

P. G. Wodehouse

Some first editions, first prints, articles etc.



Antikvariat
Bryggen
Katalog 115

Bo Bejert

Kjære bokvenn.

Herved presenteres en liten rekke Wodehousiana.

On the following pages you will find a small list of Wodehousiana.

Bibliofil hilsen
Fredrik Delås



ANTI-KVARIAT BRYGGEN
Bryggenveien 42 - Bryggen Vestre - 1747 Skjeberg - Telefon 930 22 712
E-post: post@antikvariat-bryggen.no



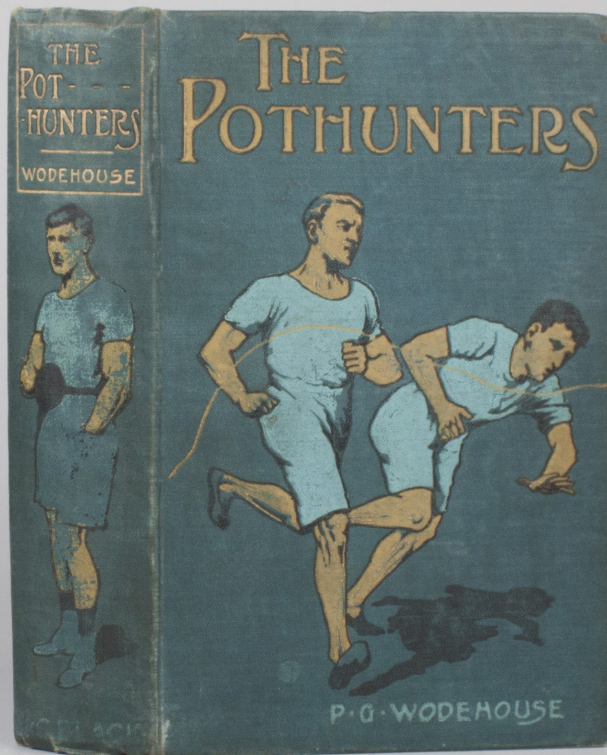
GODE ENKELTOBJEKTER OG SAMLINGER FORMIDLES

Ta kontakt for en uforpliktende samtale.



Ta kontakt med Fredrik Delås
Mobil 930 22 712 / E-post: post@antikvariat-bryggen.no

www.antikvariat-bryggen.no



1. The Pot-Hunters.

London: Adam & Charles Black, 1902. First printing in second state binding. 8vo. 272 pp.
No advertisements. All 10 plates, as called for, present. Publishers' boards in jacket.
Jacket with edgewear and slight paper loss. Binding with a couple stains and slight colour loss to spine. Inner hinges cracked, but holding.

A good copy in the rare jacket.

2 500,-

The
**POT-
HUNTERS**
P.G.
Wodehouse



BLACK

The **POT-HUNTERS**
P.G. WODEHOUSE





2. William Tell told again.

With 16 illustrations in colour by Philip Dadd.

London: A. & C. Black. Early edition of this early work, first published 1904. Same format and binding as the first edition, BUT in red rather than tan cloth. 105, [1] pp. Publishers' decorated cloth. Minor wear to extremities. Partly cracked in inner front hinge, but holding well.

600,-

WILLIAM
TELL
TOLD
AGAIN

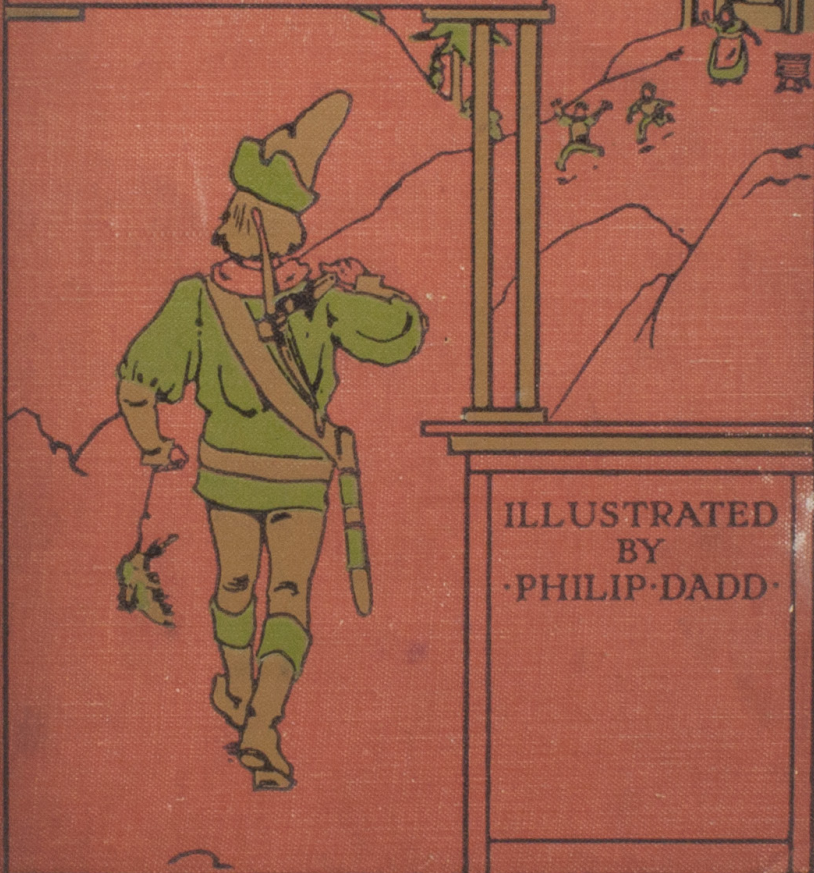
WODEHOUSE

ILLUSTRATED
BY
PHILIP DADD

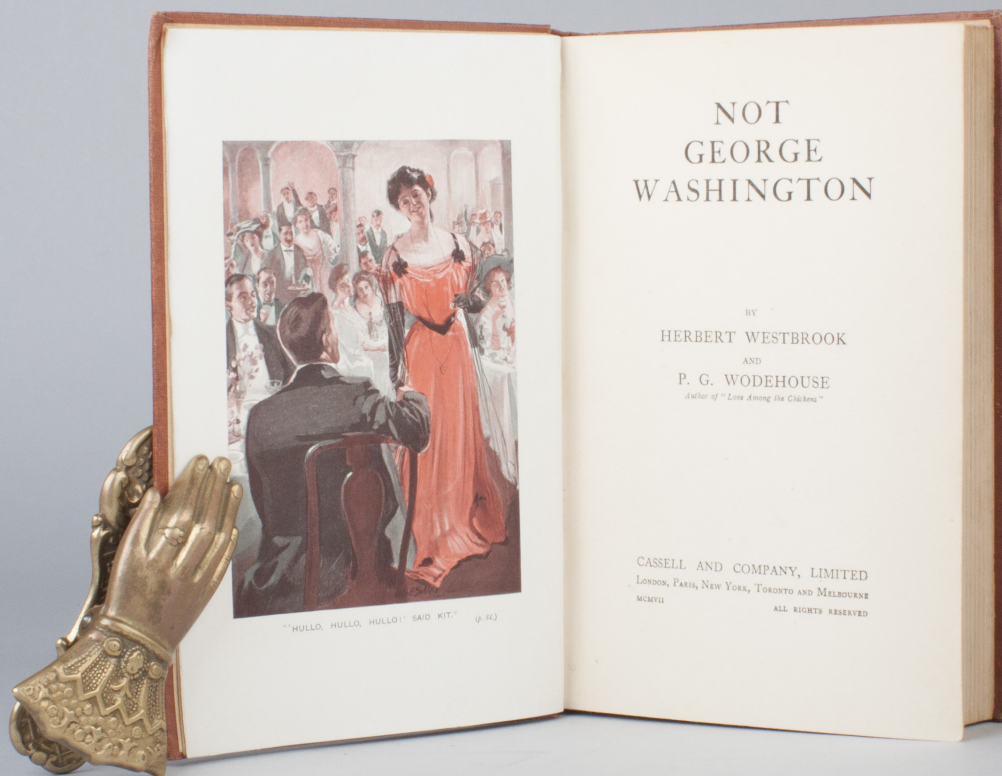
A & C BLACK

WILLIAM TELL TOLD AGAIN

BY P. G. WODEHOUSE



ILLUSTRATED
BY
PHILIP DADD



3. P. G. Wodehouse & H. Westbrook

Not George Washington.

London: Cassell & Company, 1907. First edition, third issue [7 golden circles between title and author names on upper panel + "Cassell" on lower spine end].

279, [1] pp. Publishers' brick red cloth. Some staining to upper board and spine. Else a tight copy.

1 000,-

NOT
GEORGE
WASHINGTON

H·WESTBROOK
AND
P·G·WODEHOUSE

NOT GEORGE WASHINGTON



H·WESTBROOK & P·G·WODEHOUSE

CASSELL



4. My man Jeeves.

London: George Newnes, [1919]. First edition, first state with 'Butler & Tanner' as printers. 8vo. 251 pp. + 2pp. advertisements. Publishers' blind tooled cloth. Aome staining to boards and minor wear at spine ends. Cracked in inner front joint, but holding. Name to front fly leaf and title page.

The first book to introduce Jeeves and Wooster, Wodehouse's most revered characters.

1 000,-



5. Love among the chickens.

London: Herbert Jenkins, [1920's]. Popular edition [originally published 1906]. 256pp. Publishers' cloth with title to upper board and spine. Sunned spine. Some wear to spine ends and outer joints.

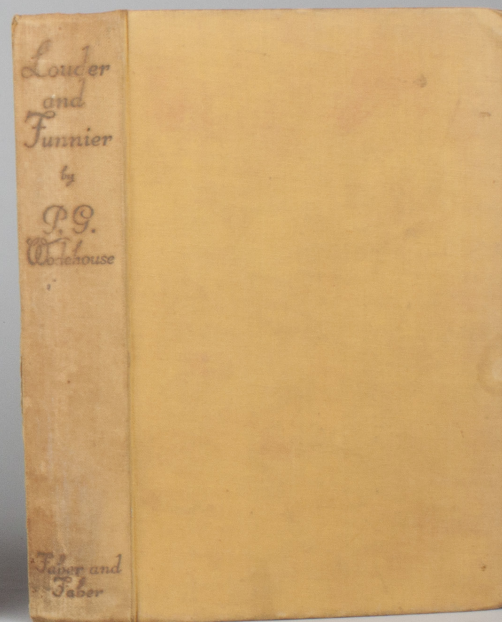
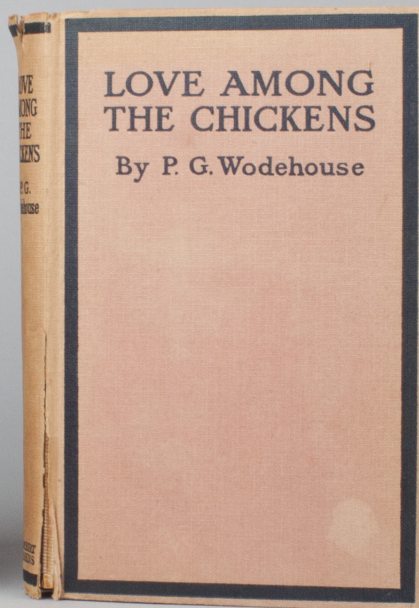
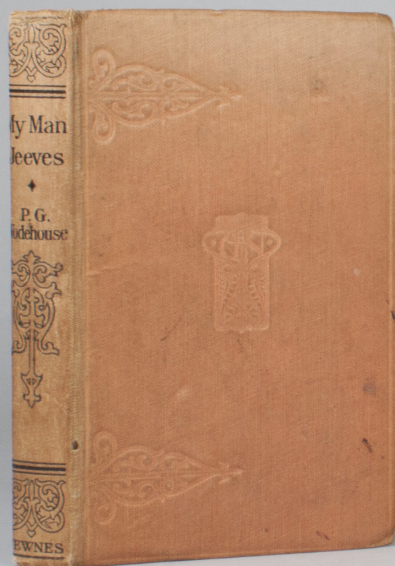
150,-



6. Louder and funnier.

London: Faber & Faber, [1932]. First edition. 286pp. Publishers' yellow cloth with title to spine. Some staining to boards and spine. Binding slightly askew. Name to front fly leaf.

450,-





7. P. G. Wodehouse & Ian Hay

Leave it to Psmith.

London/New York: Samuel French, 1932. First edition, printed in US. 8vo.87, [1] pp.
Bound with front wrapper.

First published 1923. This play-adaption was done together with Ian Hay, first published 1932.

250,-

8. P. G. Wodehouse & Ian Hay

A Damsel in distress. A comedy of youth, love and adventure in three acts.

London: Samuel French, 1930. First edition. 8vo. 89, [3] pp. Publishers' wrappers.
Slightly darkened to spine and edges of wrappers. Else a very good copy.

First published 1919. This play-adaption was done together with Ian Hay, first published 1930.

450,-

9. P. G. Wodehouse & Ian Hay

Baa, baa, black sheep. A farcical comedy in three acts.

London: Samuel French, 1930. First edition. 8vo. 79, [1] pp. Publishers' wrappers. Slightly sunned spine.
Else a very good copy.

450,-

10. Mulliner Omnibus.

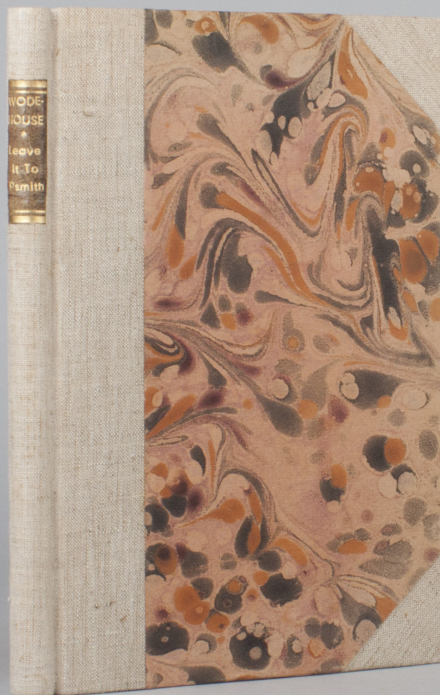
London: Herbert Jenkins, [1931]. Third printing. 8vo. 847 pp. Publishers' cloth.
A very good copy.

450,-

11. Jeeves Omnibus.

London: Herbert Jenkins, 1935. First printing. 8vo. 864 pp. Publishers' cloth. Very light edgewear. A couple of very small red stains to upper edge of upper board. Else a tight and good copy.

450,-





12. Nothing but Wodehouse.

New York: Doubleday, 1946. First printing. 8vo. viii, 696 pp. Publishers' cloth in jacket. A very good copy

350,-



13. Performing flea. A self-portrait in letters. With a foreword and notes by W. Townend.

London: Herbert Jenkins, 1953. First printing. 8vo. 224 pp. Publishers' cloth in jacket. Minor edgewear to dust jacket edges. A very good copy.

LAI D IN: News paper clippings related to the book.

450,-

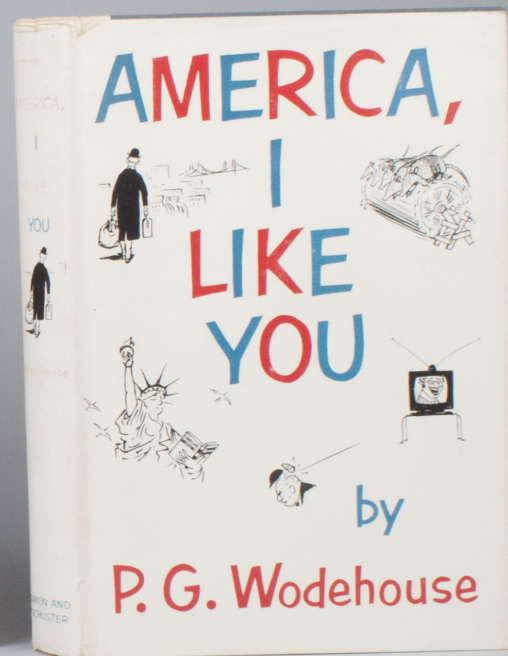
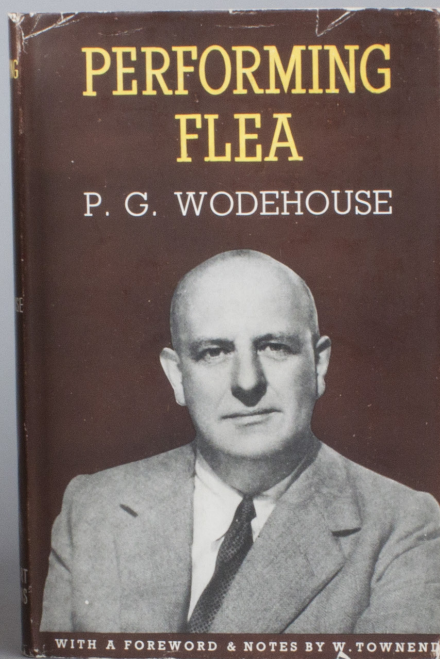
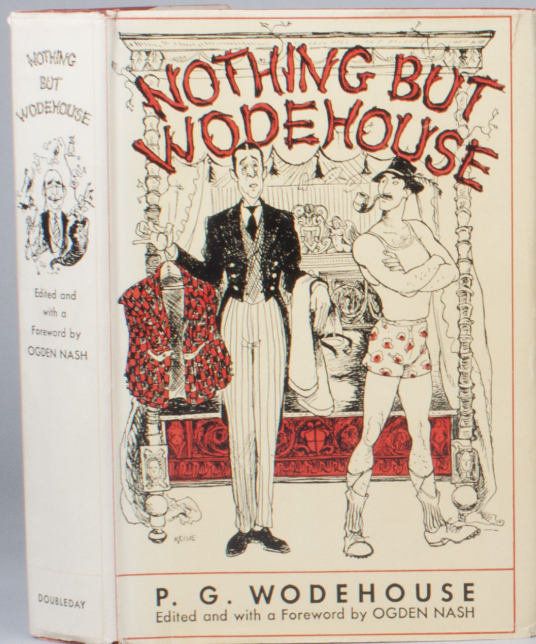


14. America, I like you. Illustrations by Marc Simont.

New York: Simon and Schuster, 1956. First printing. 8vo. [6], 212 pp. Publishers' boards in jacket. Jacket spine slightly sunned. Weak bump to upper spine head. Else a very good copy.

LAI D IN: 3 News paper clippings, Book Review of the title from New York Times and more.

450,-





15. Magazines - LOT

Wilfred De'Ath: *P. G. Wodehouse at home.*

The Illustrated London News: February, 1973. 4to. Original wrappers.

Article on Wodehouse.

+

"French leave", the riotous new novel by P. G. Wodehouse.

John Bull: Week ending november, 1955. Folio. Original wrappers.

First printing, first of four parts.

+

Politiken: Lørdag 7. November, 1959. Folio.

Contains: Jeeves laver en omelett.

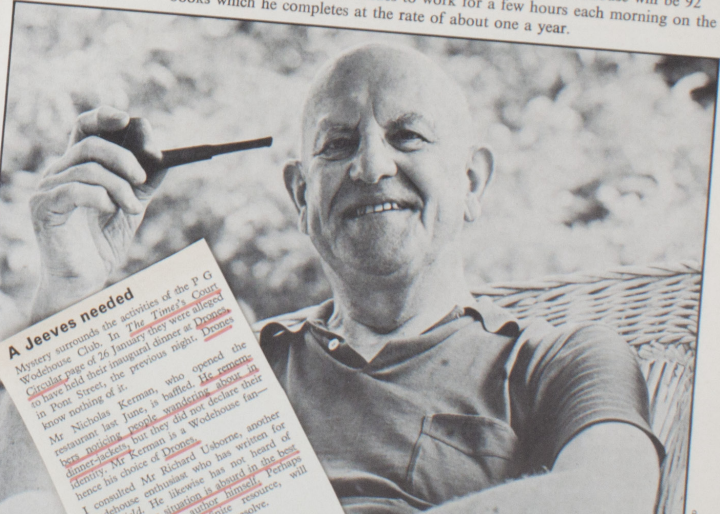
250,-

"Hvad tænker du på, min søn?"
 "Det ved jeg ikke, far. Jeg tænker
 på, om jeg kan blive en søn af
 min far."
 "Hvad betyder det?"
 "Jeg tænker på, om jeg kan blive
 en søn af min far, som du er."
 "Hvad betyder det?"
 "Jeg tænker på, om jeg kan blive
 en søn af min far, som du er."



P.G. Wodehouse at home

Author of more than 100 books, of which over 70 are still in print, P. G. Wodehouse will be 92 this year. He lives on Long Island, where he continues to work for a few hours each morning on the books which he completes at the rate of about one a year.



A Jeeves needed

A Jeeves needed
Mystery surrounds the activities of the P.G. Wodehouse Club. In *The Times's* *Crosswords* page, 4-26 January, there is a puzzle to help find their inaugural dinner at *Donner's* in Post Street, the previous night. *Donner's* knows nothing of it.

Mr Nicholas Kurne, who opened the restaurant last June, is baffled. *He remembers* noticing people wandering about the dinner-places, but he did not declare the identity. Mr Richard Ubborne, another choice of *Donner's*, is equally stumped. *He* likewise has no idea who he was talking to.

I consulted Mr Richard Ubborne, an enthusiastic who has written a book on the situation in *London*. *He* is a stout, middle-aged man with a friendly smile. *He* is a stout, middle-aged man with a friendly smile.



The end of the forest

of land (the size of Wales) to serve as an enclave for threatened Indian groups. It was the only reservation its kind. Hundreds of square miles soon be thoug



16. Magazines - LOT - PUNCH

May 20 – 1959.

Wodehouse: *From a Detective's Notebook*.
Original wrappers.

First printing.

+

January 13 – 1960.

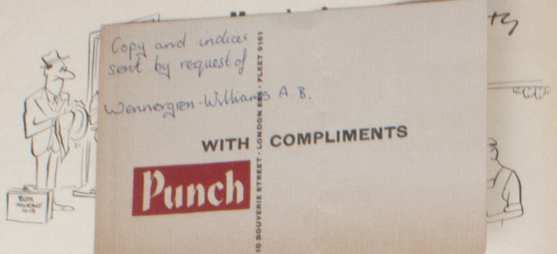
Usborne: *The French for P. G. Wodehouse*.
Original wrappers.

+

May 4 – 1966.

Wodehouse: *Genesis of a novel. [Describes how he set about writing Thank You Jeeves]*.
Original wrappers.

450,-



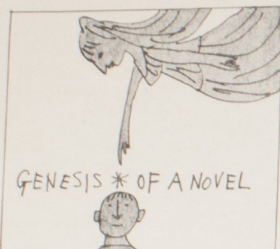
an approval of moments hard to say whether, for the characters, he was adding to, detracting from, or merely confirming his reputation. For

a bomb in a tin box, and when it explodes it will engrave six incomparable pictures of the apocalypse. But he has

Parlour

A.P.H. boxes out
TAILOR STATISTICS

654



P. G. WODEHOUSE
describes how he set about
writing *Thank You, Jeeves*

I approach this series with a certain diffidence. I always feel diffident when asked to talk about my literary methods, for though I like them myself I never feel that my works amount to much. Over the years I have built up a nice little conservative business and the pickings have been pretty good, but I realise that I am not one of the swells who have messages and significance and all that sort of thing.

Nobody is more alive than myself to the fact that, going by the book of rules, I do everything all wrong. I never have a theme, and I work from plot to characters and not from characters to plot, which as everybody knows is the done thing. The men up top, so they tell us, start with a group of characters and then sit back and let them do what they feel like doing. And the catch in that is—suppose they don't do anything. Max Beerbohm, you may remember, came up against this snag when he tried to finish his friend Ladbroke Brown's drama *Savonarola* after its author, having written all but the last act, was unexpectedly run over by an omnibus. He made a skeleton outline, but it did not satisfy him, so he decided to wait and see what *Savonarola* and the other characters would do.

"They did absolutely nothing. I sat watching them, pen in hand, ready to record their slightest movement. Not a little finger did they raise."

I am so sure that that is what would happen to me if I tried to let my characters take over that I never so much as touch typewriter key until I have a scenario complete in every detail. I am probably wrong, but it seems to me that the square thing to do if you are planning to take people on a train journey is to see that the rails, points, signals and whatnot are in working order and that the engine driver knows more or less where he is going. Otherwise they may find themselves faced by the situation which so worried the heroine of Marie Lloyd's immortal song:

"Oh, Mister porter,

What shall I do?

I want to go to Birmingham

And they're taking me on to Crewe,"

If you travel on the Wodehouse express, you may not enjoy



P. G. WODEHOUSE. Born 1881, author of 83 books and part author of 23 plays and musical comedies. Best known works, the *Jeeves* saga and the *Blandings Castle* saga. Is a member of the "Punch" Table.

Other contributors will be Keith Waterhouse and Richard Lewellyn.

PUNCH, May 4 1960

PUNCH, May 20 1959



Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes, was born on May 22, 1859

From a Detective's Notebook

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

WE were sitting round the club fire, old General Malpus, Driscoll the Q.C., young Freddie flinch-flinch and myself, when Adrian Mulliner, the private investigator, gave a soft chuckle. "This was, of course, in the smoking-room, where soft chuckling is permitted."

"I wonder," he said, "if it would interest you chaps to hear the story of what I always look upon as the greatest triumph of my career?"

We said No, it wouldn't, and he began.

"Looking back over my years as a detective, I recall many problems the

utmost, I can think of none of my feats of ratiocination which gave me more pleasure than the unmasking of the man Sherlock Holmes, now better known as the Fiend of Baker Street."

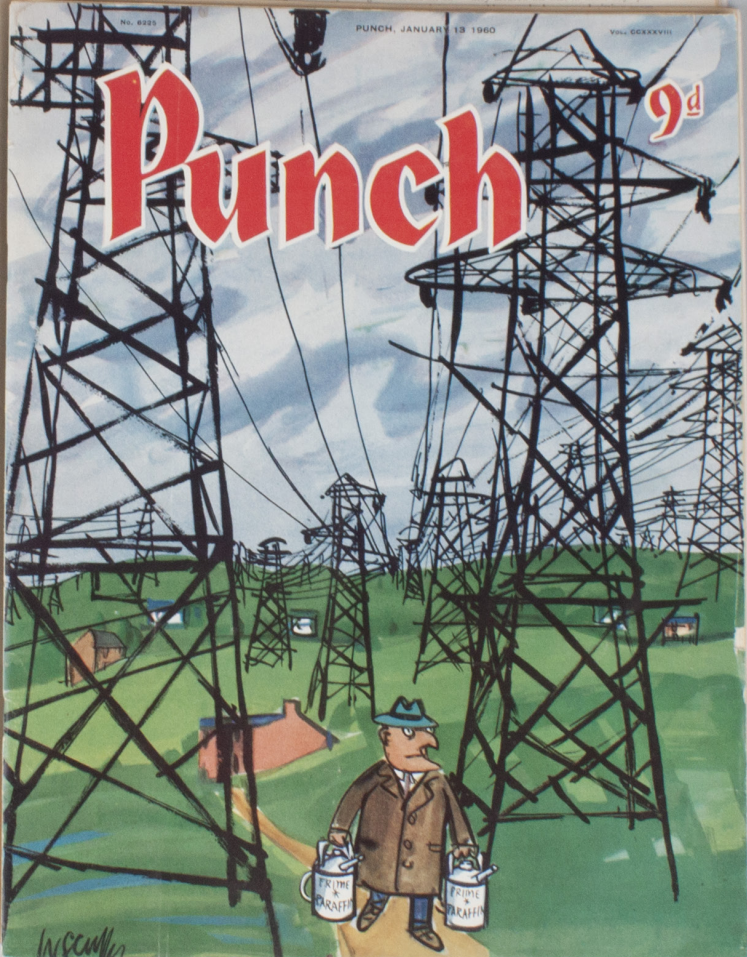
Here General Malpus looked at his watch, said "Blimey my soul," and hurried out, no doubt to keep some appointment which had temporarily slipped his mind.

"I had at first so little to go on,"

Adrian Mulliner proceeded. "But just as a brief snuff at a handkerchief or shoe will start one of Mr. Thurber's blood-hounds giving quick service, so is the merest suggestion of anything that I might call only enough to set me off on

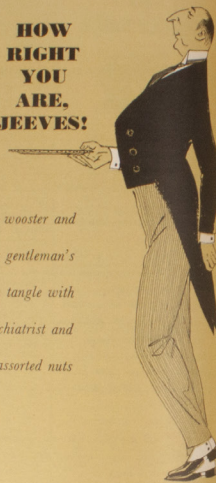
was obliged to watch the pennies closely, for when we are introduced to him he is, according to Doctor Watson's friend Stamford, 'benamusing himself because he could not find someone to go halves with him in some nice rooms which he had found and which were too much for his purse.' Watson offers himself as a fellow lodger, and they settle down in—I quote—"a couple of comfortable bedrooms and a large sitting-room at 221a Baker Street."

"Now I never lived in Baker Street at the turn of the century, but I knew old gentlemen who had done so, and they assured me that in those days you



HOW RIGHT YOU ARE, JEEVES!

*bertie wooster and
his famous gentleman's
gentleman tangle with
a psychiatrist and
other assorted nuts*



JEEVES PLACED THE STEERING WHEEL AND A on the breakfast table, and Reginald (Kipper) Herring and I, looking the tips, squared our elbows and got down to it. A lifelong lady of mine, this Herring, linked to me by years ago, when wrappings, he and I had done a stretch together at Malvern House, Branden-Son, the pre-emptory school conducted by that parson of sinners, Aubrey Uppish, M.A., and had frequently stood side by side in the Uppish study awaiting the receipt of one of the papers from a penit and singlet like an adder, as the fellow said, so we were, you might say, rather like a couple of old women who had fought shoulder to shoulder on

Crispin's day, if I've got the same right. The plot the four having gone down the beach, accompanied by some half ounces of strengthening coffee, I was about to reach for the armchair when I heard the telephone ringing on it the hall and rose to attend to it.

"Bertram Wooster's residence," I said, having connected with the instrument. "Wooster in person at this end of the line," I added, for the voice that boomed over the wire was that of Mr. Thomas Porterington Travers of Southey Court, Market Bosworth, near Drivewich - or, putting it another way, my good and deserving aunt Fiddle.

"A very heavy puppy to you, old as cresset," I said, well pleased for the woman with whom it is always a privilege to chew the fat.

a new novel By P. G. WODEHOUSE

"And a routing trouble on to you, you young idiot on the landscape," she replied cordially. "I'm surprised to find you up as early as this. Or have you just got in from a night on the tiles?"

I hastened to retort this.

"Certainly not. Nothing of that description whatsoever. I've been upping with the lark this last week, to keep Kipper Herring company. He's staying with me till he can get into his new flat. You remember old Kipper? He's on the staff of the *Thursday Review*, a periodical of which you may or may not be a reader, and has to clock in at the office at daylight. How's everything down Brinkley way?"

"Oh, we're jugging along. But I'm not speaking from Brinkley. I'm in London."

"I'll when?"

"Driving back this afternoon."

"I'll give you lunch."

"Sorry, can't manage it. I'm putting on the mangle with Sir Roderick Glossop."

This surprised me. The eminent brain specialist to whom she alluded was a man I would not have cared to lunch with myself, our relations having been on the stiff side since the night at Lady Wickham's place in Hertfordshire when, acting on the advice of my house's daughter Roberta, I had punctured his hot-water bottle with a darning needle in the small hours of the morning.

"Well," I chirped, "it's up to you, of course, but it seems a rash act. Did you come to London just to revel with Glossop?"

"No. I'm here to collect my new hat and take him home with me."

"New hat? What's become of Sep-
pines?"

"He's gone."

I clicked the tongue. I was very fond of the maple dome in question, having enjoyed many a port in his pantry, and this news saddened me.

"No, really?" I said. "Too bad. I thought he looked a little frail when I last saw him. Well, that's how it goes. All flesh is grass. I often say."

"To Reginald Regis, for his holidays."

I unlocked the tongue.

"Oh, I see. Odd how all these pillars of the home seem to be dashing over on tons these days. Jeeves starts his holiday this morning. He's to Horse Bay for the summer, and I don't know what I'm going to do without him."

"I'll tell you what you're going to do. You're coming to Brinkley tomorrow."

The ghost which always envelops Bertram Wooster like a fog when Jeeves is about to take his annual vacation

lightened perceptible. There are few things I find more agreeable than a se-
pion at Aunt Dahlia's royal flat. For
eternity scenery, gravel and main drains
cup, company's own water and, above
all, the superb French chaffing of her
French chef Anatole. God's gift to the
gentle pines. A full hand, as you might
put it.

"What an admirable suggestion," I
said. "Get anybody else staying at the
old snake pit?"

"Five inmates in all."

"Five inmates in all?"

"Golly! Uncle Tom must be frothing at the mouth a bit," I said, for I knew the old post's distance he goes in the home. Even a single weekend is sometimes enough to make him drain the latter cup.

"Tom's not there. He's gone to Har-
rogate with Cream."

"You mean lambs?"

"I don't mean lambs. I mean Cream. Homer Cream. Big American
tycoon, who is visiting these shores. He
suffers from sickness, and his medicine
man has ordered him to take the waters
at Harrogate. Tom has gone with him
to hold his hand and listen to him of an
evening while he tells him how filthy
the stuff tastes. He's in the middle of a
very important business deal with
Cream. If it goes through, he'll make a
packet free of income tax. So he's suck-
ing up to him like a Hollywood boy man.
That is why, when kissing me goodbye,
he urged me with tears in his eyes to
look Mrs. Cream and her son Willie up
and treat them like royalty. So they've
at Brinkley, dug into the woodwork."

"Willie, did you say?"

"Short for Wilbert."

I missed Willie Cream. The name
seemed familiar somehow. I seemed to
have heard it or seen it in the papers
somewhere. But it eluded me.

"Adele Cream writes mystery stories.
Are you a fan of hers? Not Willie, start
looking up on them directly you arrive,
because every little helps."

"I shall be delighted to run an eye
over her material," I said. "We have
established, then, that among the in-
mates are this Mrs. Cream and her son
Wilbert. Who are the other three?"

"Well, there's Lady Wickham's daugh-
ter Roberta."

"I started violently, as if some unseen
hand had gossiped me."

"What! Bobbie Wickham? Oh, my
god!"

"Why the agitation? Do you know
her?"

"You bet I know her."

"I begin to see. Is she one of the gag-
gle of girls you've been engaged to?"

"Not actually, no. We were never en-
gaged. But that was merely because she
wouldn't meet me halfway."

"Toward you, did she?"

"Yes, thank goodness."

"Why thank goodness? She's a one-girl
beauty chouse."

"She doesn't try the eyes, I agree. But
what price the soul?"

"For from it. Much below par. What
I could tell you. But no, let it go."

Aunt Dahlia, describing this young
blither as a one-girl beauty chouse, had
called her thus perfectly correctly. Her
outer count was indeed of a nature to
cause those beholding it to rock back
on their heels with a startled shudder.

But while equipped with eyes like twin
stars, hair ruddier than the cherry,
sleazebag, capricious and all the things,
B. Wickham had also the disposition
and general outlook on life of a ticking
bomb. In her society you always had the
unhappy feeling that something was likely
to go off at any moment with a pop.

You never knew what she was going to
do next or into what murky depths of
susp she would carelessly plunge you.

I was uttering under this blow, when
the old relative administered another,
and it was a haymaker.

"And there's Aubrey Uppish and his
stepdaughter, Phyllis. Mills," she said.

"That's the lot. What's the matter with
you? Get out!"

I took her to be alluding to the sharp
gap which had escaped my lips, and I
must confess that it had come out not
unlike the last words of a dying duck.

"Aubrey Uppish?" I quavered. "You
mean my Aubrey Uppish?"

"That's the one. Soon after you made
me a present of a new hat."

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17. Playboy. February 2 - 1960.

Wodehouse: *How right you are Jeeves.*
Original wrappers.

This story appeared in three magazines under the title *How Right You Are, Jeeves*. First, the story was serialized from 29 August to 19 September 1959 in the British magazine *John Bull*, illustrated by Richard O. Rose, then published in February 1960 in the American magazine *Playboy*, illustrated by Bill Charmatz, and lastly published on 23 April 1960 in the Canadian magazine *Star Weekly*, illustrated by Gerry Sevier.

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 50 cents



The best of Jayne Mansfield
A new Jeeves novel by P. G. Wodehouse
Winners of 1960 Playboy Jazz Poll



The Strand Magazine

18) Christmas Number – 1935. Original wrappers.

Wodehouse: *Uncle Fred flits by*.

First published in the US in the July 1935 edition of Redbook, and in the UK in the December 1935 issue of the Strand.

350,-

19) January – 1937. Original wrappers.

Wodehouse: *Crime wave at Blandings*.

The story was published in the US in two parts, in the October 10 and October 17, 1936 editions of the Saturday Evening Post, and in the UK in the January 1937 issue of the Strand (as "Crime Wave at Blandings").

350,-

20) April – 1937. Original wrappers.

Wodehouse: *All's well with Bingo*.

The story was published in the US in Saturday Evening Post in the US on 30 January 1937, and in The Strand Magazine in the UK in April 1937.

350,-

21) June – 1937. Original wrappers.

Wodehouse: *Bingo and the Peke crisis*.

The story was published in US Saturday Evening Post, May 29, 1937, 1937, and in the UK in The Strand Magazine in June 1937.

350,-

22) July – 1937. Original wrappers.

Wodehouse: *Anselm gets his chance*.

The story was published in US Saturday Evening Post, July 3, 1937, and in the UK in The Strand Magazine in July 1937.

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23) August – 1937. Original wrappers.

Wodehouse: *Romance at Droitgate Spa*.

The story was published in US in The Saturday Evening Post on 20 February 1937, and in the UK in The Strand Magazine in August 1937.

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24) Christmas Number – 1935. Original wrappers.

Wodehouse: *Uncle Fred flits by*.

First published in the US in the July 1935 edition of Redbook, and in the UK in the December 1935 issue of the Strand.

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25) 50th Birthday number – 1940. Original wrappers.

Wodehouse: *Bramley is so bracing*.

Published in the US in The Saturday Evening Post on 28 October 1939, and in The Strand Magazine in the UK in December 1940.

350,-





26. [Introduction: Hilaire Belloc & Decorations: Kerr]

Week-End Wodehouse.

London: Herbert Jenkins, [1939]. First edition. 8vo. 508, [3] pp.
Publishers' cloth with title label in green leather to spine.
A very good copy.

250,-



27. [Ed. P. G. Wodehouse]

A century of humour.

London: Hutchinson, [1934]. First edition. Large 8vo. 1024 pp. Publishers' cloth.
A very good copy.

+

[Illustrated by Fougasse]

The second century of humour.

London: Hutchinson, [no date]. First edition. Large 8vo. 1019, [5] pp. Publishers' cloth.
Slightly sunned spine, else a very good copy.

Contributions by Wodehouse.

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28. LOT - On Wodehouse's house arrest ++

[George Orwell]

In defence of P. G. Wodehouse.

Article in "The Windmill" [Ed. Reginald Moore & Edward Lane]. Complete issue.

London: Heineman, 1945. First printing. 8vo. 130 pp. Quarter cloth with paper covered boards. Bound with both wrappers. Mint condition.

Orwells' article on Wodehouse's house arrest in 1941 runs from page 10 to 19.

+

Encounter. Literature - Arts - Current affairs.

Berlin Broadcasts I+II.

Articles by Wodehouse in Encounter no. 13 + 14, November/October, 1954.

London: 1954. Large 8vo's. Original wrappers.

Introduction by Wodehouse + the 5 Berlin Broadcasts, leading to his house arrest in 1941.

LAID IN: New paper clipping (Swedish) about the happenings in 1941.

+

[John Hayward]

P. G. Wodehouse.

Article in "The Saturday Book 1941-42" [Ed. Leonard Russell]. Complete issue.

London: Hutchinson, 1941. First published October 1941. This is a reprint, also October, 1941. Large 8vo. 445, [1] pp. Publishers' cloth. Spine slightly sunned, else a very good copy.

Haywards' article on Wodehouse runs from page 372 to 389.

+

Richard Usborne

Wodehouse at work -

A study of the books and characters of P. G. Wodehouse across nearly sixty years.

London: Herbert Jenkins, 1961. First printing. 8vo. 224 pp. Publishers' boards in jacket.

A very good copy.

LAID IN: Receipt for the book, dated 20/11, 1961.

700,-

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OCTOBER 1954

13

THE WINDMILL

10
gence not inferior, his heart all delicacy—women, gin and muscans were his only weaknesses. Alas, he died of pneumonia while we scolded him for coughing, and with him vanished the sun-drenched ciacade kingdom of calaque and stone-pine and the concept of life as an arrogant private dream shared by two."

Palmyrus, like most of us in the grip of Angst, is the victim also of Zoe.

IN DEFENCE OF P. G. WODEHOUSE

By GEORGE ORWELL

WHEN the Germans made their rapid advance through Belgium in the early summer of 1940, one of their captives was Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, who had been living throughout the early part of the war in

was led away into captivity, he is said to have realised until the last moment that this I shall write a serious book." He was house arrest, and from his subsequent

gated in a fairly friendly way, German gently "dropping in for a bath or a

1947, the news came that Wodehouse and was living at the Adlon Hotel in public was astonished to learn that he

of a "non-political" nature over these broadcasts are not easy to obtain as to have done five of them between

Germany took him off the air again. was not made on the Nazi radio but

Harry Flannery, the representative of which still had its correspondents in the *Saturday Evening Post* an article

in the internment camp. alt mainly with Wodehouse's experiences a very few comments on the war. The

quite unable to work up any kind of bitterness about some country I got a decent sort of fighting thoughts or feelings. idea, at least they

no on parade and got the right idea, at least they I have been there forty-two weeks. There is a

peeps you out of the saloon and helps you to keep in that it means you are away from home and a

better take along a letter of introduction to be on

has been modestly proud of being an Englishman, resident in this tin or repository of Englishmen

tion I want from Germany is that the great me markets at the main gate to look the other way

and leaves the rest to me. In return I am prepared to hand over India, an autographed



Wodehouse gör come back

Wodehouse, han heter Palmyrus. Han är en av de mest kända författarna i världen. Han har skrivit många böcker som 'The Windmill', 'The Windmill', 'The Windmill'.



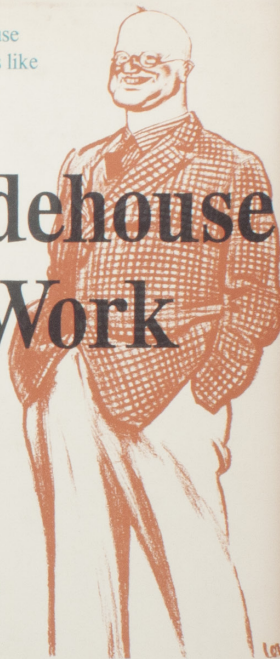
Wodehouse

'Mr. Wodehouse handles words like a great poet'

THE OBSERVER

Wodehouse at Work

Richard
Usborne



Editor
Lionel
Russell

THE SATURDAY BOOK 1941-42

Hutchinson



29. Joseph Connolly

P. G. Wodehouse

London: Orbis Publishing, 1979. First printing. Large 8vo. 168 pp. Publishers' boards in jacket. A very good copy.

LAID IN: 6 Swedish newspaperclippings on Wodehouse's death.

250,-



30. Owen Dudley Edwards

P. G. Wodehouse. A critical and historical essay.

London: Martin Brian & Keffee, 1977. First printing. 8vo. 232 pp. Publishers' boards in jacket. Jacket spine slightly sunned. Else a very good copy.

300,-



31. George Mikes

Eight humorists.

London: Allan Wingate, 1954. First printing. 8vo. 175 pp. Publishers' boards in jacket. A very good copy.

On P. G. Wodehouse pp. 153-173.

150,-

**P.G.
WODEHOUSE**
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Owen Dudley
Edwards

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by

GEORGE MIKES

with drawings by

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