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

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


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

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

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

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

Canadian and overseas members are reminded that dues should be
paid in U.S. funds by checks or money orders showing a bank in the U.S. at which payment may be cleared.

$\text{FINANCIAL REPORT}$

Balance on Hand, 31 Dec 1985: $1996.50

Receipts:
- Dues: $1562.50
- Contribution: 20.00
- *Interest earned: +36.42

Total: $1618.92

Grand Total: $3615.42

Expended:
- Printing: $827.20
- Postage: 465.15
- Office supplies: 9.99
- Telephone: 27.63
- *Bank Acct Maint, Fee: 64.95
- Bank Fees For Checks: 22.16
- Convention Advance: +269.75

Total Expended: $1686.83

Balance on Hand, 31 Dec 1986: $1928.59

*TWS Acct was changed to interest-bearing checking; when we found that fees for maintenance exceeded interest, the acct was chgd back.

Mary A. Blood, TWS

Financial Secretary

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

The Oldest Member
Dear Members of The Wodehouse Society:

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

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

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

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

Happily yours,

Florence Cunningham
President
LIKE MANY OF my con­temporaries, I am given to wide
swings of mood, enjoying
periods of mindless euphoria
then paying the piper with
spells of sepulchral melancholy.
In the down phases, an inborn
aversion to spending money
precludes my finding solace in
drugs or alcohol, so my solution
is to turn to the works of writers who can be counted
on to make me feel better.

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

I have a thick file of notes taken from my Wode­
house reading and would like to share a few samples
with you:
• Professor Binstead picked up a small china figure of
delicate workmanship. It represented a warrior of pre-
khaki days advancing upon some adversary who,
judging from the contented expression on the
warrior's face, was smaller than himself.
• There was rather more of "Stinker" Pinker than
when I had seen him last. Country butter and the easy
life curatures lead had added a pound or two to an al-
ways impressive figure. To see the lean, finely-trained
Stinker of my nonage, I felt that one would have to
• Except for knowing that when you've heard one
you've heard them all, I am not an authority on violin
solas, so cannot say definitely whether La Pulbrook's
was or was not a credit to the accomplice who taught
her the use of the instrument. It was loud in spots and
less loud in other spots, and it had that quality which I
have noticed in all violin solos of seeming to last much
longer than it actually did.
• I seem to have a vague recollection of having met him
somewhere, but I can't place him and do not propose
• Butlers seem to grow less and less like anything hu-
man in proportion to the magnificence of their sur-
rroundings ... . Beach had acquired a dignified inertia
which almost qualified him for inclusion in the vege-
table kingdom. He moved, when he moved at all,
slowly. He distilled speech with the air of one measur-
ing out drops of some precious drug.
• I had an aunt once who pawned her father's false
teeth to contribute to the mission for propagating the
gospel among the unenlightened natives of West Afri-
cana. Grilled subsequently by the family, she said she
was laying up treasures in heaven.
• The lawyer tightened his lips another fraction of an
inch, as if to say that something of this kind was only
to be expected in a world in which all flesh was as
grass, and where any moment the most harmless and
innocent person might find himself legally debarred
from being a feoffee of any fee fiduciary or in fee
simple.
• The Village Hall stood in the middle of the High
Street abaft the duckpond ... . It was one of those
Mid-Victorian jobs in glazed brick which always seem
to bob up in these old-world hamlets, and do so much
to encourage the drift to the cities. Its interior, like
those of all the joints of this kind I have ever come
across, was dingy and foggy and smelled in almost
equal proportions of apples, chalk, damp plaster, boy
scouts and the sturdy English peasantry.
• He was convinced that if he, Bingo, begged him,
Purkiss, to say that he, Bingo, had been with him,
Purkiss, last night, he, Purkiss, would not have the
inhumanity to deny him, Bingo, a little favour which
would cost him. Purkiss, nothing and would put him,
Bingo, on velvet.