



# WOOSTER SAUCE

The Quarterly Journal of The P G Wodehouse Society (UK)

Number 64

December 2012

## New Information on PGW's Early Life

by Norman Murphy

It was serendipity at its best; a chance encounter which led to a great deal, and I am very grateful for it. At Nigel and Celia Wodehouse's delightful house in darkest Oxfordshire, I met Patricia O'Sullivan. I had heard she was doing some research into the Hong Kong police and was interested in P. G. Wodehouse's father and brother Peveril (Hong Kong police magistrate and deputy police commander, respectively). I therefore introduced myself with the kindly intention of assisting with her inquiries.

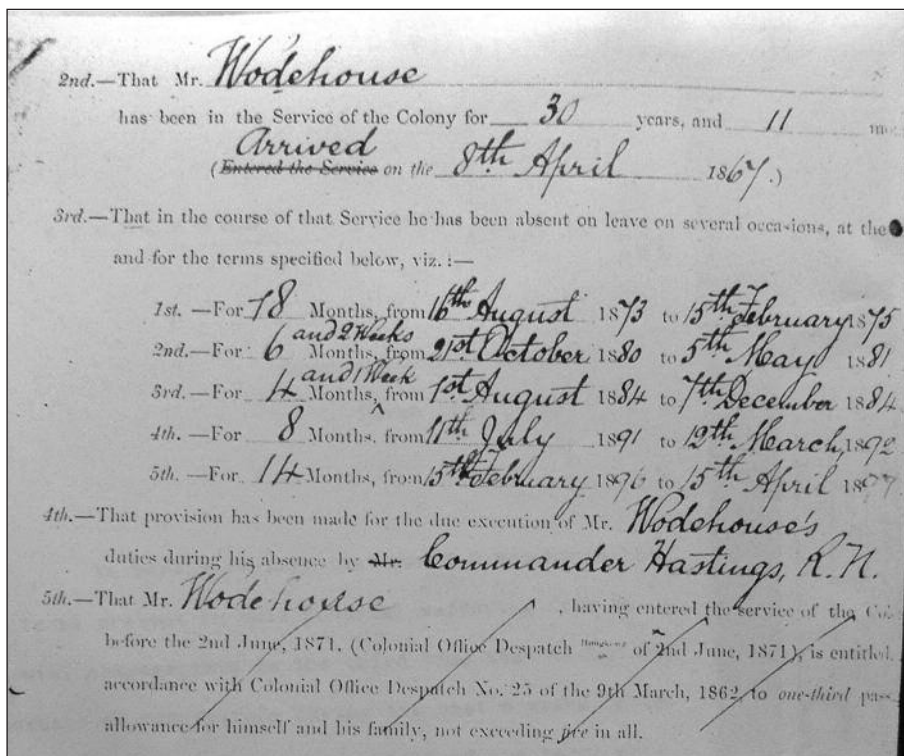
In the event, it worked out the other way round, and half a dozen emails from Patricia provided more information about PGW's early life than I had acquired over forty years. Most of us know the basic facts: he was born prematurely at 1 Vale Place, Guildford, was taken out to Hong Kong, and was brought back about the age of three and put in the

charge of a Miss Roper. Later, he and his brothers were put into a small establishment in Croydon run by the Misses Prince. A short time at Elizabeth College in Guernsey was followed by a period at Malvern House, Kearsney, Dover. Then, in 1894, he went to Dulwich. During this time, his parents were in Hong Kong, and home leave was granted every five years, though we do know his parents came back for the India and Colonial Exposition of 1886. Around 1895 or '96, PG's father retired on health grounds and took a house in Dulwich for some months before moving to The Old House at Stableford in Shropshire. And it was during his parents' long absences that PG spent his school holidays with some of his fifteen uncles and twenty aunts.

That was the general outline.

I have spent many years checking Wodehouse's movements, mainly from directories and letters, and I know how difficult it is to achieve accuracy. *Kelly's Directories* provided a vast amount of information on where relatives and friends lived but, republished every five years or so, they did not tell you exactly *when* they lived there. There are only two sure ways to establish dates. One is to read every letter of PG's that comes up at auctions/exhibitions, etc., and note the date and the address. The second way is to look at census returns. These are done only every ten years, but they are the only records I know that tell you exactly *who* was staying in *that* house on *that* day.

At this point I must mention John Dawson, who, coincidentally, started sending me emails about the Deanes (PG's mother's family)



Part of the document sent by Patricia O'Sullivan, detailing Henry Ernest Wodehouse's service in Hong Kong. (Source: National Archives, CO 129, vol. 282, p.288, reverse side.)

about a week before I met Patricia. Based on the information he and Patricia provided, and primarily on the invaluable official document Patricia sent me recording Ernest Wodehouse's leave during his Hong Kong service (see page 1), I set out below a timeline of PG's early years.

NB. Patricia's document records the day Ernest left Hong Kong to the day he returned. Since six months' leave in the UK involved a

*journey of six weeks either way, it is shown as nine months' absence from Hong Kong. Thus, a date of October 21 leaving Hong Kong meant arriving in the UK in early December. Arrival back in Hong Kong on May 5 meant leaving the UK in late March. This should be borne in mind throughout.*

**February 3, 1877.** Ernest Wodehouse married Eleanor Deane in Hong Kong.

**September 28, 1877.** Peveril Wodehouse born in Hong Kong.

**May 11, 1879.** Armine Wodehouse born in Hong Kong.

**October 21, 1880–May 5, 1881.** Ernest & Eleanor took home leave, bringing Peveril & Armine with them.

**Late March 1881.** Ernest returned to Hong Kong alone.

**April 3, 1881.** Census Day. Miss Emma Roper shown at 17 Zion Hill, Bath,\* with Peveril, Armine, a nursemaid, and a housemaid. On the same day, Eleanor was listed at Snowdenham House, Bramley, Guildford, staying with her widowed sister, Rosamund Thompson, and her five children.

*\* Note. This house, belonging to Eleanor's brother Walter Deane, captain-superintendent of the Hong Kong police, was close to Eleanor's parents and two sisters, who lived at 20 Zion Hill and presumably popped in each day to make sure the boys were being looked after.*

**October 15, 1881.** Pelham Grenville Wodehouse born at 1 Vale Place, Guildford, now 59 Epsom Road. Why PG was born here, in the home of Lt Col Gardner and his wife, is a mystery. We know PG was born prematurely; was Eleanor staying with her sister Rosamund and a social call on the Gardners suddenly became a medical emergency?

**1882.** Sometime in early(?) 1882, Eleanor returned to Hong Kong with PG and, presumably, Peveril and Armine.

**August 1, 1884–December 7, 1884.** Ernest was granted leave, presumably bringing Eleanor and the three boys with him. This was when PG joined his brothers in the care of Miss Roper, once again



*A drawing of Henry Ernest Wodehouse published as part of a series in The Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine, November 1, 1886.*

*(Thanks to John Dawson)*

at Zion Hill. This time they lived at No. 30 Zion Hill since No. 17 was rented.

**January 26, 1886–January 26, 1887.** Ernest and Eleanor returned to England, where Ernest was in charge of the Hong Kong pavilion at the India & Colonial Exhibition of 1886. This seems about the time the boys were sent to a small boarding school run by the Misses Prince in Croydon (Elmhurst School today).

**January 27, 1887.** Ernest returned to Hong Kong alone. Where did Eleanor stay in England, and for how long?

**1889.** All three brothers sent to Elizabeth College, Guernsey.

**April 5, 1891.** Census Day. At Cheney Court, Wiltshire, the census listed Mrs Deane (widowed grandmother); Aunt Mary Deane; and Eleanor, who must have come back to England without Ernest. On the same day, the three brothers were all shown attending Elizabeth College, Guernsey. Peveril completed his education there.

**July 11, 1891–March 12, 1892.** Ernest took home leave but returned to Hong Kong without Eleanor, who was pregnant.

**May 30, 1892.** Richard Wodehouse born in Wiltshire. (Armine entered Dulwich in January 1892.)

**Date unknown 1892.** PG entered Malvern House, Kearsney, Dover.

**March 11, 1893.** Eleanor, baby Richard, and a son arrived in Hong Kong. The son was almost certainly Peveril, and it is possible/likely that it was a short visit to introduce him to the Cantonese language since his parents wanted to prepare him for a civil service post. Such early starts were not unusual in those days; PG was sent to Malvern House with the intent of joining the Navy at Osborne at age 13.

**May 2, 1894.** PG joined Armine at Dulwich College.

**February 15, 1896–April 15, 1897.** Ernest and Eleanor home on leave. It is likely Ernest was planning for his retirement since on:

**June 15, 1896,** Ernest took a lease on 62 Croxted Road, Dulwich (which PG used often in stories later). He and Eleanor only stayed there a short time; PG tells us they looked at The Old House in Stableford, Shropshire together, presumably before Ernest went back in early March 1897. *Note. A passenger list shows Ernest and Peveril travelling back to Hong Kong, unaccompanied by Eleanor. Where was she living then? Stableford, Shropshire?*

**April 6, 1898.** Ernest left Hong Kong for the last time; he retired on August 5, 1898.

There are still gaps, but one thing is clear: PG saw his parents far more often than is commonly thought, and his father retired in 1898, not 1895. As for the queries remaining, well, I am confident Patricia O'Sullivan has more rabbits to pull out of her hat, and my thanks and the thanks of all Wodehouseans go to her and to John Dawson for casting so much new light on Wodehouse's early life.

# Raw Work at the Biographical Font

*John Dawson sheds further light on the young Wodehouse*

When he was interviewing Wodehouse for his 1974 biography *A Portrait of a Master*, David Jasen asked P.G. for whom he had been named. Wodehouse said he had been named after a godfather, Colonel Pelham von Donop, and the two went on to discuss other things. When it came time to write his book, Jasen wrote: “The third son’s name . . . was the name of the baby’s godfather, Colonel Pelham Grenville von Donop.” There the matter rested, and subsequent biographers have repeated the story in good faith.

There’s only one problem. There was no such person as Pelham Grenville von Donop.

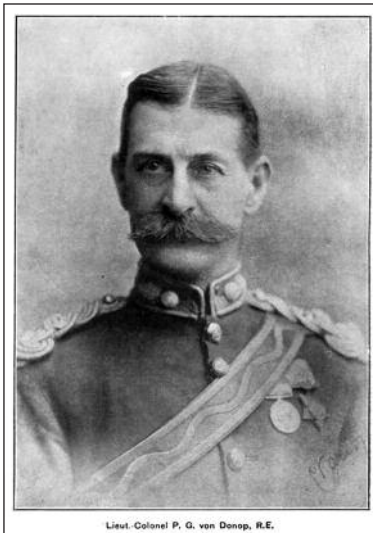
Pelham George von Donop (1851–1921) was one of the sons of Edward Pelham Brenton von Donop, who retired as a Vice-Admiral of the Royal Navy. Pelham was educated at Royal Somersetshire College, Bath, and entered the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich in 1869. He was commissioned a lieutenant in the Royal Engineers in 1871 and posted to the School of Military Engineering. He served in Hong Kong in the Royal Engineers during the time P.G.’s father, Henry Ernest



Eleanor Deane  
Wodehouse

(officially referred to as H.E.), and mother, Eleanor Deane Wodehouse, as well as Eleanor’s brother Walter Meredith Deane, who was Captain of the Hong Kong Police, were there. Von Donop eventually became the Chief Inspecting Officer of Railways, a position he held until his retirement in 1916. He represented the Royal Engineers at association football, appearing in two FA Cup Finals, and made two appearances for England. An athlete, golfer, and cricket player of some renown, he also played tennis and won the West of England Championship in 1881, the year of P.G.’s birth; he also competed in the 1882 Wimbledon Championships. He was remembered by a fellow RE officer as “possessed of a keen sense of humour . . . a

most loyal worker and friend, invariably courteous and tactful, and the geniality of his disposition made him a general favourite wherever he went.”



Pelham George von Donop

Photo from an article about his career published in the *Royal Engineers Journal*, 1 February 1922.

As yet, no one knows any details of the relationship between the Wodehouses and Pelham von Donop, but in Hong Kong’s small, class-conscious British community in the 1880s, a British Army officer would be highly regarded socially and would be just the sort of person asked to be godfather of a British child in Hong Kong. It is also possible that von Donop recommended Elizabeth College in Guernsey for the Wodehouse boys; his younger brother, Edward Brenton von Donop, had attended school there in 1873.

So where did the name ‘Grenville’ come from? The answer is almost certainly found in P.G.’s maternal grandfather’s history of the family, *The Book of Dene, Deane, Adeane – a Genealogical History*, written by John

Bathurst Deane and published posthumously by his daughter Mary (Aunt Agatha) Deane in 1899.

Hugh Deane was the fourth-great-grandson of Sir John de Dene, Knight of the Shire for Cambridge-shire and Huntingdonshire. Hugh married Elizabeth Newbury, with whom he had six sons; Richard Grenville Deane was descended from the third son, Robert, and P.G.’s great-grandfather, Charles Meredith Deane, was the son of the fourth son, Henry.

Richard Grenville Deane was born in 1837. At the age of 18, while serving as Ensign in the 30th Regiment in the Crimean War, he was killed at the Storming of the Redan. His nephew, also Richard Grenville Deane, was born in 1856 and joined and served as Ensign in the 30th Regiment as well; he died in Africa in 1876. With his death, the name Grenville ends in the Deane family, and I’ve been unable to trace it back further. It does seem likely that our Pelham Grenville was named in honour of one of these two Richard Grenville Deanes.

I asked my old friend Dave Jasen a few weeks ago about that conversation with P.G. back in the late 1960s. He was delighted to learn – 38 years later – the rest of the story behind the name!

At the font I remember protesting vigorously when the clergyman uttered the names, but he stuck to his point. “Be that as it may,” he said firmly, having waited for a lull, “I name thee Pelham Grenville.” Apparently I was called after a godfather, and not a thing to show for it except a small silver mug which I lost in 1897.

(From the preface to the 1968 reissue of *Something Fresh*)

# Society News

## **Welcome, Sir Terry Wogan**

The Society is absolutely delighted to welcome Sir Terry Wogan as its newest Patron.

Of course, Sir Terry needs no introduction, to UK members at least, since we have welcomed him into our homes through our radios or televisions for many a long year. Listening to his broadcasts over the years always suggested to us that Terry read Wodehouse regularly, and his 2011 TV programme *Wogan on Wodehouse* proved we were right.

Sir Terry agreed to attend the Society's dinner in October, and the Chairman seized the opportunity to announce his appointment to the members present, and to welcome him to the strength. She explained that we had been meaning to ask him to be a Patron for ages, but hadn't quite got around to it. And then, last year, *Wogan on Wodehouse* was being made, so, she confessed, "we couldn't ask him then, because it would have looked really opportunistic and massively uncool." As we know, the TV programme was highly enjoyable and very well received, and this year we bravely invited Sir Terry to join us – and he agreed instantly. "And hurrah, here he is," concluded the Chairman, and everyone present signalled their approval loudly.

## **Our Next Two Meetings**

Our entertainment impresario, Paul Kent, is once again planning a very special time for all who attend the Society's meetings at The George. The gathering of 19 February will feature a game of Wodehouse Bingo, while the July meeting will be Open Mic Night. See page 7 for full details of both meetings, which will take place at The George, 213 Strand, from 6 p.m.

## **A Reminder to Standing Order Payers**

Members who pay their subscriptions by standing order received a note with their September *Wooster Sauce* reminding them that from 1 June 2013, their sub would be £22. And because altering a standing order requires you to tell your bank what you want them to do, we added a new standing order instruction to the bottom of the reminder, for you to fill in and send to us as soon as convenient. If you haven't yet done that, we would be very grateful if you'd try to do it quite soon – most of our thousand-odd members pay by standing order, so this is going to be an immense task for your Society, and we need to get ahead as much as possible.

If you have misplaced the reminder/new instruction, you can print off another from the Society's website at [www.pgwoodesociety.org.uk](http://www.pgwoodesociety.org.uk), then click on Join Us, and then Renewal Mandate, to reach the right instructions. Note that to ensure that you don't start paying immediately, but only on 1 June 2013, this standing order form is particular to existing members, and different from the one with the membership application form. Thank you.

## **What About the Blandings Series?**

Well, the fact of the matter is, we do not yet have a firm date for the new BBC series featuring Lord Emsworth and others at Blandings. Just keep monitoring your local listings as well as the Society's website, where we will post the day and time as soon as we know it.

## **Thanks to Our Printer**

It is time to once again express our gratitude to Baines Design & Print, of Cuffley, Herts., for their superb work in printing *Wooster Sauce, By The Way*, the programmes for our Formal Dinners, and other things. Special thanks go to Sandie Howard-Smith, Stuart Bennett, and Wynter Blathwayt for their ever-patient advice to the Editor, as well as their rapid response to questions and requests. Baines has been our printer from the very beginning, and we are tremendously grateful to them for the consistently high quality of their printing and their customer service.

## **We Remember**

### **Lord Oaksey, 1929–2012**

John Lawrence, 2nd Baron Oaksey, a Society Patron and one of our most enthusiastic members, died on 5 September, age 83. The son of Geoffrey Lawrence, who presided at the Nuremberg Tribunal, Lord Oaksey was educated at Eton and New College and was about to take his final Bar exams when he was offered a job by the racing correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph*. A keen point-to-point rider, he jumped at the chance and was given his own column a year later, writing under the pen name of Marlborough. From 1957 till 1975, he combined being a racing correspondent with riding as an amateur. As a jockey, he was among the best of amateur riders, winning over 200 races, of which 20 were on the flat, and riding in 11 Grand Nationals, where he was beaten into second place by a few yards in 1963.

As a racing correspondent, he was a true professional. On one occasion, riding in the Grand National, he was thrown off and knocked unconscious. But, before being carried away on a stretcher, he insisted on filing his copy for *The Sunday Telegraph*.

In 1964 Lord Oaksey became one of the original trustees of the Injured Jockeys Fund, and he spent the rest of his life supporting it. In 1969 he began broadcasting on TV, which he continued to do until 2002, combining his experience as a jockey and racing correspondent with a charm that came through to viewers.

I can vouch for the charm. I sat beside him at a Society Dinner and still possess the photograph of us together in animated discussion. We shall miss him.

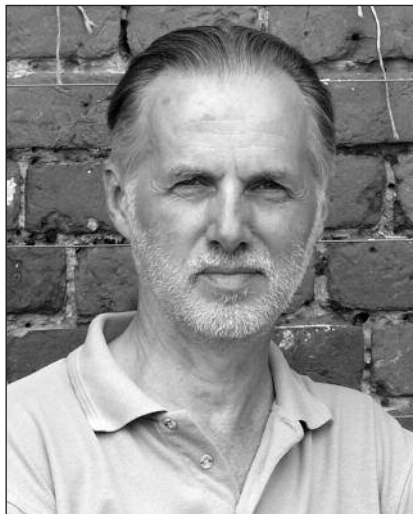
– NORMAN MURPHY

## Profile of a Committee Member

### *Mike Swaddling*

Unlike most of those profiled in these pages, Website Editor Mike Swaddling says he can't remember a specific moment when he discovered Wodehouse, or which book was responsible for his conversion. But as someone fascinated all his life by the English language, he feels it was inevitable that he would become a fan of its greatest exponent of the last century. The mystery is why it took until his forties before the penny dropped. It is around that time that he remembers laughing so much at a passage in *The Code of the Woosters* that he fell out of a garden hammock (but then the neighbours came home and he had to climb back over the fence . . .).

When not active in the Society's cause, Mike's main occupation is teaching one-to-one English to foreign professionals, although he feels that the subtleties of The Master's humour are something that only the most proficient of English speakers can appreciate. "There are times when I can't explain even to myself why it's so good, let alone teach it to someone who is trying to learn more basic aspects of the language," he says.



Mike's collection of the Wodehouse oeuvre is motley, to say the least – a mixture of Jenkins, Penguin, Everyman, Arrow, and miscellaneous other editions – but he was particularly delighted recently to acquire a small number of books which belonged to the late John

Fletcher (see article above). "It gave me a great sense of continuity to know that they were staying in the 'family', particularly as John was the founding Website Editor."

As mentioned by others, any trips to places previously unvisited have to include a scouring of the shelves in the local secondhand bookshop, and Mike was especially pleased to find on a recent sojourn in the Cotswolds that PGW was to be found in the 'Classics' section. All members of his own family are supplied with a list of those Plum books not yet acquired, for

consultation around his birthday and Christmas. When he feels that his collection is complete, he is looking forward to indulging his other interest, small-scale DIY – "Heath Robinson is my role model" – and building a special Wodehouse bookcase.

# A Matter of Great Debate

The Society meeting at The George on July 10 was well up to standard. Forty-six of us gathered there – and that figure proved vital later on. There were many people attending for the first time, and we were delighted to see Sushmita Sen Gupta paying a flying visit from India. Once we had purchased our drinks and settled down (a lengthy process, especially when people are still arguing some abstruse Wodehouse topic), Chairman Hilary opened the proceedings by welcoming us and delivering the parish notices. She told us the Dinner in October already had a waiting list; that Tony Ring was ready to take orders for his forthcoming book *Second Row, Grand Circle* (see *Wooster Sauce*, September issue, page 7); and that Norman Murphy had just published *One Man's London, Twenty Years On*, a re-written, augmented version of his 1989 publication.

Hilary then went on to ask our indulgence since Paul Kent, our impresario and director of the evening's main event, had not yet arrived. In the best Wodehousean manner, however, she pointed out the bright side: it allowed us to get another drink before we started. When Paul had still not arrived even after this break, Hilary justified her position as Chairman by taking over and explaining what was going to happen.

This was to be a Balloon Debate. Seven Wodehouse characters are in a balloon that is falling to earth. Someone has to leave the balloon – who is it to be? Each of the seven characters had five minutes to demonstrate why they should *not* have to jump and – after a short interval – they had another five minutes to say why the other six characters were not worthy to be saved and should all be dumped immediately. The candidates were:

- Aunt Dahlia (Leslie Tapson)
- The Duke of Dunstable (Eddie Grabham)
- Empress of Blandings (Paddy Briggs)
- Psmith (Mark Taylor)
- Roderick Spode (Ian Khan-Gilchrist)
- Lord Tilbury (Norman Murphy)
- Ukridge (Oliver Wise)



*The debaters await the verdict, with moderator Paul Kent (who finally arrived) and Chairman Hilary Bruce at the far right.*

Following the event, an anonymous staff member at Mammoth Publishing surreptitiously sent us the following account of the proceedings.

\* \* \* \* \*

## CONFIDENTIAL MEMO

**From: Lord Tilbury**

**To: All Heads of Departments, Mammoth Publishing**

At the suggestion of our Public Relations department, in an attempt to gauge public reaction to our organisation, I recently took part in a so-called 'Balloon Debate', where the audience has to choose which member of a party in a balloon is to be thrown out of the balloon if necessary. While it was in many ways a degrading experience (one of the parties was a pig!), some important lessons were learned. These are summarised at the end of this memo.

The first speaker was the Duke of Dunstable. Suffice it to say I have never heard such arrogance in my life. Knowing his enormous wealth and notorious penny-pinching would come under attack, he promptly proceeded to tell us, at some length and without a blush, that money was better in the hands of the aristocracy and it was their right, indeed their duty, to acquire as much of it as possible!

The next speaker was a Mrs Dahlia Travers. I am informed she was once a well-known figure in the hunting field. This meant that at least she could be heard clearly, though this did not offset the scandal, to my mind, of the blatant bribe she offered the audience. This took the form of an invitation to her country seat to enjoy the food of her superb French chef.

We then heard from Roderick Spode, who claims to be the leader of a Right-wing political group. In many respects, he resembled that oaf Dunstable, but at least Dunstable only burdens those in his immediate vicinity with his views. The man Spode clearly bases himself on Mussolini, and his incendiary address to the effect that democracy is a dirty word and that the only way of solving the nation's problems was dictatorial power vested solely in him, Spode, was terrifying in its implications.

We were then addressed by a weird character called Ukridge. Apart from his disreputable attire, he set my teeth on edge by addressing us in grossly familiar terms. He proceeded to try and convince us to invest money in an alternative to Olympic competition based on dog racing, dog hurdling, and similar canine events. He then tried to extend the idea to competitions for cats and even parrots! The man was clearly an incompetent confidence trickster of the worst sort.

The next person to address us spoke on behalf of the pig. You appreciate now my comment above on

feeling a sense of degradation. It was an enormous animal, apparently a desirable thing to be, and its representative spoke as though this, combined with an amiable disposition, was sufficient to make his case. There was some mention of it having won medals at some rural agricultural show, but the case argued was minimal at best.

We then heard from a young man named Smith, though he had adopted the pretentious and annoying affectation of spelling it with an initial P. As I recall, the main basis of his case was that he was helpful to his friends and had been to Eton – as though the former was somehow the result of the latter. He clearly thought that a spurious charm of manner was a substitute for hard work and achievement. A vapid young man, in my opinion.

I spoke last and stressed that, in contrast to everyone else present, I had not come from a privileged background. I pointed out I had begun life as a lowly solicitor's clerk, had managed to introduce order and financial discipline into the production of magazines and newspapers, and, by sheer hard work, had become head of the largest publishing organization in the country. I was quietly confident that this modest but accurate description of my career would ensure the audience would appreciate my outstanding pre-eminence among the wastrels and over-privileged characters around me.

But it was not to be.

After we each presented our cases against the others, the audience voted on which individual should be allowed to stay in the balloon. Gentlemen, picture my consternation when, incredible as it may seem, I was eliminated in the first round! Even more



Co-winners Eddie Grabham (*The Duke of Dunstable*) and Paddy Briggs (*Empress of Blandings*)

disturbing, owing to a tie in the final vote, the audience decided that the Duke of Dunstable and the pig named Empress of Blandings had tied and were the two to be saved.

### Conclusion

After lengthy consideration, I have managed to overlook the gross insult both to me and the organisation I have built up and have been forced to the conclusion that our readership do not think along the lines we thought they did. This requires an immediate change in current editorial policy.

- a. For Director Customer Survey Department. You are dismissed as of today.
  - b. For Editor *Daily Record*; copy to all other national coverage journals. With immediate effect, cease all editorials urging reform or abolition of the House of Lords. Our stance in future is to be supportive of that institution. Stress its sense of continuity, unaffected by passing political fads etc.
  - c. For Editor *Society Spice*. Ensure that none of the parties mentioned above receive any publicity in *Society Spice* or indeed any other Mammoth Press publication, unless it is highly derogatory. All queries from rival newspapers are to be answered with a firm 'No comment'.
  - d. For Finance and Acquisitions Departments. Investigate forthwith cost of acquiring
    - i. *Debrett's* and *Burke's Peerage*.
    - ii. *Pig Breeder's Gazette*, *British Pigs*, and *Breeding Pigs for Pleasure and Profit*.
- Any discussion/mention of Balloon Debates is hereby banned in Mammoth publications.

– Tilbury

---

## Bingo and More at Our Next Two Meetings

The February congregation always presents a challenge to the vast creative team at Entertainment Central. We selflessly strain every available synapse to lift those who attend that month's Society meeting out of those cold, rain-lashed post-Christmas, pre-Vernal doldrums. The year 2013 will be no exception, and this time we think we've hit on a truly remarkable tissue restorer:

Bingo. But not just any old game of Housey-Housey. For this is *Wodehouse Bingo*.

Months of planning (and a prodigious consumption of fish) have borne fruit, as we have patiently grafted a general knowledge quiz onto the stout stem of the nation's favourite indoor game of numerical chance. In short, it is not Lady Luck who will randomly bestow the victor's laurels, but said victor's encyclopaedic familiarity with all things Wodehousean.

The rules are simple: the correct answer to each question will be a number, which you can then strike from your card . . . and when all your numbers are gone, you will have won! Maybe not apes, ivory, and peacocks – but an appropriate keepsake of a magical evening.

And does the fun stop there? No, dear reader. July will witness our inaugural *Open Mic* night, and once again, WE NEED YOU. Simply choose your favourite Wodehouse passage – prose, poetry, drama, journalism, correspondence, even a song – and share it with all your Society friends gathered in The George!

# The Wodehouse Family Memorial Window at Norwich Cathedral

by Ian Alexander-Sinclair

*During the Society's Weekend with Wodehouse in Norfolk in May, one of our stops was Norwich Cathedral, where we looked at a window memorialising a branch of the Wodehouse family. To help explain PGW's relationship to that family, as well as to the Earls of Kimberley, Elin and Norman Murphy created a simplified Wodehouse Family Tree, seen on the page opposite. At Norwich Cathedral, Ian gave us background on the family members represented in the window and explained the memorial inscriptions and coat of arms.*

The window at Norwich Cathedral was erected in memory of Edmond Wodehouse MP (1784–1855), his wife Lucy (d. 1829), and their children. Edmond and Lucy were first cousins. Lucy's father, Philip (1745–1811), a canon of the cathedral, and Edmond's father, Thomas (b.1747), a barrister, were both sons of Sir Armine Wodehouse (1714–77), the fifth baronet, who employed Thomas Prowse to design the four turrets at Kimberley Hall and Capability Brown to landscape the park. Lucy's brother was Colonel Philip Wodehouse (1788–1846), who fought at Waterloo, age 27, and was PGW's grandfather. Edmond and Lucy's nine children were therefore first cousins of PGW's father and first cousins once removed of PGW.

On 2 December 1862, the general chapter of the cathedral resolved that "permission be given to the family of the late Edmond Wodehouse Esq to place a Memorial Window in the South Aisle of the Nave of the Cathedral according to the plan proposed". The window is thought to have been designed by the Birmingham firm of John Hardman & Co and was erected shortly after 1862. It depicts (l. to r.) Faith, with a cross and chalice, above Christ healing Peter's mother-in-law; Hope with an anchor, above Christ addressing three women; and Charity with two children, above a woman giving bread to the poor. The design displays the strong colours and medieval style of the Gothic revival. The description at the base reads: "And now abideth Faith, Hope and Charity these three."

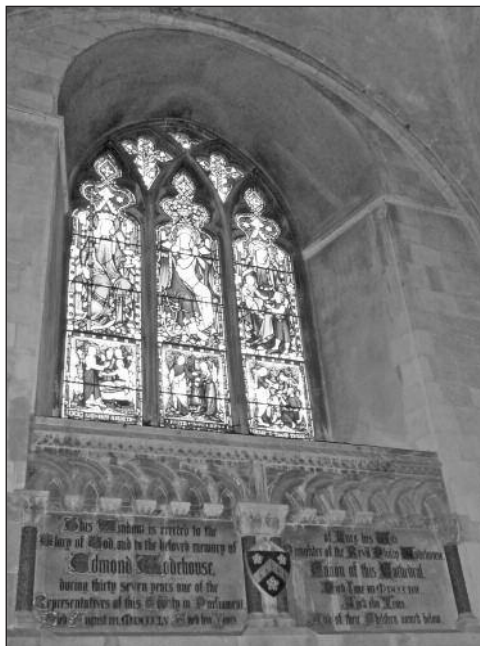
The memorials to Edmond and Lucy and to the four of their children who had died before 1862 –

Sarah Elizabeth, Frances, Charles, and Armine – were, one can safely assume, inscribed when the window was originally installed, since the names of these four children appear at the top of each of the four panels. The names of those children who died after 1862 were added later. Certainly in the case of Campbell, the next to die, in 1868, the general chapter resolved on 2 June that year that "permission be given for an inscription to the late Reverend Campbell to be added to the monument in the South Aisle". The inscriptions to Apollonia, Philip Edmond, Lucy, Edmond, and the sole grandchild, Edmond Robert, for whom there remained just sufficient room, were presumably added as they died, with their names being fitted in where convenient, often in smaller letters. One can only speculate as to how the family shared the cost of the original window and the subsequent inscriptions, although the latter would not have been expensive as the panels were already in place.

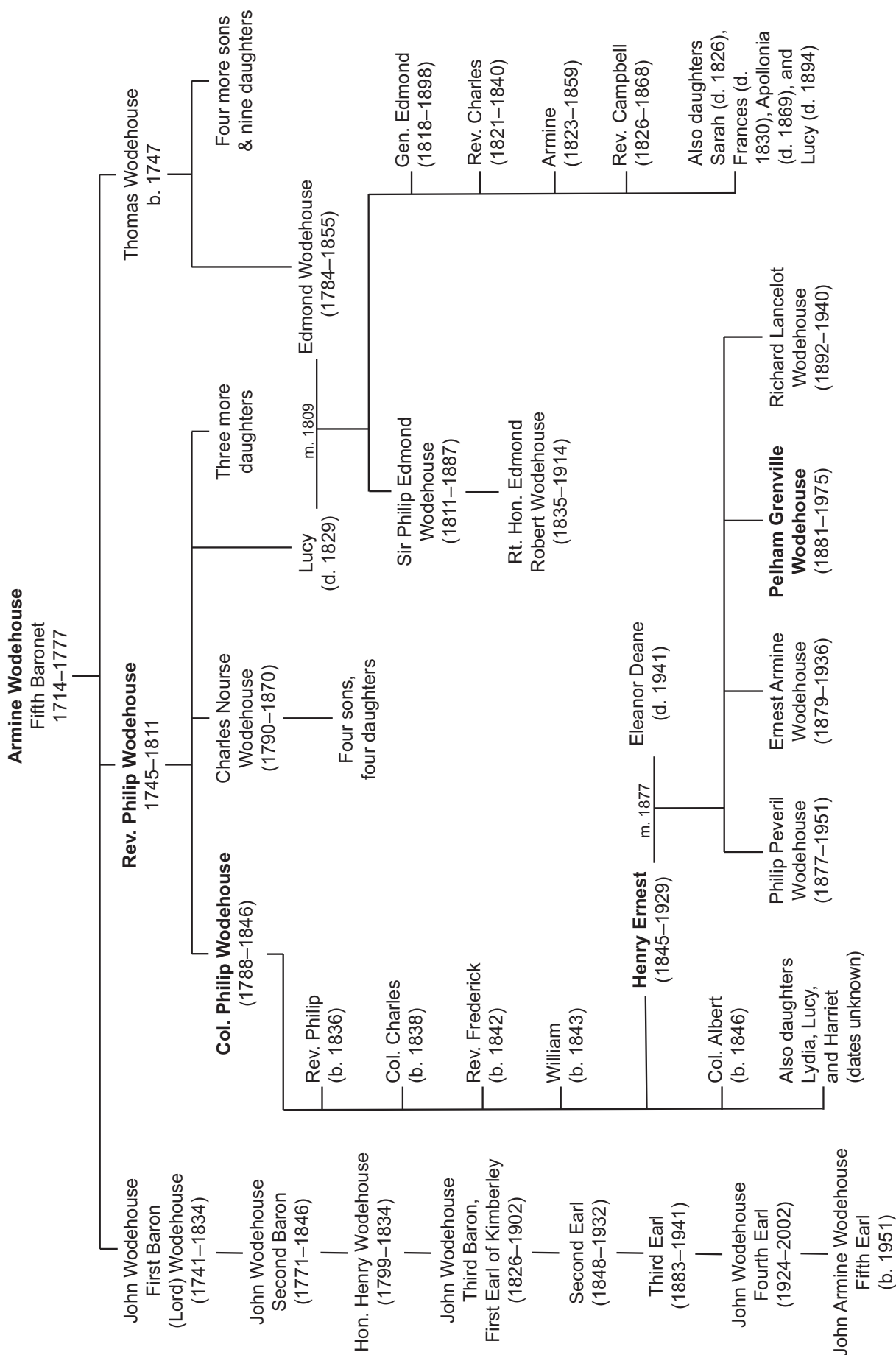
The Coat of Arms between the memorials to Edmond and Lucy is that of the then (1862) third Baron Wodehouse, who became the first Earl of Kimberley in 1866. The description, known as the blazon, is "Sable, a chevron or, gutte de sang between three cinquefoils ermine", which translates into "Black background with a gold chevron, with drops of blood, between three figures with five radiating panels consisting of black ermine tails on a white background".

The arms of Sir John Wodehouse (died 1430/31), who fought at

Agincourt in 1415, originally consisted of an ermine chevron and three ermine cinquefoils on black, but after the battle, as an "augmentation of honour", the chevron was gilded – that is, changed to gold – and scattered with drops of blood, the *gutte de sang*. The arms are engraved in stone at Kimberley Hall together with the motto "Agincourt". In PGW's fiction, the Earls of Emsworth and Ickenham, as well as Bertie Wooster, were all proud of the presence of their ancestors at the battle. The Sir John who fought at Agincourt and his wife, Alice, are buried in what is now the crypt of the Norwich School chapel, inside the Erpingham Gate, where a 19th-century ledger slab and a 1997 sculpture mark the site of their grave.







A SIMPLIFIED WODEHOUSE FAMILY TREE

# Second Best? I Think Not!

*Chris Reece reports on the latest Newbury Show results*

Only new members will be unaware that the Society sponsors the Berkshire pig Champion of Champions prize at the Royal County of Berkshire Show. This event is held at the Newbury Showground, and on 16 September 2012 a small group of keen Wodehouseans made an early start (for a Sunday) so as to secure ring-side positions to watch Lt Col Norman Murphy, the Society's Remembrancer, stand in for the absent Hilary Bruce and award the trophy. Tony Ring was the Society's Official Photographer for the occasion.

New readers can assume (as long-time members will know) that this is a splendid event. Reports on shows gone by will support that notion. However, in this short essay I'd like to propose that we move the Berkshire from mere object of our admiration onto a higher pedestal.

Consider the evidence for a moment: last year a Berkshire boar named Neville won the inter-breed pig competition at the Show and, perhaps not surprisingly, went on to triumph in the Society-sponsored Berkshires-only event. The same happened in 2005 and, if I recall, has not been uncommon in the intervening years.

"So what?" you may ask. Doubtless an uncommonly fine Berkshire comes along occasionally and, having shown itself to be 'best of breed', so to speak, is also more than a match for that year's best Gloucestershire Old Spots and Oxford Sandy and Blacks.

The year 2012 has shown us the shallowness in that thinking, for on 16 September, Bonny, a sow who travelled to the Show with her double-figure-litter of weeks-old piglets, was a deserved winner in the inter-breed competition. Matched against the best Gloucestershire and Oxford had to offer, yes, but also against a British Saddleback, a Hampshire, a Large Black, a Large White, a Welsh, a Tamworth and a Kune Kune, Bonny emerged victorious. Bonny (owned by Lucy Scudamore of Barton Hill Farm) went on to win the Berkshire Champion of Champions competition, as expected.

Hold on! Wait a minute! No she didn't. Harry, a boar from Lincolnshire owned by Sarah Ashcroft of Barling Rare Breed Pigs, was Champion

Berkshire, while Bonny was merely Reserve Champion.

Let's get this straight: Bonny wasn't even the best Berkshire on display at the Royal County of Berkshire Show on 16 September 2012, but she was still good enough to see off all the other breeds. Lord Emsworth must have known what he was doing when he picked a Berkshire to dote upon.

It doesn't end there, in case readers might think it a mere coincidence that two great Berkshires were at one Show. In the junior pig-handling event for the over-12s, all the finalists were handling Berkshires, and second place went to young Lucy, narrowly bested by even younger Amber. Why do I mention this? Because Lucy had been handling Bonny in her all-conquering inter-breed appearance. So there you have it: the second best handler with the second-best pig – still good enough to beat all the other breeds.

I rest my case.

Thanks, finally, are due to Pierre (Peter) Le Bas for announcing the competitions and Anne Petch for judging, to Norman for his prize-giving and Tony for his photographic skills.



*Norman presents the award to this year's Champion of Champions, Harry of Barling Rare Breed Pigs.*



*A panorama of pigs at the Newbury Show  
(Thanks to Tony Ring for photos)*

# My First Wodehouse Experience

by David Buckle

I have had the honour (is that the *mot juste?* – Jeeves would know) of appearing in two BBC *Mastermind* series and answering questions in two Specialist Subject Rounds on PGW. It's much easier to do from the comfort of your own armchair, but I did okay on both occasions and managed to survive the ordeals more or less in one piece.

My first brush with Wodehouse was four decades ago when, as a fresh-faced youngster, I stayed up past my bedtime and watched *The World of Wooster* with Ian Carmichael and Dennis Price. While I didn't understand much, my appetite was well and truly whetted for more of these engaging tales. Alas, when the series had finished, I went back to a cultural diet of *Captain Scarlet* or *Watch with Mother* or whatever else seven-year-olds had to endure in the Sixties, and put thoughts of Jeeves and Aunts etc. to one side.

Years later, when I was about 20, I was visiting friends in the countryside when it came onto rain. Having a couple of hours to spare, I rummaged through my host's bookshelves, came across an old copy of *The Inimitable Jeeves*, and sat down to read. Wow. I had never come across anything like it before. Pure magic and joy.

*TIJ* was devoured in no time at all and was followed by as much Jeeves stuff as the local bookstore could provide. Back in the metrop, I scoured second-hand bookshops and soon came up with the goods. Nothing can match those early days

of discovery, of entering a used literature emporium and emerging with an unread J and W tome held aloft in triumph like Uncle Tom clasping a silver cow creamer (not Modern Dutch, of course).

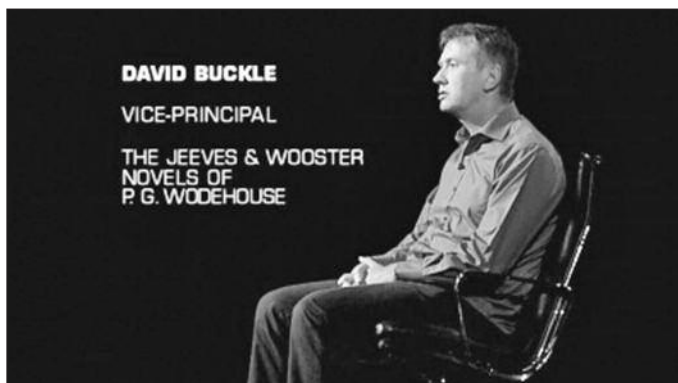
Once Bertie and Co were established on my bookshelves, Blandings followed and then the golf stories and Ukridge and Mulliner etc etc. There was no stopping me. I was like an aunt in full flow after an errant nephew.

Our modern age has meant that trips to second-hand book shops are less regular and even less satisfying these days. If I want to seek out a copy of *The Old Reliable*, then the internet can do the searching. Very efficient, I'm sure, but it's not the same, is it?

Other cultural pleasures have been unearthed in the last couple of decades, though. Having missed out on the Briers/Hordern BBC adaptations the first time around, I've now rounded them up and marvelled at the fact that they are as close as you will probably get to your own thoughts as to how it should be. Listening to the back catalogue, it's unrefined joy in the morning, the afternoon, and any other time it suits.

Inevitably, it was Jeeves and Wooster the first time round on *Mastermind*, and I had the pleasure of the golf stories on the second go. What painful research it turned out to be, to have to read the tales over and over again. I think not.

Anyway, time to go, I've got a book to read. Pip pip.




---

## Little Nuggets

### A Wooster Bargain

On the October 18 episode of BBC 1's *Bargain Hunt*, antiques expert Anita Manning described one of the items as "a perfect item for Bertie Wooster". It was a gent's accessory set on a 9-ct gold ring, consisting of a swizzle stick, toothpick, and cigar cutter.

### A Dinosaur's View of Wodehouse

MIKE SWADDLING recently sent a link to a blog about the connection between Wodehouse and Russian literature. In addition to being informative, the blog, purportedly by "a small stuffed dinosaur", is also entertaining to read. "Whether P.G. Wodehouse was a serious reader of Russian literature, I doubt," writes the dinosaur. "It's difficult to imagine Plum reading

Dostoevsky in Paris or sitting spellbound through *Three Sisters*. However, he knew enough about Tolstoy's prose to summarize an entire imaginary novella." To read the entire blog, go to: <http://bit.ly/Rkc3GJ>.

### Wise Words

The late comic author Douglas Adams was known to be an avid Wodehouse fan. Here is just one of the tributes he once paid to the Master: "What Wodehouse writes is pure word music. It matters not one whit that he writes endless variations on a theme of pig kidnappings, lofty butlers, and ludicrous impostures. He is the greatest musician of the English language." (Thanks to MIKE SWADDLING)



## Letters to the Editor

### Reactions, Questions, and Thoughts from Our Readers

#### From Rex Bunnett

I was thrilled that you published Terry Mordue's article (WS, Sept.) I've been telling people not to rely too much on Donaldson's research as I've found other errors. But the show *did* open on Saturday the 3rd January 1914 and *did* run for 73 performances.

*Editor's note.* Rex also sent an extract concerning Nuts and Wine from his forthcoming book, *A History of London Revue*. As this work is bound to have even more on Wodehouse's London-based shows, we are eagerly looking forward to its publication.

#### From Terry Taylor

In an interesting article in *The Guardian* (4 August), Peter White, who has been blind since birth, says how much he loves holding and reading books, though in his case this means versions in Braille. He then bemoans the lack of popular fiction available in this form. At his blind school there were plenty of classics available in Braille but, for example, only one Just William book and one P. G. Wodehouse. He appreciates that much of the material is now on tape, which helps, but to him this isn't the same as being able to read the books for himself. Luckily, help is at hand with modern electronic devices which can scan pages and produce them in Braille, but one still wonders why Newnes and other popular publishers didn't do more to help in the past.

#### From Mrs Melinda Crook

P. G. Wodehouse has done an excellent job helping me to recover from a recent heart attack. I have read *Big Money* and *Hot Water* for the first time. I found them to be an effective cure for high blood pressure. I also re-read 'Lord Emsworth Acts for the Best' and 'The Custody of the Pumpkin'. In spare moments I was inspired to write the following poem:

When tulips bloom at pumpkin time, then  
something is amiss,  
'Twas then that McAllister, Lord Emsworth did  
dismiss.  
The pumpkin pined and Emsworth desired  
McAllister again.  
The trusty gardener returned to him, but not  
without some pain.

I do feel P. G. Wodehouse's complete works should be prescribed on the NHS; medication alone is not enough!

#### From John Perry

At a wedding this past summer, one of the bridesmaids was a real live Pauline Stoker! Sadly, she hadn't heard of Wodehouse, but her boyfriend thought he knew of Jeeves & Wooster, through Fry & Laurie. She'd heard the name Stephen Fry, but nothing more. She was a bright girl who was fascinated and pleased to hear of her namesake's exploits. Interestingly, she said she was a descendant of Bram Stoker, of *Dracula* fame, so there was literary interest in the family. Is that where PGW got the name? I wonder who would know!

#### From James Wood

Reading the *By The Way* newsletter 49 on Wodehouse's Lesser Clergy, I think the reference to C. D. Codger should refer to *Westchester* Cathedral, rather than *Westminster*. An interesting transposition in view of PGW's (distant) relationship to John Henry Newman, whose hymn 'Lead Kindly Light' features in *Thank You, Jeeves*.

#### From Robert Bruce

On 28 August I attended the Glyndebourne Opera's performance of Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro* at the Proms. I have never ever seen *Marriage of Figaro* before, nor did I know anything of the plot. But it was a semi-staged production and so the action was clear. I was amazed to see what unfolded before my eyes in Act Two!

It was set in a bedroom of a country house. There were multiple cases of mistaken identity, imposters even. People sheltered in wardrobes (though not on top of them, and there were no fierce dogs). People were unmasked in wardrobes, though with much surprise when the person expected to be sheltering in the wardrobe turned out to be someone else entirely, if not an imposter. People leapt from the window to escape discovery. An indignant and furious gardener burst into the room having been hit on the head by a flying flowerpot. Significant documents were found below the window in the flowerbed when dropped by fleeing imposters.

In short I was watching an opera written in 1786 but seeing a Blandings plot come alive before my eyes. Presumably, unbeknownst to me, someone has done some research on Wodehouse lifting Mozart's plot. Or, a bit like Bacon writing Shakespeare, did Mozart write Wodehouse?

Lord Emsworth belonged to the people-like-to-be-left-alone-to-amuse-themselves-when-they-come-to-a-place school of hosts. He potted about the garden in an old coat, now uprooting a weed, now wrangling with the autocrat from Scotland who was – theoretically – in his service as head-gardener; dreamily satisfied, when he thought of them at all, that his guests were as perfectly happy as he was.

(From *Something Fresh*, 1915)

# Scenes from an Excellent Dinner

More than 120 of the great and the good (and, it seems, Mustard Pott) gathered on the 25th October for the Society's 13th biennial dinner at Gray's Inn – and as usual, it was a binge to stagger humanity. Herewith is a selection of photos of the evening, all taken by the wonderful Ginni Beard. If you were at the dinner but missed the information on how to obtain photos, write to the Editor (see page 28). For a full report of the proceedings and more photos, turn the page.



# Reflections of a Former Toastmaster

*Elliott Milstein reports on the Society's Dinner at Gray's Inn*

By an odd coincidence, the request from Ye Ed that I cover the biennial Formal Dinner for our Society rag came as I was reading *Big Money*, and I had just gotten to the chapter where Berry Conway is trying to sneak out of the Old Boys dinner of his alma mater when the email arrived.

I bring this up as the picture Wodehouse paints of this celebratory dinner is in sharp contradistinction to the one that comes to my mind's eye as I think back to the lustrous evening of Thursday, 25 October, at The Honourable Society of Gray's Inn, London WC1. This dinner would be the fourth such affair I have attended and, while each follows pretty much the same formula, they seem to get better every time.

In the USA, The Wodehouse Society's biennial meetings, which occur on the off-year of the UK Society's Formal Dinner, change considerably as they move from venue to venue, and each successive chapter brings its own ideas and flavor – not to mention a strong desire to outdo the previous group. But here in the UK, with the event constrained by time, location, and tradition, one would think there would be little opportunity to modify and improve. But one would be wrong.

The event this year began with the usual conviviality and champagne upstairs, where old friends pick up threads and new friends are made. But scarcely had Hilary Bruce, our genteel chairman, welcomed everyone than we were all ushered downstairs to begin the festive meal. We must once again thank the generous sponsorship of Oldfield Partners and Jupiter Asset Management for allowing us to be delighted by a most toothsome four-course meal accompanied by two lovely Bordeaux wines – white and red – followed by a wonderful Special Reserve Port.

One would never have guessed that we were being carefully choreographed to meet a tight and meticulously planned timetable as the dinner felt



*The author (centre) with his son, Max, and an intrusive editor*

leisurely and sedate. Enough time between courses to hobnob with members and patrons such as the erudite Robert McCrum, vivacious Christine Hewitt, exuberant Elin Woodger Murphy, loquacious Norman Murphy, charming Sir Edward Cazalet, and most illustrious HRH The Duke of Kent.

Dinner concluded with the Loyal Toast, given by David Cazalet, and the toast to P G Wodehouse and The P G Wodehouse Society, delivered by Simon Brett. If the first paragraph of this article has sent you running back to your copy of *Big Money*, you will have read by now that what really got Berry in a tizzy was contemplating the speeches he would have to endure, and what finally decided him to leave was

noticing that one of them was to be delivered by a Bishop. Well, Simon Brett is no bishop. Mr Brett's entirely off-the-cuff remarks, aided by only a few written notes, were charmingly rendered with the style and great wit of a true professional. I enjoyed especially



*Toastmaster and Society Patron  
Simon Brett delivers the goods.*

his comparison of his own time at Dulwich, his prolific writing career, and his time in the theatre with Wodehouse's similar experiences, as well as the delightful, poetic acrostic with which he ended his toast (see next page).

After a short break came the entertainment. Now, for those of you who have not had the fortune to attend one of these dinners, a word about the entertainment. Whilst the browsing and sluicing and general feast of reason and flow of soul on these occasions bring an unrelenting smile to all participants' faces, the pinnacle of the evening is always the entertainment. No village concert this! Whether a simple series of readings and songs or the presentation of a full short story (as it was last year, liberally sprinkled with songs), these morceaux (though unaccredited, conceived, we know, by Tony Ring) are brilliantly contrived and even more brilliantly performed, with equally brilliant accompaniment from Stephen Higgins on piano.

This year's offering was billed as 'A short musical history of one of Wodehouse's most charismatic girls', viz. Bobby Wickham. It took us quickly

through the initial Mulliner stories, touched lightly on ‘Jeeves and the Yuletide Spirit’ and other Bertie Wooster stories in which she appeared, and finally centered on *Jeeves in the Offing*.

The production started off with a bang with Eliza Lumley’s terrific portrayal of Lady Wickham, including a rousing rendition of ‘Saturday Night’. After that she faded somewhat into the background but was ably assisted there by Jeremy Neville as Bertie Wooster and Chris Makey as Sir Joseph Moresby.

But now we must come to our stars. First, I must say that, for me, if the entertainment in past years was a little lacking, it was simply because Lara Cazalet was generally given supporting roles. Here, as Bobbie Wickham, she was granted centre stage, which she inhabited with charm, grace, humor, and transcendent vocals. In fact, in this reporter’s opinion, her duet with brother Hal on ‘If I Ever Lost You’ surpassed by several parasangs the cover he did with Sylvia McNair on *The Land Where the Good Songs Go*.

Hal, by the way, played Kipper Herring and brought in the usual bravura performance we have come to expect of him, chewing up the scenery (well, he would have if there had been any) with a palpable delight that infected all who watched. He also closed the show with a powerful rendition of that Song of Songs, ‘Sonny Boy’ (the first time since the very first dinner that a non-Wodehouse-written song was performed).

But I had to save until the end the greatest surprise and delight of the evening’s entertainment,



Lara Cazalet in performance

viz. the supreme performance of HRH The Duke of Kent as Jeeves. Two years ago he gave us a small hint of his thespian abilities, with a short closing speech to that evening’s entertainment. But this year, he showed us not only his presence but an unexpected capacity to inhabit a character and deliver his lines with impeccable timing

and sonorous gravity. I think there may be a career opportunity here he would be unwise to ignore. Mark my words, we may yet hear that he has pulled a



The Society’s newest patron, Sir Terry Wogan, with Chairman Hilary Bruce, who spoke for us all when she wittily thanked the performers following the entertainment.

Gussie Mannering-Phipps or Cyril Bassington-Bassington and made a run for Broadway. I can just see the Queen sending Prince Charles off to fetch him back.

Well, if such a thing were to occur, let us hope he is back in time for the dinner in 2014. And, if ye Ed is starting a tradition of having the Toastmaster of one dinner be the reporter for the next one, then let me give my best wishes to Mr Brett, and I hope he finds this task less of a sweat than I did!

*Thanks to Ginni Beard for all photos on these pages. For more of Ginni’s pictures, see page 13.*

### A Toast to PGW

Each fan of PGW knows,  
The P stands for Pellucid Prose.  
It’s known to clergy and the laity  
That G stands for Guffaws and  
Gaiety:  
And even cynics must admit  
The W stands for Wonderful Wit.  
Read him and worldly cares won’t  
trouble you,  
So raise a glass to PGW –  
And also, to avoid any impropriety,  
Toast The P G Wodehouse Society!

– Simon Brett



Above: Eliza Lumley, HRH The Duke of Kent, Tony Ring, Chris Makey, and Jeremy Neville perform ‘A One-Girl Beauty Chorus’. Below: Hal Cazalet entertains with a song.



# The Old Reliable Wodehouse

by Marcus Berkmann

*This is an abbreviated version of a talk that journalist and scriptwriter Marcus Berkmann gave at the Society's AGM last year.*

We begin at the beginning, which is an old copy of *Very Good, Jeeves*. I bought it in early 1974 in the Highgate Bookshop and took it on my first-ever school camping trip, out in the badlands of Hertfordshire. Large numbers of excitable teenage boys, lying in two-man tents in a field, failing to get to sleep and in most cases not even trying. My best friend of the time lay next to me in his sleeping bag and told me he was gay. And throughout all this I was reading the collection's first story, 'Jeeves and the Impending Doom'. For some reason the title spoke to me. The story spoke to me as well. It took me a little while to get used to the style; in that respect, reading Wodehouse is a bit like smoking. You have to work a bit to get into it, but after that it's a struggle to give up.

I was a bookish boy, but not one who read an awful lot. At age 13/14, you should really be starting to read grown-up books, but those I tried, I didn't like. In English that year we were reading *Mister Johnson* by Joyce Cary. I remember this because I have never been so bored in my life. Poetry left me cold, as I'm afraid much of it still does. Shakespeare's plays were an intellectual challenge but clearly hadn't been written with pleasure or enjoyment in mind. I was beginning to think there was something wrong with me. But I was drawn in by that encomium of Evelyn Waugh's that Penguin printed on the back of almost all their Wodehouse paperbacks: "Mr. Wodehouse's idyllic world can never stale. He will continue to release future generations from captivity that may be more irksome than our own. He has made a world for us to live in and delight in."

It was true then, it's true now, and it'll be true in 500 years' time.

I started, as many of us do, on Jeeves and Wooster. With hindsight, I wonder whether this wasn't a mistake. After all, it's the richest dish. Bertie may be an idiot, but his babblings are some of the densest and most perfectly crafted paragraphs in all literature. Sometimes it feels like a glorious formal English garden that has become madly overgrown, so that you have to cut through it with a scythe. But the difference between this and, say, Henry James is that

when you go back to re-read a Bertie Wooster sentence, it's not just to make sure what he was going on about. It's also because you want to taste that mouthful again. And it's always just as delicious on second reading.

Publishing was different then. Penguin and other publishers maintained substantial backlists of older books that people might want to read. Most of the Jeeves books remained in print, and some of the Blandings, but all the others drifted in and out of print over many years. My copy of *The Man With Two Left Feet* has 'reprinted 1978' on the copyright page. As I was growing up, the books were all gradually being reissued in this format with drawings by Ironicus on the front. No one could draw a three-piece suit like Ironicus, or an occasional table. The faces all looked a bit the same, but his interiors were second to none. Just as we all love the pop music we heard as teenagers, so everyone has their own favourite Wodehouse editions, and these are mine.

So why Wodehouse, particularly?

Well I had always been drawn to comedy. As a child I had devoured children's comics, but only the funny ones: *Beano*, *Dandy*, *Beezer*, and the like. I loved *Peanuts* and bought every collection I could find. I read and reread the Molesworth books. I watched far too much television, marvelled at Morecambe and Wise, worshipped at the shrine of Monty Python. Wodehouse was the obvious next step. What I didn't realise at the time was that there wasn't another step beyond that.

It's fascinating to see which of the comedy you loved as a child survives the process of growing up. Morecambe and Wise are long gone, and *Dad's Army* has been repeated to death. *Monty Python* I watched again at university in 1980 and thought, this isn't very funny. The *Peanuts* strips I have been buying again in magnificent hardback editions, and they still stand up. Charles Schultz is pretty much in a league of his own, but his art is very American, rather melancholy and much more grown-up than I remembered. The Molesworth books are as great as ever, but there are only four of them.

No, really, of comic novelists there's only Wodehouse. And a lot of what passes for comic writing nowadays just doesn't do it for me. D B C Pierre's *Vernon God Little* was greeted as a masterpiece of comic writing, but it's not; it's very broad, deeply misanthropic satirical writing, which





you can admire technically, but again, it's not meant to be enjoyed. As I write humorously myself, this may sound like sour grapes, but actually I'm a big fan boy: people like Miles Kington, a wonderfully talented writer, and now Craig Brown, and the *Private Eye* boys, and I love Lucy Mangan in the *Guardian*, and the American writer David Sedaris, who can weight a gag more skilfully than anyone currently writing. But all these people are writing nonfiction. Fiction is different.

These days, I use Wodehouse primarily as brain fuel. His sentences are good for you, and certainly they are great for me. Like a lot of writers, I sit at my computer, staring out of the window, pausing occasionally to go downstairs and get a biscuit. Some days you are on form. The words flow, the ideas bubble up and the keyboard gets a real battering. On other days you can eat a whole packet of Jaffa Cakes and nothing will come. Two or three days of this, during which I have taken several long walks, and had as many baths as one man feasibly can, and I turn to one of the Mulliner collections or something from the Drones. Always does the trick.

Here I must admit I keep a list of all the Wodehouses I've read and when I've read them. Of the original books, I've read 88, plus the three volumes of autobiography. Rather than finishing them off, I have engaged on a systematic rereading programme; I've done 40 so far. The rule is I can't reread anything I have read in the past ten years. So the current volume is *The Old Reliable*, first published in 1951. It's not one of the absolute best. According to Richard Osborne, it's a thinly veiled rewrite of *Spring Fever*, transferred to Hollywood, and you can already see one of the odder characteristics of the later books, those slightly uncomfortable attempts to bring everything up to date, pretend it really is 1951. But we skate across such infelicities. We disregard them. I'm reading this for pleasure, not to measure it up against some unattainable standard. And what pleasure it has to offer.

People tend to talk about Wodehouse's jokes, but it's the rhythm and the flow of the sentences that really feed my soul.

Phipps, back in his pantry, was restoring his tissues with an iced lemonade. He frowned as he sipped the wholesome beverage, and his air was tense and preoccupied. The household cat brushed itself insinuatingly against his legs, but he remained unresponsive to its overtures. There is a time for tickling cats under the ear and a time for not tickling cats under the ear.

Two things here. I love 'he remained unresponsive to its overtures'. Wodehouse is a master of very slightly overdoing it. He puts in a couple of extra words when others wouldn't. It could have been just 'he remained unresponsive', and no one would have cared. When any other writer overwrites, it's arch

and annoying, but Wodehouse gets away with because the rhythm of the sentence is so pleasing. There is a time for tickling readers under the ear, and a time for not tickling readers under the ear.

The other thing is the phrase 'restoring his tissues'. How many times have we read this or something like it? But as well as manipulating clichés more skilfully than any writer who ever lived, Wodehouse creates his own clichés, and they are as much a part of his repertory as his characters. Other favourites: It was for him the work of a moment, to leap out of the window, or whatever. So-and-so could have taken his correspondence course. The workings of your mind are a sealed book to me. And when trying to persuade someone of something: I will play on her as on a stringed instrument.

Next we are introduced to Wilhelmina Shannon, known as Bill.

Bill Shannon was a breezy, hearty, genial woman in the early forties, built on generous lines and clad in comfortable slacks. Rugged was a term that might have been applied to her face with its high cheekbones and masterful chin, but large, humorous eyes of a bright blue relieved this ruggedness and rendered her, if not spectacularly beautiful like her sister Adele, definitely attractive.

Now, even in the early 1950s, this description would have suggested one thing to a few of Wodehouse's more cosmopolitan readers: lesbian. It certainly describes, to a T, a woman of my own acquaintance who is some distance from heterosexual. But, of course, in Wodehouse sex and sexuality are irrelevant, meaningless, even absurd. As we read on, it'll only be to find out which unworthy man she is irredeemably in love with.

Bill rings for the butler, Phipps.

'You rang, madam.'

'Oh, yes. I want to confer with you in your executive capacity, Phipps. What with one thing and another, it has suddenly been borne in upon me that if I don't get a quick restorative, I shall expire.'

She even talks like a man, or at least, a man in Wodehouse. She's a buzzer. No one speaks like this in real life, other than Stephen Fry.

Phipps is worried that Bill has recognised him from a previous meeting. And she has. But she assures him that she isn't going to rat on him.

'My lips are sealed. The awful truth is safe with me. So be of good cheer, Phipps, and unleash that merry laugh of yours, of which I hear such good reports.'

Phipps did not laugh, for laughter is not permitted to English butlers by the rules of their Guild, but he allowed his lips to twitch slightly and gazed at this noble woman with something approaching adoration, an emotion

he had never expected to feel for a member of the jury which three years before had sent him up the river for what the Press of New York was unanimous as describing as a well-earned sentence.

That seems to me an almost perfect sentence. Not only does it flow beautifully, but Wodehouse actually seems to be making a joke out of the amount of information he has packed in. We're smiling here at his sheer cheek, at the sentence that nearly overbalances, but doesn't.

Bill, it turns out, has always loved her sister's brother-in-law.

Bill regarded him tenderly. She had always been devoted to Smedley, though far from blind to the numerous defects in his spiritual make-up. If there was a lazier man in the world than Smedley Cork, she had never met him. If there was one more refreshingly free from principles of any kind, she had still to make his acquaintance. He was selfish, idle and practically everything else that he ought not to be. Nevertheless, she loved him. She had loved him twenty years ago when he was a young man with money and one chin. She loved him now, when he was a portly senior

with no money and two chins. Women do these things.

So she tells him that she is going to make her fortune and then marry him. This is not good news for Smedley. 'Warm though the morning was, he shivered, as only a confirmed bachelor gazing into the naked face of matrimony can shiver.'

And this is all in chapter 1.

A bit later, Bill asks Phipps, who was sent down for safe-blowing, whether he is a safe-blower masquerading as a butler, or a butler who just happens to have turned to safe-blowing. Phipps insists it's the latter. He has been in service since a very early age.

'I started my career as what is known as a hall boy in a large establishment in Worcestershire.'

'Where the sauce comes from?'

'I believe the condiment to which you allude is manufactured in that locality, madam.'

From that sentence alone, we know that he is a butler to his very fingertips. This was Wodehouse's 69th work of fiction, written in his 70th year. *Rem acu tetigisti*, as Jeeves would probably say.

---

## Cosy Moments

### *Nineteen Twenty-One*, by Adam Thorpe (2001)

(from Andrew Bishop)

To appreciate the quotes that Andrew found in this book, you have to know that PGW worked on the show *The Golden Moth* with Ivor Novello in 1921. On page 323 is found this piece of dialogue: "Nobody needs the truth right now, Jo-Jo. All they want is *The Golden Moth*. That's all they want." The show then reappears eight pages later:

"Have you seen *The Golden Moth*?" he asked the waiter, when the coffee was brought. "On at the Adelphi."

"No. And I won't."

"Why not?"

"I loathe dancing-girls who show their midribs," he replied, screwing up his face demonstratively.

### *Alphabet Soup: or, The Joy of Text*, by Roy Blount Jr. (2011) (from Neil Midkiff)

In this sequel to *Alphabet Juice*, Roy Blount continues his exploration of words and their meaning and how they are influenced by their physical sounds. In the entry for *bean* as it pertains to meaning *head*, he writes that "we may associate [it] with P. G. Wodehouse's utterly unaggressive Bertie Wooster: 'I'm a bit short on brain myself: the old bean would appear to have been constructed more for ornament than for use, don't you know.'" Neil points out that although Blount mentions Hugh Laurie's portrayal of Bertie, "he misses two great chances to cite PGW. The 'golf' entry

starts out 'The brassie, the spoon, the mashie, the niblick, the cleek. All gone!' but never cites the Master's golf stories. And under the mild expletive 'pshaw', we learn that 'some authorities say this is pronounced *shaw* – the *p* would be silent, then, as in swimming.' Blount concludes with 'I always think of *pshaw* more in connection with, say, George Bernard Pshaw.' Not a Psmith to be seen anywhere, to my regret."

### *Have I Got Views for You*, by Boris Johnson (2008)

(from Nigel Wodehouse)

London's mayor is often likened to a Wodehouse character, and it's no surprise that he is himself a fan of the Master's works. This book of essays includes a four-page section entitled 'In defence of Wodehouse', in which he examines the episode of the Berlin broadcasts and makes this assertion: "The charges against Wodehouse are so feeble, so deformed by spite, that they are worth repeating only for the light they cast not on Wodehouse, but on his enemies."

### *The Astaires: Fred and Adele*, by Kathleen Riley (2012) (from Terry Taylor)

Terry cites two mentions of PGW in this newly published book. In one paragraph, the author describes Wodehouse and Guy Bolton as being "under Adele's spell", and notes that "Wodehouse was keen to fashion one of his stories into an Astaire vehicle, and it would appear, from a letter he wrote to Fred on 3 February 1927, that he envisaged Adele in the role of

# The Unwritten Story of a Young Uncle Fred

by Tony Ring

As is well known, P G Wodehouse was an exceptionally hard-working writer, and although there is evidence that early in his career he did not resort to excessive reworking and repolishing of his stories, his experience in the musical comedy business showed him how much a story – or a libretto – could be improved by constant review.

Many manuscripts – typed, handwritten or a mixture of both – have survived which demonstrate how meticulous he became in revising his novels. Many of these are accompanied by hundreds of pages of notes which represent ideas relevant to the story, or trial exchanges of dialogue, alternative ways of developing the plot, or early drafts of the novel itself.

But very little attention has been paid to his notes on story ideas which were never developed. I wrote about one – given the provisional title *Very Foxy, Jeeves* – in *Wodehouse in Woostershire* (volume 6 in the Millennium Wodehouse Concordance series), which not only involved the unpardonable crime of shooting a fox but brought Jeeves, Bertie Wooster and characters from the Drones Club to Blandings Castle. Even a full scenario was never completed – Wodehouse evidently realised that the mixture would be too rich, and the major characters would not have enough to do.

Another example also suggests intriguing possibilities – but we can do no more than imagine how it might have evolved. The concept was a novelisation of the musical comedy *Oh, Kay!*, a 1926 show about boot-legging, with book by Wodehouse and Guy Bolton and music and lyrics by George and

Ira Gershwin. In a private archive there can be found the notes which Wodehouse jotted down as he contemplated this idea, and with the permission of the archive's owner, the undated notes are reproduced below:

Uncle Fred has been asked by owner of house to go and stay there and keep an eye on butler (why?)

UF suggests bootlegging to butler.

Butler is in touch with Lord X, who has yacht and wants place to store liquor.

Or perhaps butler makes the suggestion to UF.

Then we run on as in play, with Jane, who is engaged to Lord X and is on his yacht, coming ashore, and into 'married' scene.

Qs. Is Jane rich?

It looks as if the story would only run to a long short story.

*The proposed opening sentence:*

On June 26, 1927, the affairs of the Hon Fred<sup>k</sup> Twistleton, younger son of the 4th Earl of Ickenham, were at a low ebb.

'Uncle Fred Flits By', the short story in which Uncle Fred first appeared, was published in July 1935. The first mention of his American wife, Jane, came in the 1939 novel *Uncle Fred in the Springtime*, so it may be that in the story that was never written, we would have read an account of how Uncle Fred stole Jane from her previous fiancé. What great fun it is to speculate with minimal clues!

the wisecracking, good-hearted chorus girl Billie Dore in *A Damsel in Distress*. Like Peter Pan, it was a role that did not eventuate, but it would have been inspired casting.

In the book's second Wodehouse reference, the author quotes from *Bring On the Girls!* concerning Adele Astaire's last performance, in *The Band Wagon*. Riley notes that the paragraph "is genuinely elegiac but also typically Wodehousean in its whimsy".

**A *Sherlock Holmes Compendium*, edited by Peter Haines (1981)** (from Barry Chapman)

Wodehouse is mentioned in the introduction to this book, which commemorated the 50th anniversary of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's death. On pages 160–163 is the PGW story/essay 'From a Detective's Notebook'. The story was originally written for *Punch* on the occasion of the 100th anniversary of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's birth, and puts forward the theory that the Sherlock Holmes stories are fictions invented to fool Dr. Watson, and that Holmes himself is actually the dastardly Professor Moriarty – another impostor, as Barry points out.

## Giving Old Books New Life

Do you have old Wodehouse books without dust covers that you would love to see looking like new, at least from the outside? JOHN LOOJESTIJN has informed us there is a marvellous woman in Sweden, named Magdalena Olson, who can create new dust covers that look exactly like the originals. I have seen an example, and I was very impressed. The covers come complete with plastic wrapping to help protect both the cover and the book.

Years before, when a boy, and romantic as most boys are, his lordship had sometimes regretted that the Emsworths, though an ancient clan, did not possess a Family Curse. How little he had suspected that he was shortly to become the father of it.

(From 'Lord Emsworth Acts for the Best', 1926; submitted by PETER THOMPSON)

# The Making of *Wodehouse on Broadway*

by Max Brittain

*Editor's Note. On 21 September, a small band of Wodehouseans joined a gathering at the Savage Club in London to enjoy a performance of Wodehouse on Broadway, described in the programme as 'an affectionate musical tribute'. Created by Eric Midwinter and Max Brittain, and performed by Eric, Max, and five other talented musicians, the show was pure delight as it traced Wodehouse's significant contributions to the development of the stage musical. Here Max describes how it all came to fruition.*

It was Hilary Bruce who set this project in motion, even though it changed direction along the way. In October 2010 I had been involved in a show called *Jazz and Doctor Johnson*, a deeply anachronistic yet highly successful combination of 17th-century biography and 20th-century music. Hilary came to a performance at Doctor Johnson's house and after the show threw a suggestion my way: "Why not 'Jazz and P. G. Wodehouse'?"

I was very taken with the idea and went away determined to make something of it.

Long years passed. Well, long months anyway, while I wrestled with the concept. Being a mere musician with no literary pretensions, I couldn't think further than 'a few jolly Woosterean excerpts interspersed with a Charleston or two', and the more I thought about it, the less feasible it became. How could one encapsulate Wodehouse's genius for the development of plot and character in a few short episodes from the novels?

Not possible; and so the project stalled until, one evening at the Savage Club, I asked Eric Midwinter if he would help to find a way forward.

Eric, an elder statesman of the Savage Club, social historian, noted wit, and all-round good egg, came swiftly back with a piece of lateral thinking which set the show on its true course and gave it something that all good stories should have: a beginning, a middle, and an end. His idea was to use Plum's pioneering work as a lyricist in musical theatre as the backbone of the story. I had to admit almost total ignorance of this aspect of Wodehouse's creative genius, but research into the Bolton, Wodehouse, and Kern canon soon set me straight.

We began to develop the concept of Plum as the builder of a musical bridge between the finely crafted operettas of Gilbert and Sullivan and the onset of the

modern American musical play, as exemplified by Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Oklahoma*. The bridge would span the melodramatic morass of the Hapsburgian, Ruritanian offerings which held sway from early Edwardian times. Thus, our story could be illustrated by a rich variety of musical styles from the 1860s to the 1940s, with, as I was to discover, a golden seam of Wodehouse and Kern songs from the Princess Theatre shows.

As a professional musician and arranger of some 30 years' standing, I had no qualms about creating an artist's impression of 'either end of the bridge', but needed to do some extensive research on the all-important arch. The internet is, of course, a marvellous aid to any treasure-seeker, and I spent long and enjoyable hours getting to know the 'bridge builders'. I also received valuable help and encouragement from members of The P G Wodehouse Society (UK), which I joined early in 2012.

Hilary had set this project in motion, but it was Tony Ring who oiled the wheels by allowing me access to the wonderful Wodehouse Archive. There I discovered song lyrics and scores which long searches on the internet had failed to unearth.

In the wake of the excellent recordings of Wodehouse's songs by Hal Cazalet and Maria Jette, I decided to take a different approach. I wanted to create a scaled-down version of the Princess Theatre orchestra, giving the songs a period flavour while having the versatility to reach into the 1940s.

With only four musicians, we managed to wield the clarinet, flute, saxophone, trombone, piano, guitar, banjo, ukulele banjo, ukulele, double bass, and sousaphone – but not all at once! Two singers (Riana O'Connor and Dominic Arnall) brought the deliciously witty songs to life, and Eric's amusing and informative narration gave the show shape, purpose, and meaning.

Our first performance, at the Savage Club in September, was given a hugely enthusiastic reception. The universal reaction was of surprise and delight. We are resolved take *Wodehouse on Broadway*, if not to Broadway, then to a wider audience of Wodehouse enthusiasts. Like Plum's debutant author, we are in a position similar to a man who drops a rose petal down the Grand Canyon in Arizona and listens for the echo!



Max Brittain and Eric Midwinter

# Wodehouse on the Boards

It looks like the first four months of 2013 are going to be rich with theatre treasures for us Wodehouseans, especially in the USA. As always, we hope any members who go to see one of these productions will write a review for *Wooster Sauce* or the Society's website.

Here in the UK, on March 14–16, the Common Ground Theatre Company in Lincoln will be performing an original production entitled *Carry On, Jeeves* at the Lincoln Drill Hall. Written and directed by Jez Ashberry, this play is a composite of three PGW stories – 'Jeeves Takes Charge', 'Sir Roderick Comes to Lunch', and 'Jeeves and the Yuletide Spirit' – and will feature live period music. Tickets are only £10 (£8 concessions) and can be ordered at [www.lincolndrillhall.com](http://www.lincolndrillhall.com), or by calling 01522 873894.

On the other side of the Atlantic, there are productions afoot all over the country. In Oak Brook, Illinois (near Chicago), First Folio Theatre will be staging *Jeeves Takes a Bow*, an adaptation of PGW's stories by Margaret Raether, from February 2 to March 3 (previews on January 30 & 31 and February 1). Ms Raether has a good track record of successful Wodehouse adaptations, so this promises to be a good time. For details, see First

Another Raether adaptation, *Jeeves in Bloom*, will be staged in Seattle, Washington, at the same time. The Taproot Theatre will be putting on this play (adapted from *Right Ho, Jeeves*) from February 1 to March 2, with previews on January 30 and 31. To find out more, visit their website at [taproottheatre.org](http://taproottheatre.org).

And then there's the Bolton-Wodehouse-Kern musical *Leave It to Jane*, being produced by Musicals Tonight! at the Lion Theatre in New York City from April 16 to 28. This particular company has

previously done a top-hole job of reviving some classic Wodehouse musicals, including this year's *Sitting Pretty*, so the production is certain to be sold out quickly. Tickets are a mere \$29 and can be purchased by calling Telecharge at (001) 212-239-6200 or (001) 800-432-7250.



## Mastermind Quiz 7:

### Psmith

by David Buckle

Congratulations to the winners of the last quiz! **Elizabeth Perret** and **Han Schrijvers** have won the final two Wodehouse audiobooks. Others who sent correct answers are: Simon Frazer, Alan Hall, John Looijestijn, Brian Porter, and Nick Townend. Bravo and thanks to all who took part.

With no prizes left, we will be playing just for fun from here on. Answers to this quiz as well as the September quiz are on page 27.

1. Psmith's first appearance is at Sedleigh School in *Mike and Psmith* (aka *The Lost Lambs*). Which school had Psmith attended immediately prior to Sedleigh?
2. Which magazine does Psmith work for in *Psmith Journalist*?

3. John Bickersdyke, head of the New Asiatic Bank in *Psmith in the City*, becomes the Member of Parliament for where?
4. What do Aileen Peavey and Ralston Todd, guests at Blandings Castle, do for a living, which is a source of some irritation to Lord Emsworth?
5. In *Psmith Journalist*, Bat Jarvis is the leader of the Groome Street Gang, Spider Reilly is the leader of the Three Points Gang, but who leads the Table Hill Gang?
6. In *Psmith in the City*, what does Psmith do to save Mike's job?
7. In *Leave It to Psmith*, what is the name of Aileen Peavey's estranged con man lover?
8. In *Mike and Psmith*, what colour is Sammy the dog painted?
9. What is the name of the boxer whom Psmith promotes in *Psmith Journalist*?
10. Psmith's first name starts off as 'Rupert', but what has it changed to in *Leave It to Psmith*?

We are very grateful to **AudioGO** for the gift of a large supply (now depleted) of Wodehouse audiobooks, which were used as prizes and gifts for more than a year. AudioGO (the home of BBC Audiobooks) publish an extensive range of drama, comedy, and factual programmes from BBC Radio, in addition to abridged and unabridged recordings by best-selling authors read by the finest narrators. Most titles are available in both CD and download format. To browse through the complete collection, see <http://www.audiogo.co.uk/>.

# A Mulliner Menagerie

Visited by Murray Hedgcock

How we wallow in Wodehouse, we who put pen to paper or finger to computer keyboard, to offer up our paeans of praise to Plum!

The Master wrote, as we well know, something like a hundred books. In his time, and even more so since then, dozens more have been compiled studying the man and his works, plus endless shorter assessments. Now we have Ken Clevenger's *A Mulliner Menagerie* – sheer self-indulgence, the musings of a buff who has immersed himself deep in the oeuvre, surfacing blissfully to share with us his thoughts on a corner of Wodehouseana.

Ken has trawled the Mulliner series – the accepted tally is 41 short stories – to parade for our



In addition to being an enthusiastic Wodehousean and keen student of the Mulliner stories, Ken Clevenger is president of The Wodehouse Society.

inspection the animals which troop into the Noah's Ark conjured up by the sage of the Angler's Rest. And he finds so many references that you might end up feeling that Plum worked always with a zoological dictionary at his elbow. From worms to elephants, real or figurative, including the descriptive use of animal names to label

Mulliner characters, Ken ranges expansively over the gamut of the furred-feathered-scaled world.

Here I must record a protest at the reference to Brancepeth Mulliner's rejection of a cartoon animal named Bertie the Bandicoot, Ken explaining: "A bandicoot is a species of large Indian rat." It is in fact a small marsupial (related to the kangaroo and koala) well known in my homeland of Australia, and the Indian bandicoot rat is no relation. "Wodehouse . . . might have chosen a more attractive animal", suggests Ken. Unfair to bandicoots, say I!

Perhaps unsurprisingly, the saga 'Unpleasantness at Bludleigh Court' offers the richest harvest, its 33 different animals duly cited. Ken notes that PGW records no wild animals beginning with 'd', suggesting sagely that dingoes and the duck-billed platypus might have come forward, but "I had to concede that they were not wildly humorous".

The questioning reader may not be fully convinced that so esoteric a topic as is presented in *A Mulliner Menagerie* really justifies a minutely detailed 166 pages of research and record. But author Ken explains his thinking in his introduction: "My aim is to tempt, to entice, or just to entreat you frankly, to go straight to the source and read Mr Mulliner in the original Wodehouse."

There could be no more noble purpose.

*A Mulliner Menagerie*, by Ken Clevenger, can be ordered from Amazon.co.uk for £5 plus shipping, or from Amazon.com for \$7.99 plus shipping.

---

## Wodehouse and Salman Rushdie

Thanks to MIKE SWADDLING for referring us to *The Guardian* of 18 August, in which the celebrated novelist Salman Rushdie had a delightful article about his rereading of Kazuo Ishiguro's *The Remains of the Day* (about to be reissued in the Everyman Library). In that book, Ishiguro had featured an English butler on whom he said that Jeeves had been a big influence. Rushdie comments:

This is a necessary genuflection. No literary butler can ever quite escape the gravitational field of Wodehouse's shimmering Reginald, the gentleman's gentleman *par excellence*, saviour, so often, of Bertie Wooster's imperilled bacon. But, even in the Wodehousean canon, Jeeves does not stand alone. Behind him can be seen the rather more louche figure of the Earl of Emsworth's man, Sebastian Beach, enjoying a quiet tippie in the butler's pantry at Blandings Castle. And other butlers – Meadows, Maple, Mulready, Purvis – float in and out of

Wodehouse's world, not all of them pillars of probity.

Delhi member SUSHMITA SEN GUPTA wrote in October to say she had been reading Rushdie's memoir *Joseph Anton*, in which he wondered about his decision as a 13-year-old in Bombay to leave his city and family to take up a place he had won at Rugby:

Why did that boy decide to leave it all behind and travel halfway across the world into the unknown, far from everyone who loved him and everything he knew? Was it the fault, perhaps, of literature (for he was certainly a bookworm)? In which case the guilty parties might have been his beloved Jeeves and Bertie, or possibly the Earl of Emsworth and his mighty sow, the Empress of Blandings.

Sushmita concludes: "So, the Master had a hand in the intellectual and creative development of a brilliant writer born many generations later. Good to know!"

## Poet's Corner

### The Reform of Murphy's Rents

There was a time when Murphy's Rents was not  
the sort of place  
Where any law-abiding bloke would like to show  
his face.  
It didn't do for toffs and such to wander near the  
spot,  
For, in a way of speaking, we was what you might  
call 'ot.

We used to spend the 'appy days in vierlence and  
crime,  
There wasn't one wot 'adn't done his little bit of  
time;  
The gents what write in papers called us 'ooligans,  
I've 'eard,  
But, bless yer, things in Murphy's Rents is different  
now – my word!

But no, it wasn't what you think that made us  
mend our ways;  
There weren't no Alexanders nor no Torreys in  
those days,  
It wasn't hymns and sermons that converted us  
from sin;  
It was just an 'arf-baked copper, which was mostly  
bones and skin.

Him wot was on the beat before got on all right  
until  
He had a little argument one night with Ginger  
Bill,  
And in doo course to 'ospital that copper had to go,  
And then this other one arrived. We grinned and  
said "What ho!"

He wasn't what you'd call a blooming second  
'Ackenschmidt;  
He 'ad a pair of shoulders, but you'd 'ardly notice it:  
He looked 'arf like a suit of clothes just 'ung upon a  
pole,  
You'd make a better man than him of orange-peel  
and coal.

Says Ginger Bill, "Is Murphy's Rents a Paradise or not?  
Why 'ave they sent this nipper to this 'appy little  
spot?  
Is this the bloke who'll run us in when we are on  
the spree?  
Why, I'd eat 'im," says old Ginger, "for a relish  
with me tea."

And every time old Ginger met that copper on his  
beat  
He used to stop and stare at him, and then 'e'd  
laugh a treat:  
And we noticed, one or two of us, as we was  
passing by,  
That the copper 'ad a gentle sort of dreamy-looking  
eye.

One night it chanced that Ginger felt a little extra  
gay,  
And he made a small disturbance on the pavement,  
so to say.  
He was gettin' pretty lively, but 'e 'adn't 'arf begun  
When the noo-appointed copper comes along and  
sees the fun.

"Now, jest you come with me, me lad," the 'arf-  
baked copper said.  
And Ginger didn't *tork*, yer see, but 'it 'im on the  
'ead,  
And the copper, down 'e tumbled, like as if 'e'd  
'ave a rest,  
So naturally Ginger came to jump upon his chest.  
He 'adn't 'ardly raised his foot when things began  
to hum:  
It 'appened all so sudden-like, it struck us feerly dumb.  
The copper seemed to give a twist, and that was all  
we knowed  
Till Bill went flying through the air across the  
blooming road.

He soon came back, although we seed 'e'd 'ad a  
nasty strain;  
The copper gives another twist, and off he goes again,  
And we noticed, one or two of us, as we was  
standing by,  
That the copper 'ad a gentle sort of dreamy-looking  
eye.

He grabbed old Ginger by the arms, and tied them  
in a knot,  
And twisted him about a bit, and bent his spine a lot:  
And Ginger 'e went quiet, looking what you might  
call queer,  
As if to say, "Well, blimey, what 'as bin 'appening  
'ere?"

That done a lot of good, that done, to Murphy's  
Rents. And why?  
We didn't like that copper's sort of dreamy-looking  
eye.  
We thought to vex a man like him was just a bit too  
warm,  
So Murphy's Rents they didn't wait, but started to  
reform.

The blooming fact we subsequently learnt by slow  
degrees;  
Our copper 'ad 'ad lessons from the blooming  
Japanese;  
It was what they call Joo-Jitsu what 'ad given him  
his skill,  
And, crikey, 'ow he did joo-jitsu poor old Ginger  
Bill!

(From *Pearson's*, October 1905)

# The Bibliographic Corner by Nick Townend

## Something New on Something Fresh

Readers with long memories may recall that the December 2003 *Corner* reviewed the publishing history of *Something Fresh* (or *Something New* as it was called in the US). Having brooded further on the subject for the last nine years, your columnist now finds he has something new to say on the subject.

In the UK the book was first published by Methuen on 16 September 1915. The first edition had a print run of only 1,510; there were 250 copies in Colonial cloth and 200 in Colonial wraps, but there is some uncertainty whether the 450 Colonial copies are counted within the 1,510 or whether they are additional. Whatever the position, it is nonetheless an extremely scarce first edition: writing in *Firsts* magazine in August 1991, Charles Gould was of the opinion that “[t]he most elusive volume of all seems to be the first edition of *Something Fresh*”. While I would not go quite that far, it is certainly one of the scarcest half-dozen or so first editions. The noted American collector and bibliophile John Graham is aware of only one copy coming to market in the period from 1988 to 1999, and that was a colonial issue. Since 2000, I am aware of only seven copies being offered for sale, of which one was rebound. Unsurprisingly, the asking prices are always more than £1,000, even for mediocre copies, with a very nice copy being sold through Christie’s in 2000 for £1,725.

*McIlvaine* (A18b) describes the Methuen first edition as having “blue-green cloth”; in fact, it is simply dark green, as both Joseph Connolly (*P.G. Wodehouse: An Illustrated Biography*, 1979, p140) and David Jasen (*A Bibliography and Reader’s Guide to the First Editions of P.G. Wodehouse*, 1986, p52) agree. The cloth has black lettering, with the title and author’s name appearing on both the front board and the spine, being joined on the latter by the publisher’s name. The copyright page stated ‘First published in 1915’, and page [316] stated that the book was printed by Butler & Tanner. Pages [317–320] contained four pages of advertisements, headed ‘Methuen’s Popular Novels’. Interestingly, pages [317] and [320] advertised *Something New* (sic) by P G Wodehouse. The book also contained a 31-page advertising supplement, separately printed by Morrison & Gibb, dated 8/5/15 on page 31, and headed ‘A Selection of Books’.

The book was reissued within a month in a Colonial edition which *McIlvaine* (A18b2) describes as “[s]ame as first with Colonial first edition on title page. Red cover”. John Loder (*P.G. Wodehouse’s Colonial Editions*, 2005, p13) clarifies that the title page simply had ‘Colonial Library’ printed at the foot of the title page, as did all Methuen Colonial Library titles, regardless of edition. In addition to the red boards, there were in fact three other differences to

the UK first: the rear board had ‘METHUEN’S COLONIAL LIBRARY’ blind-stamped to the bottom of it; there were only 316 pages, meaning there were no pages [317–320] containing advertisements (although the 31-page advertising supplement was present); and the paste-down endpapers advertised various titles from Methuen’s Colonial Library, including *The Little Nugget*, *The Man Upstairs*, and *Something Fresh*.

Both the UK and the Colonial firsts contained a misprint at the start of the first line of page 150, where ‘Ashe’ was incorrectly printed as ‘As he’, an issue point omitted by *McIlvaine*.

The print run of 1,510 must have sold out quickly, as the second edition was published in October 1915. *McIlvaine* (A18b3) simply records ‘Second edition. October 1915’. In fact, the second edition was in the same format as the first (i.e. green boards with black lettering). The only differences were that the title page specified ‘Second edition’; the copyright page stated ‘First published . . . September 16th 1915 | Second Edition . . . October 1915’; the text block finished at page [316]; and the advertising supplement was dated 16/3/16. John Graham states that the misprint on page 150 was corrected in the second edition. However, it is still present in my copy, which suggests that the second edition may initially have used sheets left over from the first edition.

Unrecorded by *McIlvaine*, there is a variant second edition. The text block is identical to that of the second edition described above, except that the misprint on page 150 has been corrected (which suggests that the variant is later than the second edition described above), and there is no advertising supplement. However, the binding is markedly different. Rather than being green, the cloth is brown. The front board now has a single black line framing it, and the author’s name appears directly underneath the title at the top of the board, rather than at the bottom of the board as was the case with the earlier editions. The spine now has a double-ruled black line at both top and bottom. And the book itself is slimmer (c3.4cm vs c3.8cm), meaning that the first word of the title now has to be hyphenated as SOME-THING across two lines in order to fit onto the narrower spine.

The third edition (A18b4), published in October 1919, was in a smaller, slimmer, ‘cheap’ format. This means that the only reissue in the same format as the first is the non-variant second edition; collectors unwilling or unable to acquire a first edition may therefore decide to set their sights on the second edition, as, once on the shelf, it will look the same as the first edition.



# The Words of Wodehouse

by June Arnold

Solve the clues in the top grid, then transfer the letters from there to the bottom grid, which will give you an excerpt from a Wodehouse novel; reading down Column A in the top grid will reveal the novel's title. Answers are on page 27. (If you enjoy this acrostic, you can get 28 more in June's book *The Words of Wodehouse*.)

Clues:

- 1 George \_\_\_\_\_, engaged to Sally Fairmile in *Quick Service* (7) / Two pints (5)
- 2 \_\_\_\_\_, Steptoe, played by Harry H. Corbett (6) / Asian country (5)
- 3 Fast train (7) / Courts (4)
- 4 *The Heart of a \_\_\_\_\_*, PGW novel (4) / Severe (5)
- 5 Lord \_\_\_\_\_, known as Uncle Fred (8) / Staff (3)
- 6 \_\_\_\_\_ of the *Native*, Thomas Hardy Novel (6) / Immerses in liquid (5)
- 7 Port and seaside town in Suffolk (8) / Enemy (3)
- 8 *Psmith* \_\_\_\_\_, PGW novel (2, 3, 4)
- 9 *The Little \_\_\_\_\_*, PGW novel (6) / Employees (5)
- 10 Beefy \_\_\_\_\_, vicar and school friend of Bertie Wooster (7) / Shaun the \_\_\_\_\_, cartoon character (5)
- 11 *Present \_\_\_\_\_*, play by Noël Coward (8) / Prophet (4)
- 12 '\_\_\_\_\_ the Depths', PGW golfing story (2, 4) / Radio wave system for identifying aircraft (5)

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M
1													
2													
3													
4													
5													
6													
7													
8													
9													
10													
11													
12													
13													

13 'The \_\_\_\_\_ Carat Kid', short story by PGW (8)

7D	3B	5B	13F	10m	1A		12C	2D	11H		6C	5F	9E				
10D	4G	2F	11B	1B	5D	8B	13A		3F	7C	10B	9A	6B				
4D	2B	5H	7G	12A	3G		1D	11E	12H	4B	1J	9C	10E		13E	4F	3A
2I	11D	1F	6H		7H	4C	12D		8C	13D	11G	5A	1G				
12B	2C	7B	3I	8E	9H	10I		2K	11F		1E	2A	3E				
11J	4J	1C	6A	7F		6L	3C	12L	8A	5E	9F		6F	3J			
4A	1L	7L	11C	2J		8G	7E		1I	6D	13B	8F	5C	13G	11M		
6I	7K	9K		1M	8D	10K		12F	9J	5J	6K		7I	10J	12I	13H	
10F		2H	9B	4H	8I		12K	8H		11A	5K	10C	9D				
7A	6J	3L	9I		6E	11K	2E	7M	1K	4I	10L	12J		9L	3D	12E	10G
10A	3K	2L	5L	5G	13C	11L											

## Award for Most Surprising Wodehouse Reference

As our Press Comments and Cosy Moments columns demonstrate, Wodehouse is referred to and quoted constantly in print all over the world. Wodehousean references have been known to turn up in some pretty odd places, but perhaps the most surprising find was in *The Hybrid Vehicle and Alternative Fuel Report*, published by the Washington State Department of Transportation. On page 2 there is mention of the publication *National Hog Farmer*, with this accompanying footnote: "While *National Hog Farmer* is no Augustus Whiffle on *The Care of the Pig*, Whiffle does not discuss biofuel." The author is, of course, a Wodehousean: Society member TOM SMITH, who writes: "I've been writing the Hybrid Report for over seven years waiting for an opportunity to put in a Wodehouse reference, but this was the first." Let's hope it's not the last!

## Recent Press Comment

**The Week, August 11** (from Alexander Dainty)

The 'Wit & Wisdom' column included PGW's quote: "She looked as if she had been poured into her clothes and had forgotten to say 'when'."

**The Spectator, August 18** (from Leila Deakin)

Writing about Kingsley Amis, Joseph Connolly remembered the occasion in 1988 when he and Amis attended the Queen Mother's unveiling of the blue plaque on Wodehouse's house in Norfolk Street.

**The Week, August 25** (from Alexander Dainty)

In 'The List', former Conservative minister David Heathcote-Amory picked *Blandings Castle* as one of his five favourite books.

**South Place Ethical Society Magazine, August-September**

(from Mark Taylor)

Carried a quotation from Gore Vidal on David Cameron: "He's everything we thought Bertie Wooster was."

**The Tatler, September**

(from Larissa Saxby-Bridger)

A note accompanying a photographic article concerning the appearance of beige jackets at the Goodwood Festival of Speed suggested that, worn with aplomb, "it can transform the ordinary man into Gatsby – or at least a lovable, croquet-playing P G Wodehouse rogue".

**The Week, September 15**

(from Alexander Dainty)

A letter to the Editor commented that Bertie Wooster "would have agreed with Judge Bowers", who said that burglary takes "courage". The writer quoted the scene where Bertie lurks in the rhododendrons prior to attempting to steal Mrs Bingo's article on her life with Bingo.

**Publishers Weekly, September 17** (from Karen Shotting)

Carried a positive review of Sophie Ratcliffe's *P G Wodehouse: A Life in Letters*, recently published in the USA by Norton.

**Washington Post, September (date not known)**

(from Leonard Goldstein)

In the run-up to the National Book Festival, the paper had asked a number of invited authors to reflect on their favourite works of literature. Children's author Chris Raschka, whose new book is *A Ball for Daisy*, wrote:

The book I reach for the most is P. G. Wodehouse's *The World of Mr Mulliner*. . . . The shape of the sentences still knocks me out. And the way in which Wodehouse constructs the humour, so adroitly, so stylishly, with no excess, demands constant study. . . . I picked up the book . . . during one of the first summers I spent in New York. I read one story after each meal in a lazy June and have rarely been happier.

**The Times and The Australian, September 27**

An article previewing aspects of the imminent Ryder Cup, written by member Patrick Kidd, started with the PGW quotation "The choice of a putter is so much more important than the choice of a wife". Member Nirav Shah spotted this quotation on the BBC Sport Website during the tense last hour of the Ryder Cup on September 30, when Peter Hanson had a 20-footer at the 15th, which he left one roll short, and Jason Dufner had a four-footer to go two up for the USA with three to play.

**Hornsby Advocate, September 29**

Previewed the forthcoming production of *By Jeeves* at the Normanhurst Uniting Church. Kent Blackmore, playing Jeeves, said, "We've had an absolute ball. There's no heavy dramatics and it's fun from start to finish."

**Times, September 29**

In an interview, J K Rowling was asked which author, living or dead, she would most like to meet and have dinner with. She started her reply:

I went through all sorts of people in my mind, all my favourite writers; and then I had to focus on who I'm having dinner with. I thought of P G Wodehouse – but then if you read his letters, he only cared about writing and Pekinese dogs. And I'm no Pekinese – so I think we'd have struggled to stretch out light conversation over three courses.

So I discounted PG with regret.

(Her final choice was Charles Dickens, by a nose from Colette.)

**Daily Telegraph, September 29**

(from Carolyn de la Plain)

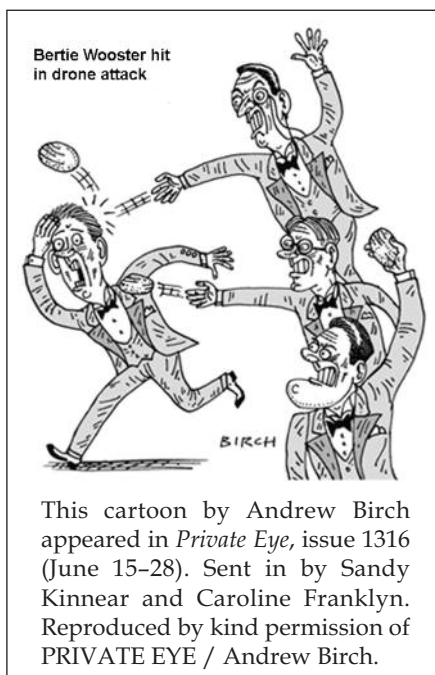
Drew attention to the General Knowledge crossword clue for 26 across: "One of P G Wodehouse's fictional characters who made their debut appearances in his 1915 short story *Extricating Young Gussie* (7)." The required solution was 'Wooster', which remains unproven. In this story there was a Bertie, who had an Aunt Agatha, but while she had the surname 'Mannering-Phipps', his surname was not given. (It is difficult to construct a family tree in which Bertie's surname would not have also been Mannering-Phipps, though many have tried.)

**Financial Times, October 3** (from Christopher Bellew)

In a review of *Charley's Aunt* being played at the Menier Chocolate Factory, Steven Pacey is described as playing Sir Francis Chesney as "far from being crusty . . . as jovial and animated as a middle-aged Bertie Wooster, appropriately enough for an actor who played that role in the 1996 version of *By Jeeves*."

**Daily Kos, October 5** (from Shana Singerman)

In the comments following this article, which compared presidential candidate Mitt Romney to Bertie Wooster, Shana invited other respondents to next year's TWS convention in Chicago.



**From an article at <http://sports.ndtv.com>, October 16** (from Sourav Sengupta)

This article, written to celebrate PGW's 131st birthday, refers to the origins of the names 'Jeeves' and 'Bertie', and suggests that while Jeeves's mentor is known to have been fast bowler Percy Jeeves, Bertie's Christian name may also owe something to cricket. The writer refers to Wodehouse's essay 'Now, Talking About Cricket', in *Tales of St Austin's*, in which he wrote that "Albert Trott was bowling (Bertie we used to call him)".

**FT Weekend, October 20** (from Christopher Bellew)

Simon Kuper wrote: "The French once practically lived off wine. To borrow P. G. Wodehouse's phrase, they discovered that alcohol was a food years before the doctors did."

**Lady Magazine, October 26** (from June Arnold)

The article 'A Heap of Encouragement' included the following comment:

Like Bertie Wooster, Hugh Cavendish has learned to treat his aunts with respect, not least because three redoubtable women, his father's sisters, grew up at his family home, Holker Hall, and came back to live there in old age when Hugh took over the house. Collectively, Mary, Diana and Sybil were known as the 'Aunt Heap'.

**Daily Telegraph, October 27** (from Carolyn de la Plain)

The compiler again turned to PGW for a clue, this time in the Quick Crossword, where 17 down asked for "Aunt of Wooster (6)" and required the uncontroversial answer "Agatha". (Uncontroversial once you had filled in one or two of the across clues, that is.)

**The Times, October 27**

Columnist Caitlin Moran, arguing that the Tory Party's weak spot is their blitheness, commented:

Churchill was, despite his depression, an optimist. Bertie Wooster, in his spats, blithe. Blitheness is telling everyone to tighten their belts – and it never occurring that some people just don't have a belt. But, of course, who does

not love Wooster? For this is the big irony of the Tories – that this Boris-y, Cameron, public-school blitheness is one of their biggest appeals.

**The Observer, October 28**

David Mitchell wrote a long article commenting on the departure of "the most powerful journalist in the world", Clark Kent, from the *Daily Planet*. He considered the future of other fictional heroes, if they have to seek homes in the entrepreneurial rubble. His suggestion for Jeeves read:

The news that Bertie Wooster has enrolled at film school so horrifies Jeeves that he puts his days in service behind him. Far from a revolutionary, though, he finds another way of shoring up the status quo by optimising the tax arrangements of his former employer and other members of the Drones. So brilliant is the ex-valet's interpretation of tax law that the British taxpayer accidentally ends up owing Bertie the entire GDP of China.

**Daily Telegraph, October 31** (from Carolyn de la Plain)

Celia Warden wrote about designer clothes for babies, and advised:

You can and should guiltlessly revel in the few years you have to dress these genderless crosses between 'poached eggs and Winston Churchill' – as P G Wodehouse used to call babies – in as many charming little outfits as you want.

**The Times, November 1**

The obituary of Michael Geare (described as "a Publishing Executive, Editor and author of humorous fiction who was for many years a civilised presence in the British book trade") noted: "All his life he was an avid reader, particularly liking military history and P G Wodehouse."

**ESPNcricinfo XI, November 5** (from Nirav Shah)

An article on cricket-playing characters from books, comics, and television included Mike Jackson and mentioned Murray Hedgcock's *Wodehouse at the Wicket*.

### Answers to September's Mastermind Quiz

1. Bertie and Jeeves first appeared in 'Extricating Young Gussie'.
2. The Reverend James Bates is the Handicap winner.
3. Rockmetteller 'Rocky' Todd is the lazy young devil.
4. Bertie is forced to give up his plus fours.
5. Uncle George marries Maudie Wilberforce.
6. Edward and Everard Fothergill are both artists.
7. Tuppy Glossop and Sir Roderick Glossop swap rooms.
8. Bingo falls for Charlotte Corday Rowbotham.
9. Lord Wilmott 'Motty' Pershore is the unbidden guest.
10. Jeeves narrates 'Bertie Changes His Mind'.

He shifted across to Pongo and twiddled his hands enquiringly. Pongo gaped at him, and it was not until one of the hands caught him smartly in the lower ribs that he remembered he was deaf and started to twiddle back. Considering that he wasn't supposed to be dumb, I can't see why he should have twiddled, but no doubt there are moments when twiddling is about all a fellow feels himself equal to.

(From 'Uncle Fred Flits By', 1935)

### Answers to Mastermind Quiz (page 21)

1. Eton
2. *Cosy Moments*
3. Kenningford
4. They are poets.
5. Dude Dawson
6. He threatens to leak Bickersdyke's anti-royalty speeches.
7. Edward Cootes
8. Red
9. Kid Brady
10. Ronald

### Answers to The Words of Wodehouse (page 25)

- |                          |                            |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Trotter / quart       | 8. <i>In the City</i>      |
| 2. Harold / Japan        | 9. <i>Nugget</i> / staff   |
| 3. express / woos        | 10. Bingham / Sheep        |
| 4. <i>Goof</i> / harsh   | 11. <i>Laughter</i> / seer |
| 5. Ickenham / rod        | 12. <i>Up From</i> / radar |
| 6. <i>Return</i> / soaks | 13. <i>Eighteen</i>        |
| 7. Lowestoft / foe       |                            |

*Quote:* Except for Gadarene swine, famous through the ages for their prowess at the short sprint, no group is quicker off the mark than a jury at long last released from bondage.

*Novel:* *The Girl in Blue*

# Future Events for Your Diary

**February 2, 2013 London Walks Wodehouse Walk**  
Richard Burnip is leading a Wodehouse-themed walk for London Walks. The usual fee is £9, but Society members get a discounted price of £7. No booking needed; just be at exit 2 (Park Lane east side) of Marble Arch Underground station at 2.30 p.m., and identify yourself as a Society member.

**February 19, 2013 Society Meeting**  
The Society's first meeting of 2013 promises to be a corker as we will be playing Wodehouse Bingo. Time: from 6 p.m.; place: upstairs room of The George, 213 Strand, from 6 p.m. See page 7 for details.

**March 14–16, 2013 Carry On, Jeeves in Lincoln**  
The Common Ground Theatre Company in Lincoln will be staging a production of *Carry On, Jeeves*, an original play with music. See page 21 for details.

**April 13, 2013 Murphy's Wodehouse Walk**  
Explore Wodehouse's London with Norman Murphy! The walk is free and lasts about 2½ hours (10–12.30).

**April 16–28, 2013 Leave It to Jane in New York City**  
The classic Bolton & Wodehouse & Kern musical will be staged by Musicals Tonight! at the Lion Theatre. See page 21 for details.

**June 14, 2013 Gold Bats vs. The Dulwich Dusters**  
Probable date of our annual match against the Dulwich College masters.

**June 23, 2013 Gold Bats vs. Sherlock Holmes Society**  
Provisional date of this traditional match; see March 2013 issue for firm date.

**July 9, 2013 Society Meeting**  
Another fine time is in store as we launch *Open Mic Night*. The fun starts from 6 p.m. at The George, 213 Strand. See page 7 for details.

**July 13, 2013 Murphy's Wodehouse Walk**  
Another chance to join Norman on a walk around Wodehouse's London. See April 13 for details.

**September 14, 2013 Murphy's Wodehouse Walk**  
See April 13.

**October 18–20, 2013 TWS Convention in Chicago**  
The Wodehouse Society's 17th biennial convention will be held at the Union League Club in Chicago, Illinois. **October 29, 2013 Society Meeting and AGM**

Another rollicking good time at The George, complete with an AGM – who could ask for anything more? Details in a future *Wooster Sauce*.

---

## CONTENTS

- |    |   |    |   |
|----|---|----|---|
| 1  | New Information on PGW's Early Life                       | 16 | The Old Reliable Wodehouse                                    |
| 3  | Raw Work at the Biographical Font                         | 18 | Cosy Moments  |
| 4  | Society News  | 19 | The Unwritten Story of a Young Uncle Fred                     |
| 4  | We Remember: Lord Oaksey                                  | 19 | Giving Old Books New Life                                     |
| 5  | Wodehouse Books for Sale                                  | 20 | The Making of <i>Wodehouse on Broadway</i>                    |
| 6  | A Matter of Great Debate                                  | 21 | Wodehouse on the Boards                                       |
| 7  | Bingo and More at Our Next Two Meetings                   | 21 | Mastermind Quiz 7: Psmith                                     |
| 8  | The Wodehouse Family Memorial Window at Norwich Cathedral | 22 | A Mulliner Menagerie (review)                                 |
| 9  | A Simplified Wodehouse Family Tree                        | 22 | Wodehouse and Salman Rushdie                                  |
| 10 | Second Best? I Think Not!                                 | 23 | Poet's Corner: <i>The Reform of Murphy's Rents</i>            |
| 11 | My First Wodehouse Experience                             | 24 | Bibliographic Corner: Something New on <i>Something Fresh</i> |
| 11 | Little Nuggets  | 25 | The Words of Wodehouse (acrostic)                             |
| 12 | Letters to the Editor                                     | 25 | Award for Most Surprising Wodehouse Reference                 |
| 13 | Scenes from an Excellent Dinner                           | 26 | Recent Press Comment  |
| 14 | Reflections of a Former Toastmaster                       | 27 | Quiz and Puzzle Answers                                       |