



"One might go on enumerating the elements that enter into the Wodehouse stories without extracting the essence that is Wodehouse. That essence is his particular brand of humor....It consists in the way he tells a story, and he is an inimitable raconteur...He has perfected his own manner." William Rose Benet (1886-1950).

ALL MEMBERS who would like to see the Wodehouse home at Remsenburg, New York, placed on the National Register of Historic Places, write to our president, Mrs. Florence Cunningham, 750 Alvord Avenue, Kent, WA 98031. Florence will forward our letters to the appropriate committee of the National Park Service. Plum, an American citizen, honored by Oxford University and Queen Elizabeth, has yet to be honored by the United States. # # #

WE HAVE A DATE! PLACE: SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA. EVENT: THE 1987 WODEHOUSE SOCIETY CONVENTION. WHEN? AUGUST 14, 15, 16. A RESERVATION FORM WILL REACH YOU WITH THE MAY ISSUE OF PLUM LINES. # # #

*The Morning After - American Successes and Excesses*, George F. Will, TWS, Free Press, NY, 1986 (@\$19.85), is available at most bookstores. Short essays selected from his syndicated columns, you will find them mentally nutritious; i.e., thought-provoking, perceptive, and well worth your..doubtless...valuable time. George Will is a political philosopher and commentator (Newsweek and ABC TV) and a former professor at Michigan State University, who became a Plummy by accident: OM was rummaging through a shelf of discarded books at his local library (25¢ a volume) when he noted an earlier Will book: *The Pursuit of Happiness*. One essay was "P. G. Wodehouse: Sufflé Chef," in praise of Plum's writing. A quick Invitation Letter brought a quick and favorable response. # # #

From 1980 until her death in 1984, Lady Wodehouse was our only honorary member. At our Cornell Convention, the decision was made to extend honorary memberships to others. The members selected were Robert A. Hall, Jr., David A. Jasen, Richard Osborne, Joseph Connolly, Norman Murphy, James Heineman, and James Carruth. Other members will be considered at our S/F Convention. # # #

LISTS OF YOUR PGW EPHEMERA/MEMORABILIA NEEDED IMMEDIATELY!!!

As an aid to scholars/researchers, Jimmy Heineman, TWS, is compiling a checklist of PGW ephemera (letters, glossy photos, sheet music, records, etc.) now in private or institutional hands. This checklist will be part of a comprehensive Wodehouse bibliography now in preparation. March 15th is the deadline for this data. Send to James H. Heineman, 475 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10022 (Phone: 212/688-2028).

Canadian and overseas members are reminded that dues should be

PLUM LINES - Continued

paid in U.S. funds by checks or money orders showing a bank in the U.S.  
at which payment may be cleared. # #

\$ FINANCIAL REPORT \$

Balance on Hand, 31 Dec 1985: .....\$1996.50

Receipts: Dues: .....\$1562.50  
 Contribution:..... 20.00  
 \*Interest earned: .... +36.42  
 Total: .....\$1618.92 .....+\$1618.92  
Grand Total: .....\$3615.42

Expended: Printing ..... \$827.20  
 Postage: ..... 465.15 \*TWS Acct was changed  
 Office supplies ..... 9.99 to interest-bearing  
 Telephone ..... 27.63 checking; when  
 \*Bank Acct Maint, Fee. 64.95 we found that fees  
 Bank Fees For. Checks. 22.16 for maintenance ex-  
 Convention Advance....+269.75 ceeded interest, the  
 Total Expended:.....\$1686.83 .....-1686.83  
acct was chgd back.

Balance on Hand, 31 Dec 1986: .....\$1928.59

*Mary A. Blood*  
 Mary A. Blood, TWS

\$ Financial Secretary \$

"Humor seldom analyzes," so said the late Louis Untermeyer. "It is warmly sympathetic, playful, sometimes high-hearted, sometimes hilarious. Unlike the poisoned barb of satire, and the killing point of wit, humor is healing. It is not only wholesome, but recreative and rejuvenating."



The Oldest Member

Dear Members of The Wodehouse Society:

A friend of ours just returned from a visit to the Scandinavian countries. She telephoned the other evening to say, "I'm calling to tell you something you'll be delighted to hear, because of your interest in P. G. Wodehouse." Then she continued with the following tale.

*"I boarded the plane at Helsinki for home. After we took off and everyone was settled in for the long flight home, I looked around the plane at the various passengers. Nearly all looked tired, bored, or had their eyes closed, except for one couple in their early thirties who were reading with a contented look on their faces. After while I got up to walk around the plane, and as I passed this couple I stopped and told them I had a friend who was a member of The Wodehouse Society, and did they know there was such an organization...No, they didn't...and they had not read any Wodehouse books until they bought the paperbacks in Helsinki...They told me how they were enjoying them. Do you know, for the whole nine hours it took to fly home, that couple were reading those books, with a smile on their faces." P. G. Wodehouse makes the whole world laugh.*

To honor the birthday of P. G. Wodehouse in October, the University of Washington Book Store, in Seattle, agreed to make a display of his books, along with giving out Wodehouse Society bookmarks and brochures. I made a couple of posters for the table. Each contained the quote used to advertise the P. G. Wodehouse Centenary at the Morgan Library in 1981: "There are only two kinds of Wodehouse readers," says the critic Richard Usborne, "those who adore him and those who never read him."

Yesterday, October 15th, I celebrated P. G. Wodehouse's birthday by going to Seattle and to the book store to see how many readers had taken our complimentary bookmarks and brochures. Pleasant surprise! Nearly all were gone. Remember to tell Jeeves to pack your bags for our San Francisco Wodehouse Convention, August 14, 15, 16, and have the two-seater ready to GO!

Happily yours,

*Florence Cunningham*  
Florence Cunningham  
President  
*PER OM*

MONDAY MaGAZINE

Victoria BC

Aug 21, 1986

## WODEHOUSE TO THE RESCUE



LIKE MANY OF my contemporaries, I am given to wide swings of mood, enjoying periods of mindless euphoria then paying the piper with spells of sepulchral melancholy. In the down phases, an inborn aversion to spending money precludes my finding solace in drugs or alcohol, so my solution

is to turn to the works of writers who can be counted on to make me feel better.

Leading the pack is P.G. Wodehouse, whose prolific pen has produced stacks of mood-enhancing humour, written in impeccable style with the gift for the exact word that distinguishes great humourists from ordinary ones. I chuckle when I read of a get-together at Blandings Castle— "One of those jolly, happy, bread-crumbling parties where you cough twice before you speak and then decide not to say it after all," or when P.G. describes a leading character thus: "Lord Emsworth had one of those minds capable of accommodating one idea at a time, if that."

I have a thick file of notes taken from my Wodehouse reading and would like to share a few samples with you:

- Professor Binstead picked up a small china figure of delicate workmanship. It represented a warrior of pre-khaki days advancing upon some adversary who, judging from the contented expression on the warrior's face, was smaller than himself.
- There was rather more of "Stinker" Pinker than when I had seen him last. Country butter and the easy-life curates lead had added a pound or two to an always impressive figure. To see the lean, finely-trained



Stinker of my nonage, I felt that one would have to catch him in Lent.

- Except for knowing that when you've heard one you've heard them all, I am not an authority on violin solos, so cannot say definitely whether La Pulbrook's was or was not a credit to the accomplice who taught her the use of the instrument. It was loud in spots and less loud in other spots, and it had that quality which I have noticed in all violin solos of seeming to last much longer than it actually did.
- I seem to have a vague recollection of having met him somewhere, but I can't place him and do not propose to institute inquiries. He would possibly turn out to be someone who was at school with me, though some years my junior. The last man I met who was at school with me, though some years my junior, had a long

white beard and no teeth.

- The lawyer tightened his lips another fraction of an inch, as if to say that something of this kind was only to be expected in a world in which all flesh was as grass, and where any moment the most harmless and innocent person might find himself legally debarred from being a feoffee of any fee fiduciary or in fee simple.

- Butlers seem to grow less and less like anything human in proportion to the magnificence of their surroundings . . . Beach had acquired a dignified inertia which almost qualified him for inclusion in the vegetable kingdom. He moved, when he moved at all, slowly. He distilled speech with the air of one measuring out drops of some precious drug.

- I had an aunt once who pawned her father's false teeth to contribute to the mission for propagating the gospel among the unenlightened natives of West Africa. Grilled subsequently by the family, she said she was laying up treasures in heaven.

- The Village Hall stood in the middle of the High Street abaft the duckpond . . . It was one of those Mid-Victorian jobs in glazed brick which always seem to bob up in these old-world hamlets, and do so much to encourage the drift to the cities. Its interior, like those of all the joints of this kind I have ever come across, was dingy and foggy and smelled in almost equal proportions of apples, chalk, damp plaster, boy scouts and the sturdy English peasantry.

- He was convinced that if he, Bingo, begged him, Purkiss, to say that he, Bingo, had been with him, Purkiss, last night, he, Purkiss, would not have the inhumanity to deny him, Bingo, a little favour which would cost him. Purkiss, nothing and would put him, Bingo, on velvet.