

Extract from

New York Times

Date

24 APR 1929

BALDWIN ASKS PRESS TO AID AMITY WITH US

Tells London News Men Only
They and Politicians Could
Stir Peoples to Discord.

BARRIE MOURNS CUB DAYS

Playwright Says Shakespeare Today
Would Be a Journalist and
Write Thrillers.

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

LONDON, April 23.—Premier Baldwin reminded the press tonight that it had an immense responsibility in maintaining the friendliness of Anglo-American relations.

In a characteristically graceful speech at the Newspaper Press Fund dinner, Mr. Baldwin suddenly struck a serious note, saying:

"I remember shaking hands with about 150 Americans from the Middle West in the cabinet room at No. 10 Downing Street last Summer. I said to them—there were no reporters present and my best speeches are made when no reporters are there—there is nothing wrong nor ever will be wrong between our two peoples. Their hearts are absolutely sound. There are only two things that might cause trouble between America and England. One is the politicians and the other is the press.

"It is quite true. That is why it behooves all of us to be certain in what we say and what we write about foreign countries. At home it does not matter twopence, comparatively. We understand, but abroad it does matter, and very bitterly at times."

Sir James Barrie, who had auctioned off the manuscript of his "Twelve Pound Look" in aid of needy journalists and their widows and orphans, spoke in happy vein.

Gabriel Wells, the New York book dealer, paid \$12,075 for the manuscript. Peter Larkin, High Commissioner for Canada, paid \$5,725 for a blank canvas on which the artist, Philip de Laszlo, agreed to paint the portrait of the highest bidder. A mimeographed copy of The London Times during the general strike brought \$680, swelling the total of the evening's auctions to \$20,370. A gift of \$50,000 from Lord Rothermere also was announced, bringing the fund's total to well above \$150,000.

"If Shakespeare had to come to London nowadays," said Sir James, "I suppose he would become a journalist. No signed articles for him. You know I do not think he would have written plays. He would have turned them into novels, thrillers for which Mr. Baldwin admits a dark partiality. Hamlet, if written in these days, probably would be called 'The Strange Affair at Elsinore.'"

Sir James then spoke reminiscently of his own early days as a journalist. "Gradually," he said, "I made my only noteworthy discovery—that I myself had no mind. In my multitudinous articles I assumed characters that varied as the envelopes in which I got most of them back. As to my experiences as a medical man—I can still smell the dispensary I was never in. I have been a member of the House of Commons and a policeman at its doors. I have been vagrants of all sorts and as many men of property, I was even every kind of a lady. I suppose you are now looking upon the first woman journalist.

"Those were tremulous days—were they as happy as they now seem through the smoke of this banqueting hall? If the smoke were to clear away too much which of us would not be first to shiver? The street of lodgings that we used to pace, waiting hungrily for the postman with the proofs which are an editor's love-letters—would we even for the prize of living our lives differently, writing our works differently, would we, if we could, resume those paces on the flagstones that are, perhaps, still indented with our shoes? Yes, for that prize I know one of us who would."