



Two Dinners of Legend and Song

On May 22nd, try Anatole's recipes at the Montcalm Hotel

Members may recall that in 1999, each issue of *Wooster Sauce* (numbers 13 to 16) featured one of Anatole's most familiar recipes, specially recreated by Albert Roux.

Jonathan Orr-Ewing, General Manager of the Montcalm Hotel, Great Cumberland Place, London W1H 7TW, has been inspired to hold a dinner featuring Anatole's dishes (though not Albert Roux's exact recipes) on May 22nd, at 7pm for 7.30, for which all Society members are invited to make reservations. He has offered Society members a priority period for making reservations until April 15.

The Montcalm Hotel regularly stages themed dinners, using a private dining-room with a capacity of about 50 diners. Recipients of its regular mailing list have already been notified about this forthcoming event, and the event is expected to be fully reserved at an early date.

The Dinner will be entitled *A Dinner of Legend and Song – I*, in the expectation that this may become a regular event, as well as honouring the name given by Bertie Wooster to his dream dinner towards the end of *The Code of the Woosters*. It will consist of the following dishes:

Consommé aux Pommes d'Amour

Suprême de foie gras au champagne

Ris de Veau à la Toulousaine

Bombe Nero

The price of £58 per head will include pre-dinner champagne, white and red wine with the meal and the service charge. There will be no speeches.

Members may book places by applying in writing to Ms Pauline Hobbs or Jonathan Orr-Ewing at the Montcalm Hotel, Great Cumberland Place, London W1H 7TW, enclosing a cheque payable to 'The Montcalm Hotel', or by telephone to 020 7402 4288, quoting an appropriate credit card number, in either case mentioning 'The P G Wodehouse dinner on May 22nd',.



The Montcalm Hotel

And the Society Dinner at Lincoln's Inn in October

The Society's formal black-tie dinner this year will be held at Lincoln's Inn on Thursday 17 October. Application forms for places will be circulated with June's *Wooster Sauce* but we urge you to put the date in your diary now. Those who have attended in past years will vouch for the quality of the food, and we expect to provide some excellent entertainment to celebrate Plum's 121st birthday. (As in previous years, with seating in the Hall restricted to around 100, places will initially be offered only to Society members.)

The Humiliation of Uncle George

The Editor visited Harrogate Spa

Have you ever wondered just what Bertie's Uncle George Travers was letting himself in for when he paid one of his periodic visits to Harrogate or Buxton? It is easy to smile at his misfortune of course, for he 'had made a habit for years of doing himself a dashed sight too well', but what exactly did that misfortune consist of?

As Bertie himself expressed it in *Clustering Round Young Bingo* (1925), from *Carry On, Jeeves*:

The medicine-man, having given him the once-over, had ordered him to abstain from all alcoholic liquids, and in addition to tool down the hill to the Royal Pump-Room each morning at eight-thirty and imbibe twelve ounces of warm crescent saline and magnesia. It doesn't sound much, put that way, but I gather from contemporary accounts that it's practically equivalent to getting outside a couple of little old last-year's eggs beaten up in sea-water. . . . At four in the afternoon he would toddle down the hill again and repeat the process, and at night we would dine together and I would loll back in my chair, sipping my wine, and listen to him telling me what the stuff had tasted like.

The Royal Pump-Room at Harrogate is no longer operational, but the first reaction of a visitor on seeing the 'Welcome Sheet' is that, if anything, Bertie understressed the strictness of the regime to which his relative was subject. This was the timetable, or the 'Prescribed Daily Routine' as it was termed:



7.00 - 8.00am	Rise and visit Pump Room for first tumbler of water
7.00 - 8.15am	Walk about, listening to the band
8.15am	Take second tumbler of water
8.15 - 9.00am	Listen to the band and if prescribed take third tumbler of water
9.00am	Breakfast
	For some people it is advisable that they drive; either by omnibus, carriage or bath chair but the walk home can be advantageous if it can be accomplished without undue fatigue. Care should be taken to avoid exertion.
10.00 - 11.00am	Morning paper or letter-writing
11.00am	Shopping, Walk, Listen to band or Bath
11.30am	Second visit to Pump Room
1.00pm	Rest for half an hour
1.30pm	Lunch to be followed by one hour of rest
Afternoon	Driving, Walking, Cycling, Golfing or third visit to the Pump Room. Afternoon tea in Gardens, listening to the band
7.00pm	Dinner, Concert room
10.00pm	Bed

The timetable closes with the warning that 'For some patients massage is better than exercise'.

The illustration, from about 1930, is an oil painting showing the Valley Gardens and Sun Pavilion, by Anna Zinkeisen.

Memories of Emsworth House School

By an extraordinary coincidence, the Editor received two letters by the same post about Emsworth House school, where PGW stayed on many occasions in the period from 1903 onwards: from Mrs Judy Ryland and Vice Admiral D B H Wildish CB.

Judy Ryland enclosed this photograph, taken in about 1911 which featured her 11-year-old father, John Binny, third from the left in the back row. John was to join HMS Conway from the school, prior to Dartmouth. She believes the headmaster, B W 'Baldie' King-Hall, was the master at the right of the doorway, and went on to say that Plum was a friend of Baldie and coached the boys at cricket. He parodied Baldie in his portrayal of Mr Abney, the headmaster in *The Little Nugget*, written in 1913. Early in Chapter 2 of the book, Plum writes:



I have gathered that headmasters of private schools are divided into two classes: the workers and the runners-up-to-London. Mr Abney belonged to the latter class. Indeed, I doubt if a finer representative of the class could have been found in the length and breadth of southern England. London drew him like a magnet.

Judy says that this seems to have fitted Baldie precisely. He was quite eccentric, and in addition to dashing up to town frequently, would announce sudden 'half-days' and take the boys on picnics in a horse-drawn contrivance.

Baldie had an unmarried sister, Nellie, who owned a house in Sinah Lane, on Hayling Island, which she later converted into a boarding-house and ran with the assistance of Ma Brown, the Emsworth House cook. Ma Brown is remembered well by our other correspondent, Vice Admiral D B H (Dick) Wildish, CB, a prep-school boy of the relevant period. He wrote:

I, and others so privileged, would meet the great man [ie, Plum] in the kitchen where Ma Brown held sway as cook, and we all shared a passion for her cheese and pickled onions. He was immensely good fun. He also lived in the school – the stable

block, I think – where he wrote in earlier years. I remember a very nice man who was, *inter alia*, kind to kids.

The Vice-Admiral also enclosed an extract from a book about the School prepared by another of its Old Boys, Rear Admiral Terence Ridley, who adds the following recollection:

Nearly everybody who was at E H in the twenties remembers meeting, or at least seeing, P G Wodehouse during his visits to the school. Most of us seem to remember him best, sitting on the kitchen table, talking to Ma Brown. It was variously suggested by some of the boys (and others) that he had once been a pupil, or a Master, or both. In fact, none of these is correct; he was simply a friend of Baldie's; although he did once (in 1903) live at the school for some time, and it could be that he did a little teaching in that period. It is quite certain, though, that he took part in some games as a 'Staff' member.

Thank you very much to both Mrs Ryland and Vice Admiral Wildish for providing the Society with their memories and creating such an unusual coincidence!

Meet Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe

John Parsloe reports on his family connection

Family historians like to establish noble descent but the Parsloes must content themselves with a connection to a short and stout fictitious character of very middling nobility. Nevertheless even so tenuous a link obliges me to meet your editor's request for a note on Sir Gregory's origins.

The illustration is of Ernest Alfred Parsloe in his garden at Oxted, in Surrey, after his retirement from Lloyds Bank following a successful banking career. Ernest was born in 1863 and first researched our family history. He died in 1943. His great nephew, John Stanley Parsloe, recently confirmed for me a story I had heard from my father. I wanted to check it, as I have been referred to as 'Sir Gregory' on occasion and it appeared to explain why PGW had used the less usual spelling with the name ending in 'e' rather than 'w'.

It seems that Ernest was at his club when he was introduced to PGW who responded:

"Parsloe, you say, that's an unusual name. I may use it in one of my books."

My father thought Ernest had agreed and we used to joke that otherwise we would have made a fortune out of PGW for defamation!

I understand that Sir Gregory's earliest appearance was in the short story *The Custody of the Pumpkin* which appeared in 1924 followed by the novel *Summer Lightning* in 1929. So the conversation probably took place in 1923 or 1924.

It has proved harder to identify the club. PGW's main club was the Constitutional whereas Ernest



was a member of the Devonshire. As Ernest was introduced to PGW it may be that one of the men was visiting the other's club. While it is not very clear from the photograph, I fear that PGW may have given Sir Gregory not only the same name but the same physique as Ernest.

Why the name is doubled is also unclear. To a genealogist it would indicate descent from Parsloes on both sides of the family but I suspect PGW used it merely to heighten the sense of absurdity.

Subscriptions for 2002/2003

The Committee is very pleased to announce that the Subscription for the year to 31 May 2003 will again remain at £ 15, the amount chosen when the Society was formed in 1997. Members paying by standing order will automatically have their memberships renewed, while those paying annually will receive a request for payment and a renewal form from our Treasurer around the end of April.

The arrangements made for members paying in dollars have had to change following Elin Woodger's move to London. Neil Midkiff has volunteered for the role of American collector of dues for the P G

Wodehouse Society (UK). So after you have received the payment request, if you wish to renew by dollar payment, please mail the renewal form and a US dollar check for \$24

Please indicate on the renewal form any changes or updates of address and other contact data.

Now that continental Europe has introduced the Euro as a common currency, we are investigating a similar arrangement to make things easier for our members in this area, but probably not for this year.

Modern Verses, but not Modern Verse

John Slim puts another slant on some favourite characters

PGW's views on modern poetry were made very clear in his fiction, but he was not averse to earning a guinea or so from his own poetry. Preferring to call it light verse, he wrote most of his 150 or so offerings for daily or weekly papers before the first world war, and they included a number of experiments with the relatively new form known as the limerick.

There was a great author named Jones
Who spoke of our drama with groans.
But his own play, they state,
Isn't anything great
(Note: In glass houses, never throw stones.)

A critic cried wildly "Great Scott!"
Do illusions obsess me, or what?
Do I sleep? Do I dream? Or
Is it really true, Seymour,
That your musical play has a plot?"

The second, addressed to Seymour Hicks in October 1907, referred to *The Gay Gordons*, which had opened in the previous month, and to which Wodehouse had contributed a lyric or two. This limerick has a sentiment reflected in his approach to musical theatre collaborations with Jerome Kern a decade later.

Member John Slim has taken up the cause of the limerick to such a degree that he is in the middle of an eight volume creative marathon of all new verses. His first book, *Rotten Haystacks*, would not bring a blush to even Madeline Bassett's cheeks, unlike the two subsequent volumes, which most certainly would! He has composed the items that follow for *Wooster Sauce*, and plans to include these (and many others in similar vein), in a later volume in the series, which he says will be the second and last that Madeline could read.

As the hog-call's an art known to few, we
Give Clarence the credit he's due. He
Leans over the sty,
And the larynx lets fly
With Fig-hoo-o-o-o-o-ey!

Jeeves grieves as he heaves silent sighs
And confronts some sartorial prize.
He seeks to avert his
Eyes quickly from Bertie's
Shirts, jackets, moustaches and ties.

Parsloe-Parsloe, JP, seventh bart.,
Of Matchingam Hall, has no heart.
The aforesaid Sir Gregory
's a bit of a beggar: he
Steals pigs, pigmen, pumpkins – how smart.

How lucky that Madeline Bassett
Is just an unfortunate facet
Of love-life for Bertie.
It's surely a cert he
Thinks God's daisy-chain is no asset.

Jeeves, one believes, is well able
To charm sweet young things. There's a fable
That the man had a tryst
That he wouldn't have missed,
In a brief understanding with Mabel.

Of Ukridge, we shouldn't enquire
Too closely: the fellow is dire!
He constantly dreams
Up scatterbrained schemes,
And his pince-nez needs ginger-beer wire.

In the Shropshire Fat Pigs class, they hail
The Empress: she'll always prevail.
This black Berkshire sow
Shows other pigs how
(Balloon-like, with ears and a tail).

Jane Twistleton, toughest of wives,
Rules the roost from the time she arrives.
Lord Ickenham knew
If he strayed, he'd be due
A skinning involving blunt knives.

Terry Cobbold, perhaps sipping gins,
Is a vision who instantly wins
More approval than two
Financiers who
Sit near her, while sharing four chins.

There's an eye-catching balancing feat
The Marvellous Murphys repeat:
On a bottle, as planned,
Upside-down, on one hand,
While a barrel spins round on the feet.

Can we not get away from the Marvellous Murphys? If you have forgotten in which book they appear, the source is given in an *Editor's Tailpiece* on page 24.

John Slim's books are: Rotten Haystacks — More than 870 NEW limericks; Rather Rottener — More than 900 NAUGHTY new limericks; and Verse Places — A limerick gazetteer of the British Isles. They may be ordered through bookshops

Murray Hedgcock makes A Foray Into Deepest Wimbledon

All in the interests of Wodehousean research, you understand, your intrepid correspondent spent the better part of a week based at Wimbledon Common, hoping to trace links with the many PGW characters who made their home, permanent or temporary, in one leafily affluent thoroughfare of that salubrious suburb. Norman Murphy (*In Search of Blandings*) records Parkside, the road in question, as a mile and a quarter long (it is built up primarily on one side: the Common borders much of the other).

Most of the houses Plum knew dated from the 1860s-70s, as Norman records:

all with eight or ten bedrooms, staff quarters for half a dozen, and at least one coach house, set in grounds of an acre or more. Today only a few of the original monsters remain.

I was in fact quite familiar with Parkside: in 30 years of reporting tennis at Wimbledon, I often caught the No 93 bus from Putney, hopping off at the Parkside stop by the Apostolic Nunciature's, to walk down Somerset Road to the All-England Lawn Tennis Club. But I report sadly that even on-spot research, backing up familiarity, has produced little to add to the sum of Wodehousean knowledge.

Consider that graphic account by Bertie Wooster of his early morning vigil at The Larches (*The Mating Season*), where in search of a potentially explosive letter from Gussie Fink-Nottle to Madeline Bassett, he endures discomfort embracing nervous tension, beetles exploring his spine, and an inquiring ginger cat, before being required to hide behind a sofa, only to be confronted by a disapproving white, woolly dog – and it is a toss-up whether facing the young cannon pointed at him by the Bassett's muscular friend Hilda Gudgeon, or being the subject of melting Madeline glances, is the worse ordeal.

No such experience befell me: I saw nothing of the insects, the cat, the dog, housemaid Jane joshing the jaunty young postman, not even the gardener wearing a red and yellow cap which, Bertie suspected, did not truly label him a member of the MCC. I saw naught of Bingo Little's pram-pushing world, based at The Nook (*Lord Emsworth and Others*), in which he and his bookmaker, Charlie-Always-Pays Pikelet, called on a casual police constable to decide whose baby might be the uglier: to Bingo's horror, Algernon Aubrey Little was relegated to runner-up – the fate (or worse) of most of his hot turf tips.

Nor the nearby home of Bingo's Peke-napping boss Henry Cuthbert Purkiss (the tale told in *Eggs, Beans and Crumpets*). I did not find the garden of Holly House (*Bill the Conqueror*) where Mr Sinclair Hammond basked in the sun as Felicity Sheridan mused on an unsuitable betrothal before turning to her childhood idol, Bill West – the hero responsible for Sir Roderick Pyke's falling into the Holly House pond, and for foiling the book thieves Joe and Horace.

No sighting was vouchsafed to me of Balmoral, home of Mrs Willoughby Gudgeon and Hermione Brimble, who made such an impact on Augustus Mulliner at the Wimbledon Social Purity League bazaar – Balmoral also accommodating variously Oswald Stoker, Staniforth the butler, and the roistering publisher Russell Clutterbuck (*A Few Quick Ones*).

Perhaps it was for the best that I made no contact with The Oaks, Lord Tilbury's vast, echoing mansion, 'of a nature to cause sensitive architects, catching sight of it, to stagger back with a hand over their eyes, uttering faint moans' (*Frozen Assets*) and having much the same effect on Biff Christopher.

Wodehouse's Wimbledon Common was adorned most notably by Ukridge's Aunt Julia, who lived at Heath House, and The Cedars. (Same house, different name? Or different houses? We shall never know.) As the Man of Wrath himself put it: "The fact is, you see, Wimbledon Common is a good address. It means something, lends a lustre. The cognoscenti, hearing it, are impressed."

No doubt they still are, and with good reason: for all the redevelopment, including blocks of flats, Wimbledon Common retains something of that gracious quality which so assisted Ukridge in more than one of his schemes. (However – no bright-eyed maiden enticed me into buying a buttercup, ultimately benefiting Ukridge, as happened to James Corcoran in *Eggs, Beans and Crumpets*.)

Sadly, I found no trace of the denizens of Wodehouse's Wimbledon. There was no sign of Mr Prosser, President of the local temperance league, for whom Julia Ukridge opened her garden (nor of Mr Sims, who at a different stage held the same exalted position). No-one in my purlieu looked anything like butlers Oakshott, Baxter and Barter, who all served Miss Ukridge (nor was there a whisper of a former incumbent, Horace Stout). Odd-job man

Letters to the Editor

From Peter Cannon of New York

I agree with Louise O'Connor (*Wooster Sauce*, December 2001) that George MacDonald Fraser's Flashman books fall on the dark end of the comic spectrum, but as I argued in my article *Carry On, Flashman* (*Plum Lines*, Vol 14, No 2, Summer 1993), Fraser's Victorian anti-hero narrates his adventures in a colourful period vernacular that owes much to Bertie Wooster's example.

I concluded by speculating that Flashman in old age may have dandled an infant Bertie on his knee. When I sent a copy of my piece to the author in the hope of confirming the Wodehouse influence, Mr. Fraser didn't address the issue in his brief reply, but he did say "I don't know that Flashman would ever dandle the infant Bertie on his knee; might heave him off it, though."

Editor's Note:

Members who would like to obtain a copy of Peter's article in Plum Lines, Summer 1993, should write to

From Keith Hill of Dorset

Page 8 of *Wooster Sauce* for December reminded me of my first reading experience of PGW. I also have very fond memories of the Ian Carmichael/Dennis Price TV series. In black and white, I believe, but superb, and I quickly bought my first books.

Is there any way that we could persuade the BBC/SKY to find the tapes and show them again, or put them out on video?

Editor's Note:

Alas, all but one episode was destroyed, along with much other Wodehouse and non-Wodehouse material in a purge by unimaginative management many years ago.

Foray into Deepest Wimbledon, continued

Battling Billson would have been easily identifiable, but was not on view. Wilson the chauffeur did not appear. And nobody looked in the least like Miss Ukridge's visitor, the poetess Angelica Vining.

None of the paying guests funding Ukridge when he ran his home-from-home at his aunt's property was to be seen – not the redoubtable Lieut-Col B B Bagnew, Lady Bastable, nor one Wapshott (who Knew About Drains).

How They Saw Plum

Murray Hedgcock reviews Critical Times

An intriguing reminder of the way critics of his day viewed Wodehouse's work comes in *Critical Times*, a lively history of *The Times Literary Supplement* by Derwent May (HarperCollins, £25). First published on January 17, 1902, the *TLS* has long since been established as the premier vehicle for literary criticism in this country. Even in a volume of 606 pages, thousands of authors have to fight for space, so it is perhaps not surprising that May is able to mention just three PGW novels.

He begins in 1928, recording Douglas Woodruff 'sparing only a few lines in his Christmas roundup for a first novel by a newcomer – *Decline and Fall*, from Evelyn Waugh. In the same article, he gave a much more enticing account of P G Wodehouse's latest novel, *Money For Nothing*, concluding that a 'tear-off calendar' of cheery insults from his books would make an acceptable present in many homes'.

Fast-forward to 1935: John Hayward reported that publication of *Blandings Castle* 'will relieve the anxiety of those who have had no news of Lord Emsworth and Mr Mulliner for two years'. (This continues: 'But perhaps the most enthusiastic fiction review of all in this period – in fact, one of the most glowing fiction reviews the *Lit Supp* had ever published – was C S Lewis's review on October 2, 1937, of J R R Tolkien's *The Hobbit*.)

The same John Hayward appears again in 1938, 'dismissing Christopher Isherwood's *Lions and Shadows* as lacking depth and shape'. Happier with P G Wodehouse's *Summer Moonshine*, he said that Wodehouse had no-one to equal him in ingenuity, but warned that an alarming crack had appeared in the 'supposedly impregnable nature of his social system'; a baronet had been reduced to that last infirmity of noble purses – the turning of his seat into a paying guest house.

In fact, Wodehouse and his world were distinctly absent from Parkside, Wimbledon Common, in my brief stay, which I perhaps enjoyed more on leaving than arriving. I would not claim to have left my heart at Wimbledon Common – but I certainly left a significant slice of myself at Parkside Hospital (No 43, to be precise) . . .

Members will be pleased to hear that Murray made a swift recovery from his surgical experience.

The First Meeting of the Russian Society

reported by Masha Lebedeva



The photo includes, seated, the President, Mikhail Kuzmenko and leading translator Natalya Trauberg.

Another translator, Ekaterina Dobrokhtova-Maykova, is standing at the extreme right. Members who went on the Millennium Tour in 2000 may recognise Masha Lebedeva (standing, second from the left).

Photo by Sergey Kuznetsov.

On the October 15th last year, The Russian Wodehouse Society held its first meeting. The 120th anniversary of Plum's birth, the Society founder-fathers decided, was the great occasion for Wodehouse amateurs to exit from the web net to the daylight. Actually, the light was rather evening, artificial and blue-lilac in the small café called 'Net Name' (to provide the easiest passage from the Internet to the real life).

There were not, fortunately, any computers in this café, but, from the other side, in addition to beverages and pastry, a big screen was in the corner. During all the meeting night, Society members could watch on this screen the movie *Damsel in Distress* with Fred Astaire. For this possibility as for the meeting organization in the whole, we must be grateful to one of the most active Society members – Sergey (Psmith) Kuznetsov.

The meeting was opened by the live playing of some tunes from the Granada Television *Jeeves and Wooster* series. Watching a saxophonist playing, in what-the-well-dressed-man-is-wearing (in black jacket and bow-tie in our case), brought to the meeting if not a spirit of the old kind England but at least the spirit of the J & W serial.

Besides the cultural program and toasts for PGW, present and absent friends, a part of the night was devoted to announcing results of the quiz (that took place on the Society website) with presenting prizes to winners. Also results of the translations competitions

was announced. It was the fourth time that the Russian Wodehouse Society held this competition together with the educational website www.lang.ru, putting on this website pieces of PGW novels for those who want to improve their English or translator skill. Unfortunately, we couldn't reward winners at the meeting because they were not Muscovites.

Actually, the Russian Wodehouse Society and its chairman Mikhail Kuzmenko didn't intend to formalize this meeting by decisions about some organization questions. It was only the first step to the living personal contacts between PGW amateurs visiting TRWS website and chatting mainly through it. There were about 30 people at our meeting. A few days before, the journal *Afisha* ('Bill') had printed a short issue of the new *Sam the Sudden* edition with the brief announcement of our meeting, therefore some interested people just popped in for a short acquaintance.

Nevertheless, among the guests were representatives of friendly site www.lang.ru and, to the great honour of the Society, our brilliant translators Natalya Trauberg and Ekaterina Dobrokhtova-Maykova. At the end of the meeting, Wodehouseans gathered round Natalya Trauberg and she told us about her visits to England, meeting members of UK Wodehouse Society, and about her work and plans.

By the common opinion, the meeting turned out well. Do visit www.wodehouse.ru and see us.

Watson Washburn:

An Attorney at Home on Court or in Court

At the recent TWS Convention in Philadelphia, Erik Quick presented a paper about PGW's most notable legal counsel. In this biographical synopsis, some of his more unexpected achievements are identified.

Of the many volumes that have been devoted to the life of Wodehouse, none have discussed how he met Watson Washburn (1894-1973), or how the rather interesting life of Washburn may have influenced Wodehouse's legal cases. Since Washburn had never appeared before the United States Supreme Court prior to his representation of Plum in December 1948, it is clear that if Washburn's skills were important to Wodehouse, his selection of attorney was important to Washburn.

Although comments upon the tax system and the tax authorities in general from Wodehouse's life and fiction are well documented in *You Simply Hit Them with an Axe* (Porpoise Books, 1995), Wodehouse rarely incorporated the role of the political legal activist or litigating lawyer within the body of his stories. Given the prominence of the tax litigation and the inevitable discussions with his lawyers during the 1944-49 period, it is curious that Wodehouse did not reflect these experiences more within his works. A notable exception is in the short story *Big Business* (1952) from *A Few Quick Ones*, where Reginald Mulliner visited the law firm of Watson, Watson, Watson, Watson & Watson.

David Jasen suggested that Wodehouse may have been introduced to Washburn through one of Ethel's friends, as he believed Wodehouse had little interest in anything of a governmental nature. Barry Phelps, by contrast, hypothesizes that Wodehouse was not the naïve businessman with little knowledge of finance, but was, rather, an astute capitalist concerned with his financial condition. He would undoubtedly contend that Wodehouse was active in engaging legal counsel through the tax morass, and contributing legal strategies to the same in an effort to retain what he saw as his.

Washburn was born and raised in New York City, and spent almost his entire professional and personal life within the city's boundaries. He attended Harvard University from 1911-1915 and, while a college student, won the NCAA US Intercollegiate tennis doubles tournament in 1913. He served in the US Army during World War I and, between 1914 and 1922, was ranked seven times in the US tennis Top Ten. He played in both the Olympic and Davis Cup

teams, and was a US Open doubles finalist in 1921 and 1923 and a Wimbledon doubles finalist in 1924. He was inducted into the International Tennis Hall of Fame in 1965 and then elected to the Intercollegiate Tennis Association Men's Hall of Fame in 2001.

But Washburn's extracurricular talents were not limited to sports. In 1921, he was named special assistant to the Under-Secretary of the Treasury as an adviser on legal and financial matters. In 1929, he was appointed chief of the 'Martin Anti-Stock Fraud Bureau' in New York City, where he earned considerable fame in his personal drive against stock swindlers.

In 1931, he went into private legal practice in New York City, where he remained for the remainder of his life. He focused upon litigation and tax matters, and continued his academic interest in securities and financing. He became a secretary of the Greater New York Hoover Commission and the chairman of the 17th Congressional District Hoover Commission.

Washburn was deeply interested in politics throughout his life. He was a member of the New York County Republican Committee and, in 1961, he founded the Reading Reform Foundation, an international non-profit organization 'seeking to combat illiteracy throughout the country', and 'to encourage the correct teaching of systematic, multisensory phonics in reading instruction'.

When speaking with Watson Washburn's friends and colleagues, each of them informed me that he did not speak about Wodehouse privately, and did not display any admiration of the author's literary style or achievements. He was a lawyer unfamiliar with litigating before the Supreme Court when he represented Wodehouse. It is difficult to suppose that such an individual did not have a political motive making his legal arguments on Wodehouse's behalf. By so suggesting, I am neither intimating nor stating that Washburn was motivated by any other motive than a legal or ethical drive. His politics merely made him an appropriate counsel to litigate the different interpretations of tax law in the lower courts in the Supreme Court.

A Sauce of Misquotation

Clarified by Nigel Rees

For several years, whenever I have read anything written by PGW, I have made a note of his extensive quotations and allusions. Recently, I decided to make a special effort to track down the more obscure references. Although PGW was undoubtedly well-read, it is also a safe bet that his knowledge of many quotations derived directly from *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations* (ideally in about the 9th edition which was current when he was setting himself up as a writer in New York in 1909). He admitted as much in *Over Seventy*, Ch 3 (1957):

I wonder if Bartlett [that indispensable adjunct to literary success] has been as good a friend to other authors as he has been to me. I don't know where I would have been all these years without him. It so happens that I am not very bright and find it hard to think up anything really clever off my own bat, but give me my Bartlett and I will slay you.

Armed with this info and assisted by my merry sleuths around the world, here is what I have found. A further selection will be published in the June issue.

We are as little children, frightened of the dark *The Code of the Woosters*, Ch 3

Probably an allusion to the start of Francis Bacon's essay *On Death* (1625):

'Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark?.'

My soul is on the rack *The Mating Season*, Ch 6

This precise phrase (with the old spelling 'wrack') was used by Aphra Benn in *To Silvia, Writ in a Pair of Tablets from Love-Letters Between a Noble-Man And His Sister* (1684):

I take every opportunity of telling my Silvia . . . that I love my Silvia to Death and Madness, that my soul is on the Wrack, till she send me the happy advancing word!

But it is a bit unlikely that PGW knew of this. Perhaps it is quite a common expression, really?

Looking like The Soul's Awakening *The Mating Season*, Ch 12

Refers to a famous early 1900s lithograph that shows a young woman clutching a Bible.

Scanning the horizon like Sister what-was-her-name in the story *The Mating Season*, Ch 14

Another allusion by PGW to the fairy tale of Blue Beard where the wife says to her sister:

Anne, sister Anne, dost thou see nothing coming?

The heart bowed down with weight of woe to weakest hope will cling *The Mating Season*, Ch 14

This is definitely in the 1915 edition of Bartlett, and comes from *Song* by Alfred Bunn (of the 'marble halls'):

The heart bowed down by weight of woe ...

Let conscience be your guide *The Mating Season*, Ch 16

A more up-to-date allusion here, to the advice Jiminy Cricket gives to Pinocchio in the Disney film (1940). In fact, he is merely repeating what the Blue Fairy has already told Pinocchio:

Always let conscience be your guide.

'Tis deeds must win the prize *Ring for Jeeves*, Ch 7

This is Baptista's remark from Shakespeare, *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act II, scene i, line 335.

Of one whose subdued eyes drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees their medicinal gum *Ring for Jeeves*, Ch 19

From Shakespeare, *Othello*, Act V, scene ii, line 354, where the Moor himself says:

Of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum.'

Fly like a youthful hart or roe over the hills where spices grow *Jeeves and the Feudal Spirit*, Ch 11

A direct quote from the Isaac Watts *Hymn 78: The Strength of Christ's Love* (1753).

This way and that dividing the swift mind *Jeeves in the Offing*, Ch 6

Tennyson, *Morte d'Arthur*, line 56 (1842).

For know, rash youth, that in this star crost world
Fate drives us all to find our chiefest good
In what we can, and not in what we would
Joy In the Morning, Ch 25

This seems to be a confection by Jeeves who, rather oddly, attributes the phrase 'rash youth' to Bernard Shaw (who certainly did not invent it – it was around by 1659). 'Star crost' presumably alludes to Romeo and Juliet. And, as for the rest, one of my sleuths recalled seeing this from the epigraph to the film *Primrose Path* (US 1940):

We live, not as we wish to – but as we can . . .
Menander, 300 B.C.,

and this pointed me towards Terence:

Ut quimus aiunt, quando ut volumus non licet

(What we can, they say, when what we desire is not allowed us)

Piccadilly Jim on Film

Brian Taves concludes his review of PGW-related Movies

When Wodehouse left Hollywood in 1931, he had stated for the record that he had been generously paid for few achievements as a screenwriter. However, by 1936, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the very same studio that had found so little for him to do earlier, was again uniting Wodehouse with Hollywood.

By October of that year he would return to MGM as a screenwriter, but before he arrived two projects related to his work had been undertaken by others. A remake of *The Man In Possession*, the 1931 movie on which Wodehouse had received ‘additional dialogue’ credit, went before the cameras under the title *Personal Property*. MGM also made a new movie of Wodehouse’s *Piccadilly Jim*, a 1917 novel originally filmed in 1919.

After two years of scripting by at least nine writers, the new version of *Piccadilly Jim* was overlong, finally clocking at 100 minutes. As the title character Robert Montgomery, one of the few Hollywood comedians who could simultaneously play an Englishman who combined intelligent and ‘silly ass’ traits, was aptly cast. (Ironically, he had previously appeared in *The Man In Possession*.) Equally appropriate were Eric Blore as his valet, Frank Morgan as his father (the elder Jim Crocker, an unemployed ham actor), and many of the supporting players. However, leading lady Madge Evans brought no sense of comedy to her role.

As adapted for film, the story concerned how father and son both fall in love, not with the same woman, but with related women, although neither knows they are connected, and Jim initially does not yet even know Ann’s last name. When Jim’s father is rejected as a suitor by the arrogant in-laws, he conceives of originating a comic strip, *From Rags to Riches*, centred around the dictatorial mother, the henpecked husband and their obnoxious son Ogden. (Unlike in the novel, in the movie Jim’s nickname derives more from his skill as a caricaturist than his reputation for late London nights.)

When the strip becomes a hit, it makes further romantic progress impossible, but contractually Jim must continue it. The family can’t remain in England because they are so widely recognized, so the Crockers pursue their beloved to America, father in disguise, and son by concealing his true identity. Jim gradually changes the characterizations in the comic strip to make the family proud of the association, until only Ann, the niece, resists him.



Robert Montgomery invites Madge Evans to tea

Little of this plot comes from the book; the main thread in common being the Pett family, with its meek father and rambunctious child, the title character’s newspaper experience, and a few brief chapters which become the middle third of the movie, in which Jim follows Ann on board a transatlantic ship, using the name of his butler whom he pretends is his own father.

Many of the movie’s elements which had appeared in the novel and were standard Wodehouse devices, such as the eccentric butler, the henpecked husband, and the use of disguise and masquerade, compounded by mistaken identity, were also typical conventions of 1930s romantic comedy. While many genuinely amusing passages are scattered throughout the film, they are finally overwhelmed by too many dull stretches. Although *Piccadilly Jim* had potential, under Robert Z Leonard’s direction it regrettably failed to achieve the standard set by many other more memorable comedies of the period.

Lara Cazalet was at The Wigmore Hall



From the left:
Henry Goodman,
Sylvia McNair,
Janie Dee and
Hal Cazalet

Photo:
Joanne O'Brien

It is 7.34pm on December 1st. Every seat is a flurry of anticipation as the doors on the Wigmore Hall stage fly open and in come the singers, immaculately clad for the grandeur of their surroundings. Sylvia McNair, Henry Goodman, Janie Dee and Hal Cazalet join Steve Blier on piano and Gregory Utzig on guitar banjo and mandolin.

The evening kicks off with *Sir Galahad*, and I know instantly that we are in for a great night ahead. Such different artists might have curdled together but the effect is quite the opposite: a beautiful soufflé starts to rise before our very eyes. The atmosphere is light and bubbly – the perfect tonic to end the year. “I haven’t heard people in such a happy mood since the days of Rubenstein!” the cloakroom attendant exclaimed at the end of the night. The songs, taken out of context from different musicals, are skilfully put together by the slick directing of Larry Maslon who manages to avoid the conventions of a concert by linking songs and turning it into a show.

My Castle in the Air, sung with beautiful stillness and delicacy by Hal, transports us beyond the milky way and where the moonbeams glow. It is in ballads such as this and *The Land Where the Good Songs Go* that we see Plum’s sheer brilliance. With simplicity, perception and romance he makes us feel we all know of these places but could never describe them.

We’re Crooks is so different in style but equally captivating. With its gimmicks, carefully synchronised moves and the amazing facial expressions, we witness two useless wannabe gangsters. But their hard gangster act collapses when the first crook, Henry, blubs (much to the humiliation of the second) at the mention of ‘his dear old mother’. We are reduced to fits of giggles by this perfect comic duo. Silence is then immediate when Sylvia sings *Go Little Boat*. With the tenderness of Plum’s lyrics, the beauty of

Steve’s playing and Sylvia’s sensitivity we feel as if we are with on her boat and can experience her excitement as she sails towards her love.

What a romantic Plum must have been, to have written so often about love. In the song *You Never Knew About Me* we see how the woman, Janie, is so much more provocative and articulate on the subject than the man, Hal. It is the same in *If I Ever Lost You* where she sings of flowers, bees and summer days and he of beef, eggs and steak. In these songs Janie has a real feel for the 1920s girl. She is coquettish without being skittish, knowing yet naive, sensual without being overt and shows boundless energy and character.

A real tester came for me when Sylvia sang *Bill*. Worried that I may have felt sad not to have been part of the night (perhaps two-timed by *Bill*?) I couldn’t have felt more at ease. Who could have done it as much justice as Sylvia? There *Bill* stood and with no nerves in between! A faultless performance.

Steve Blier’s unique and magical touch on the piano is capable of melting even the toughest of hearts. He has an extraordinary quality. One is always acutely aware of him but he never dominates. Greg Utzig compliments both pianist and singers, creating the perfect atmosphere.

Many thanks must go to my dad and most especially to Hal. His tireless enthusiasm and passion not only got the project off the ground, but also involved the best of talent. We are lucky to have a collection of these classics on CD now and to have had an opportunity to hear in addition *Siren Song*, *We’re Crooks*, *There Isn’t One Girl* and *Napoleon* at the concert. An evening that put a smile on every face and a skip in every step. Thank you and how proud I am of you, Hal.

Belgians and Buddhists

At the November Savage Club meeting, David Colvin described some Ambassadorial duties

The Society's November meeting at the Savage Club was the best attended for some time, with about fifty members present, including maybe a dozen making their first appearance. Elin Woodger-Murphy, making her UK debut as the Chairman's lady, was presented with an assorted bouquet of plum-coloured tropical flowers on behalf of the Society.

The formal part of the evening was a reminiscence by David Colvin, CMG, recently retired both as H M Ambassador to Belgium and Patron of The Drones Club, the Belgian Wodehouse Society. He confessed to having been converted to Wodehouse relatively late, encouraged first by his father-in-law (Society member and Plum look-alike Gordon Smith, see *Wooster Sauce 14*, June 2000, page 11) and then by the invitation from The Drones Club.

He contrasted his experience with the more rapid conversion experienced by William, an acquaintance of a Thai friend whom he had got to know in 1968 during his first diplomatic posting in Bangkok. In 2000, William attended a five-day retreat for Buddhists in a forest temple in north-east Thailand, attending as a 'praam' or layman. The retreat involved all-night meditation sessions, and William sought to survive by alternating half-an-hour's meditation with half-an-hour's reading of a somewhat dog-eared book which he found in his cell. The author was unknown to him but the book was in English, and he found *The Inimitable Jeeves* absolutely delightful.

David regretted that diplomacy today displays fewer and fewer touches of panache and originality, saying that both tended to be discouraged as politically incorrect. Wondering how PG might have reacted to the 'PC' movement, he speculated that he might just have ignored it but, more likely, would have extracted a great deal of fun out of it. Would Lord Emsworth, he asked, have become a people's peer? Or the Efficient Baxter a spin doctor?

His position of Patron of The Drones Club (in which post he has been succeeded by the Bangladeshi Ambassador to Belgium) has enabled him to make new friends, and set him thinking not only about the nature of humour in general but realising that it is able to leap national, linguistic and cultural boundaries. He found a welcome confirmation that humour is an indispensable aid to the diplomatic purpose.

When the time came to leave Belgium, David and his wife Caroline were given a send-off at a 'Goodbye-to-a-Great-Patron' dinner. Kris Smets, Chairman of The Drones Club, summed up the philosophy to which they work:

"We treat the trivial things of life seriously and the serious things with sincere and studied triviality, but never with disrespect."

As David concluded, it had taken a Flemish-speaking Belgian, using English, to encapsulate such an admirable philosophy of life.

Society Cricket Matches

The Gold Bats, the Society's cricket team, will play its annual cricket match against the Dulwich Dusters on Friday June 21st. Tea will be available for spectators if you order it on the enclosed form.

Members who would like to play are encouraged to contact Bob Miller, the Gold Bats' manager, on as soon as possible. We are making progress towards having a fully representative team drawn only from members, and with 850 to choose from, we should be able to find the necessary eleven! Members will also recall that last year we had a match against the Sherlock Holmes Society of London. We hope that this fixture will be repeated but at the time of writing no date or venue has been fixed. If you are interested in playing or spectating, watch our website for details, or contact Bob Miller.

Production of *Come On, Jeeves*

A production of *Come On, Jeeves*, the play by PGW and Guy Bolton which was the blueprint for *Ring For Jeeves*, was staged by The Company of Ten in St Albans from 22 February until 2 March. A review of the play, which may not have been performed since 1960, will appear in June's *Wooster Sauce*.

Gosford Park and Piccadilly Jim

Many of those who have seen the film *Gosford Park* have commented on the Wodehousean atmosphere and attention to detail in the period setting. Julian Fellowes, the actor who wrote *Gosford Park*, has been commissioned to write a film script for PGW's *Piccadilly Jim*, and we must hope that it eventually goes into production.

PROFILE OF A PATRON

Nicolas Colicos may seem to be a most reluctant Patron of the Society as so far he has been unable to attend any of the annual bun-fights. Rest assured that this has purely been due to an ongoing if somewhat anti-social commitment to the taskmaster that is the West End Musical. Although Nicolas is currently giving the weekly eight to *Kiss Me Kate* at the Victoria Palace, it was during his stint as Cyrus Budge III, Jr, in the original production of *By Jeeves* that Nicolas first crossed paths with the Wodehouse Society. Nicolas' abiding love of all things Wodehousean began at the tender age of fourteen when his mother, for reasons that are still unclear, banned television from the family home. This drove the young Colicos to plunder the shelves of his local bookseller where he consciously flouted the old adage and judged many a book by its cover. It was the cover art by Ionicus that first drew him into the world of Wooster, Blandings and Psmith, but the wonderful wordsmithing of Wodehouse that has kept him firmly entrenched there ever since.

Photograph: Joan Marcus



Mr Mulliner Dramatised in Bangalore

V S Vivek produced a press report on Wilmot in Hollywood

On June 30, 2001, at the Park Hotel, MG Road Bangalore, and again on 8 July at the Windsor Manor, the Artistes Repertory Theatre ('ART') staged *Wilmot in Hollywood*, a dramatisation of two of the Mulliner stories, *The Nodder* and *The Juice of an Orange*. It was organised by the Indo-American Chamber of Commerce and sponsored, *inter alia*, by HSBC, today's name for the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, by which Plum was employed in his youth.

Dilip DasGupta played the narrator, Mr Mulliner, at the Anglers' Rest, and the 'acting parts' were played by a mixture of Indian and western personnel. The production was adapted and directed by Arundhati Raja. Reports say that the details of coiffeure and costume, an ART hallmark, along with 'the automaton yessers and noddors' perfect 'a picture that Wodehouse fanatics (and there are many in Bangalore) would heartily applaud'.

I SAY!

Favourite Exchanges – 21

Edith: He is not pimply.

Robert: Pardon me. He's spotted like a leopard.

From *Arthur*, a play adapted from Ferenc Molnar's *Jemand*, 1952

The Smile That Wins

Favourite Nifties – 18

"Mr Bodkin, miss, so I understand from the ties in his drawer, was educated at Eton. That's where he's handicapped in these matters."

From *The Luck of the Bodkins*, 1935

A Humorous Author from Dulwich

Alison Lindsay has edited a Jane Shaw Companion

For many years now I have been engaged in researching the life and work of a writer whose plots range from the unlikely to the farcical; who spent several happy years in Dulwich, and later employed it as a fictional setting; a writer to whom I owe a great debt of gratitude for first making me aware of the dazzling possibilities of language. Oh – and perhaps I should have said this before – it's not P G Wodehouse.

At the age of ten, I read Jane Shaw's *Breton Holiday*, and from the moment on the first page when elder sister Vanessa consigns Caroline and her cousin Sara to 'the most fatherly of those villanous-looking taxi-drivers' I realised I had found an author whose work resonated in perfect pitch to my ears. We who read Wodehouse know that the right word in the right place will chime like a bell – and, once arrived at their destination, Sara shows 'a great inclination to cleave to the villain'. I wasn't conscious of an author's use of language until much later – until, indeed, I read A A Milne's observation that 'Light verse obeys Coleridge's definition of poetry, the best words in the best order' – but how much more effective that 'cleave' is, compared to the more obvious 'cling'.

To cover the dull biographical stuff first: Jane Shaw was born Jean Patrick in Glasgow in 1910, the youngest child and only daughter of a Glasgow surgeon. After graduating from Glasgow University in 1932 she trained as a teacher but, never very interested in this as a profession, Jean instead secured a post with Collins, the Glasgow publishing firm. They published her first book, *Breton Holiday*, in 1939, by which time she was married and living in Dulwich. When the family moved to South Africa in 1952, Jean worked in the Children's Book Shop in Johannesburg for twenty-five years. Her published output, some forty books, appeared between 1939 and 1969; her best-known series concerns Susan Lyle, a Scot, who comes to live with her cousins, the Carmichaels, in Dulwich, fictionalised to Wychwood Village.

Jean and her husband Robert Evans had lived in a house opposite the Dulwich Picture Gallery and school chapel, and this house becomes the Carmichaels' home in the *Susan* series. Dulwich College appears in *No Trouble for Susan* as 'Wychwood College, which had been founded by a very famous actor of Shakespeare's time, [and]

owned most of Wychwood and was a very powerful body which wouldn't allow people to cut down even a tree without permission'. This is the best clue to the identity of Wychwood; how fortunate, then, that I knew of Edward Alleyn through P G Wodehouse. Wodehouse's Dulwich, though, lies to the south-west of West Dulwich Station; Jane Shaw's lies north-east, and is centred on College Road, from the tollgate and mill pond north of the road called Dulwich Common to the shops along Dulwich Village. Her descriptions of the area never obtrude – indeed, they are often lost sight of in the comical narrative which drives her books along – but her writing is so permeated with the atmosphere of this London village that her readers find it easy to trace the Carmichaels' adventures on the ground.

One of Jane Shaw's favourite literary devices was the extended sentence, a style to which I too, I must own, am much addicted. Wodehouse, of course, was a past master at this. Pick any of his at random – like this, from *The Clicking of Cuthbert*:

"But, just as he addresses the ball, someone in the crowd he tries to assassinate Lenin with a rewolwer – you know that is our great national sport, trying to assassinate Lenin with rewolwers – and the bang puts Trotsky off his stroke and he goes five yards past the hole, and then Lenin, who is rather shaken, you understand, he misses again himself, and we win the hole and match and I clean up three hundred and ninety-six thousand roubles, or fifteen shillings in your money."

There's 85 words there, and under perfect control throughout; because, however inconsequential it may appear, Wodehouse knows where he wants the sentence to go. May I offer in comparison this from Jane Shaw's *The Crew of the Belinda*, when the heroines have called on a formidable lady novelist of sweet romances?

Fanny gingerly removed a cup and saucer from a small chair and huddled there, and thought that it was rather like being in a room with a volcano in full eruption and just as hot: Liliás thought that to be mixing with popular novelists and that, was very cosmopolitan and sophisticated; one's father wrote books, but that was different, and his friends did too, scholarly little monographs on Shakespeare's use of the comma, perhaps, but that wasn't what she meant either.

Two ‘First Experiences’

From Jim Aslett

In 1943, during a holiday visit from school, I was introduced to the works of Wodehouse by my mother. She was a member of both the Boots’s and the WH Smith’s lending libraries in Bournemouth. In those days it was the done thing for the middle classes to become members of these libraries in order to avoid the possibility of ‘catching something’ from books available from the local Public Library. Membership of these commercial libraries was by annual subscription. Their books were custom bound with a punched hole made available at the top of the spine to accommodate a treasury tag to which was attached the membership card. This card could then also act as a bookmark. I do not know the precise dates on which these libraries ceased to function, but I remember coming home on leave from overseas not so many years later, to discover that they were part of our cultural history.

My mother was an avid reader of romantic novels, whereas I was more interested in Crime and Westerns. At some time she in turn must have been introduced to Wodehouse because I can remember her passing me a copy of *Carry On Jeeves*, suggesting that I might find it amusing. Needless to say I was hooked and went on to read as many Jeeves books as I could lay my hands on. I had to progress to his other characters as time passed.

Since then, I have remained a fan of Plum and lately, with the help of my wife, have accumulated an expanding collection of his works. These continue to give me hours of enjoyment just as they did all those years ago. Wooster and Jeeves must surely be part of our folklore by now. My hope is to introduce them to my grandsons as soon as they are old enough.

From Bernard Lewis

I have a very clear recollection of my first encounter with the Master. As a London schoolboy living in Ladbrooke Grove, I had called in at the public library by the bus stop, while waiting for a No 52 to take me to my violin lesson. It was a newly published book and the author was not known to me. I was highly amused by the book’s opening. It was the clock sequence at the start of *The Girl on the Boat*. But of course it didn’t stop there. I read on, long past my destination and was very late for my violin lesson. I produced the book as my excuse and my teacher, a truly marvellous man (a member of the Spencer Dyke String Quartet) called Edwin Quaife, said “As it’s that chap I can forgive you, because he writes such perfect English”.

The Work of Jane Shaw, continued

Even more inconsequential, but just as controlled – and with a good aside on academic publishing at the end too. Earlier in the same book, a reluctance to smash an old piggy bank brings the comment, “I admire the subtleties of your conscience”, said Liliias. “A knife’s one thing, but a hatchet’s another.”

The one thing I haven’t yet said, although perhaps it has become obvious, is that these are stories for children. Her initial employment in the children’s department of Collins no doubt directed Jane Shaw towards that field, although I think that even if her work had taken a different direction she would always have preferred, like Wodehouse, to make a musical comedy of life. As a child I enjoyed Jane Shaw’s stories uncritically; as I grew up I realised how extraordinarily well-written they were; and as an adult I determined to find out what I could about their author. The quest has occupied many happy

hours for me over the past few years and thanks to Jane Shaw I will be able to achieve my ambition of seeing my name in the British Library catalogue – as an editor, rather than author, alas, but responsible for a collection of short stories and critical essays respectively by and about Jane Shaw called *Susan and Friends*. I know that Wodehouse readers, with a hundred or so titles to choose from, may not be in need of other diversions, but I know too that they are always anxious to recommend their favourite author; so I hope they will grant me the same licence when I urge them to try Jane Shaw.

A Chance to Obtain Bargain First Editions

Member David Holt has invited the Society to offer his collection of PGW books, principally first editions, to members at very attractive prices. David is having to reduce, and would like the books to go to good homes.

The descriptions which follow are as accurate as an amateur can compile. We suggest that by April 30, those members who are interested inform the Editor (at the address at the foot of page 24) which titles they would like to buy, and a fair allocation will be made shortly thereafter. If there are several members interested in the better books, lots may be drawn. Offers at less than the suggested price will not be entertained at this time.

Members who are also dealers are welcome to buy books to improve their personal collections, but we ask them to respect the fact that the offer is not being made to enable them to sell the books on at a profit.

Unless stated, the books are believed to be first editions without dust jackets. Prices are post-free (surface mail outside Europe).

£ 12

Joy in the Morning, slightly loose at rear end-paper; slight discoloration of boards

Full Moon, faded spine, otherwise VG

The Mating Season, faded spine, Good

French Leave, VG except for slightly faded spine

Uncle Fred in the Springtime, has variant orange binding, grubby-looking

£ 15

Spring Fever, VG+ other than slightly faded spine

Stiff Upper Lip Jeeves, book VG in poor, stained and torn jacket.

The Old Reliable, VG-, stain on top of pages

Nothing Serious, faded spine, otherwise VG

£ 20

Carry On, Jeeves, tight, exterior grubby-looking, slight spine fade, usual faults from age

Summer Lightning, some marks on boards, slight spine fade, interior VG

Heavy Weather, VG-

Adventures of Sally, second edition, VG, bright, tight

Mulliner Omnibus, slight loss of black lettering on spine, VG-

If I Were You, VG

Something Fishy, VG in jacket torn with some parts missing

The Clicking of Cuthbert, VG-

Sam the Sudden, rather discoloured boards, but a VG- interior

The following books demand somewhat higher prices, but are still bargains:

£ 50

Jill the Reckless, a book in need of repair to broken rear hinge, front hinge cracked and front end paper cut out. Otherwise it is VG, with excellent dark blue colour and the book pages tight. Once repaired, we are told, it is a £ 200+ book

Hot Water, the book is VG with the usual uneven fading of the boards. It is in a variant dust wrapper showing 2/6 on the spine, but with many faults

£ 100

The Coming of Bill, VG, with slightly faded spine. May be a variant binding as the boards are red rather than the normal deep cherry-red. There is a suspicion that the paper may be slightly thinner, but all indications are those of the first edition

£ 250

A Prefect's Uncle, slightly grubby appearance, with darkened boards and missing front end-paper. (At the time of writing, three better copies are offered by different booksellers at between £1,500 and £2,500.)

Copies of first editions of *Right Ho, Jeeves* and *Uncle Dynamite*, in poor condition, are also available to members prepared to pay postage of £2 for each (UK only).

Free Videos: No Catches!

American member John Baesch has just returned to his native land after a two-year business assignment to the UK, during which he accumulated videos of the four series of Jeeves and Wooster on Granada television and the BBC TV film *Heavy Weather*. Since they are in PAL format, the videos will not play on his American equipment and he has generously left them to the Society to hand out to members who would like them. They have all been used, but are in very good condition.

Members are invited to notify the Editor as to which (one or more) they would like by April 30th. If it proves necessary, a draw will then be held to make the allocation and the videos will be sent off in early May.

The Bibliographic Corner by Nick Townend

Titles from the 1950s and 1960s

Five of Wodehouse's novels published between 1957 and 1965 appeared in a variety of bindings and dustwrappers, many of them unrecorded in *McIlvaine*. Bookdealers often seem unaware of the various issue points, so items sold as first editions are not always true first editions – a case of *caveat emptor*.

Something Fishy, published in 1957 in red cloth with black lettering (A80a), was reissued, probably in 1965, a fact unrecorded by *McIlvaine*. The reissued book is identical to the first edition, but the dust-wrapper differs. On the rear panel, whereas the first edition lists 56 Wodehouse titles, the reissue lists 38 Wodehouse titles from the Autograph Edition, commencing with *Barmy in Wonderland* and ending with *Young Men in Spats*. The latest of the titles listed is *The Indiscretions of Archie*, published in the Autograph Edition on 12 March 1965. On the front flap, the reissue has the same five paragraph plot summary as the first edition, but has a price of '6/6 net in UK only', whereas the first edition has a price of 10/6. On the rear flap, the reissue has four comments on *Wodehouse at Work* (published in 1961), whereas the first edition lists 11 titles in the Autograph Edition.

Cocktail Time was published in 1958 in red cloth with black lettering (A81a), with reissues in blue cloth with gold lettering (A81a2 and A81a3) and white cloth (sometimes described as cream) with black lettering (A81a4). There is also a reissue, unrecorded in *McIlvaine*, in blue cloth with black lettering.

A Few Quick Ones was published in 1959 in red cloth with black lettering (A82b), with reissues in yellow cloth with black lettering (A82b3), dark blue cloth with black lettering (A82b4) and dark blue cloth with gold lettering (A82b5). In addition, there is also a reissue, unrecorded in *McIlvaine*, in grey cloth with black lettering. The true first issue of the first edition has 'uever' at the bottom of p196, whereas later issues have 'never'. There were also issues which are identical with the earlier issues, with the exception of the price shown on the front flap of the dustwrapper, which is higher than the original price of 12/6; in some cases, a decimal price is shown. Whether these were separate, later issues, or merely the release onto the market of unsold previous issues, albeit with a revised dust-wrapper price, is unclear.

Frozen Assets, published in 1964 in red cloth with gold lettering (A87b), was reissued, probably in 1965, again unrecorded by *McIlvaine*. The reissued book is identical to the first edition, but again the dustwrapper differs: the rear panel lists more than the 36 Autograph Edition titles given on the first edition. One of the additional titles is *Big Money*, published in the Autograph Edition on 12 March 1965.

Galahad at Blandings was published in 1965 in red cloth with gold lettering (A88b). A variant first edition exists, unrecorded in *McIlvaine*, bound in dark red cloth. The title was also reissued, probably in 1966, a fact again unrecorded in *McIlvaine*. Both the book and dustwrapper of the reissue differ from the first edition. The first edition gives the address of Herbert Jenkins Ltd on the copyright page as 3 Duke of York Street, London, SW1; the reissue gives it as 2 Clement's Inn, London, WC2.

The front panel of the dustwrapper is the same on both the first edition and the reissue. The back panel of the first edition lists 38 titles in the Autograph Edition, whereas the reissue lists 41: the extra three are *The Coming of Bill*, *Mulliner Nights* and *Piccadilly Jim*, all of which were published in the Autograph Edition in 1966. The address on the back panel of the reissue also differs in the same way as it does on the copyright page of the book. The front flap of the first edition has a five paragraph plot summary followed by a list of seven titles, beginning *Summer Lightning* and ending *Service with a Smile*, and a price of '16/- net'. The front flap of the reissue has four one paragraph reviews of the book, followed by the statement 'See back flap for a description of this book?'. The back flap of the first edition contains an advertisement for *Wodehouse at Work*. The back flap of the reissue is the same as the front flap of the first edition (ie a five paragraph plot summary followed by a list of seven titles).

Meeting at Bolton

July 20, 2002

Following the success of last year's meeting, another will be held at the Little Theatre, Bolton on July 20. The meeting is open to all; details are available from Mark Reid

Members in the North-West will receive a letter giving full details closer to the meeting. Further details will appear in the June *Wooster Sauce*.

Old Harrovian Chris Makey casts a critical eye over *In His Own Words*

I must declare an interest. My attempt to obtain a free copy was met by the response: "One copy – one crit". One felt that there was a subtext as to the content of the crit, but here goes.

Let me get one criticism out of the way at the outset. The Print. Some of it is very small – so much so that it may spoil the enjoyment of readers who do not have perfect vision – and that would be unfortunate as this is a book to be enjoyed by anybody who has had pleasure in reading Wodehouse as we all have.

This is a book into which one can either plunge or dip. What is your choice? I can do no better than to repeat the preface by the Master to both *The World of Jeeves* and *The World of Mr Mulliner*:

As regards the medium dose, I would recommend not more than two or perhaps three (pages) a day – taken at breakfast or before retiring. Nervous people and invalids will of course be guided by their doctor's advice.

Other criticisms? There is one that is universal but cannot be avoided in a book of this type. Some particular favourite quotation or passage which the reader regards as particularly apposite will have been left out – as against that what a joy to come upon so many that have been forgotten or are only half remembered. The reference to Eton (taken from *The Luck of the Bodkins*) at page 58 was splendidly in context and shows us that PGW was a very keen observer of the human condition. Careful editing should perhaps have led to the reference to Harrow taken from *Laughing Gas* being deleted (even in the Master's work there must be the occasional error).

But these are quibbles. The idea of producing a biography around the writings of Wodehouse might in less capable hands have been unsatisfying. The primary sources are there to read, and no doubt somebody will produce his entire correspondence with footnotes in the future (indeed – it doubtless forms the basis of several well-deserved doctorates already). This work shows in a very readable format the wealth of knowledge the authors have for their subject.

Those who have read every biography may find nothing new. I did. What was the information that Major Victor Cazalet had which in 1943 would have 'affected his (Plum's) status as a prisoner of war and be greatly to his advantage.' Would it have stopped

IN HIS OWN WORDS

'I am sorry . . . if my eyes are fishy. The fact has not been called to my attention before.'

'I suppose you never had any sisters,' said Sally. 'They would have told you.'

(The Adventures of Sally)

A strong-willed sister of twelve can establish over a brother of seven a moral ascendancy which lasts a lifetime.

(Uncle Dynamite)

. . . and learn the fundamentals of what it eventually takes to be an Aunt at the same time. Of course, when they get to be older, the whole business can become somewhat more complicated . . .

It is a curious law of Nature that the most undeserving brothers always have the best sisters.

(Uneasy Money)

Part of a page from *In His Own Words*

the nonsense with the appalling Duff Cooper (and the honourable William Connor, 'Cassandra', who had the decency to apologise to Wodehouse after the war). Sadly we will never know but until I had read this book I was not aware of the existence of such information.

Is this a book that can be recommended? The answer is definitely "Yes". For members of the Society it will be a pleasure because you can dip in and out of it at will. For those who have not yet discovered Wodehouse or only know of him through radio or television this is not only an opportunity to discover why he is regarded by all right thinking people as one of the great masters of the English language but at the same time get an informative and entertaining view of his life.

A definite vote of thanks to Barry Day and Tony Ring.

(In His Own Words is published by Hutchinson, ISBN 0-09-179399-8, at £ 12.99.)

News of Forthcoming Publications

Four More Readings from Simon Callow

Members who have been listening to Simon Callow's award-winning readings of the Jeeves and Wooster series by Penguin Audio will be pleased to hear that a further four titles have been recorded and will be released later this year. They are;

30 May	Jeeves and the Feudal Spirit ISBN 0141803665
25 July	Ring for Jeeves ISBN 0141803657
26 September	The Code of the Woosters ISBN 0141803673
28 November	Aunts Aren't Gentlemen ISBN 0141803681

Also in July, two of the earlier titles will be available on CD for the first time:

Thank You, Jeeves	ISBN 0141803916
Jeeves in the Offing	ISBN 014803924

Ten Jeeves and Wooster abridgements by Martin Franks have now been recorded by Simon Callow. Four remain to be tackled if the project is to run its natural course, and we trust that both they and Penguin will have the stamina to complete the series.

Tim Brooke-Taylor's Golf Clubs went to Addington

Bazal TV recently made a series for the Discovery Home and Leisure Channel which involved Tim Brooke-Taylor visiting a series of golf Clubs, and playing a round with the local pro. On the 13th January, the broadcast edition featured Addington, from the sixth bunker of which Plum purported to write his foreword to *The Heart of a Goof*.

Tim Brooke-Taylor made use of this information in his commentary, although he personally avoided the bunker and hit his ball down a ravine instead, and Wodehouse was mentioned several times during the programme.

Society member Charles Wodehouse, one of the relatively few regular playing members at the private club, also appeared on the programme, in conversation with Tim Brooke-Taylor and the professional at the sixth hole.

Love Among the Chickens published by Penguin

One of the more difficult titles for new readers to acquire, *Love Among the Chickens*, will shortly be back in the shops. It is to be published as a Penguin Classic on April 4th, (price £7.99, ISBN 0141187042) and will have an *Introduction* by Robert McCrum, Literary Editor of *The Observer*, and author of the forthcoming Wodehouse biography.

The Next Titles from Everyman

Another four titles in the Everyman collectors' series were scheduled for publication on 14th March. They are:

<i>Joy in the Morning</i>	ISBN 1841591157
<i>Lord Emsworth and Others</i>	ISBN 1841591149
<i>Meet Mr Mulliner</i>	ISBN 1841591130
<i>The Clicking of Cuthbert</i>	ISBN 1841591122

Four further titles are promised for the autumn.

Cheering News about Wodehouse Playhouse

The good news has reached us from America that the best portrayal of Wodehouse's humour on television, the mid-1970s series of Mulliner, Golf and Drones stories, *Wodehouse Playhouse*, is at last being made commercially available on video.

Wodehouse Playhouse starred John Alderton and, in many episodes, Pauline Collins. The first series had introductions by a 93-year-old P G Wodehouse, which we hope will appear on this production.

For a number of years, there has been a campaign by Wodehouseans to arrange for this release, some in America led by Len Brand writing regularly to the BBC over there, whilst the International Wodehouse Association sent in a two-hundred signature petition to the BBC in London.

And stop press news, for those in the UK and Europe, is that the distributors, Acorn Media, have also obtained the rights to produce the series on videos and DVDs in the United Kingdom. This is so new a development that they have no fixed idea of timing, but it can be expected that release will be this year. Time to keep our collective fingers crossed.

Recent Press Comment

Daily Mail, August 4

Answering the question ‘What book changed your life and why?’, Barry Norman replied ‘A collection of Jeeves and Wooster stories of P G Wodehouse when I was thirteen. I hurt with laughter. That was the book that made me realise how wonderful it is to use words well, and led to my writing career.’

Late October

More than a dozen US papers reviewed the New York production of *By Jeeves*.

Times, October 27

‘It’s all tickety-boo for the Wooster Couple’ and ‘A fictional alliance that always landed the chump in a pickle’ were two articles relating to the Murphy/Woodger nuptials. (Also an article in the *Sunday Times*, November 4)

Mail on Sunday, November 4

Published an article by Andrew Lloyd Webber on the launch of *By Jeeves* on Broadway.

Daily Telegraph, November 10 (from John Baesch)

Hugh Massingberd referred to PGW as an ‘illustrious man’ and included him in a list of ‘heroes’ in an article about his book *Daydream Believer*.

Daily Telegraph, November 12

Bill Deedes began a column story ‘It was a joy to hear a New York audience laughing its head off at *By Jeeves*’.

Observer, November 18

Robert McCrum had a long article summarising his researches on the continent and his interview with Bob Whitby, a fellow internee with Plum.

Independent, November 17 (from Hilary Bruce)

An editorial took Nigel de Gruchy of NASUWT to task for describing classroom assistants as “pig ignorant peasants”. It pointed out that ‘Pigs as anyone even slightly acquainted with the works of Sir Pelham Wodehouse would know, are highly intelligent.’

Daily Telegraph, November 22

Norman Murphy had a letter published proposing a Wodehouse Heritage Trail

Evening Standard, November 30 (from Helen Murphy)

Times, December 4

Previewed (*Standard*) and reviewed (*Times*) the concert at the Wigmore Hall (see page 11)

Historian, December (from Tristan Godfrey)

An article on *Spy Fever in Britain, 1900-1914* suggested that PGW’s parody, *The Swoop*, was far superior to books such as Le Queux’s *Invasion of 1910*, which sold a million copies.

The New Criterion, December (from Kathy Lewis and James Hogg)

Featured a long and thoughtful review of *By Jeeves* entitled *Plum on Broadway* by Mark Steyn.

Economist, December 7 (from Alison Lindsay)

A letter from a John Brinski of Virginia reminded readers that Jeeves was Bertie’s valet, not a butler.

The Week, December 8 (from Iain Sproat, Kate Jones and Edward Cazalet)

Ben Elton selected *The Code of the Woosters* as one of six books he enjoyed as a child.

Times, December 17

Reproduced the article *Christmas Presents* by PGW, which had appeared in December’s *Wooster Sauce*.

Daily Mail, December 21

Observer, December 23

Reviewed *P G Wodehouse: In His Own Words*

Woman and Home, January (from Kate Jones)

Ken Follett included *The Code of the Woosters* as one of his three best reads.

Independent, January 5 (from Hilary Bruce)

‘The Weasel?’ wrote about the book *Wittgenstein’s Poker* by David Edmonds and John Eldinow, and expressed surprise that Wittgenstein had been a big fan of PGW, his favourite story having been *Honeysuckle Cottage*.

Sunday Times, January 13

Andrew Lloyd Webber was interviewed by Danny Danziger about *By Jeeves*.

Times, January 23

Simon Barnes commented that two of the most famous characters in all fiction were named after county cricketers: Jeeves and Ian Fleming’s Blofeld.

Washington Post, January 24 (from David McDonough)

Michael Dirda, Pulitzer Prize-winner, wrote:

‘Wodehouse is my god, and I mention him so often that I now take pains to avoid recommending *Leave It To Psmith* and *The Code of the Woosters* one more time.’

Sunday Times, January 27

Philip Pullman, Whitbread Prize-winner, wrote :

‘Children don’t just read children’s books. When I was 12 or 13 I got a P G Wodehouse book from a relative. I thought he was wonderful – still do. The great thing is to give a child an adult’s book.’

Times, February 1 (from Dr Palmer)

Philip Howard’s article *Great Unread Treasures Waiting to be Discovered this Side of Elysium* referred to PGW’s comments on the unintelligibility of Shakespeare, and suggested that such poets and authors as Edward Young, Kipling, Scott and Dryden are unjustly unread today.

Times, February 16

A review of Francis Wheen’s book *Hoo-Hahs and Passing Frenzies* (Collected Journalism, 1991-2001) praised our member both for his meticulous research and for the breadth of his reading – including Trollope, Wodehouse, the Grossmiths and Orwell.

*Rosie M Banks is alive and well
– and working for Woman’s Weekly*

In *Clustering Round Young Bingo*, from *Carry On, Jeeves*, Aunt Dahlia commissioned Rosie M Banks to write an article about Bingo Little entitled *How I Keep the Love of my Husband-Baby*. Bingo refused to let Bertie see it, saying that the reference to him as ‘half god, half prattling, mischievous child’ was the only one he could bear being spoken, and he was worried about what the boys at the Drones Club might say.

Rosie has turned up at *Woman’s Weekly*. After the charming piece about Norman and Elin Murphy in *The Times* on October 27, and the more sentimental approach adopted by the *Sunday Times* (November 4), the couple are given the full slush treatment in the January 22nd issue. Get a copy! Read the words you never thought you’d hear them say: probably because they never did say them.

The Society now has an iron grip on our Chairman. If he misbehaves, we publish the whole article.

Woman’s Weekly. January 22. 66 pence. Buy one and live a bit.

*Revised Dates for Spring Tour of
Right Ho, Wodehouse!*

Owing to ill-health, Christopher Owen had to defer the planned performances in February and March of his one man show on the life of P G Wodehouse (in word and song) as reported by Lord Emsworth, as listed in December’s *Wooster Sauce*. The revised dates are as follows:

April

15th Harwell Village Hall Oxfordshire

May:

7th Town Hall, Brading Isle of Wight

8th Wilberforce Hall, Brightstone Isle of Wight

9th Church Hall, Totland Isle of Wight

18th Pamber Heath Hampshire

June:

14th Village Hall, Cumnor Oxfordshire

22th Stokesley Yorkshire

23th Helmsley Arts Theatre Yorkshire

27th Astor Theatre, Deal Kent

28th Village Hall, Eynsford Kent

29th Trinity Theatre, Tunb’ge Wells Kent

For more details about some of these locations, and information on how to make bookings, contact Christopher Owen

POETS’ CORNER

Maud

There’s a girl who can dance in a way
That astonishes people, they say.
They see her Salome,
And gasp out, “Well, blow me!
That’s pretty remarkable, eh?”
The name of this damsel is Maud,
She’s succeeded at home and abroad:
But the hawk-eyed committee
Of Manchester City
Are not among those who applaud.

Maud. Maud. Maud.
You may be all right for abroad:
But every one knows
That in districts like those
Morality’s apt to get flawed.
Should Manchester grin at what pleases Berlin
Our hearts with distress would be gnawed.
We don’t bear you malice,
But stay at the Palace,
Dear Maud. Maud. Maud.

When she dances a dance to the King,
He exclaims “Bis! Encore! Just the thing!”
If she were improper
He surely would stop her
And not take her under his wing.
When his friends are invited to munch
In the Premier’s home circle a lunch
You’ll find that the lady
Mancunians deem shady
Is frequently one of the bunch.

Maud. Maud. Maud.
We beg you, don’t be overawed,
Let’s hope that the hearts
In those faraway parts
May shortly be softened and thawed.
If they saw you, like us, there would be no more fuss:
They’d be sorry they cavilled and pshaw’d.
And they’d all say your dancing
Was simply entrancing,
Dear Maud. Maud. Maud.

From *Books of Today and Books of Tomorrow*,
July, 1908

(An artiste named Maud Allen had performed a Salome dance at the Palace Theatre, Manchester, causing some local disquiet. She did appear before the King, and also before Margot Asquith.)

FUTURE EVENTS FOR YOUR DIARY

April 13, 2002 – Murphy's Wodehouse Walk

Join the Chairman on one of his famous walks round Wodehouse's London. Call Norman Murphy to book a place, and to find out where and when to meet.

May 22, 2002 – Dinner at the Montcalm Hotel

See front page for details.

June 8, 2002 – Murphy's Wodehouse Walk

See above.

June 21, 2002 – Cricket at Dulwich

The annual match between the Gold Bats and the Dulwich Dusters. Contact Bob Miller NOW if you are interested in playing.

July 2, 2002 – The Savage Club

The summer meeting, for which details will be provided later. The Savage Club is in the premises of The National Liberal Club, 1 Whitehall Place, London, close to Charing Cross Station, and members gather from around 6pm.

July 20, 2002 – Murphy's Wodehouse Walk

See above.

July 20, 2002 – Meeting at Bolton

See page 19.

September 14, 2002 – Murphy's Wodehouse Walk
See above.

October 10 to 12, 2002 – Prince's Theatre, Clevedon, Somerset

Staging of *Summer Lightning*, adapted from the book by Giles Havergal. It is expected that a meeting of local members will be arranged before the Saturday performance.

October 17, 2002 – Society's Formal Dinner at Lincoln's Inn

Advance notice of the Society's biennial formal dinner, to be held at Lincoln's Inn. This will be a black tie event, with attendance restricted to around 100, and we are planning excellent after-dinner entertainment. Ticket application forms will be circulated with June's *Wooster Sauce*.

November 12, 2002 – The Savage Club

The final meeting of the year, for which details will again be provided later.

August 8 to 10, 2003 – TWS (American PGW Society) Convention, Toronto, Canada

[October] 2005 – TWS Convention, Hollywood

Early warning of the next two TWS events.

EDITOR'S TAILPIECES

On BBC's Ceefax on 29th October there appeared a report of a new responsibility given to a PC Mick Hayton from Peterlee, County Durham: that of newt relocation officer. Mick spent several weeks in the autumn rescuing great-crested newts (a protected species) from the grounds of the new police station. They were apparently attracted by the lights, but fell down the drains as they approached.

Wodehouseans love discussing the differences between banjo, banjolele and ukelele. *The Guardian* was forced to make an announcement in November that a picture of George Formby had shown him carrying a banjolele (banjo body and ukelele neck) not, as stated, a ukelele.

True story: Two folk in their twenties chatting away. Sanjay mentions to Meeta (the friend who reported the conversation) that he was reading Wodehouse. She confessed that she hadn't read any. "And you call yourself an Indian!" he said.

One of the disadvantages of having the Society's name and my telephone number in Yellow Pages (in the *Clubs, Societies*, etc section) is that we receive a number of nuisance calls from a variety of so-called business organisations. Some do their research better than others. In December one caller asked to speak to Mr P G Wodehouse.

For those who need to have their memories refreshed, the Marvellous Murphys (see page 5) were mentioned in chapter 1 of *The Adventures of Sally*.

Speaking of which, Elin, the wife of our chairman, has for many years used the *nom de plum* 'Aunt Dahlia' in Wodehouse circles. Her new status has led Ian Michaud to wonder whether the initials 'TP' in 'NTP Murphy' stand for 'Thomas Portarlington'.

Adrian Vincent has identified a modern Honoria Glossop, noting that Jessica Hudson (5ft 3in; 8½ stone) has become the first girl to box for Cambridge.