

# \*Ye Olde Plum News\*

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## WEDDING TROUBLES

### MISSED THEIR OWN WEDDINGS

Plum's first paid contribution to a magazine was an article in Tit Bits 1900 titled "Men who have missed their own weddings".  
(www.madam.eulalie.org)

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### KIDNAPPING OF THE BRIDE

Prudence, a niece of Lord Emsworth, and Bill "Blister" Lister were in love. As her mother Dora regarded him an unsuitable wooer, they planned to marry secretly at a Registry Office. But Prue didn't show up. Her cousin Freddie told Bill that she was in a cab destined at Paddington. "Why on earth did she want to go to Paddington?" "She didn't want to go to Paddington. She was sent there, with gyves upon her wrists, in the custody of a stern-faced butler, who had instructions from my aunt Dora to bung her into the twelve-forty-two for Market Blandings, first stop Swindon. The fact is, Blister, my poor dear old egg, you've rather gone and made a hash of things. A wiser man would not have rung her up at her home address and called her a dream rabbit, or, if he did, he would have taken the elementary precaution of ascertaining, before doing so, that he was speaking to her and not to her mother. ... Prue, grilled on her return, was forced to admit that you and her were that way, and further questioning elicited the confession that you were a bird short alike on Norman blood and cash. Ten minutes later her packing had begun."  
(Full Moon, 1947)

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### MIX-UP OF DATES

Miss Maudie Stubbs and Sir Gregory Parsloe were going to marry but she found that he had stood her up. Ten years later they met again. "A nice thing that was you did to me, Tubby Parsloe," she said, speaking like a voice of conscience. "Eh?" "Leaving me waiting at the church like that." "...." "I left you waiting at the church? I don't know what you're talking about." "Don't try that stuff on me. Did you or did you not write me a letter ten years ago telling me to come and get married at St Saviour's Plimlico, at two o'clock sharp on June the

seventh?" "June the what?" "You heard." "I did nothing of the sort. You're crazy." "... Well, here's the letter. I kept it all these years in case I ever ran into you. Here you are. Look for yourself." Sir Gregory studied the document dazedly. "Is that your handwriting?" "Yes, that's my handwriting." "Well, read what it says." "'Darling Maudie - "' "Not that. Over the page." Sir Gregory turned the page. "There you are. Two o'clock sharp, June seven". Sir Gregory uttered a cry. "You're cockeyed, old girl." "How do you mean, I'm cockeyed?" "That's not a seven." "What's not a seven?" "That thing there." "Why isn't it a seven?" "Because it's a four. June 4, as plain as a pikestaff. Anyone who could take it for a ... Lord love a duck! You don't mean you went to that church on June the seventh?" "Certainly I went to that church on June the seventh." ... "I was there on June the fourth," he said.

(Pigs Have Wings, 1952)

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### REVENGE

Ukridge and his pals formed a syndicate. The syndicate paid an accident insurance. One of them was going to be beneficiary, have an accident and they would then all share the insurance money. The lot fell on Teddy Weeks. He, however, let them down and wouldn't let an accident happen. Ukridge arranged accidents, but they failed. Suddenly Teddy actually had an accident: *Stepping off the kerb on to a banana-skin, was instantly knocked ten feet by a passing lorry. "Two ribs and an arm," said the doctor five minutes later. But Teddy got, or pretended, amnesia. He didn't recall any syndicate and refused to share the insurance money. Ukridge was furious over this treason.*

Five years later Ukridge took Corky to a church where a wedding party just came out. The groom was Teddy Weeks. Among the spectators was a dishevelled man. "Have you got a shilling, lad-die?" said Ukridge in a low, level voice. "Why do you want a shilling?" "... I passed it over. Ukridge turned to the dishevelled man, and I perceived that he held in his hand a large rich tomato of juicy and over-ripe appearance. "Would you like to earn a bob?" Ukridge said. "Would I!" replied the dishevelled man. Ukridge sank his voice to a hoarse whisper ... Over the heads of the crowd, well and truly aimed, whizzed a large juicy tomato. It burst

like a shell full between Teddy Weeks's expressive eyes, obliterating them in scarlet ruin. It spattered Teddy Weeks's collar, it dripped on Teddy Weeks's morning-coat, and the dishevelled man turned sharply and raced off down the street. Ukridge grasped my arm. There was a look of deep content in his eyes.

(Ukridge's Accident Syndicate, 1923)

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### CLERICAL TROUBLE

It was the weddingday of George Finch and Molly Waddington. His friend Hamilton Beamish told George: "There has been a slight hitch in the proceedings. Didn't you know?" "My God! Tell me!" said George clutching his friend's arm. ... "It is nothing to get excited about. All that has happened is that the clergyman who was to have married you has met with an accident. His wife telephoned just now to say that, while standing on a chair and trying to reach down a volume of devotional thought from an upper shelf, he fell and sprained his ankle." ... "Absolutely sickening! A clergyman, and not able to stand on a chair without falling off!" A sudden, gruesome thought struck him. "Hamilton! What's it a sign of when the clergyman falls off a chair and sprains his ankle on the morning of the wedding? ... I mean, is it bad luck?"

(The Small Bachelor, 1926)

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### MIX-UP OF PLACES

Myra Schoonmaker had been waiting for Bill Bailey at the registry office but he stood her up. Lord Ickenham was astonished: "Are we talking of the same man? The one I mean is an up-and-coming young cleric named Bill Bailey, in whose company I passed fully three-quarters of an hour yesterday at the registry office." ... "At the registry office in Wilton Street?" "Say that again." "Say what again?" "Wilton Street. ... It was at the Milton Street registry office that Bill, my nephew Pongo and I kept our vigil. We all missed you."  
(Service With a Smile, 1962)

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