 he is said to sit up "with a start of surprise." He performs this remarkable feat of agility again in chapter 7 where he rises "from the hammock with a lissom leap." Now if you have ever struggled to extricate yourself from the clutches of a hammock you will be aware of what this says about the Earl's midriff. No doubt he possesses a six-pack that would be the envy of a young Schwarzenegger.

When Bill Came in Disguise—Again!

BY TONY RING

WODEHOUSE'S 1920 novel *The Coming of Bill* is generally reckoned to be one of the least satisfactory of all his works. The last thing one expects to find is a previously unknown serialized version!

As has been well documented, the book was written “to order,” the order coming from Bob Davis, an American editor of pulp magazines such as *Munsey's*, who helped authors bereft of plots by providing outline stories and letting them get on with it. It appeared as a complete book in a single issue of *Munsey's* in May 1914 with the title *The White Hope* but was not considered worthy of publication as a book for another five years, when Boni & Liveright took the plunge with their only Wodehouse publication. They chose a second title—*Their Mutual Child*.

Herbert Jenkins had become the Wodehouse publisher of choice in the U.K. in 1918, with the strong sales of his book *Piccadilly Jim*, and they followed this up in 1919 with *A Damsel in Distress*.

They were then distressed to find there was no new title ready for 1920, until they found this story—far from fully demonstrating the developing Wodehouse humor but nevertheless having some nice touches—and renamed it *The Coming of Bill*. It was published on July 1, 1920. *McIlvaine* reports that its postwar eighteenth

edition took sales past 100,000, not bad for a poorly regarded work.

The following year was a big year for Jenkins. Plum did them proud, reworking the long series of “Archie” magazine stories into the episodic novel *Indiscretions of Archie*; providing *Jill the Reckless* as a new novel; updating the 1906 novel *Love Among the Chickens*; and making minor changes to the original 1910 edition of *A Gentleman of Leisure* for their appearances in the Jenkins livery.

So, you might say, this is interesting but reminiscent of one of Lord Emsworth's old hats. What's new?

What is new is that Wodehousean Anita Avery was pottering around on the internet on February 14 this year—naturally reflecting on that date on the sheer volume of Plum's work—and found a 22-part serialization of a Wodehouse novel which she had not heard of. *The Price of Prosperity* was published in weekly installments in *The Queenslander* from June 5 to October 30, 1920. Further investigation showed this to be *The Coming of Bill*, and it is the only serialization of which we are aware. Publication had actually started before the British edition was published. Congratulations and many thanks are due to Anita. And watch for a Wodehouse quiz question about these titles!

Last-Minute Chicago Convention News

BY CATHY LEWIS [not to be confused with Katherine Lewis]

I REALIZE I am taking a real chance by talking about any weather these days, let alone Chicago weather. However, in recent years, autumn hasn't been as duplicitous as some other seasons, so I will forge ahead. October is usually a beautiful month. The leaves change color and glow against a brilliant sky. The days are typically sunny and fairly warm. One might need a sweater or light jacket when starting out or in the evening, but generally it is unnecessary during the afternoon when the sun is high.

In autumn, the lake is a deep, glittering blue and many people enjoy a walk along the shoreline. Evenings are brisk but clear, and we are due to have a full Hunter's Moon during the convention weekend. That said, go by the weather reports and be prepared for the worst, which would be lows in the thirties, torrents of rain, and a bit of frost on the pumpkin!

I hope you won't be disappointed to hear that Chicago is no longer full of gangsters shooting at one another, cars squealing away from the police, and machine guns hidden in cello cases. Of course, there are areas that are safer than others, and I am pleased to inform you that the area around our convention venue, The Union League Club, is one of the safest. It is close to the busy bustle of downtown, and one can confidently relax and enjoy one's visit.

But if one does have an interest in the days of Al Capone, there are tours that go to infamous landmarks, such as the garage where the St. Valentine's Day Massacre took place. If it is your wont, you can revel in thoughts of men dressed in spats and hats turning other men into lifeless sieves.

It's a fun city! We are busy planning and preparing and are very excited about having you here!

Collecting Wodehouse Rarities

BY JOHN GRAHAM

MOST WODEHOUSE collectors know the story well. David Magee, an Englishman who spent his adult years in the United States as a well-known antiquarian book dealer on the West Coast, recounts in his 1973 autobiography, *Infinite Riches*, how he acquired his final Wodehouse first edition, a copy of *The Globe By The Way Book*. According to Magee, he learned by letter from a friend traveling in the U.K. that a law library in Edinburgh, Scotland, had two copies of the book in its collection and was willing to trade one in exchange for two 1930s Wodehouse first editions that it lacked.

I was reminded of Magee's incredible story this spring when, on a Sunday afternoon in the middle of May, I suddenly learned of not one, but two, copies of *The Globe By The Way Book* (or *The Globe*, for short) up for auction. For the sake of those readers who do not follow Wodehouse book collecting closely, I should mention that *The Globe* is universally considered to be Plum's rarest book. To my knowledge, the last available copy was sold back in 1998. Indeed, this was Magee's own copy, which had subsequently been acquired by Jimmy Heineman, and was being offered at Sotheby's in New York along with the rest of his collection, following his death. It went for about \$7,500.

Back to May 12, 2013. One copy was up for auction on eBay; the second copy was to be sold at the end of the month by London's Bloomsbury Auctions. Let me dispense with the tale of the eBay copy first, since I know something about its history, but unfortunately, not the ending. This copy was being offered by a small antiques dealer in the north of England. Ten years earlier, the same dealer had innocently posted the book for sale on eBay, only to withdraw it rather quickly after learning (from several sources, including me) of its potential value. According to the 2013 listing, the dealer had decided that the time was finally right to sell it, and hinted rather openly that offers from outside eBay would be entertained. Two days later the listing disappeared for good. I suspect the dealer got an offer he couldn't refuse.

On to the second copy, since I do know how this story ends. *The Globe* was one of about a dozen lots of Wodehouse being offered for sale on May 30, to mark Bloomsbury's thirtieth anniversary. As it turns out, most of the Wodehouse items sold at close to market prices. For example, a *Louder and Funnier* in dust wrapper and a *Something Fresh* without its wrapper fetched a thousand pounds each. So, you can imagine my surprise

when I learned that the hammer price for *The Globe* was 22,000 pounds sterling. Including the buyer's premium (and VAT) of 28.8%, the final sale price in U.S. dollars was \$43,000. I am quite sure that this is a record price paid for any non-inscribed Wodehouse first edition. (I hasten to add that I was not the buyer.)

David Magee's story got me thinking about how differently things might have turned out for both Magee and the Scottish library if the internet had existed. Magee would not have learned of *The Globe* by letter, nor, I hope, would the library have entered into such a bad bargain. Thanks to the internet, the library could have found dozens of copies of those two missing 1930s titles for sale.

The internet has changed book collecting, confirming the genuine rarity of some books (like *The Globe*), but turning many titles once thought to be scarce into common currency. For example, I think most Wodehouse collectors would agree that *Their Mutual Child* (the U.S. title for *The Coming of Bill*, published by Boni & Liveright in 1919 and never reprinted) has long been the hardest American first edition to find. However, in June, a copy on eBay with a starting price of just \$38 went unsold after a ten-day listing.

The internet has reconfirmed for me that by far the easiest to find of Plum's first editions published prior to the First World War have to be the three titles issued by W. J. Watt: *The Intrusion of Jimmy*, *The Prince and Betty*, and *The Little Nugget*. Not to be confused with A. P. Watt (Wodehouse's U.K. literary agent), William (Billy) Watt was an early twentieth-century New York publisher who appears to have been a bit of a scoundrel. Thanks to Sophie Ratcliffe's recent book of letters, we now know that Wodehouse wrote to his friend L. H. Bradshaw in September 1914 complaining "Billy has not sent the check yet! It is now twenty-two days since he promised to send it in ten days." In October, he was surprised to learn that *The Intrusion of Jimmy* was currently running in one of the evening papers, and added that Billy "has pouched the proceeds."

Disreputable though he may have been, Billy Watt produced some rather handsome volumes that many readers held on to over the years. In early July, I found 33 copies of *Jimmy* and 28 copies of *Betty* offered for sale on abebooks.com. This coming January, Watt's American edition of *The Little Nugget* celebrates its 100th anniversary. Abebooks has 29 copies for sale, with prices starting at just \$35.

Lou Glanzman

LOU S. GLANZMAN, an active member of Chapter One in Philadelphia, passed away on July 7. Lou did the artwork for the 2001 conference of The Wodehouse Society that was held in Philadelphia. He painted a portrait of the Empress of Blandings as a wedding present for Elin Woodger and Norman Murphy. Lou's wife Fran reports that he was enjoying Wodehouse up until the end.



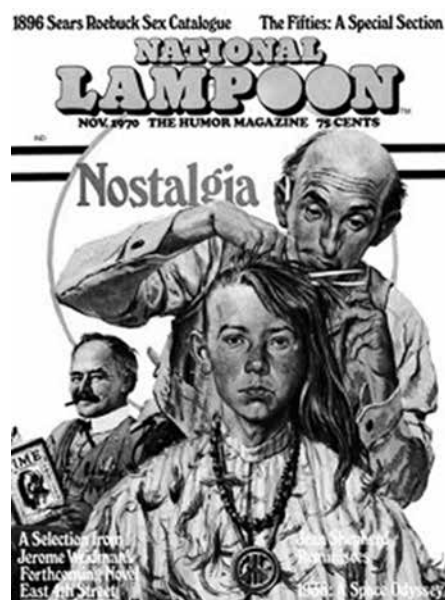
Lou Glanzman

Muddy Colors, a “fantasy art collective” blog, placed a retrospective about Lou (<http://muddycolors.blogspot.com/2013/07/louis-glanzman-1922-2013.html>) on its site. There are examples and mention of Lou's work over the years: *Amazing Man Comics*, the military's *Aero Time* magazine, *True Magazine*, children's book illustrations (including the Pippi Longstocking series and *Tom Corbett, Space Cadet*).



Some of Lou's early work for *Amazing Man Comics*

As his reputation grew, he drew for many major publications, including *Reader's Digest*, *Collier's*, *The New Yorker*, *National Geographic*, *Time*, and *National Lampoon*.



As Muddy Colors says, “Though he became best known for his historical subjects (including a series of widely admired paintings marking the American Bicentennial) Louis could produce fantasy art that was second to none.” Chapter One and The Wodehouse Society will miss Lou's humor and artistry.

Saturday Evening Gala

SATURDAY EVENING at the upcoming convention of TWS in Chicago will be a gala. Let's go all out to make it festive—and costumes can certainly set the tone. Many of us delight in fond memories of the fashion “parade.” So we highly encourage you to come in authentic dress, as your favorite Wodehouse character, as a clever interpretation of something Wodehousean—whatever link to the Master strikes your fancy. Prepare to convince our well-versed judges that you're a winner. They will keenly observe and carefully interview all contestants to determine the most appropriate categories before whittling down the contenders to select winners. (Oh, did we hear someone mention bribery? In Chicago?)

It's not too late! Don't miss Wodehouse Chicago 2013. Once you've been to one convention, you'll never want to miss another. Meet new Plummies, make new friends, catch up with others. PGW attracts the the very best! Visit www.wodehousechicago.com for more last-minute information!

Rannygazoo Too

WE HAVE THE great fortune to announce the publication of the third volume of Ken Clevenger's collected Wodehousean essays. Ken already has published *Rannygazoo* and *A Mulliner Menagerie*. In *Rannygazoo Too*, you will find several short works that graced the pages of prior issues of *Plum Lines* and/or *Wooster Sauce*, the quarterly publication of The P G Wodehouse Society (UK). In addition, there are several previously unpublished items. One of these is an intriguing take on Churchill and Wodehouse entitled "Contemporaries from Different Eras." In "P. G. Wodehouse and Arthur Conan Doyle: Detecting the Knight in the Light," Ken breaks some new ground in the wake of Marilyn MacGregor's earlier writings on the Conan Doyle/Wodehouse connections [see those earlier articles in the Autumn 1994 and Winter 1998 *Plum Lines* issues]. And in "Dressed for Mulliner" Ken compiles a delightful study of clothing in the Mulliner stories.

You can find *Rannygazoo Too* on amazon.com, where you will be set back a mere \$7.59 as of this writing. Get yours now and bring it to Chicago, where perhaps you can ply a signature out of Ken with a well-timed cocktail. Those of you who are acquainted with Ken know that he's a man of great humor and wicked wordplay, and *Rannygazoo Too* will not disappoint on either front.

A Few Quick Ones

BBC Four's *Wodehouse in Exile*, starring Tim Pigott-Smith and Zoë Wanamaker as Wodehouse and Ethel, was a "totally straightforward, honorable dramatization" of the wartime broadcasts, according to David Chater in the *Times* (London) of March 23. Andrew Billen, in the March 26 *Times*, quoted Wanamaker's Ethel as calling Plum "a very clever man pretending to be stupid for some reason." Billen went on to say that Wodehouse's "stupidity, like his niceness, and like the world he created in his books, was his escape from a reality he never quite signed up to."

On April 6, the *Times* (London) published a 100-year retrospective of the Critic's Circle (formed on April 11, 1913). Various celebrities who were guests of the Circle over the years were quoted (John Wayne said that "It was like being asked to dinner by the Borgias") as was Wodehouse: "Has anybody ever seen a drama critic in daytime? Of course not. They come out after dark, up to no good."

In the March 30 *Daily Telegraph*, Charles Moore lamented the decline of common memory among the populace: "Bertie Wooster had to ask Jeeves for information and the 99.999 per cent of people who lacked a valet for the purpose had to burnish their own memory. Now we can almost all Google."

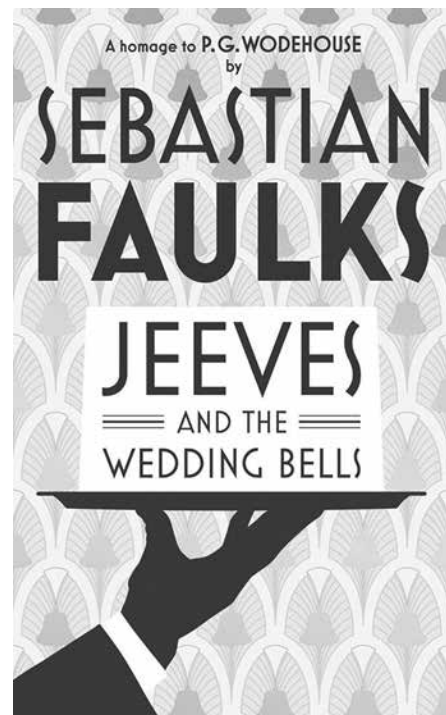
She was a massive lady, with a prominent forehead, some half-dozen chins, and a manner towards those in her employment which would have been resented in a second mate by the crew of a Western ocean tramp.

"The Best Sauce" (1911)

Wedding Bells and Jeeves

HANNA FURNESS'S April 12 *Daily Telegraph* article "Children of the Internet Are Losing Learning, Warns Faulks" mentioned Sebastian Faulks's most recent project *Jeeves and the Wedding Bells*. Faulks compared the project to producing "a five-course dinner entirely out of egg whites" and added that "failing would at least allow [me] to say Wodehouse 'is the master, go back and read him.'"

On the website of The P G Wodehouse Society (UK), the Wodehouse Estate is quoted as saying, "We are thrilled that so skillful and stylish a novelist . . . has agreed to bring to life the immortal characters Jeeves and Bertie Wooster for the enjoyment of today's audience in an homage to P. G. Wodehouse."



Chapters Corner

WHAT IS YOUR chapter up to these days? We welcome you to use this column to tell the Wodehouse world about your chapter's activities. Chapter representatives, please send all info to the editor, Gary Hall (see back page). If you're not a member of a local chapter but would like to attend a meeting or become a member, please get in touch with the contact person listed.

New and forming chapters: For anyone interested in joining the Atlanta chapter, please contact **Michael Thompson** at michaelstee@yahoo.com. For anyone interested in joining the South Carolina chapter, please contact **Jennifer Rust** at jrust5@gmail.com.

Anglers' Rest
(Seattle and vicinity)
Contact: Susan Collicott
Phone:
E-mail:



Birmingham Banjolele Band
(Birmingham, Alabama, and vicinity)
Contact: Caralyn Campbell
Phone:
E-mail:



THE BIRMINGHAM Banjolele Band met on July 27 in Knoxville, Tennessee. Sixteen fun-loving Wodehousians enjoyed the Crown & Goose Pub's cider, beer, and a bit of solid sustenance. Our gathering was the sad occasion to reflect on the death of our good friend and feistiest member, Nancy Tanner, who had passed away at 95 in June. Nancy will be missed.

But the good memories soon got us back to a jolly spirit and we discussed Ukridge, Mulliner, the Wodehouse films, and a wide range of other Plummy topics. There was good company, food, and drink, and a good time was had by all.



The BBB at play

Our next meeting will be on October 26 and we will have a special guest. Masha Lebedeva, a prominent TWS member from Russia, will join us in reading "The Clicking of Cuthbert." Those who have heard Masha read the part of Vladimir Brushiloff know how delightfully she makes Plum's character come alive. Linda and Ralph Norman will read respectively as Adeline and Cuthbert. Harry Hall will be Raymond Parsloe Devine, and Joyce Dalton will read as Mrs. W. (Emily) Smethurst. BBQ and other goodies are on the menu, so if you are in the Knoxville area on October 26, plan to come along.

Blandings Castle Chapter
(Greater San Francisco Bay area)
Contact: Ed and Missy Ratcliffe
Phone:
E-mail:



The Broadway Special
(New York City and vicinity)
Contact: Amy Plofker
Phone:
E-mail:



ON JUNE 28, the Broadway Special commemorated the tenth anniversary of its founding in 2003 and remembered the subsequent meetings, excursions, binges, and Gondola rides which have filled the decade with both delight and dialectic. In The Players' Club Library, the assembled throng raised a glass to founder Amy Plofker, who reminisced on the chapter as it moves reluctantly into its tween-age. We then devoured an Anatolian gateau, the decoration of which was appropriately designated "The Sophisticated Cake," a white-frosted confection with jaunty bow tie and spiraled borders. Alas, our motto *Nil Gravitatis* was somewhat truncated by the pastry chef, who had actually heard of *gravitas* and sussed out the meaning of *nil*, thereby earning points for trying.



We then celebrated the birth of a baby, though we were slightly belated in our congratulations. The assigned stories focused, appropriately, on infancy: “Sonny Boy,” “The Word in Season,” and “Bramley Is So Bracing,” wherein we learned that Richard P. Little and Rosie M. B. Little welcomed their son and heir, Algernon Aubrey Little, on June 23 in an indeterminate year. References aplenty are made to this wee tot (certainly more than to the Infant Samuel) and, while he can hardly have won the Bonny Baby Contest at Bramley on looks alone, his is a character of memorable reputation.

It must not be overlooked that the child was born on Midsummer’s Eve, when fairies, elves, and goblins roam abroad, and “the little stranger was . . . as pronounced a gargoyle as ever drained a bottle.” The date is an auspicious one for bunging changelings into bassinets, when parents themselves might wonder if the good old baby “had that indefinable something in [his] appearance that suggested that if the police were not spreading dragnets . . . they were being very negligent in their duties.” Indeed, Bingo had no illusions about his firstborn’s appearance, being well aware that although “time, the great healer, would turn Algernon Aubrey into a suave boulevardier like his father, he presented to the eye as of even date, like so many infants of tender years, the aspect of a mass murderer suffering from a painful gumboil.” Reluctant godfather Oofy Prosser was adamant in his aversion: “Don’t point that thing at me.”

Freddie Widgeon however, despite his regrettable habit of “strewing babies” and leaving unexplained wee tots with unmarried schoolmasters, was quite pleased to discover that “he and the infant hit it off from the start, like a couple of sailors on shore leave.”

Ah well, the Infant Samuel may have been depicted in terra cotta, and in oil by Sir Joshua Reynolds, but we must be grateful that our little Little did not have to endure being painted by Corky Corcoran. Bertie Wooster himself tells us that Corky’s recent portrait of a toddler “had got the mere outward appearance and . . . put the child’s soul on canvas” but Bertie questioned, “Could a child of that age have a soul like that? I don’t see how he could have managed it in time.” That particular artist’s model was doomed to be featured in a comic strip as the repellent Baby Bloggs, whereas our birthday boy, with his “faultless sense of timing,” delivers his father from yet another financial catastrophe when they encounter the illustrator of *Dauntless Desmond* and Algernon Aubrey becomes the inspiration for a creature from the underworld, sporting “that lowering look, those hard eyes which could be grafted on the head of a man-eating shark and no questions asked! He’s a natural!”

Our beloved Players’ Club has generous reciprocity with several fine old clubs in London, and perhaps The Special should consider initiating a relationship with The Drones in hope of one day inviting Algy and Bingo to join us on Gramercy Park for an evening’s carouse. With that wish we joined in a round of musical chirruping to the tune of *Happy Birthday* and an impromptu encore—a knees-up rendition of “Sonny Boy.”



The Broadway Special in fine anniversary form

Capital! Capital!

(Washington, D.C., and vicinity)

Contact: Scott Daniels

E-mail:



ON JUNE 2, Capital! Capital!, the Washington, D.C., chapter of The Wodehouse Society, gathered at a downtown restaurant for dinner and to hear a presentation entitled “James Joyce, Wodehouse, and Humor” by C  il  n Owens, Professor (Emeritus) at George Mason University and a noted author and scholar of Irish writer James Joyce. Several members of the local English Speaking Union and local Gaelic Club also attended the event. Prof. Owens observed that Wodehouse and Joyce were contemporaries and that both lifelong writers were products of a classical public (private) school education. But there the similarities seem to end. While Wodehouse is known for precise grammar and for careful, intricate, and complete story lines and plots, Joyce often wrote in a stream-of-consciousness form, was not plot-driven, and manipulated punctuation, word order, and spellings, commonly transposing phrases and creating words. Wodehouse’s humor was delightful and entertaining, whereas Joyce’s humor was often ironic, subtle, and complex. Joyce could be comic, but always to illuminate deeper themes of faith, love, loss, and redemption, and ultimately to celebrate the average man.

CAPITAL! CAPITAL! members, 21 strong, met on August 4 for a delightful evening of dinner, camaraderie, and a talk entitled “Blandings Castle: The

Genius of the Place.” The evening’s guest presenter was author Daniel McInerny, a PhD in philosophy and 17-year veteran of academia. McInerny noted that, from classical antiquity to today, poets and writers have written about “green worlds,” which can be taken as images of the Garden of Eden. Wodehouse’s Blandings stories, he argued, are one of the most pleasurable examples of a literary green world.

At Blandings Castle, Evelyn Waugh observed, there has been no fall of man; it is timeless, forever springtime, and thus an image of our “natural nest.” As in other green worlds, Blandings has knights (Gally is a *beau sabreur*, a handsome swordsman), damsels in distress, and a jolly topsy-turvydom in which social roles and conflicts are comically resolved, typified by the many imposters who come to the Castle. Even Lord Emsworth’s love for the Empress, a pig, characterizes the contemplative mood of the green world, in which even the meanest creatures are sources of wonder and delight. All Blandings stories and CapCap meetings seem to end on happy notes!

Chapter One

(Greater Philadelphia area)

Contact: Herb Moskowitz

Phone:

E-mail:



THE JULY 14 meeting began with some sad news from Bob Nissenbaum (5th Earl of Droitwich), who announced the passing of Frank Axe, the Oldest Member and co-founder of Chapter One as well as The Wodehouse Society itself. A memorial service was held on August 4 in Warminster, Pennsylvania. Bob also mentioned that he helped the estate catalog Frank’s collection of Wodehouse, which contains several rare books and first editions (all well-read, i.e., fair condition for collectors). He has prepared a list of the titles available, so if anyone is interested in purchasing a volume or two, please contact him at [normafbobn@earthlink.net](mailto:normaafbobn@earthlink.net).

On a happier note, Janis Wilson won a drawing for a video set of *Wodehouse Playhouse* donated by David Ruef (Monty Bodkin). After lunch was ordered, David McDonough (Jas. Waterbury) gave a presentation on *P. G. Wodehouse: A Life in Letters*. He began by discussing earlier letter collections, such as Plum’s *Performing Flea*, which was edited for humor, and Frances Donaldson’s *Yours, Plum*, a loose collection of letters divided by subject matter.

David said that *A Life in Letters* could be considered an autobiography of sorts, as it gives a clearer view of

Plum in his own words. He read a few letters out loud to the Chaps, starting with one written at age seventeen in which Plum matter-of-factly tells a friend that he won’t be attending Oxford due to financial issues and that he’s giving himself two years to establish himself as a writer. Other letters are concerned with money, as he was the breadwinner in the family, and the reaction in England following the wartime broadcasts. He ended with a letter written in 1973 to members of a Wodehouse seminar. In this letter, Plum wrote that he considered himself to be a historical novelist, stating that “the world I wrote about is not now even small, it is nonexistent.”

Bob Nissenbaum mentioned that he was disappointed with the reviews of *A Life in Letters*, as some reviewers complained that the letters themselves weren’t all that humorous and that Plum seemed rather detached from what was going on in England during his internment. The Chaps chimed in, stating that Plum did not know about the Blitz while he was in Tost; that not all comedians are “on” all the time; and that most letter writers are writing to friends, not an audience, and so aren’t writing with posterity in mind.

We held a drawing for a copy of *A Life in Letters* donated by David McDonough and won by Diane Hain. David announced that he is moving to Massachusetts, where we hope he will be welcomed with open arms by the NEWTS. Also, David and Karen Ruef announced that they will be moving to South Carolina.

The next meeting is to be held September 22, 2013, pending approval by the Cavanaugh’s at Headhouse Square management. See you then, toodle pip!

The Chicago Accident Syndicate

(Chicago and thereabouts)

Contact: Daniel & Tina Garrison

Phone:

E-mail:



The Clients of Adrian Mulliner

(For enthusiasts of both PGW and Sherlock Holmes)

Contact: Elaine Coppola

Phone:

E-mail:



THERE WILL BE a Senior Bloodstain at the 2013 Chicago Convention. It is scheduled from 4 to 5 PM. The room location will be in the convention schedule. Please bring one or two of your favorite Wodehouse quotes to share.

The Denver of the Secret Nine

(Denver and vicinity)
Contact: Jennifer Petkus
E-mail:

The Drone Rangers

(Houston and vicinity)

Contact: Carey Tynan
Phone:
E-mail:



The Flying Pigs

(Cincinnati area and elsewhere)

Contact: Susan Brokaw
Phone:
E-mail:



Friends of the Fifth Earl of Ickenham

(Buffalo, New York, and vicinity)

Contact: Laura Loehr
Phone:
E-mail:



The Mottled Oyster Club / Jellied Eels

(San Antonio and South Texas)

Contact: Lynette Poss
Phone:
E-mail:



The New England Wodehouse Thingummy Society (NEWTS)

(Boston and New England)
Contact: David Landman
Phone:
E-mail:



THE NEW England Wodehouse Thingummy Society (NEWTS) conducted its long-anticipated springtime swarm at the classic Victorian home of Roberta Towner and Larry Smith in Arlington, Massachusetts. A Wodehouse story was read round-robin to universal delight and, later, a lively discussion ensued generated by a claim that one of the terra cotta funerary figures uncovered not long ago in China's Shanxi Province closely resembled—give or take an eyelid or two—the Master himself.

The Northwodes

(St. Paul, Minneapolis, and vicinity)

Contact: Kristine Fowler
Phone:
E-mail:



The Pale Parabolites

(Toronto and vicinity)
Contact: George Vanderburgh
E-mail:



The Perfecto-Zizzbaum Motion Picture Corporation

(Los Angeles and vicinity)

Contact: Karen Shotting
Phone:
E-mail:



IN MAY we met at Karen's house for tea and *Uncle Dynamite*. Our hostess provided scones, tea sandwiches, and Zizzbaums (expertly prepared by our signature cocktail's creator, Bill) as well as orange juice à la Fink-Nottle for our abstemious members. Doug acted as tea sommelier, pouring the strengthening from his Frank Lloyd Wright Guggenheim teapot. Diana brought her famous brownies and Jim provided added sweetness with some yummy candy he had acquired on his recent travels to the wilds of the East Coast.

Your faithful scrivener was unable to attend the June gathering but has been informed by sources deemed trustworthy that our anniversary celebration at Café Verde consisted of an intimate group of devotees who were pleasantly surprised to find that two Chapter One members sojourning in sunny SoCal had braved the California freeways to join the merry throng.

July can be a bit hot, so PZMPCo decided that some *Ice in the Bedroom* might ease the situation somewhat. *Ice* went over big with the cognoscenti as we gleefully read out many a mot juste along with an assortment of bon mots from the Master's ever-resourceful tête. (Sorry, I got a bit carried away with the Français. It seemed appropriate given the circs. Any book containing the spectacular blondness of Dolly Malloy clad in Freddie Widgeon's pajamas stands in imminent danger of becoming a bit French. Unless, of course, PGW is in charge. So, while there was rannygazoo galore, there was not a single scene that would cause the slightest blush to mantle the cheek of innocence.) And while I'm waxing foreign, I will also tell you (for there are no secrets between us) that one of our members expressed objections to the deus ex machina of the providential death (by falling out of an airplane) of the rich brother in America. PZMPCo is like Liberty Hall and all of our members express their opinions freely.

By the time this is published, we will have determined how indiscreet one Archie Moffam (that's pronounced "Moom" to rhyme with "Bluffinghame") has been—the further particulars of which are set forth in our August reading, *Indiscretions of Archie*.

We meet the second Sunday of each month at 12:30 PM. You will generally find us at Book Alley, 1252 East Colorado Blvd, Pasadena, California, <http://www.bookalley.com/shop/bookalley/index.html>. Please contact Karen Shotting or join our Yahoo! or Facebook groups at <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/PZMPCo/> and <https://www.facebook.com/groups/373160529399825/>, respectively. Either can be found by searching on "PZMPCo," and you can find updated meeting and venue information on either.

The Pickering Motor Company

(Detroit and vicinity)

Contact: Elliott Milstein

Phone:

E-mail:



WITH COMMENDABLE foresight, the Pickerings scheduled their summer meeting for June 22, the day England's future king was born. Now the day will go down in history for two reasons. We gathered at Mike and Sherry Smith's house. The food and drink were splendid.

Before we got down to the serious business of discussing Wodehouse, we talked of some notorious local murder cases that might interest the members of the Senior Bloodstain Club. We talked of motives and why divorcing a spouse is preferable to murder. Some of the details of the murders are quite sleazy and salacious. They are the type of cases that Percy Pilbeam, sometime detective and editor of *Society Spice*, would consider just the thing to print in his magazine. (Lord Tilbury might not approve of some of the details, but *Society Spice* is published on the principle that the public enjoys reading about other people's vices.)

There was talk of the convention in Chicago and planning for the trip. It looks like most of the Pickerings will attend.

The reading assignment was the Lord Emsworth stories from *Blandings Castle and Elsewhere*. There was considerable discussion of the noble lord's switch from pumpkins to pigs. How different the stories would have been if he had continued to grow pumpkins. Kidnapping a pumpkin is easier than kidnapping a pig and not nearly as much fun.

The next meeting is October 27, 2013. The reading assignment is the Mr. Mulliner stories from *Blandings Castle and Elsewhere*.

The Pittsburgh Millionaires Club

(Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania)

Pittsburgh PA 15217

E-mail:



THE PITTSBURGH Millionaires Club convened in early June to read two the chapters of *Indiscretions of Archie* which introduce Archie's fabulously wealthy friend Reggie von Tuyl, "whose money had been inherited from steel mills in that city, [and who] had an absurd regard for the Pirates of Pittsburgh." (Yes, there were a couple of decades early in the last century when Pittsburgh temporarily lost its "h."). In late July we convened again to read aloud "The Truth about George," the very first Mr. Mulliner yarn.

WE HAD A great meeting on July 14 reading "The Truth about George," with Sayre and Abigail providing unexpected singing talents! Everyone exercised their risible muscles to the utmost degree. For those who were there, Linda reports that googling resulted in the final tune we couldn't find for the thermos song in "The Truth About George." Someone on an alt list identified it as a song from *No, No, Nanette*: "I want to be happy, but I won't be happy till I make you happy, too." Subsequent researches failed to find out anything about the "tower topaz" reference, however.

We'll return again on October 13 to read two stories: possibly the Buck-U-Uppo series or possibly one or two of the Hollywood stories. Mark your calendars now, more details later!

The Portland Greater Wodehouse Society (PGWs)

(Portland, Oregon and vicinity)

Contact: Carol James

Phone:

E-mail:



The Right Honourable Knights of Sir Philip Sidney

(Amsterdam, The Netherlands)

Contact: Jelle Otten

Phone:

E-mail:

ON JUNE 8, the Right Honourable Knights of Sir Philip Sidney met again in Mulliner's Wijnlokaal in downtown Amsterdam. Discussion continued about the BBC-TV series *Blandings*. A report on this topic was delivered by a committee under the chairmanship of Robert Reinders Folmer. The Knights concluded the discussion with the hope that the TV series will attract new and younger readers of the books of Wodehouse.

Josepha Olsthoorn read her favorite passage from Wodehouse. She chose excerpts from *Uncle Fred in*

the Springtime concerning the whistling and singing of “The Bonnie Banks o’ Loch Lomond.” In this scene, the Blandings Castle gardener whistled the melody and Baxter sung the Robert Burns lyric. Alaric Pendlebury-Davenport, the Most Noble 6th Duke of Dunstable, and one of the protagonists in the novel, said that the song was “hated all my life” by him.

But the Knights did not hate the song. Jannes Koster started to sing, “By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomon” and the Knights joined in when the chorus came ‘round: “O ye’ll tak’ the high road and I’ll tak’ the low road, An’ I’ll be in Scotland afore ye . . .”



*Mulliner's
Wijnlokaal,
Amsterdam, site
of the Golden Shot
contest*



*The target is the
“Empress of Blandings”
with William Tell’s
(green) apple*



*Wil Brouwer tries
to hit the apple
with the crossbow*

The most important theme of the meeting was Wilhelm. No, not Wilhelm the last German Emperor, who was collecting P. G. Wodehouse books when he was in Dutch exile (though you can read about that in the Spring issue of *Plum Lines*). And no, not Wilhelm the whacking great Alsatian dog who was disturbing Freddie Widgeon in “Goodbye to All Cats.” The Wilhelm

who was the topic at our meeting was Wilhelm Tell, the great Swiss hero, whom Wodehouse immortalized in the prose sections of the illustrated work *William Tell Told Again*. For the first time in history, a Dutch translation of this wonderful little novel was published by the (Dutch) P. G. Wodehouse Society. Marcel Gijbels and Herman van Riel translated Wodehouse’s text into Dutch. The book includes the original color illustrations by Philip Dadd and their verse captions by John W. Houghton.

In celebration of the publication, the Knights took part in the game “Het Gulden Schot” (The Golden Shot). The game was to shoot with a crossbow into an apple carried by the Empress of Blandings. The best shooter was Herman van Riel and the prize for the most unlucky person was won by Will Brouwer. We’ll leave the rest to your imagination, but no person or pig was harmed in the course of the game.

A most hilarious day ended too soon. The next meeting of the Knights is planned for October 12, at 1:00 PM, at Mulliner’s Wijnlokaal, Lijnbaansgracht 266-267, Amsterdam.

The Size 14 Hat Club
(Halifax, Nova Scotia)
Contact: Jill Robinson
E-mail:



THE SIZE 14 HAT CLUB met recently to welcome new recruits with not much browsing but a certain amount of sluicing enjoyed by all. Anecdotes re our respective collections of PGW were the order of the day. The best acquisition account was given by Verna Marryatt, who actually bribed her innocent then-twenty-something son to be a packhorse on a several-week trip through the secondhand bookstores of England a quarter century ago to “stock up on a little E. F. Benson and a lot of P. G. Wodehouse.” Her hilarious story of the detailed planning and execution necessary to get the excessively heavy goods home would have been enjoyed by Wodehouse himself. Ms. Maryatt ruefully observed that a similar expedition would probably not be possible in these days of less-than-forgiving air travel.

SoCal Chapter Forming?

FLASH: Potential new chapter! There’s an effort afoot to form a new chapter of The Wodehouse Society in Southern California for Orange County and northern San Diego County. If interested, please contact Himanshu Surti. More details (we hope) in future issues!

Treasurer's Report for 2012

BY KRIS FOWLER

Balance as of December 31, 2011 **\$25,496.49**

Income :

Membership dues	\$11,602.05
2013 Convention income	\$225.53
Historical Marker ¹	\$813.79
Interest	<u>\$2.17</u>

Total Income **\$12,643.54**

Expenses:

<i>Plum Lines</i> production and mailing	\$10,675.52
2013 convention deposit, expenses	\$600.00
Historical Marker ¹	\$8,965.15
Correspondence, supplies, other ²	<u>\$516.95</u>

Total Expenses **\$20,757.62**

TWS Convention Reserve Fund³:

Balance as of December 31, 2011	\$11,302.51
Raffle, auction & rummage sale excess proceeds	<u>\$0.00</u>
Balance as of December 31, 2012	\$11,302.51

Total Balance as of December 31, 2012 **\$17,382.41**

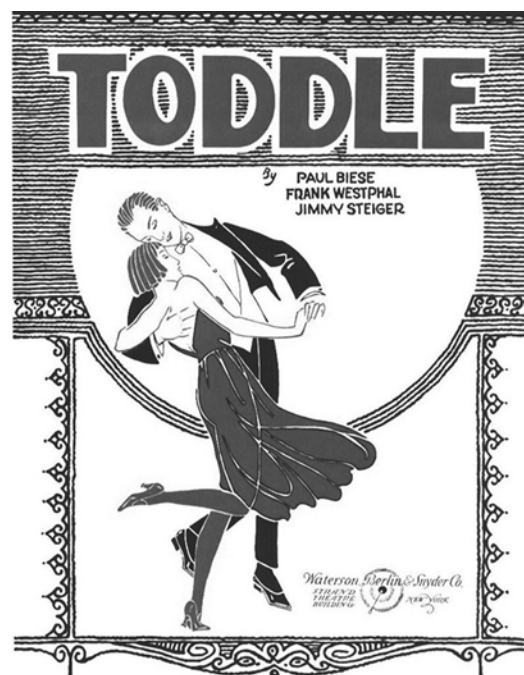
¹ Most donations for the Historical Marker were received in 2011 (\$5,715.54, thus \$6,529.33 total).

² The major item was \$488 software upgrade for the *Plum Lines* editor.

³ Included in the Total Balance.



One can never toddle too much, especially in the Windy City. See you in October, we hope!



A Jeeves Centenary

BY ELIN WOODGER

SINCE THE millennium, we have become accustomed to much celebration where Plum is concerned. The past eleven years have seen the 100th anniversaries of the publication of numerous well-loved stories, including Wodehouse's first book, *The Pothunters* (1902); the classic Ukridge tale *Love Among the Chickens* (1906); the great cricket story *Mike* (1909), which introduced Psmith; and, this year, *The Little Nugget* (1913). Two years ago, at the Dearborn convention, we toasted the Master's 130th birthday, and next year will see Wodehouseans raising a glass in honor of Plum and Ethel's marriage at the Little Church Around the Corner (September 30, 1914).

But one of the most significant anniversaries of all has just taken place, and I bet most Wodehouseans outside England missed it. For it was during a cricket match played August 14–16, 1913, that PGW saw a bowler named Percy Jeeve—and the name stuck in the young writer's mind. Two years later, Reginald Jeeves made his short but historic first appearance in print, in the short story "Extricating Young Gussie" (published in the *Saturday Evening Post*, September 18, 1915). The impact he had after that, when his role was expanded in the short stories that became the collection *My Man Jeeves* (also published in *Carry On, Jeeves*), is well known to all of us.

The date was not unnoticed in England, however. Wodehouse had seen Jeeves play during the Cheltenham Cricket Festival, so it was fitting that the Gloucestershire County Cricket Club should suggest celebrating this auspicious anniversary during the 2013 festival. The P G Wodehouse Society (UK) was invited for a celebratory brunch on Wednesday, July 17, under a large marquee on the beautiful grounds of Cheltenham College. Along with about thirty Society members, many notables of the Wodehouse world were in attendance, including Wodehouse's grandson, Sir Edward Cazalet, and great-nephew, Nigel Wodehouse. They were joined by numerous members of the cricket world.

After the meal, the speeches kicked off with a welcome from Her Majesty's Lord Lieutenant of Gloucestershire, Dame Janet Trotter DBE, followed by Murray Hedgcock, a patron of the Society and author of *Wodehouse at the Wicket*. Murray spoke of Wodehouse's love for cricket and how he squeezed in time to see matches while ostensibly working at the bank. He described the all-important match at Cheltenham where Wodehouse saw a player whose name would leave such



Percy Jeeves

a distinct impression on him, and he lauded the just-published book *The Real Jeeves*, by Brian Halford. After speaking of Wodehouse's own experiences as a cricket player, Murray ended with speculation about what modern player's name Wodehouse might have used for his legendary manservant had he been alive today.

Then it was the turn of Society Chairman Hilary Bruce to speak. She thanked those who had made the day possible, and she praised Murray for his talk. She then read PGW's classic cricket poem "The Umpire" to much applause, followed by a message from Mike Griffith, the current president of the Marylebone Cricket Club (who also happens to be PGW's godson). Finally, Hilary offered a toast to P. G. Wodehouse and Percy Jeeves.

The event received a great deal of attention from the national press. For a full report and pictures, see the article on the U.K. Society's website at <http://bit.ly/13pi9qg>.

And what of that 1913 match? Well, Gloucestershire defeated Jeeves's Warwickshire team by 247 runs, and although Jeeves did well, he did not distinguish himself. Nonetheless, in his first season as a professional, he had caught the attention of sportswriters and cricket fans. The bible of cricketing, *Wisden*, proclaimed him to be "one of the best of the young cricketers discovered in 1913." The following year he played in the Gentlemen v. Players match at the Oval, and again *Wisden* praised him for his "splendid bowling."

A little more than two weeks after that match, World War I began, and before long Percy Jeeves had enlisted. He was killed on the Somme on July 22, 1916—just ten months after his namesake had made his first appearance in print. Percy would never know of his impact on English literature, that his name would become known around the world, nor that there would be such a wonderful celebration of his life a full century after Wodehouse first saw him play.

I Didn't Know How Many Friends I Had

BY NORMAN MURPHY

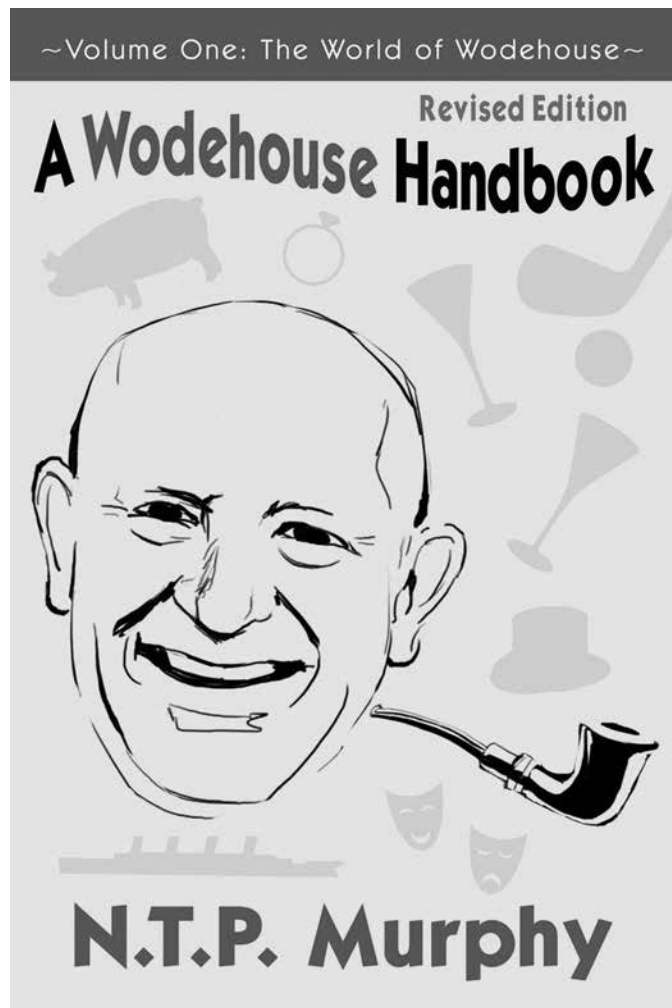
BY THE TIME you read this, a revised edition of *A Wodehouse Handbook* will have been released on an unsuspecting world because Sybertooth Inc., of Sackville, New Brunswick, decided it was worthy of its attention. And, I have to admit in all honesty, the word “revised” is the important one. It is a blow to one’s self-esteem that one’s pride and joy needs any revision—but nobody’s perfect.

In Volume 2 (*The Words of Wodehouse*), I refer to the cliché that was once seen in every newspaper interview of a famous film star/author/musician/artist. From about 1910 to 1970, it was apparently mandatory for him/her to say that his/her wife/husband was his/her best friend and severest critic. Well, I was certainly surprised by the number of friends I appear to have. While Volume 1 (*The World of Wodehouse*) aroused little criticism, Volume 2, dealing with the source of Wodehouse quotations and references, produced an avalanche of amendments from around the world. I published the *Handbook* in 2006, and I still receive letters from those who assure me that they like it but are equally sure I “would want to know that . . .”

I suppose the major problem was that I had been working on Wodehouse for too long. I started making notes on places, people, and quotes in his books back in the early 1970s. Google certainly didn’t exist then, and computers were still a strange and exotic thing. The result was that print was still the major source of information, and my search (for example) for possible candidates for Blandings could not be done by simply pressing a switch and entering “List all castles in the U.K.” I had to do it the hard way, which meant six months of lunchtimes in the Reading Room of the British Museum.

My hundreds of pages of notes on American and British theatre and songs were made in manuscript, which meant that occasional “laughable misunderstandings” of dates and spelling insinuated themselves into the book. I’m sure Shakespeare had the same problem.

If you have read the first edition, you will know that every chapter in Volume 2 begins with the cryptic note “MTT = My thanks to.” I used it to thank people who chased up a query for me, answered a question, or provided a useful fact. There are far more of them now in the revised edition, and in going through the proofs for Sybertooth, I noticed that the comments/suggestions I received fell into four categories.



Volume 1 of the new edition of Norman's Handbook

First, there were the usual typos: misspellings, a word omitted, or a grammatical error. I was grateful for these being pointed out, but upon going through them again, I noticed that most of them were sent by Hetty Litjens, who comes from The Netherlands. (There is a moral here for native English speakers, but I can't think what it is.)

Second were corrections of dates and names of shows and song titles. I realise that writing “Old Man River” and “Singing in the Rain” is incorrect, but I had not realised these slips of the pen would render me a mockery and a byword. I know better now, as I also now know that Babe Ruth was *not* sold to the New York Yankees to pay for *No, No, Nanette*.

The third category, which earned many “MTT”s in the new edition, are those comments I received that corrected a serious factual error or provided an answer I was looking for. I must mention here Neil Midkiff,

whose awesome dedication to Wodehousean accuracy is an example to us all.

The fourth category was the trickiest. These correspondents took issue with my explanation of a phrase and argued strongly for another source. Sometimes they were right; sometimes I had examined their source and dismissed it. They thought they were right; I thought I was right. As I say—tricky. I must add here, however, that whenever you see “MTT Somebody,” you can be pretty sure that person also gave me at least half a dozen corrections of dates of shows, names of composers, or biblical references, all of which I was grateful to receive and glad to include.

A few years ago, I was assisting at a Wodehouse exhibition at Heywood Hill, the prestigious London bookshop, when an impressive elderly gentleman came in. He asked if they had such a thing as a book explaining Wodehouse quotations, and the manager directed him to Volume 2 of the *Handbook*. He flipped through it and said it was exactly what he wanted—but he did not want Volume 1. Though I was selling the book as a two-volume set, I made an exception in his case, and he duly purchased the second volume. Forty-eight hours later he returned to Heywood Hill, bought another copy of Volume 2, and left a note for me. He thought it was a splendid book but suggested I may wish to amend . . .

And now you know how Lord Gladwyn got himself an MTT in this edition.

I hope that the new edition will meet with people's approval. I believe I have made every correction I have been sent, though I know that somebody somewhere is going to pick up something in Volume 2. But I have tried.

A Wodehouse Handbook, Revised Edition, is now available on Amazon and through other retailers. The two volumes can be purchased individually or as a set. Go to www.wodehouse.ca for a full list of retailers selling the new edition in numerous countries.

A man with a great many nieces who were always bursting in on him and ballyragging him when he wanted to read his pig book, he had come to fear and distrust the younger members of the opposite sex, but this one's looks he liked immediately. About her there was none of that haughty beauty and stormy emotion in which his nieces specialized. She was small and friendly and companionable.

“Birth of a Salesman” (1950)

What's in a Toddle?

WHEN YOU HEAR “Chicago, Chicago,” doesn't that inspire you to begin humming the famous 1922 lyrics?

Chicago, Chicago, that toddlin' town . . .

But what is a toddlin' town? What inspired this phrase? A search revealed a number of speculations. Perhaps the person toddling is staggering because of being over-served. Or they may be tottering from wearing heavy clothing to protect one from the Chicago elements. Or it may have been that songwriter Fred Fisher just liked the random but catchy alliteration. For those of you who know Chicago, all of the above might well be true, but the one we like best points out that the Toddle was a snazzy new dance of the jazz age, the 1920s. So, get ready to Toddle on Saturday night after the banquet. You'll have the time of your life!



The burglar looks down on the stick-up man, the stick-up man on the humbler practitioner who steals milk cans. Accuse a high-up confidence artist of petty larceny, and you bring out all the snob in him.

Cocktail Time (1958)

The P. G. Wodehouse *Globe* Reclamation Project

BY JOHN DAWSON

IMAGINE YOU'VE just opened your morning newspaper (or clicked on OnehorsevilleClarion.com) and this headline jumps off the page:

Amazing P. G. Wodehouse Discovery! Over 10,000 previously unknown paragraphs, poems, and jokes found in a newly-discovered newspaper archive!

That headline may not be so farfetched after all. Consider this: Wodehouse worked for the *Globe* (at the time London's oldest daily paper), editing and writing the humor column "By the Way," at first intermittently from late 1901 and then steadily from August 1903 until early 1909, supplying columns six days a week for over five years. His "Money Received for Literary Work" records that in 1902 he was paid for 54 days' worth of columns at the *Globe*, increasing to 172 columns in 1903. From August 1 of that year, when he began working full time (Monday through Saturday) up until February 29, 1908, when the notebook ends, he recorded about 270 working days for the *Globe* per year, meticulously entering each week's dates and salary. Using his own figures, the total of "By the Way" columns he produced is documented at around 1,300 columns dating from March 27, 1902 until the last entry in 1908.

"By the Way" had a distinguished pedigree. It was instituted on the front page of the *Globe* in 1881. It was conducted first by E. Kay Robinson, then Robert Dennis from 1895, and later by Charles Larcom "C. L." Graves. Robinson, a writer, naturalist, and founder of *The Country-Side* magazine, had been Rudyard Kipling's editor in Lahore on the *Civil & Military Gazette* in 1886–87, and two of Kipling's books were written on his watch. Graves was an Irish poet and humorist, brother of the poet Alfred Perceval Graves and uncle to Robert Graves of *I, Claudius* fame. Graves is mainly known today for his parodies in *Punch* with Edward Verrall "E. V." Lucas, a popular English writer and cricket pal of Wodehouse, who wrote nearly 100 books, many humorous, with a few about cricket that are considered classics. Lucas was a "By the Way" contributor as well, and wrote that the column "consisted of a dozen or so paragraphs, each with a joke or sting in it, bearing on the morning news." Richard Usborne wrote that it was "a column—a dozen or so short snippets and a set of verses." The most authoritative source of information about the column, however, is from the source himself.

In his fiction, Wodehouse based locations on real-world places. In the semiautobiographical *Not George Washington* from 1908, he gives us a look at the "On Your Way" room at the *Orb*, via his literary alter ego, the young poet and aspiring writer James Cloyster:

"Well, all the work at the *Orb's* done between nine and eleven. You must be there at nine sharp. Literally sharp, I mean. Not half-past. . . . Four or five really good paragraphs a day and an occasional set of verses are all he'll want from you."

. . .

The source of material was the morning papers, which were placed in a pile on our table at nine o'clock. The halfpenny papers were our principal support. . . . We attended first to the Subject of the Day. This was generally good for two or three paragraphs of verbal fooling. There was a sort of tradition that the first half-dozen paragraphs should be topical. The rest might be topical or not, as occasion served. . . . Gresham had a way of seizing on any bizarre incident reported in the morning papers, enfolding it in "funny language," adding a pun, and thus making it his own.

Wodehouse himself said: "The column itself was an extraordinary affair in England. You would quote something from the morning paper and then you'd make some little comment on it. It was always the same type of joke."

By tradition, the "By the Way" commentary revolves around news items from London and rural English newspapers and the politicians, sportsmen, entertainers, and newsmakers of England and the world. The columns constitute not just a unique social history of the age, but are also cogent as cultural artifacts of the English language, frozen in the Edwardian age. More importantly, they are the earliest undiscovered work of the twentieth century's foremost humorist, written during his first years as a young journalist in London. While bibliographers and collectors have identified and gathered thousands of Wodehouse's books, magazine articles, and theatrical items over the years, there has been no known concerted individual or organized effort to unearth the *Globe* material. This represents a void in Wodehouse scholarship and an entire chapter

of his literary legacy that has yet to be read and enjoyed. Much of Wodehouse's early work sparkles with the genius for which he was to become world-famous, and the prospect of uncovering thousands of "new" Wodehouse commentaries and poems should be of interest to fans and scholars alike. Courtesy of Tony Ring and reproduced by permission of the Wodehouse Literary Estate, here's a sample from September 8, 1902, unseen for 111 years:

A Novel Idea

(According to "Health," various bacilli flourish between the pages of a book.)

In all the literary works
That teach, amuse, or thrill us,
If "Health" may be believed, there lurks
Some dangerous bacillus.
Tuberculosis "Q" may spread,
And if of him you weary are,
And fly to Meredith instead,
You simply court diphtheria.

There ran a shiver down my spine,
My soul grew sad and dark. It
Occurred to me a book of mine
Was then upon the market.
That book, I thought with furrowed brow,
Was subtly, nobly written,
And must, I fancied, even now
Be decimating Britain.

My publisher I sought with speed.
I told my apprehension,
How germs attack all those who read,
Too terrible to mention.
"My book," I stammered, short of breath,
"Excuse this exhibition.
The matter's one of life and death:
Suppress the whole edition.

"Relinquish your prospective fees.
In palace and in hovel
There lies in wait some fell disease
For all who read my novel."
He seemed to think my words were strange,
But his reply was stranger.
"Why, then," said he, "it seems to me
There's very little danger."

Conservatively estimating that he wrote eight items per day, six days a week in these 79 months, Wodehouse

wrote over 10,000 short items and poems for print in about 1,300 editions of the *Globe*. It's not as though he wasn't doing anything else, either. By 1910 he'd published fourteen books and over five hundred short stories, articles, and poems.

This incredible trove of early Wodehousiana, unseen for over a hundred years, is starting to see the light of day. In February, the Wodehouse Estate approved a proposal entitled The P. G. Wodehouse *Globe* Reclamation Project, submitted by a group of collectors in consultancy with Tony Ring and Norman Murphy. The principals of the group are Anita Avery, myself, Ananth Kaitharam, Ian Michaud, Neil Midkiff, Arthur Robinson, and Raja Srinivasan. To date, the project has recovered over 300 "By the Way" columns from the recesses of both the British Library's archive of microfilmed newspapers and, thanks to TWS member Karen Shotting, from a repository at UCLA in California. For more on the project, please visit our webpage http://www.madameulalie.org/articles/Globe_project.html. Or better yet, come and see us at the convention in Chicago. We're bringing presents!

To the extent that the selected "By the Way" column excerpts are shown to have been written by Wodehouse, they should be treated as © by the Trustees of the Wodehouse Literary Estate in appropriate territories, and are reproduced here by permission.



Chicago's Trump Tower

Entertaining Activities in Chicago

MANY OF YOU conventioners are arriving early or staying later and probably already have a to-do list, but we want to mention a few items you may want to consider.

On Thursday at 6 PM, some of us will gather in the Rendezvous at the Union League Club of Chicago for a pint or two and some pub grub. Then, from 8 until 10 that night, you can enjoy the ever-popular Terry Kitchen (aka NEWT Max Pokrivchak) and guest Gary Hall at the Loose Leaf Lounge. It's only a cab ride to 2915 N. Broadway—yes, Broadway! (See page 5 for more details.)

On Friday, there is the opportunity for a private tour of the ULCC Art Collection. It is an outstanding collection—paintings, photos, sculpture. As noted recently in the *Chicago Tribune*: “What’s so special about the Union League Club’s art collection isn’t just the variety of the artists and their works, but how candidly they’re displayed. This is not a museum: There are no velvet ropes or security guards or placards to distract your focus. Furthermore, none of the 796 works is in storage, which means that the club, all 300,000 square feet of it—every hallway, every room, even bathrooms—is jam-packed with art.” You have to see it to believe it. We can arrange a private tour if enough of you are interested.

Another Friday opportunity is a private architectural tour. The ULCC is in the heart of a fascinating array of Chicago architecture. One of the Architecture Foundation docents has offered to lead a customized walking tour—if enough are interested.

If you are interested in either or both of these tours please contact Tina and Dan Garrison. While the “official” deadline (September 15) may be past by the time you read this, you’ll be able to find out the status of the tour by contacting the Garrisons.

Each option will have some small fee associated with it. That information will be available after we determine interest and attendance. We may schedule either or both. Just let us know—soon, please.

On your own, or with fellow Plummies, the Chicago Architecture Foundation offers super tours of all kinds—by foot, by bus, and by boat. You can explore nearby Millennium Park, Frank Lloyd Wright in Oak Park, Graceland Cemetery, Chicago skyscrapers, the great Chicago River’s history, the Art Institute of Chicago, and much more. Find more information at www.architecture.org.

Wendella’s sightseeing boats ply the Chicago waters all day and into the evening with several options. If the weather is as it should be, the ninety-minute combined Chicago River and Lake tour is as fascinating as it is spectacular. If you explore the website, you’ll see a Chicago water taxi option. Curious? Take a look. You can actually travel along the river to Chinatown and back. Their website is at www.wendellaboats.com.

“My gun,” said Jimmy, “is, as you can see, in my pocket. I always shoot from the pocket, in spite of the tailor’s bills. The little fellow is loaded and cocked. He’s pointing straight at your diamond solitaire. That fatal spot! No one has ever been hit in the diamond solitaire and survived.”

A Gentleman of Leisure (1910)

Chicago Trivia

THE HISTORIC Route 66 begins in Chicago at Grant Park on Adams Street in front of the Art Institute of Chicago.

The first Ferris wheel made its debut in Chicago at the 1893 World’s Columbian Exposition. Today, Navy Pier is home to a fifteen-story Ferris wheel, modeled after the original one.

In 1900, Chicago successfully completed a massive and highly innovative engineering project: reversing the flow of the Chicago River so that it emptied into the Mississippi River instead of Lake Michigan. Each year, the Chicago River is dyed green to celebrate St. Patrick’s Day. (Alas, you’ll miss this event. We tried for plum, but no go.)

The Chicago Cultural Center is the first free municipal cultural center in the U.S. and home to the world’s largest stained glass Tiffany dome.

The Willis Tower (formerly the Sears Tower) is the tallest building in the Western Hemisphere at 110 stories high.

Four states are visible from the Skydeck Chicago (formerly the Sears Tower Skydeck): Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin.

If you’re really intrigued, you can easily explore these highlights from the ULCC. The Art Institute, Willis Tour, and the Cultural Center are within walking distance, as is the Chicago River, though it’s a bit farther. To visit Navy Pier, take transportation.

Dress Code at the Union League Club

PLEASE REMEMBER that the Senior Conservative Club (pardon us, the Union League Club of Chicago) takes its dress code seriously.

On Thursday and Friday, you may wear business casual. For example, a collared shirt (turtlenecks count, but polo shirts do not) and slacks for men and a blouse or sweater with skirt or slacks for women. No jeans!

On Saturday and Sunday (except for the banquet where we expect to see your finest regalia or most imaginative costume), you may wear casual dress. This means slacks, jeans, collared shirts, polo shirts, sweaters.

T-shirts, sweatshirts, and athletic attire are never appropriate below the tenth floor. Remember that Jeeves expects to see us all properly attired at all times.

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We appreciate your articles, research, Quick Ones, tales of My First Time, and other observations. Send them to Gary Hall via e-mail or snail mail at the addresses above. Deadlines are February 1, May 1, August 1, November 1. If you have something that might miss the deadline, let me know and we'll work something out.

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