

Shaw enough



by Leonard Lyons

WHEN ORSON WELLES' Mercury Theater produced *Heartbreak House* on Broadway, the *March of Time* planned to broadcast one of the scenes. The producer of the radio show telephoned Shaw's home in Ireland.

"I'm sorry, sir," Shaw's maid replied, "but Mr. Shaw never answers the telephone before 6 P.M."

At 6:15, the producer again put in a transatlantic phone call to Shaw's house. This time the maid replied: "I'm sorry, sir, but Mr. Shaw never answers the telephone after 6 P.M."

"But I phoned earlier, and you said Mr. Shaw doesn't answer the phone before 6 P.M. Now you say he doesn't answer the phone after 6 P.M."

"That's right, sir," replied the maid. "Mr. Shaw said to tell you that he answers the phone only *at* 6 P.M."

CHARLIE CHAPLIN once brought Helen Wills to Shaw's home, after Miss Wills had won the tennis championship at Wimbledon. Shaw studied the American athlete and complimented her upon her form and beauty.

"You really are very pretty," he told her, "and under such circumstances, tennis should be played in high grass—and without a ball."

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SHAW NOW ADVISES the women he knows to try to see him as often as possible. "After all," says Shaw, "I'm the ideal catch for a lady—a rich widower in his 91st year."

G. B. S. has been spending the past few months in packing his effects, paying bills and rechecking his household possessions to make it easier for his executors and trustees later. He describes this work thus: "It's as if I were going away on a vacation."

ONE NIGHT A FRIEND who was visiting Mr. and Mrs. Shaw listened to the host telling a few stories, while Mrs. Shaw busied herself knitting.

"What are you knitting?" the guest asked her.

"Oh, nothing. Just nothing at all," whispered Mrs. Shaw. "It's just that I've heard those stories 2,000 times," she said, nodding towards G. B. S., "and if I didn't do something with my hands, I'd probably choke him."

WHEN CLARE BOOTHE LUCE visited Shaw in London, she found him writing at his desk as she entered.

"Mr. Shaw," began Mrs. Luce, trying to flatter him into thinking she had come to Europe for the sole purpose of seeing him, "you are the only reason I am standing here."

Shaw looked up and replied, "Who'd you say your mother was, my child?"

After the visit was over, Mrs. Luce said: "You're the first person I've seen in England. Is there anybody else you'd suggest I meet while I'm here?"

"Miss Boothe," he assured her, "you already have met everybody."

JUDITH ANDERSON once wrote Shaw for permission to do his *St. Joan*. G. B. S. refused, explaining that he couldn't permit the production because the high income tax rates would leave him practically nothing. "And as between income and the privilege of seeing you do *St. Joan*," Shaw frankly told her, "I choose income."

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