

The Bon-Accord and Northern Pictorial Strike Emergency Issue No. 5.

CHOKING THE PRESS.

There is a wise old saying that "yon never miss the water till the well runs dry." And you never miss the newspaper till you cannot get it. The only difference is that there never was any danger of the newspaper press running dry. There has always been plenty of water in that fountain. This is what annoyed the strike leaders. So they decided that the well should be choked. And it was so.

The closing of the Press was one of the most sinister features of the general strike. It at once stamped the movement as something entirely different from a trade dispute. In a purely industrial controversy both sides are eager for the freest and fullest publicity. The appeal is to public opinion; and public opinion is based on a knowledge of ascertainable facts. For this reason, and in spite of Mr. Cook's provocative bombast, it was steadily hardening in favour of the miners when the great stoppage occurred and newspaper publication was instantly made impossible.

Why! The question will have to be answered. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Clynes, and other leaders of the Parliamentary Labour Party, cannot escape this challenge. What was behind this movement that a free Press became at once dangerous to its progress? We have protested in these columns against any suggestion of a revolutionary taint in the distinguished Labour leaders we have mentioned. They have said nothing to warrant such a charge. But they are answerable for their silence as well as for their words, and not one of them has made a public protest against what cannot be otherwise described than as a carefully planned scheme to keep the country in the dark at one of the most critical periods in its history and to muzzle the expression of public opinion. This policy was taken over boldly and barefacedly from Russia. Why did Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, one time Prime Minister of this kingdom, consent to it?

Here again the strike organisers proved themselves bad students of the psychology of their own countrymen. The nation was not frightened by the strike; but the absence of the newspapers startled it into a lively sense of the meaning of the peril that threatened it. Happily for human freedom, tyrants are invariably stupid.

Your Paper.

"Bon-Accord" is not yet back to its old form to-day, but that is not our fault. Kindly reserve your brickbats for Comrade Cook. The paper kept going when scores of great big dailies didn't "show a leg"; and we had the privilege of doing a little bit of daily work on our own—greatly to the satisfaction of many thousands of readers in town and country. We have made new friends everywhere; and when "Bon-Accord" comes out again in full strength—next week, let us hope—its welcome will be more general and cordial than ever. Wasn't it Mr. Stanley Baldwin who said over the wireless the other night, "Peace is always possible to me who have imbibed the spirit of "Bon-Accord"? Or words to that effect!

Will Trades Unionism Survive?

It will; but there is not the slightest likelihood that it will survive in its present form. It has allowed its machinery to be captured by a clique, and it will now, we fear, have to pay a heavy price for its complacency. But trades unionism is too valuable an asset to be scrapped: and we hope to see the moderate men of the movement assert themselves and guide it back to the old principles from which it derived its strength. They have had a rude awakening to the folly of linking up a great industrial and fraternal agency with party politics and a spurious internationalism.

Jobs Wanted.

"What is to become of trade unionists whose places have been filled?" asks a correspondent. We are not quite sure; but perhaps the T. U. C. will find them a job. It owes something to the men who broke their pledged word at its bidding.

Sure and Steady.

Our people have been wonderful. They have carried themselves with dignity and confidence. They have refused to get rattled, and have shown both grit and gumption in a very trying time. Aberdeen would get a special word of praise if praise were not something of an impertinence. We don't praise a man for being honest or regularly washing the back of his neck. It is what we expect from him. And we naturally expect Aberdeen to play the game. It has done so; and there is, of course, nothing more to be said.

In the Dark.

"A lightning strike," one paper calls it. That's right; it came in and went out in a flash.

Our Honours List.

"Bon-Accord" has pleasure in announcing the following awards:—

For the Prime Minister	- - -	The Order of Merit.
For "Jix"	- - -	A framed Certificate of Efficiency.
For the Strike Leaders	- - -	A Tin Hat.
For Aberdeen Students	- - -	Driver's "Language" (unabridged).
For Mr. Cook	- - -	A Muzzle (in solid brass).
For the Railwaymen	- - -	A Model Engine (in good working order).
For the Communists	- - -	The Order of the Boot.
For the Lord Provost	- - -	The O.M., by first post.
For Everybody Who Helped	- - -	A Hearty Vote of Thanks.

Heard in the 'Bus.

"Losh, Tam, yon airtist o' th' 'Bon-Accord' fair tak's th' cake! An' he maun bide oor wye—th' skweelmaister, I'm thinkin', or th' Free Kirk minister. It's somebody that kens us onywe, for yon pictur' o' the Printer's De'il was jist oor wee Wullie to the life!"

"Aye, an' wasna 'Britannia' fine? As like you as twa peas, Janet; a sonsy, strappin' 'uman wi' a coal bucket an' a nice, kind face!"

"'Gwa wi' ye, Tam! Though I thocht mysel' she had a look o' me! If it's no' th' skweelmaister or th' Free Kirk minister."

At which point conjecture trails off into silence.

Mr. Robert Boothby.

"By Jove," exclaimed B., "I could snick Those heads so remarkably thick!"
And straight from the spot
He dashed home like a shot,
And ended it all in a tick!

"The man of the Future," you say?
That's perfectly right in a way:
But this Man of the Future
Grows 'cuter and 'cuter,
And he's really the Man of To-day!

General Assemblies.

At a joint meeting of Committees of the Church of Scotland, the United Free Church and the Free Church, held in Edinburgh on 11th May it was agreed that the Assemblies should meet on the date appointed, 18th May, and that, after the ordinary business of the opening session had been transacted, the Assemblies be recommended to adjourn for the transaction of public business to a date then to be determined. As will be noted, the above decision was arrived at the day before the sudden collapse of the General Strike. It may be taken that the new conditions produced by the return to normal working may render it possible to proceed with Assembly business at a much earlier date than contemplated when the arrangement for postponement was arrived at. On the other hand, it is unlikely that the time available for printing and distribution of reports which must reach the most remote parishes in the country will be sufficient to enable the Assembly to do more than transact formal business on Tuesday.

Our Admirable Crichtons.

Our students know everything and can do anything. Their versatility awes us—their preposterous readiness to tackle any blessed thing, from playing snooker on the Fourth Dimension to running an electric tramcar, leaves us gasping for breath. Dear little lads, you are It! Next time you see a tall and remarkably handsome old gentleman, with a flowing beard, a silk hat, patent leather boots, and a large cigar, bowing to you with gracious courtesy, that will be Us; and you will please accept the salaam as a small, but intangible, token of our respect and esteem.