



Our Last Visit to Plum by Edward Cazalet

In September 1974, Edward and Camilla Cazalet visited a certain well-known grandfather. Edward wrote the following upon their return to England.

Remsenburg, where the Wodehouses live, is on Long Island and is about 75 miles out of New York City. In order to drive there from the City you can take any one of a series of highways, parkways, stateways or memorial turnpikes. On the Sunrise Highway – as good a route as any – you are carried along through a continual galaxy of advertisements and neon-lit flashing signs whilst the air space above is liberally studded with aeroplanes, ranging from the single-engine seaplanes flying along Long Island Sound to, at a much higher level, the circling stream of jet airliners stacked up for their turn to land at Kennedy Airport.

It was against this background of modernity that in early September 1974 we found ourselves turning off the Sunrise Highway to drive the last four miles on a weekend visit to the Wodehouse home in Remsenburg.

The bungalow where they live, and which has had one room added as a first floor, stands in the contrasting peace and quiet of Basket Neck Lane. This lane is about 250 yards in length with an avenue of trees on either side. The immediately surrounding area is so well dotted with trees that it could easily be mistaken for an English rural suburb. Such a change of scenery is of itself quite startling but is as nothing when compared with the acute contrast experienced upon entering the Wodehouse home after staying in and driving out from New York City.

As we drew up in the car, Plum could be seen writing at his desk in his summer room ('the front patio'). This immediately adjoins the front door. As we got out of the car, two dogs started barking. A wire fly-proof door slammed in the house and Nella's voice could be heard calling, "They're here, dear." Nella is Plum's sweet sister-in-law, widow of Armine and mother of Patrick.

We reached the front door at the same time as Ethel. She was covered in jewels and as I made to kiss her, she immediately inclined her head with the obvious purpose of preventing me disturbing her make-up. Plum remained immobile at his desk even though we must have been making quite a noise. It subsequently transpired that his hearing had become pretty bad.

Ethel took charge. Nella was asked to go and make tea, and Plummy was told to put on his hearing aid. Camilla had by this time introduced Ethel to Norman Hickman, who had driven us down from New York. We had suggested that he should stay for tea

before driving on. Ethel immediately told him with great conviction that he looked like Marlon Brando.

We went in to see Plum. He had lost a lot of weight since I had last seen him two years before. Also his movements were unsure and much slower, although this was not so surprising as he had had a fall two and a half weeks previously and had cracked two of his ribs. Nevertheless it soon became apparent that his brain was as clear as ever.

As I shook hands with him, I noticed his hand was half closed – as though with arthritis. This explains why



Ethel and Plum Wodehouse, Edward Cazalet, and Nella Wodehouse at Remsenburg, September 1974

his handwriting has recently become so shaky and spidery.

Tea was served in the best English tradition with silver on display. A mass of thinly cut cucumber sandwiches had been prepared and were laid out on a Victorian dumb-waiter. In fact there were only cucumber sandwiches to eat. Plum ate one of them and then said that he wanted something else. Ethel told him that he was not allowed anything more anyhow. Ethel then engrossed herself with Norman. When she realised that he was something to do with Wall Street, she shouted out, "Plummy, do you realise that Norman knows all about the Stock Market?" A pained look came over Plum's face and he was clearly at a loss for anything to say. Norman then told Plum how much he enjoyed the golfing stories. Plum immediately walked round, using his stick, to sit next to Norman. We were then telling them about our journey from England, when Plum suddenly said to Norman, "I cannot understand this Dow Jones thing. It always seems to be going down and yet you still get the same dividend. I cannot see what Ethel is worried about." As Norman manfully started an explanation, Ethel asked him what would happen if her shares went down to nothing. Before Norman could answer this, she asked Plummy to tell Norman something about the Mulliner stories. Plummy immediately said, "You know, the name Mulliner came to me in a flash. I knew straightaway that it was right. I have always been awfully pleased with it."

Ethel again started talking about her stocks and shares whilst Nella handed round more tea. Suddenly I realised that Plummy was no longer in the room; so that even with two cracked ribs and a walking stick, he was still able, at the age of 93, to perform his vanishing act.

Ethel insisted on taking us out to a local restaurant for dinner. We knew that while she would love this, Plum would hate it. We tried to reach a compromise by persuading her to come out with us and to leave Plum behind. However, Plum would have none of this. So at about 7 pm Ethel started mixing cocktails. She stood behind the bar aglow with make-up and jewellery, and with a cigarette, which had a long end of ash, dropping from her mouth. She mixed martinis consisting of 98% neat gin, with the remainder cigarette ash and scent (the latter coming from the ice which she had handled). Plum suddenly appeared and asked for his carrots. "Coming," called Nella, who then appeared with a plate of raw carrots which she gave to Plum.

We drove to the restaurant for dinner. Plummy, who had difficulty in balancing himself even with the stick, was particularly resentful of being helped.

As we entered the restaurant a large and enthusiastic proprietress greeted him and said how thrilled she was to have him there. Plum hated this. As he sat down he said, "What a dreadful place this is."



Plum and Ethel in earlier days

When he was asked if he would like an 'appetiser' he said he would like some raw carrots. This caused considerable consternation – carrots were not on the menu. After this the only thing that he asked for was roast beef. Because the noise was considerable, it was impossible for Plum to hear anything, and so conversation with him was out of the question.

We had hardly begun the main course when Ethel began calling for 'doggy' bags. She then watched my plate in such an intense way that I felt quite guilty at eating any of the meat. Subsequently there was a great fuss in filling up the bags.

Following our return, we drove immediately to the Hotel Versailles, where we were staying because Nella, who has so generously come to help look after them, naturally occupies the one spare room. The Hotel Versailles is undoubtedly one of the most inappropriately named hotels on the American Continent.

At about 10.30 am on the Saturday morning, we looked in to see Nella, knowing that Ethel would not be up by then and that Plum would be working. Following a jolly discussion with Nella, and still during the Saturday morning, we played tennis with the former Wodehouse lawyer, Mally Vernon (a highly energetic and competent female New York lawyer in her early sixties). She had recently been dismissed by Ethel from acting further for the Wodehouses, for what appeared to be some minor difference of opinion. As Mally was obviously a competent and honest lawyer, Camilla very sensibly suggested that we should do all we could to get her reinstated. We had expected to see 'Wes', Mally's 66-year-old distinguished New York lawyer husband. Unfortunately he was not well.

Sadly, Plum's mobility was not up to the usual afternoon walk that I had invariably had with him on our past visits. Later on in the day, Camilla and I were alone with Ethel. She immediately spoke of her will and about something which I could not follow but which Camilla understood to concern animals in Spain. This seemed a new horizon and we were both at a loss for words. However, it transpired that we had misunderstood Ethel and that her obsession was with the 'spaying' (de-sexing) of animals and that she intended to alter her will so as to set up a fund to this end. We naturally agreed.

We had dinner at 7 pm. As Nella brought dinner in, the two large and overweight dogs (one very nice Alsatian-type mongrel called Boy) and six cats moved from the kitchen into the end of the sitting room which is used as a dining room. The accepted practice is to feed about one-third of your meal to the dogs. This includes ice cream, which they eat with obvious and drooling relish. We told them about the family during dinner.

After dinner I talked for an hour to Plum. He wanted to have a talk but wished to find out about England and did not want to discuss himself. It is also clearly something of an effort for him to talk now for any length of time so I was obliged to do most of the speaking. He first asked about the Pakistani cricket tour and then wanted me to explain *precisely* the rules of a one-day match. He said that so much in the world was changing but he thought this was probably right, although he knew that, on the whole, people would not be any happier. Finally Plum told me that he thought that The Colonel was in good health despite all the pills that the doctors made her take. 'The Colonel' was a nickname which I had given to Ethel when I had first come out to visit the two of them in the USA in the early 1950s. It had stuck. Plum and I both referred to her as 'The Colonel', and indeed called her 'Colonel' to her face. (She and Plum much enjoyed this!)

He said that when he had started work in the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, he had been paid £80 per annum. This had been supplemented by his father making him an allowance of a further £80 per annum. His lodgings had cost £1 per week and he had lived like a king. He went on to say that once you started having prime ministers who had not come from the old schools it was all bound to change anyway. He said that he

was thrilled to have heard recently that he was going to be put in Madame Tussaud's and he reckoned that this was a great honour. He asked about the English countryside and said that it was this above all that he would like to see again in England.

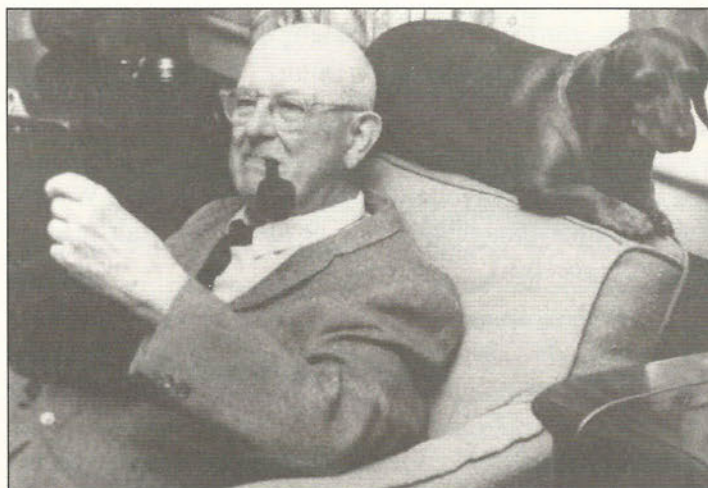
For lunch on Sunday, we took Ethel to Norman Hickman's club, the Beach Club at Southampton. She looked only about 65. Everyone made a fuss of her and she responded readily to this, with much badinage and obvious pleasure.

When we returned home at about 5 pm, Ethel, far from being exhausted, insisted on taking the two dogs for a walk. I went with her. She told me in detail about all the occupants of the various houses we passed. In the meantime, whilst Ethel and I were walking, Plummy had suddenly appeared and had gone to sit next to Camilla on the sofa. This was a great compliment to her. In the course of a long talk, they spoke mainly of Shakespeare. Plum said that he considered *Love's Labour's Lost* to be one of Shakespeare's most underrated plays.

After dinner I brought the conversation round to Mally. I had already told Ethel that she should have her back. Ethel then impulsively said, "Ask her round for a drink now." This I did.

Mally duly appeared. Ethel was all over her, asking her about herself and 'Wes'. Eventually, Ethel said to her in the most appealing way: "We want you back, Mally. Please come." Mally was obliged more or less to agree immediately, although she said she would have to 'talk it through' with Wes. The sheer ease and timing of the way in which Ethel overcame what was really quite a difficult situation was breathtaking. Plummy by this time had disappeared, saying, before Mally had arrived, that she talked too much.

After Mally had left, I went in to see Plum to say goodbye to him as we were returning to London that evening. He was reading *Smokescreen* by Dick Francis. "His plots are really imaginative," he said. I told him that we had to go. He began to get out of his chair. I told him not to move. As we shook hands, he said "Goodbye, old boy. We have loved seeing you." As I left his room, I could not resist looking back – after all he is 93 and I won't be going out to Long Island for quite a bit. Plum was already back in his book, fully absorbed.



P G Wodehouse as his grandson Edward remembers him – absorbed in his reading, with a pet (in this case Jed) nearby.

Footnote. This proved to be my last sight of Plum. It is, of course, indelibly printed on my memory.



Letters to the Editor

Reactions, Questions, and Thoughts from Our Readers

From Pieter Boogart, The Netherlands

I wholeheartedly concur with Jeff Coates's idea for a protest movement against Everyman: they should publish all 92 works of fiction. Why stop at 80? They should go the whole hog. But I don't agree with Tony Ring. *Not George Washington*, with all its faults in many respects, is very readable and offers interesting comparisons with, for instance, *A Man of Means*. I don't have a copy of *The Globe by the Way Book*, but that, I suppose, is a different case, being non-fiction as far as I know. But . . . I am Dutch and I don't have a local MP to rouse the PM.

Editor's note: Geoff Millward also wrote in on this topic: "I have just received the two Autumn 07 Everyman books and they are still claiming on the flyleaf of the front cover that they intend to publish ALL the novels and short stories."

From Barry Chapman, New South Wales

On page 15 of *Wooster Sauce* (June 2007), you challenge, "Can any reader come up with examples of 'ankling' in Wodehouse?" I can produce one, though there are others which I cannot locate at present. In 'The Amazing Hat Mystery' this example appears: ". . . if the King wants a new topper he simply ankles round to Bodmin's and says: 'Good morning, Bodmin, we want a topper.'"

From Masha Lebedeva, Russia

Members should know that the famous Russian Wodehouse translator Natalya Trauberg has written a

biography of Plum especially for the website of The Russian Wodehouse Society (TRWS). As no one Wodehouse biography has yet been translated into Russian (we can hardly call *Over Seventy* an autobiography in the pure sense), this work is a great gift to Russian Wodehouseans, who can now become acquainted with the long life of their Plum.

Also, the Hubner's encyclopaedia *Who Is Who in Russia* has added to its list TRWS chairman Mikhail Kuzmenko, who founded the Russian Society in 1996. Then it was primarily a website for connecting with the foreign PGW societies; today it is a club of real contacts inside and outside of Russia.

Editor's note: See also Masha's proposal page 16.

From Gwendolin Goldbloom, Surrey

The query concerning 'What ho' (*Wooster Sauce*, June 2007, p.27) got me thinking. Maybe this is old hat, but the oldest instance I know is in Louisa May Alcott's *Little Women* (1869), where, in Chapter 12, Laurie begins a letter to Jo:

Dear Jo,
What ho!

and then goes on to inform her about the impending visit of 'some English girls and boys'. Whether that is why he used this form of address I don't know. It does, however, make me wonder about Partridge suggesting a lower-class origin (whatever that means) for the phrase for, as I'm sure I don't have to tell you, liberal though the Marches and Laurence are, I'm not sure 'lower-class' usage would have been allowed. Just a thought.

An Appeal for Help

Dr Sophie Ratcliffe writes:

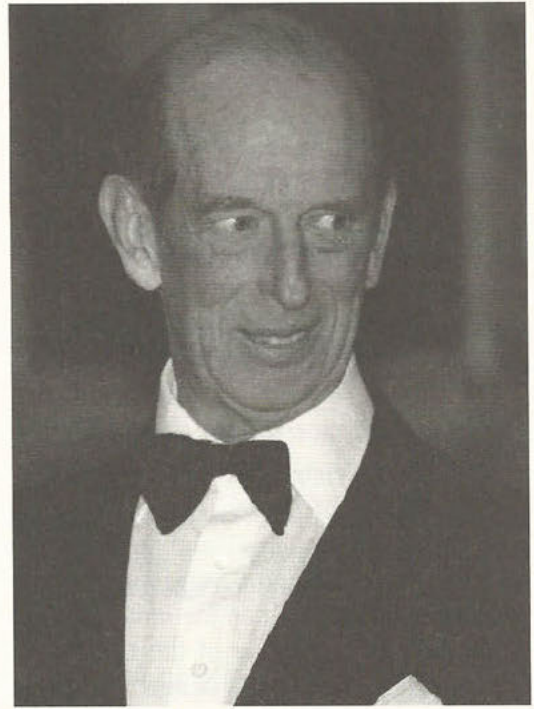
I am currently working on a new edition of Wodehouse's letters, which will be published in 2009, with the support of the Wodehouse Estate. I'm writing to ask if any readers of *Wooster Sauce* might be able to help. I would be especially interested to hear from anyone who has any letters from Wodehouse that they might be willing to allow me to see. Any further thoughts, advice or ideas that your readers might have about this project would also be very gratefully received.

Sophie will be our featured speaker at the October Society meeting (see Future Events on page 28). Come and meet her – and please do what you can to lend a hand to this project! Readers will be kept informed of the book's progress and publication (when known) in future issues of Wooster Sauce.

Profile of a Patron

The Duke of Kent

If our newest Patron looks familiar, it is not just because he is a member of the Royal Family. HRH The Duke of Kent KG has graced the P G Wodehouse Society's formal dinners with his presence over the last several years, and at the dinners in 2004 and 2006, he also took part in the evening's entertainment, demonstrating an obvious theatrical flair. An enthusiastic Wodehousean, he is the son of Prince George, Duke of Kent, and Princess Marina, and also a cousin to Queen Elizabeth. He graduated from Sandhurst in 1955, and for more than 20 years he combined his Royal duties with a career in the British Army (in fact, he attended Staff College with a certain Society Remembrancer). In 1961 The Duke of Kent married Katharine Worsley, with whom he has three children. Though he technically retired from the Army in 1976, he was promoted to Field Marshal in 1993 and still holds a number of senior positions, visiting his regiments on a regular basis. With enthusiasm and a tireless energy, he has carried out his innumerable public duties at home and abroad, both for the Queen and on behalf of the many organisations with which he is involved. The Duke of Kent is a patron of more than 100 diverse charities and organisations, and The P G Wodehouse Society (UK) is honoured to be one of them. We look forward to his continued participation at future Society dinners!



The Duke of Kent in performance during the Society dinner in October 2006.

(Photo by Ginni Beard)

Society News

The Gold Bats Season

It was a season of ups and downs for the Gold Bats. On June 15, while the rest of the country was drenched in storms, the sun shone on Dulwich, proving once again that God is a Wodehousean. Our game against the Dulwich Dusters is reviewed by Stephen Fullom on page 10. Our good fortune did not last, as the June 24 game against the Sherlock Holmes Society was rained off. However, a month later the game in Kent against the Siegfried Sassoon Society took place; Patrick Kidd writes about it on page 10. Another match, against the Charterhouse Intellectuals, was played on July 1, though the results of that game are currently unknown.

On August 12 there was a special charity match with the Freemasons at Audley End (near Saffron Walden, Essex), the purpose of which was to raise money for Kids Company, which supports lonely and vulnerable children in South London. Thanks to Patrick, we'll be learning more about this special match in the December issue of *Wooster Sauce*.

Um – What About That Logo?

“. . . There are wheels within wheels. . . . However, it's a long story and I won't bother you with it now. But you can take it from me that there are definitely wheels within wheels . . .”

(Monty Bodkin in Heavy Weather)

I know, I know, we keep promising you a new logo and then we fail to come through. But there really are wheels within wheels here, revolving very slowly, so we can only ask readers to please be patient, and maybe there will be a pleasant surprise in 2008.

Contributions Needed!

Contributions of all sorts are always desirable, of course, but the Press Comments column needs you! Have you spotted something interesting about PGW in the press or on the radio or television?

Veronica was radiant. Not even in the photograph taken after the Pageant in Aid of Distressed Public School Men and showing her as the Spirit of the Playing Fields of Eton had she exhibited a more boneheaded loveliness.

(From Money in the Bank, 1942)

Wodehouse and the Bolshevists: Part 1

by Masha Lebedeva

Masha's series of articles on Russian references in Wodehouse continues with a two-part look at the Soviet Bolshevists. A reminder: many of the innumerable references Masha has identified in this series have been published in By The Way, June 2006 and June 2007; more will be published in June 2008.

Naturally, life in Russia didn't become easier under the Bolshevists. The police persecution, even after the demise of the Cossacks, still remained (*The Code of the Woosters*, ch4), and nobody doubted that it was these Russians who introduced the fashion of imposing substantial fines for moving pigs without a permit. And even in spite of the fact that the Wilson Hymack song "Mother's Knee" was a best-seller among the Bolshevists as well as among Borneo cannibals and Scots elders (*Indiscretions of Archie*, ch23), the idea of staging Broadway musicals in Moscow seemed rather impracticable (*Barmy in Wonderland*, ch18).

On the whole, however far Soviet Russia was situated from the Great Britain and the United States, and however light-hearted were Wodehouse's characters, they knew that the time had come when Drama was stalking abroad in the night in the more vivacious quarters of Moscow (*Bill the Conqueror*, ch5). And not only in Moscow. Even in Nijni-Novgorod, as the Russian novelist Vladimir Brusiloff could witness, the internecine strife was proceeding so briskly that a brace of bombs could always happen to come in through a fellow's window and mix themselves up with his breakfast egg ('The Clicking of Cuthbert').

Such attempts to cut the supply of Russian novelists, as well attempts to assassinate the Bolshevik leader V Lenin with revolvers, (by then Russia's great national sport), should undoubtedly be considered as by-products of the revolutionary activity of the Soviet Bolshevists, whose main purpose was a massacre of the Bourgeoisie.

An attentive reading of Wodehouse's works forces us to the conclusion, however, that the Bolshevists must have put an end to their native Bourgeoisie rather quickly, as they seemed to be concentrating on exterminating the Bourgeoisie abroad. Even the Cloth-Capped Man from Valley Fields knew that such a Bourgeois as the City clerk didn't swank about in a grey top-hat in Moscow and Leningrad, because Stalin was always ready to knock

their heads off and stamp them into the mud (*Big Money*, ch6). But in London, there were plenty of City clerks and other representatives of the Bourgeoisie, which is why Moscow attached a special importance to the distribution of Red propaganda (*Joy in the Morning*, ch7).

The spread of Moscow agents was exceptionally versatile. One could meet not only the simple non-organised Proletarians like those Budd Street elements who bunged turnips from the back row at Ronnie Fish and Hugo Carmody when they presented Shakespearean scenes at the Rudge-in-the-Vale annual dramatic and musical entertainment (*Money for Nothing*, ch7), or the charabanc driver nicknamed Weasel, who was indignant at the patrician hauteur in Jane Abbott's voice (*Summer Moonshine*, ch19), but also Proletarians (sometimes even whole Proletarian families) more organised into movements like the League for the Dawn of Freedom ('Archibald and the Masses', from *Young Men in Spats*) or The Red Dawn, ready to admit into their company Bolshevists who have to go about disguised because of the police (*The Inimitable Jeeves*, ch11)

The Bolshevik propaganda didn't stop, however, with the Proletariat, for it sent out its feelers into the midst of valets, butlers and their flesh and blood (see, e.g., *Spring Fever*, ch6). Moreover, we can see representatives of the upper classes in Britain citizens, and even the Mulliner family, inspired with Bolshevik ideas. We can recognise the revolutionary disposition in Archibald Mulliner's wish to massacre the bourgeoisie, sack Park Lane, and disembowel the hereditary aristocracy, inspired by the pitiful love of the martyred proletariat. This is also seen in Mervyn

Mulliner's more mature understanding that what was wrong with the world was that all the cash seemed to be centred in the wrong hands and needed a lot of broad-minded redistribution ('The Knightly Quest of Mervyn', from *Mulliner Nights*). When we also recall Cedric Mulliner's yearning for the day when the clean flame of Freedom, blazing from Moscow, should scorch

Lady Chloe Downblotton and other wastrels to a crisp ('The Story of Cedric', from *Mr Mulliner Speaking*), perhaps we should admit that something was amiss within the Mulliner family.

Maybe the bloodthirsty intentions of the lower-class characters were caused either by a bad Shakespearean presentation, or by the patrician



Assassination target
Vladimir Lenin

hauteur in a girl's voice, or by the disgusting temper of an employer, though, to be honest, in the latter case even the most anti-Soviet valet wouldn't have stayed with Senator Opal for more than a week or so (*Hot Water*, ch7).

What is there to say about the English aristocrats, who chose as a target of their bloody-minded plans their upper-class equals? Even Orlo Porter's main aggression (though he was not an ordinary Red Dawn blighter but a real Communist, probably on palsy-walsy terms with half of the big shots at the Kremlin) was aimed at the young aristocrat Bertie Wooster, even if Bertie himself believed that the more of the bourgeoisie that Orlo Porter disembowelled, the better Orlo's pals in the Kremlin would be pleased (see *Aunts Aren't Gentlemen*, ch7).

'The Story of Cedric', already referred to, provides us with a clue that it may be that dress was



Were Wallace Chesney's plus fours really a Bolshevik plot?

the cornerstone on which Bolshevik propaganda in England was based. Look at Wallace Chesney and his plus fours, for supporting evidence ('The Magic Plus Fours', from *The Heart of a Goof*):

"Miss Dix, I represent a select committee of my fellow-members, and I have come to ask you on their behalf to use the influence of a good woman to induce Wally to destroy those Plus Fours of his, which we all consider nothing short of Bolshevik propaganda and a menace to the public weal."

If we add here the story of the top-hatted Lord Hoddesdon's meeting with the cloth-capped man in *Big Money*, chapter 6, the evidence seems pretty conclusive.

A Jolly Good Idea

When Society member Larissa Saxby-Bridger was shown round the Learning Resource Facility at the RNIB College at Loughborough, it started as no more than a pleasant but routine business visit. But when she saw a copy of *Carry On, Jeeves*, transcribed into Braille, her eyes lit up, and on returning home she proposed to the Society Committee that we should consider commissioning another title to present to the College as part of our 10th anniversary celebrations.

The College caters for just under 100 blind and visually impaired students, ages 16–63, many of whom have a further disability such as autism, in a purpose-built residential facility on the mainstream Loughborough University campus which was opened by David Blunkett in 1989. The majority of the students are at the younger end of the age group, and a significant number go on to study at the adjacent mainstream campus.

The Committee researched the practical aspects of Larissa's proposal, and after making contact with Brian Lewis of Braillepro (www.braillepro.co.uk), decided to proceed. It was a simple matter to select a Blandings novel to balance the Jeeves short story collection which the College already possesses (a well-used gift in the early 1990s following the death of its owner), and *Summer Lightning* was selected. Everyman assisted by providing an electronic copy of

the text for use by Braillepro, which both kept the cost to a minimum and sped up the production process.

The presentation of the book, which is in four volumes, was made to Susan Sutton, the Resource Centre Co-ordinator, by Larissa at the College on July 26,



Larissa Saxby-Bridger (right) presents a Braille edition of *Summer Lightning* to Susan Sutton. (Photo by Tony Ring)

with Tony Ring representing the Committee and taking the photographs. Susan, who has been with the College for 10 years, said that not only was it the first new Braille book they had ever received as a gift, but it was also the first new book she had ever touched, so the donation was very much appreciated. "For financial reasons, the amount of Braille literature we have is limited. This generous

donation gives us precious reading literature for our Braille users, and many people will get a great amount of pleasure from this book for years to come. We are particularly excited to be receiving a brand new Braille book as its pristine condition makes it much more accessible as worn Braille can be difficult to read." She added that deterioration starts after around 50 readings.

The Braille tutor at the College and some of the students have been agitating to read the new book. We hope they will enjoy it and talk about it to their friends, so that a further group of people are introduced to the work of Wodehouse.

Profile of a Committee Member

Tony Ring

Now that we have profiled all our Patrons (to date, at least), it is time to turn our attention to the Committee members who maintain the vim and vigour of our Society. And it seems only appropriate to lead off this new series of profiles with the man who has undoubtedly done most to develop and sustain the Society through the last 10 years, and to whom we all owe a deep debt of gratitude.

Following a professional career in corporate tax which culminated in his becoming one of the youngest Presidents of the Institute of Taxation, Tony Ring has devoted much of the last dozen years to Wodehousean matters. One of the founding members of the UK Society, he also belongs to the Swedish and Belgian societies and is an honorary life member of the US and Dutch organisations.

Eschewing as unduly expensive the coveted dust-wrappers of pre-war first editions, Tony's extensive Wodehouse collection includes some 2,000 magazines, 950 translations, and over 500 theatre programmes. He is currently trying to find time to research the straight plays and would welcome information about provincial productions in any country.

Within the Society, Tony's main role has been as Editor of *Wooster Sauce* for its first 10 years, coupled with writing and producing the entertainments at our various dinners. More recently he turned his talents to making sure participants in *A Week With Wodehouse* were suitably entertained – with a success none of them will ever forget. He has also found time to compile the eight-volume *Millennium Wodehouse Concordance* and *You Simply Hit Them With An Axe* (the story of PGW's tax problems), edit *P G Wodehouse: In His Own Words* with Barry Day, annotate three books of Plum material from magazines (*Plum Stones*, *The Luck Stone*, and *A Prince for Hire*), and prepare *The Wit and Wisdom of P G Wodehouse* for publication [see page 18]. For the rest of his time (when not sitting as a panel member on VAT tribunals), he just loafs, to coin a phrase, with his wife Elaine and what he described as their rapidly aging offspring, frequenting such disparate locations as Lord's, the Maldiv Islands, and the USA.

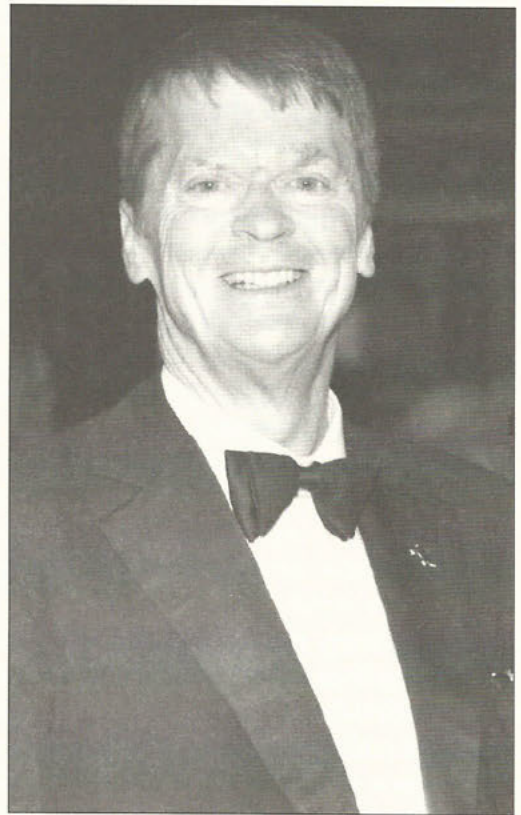


Photo by Ginni Beard

Pigs, the Media, and Us

Members will be aware that the Society has arranged sponsorship of a Berkshire sow named Patience on behalf of Stephen Fry, Anton Rodgers, and Sir John Mortimer, who all spoke at recent Society dinners. The sponsorship enables them to visit Patience at her home, Baylham House Rare Breeds Farm near Ipswich, in Suffolk, but it also contributes to the furtherance of the endangered breed which brought us the Empress of Blandings.

In July a BBC2 production team chose to include Patience as a symbol of P G Wodehouse's position on the *Comedy Map of Great Britain*, for which they were

filming the second series. Anton Rodgers kindly agreed to visit the farm for an interview in which he would explain to the camera why he believed P G Wodehouse was such a wonderful writer and, while standing by Patience, would recall his experiences of acting in plays and films of Wodehouse's writings.

That, in essence, was what the BBC2 team hoped to achieve. But of course attention had to be paid to the old adage 'Never work with animals', and soon after filming started, it was rudely interrupted by the arrival of some Kune Kune piglets who, having the freedom to wander round the farm, had come to



Patience, Anton Rodgers, & piglets (Photo by Tony Ring)

investigate this group of interesting-looking humans who might possibly have something edible or, alternatively, might be persuaded to tickle some piglet tummies. Anton Rodgers was quickly surrounded by the newly arrived piglets and his well-rehearsed narrative on the subject of Wodehouse was interrupted by the unscripted grunts, snuffles and squeaks of the new arrivals on the film set. After attempts to shoo the piglets away from the film camera and microphone eventually proved to be futile, the producer convened an on-site production conference which reshaped the shooting script to include the piglets both on

film and on the sound track.

The shorter interview with the Society's Tony Ring, who was also present to explain the connection with Baylham House, was thus delayed, and inevitably (for the summer of 2007) the rain started. He had to enquire whether he should stand in 6 or 12 inches of mud outside Patience's sty before the camera could focus on his anorak's best side.

Currently there is no information on when the new series of *A Comedy Map of Great Britain* will start, but watch your TV listings for the edition featuring Wodehouse.

 And on July 28, the Telegraph Magazine contained a slanderous piece of misinformation, compelling our Chairman to write the following rather indignant letter (which, alas, was not published).

Sir,

As creators and sponsors of the Back the Berkshire campaign, The P G Wodehouse Society (UK) must take issue with your slanderous description of Berkshire pigs as "built like rhinos, behave like thugs" (Magazine 28.7.07). Lord Emsworth too would take grave exception to this calumny for, following the gracious lead of three-times silver medal winner The Empress of Blandings, Berkshires have a gentle and friendly disposition. This was perfectly exemplified by another prize-winning Berkshire sow, Truffle, whom members visited recently during the Society's tenth-

anniversary *Week With Wodehouse* tour, and who was charm itself, despite her advanced pregnancy. Notwithstanding their engaging nature and the excellence of their meat, Berkshires remain a vulnerable rare breed, and eating Berkshire pork is the only way to re-establish the breed's viability. The P G Wodehouse Society therefore asks caring consumers to adopt The Emsworth Paradox, and eat Berkshire pork to secure the future of the breed.

Hilary Bruce
 Chairman, The P G Wodehouse Society (UK)

Further on Pigs

Alexander Dainty writes: On the 30th of August, I was listening to the 'Open Country' programme on Radio 4; Helen Mark was visiting the Stour Vale and Dedham Vale on the Essex/Suffolk border. At one stage of the programme, she became friendly with a local farmer and his large black pigs, which the farmer still calls to the dinner table by saying "peeg peeg peeg" or something similar! Does that not prove that the Art of Pig Calling is not dead?

A Fine Day at Dulwich – Though We Lost

by Stephen Fullom

The Society's annual match against the Dulwich Dusters was played on June 15. The Gold Bats, batting first, got off to a spectacular start with Richard Heard hitting five fours off his first over. After he was bowled in the fourth over, wickets fell rapidly until Julian Hill and Captain Bob Miller steadied the ship with scores of 20 and 14, respectively. Mike Jackson was unfortunate to be given out lbw, and that stalwart of the Gold Bats, Robert Bruce, was unlucky to be run out before he had scored, by a throw from cover that hit the stumps. Daryl Lloyd fought a worthy rearguard action in scoring 16 runs. The Gold Bats were 114 for 9 wickets at the end of their allotted 20 overs.

All this was a mere preliminary to the important business of the day, namely, consuming the sumptuous tea prepared by the ladies of the P G Wodehouse Society. Players, umpires, and scorer, all of them good

trenchermen, got their heads down and went for the foodstuffs. There was a choice of sandwiches,

including cucumber, of course, sausage rolls, scones with strawberry jam, and a selection of delicious cakes made by the ladies of the Society. All this was followed by huge helpings of strawberries and cream. Bingo Little might have noted the absence of muffins and sardines, but George Clark our venerable scorer, who has many years experience as umpire and scorer for Essex CC, commented

that it was the best tea he had ever had.

The rest of the day's play seemed an anticlimax. The Gold Bats staggered out onto the green sward to face a strong batting side. The Dusters rattled up 55 for 2 in only six overs. Kent retired after scoring 28, which included two sixes. Sutherland added to the score with 25 before retiring. The Gold Bats total was passed in the 16th over when six wickets were down.



The Gold Bats gather in front of the pavilion at Dulwich College. (Photo by Peter Gooday)

The Old Century (almost)

by Patrick Kidd

A Society member and Times sports writer, Patrick posted this article to his TimesOnline blog on July 27. It is reprinted here in edited form by his kind permission.

I played my third match of this rain-spoilt season on Wednesday night [July 25]. . . . The occasion this time was the annual Siegfried Sassoon memorial match on the village green at the war poet's pretty home village of Matfield in Kent, where the oak tree dedicated to Sassoon by his widow overlooks the outfield. The shortage of cricket-playing members of the Siegfried Sassoon Fellowship meant that the side, called George Sherston's XI after the poet's pen name, was largely made up of members of The Gold Bats, the P G Wodehouse Society team I play for, while the opposition were the local village side. We were privileged to have Dennis Silk, in his capacity as vice-president of the Sassoon Fellowship, umpiring the game. Silk, now 75, played first-class cricket for Cambridge and Somerset and was later President of MCC and Chairman of the Test and County Cricket Board as well as Warden of Radley College for 23 years. A charming gentleman, Silk recounted how he had met an elderly Sassoon when he was an undergraduate at Cambridge.

"He was very shabbily dressed, with holes in his hat, holes in his shoes, holes in his coat. I thought one of my team-mates was playing a practical joke and had got a tramp to pretend to be Sassoon," Silk said. He became close friends with the ageing poet, who he said "was still haunted by what he'd seen in the trenches when we met in 1953", and recorded a series for Radio 4 of the poet, who died in 1967, reading his own work.

The game was played on a sticky wicket, with the ball coming very slowly on to the bat, which helped someone with as poor reflexes as me. Those faster members of the team found the ball kept on arriving on them late and the run-rate was a trickle before Julian Hill and Martin Southwell beefed up the score to 94 all out, yours truly stranded only 91 runs short of a maiden hundred. Yet in reply the home team were staggering at 39 for six before their seventh-wicket pair saw them home.

Tom Danby, Matfield's man of the match, received a copy of Peter West's book on the 1956 Ashes series and the prize of a hand-crafted plate was presented by Meg Crane (the Sassoon Fellowship president) to Matfield, who had won the previous year's match by one run.

For full article and photos, see <http://tinyurl.com/2oajxf>.

More on the Tour

The Angler's Rest – Found?

“I suggest that The Plough, The King's Head or The Swan beside the bridge [in Upton-upon-Severn] are as near as we will get to Mr Mulliner's Angler's Rest.”

– Norman Murphy prior to A Week With Wodehouse

Saturday, July 14, proved a red-letter day for Norman – and the rest of us Wodehouseans on the Week With Wodehouse tour – when one of our members, Doug Jeffords, uncovered what may be considered strong evidence that finally pinpoints which pub beside the Severn is indeed the Angler's Rest. But let's hear it in Doug's own words on the day: “Upon getting to Upton-on-Severn, being a naval guy, I immediately gravitated toward the water and promptly met a fellow who was living on his narrow boat – a retired Royal Navy engineer who's from the area, comes up and down the river a lot, and is also a P G Wodehouse fan. He asked what I was doing, and I explained about the



Photo by Tamaki Morimura

tour and asked the question about the pubs. He said unquestionably it was The Plough. I said, ‘Why do you say that?’ He replied: ‘Well, it's on the water, it's by the bridge, and apparently that's also the local knowledge.’ I have to say I have my own confirming opinions, being an angler of some 60 years' standing. No proper fisherman would go to a pub away from the water if there was a good one on the water. And the other thing is, if you were fishing both banks of the river, you'd want the one nearest the bridge. So there you have two additional corroborating pieces of evidence.” While it's not fully proven, it is persuasive – and Norman is delighted.

The Fiendish Quizzes

The coach trips during A Week With Wodehouse could hardly be considered dull. Not only did Entertainment Guru Tony Ring come up with a variety of readings and debates in which just about all the participants took part, he created daily quizzes, each with a different theme and all of them fiendish. Every day had one winner, and once a person had won, he or she could not win again, though whoever had the most points overall won the grand prize.

Space limitations prevent us from printing all the quizzes, so herewith are four questions, one from each day, along with the day's theme. For the answers, go to page 23.

Thursday, July 12: ‘The Broader Wodehouse’

Which books do you associate with the following plays:

- Come On, Jeeves*
- Good Morning, Bill*
- The Inside Stand*

Friday, July 14: ‘General Wodehouse Fiction’

What type of animal were the following characters? (If your answer is ‘dog’, what breed, please):

- Bartholomew
- Augustus
- Lysander
- Sidney

Saturday: ‘Jeeves and Wooster’

Name any three of the Old Florentians.

Sunday: ‘Blandings’

Complete the names of the following pubs in or around Market Blandings:

- The Blue . . .
- The Jolly . . .
- The Goat . . .

And the winners were . . . Thursday: John Graham; Friday: Kris Fowler; Saturday: Karen Shotting; Sunday: Elin Murphy. Overall Winner: Kris Fowler.

Special thanks to: Tour organizers Hilary Bruce and Norman Murphy; entertainment director Tony Ring; tour reporters Ian Alexander-Sinclair, Robert Bruce, Ken Clevenger, John Graham, Murray Hedgcock, Tom and Betty Hooker, Jelle Otten, Alison Pitman, Sushmita Sen Gupta, and Margaret Slythe; and all those who donated photographs (acknowledged individually). If only we could have printed them all!

More Memories of Good Times



A group of Wodehouse Walkers at Dulwich



Elaine and Elizabeth



Ranjitha and Sushmita (TR)



The opening reception (MO)



Tamaki and the Empress



Bob, Tad, and Betty, post-lunch in Corsham



Photographing The Birthplace (CT)



Christine and Walkers in London (KC)



Wet Weekers at Weston Park



Presenting a tea towel to Mr Booth, Hanley Castle School



Norman instructs the troops at Cheney Court



Judy, Oommen, and Norman relax



Christine and Susan



Alison (TR)

Photographers

- CH: Christine Hewitt
- CT: Carey Tynan
- KC: Ken Clevenger
- ME: Monika Eckfield
- MO: Marjanne Otten
- TM: Tamaki Morimura
- TR: Tony Ring
- All others: Elin Murphy

A Week With Wodehouse, July 8–15



Photographers and gawpers at Severn End (otherwise known as Brinkley Court)



Sue, The Three Kings, Hanley Castle



Robert reports from the pigsty, Weston Park



Talking to Mr Hollingsworth, Stableford



Doug describes the one that got away (TR)



Hilary, Martin, Lara, and Tamaki enjoying the final night (ME)



Another group of Walkers at Dulwich



The kissing gate toll is paid



A game of chess at Weston Park (TM)



Cheers and gifts for Driver Dave



Move along! We're late! (CH)



Robert and Jamie



Seen in Emsworth, of all places! (TM)

The Great Fiancée Debate

by Elin Woodger Murphy

Which of Bertie Wooster's many fiancées should he have married? This was the question Tony Ring posed to the Week With Wodehouse tourists to keep their minds sharp during the long coach ride from London to Weston Park. And there was no shortage of musings on the subject, ultimately leading to a complete breakdown in decorum before Tony restored order.

The first to suggest a candidate was Christine Hewitt, who proposed Pauline Stoker as a fit wife for Our Hero. Christine described Bertie's two engagements to Pauline and made the point that "as a well-brought-up, lively, and generous-spirited American girl coming from an oofy and independent background, Pauline would have fitted in with Bertie's lifestyle. She would not have imposed an improving regime on Bertie, and . . . I think she would even have allowed the continued presence of Jeeves. . . . He let a good one escape there."

Next, another generous-spirited American, Carey Tynan, proposed Florence Craye as the fiancée of choice. Carey took the view that Florence would have kept Bertie in line, moulding him and keeping him from always making an ass of himself. Following Carey, your reporter put forth Bobbie Wickham as a candidate in the belief that Bertie still fancied her. My arguments were similar to Christine's for Pauline: life would never have been dull with Bobbie, and she certainly would not have forced him get rid of Jeeves.

Tony then opened up the floor for further proposals (as it were), and Murray Hedgcock took the microphone to suggest that the one Bertie really should have married was Emerald Stoker. As Bertie himself said, Emerald "was one of those soothing, sympathetic girls you can take your troubles to, confident of having your hand held and your head patted." She also demonstrated her good sense when she described Madeline Bassett as "a drip". Murray pointed out that, in addition to all this, Emerald was a splendid cook, thus freeing Bertie from Aunt Dahlia's always blackmailing him into doing things by threatening to bar him from Anatole's cuisine. Finally, Murray asserted that "Emerald would be delighted to welcome Jeeves into their life, and he would settle down with great dignity as butler in efficient charge of their household."



Bertie and – ?

Persuasive arguments, these, but there was more to come. Doug Jeffords suggested that Spode was certain to have a stroke after marrying Madeline, thus leaving her free to marry Bertie. Norman Murphy chimed in, saying that Madeline was ideal for Bertie because she was the only one stupider than him.

People now clamoured for the microphone. Hilary Bruce felt that Bertie needed a strong woman to organise his life, and she agreed with Christine that Pauline Stoker was just the woman to fit the bill. Karen Shottling also voted for Pauline, though she admitted to a weakness for Bobbie Wickham because of the red hair she shared with that candidate. Karen also noted that, with all due respect to Jeeves, being a

redhead should not, in and of itself, disqualify Bobbie from the marital handicap.

Ken Clevenger then proposed a dark-horse candidate: Aline Hemingway, somebody with perfect organizational skills who would prove to be "one in the eye for Aunt Agatha" (after a spell in prison, that is). This prompted Murray to say more on behalf of his candidate, noting that if Aunt Agatha caused trouble, Emerald would conk her with a china basin.

Norman thereupon offered another dark-horse candidate: Elsie Bean. Bertie, after all, would need somebody who could run his house for him (assuming Jeeves left). It was at this point that the discussion began to run off the rails. Naming no names, let us simply say that Bertie was brought into modern (or, if you prefer, enlightened) times with suggestions that he enter into civil partnerships with (a) Battling Billson, (b) Bingo Little, or (c) Jeeves.

At this point, Tony wisely reclaimed the microphone and firmly pointed out that the debate was supposed to be about those who had actually been affianced to Bertie. That said, he called for a vote, and after the dust had settled, Pauline Stoker won the contest, with her sister Emerald running a close second (but disqualified because she had never been engaged to Bertie). My candidate, Bobbie Wickham, came in third (though I admit I voted for Emerald).

And now I leave it to you, dear readers. Who would *your* choice be as the best wife for Bertie? Write in, and we can continue the discussion in print – but keep it clean!

To Parrot or Not to Parrot?

Another Tour Debate, by Tony Ring

In the *Daily Express* in 1903, there were 51 pieces of light verse between September 30 and December 21 with the political theme ‘Your Food Will Cost You More’. The commentary in each poem related to the latest saying of a wise old parrot; and the Wodehousean world refers to them collectively as ‘the Parrot poems’.

It has never been absolutely clear how many of these were written by Wodehouse himself, because the comprehensive receipts book in which he recorded his earnings from writing from 1900 to 1907 only referred to 19 payments of a guinea (now £1.05) each in respect of specified contributions. The *McIlvaine Bibliography* actually lists 22 of the poems as being written by Wodehouse, but we don’t know where she obtained the information about those for October 21, December 5, and December 18.

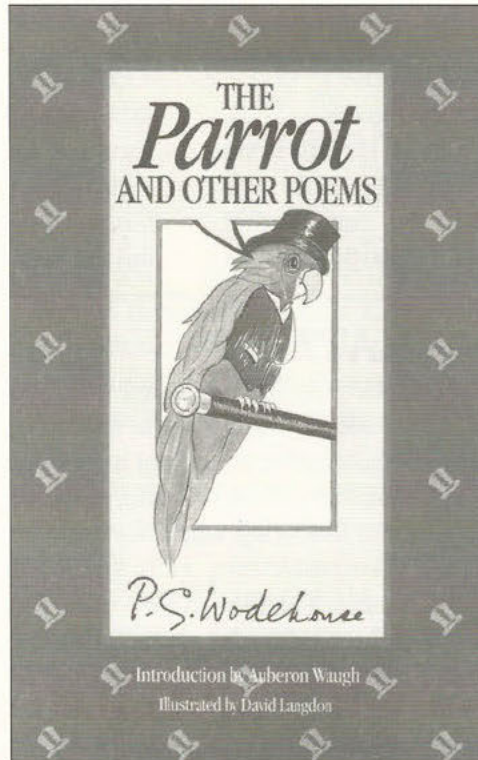
When Lady Donaldson selected nine Parrot poems for inclusion in *The Parrot and Other Poems* anthology, published in 1988, she merely assumed Wodehouse wrote all 51, and of the nine chosen, only four coincided with the dates shown in the receipts book.

One of our Swedish members drew the attention of Masha Lebedeva to a copy of the poem for October 27, which had been included in the Donaldson collection, in which the Parrot taunts an elephant in the Moscow Zoo. It had been written following a report from the Zoo that its elephant Marvrick had committed suicide at the age of 115. He had become

morose and gloomy, refused all food and starved himself to death. Masha wondered whether it would be a good idea to reprint the poem in the Poet’s Corner in *Wooster Sauce* to coincide with her final article about Wodehouse and matters Russian when it appears in 2008. This was self-evidently a good suggestion, provided the poem in question was written by Wodehouse, so we decided to gather the opinions of our international tourists on the Week With Wodehouse Tour.

Five *Parrot* poems were read out, as were the written views which had been sought from Elliott Millstein and Norman Murphy, and other tourists put their points of view. Eventually a vote was taken as to whether the five poems had been written by Wodehouse or not. In three of the five cases the vote coincided with the evidence of the receipts book, but in one case – ironically the very first of the *Parrot* poems, from

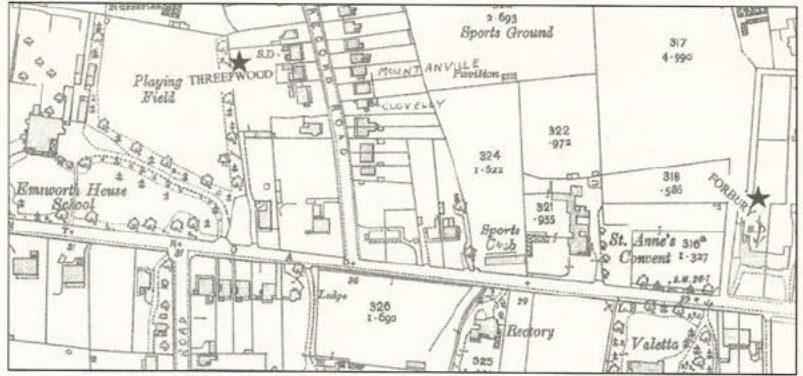
September 30, 1903 – the majority thought it was Wodehouse, but there was no associated receipt, and the November 9 poem, which is shown in the receipts book, was voted down. What was clear was that very few people thought that the poem relating to the Russian elephant, interesting though the story it told was, could have come from the pen of PGW.



Postscripts to the Tour

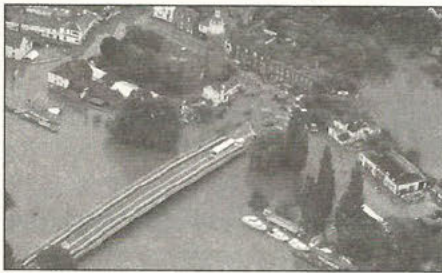
Finding Forbury

Serendipitous moments followed the group throughout our Week With Wodehouse, and that included meeting Roy Morgan in Emsworth. Following the tour, Roy wrote: “Norman Murphy, in his book *In Search of Blandings* (page 35) refers to Wodehouse’s uncle and aunt, Walter Meredith and Marion Deane. He says they lived in Emsworth 1904–5. This coincides with Wodehouse’s settling in Emsworth at Threepwood, Record Road. I have traced their residence to 41 Havant Road (known as ‘Forbury’). As this was only about 300 yards from Threepwood, it must be certain that Wodehouse would have visited them, particularly as



this was one of his aunts.” The map shows the locations of Threepwood (upper left) and Forbury (far right), both marked with stars. Norman notes that moments like these “all add to the delight of searching out the basis of Wodehouse locations”.

Were We Lucky or WHAT?



We may have moaned a bit when the rains pummelled us on Friday, and Sunday was fairly wet as well. But on Saturday the 14th the sun shone, and the weather could not have been more perfect for our visits to Upon-upon-Severn, Hanley Castle, and Sudeley Castle. We were all the luckier since the following week heavy rains flooded much of the area we had visited in Worcestershire. Here is a picture of Upton the weekend after our visit there. The Plough Inn – now thought to be the Angler’s Rest (see p.14) – is obscured by the clump of trees to the immediate left of the bridge.

Dare We Hope for More?

by Masha Lebedeva

During the Week With Wodehouse, there were surprisingly frequent suggestions to organize the next Wodehouse week in Russia. At first it seemed to me a rather mad idea; however, the longer I muse on it, the more I like it. And I already have positive answers from members of The Russian Wodehouse Society. So, whether we could or could not make this dream a reality, we should start to discuss it at least. I’ll be extremely thankful to everybody who will send me their thoughts and wishes – what would you like to see, where (please, forget about St. Petersburg, let’s start with Moscow), and when (I believe that any August is the better time of visiting Moscow as hotels are more empty than in other acceptable month). Please write to me to my e-mail address, masha@wodehouse.ru, or to my home address:

The National Trust Displays Good Taste in Books

by Christine Hewitt

This summer I spent a delightful couple of days exploring the Buckinghamshire countryside with Tony and Elaine Ring. My binoculars were always ready for action due to the presence of wonderful red kites and other birds, but they were also unexpectedly useful on a visit to the National Trust’s Rothschild treasure house, Waddesdon Manor. Amid the sumptuous decorations, elegant furniture, and collections of priceless porcelain throughout the house, Tony’s trained eye spotted the red jacket and familiar logo of a Herbert Jenkins placed on the bedside table of a small cosy bedroom that we were told would have been allocated to a valet. Tony was convinced that the book was a PGW, but there was a rope across the entrance to the room so we could get no closer. It was the work of a moment, however, for me to whip out my binoculars and establish that the book was indeed the work of the Master: a fine copy of *Nothing Serious*. I recommend that Wodehouseans always carry binoculars or a telescope – you never know when you might need them.

Carry on, Jeeves! And on, and on . . .

by James Naughtie

You might think that there were reasons for letting P. G. Wodehouse slip away. The mist of a vanished society clings to the novels – the era, the class, the language, the manners – and a straight description would have made them sound like fragile period pieces, threatening to shatter at a touch. Yet he survives and prospers with gusto, having pulled off the trick of transcending his own world with dazzling sleight of hand and with, as Jeeves himself would acknowledge, a certain *espièglerie*.

The effervescence of his language is so invigorating, and his ear for its rhythms so sure, that Wodehouse is always fresh, even as his characters age and their times become antique. We know them still, the eager woman whose face was “shining like the seat of a bus-driver’s trousers”, or the young man on the terrace of the Hotel Magnifique at Cannes onto whose face there crept “the look of furtive shame, the shifty, hangdog look which announces that an Englishman is about to speak French”.

The Everyman’s Library hardback edition has now reached its fiftieth title . . . and in these handsome volumes, with pages that smell of real paper and those fine covers by Andrzej Klimowski, you find that the sparkle hasn’t dimmed. They are a cause for regular celebration, and when the eightieth and last completes the set sometime in the next decade, it will be an excuse to start at the beginning again, perhaps with a preliminary bracer from Jeeves’s cupboard to set us off *con brio*, the one that makes your eyeballs bounce off the wall and back to their sockets and leaves your throat feeling as if the *Flying Scotsman* has just passed through it.

By the end you might feel like the hapless nephew of Lord Emsworth at Blandings, whom we discover after one escapade with pale face, glassy eyes and disordered hair looking like “the poet Shelley after a big night out with Lord Byron”. But, as with the poet, it would be worth it. Those of us who have shelves of Wodehouse – the new Everyman’s Library, the battered Penguins, the mouldering remains of 1930s Herbert Jenkins editions with broken spines and floating pages – still find that at moments of torment we turn to the prize-giving at Market Snodsbury Grammar School, on whose platform Gussie Fink-Nottle, the fish-faced newt fancier, plunges to his nadir, or the Great Sermon Handicap, or the Earl of Emsworth’s panicky recourse to a hog-caller from the Midwest to restore the appetite of Empress of Blandings on the eve of the Shropshire Agricultural Show and the climactic battle for the silver medal.

At the end of *Pig Hoo-o-o-ey!* Emsworth is a lost soul in torment by the sty as he waits to see if the

hog-caller’s magic has worked. Then he hears “a sort of gulpy, gurgly, ploppy, squishy, wofflesome sound, like a thousand eager men drinking soup in a foreign restaurant”. The Empress is eating.

Wodehouse himself said that he described a world that was out of focus. That isn’t quite it, because the landscape and its folk are diamond-bright and the sounds are as clear as a bell; but it is out of kilter. Something has jerked its axis askew. No one is better than Wodehouse at catching the quality of the knowledge harboured by everyone who knows that we all look ridiculous in the bath, the difference between the world as it is rumoured to be and the world as it is. The trick, of course, is in treasuring what is beyond reach. Bertie Wooster was proud that he had won his Scripture Knowledge prize without having had to scrawl the names of the Kings of Judah on his shirt cuffs, Psmith dreams of a society reordered on his own potty terms, Emsworth wishes that his sister could realise that Whiffle’s volume *The Care of the Pig* is more important than anything written by Shakespeare. Jeeves, however, knows the truth: that there will always be a time when genteel blackmail might require the services of the volume at the Junior Ganymede Club where gentlemen’s gentlemen record the foibles and darkest secrets of their employers, page by page. We are in a fallen world.

They shimmer and shine, even Madeleine Bassett (“the woman that God forgot”), Oofy Prosser and the weak-chinned saplings at the Drones, the braying golfers and empty heiresses clucking and cooing on ships and country-house lawns. Wodehouse gives them a life they sometimes don’t seem to deserve, but we relish. When Bertie alludes to “the sinister affair of Gussie Fink-Nottle, Madeleine Bassett, old Pop Bassett, Stiffy Byng, the Rev H. P. ‘Stinker’ Pinker, the 18th-century cow-creamer and the small, brown leather-covered notebook” I am off, in *The Code of the Woosters*, on a journey that has the thrilling glint of childhood in it.

Never be tempted to let them go. You might get bored, briefly, by golf or even by the entrants in the Drones darts contest (though never, of course, by the “surging sea of aunts”) but all will be well. Remember the time when Bertie was especially irritated by Jeeves’s worries about a particular pair of sponge-bag trousers.

“There are moments, Jeeves, when one asks oneself, ‘Do trousers matter?’”

“The mood will pass, sir.”

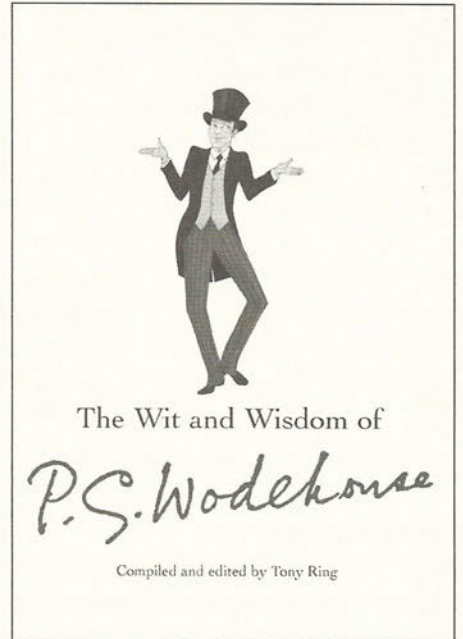
Originally published in The Times on March 31. Reprinted with Mr Naughtie’s kind permission.

Christmas Gift Alert!

How many times has somebody said to you “What do you see in P G Wodehouse?” and you have wondered precisely which answer to give out of the 30 or 40 that immediately occur to you? Well, help is at hand. As a taster for the reissue of some 40 Wodehouses in paperback next year by their sister company Arrow, Hutchinson will be publishing *The Wit and Wisdom of P G Wodehouse*, compiled and edited by Tony Ring, available from October 18.

This small-format, hardcover book has 120 pages filled with many of Wodehouse’s ‘one-liners’, selected from almost all his books with the bonus of a few from his less-well-known plays. Unlike most books of this type, they have not been divided into rigid categories: all that has been attempted is a broad division between mere wit (the left-hand pages) and wisdom – wit with a touch of philosophy – (the right-hand pages).

The ISBN Number is (978) 0091921252, and the retail price will be £9.99 (in bookstores and through retail outlets such as Amazon). It will make an ideal Christmas present for those awkward friends and relations who are so difficult to please. As well as for everyone else. And the person who asks that difficult question!



Wodehouse on the Boards

Following its successful run at the Devonshire Park Theatre in Eastbourne, the touring production of Andrew Lloyd Webber’s *By Jeeves* was staged in Guildford, Oxford, and Worthing in September. In October *By Jeeves* can be enjoyed at:



Robin Armstrong
and Jeffrey Holland
as Bertie and Jeeves

October 1–6: Malvern Theatres
Box Office: 01684 892277
Website: www.malvern-theatres.co.uk

October 15–20: Theatre Royal Plymouth
Box Office: 01752 267222
Website: www.theatreroyal.com

Chris Reece will be reviewing *By Jeeves* for the December issue of *Wooster Sauce*.

U.S. Productions:

September 28–October 21: The Contemporary Theatre of Dallas will be staging *Right Ho, Jeeves*, based on the acclaimed production at Stage West last season. Regan Adair returns as Bertie Wooster, and all reports give him high marks. For information call (001) 214-828-0094; or visit the theatre’s website at <http://tinyurl.com/ysv5dx>.

November 23–December 6: San Francisco’s 42nd Street Moon (“Making Great Musicals Sing Again”) presents *Oh, Lady! Lady!!*, which will be reviewed for *Wooster Sauce* by Chris Ducker. For tickets or more information, call (001) 415-255-8207 or visit their website at <http://www.42ndstmoon.com/>.

December 14–March 13: For three glorious months, the Asolo Repertory Theatre in Sarasota, Florida, will stage *The Play’s the Thing*. For information call (001) 941- 351-8000 (U.S. toll-free number 1-800-361-8388) or visit the theatre’s website at www.asolo.org.

I Say! Favourite Exchanges

“Well, here I am. Come out from behind that bench.”

“No, thanks, old man. I like leaning on it. It seems to rest the spine.”

“In about two seconds,” said Tuppy, “I’m going to kick your spine through the top of your head.”

I raised the eyebrows. Not much good, of course, in that light, but it seemed to help the general composition.

From *Right Ho, Jeeves*, 1934

Thank You, Fox

Seven decades after their initial release in theatres, the films *Thank You, Jeeves* (1936) and *Step Lively, Jeeves* (1937) have been issued on DVD – and there is good reason to cheer 20th Century Fox for this. Seeking to make a splash with the two movies that turned Arthur Treacher into the prototypical butler character, the folks at Fox did their homework and created a two-part documentary on Wodehouse that is a pippin. Thus, even if the films are not your cup of tea – and for many Wodehouse purists they are nothing short of a horror show – the DVD itself is still worth purchasing (but see the cautionary note below).

The two featurettes (as they are termed on the cover) are entitled “Thank You, P. G.: The Life of P. G. Wodehouse” and “The World of Wodehouse”. Both tell the story of PGW’s life and work via interviews with some of the big guns in Wodehouse expertise (though not all appear in the second featurette): Curtis Armstrong, Hal Cazalet, Kristine Fowler, George MacDonald Fraser, David Jasen, Robert McCrum, Norman Murphy, Tony Ring, and Brian Taves. The interview segments are seamlessly linked together so that, in “Thank You, P. G.”, Wodehouse’s life story is told chronologically, with special reference to some of the major events in his life, while in “The World of Wodehouse” attention is focused on his work and characters, specifically Bertie and Jeeves, with several clips from the two films used as illustration. All in all the two documentaries provide a brief but comprehensive overview of PGW’s life and work that is both authoritative and interesting.

Would that the movies themselves were as well done! While it is possible to dredge up some faint words of praise for David Niven as Bertie Wooster and Arthur Treacher as Jeeves, any Wodehouse fan hoping to see something even vaguely close to PGW’s sparkling plots or dialogue is in for a crushing

disappointment. With a storyline that has Bertie becoming embroiled in espionage and Jeeves given little to do, *Thank You, Jeeves* bears no resemblance at all to its literary source. As Brian Taves writes in *P. G. Wodehouse and Hollywood*: “*Thank You, Jeeves* so utterly fails in its essential purpose that it is easy to watch the whole picture without cracking a smile.”

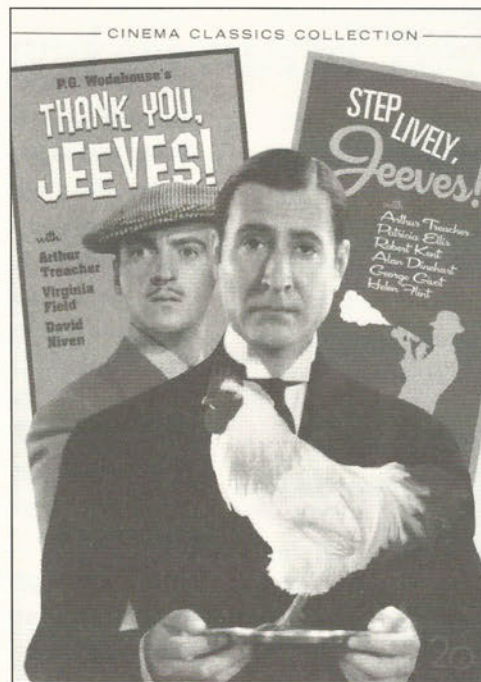
That film ends with Bertie engaged to be married and parting company with Jeeves, who appears on his own in *Step Lively, Jeeves*, wherein he is reduced to a hapless buffoon conned into believing he is a descendant of Sir Francis Drake. Interestingly, Brian is kinder to this film, noting that “Although *Step Lively, Jeeves* is a screwball comedy far from the Wodehouse tone, it at least is predominantly humorous, unlike the espionage situations that had marred *Thank You, Jeeves*.”

Brian offers the most trenchant observations on the two films in the DVD’s second featurette, “The World of Wodehouse”. It is his commentary, along with that of the others listed above, that salvages this

DVD and make it worth shelling out the oof for it. At the end of the second documentary, for example, Curtis Armstrong provides a superb summing-up of Wodehouse’s books: “They give you joy, they give you laughter. . . . They give you something that is intangible, and Wodehouse did that for generations of people. I can’t see how you can ask for more than that.”

A word of caution for those in the U.K.: At present this DVD is only available in NTSC (Region 1) format and cannot be played on most U.K. machines (though newer models can now play NTSC discs). Thus, you may need to wait for the PAL version to be released.

–EM



The Smile That Wins Favourite Nifties

I must say I can’t see why Jeeves shouldn’t go down in legend and song. Daniel did, on the strength of putting in half an hour or so in the lions’ den and leaving the dumb chums in a condition of suavity and camaraderie; and if what Jeeves had just done wasn’t entitled to rank well above a feat like that, I’m no judge of form. In less than five minutes he had reduced this ravaging Stoker from a sort of human wildcat to a positive domestic pet.

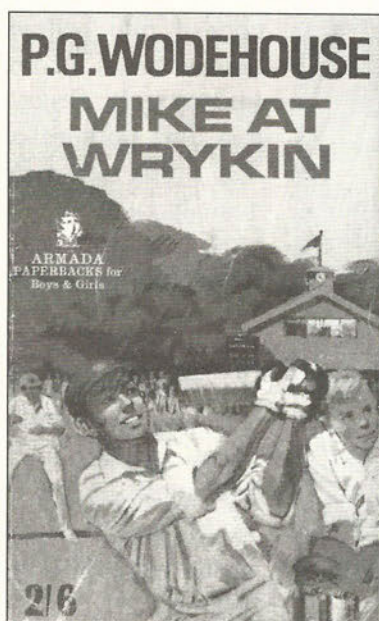
From *Thank You, Jeeves*, 1934

The Bibliographic Corner by Nick Townend

Printer's Error – Part Two

In my last column we reviewed misprints in Wodehouse's work up to 1938. In this column we continue the review from 1953 to 2007.

Mike at Wrykyn (A12e) was published by Herbert Jenkins in 1953. When Armada published it in paperback in 1968 (A12e2), the school's name appeared on the front cover, rear cover and spine of the book as 'Wrykin', although it was spelt correctly in the text inside the book.



In chapter 7 of *Jeeves and the Feudal Spirit* (A77a) from 1954, Bertie Wooster says, "I don't suppose I have ever come closer in my life to saying 'Viola'". This was corrected to 'Voila' in later editions.

The Herbert Jenkins 1957 Autograph Edition of *Young Men in Spats* (McIlvaine A55a5, Ka12) erroneously states on its copyright page that the title was first published in 1922. In fact, the first printing was in 1936. Incredibly, this error persisted for at least another 24 years, as the 1922 date is repeated on the copyright page of the Penguin paperback edition of 1981 (A55a10). The 1981 paperback was error-strewn, as the blurb on the back cover misspells 'Pongo Twistleton-Twistleton' as 'Pongo Twisleton-Twisleton' and refers to 'Mrs Mulliner's nephew'.

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 page 196, whereas later issues have 'never'.

The first edition of *Jeeves in the Offing* (A83b), published by Herbert Jenkins in 1960, showed on its half-title page *A Few Quick Ones*, the name of Wodehouse's preceding book. The error was corrected in the second printing (A83b2), but reappeared in the Barrie & Jenkins reprint of 1979 (A83b6).

Frozen Assets (A87b) of 1964 was published in the US under the title *Biffen's Millions* (A87a). It was not unusual for the US editions to have different titles, but it was more unusual for them to appear under the name of a different author. The spine of the US first edition gave the author's name as P.J. Wodehouse. Unrecorded by *McIlvaine*, the first edition actually appears in two states: with 'P.J.' eventually being replaced by 'P.G.' on the spine. The 'P.J.' appears to be far more common. Peter Schwed, Wodehouse's editor at Simon and Schuster, wrote on 24 August 1970: "My memory is that we caught the first run before it was complete but that at least a couple of thousand copies were bound up prior to that [with P.J.] on spine. Rather than scrap them, we made sure that P.G. was on the jacket even if P.J. lurked underneath, and took our chances." (N49.149).

Something Fresh was originally published in 1915 by Methuen (A18b). The first Herbert Jenkins printing of the title in 1969 (A18b23; *McIlvaine* erroneously gives the US title of *Something New*) had a lacuna in the final chapter. The first three sentences of the chapter should read:

The Earl of Emsworth sat by the sick bed, and regarded the Hon. Freddie almost tenderly.

"I fear, Freddie, my dear boy, this has been a great shock to you."

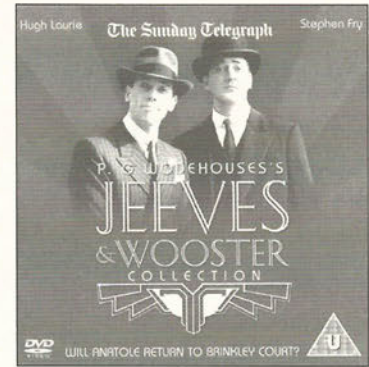
"Oh, what? Yes, rather. Deuce of a shock, governor."

Unfortunately, the Jenkins edition omitted the second sentence. Methuen had managed 20 editions and Tauchnitz a further one, in 1933, without doing anything quite so dramatic. With their omission, Jenkins made the last page of the book incomprehensible and, extraordinarily, this error has been followed slavishly by all later publishers in both the UK and the USA: Mayflower (1970); Ballantyne (US, 1972); Beagle (US, 1972); Hutchinson (1982, 1987); Penguin (from the Ionic cover in 1979 to at least the David Hitch cover in 2002); and Dover (US, 2001).

In 1979 Barrie & Jenkins republished *Nothing*

Serious (A70a7) as one of a series in a common format. However, whereas other titles in the series had the right title on the spine of their dustwrappers, the title on this one read *Jeeves Nothing Serious*.

What I think is the latest, but I'm sure will not be the last, misprint was perpetrated in 2007 when the *Daily Telegraph* distributed free DVDs containing episodes from the Jeeves and Wooster TV series starring Stephen Fry and Hugh Laurie. However, one's enjoyment of both the cases and the DVDs themselves is somewhat marred by the legend 'P. G. Wodehouse's Jeeves & Wooster Collection'.



The Word Around the Clubs

News from a sister society: On May 15 this year, the P G Wodehouse Society of The Netherlands presented the British Ambassador, Mr Lyn Parker, with an honorary membership. Along with a certificate, Mr Parker received a copy of *The Inimitable Jeeves*. For the story and pictures, see <http://tinyurl.com/25xa8l>.

Happy Birthday, Stephen Fry! Our Patron and all-around favourite Jeeves turned 50 on August 24. The Society wishes him all the best for the next 50 years.

Still more on the tour: The Week With Wodehouse tourists attracted a certain amount of attention when they were in Emsworth, resulting in an article by Frances Sweeney in *The News*. After describing Emsworth's Wodehousean connections and sketching the Society's history, the article goes on to describe our visit on July 12 and the excitement generated by the group's visit to the Emsworth Museum.

Jo Jacobius has sent a clipping from the *Independent* of May 30th in which Charles Nevin comments on cultural differences. He notes that "the British are now said not to relish the deference involved in service, despite some splendid precedents, including Beach, Lord Emsworth's man, memorably described as a dignified procession of one".

The never-tiring staff of Tilbury House has belatedly discovered that the European Society for the Study of English (ESSE) annual conference in 2006, held at the University of London, included a module on *Writers' Letters*, with one of the five talks in the two-hour session being delivered by Valentina Ryapolova of Moscow State University on 'P G Wodehouse's Letters to William Townend' (see <http://tinyurl.com/2am7ne>).

Tony and Elaine Ring heard the following anecdote while in casual conversation in a Northumberland pub with retired World Bank economist Bill Humphrey. Bill's father, William Gerald (1904–95; Headmaster of The Leys School, Cambridge, 1934–58), was awarded a two-year Commonwealth Fund fellowship to Harvard at the end of the 1920s. His research included investigating the horseshoe crab's blue blood. As part of the arrangement, in the summer vacation he had to drive around as much of the USA as possible to meet local people. He was most surprised to be told in one small town (where the *Saturday Evening Post* no doubt thrived): "You can't possibly be English. You don't speak anything like characters in P G Wodehouse novels."

PGW's Shakespearean Similes

Both **Murray Hedgcock** and **Melvin Haggerty** have forwarded the 'And Incidentally' column by Sebastian Shakespeare published in the August 14th *London Evening Standard*.

Under the head "Let me compare thee to a homicidal fried egg", Shakespeare asks: "When did you last come up with an original simile? As a judge of this year's Costa First Novel award, I have had to surf my way through dozens of novels, and have been overwhelmed with a tsunami of similes." He cites examples, studies the genre in general, and concludes: "The undoubted 20th Century master was P G Wodehouse. He wrote similes as the grass grows. A woman has 'more curves than a scenic railway'; a

character's 'face was shining like the seat of a bus driver's trousers'; 'a tubby little chap . . . looked as if he had been poured into his clothes and had forgotten to say When'; another person has 'a slow, pleasant voice like clotted cream made audible'.

"Even at his most surreal and off the wall, you can still understand Wodehouse: 'She looked like a tomato struggling for self-expression'. Any aspiring writer would do well to immerse himself in Plum's oeuvre. I can never ever walk past a pram these days without thinking of his comparison of a baby to a 'homicidal fried egg'. Just three words, and yet it captures the whole mewling, puking and spitting albumen of babyhood."

Recent Press Comment

New Statesman, May 25

Ben Davies drew attention to the fact that in *Aunts Aren't Gentlemen*, the far-left character, Orlo Porter, had contributed articles to the *New Statesman*.

Times, May 31

Writing about his new book challenging all religion, Christopher Hitchens criticised his former headmaster, but forgave him because he ignited Hitchens's interest in history and lent him his first P G Wodehouse book.

Observer, June 3

David Smith wrote about the letter written by Plum in 1953 to his publisher Derek Grimsdick which was being offered for sale; the letter included outspoken comments about his MI5 wartime interrogator. Similar articles also appeared in several other papers including the *Independent* (4th June).

Times, June 5

Commiserating with golf champion Darren Clarke on his fall to number 94 in the world, John Hopkins recalled Plum's reference to the sand-filled sock that hits you in the face when you least expect it.

Guardian, June 5

Following the creation of a Dickens theme park in Kent and a Harry Potter park planned in Florida, an article suggested 'The P G Wodehouse Experience', including the Drones Club, Aunt Dahlia's dining room, and a little train that ran round Blandings Castle and the pigsties.

New York Times, June 10

William Safire's article on language investigated the etymology of the non-standard verb phrase 'hots up', as used by the *Financial Times* in a front-page headline. He pointed out that the *OED* gave as its first citation a 1923 usage by Wodehouse (actually 1918) in the story 'Jeeves and the Chump Cyril'.

Business Standard (New Delhi), June 16

In an interview, Amar Lulla, joint managing director of Cipla, said it was PGW books, not tomes on business management, which occupied maximum space in his library. "The sheer joy of wit and humour" attracts him to the books, which help him to relax. "Reading is more like a passion that helps me to de-stress."

Sunday Times, June 17

The London property pages gave a full page to the proposed sale of a flat within the old Wodehouse home in Norfolk Street, London, now Dunraven Street.

Times, June 19

Carried a letter from Michael Brown correcting a report of June 16, by stating that the musical instrument which George Formby habitually used was a banjolele, not a ukulele.

The Montclair Times, June 20

Gave no more than modest approval to the interpretation of Wodehouse/Molnar *The Play's the Thing* adopted for a revival at the Shakespeare Theatre, Madison.

Standard, June 21 (from Murray Hedgcock)

Carried a sentence from Murray Hedgcock's letter denouncing their reference to Jeeves as a butler in a Diary report the previous day.

Times, June 30

Author Meg Rosoff defended her approach to writing books for teenagers; one is about a paranoid boy pursued by fate, changing his identity, hearing voices and confronting death and sex. She then concedes that she keeps Wodehouse by the bed for days when the perils of the modern world are best met by laughing.

Guardian, June 30 (from Sandra Harrison)

Included some of PGW's comments in appreciation of Conan Doyle (from *Performing Flea*) in its *Writers on Writers* series.

Sunday Times, July 1

Included a question about Archibald Mulliner in its *Bookwise* quiz.

Telegraph, July 8

In an interview, 'counter-culture' novelist Martin Millar, whose most recent work is about werewolves, admired authors such as Jane Austen, Somerset Maugham, and PGW.

Daily Mail, July 13 (from Edward Cazalet)

Tom Utley wondered why so much comedy is not funny to the next generation, but notes that PGW remains as funny in 2007 as he was in the 1920s.

Times, July 17

Writing of Severiano Ballesteros's retirement from golf, Simon Barnes likened his emergence in the professional golf world of the 1970s to PGW's Marvis Bay Golf and Country Club being invaded by the cast of *Carmen*.

Times, July 20

Roland White referred to PGW's description of golf as more than "a good way to spoil an otherwise excellent walk" by reminding readers that Wodehouse was alluding to not only the seven-mile walk but also the fact that you would play more than 70 golf shots, which exercise much of the body.

Ottawa Citizen, July 28

The reviewer of a revival of the Goldoni play *A Curious Mishap* notes that its director said the inspiration for the production was PGW's country-house novels. She points out, though, that PGW plots have more twists and retain surprises for the

reader/viewer, unlike this production. “Watching the inevitable unfold is a wearying business.”

Sunday Times, July 29

In an article celebrating 100 years of scouting, Roland White reflected on the inherent amusement to be found in scouts and referred first to PGW’s Edwin Craye in the early Jeeves and Bertie stories.

Wall Street Journal, August 3

Reviewed a new production in Massachusetts of Tom Stoppard’s *Rough Crossing*, a second adaptation from Molnar’s *Play at the Castle*, which Wodehouse entitled *The Play’s the Thing*.

BBC6 Music, August 3 (from Geoff Millward)

On ‘Theme Time Radio Hour’ (broadcasting a show that aired in the USA in January), Bob Dylan, speaking on the subject of hair, quoted PGW: “There is only one cure for grey hair. It was invented by a Frenchman. It’s called the guillotine.”

CBC News, August 6

Writing about the problems of naming children, Heather Mallick noted PGW’s classic “There’s some raw work pulled at the font, from time to time”, referring to Lemuel Gengulphus Trotter, and concluded: “Wodehouse understandably wrote under his initials rather than Pelham Grenville.”

Telegraph, August 9

Headmaster of Repton in the 1970s, whose obituary disclosed that in his teaching he exuded an infectious enthusiasm for PGW and Shakespeare.

Western Morning News, August 10 (from Bridgette Mills)

Noted that 19-year-old Victoria Plume had won the 2007 British Riding Club’s Senior Open Horse Trial on Bertie Wooster II, and included a photo of the pair to prove it.

Times, August 16

In an article about the mid-life crisis, Philip Norman recalled that Wodehouse had dreaded reaching 60, but at 70 “regarded sexagenarians as ‘noisy little brutes’, always rushing around and making a racket”.

Times, August 18

Amanda Craig described a new children’s book, *Trolls on Hols* (6+) as “perfect for readers who hoot at *Fungus the Bogeyman* and will one day discover P G Wodehouse”.

Times, August 22 (and other papers)

The obituary of Clive Exton referred to his adaptations for the four series of *Jeeves and Wooster* TV programmes from 1990 to 1993.

Radio 4, August 23

On *With Great Pleasure*, readings of the presenter’s favourite poetry and prose, Richard Briers included an extract from *Jeeves Exerts the Old Cerebellum*, which he read accompanied by Peter Egan as Jeeves.

Poets’ Corner

La Belle Dame Sans Merci

Whene’er I take my Phyllis out
For moonlight walks, I like to stroll;
It gives me – I am rather stout –
More chance of laying bare my soul.
My tender pleading, I reflect,
Is robbed of all the charm that’s in it
If my remarks are rudely checked
By gasps and puffing every minute.

Yet nothing less is now my fate;
Each night we wander to and fro:
Our normal pace has been of late
A good six miles an hour or so.
Sadly the moments flit away:
No rays of joy my burdens lighten;
My Phyllis, I regret to say,
Is training for a walk to Brighton.

When I let fall a gentle hint
That I’m no devotee of pace,
She answers, “Now, suppose we sprint?
I must get fit before the race.
Unless I exercise my limbs
I feel my chances wane, diminish;
And I should *die* if that Miss Sims
Arrived before me at the finish.”

So off we go. No more her ears
May I enchant with honeyed phrase;
No more I win her smiles and tears,
As once I could – in happier days.
We don’t fall out; we’ve had no tiff;
My passion glows without cessation;
But still, I’d love her better if
She’d choose some calmer recreation.

– From *Punch*, 19 August 1903

Answers to Quiz on Page 11

Thursday: Ring for Jeeves / Doctor Sally / Hot Water

Friday: Aberdeen terrier (or Scottie) / cat / bulldog / snake

Saturday: What, you don’t know what the Old Florentians are? They’re ex-fiancées of Florence Craye, of course! Answers: A gentleman jockey / Stilton Cheesewright / Boko Fittleworth / Percy Gorringer / Ginger Winship / Bertie Wooster

Sunday: The Blue Boar (or Cow, or Dragon) / The Jolly Cricketers / The Goat and Feathers

Future Events for Your Diary

October 7, 2007 Martin Jarvis Readings

The actor Martin Jarvis, known among Wodehouseans for his PGW books on tape, will be reading two Wodehouse short stories (slightly abridged) at the Cheltenham Literature Festival; start time is 6 P.M. These readings will be taped in front of an audience at the Everyman Theatre, Cheltenham. For tickets, call the box office at 01242 227979.

October 12-14, 2007 TWS Convention

The Wodehouse Society (US) will be convening at the Biltmore Hotel in Providence, Rhode Island. If you are not a member of TWS and would like to know more, contact

October 30, 2007 Society Meeting

Join us for our final meeting of the year, gathering at around 6 P.M. at our new venue, The George, at 213 Strand. Our speaker will be Sophie Ratcliffe, who has

been commissioned to compile a new book of Wodehouse letters (see page 4 for a letter from Sophie herself.).

Note: If you have joined the Society within the past 12 months, will be attending your first Society meeting, and would like to experience a Wodehouse Walk, a shortened version will be offered by Norman Murphy in the afternoon prior to this meeting. Call Norman _____ to register interest and obtain details of when and where to meet.

February 19, 2008 Society Meeting

July 8, 2008 Society Meeting

November 18, 2008 Society Meeting

The time and place of our 2008 meetings will be announced in future issues of *Wooster Sauce*

October 2008 Formal Dinner

Date and venue to come – but hold the month!

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