The Wodehouse Society happened because a need existed. This need was recognized by others; to wit: the Intrepid Copenhagen Drones. And now we learn from a reliable source of a flourishing group of right-minded Wodehouseans in The Netherlands. While contact has not been established, efforts to make ourselves known to them have been made (i.e., a letter was sent to their ring leader), and we should have more info on this association in the next PLUM LINES.

Several members have complained bitterly because there is no name nor address shown in our masthead. "How do we know," they ask, "where to write if we dislike something you've written, or want to straighten you out in various matters, or cancel our memberships (you wouldn't), or notify you of a change of address?" Every man, woman, and child knows by now that OM is a pseudonym for the editor of PLUM LINES, to be passed along as the editorship changes hands, and that the current OM is one Bill Blood, who resides at 82 Evergreen Drive, New Britain, PA 18901. A becoming sense of modesty and the hope that this editorship stint is only temporary make its inclusion in the masthead advisable.

"Making people laugh is a high calling." Robert Klein, interviewed in NYTimes, 9 May '82

The First International Convention of The Wodehouse Society has been downgraded to a simple Gathering. When you say "CONVENTION" the mind conjures up visions of drafty or overheated halls, tiresome harangues, dull speeches, and masses of tired, hungry conventioneers. So far only ten Plummies have expressed an interest in attending. Suppose that, of these, three actually arrive...no, let us say four, for OM is an incorrigible optimist...and that four of our local chapter members show up: Eight!!! But because OM is an optimist he believes that these suppositions are all wrong, and that the Auditorium at Delaware Valley College, which we have been promised for the occasion, will be filled to overflowing with eager, happy faces; and that the dinner will be equally well attended. Doylestown is 27 miles due north of the center of Philadelphia, half-a-mile due east of New Britain, in the center of Bucks County. Historical sites abound, many interesting tourist attractions, beautiful countryside, fine shopping, excellent restaurants. And Philadelphia has a full program of events this summer to celebrate its 300th anniversary. So work July 16th into your vacation plans.

It is interesting how references to The Master crop up in unexpected ways. For example, Kevin Berland, a graduate student (doctorate) at McMaster University, Hamilton, Ontario, tells of Reverend J. A. Findlay who, in his Jesus and His Parables, London, 1950, cites a passage from one of Plum's stories to illustrate the impact of miracles. The Village Voice, a rambunctious, alert New York City periodical, recently carried a parodic review of "Episode 64 of Brideshead Revisited," in which Bertie Wooster is introduced as the reluctant fiance of the heroine. The reader is assured that Jeeves will rescue Bertie in Episode 65. And a new member, Dr. David Greenwald, has found occasion to read 'Goodbye to All Cats" to his sociology classes to reinforce some moot point in his lectures.

A new Service has been initiated by one of our members, Dr. Jeremy Thompson, of the Univ. of California at Los Angeles. The last page of our revised Membership List explains his P.W Book Mart plan. OM considers that this will be supplemental to, rather than competitive with, the services of our Wodehousean booksellers, Barry Phelps and Charles Gould, Jr., not to forget Dave Jasen, who has a little list of first-rate PW books which he will send to serious collectors; and Edward Lehwald, who will order Wodehouse books-in-print. It provides a swapping service, which has been demanded forcibly by many of our members, but which PLUM LINES is not geared up to handle. Barry Phelps, by the way, has issued a February list, which he will send upon request. If you make a purchase from this list, or have made previous purchases,
rumor has it that he will send you a copy of his SPRING, 1982 LIST, replete with much bibliographical info and learned comment. Many consider his lists to be collectible.

You may be a thoroughly proficient Collector of Wodehouse books and related "Wodehouseana." If you are, OM congratulates and (in the same breath) envies you, and further advises you to skip the rest of this paragraph, for you may be hypercritical of its content. What I was about to say before I so rudely interrupted myself is that if you are new to the "book collecting game," as A. Edward Newton called it, your local librarian or bookseller may have some basic books on the subject which it would be wise to look into. First decide what you want in the way of a collection, and be practical about it. What can you afford? A collection of Plum's first editions is worth a king's ransom, and would now be almost impossible to collect. How about a few firsts, filling the large gaps with later editions, if only reading copies? In this day of small apartments and mobile homes, you may decide on a collection of quality paperbacks. You, and you alone, can set your collecting goals. If you have time to explore used-book stores and auctions, you just might find a P.W. book or two; and when you do, you feel a sense of accomplishment equal to that of the Spanish explorer who first cast his eyes on whatever it was from some place, wherever it was. But perhaps collecting isn't your game, and you just want to read Plum. Then confine your purchases to reading copies or reissues, and pass them along to a friend who appreciates good, clean, sparkling humor. OM is sure that any of our booksellers or collectors will be happy to suggest a collecting plan to suit your taste and means. ###

Jon Lellenberg, BSI, an editor of The Baker Street Miscellany, a scholarly publication of The Baker Street Irregulars, challenges any Plummy so inclined to submit an article proving that Sir Conan Doyle did not have a lasting effect on the writing of P. G. Wodehouse. Some Sherlockians contend that Plum was 'influenced throughout his career by Doyle, both in his style and the content of his stories. OM views this as a canard of the magnitude and absurdity of the Bacon/Shakespeare bruhaha (he was trying to say absurdity). Any takers?