

BERNARD SHAW - A TRIBUTE

The great mind that tore to shreds the shams it encountered is at rest. Here at his Ayot St. Lawrence house where Paths secured these pictures as Mrs. Loden his housekeeper tells him that Lady Astor, his great friend has called, George Bernard Shaw went to the rest he craved in his last waking hours. These were the last pictures taken whilst he could still roam the garden he loved so well, and this the last time he walked out of the picture. But this is not the Shaw he would have us remember. Rather, that other Shaw, roaming the world live and exuberant, trenchant in judgment, brilliant in wit. Firesetting the deck off Miami for instance, and then stopping suddenly to sum of a nation and its ruler in a scintillating devastating second.

Now at Shaw's corner silence reigns in the little workroom from whence so much wit and wisdom streamed to an eager world. The last word is written. Beyond all else, Shaw made men think. Time alone can assess his greatness. This generation is perhaps too near to judge.