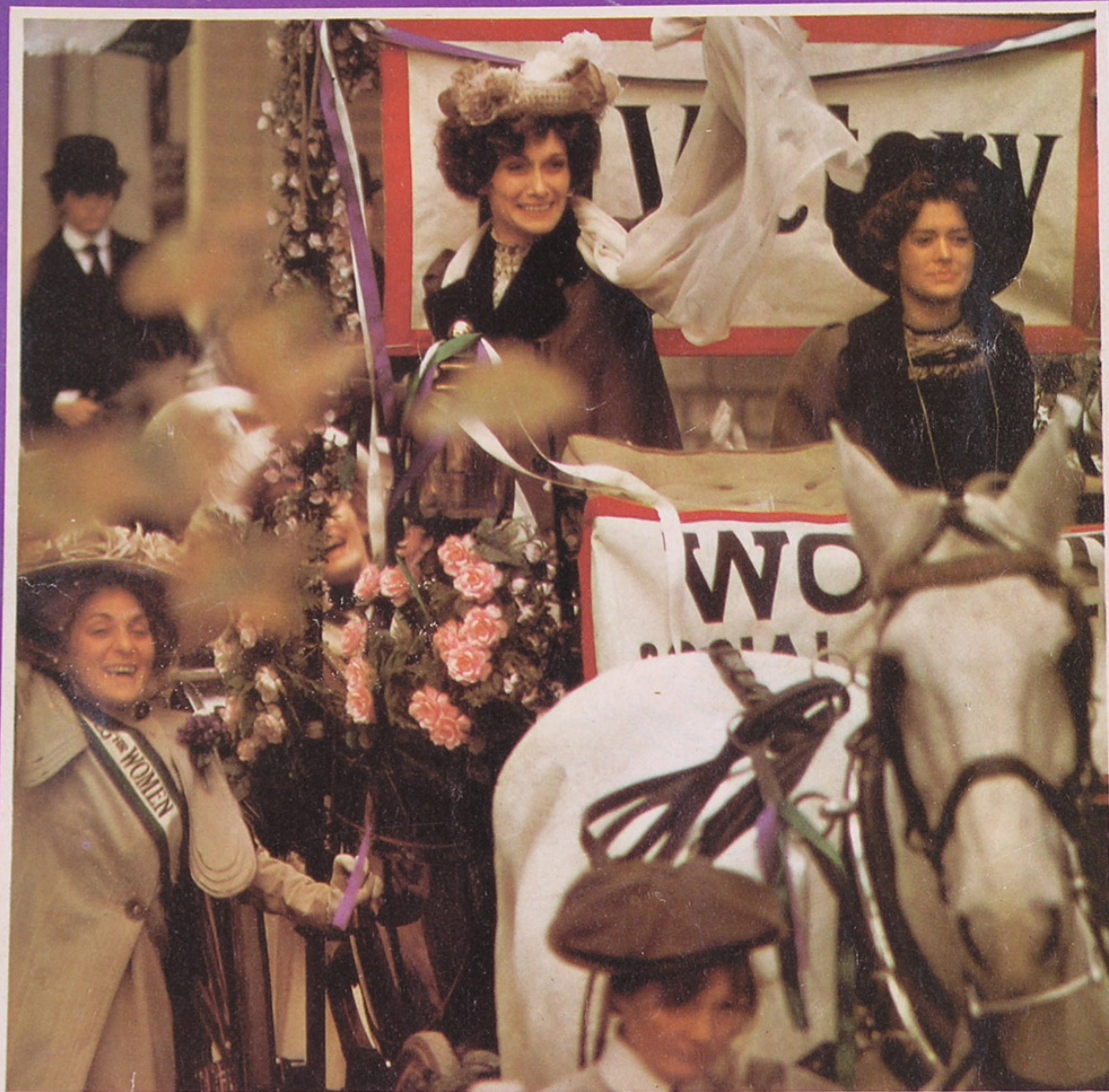


HOW WOMEN FOUGHT FOR THE VOTE
A FULL ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO THE NEW BBCtv SERIES

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER



OUTRAGE

EMILY WILDING DAVISON

In 1912 and in the following years, the Suffragette Movement becomes even more militant, and a new, strange, almost mystical figure comes on to the scene: Emily Wilding Davison.

She concentrates on harassment in the West End of London, while Sylvia Pankhurst sets up a WSPU office in the East End.

Sylvia wants to dispel the feeling among the East Enders that the suffragettes are middle class and privileged and tries to persuade them that they want votes for *women*, not just votes for *ladies*. Emily meanwhile, in a desperate act, flings herself under the King's horse at the Derby and subsequently dies, while other suffragettes commit more violent attacks on property (PAGES 44 AND 45). Mrs Pankhurst has been released from prison because she became so sick after a hunger strike. But on recovery, she is re-arrested and thus cannot attend Emily's funeral (PAGES 46 AND 47). The struggle continues . . .

ESTHER KNOWLES TELLS WHAT HAPPENED IN A POLICE RAID ON THE CLEMENT'S INN OFFICE

I knew the Pethick Lawrences from childhood and worked with them most of my life. Emmeline was my lode star from infancy and I was invited to spend many of my school holidays with them at their house 'The Mascot' near Dorking. There I would listen avidly to their talk and by the time I was ten I was a confirmed suffragette, playing truant from school to join the crowds who marched to Holloway Prison to greet released suffragettes.

When I left school at 14, Emmeline asked me if I would like to become an office girl at the WSPU offices at Clement's Inn, and, of course, I jumped at it. Fred Pethick Lawrence was the editor of 'Votes for Women', Emmeline the Union's treasurer. I went to work in the editorial offices for six shillings a week. After I'd been there a few days I realised that an office boy doing exactly the same job as I was being paid eight shillings a week. So I said to Fred, "You are fighting for the equality of women and yet Harry Burton is getting two shillings a week more for doing the same job as me." He roared with laughter and gave me a rise.

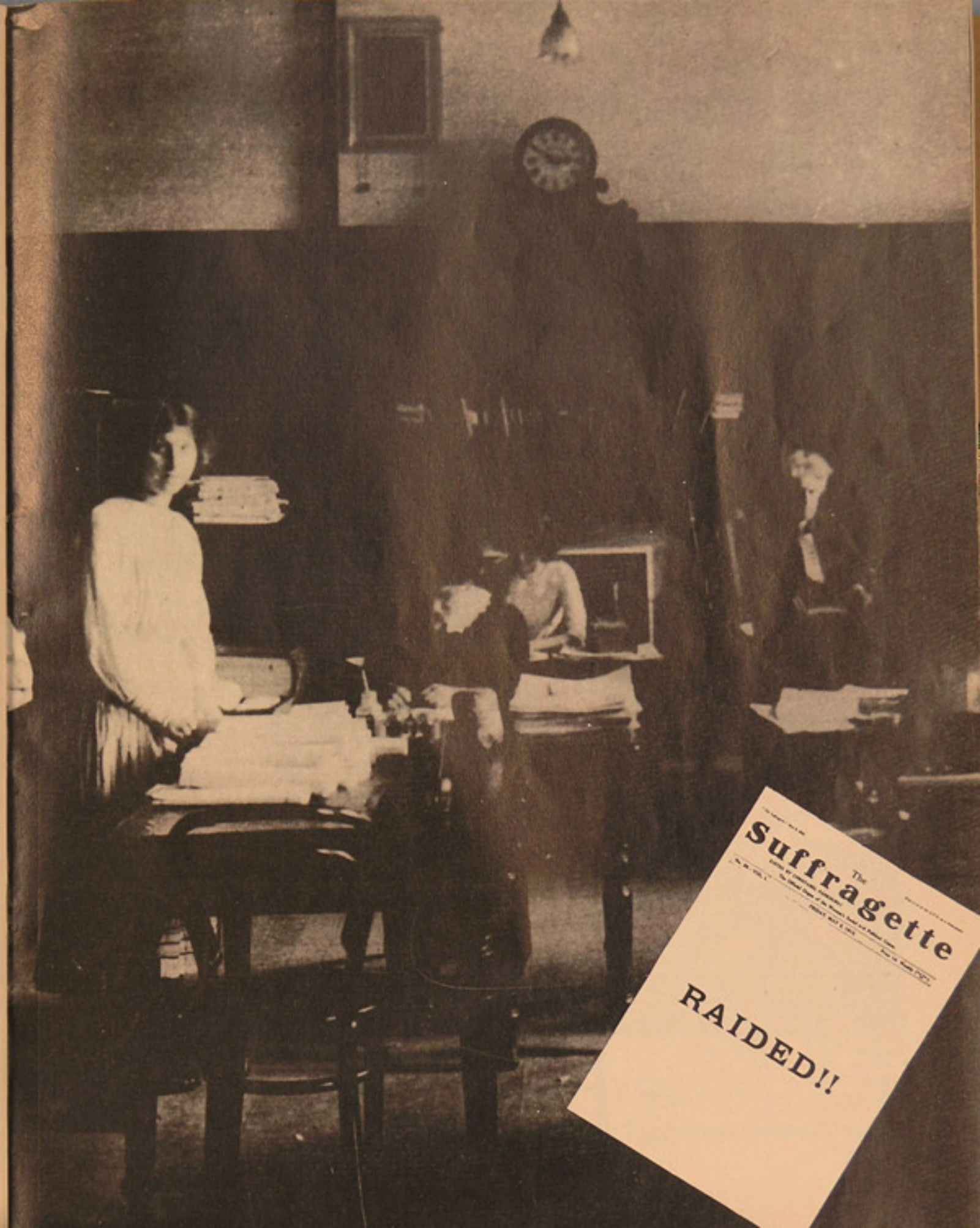
The raids on our offices became very frequent but during the big raid on the WSPU at Lincoln's Inn on 13 April 1913 I was out at the bank getting some



Esther Knowles outside the original WSPU office, Lincoln's Inn and right, she is seen on the left of the photograph in the office in 1913. The office manager, Mrs Kerr is far right in the picture

petty cash for Mrs Kerr the office manager. I came back down the Kingsway and saw a huge constable standing outside our doors. I immediately turned round and hid the money - silver, gold and notes - in my knicker leg which were elastic round the bottom in those days. I knew it was safe there as the detectives only searched you to your waist, never below. I returned and was dragged inside the door. There on our wide staircase, on each step both sides, was a uniformed policeman. If there was one there were forty - all to arrest a few women. I was marshalled up with this damn great wad of money flapping under my skirt and went back to my telephone. One of the men came over got me by the elbow and slung me across the room. Had there not been a table in the middle I think I would have gone right through one of the long windows.

In the case of a raid we all had our secret instructions and after being thrown out of Lincoln's Inn we all went by different devious routes to Lincoln's Inn Fields and met under the basket ball nets. Mrs Louie Hatfield gathered us together and said that we had to find rooms where the leaders could reach us. There was one snag - we had no money. So Esther Knowles produced her petty cash from her knickers, £50 in all, and I was cheered all round Lincoln's Inn Fields. I was heroine of the hour.





Memories:
THE DOWAGER VISCONT-
ESS DAVIDSON, BARONESS
NORTHCHURCH, DIED,
DAUGHTER OF THE LATE
W.H. DICKINSON MP, AND
HERSELF A FORMER MP,
REMEMBERS BEING
THERE ON DERBY DAY.

It was the first Derby I ever went to and Daddy (who put forward one of the first Women's Suffrage Bills in 1907) decided that we'd have a great treat so we hired a car and went off to Epsom. I can remember the excitement of those horses coming round at a terrific gallop in a tremendous bunch when suddenly this woman pushed her way from the back and nipped under the railings literally between us. She rushed out and ran into the horse's legs which then lost its balance and went down. She also went down. Or perhaps she grabbed the bridle, and pulling on that very hard, with the horse going at about 60 mph, would naturally have turned it round. It all happened in a flash and was a frightful accident to see. The race went on but it spoilt the Derby in a way. I think she was absolutely crackers to do that. The Suffragettes had some strong and courageous women but I don't think their militancy was necessary. It just put the people against them. People don't like that.



DAILY SKETCH.

DEATH OF EMILY DAVISON, WHO STOPPED THE KING'S DERBY HORSE, AND IS THE FIRST WOMAN TO GIVE HER LIFE FOR VOTES FOR WOMEN.



The best view of the Derby for the Derby Day which was captured by a Daily Sketch staff photographer. Mrs Davison is seen being driven to the ground.



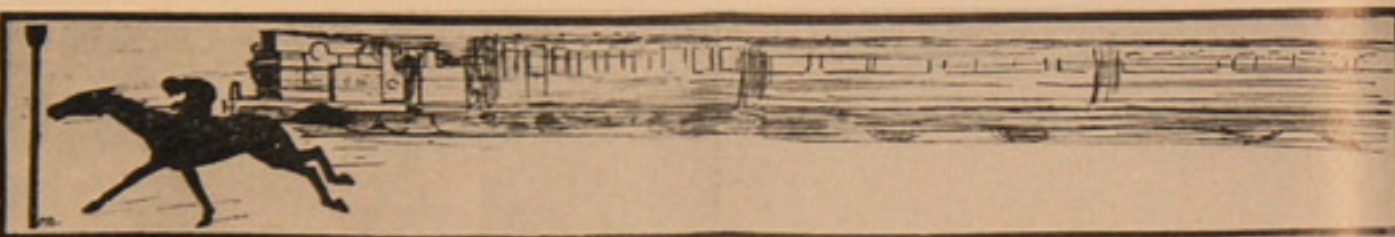
Three photographs of the Derby scene. Right is wrong as far as the identity of the man in the middle and goes for the left.



A graphic illustration of the extreme speed at which a race-horse travels. It is only the Derby that has been known to have a woman thrown to the ground in the race at all. Mrs Davison was the first woman to do this. She was engaged to marry the late Mr. Dickinson, and her death was a great loss to the cause of the women's vote.

Mrs Davison was the first woman to die for the cause of votes for women. She was engaged to marry the late Mr. Dickinson, and her death was a great loss to the cause of the women's vote.

"Deeds, not words!"
EMILY WILDING DAVISON, 17 DECEMBER 1909



A graphic illustration of the extreme speed at which a race-horse travels. It is only the Derby that has been known to have a woman thrown to the ground in the race at all. Mrs Davison was the first woman to do this. She was engaged to marry the late Mr. Dickinson, and her death was a great loss to the cause of the women's vote.

Emily Davison was the first woman to die for the cause when she threw herself under a horse at The Derby. Martyr or maniac? People still argue. Above left, Mrs Pankhurst recovering from a prison hunger strike 1913



Memories:
GEORGE CHARLTON, 75,
LIFE LONG ARTIST,
TEACHER OF PAINTING,
SLADE SCHOOL OF ART,
RECALLS HIS FEELINGS
ABOUT THE MILITANT
SUFFRAGETTES AT THE
OUTBREAK OF WAR.

I was a young man during the period 1912-18 and fought in the trenches. I was at the time, as many were, in favour of women voting, but the militants' action in destroying property, slashing Velasquez's Rokeby 'Venus' in the National Gallery, and in trying to injure the King's horse and jockey and many other outrages, had turned opinion almost entirely against women's suffrage. Indeed it was often said that if women were like that, they did not deserve the vote, which was very unfair in view of the fact that the vast majority of women regarded the militants as little more than criminals. It can fairly be said that by 1914 the militants got the women's vote as far off as ever. The Liberal Government were dead against the idea. I saw the funeral of Emily Davison herself, passing through Piccadilly. It was a rather ghoulish show by a number of suffragettes all dressed up in white. The onlookers on the street, I may add, were distinctly very cool.

Members of the movement soon became more violent. Arson was prevalent, pillar boxes and churches were fired. The Coronation Chair was bombed and the Rokeby 'Venus' badly slashed in The National Gallery

Memories:
ESTHER KNOWLES RECALLS MISS EMILY DAVISON

In Memoriam.



Miss Emily Wilding Davison, B.A.

Who graduated with honours at London University, took First Class Honours in the Final Schools at Oxford University in English Language and Literature; suffered imprisonment and endured the tortures of Farnham Prison on many occasions, and finally at Epsom offered up her life for her Faith on Wednesday, 4th June, 1913, and Died on Sunday, 8th June, 1913.

Greater Love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend.

You wouldn't call Emily Davison a physically attractive person. She had a square face and a high complexion. Her voice was carrying and she used to speak 'haw-haw' and they'd talk about 'gels'. But she was friendly to us office girls, not standoffish. She was very learned with degrees and things. And she used to wear an academic gown and came to the office in a mortar board once. She had very staring eyes and I used to say to Mary, a fellow office kid that she was a bit unbalanced. I don't think it was suicide, but she knew it was a terrible risk - a 99% risk.



The Government has decided that I may not join in paying a tribute of respect to our dear dear Cousin Emily Davison. I am distressed.

I return to prison to resume the hunger strike & I shall do my utmost to uphold the standard of revolt against the political & moral autocracy & degradation of women.

E. Pankhurst



The funeral of Emily Davison, though a tragic day for the Suffragettes, allowed them to put on a great display of militant mourning. The prison authorities would not release Mrs Pankhurst (letter top right),

and the carriage in which she would have driven, continued in the procession empty. In a photograph from 'Shoulder to Shoulder' (left) Dr Ethel Smyth (Maureen Pryor) is seen with Nurse Pine (Claire Davenport) who helped Christabel escape to France

Memories:
MADAME MARIE STUART DE BAECKER, WHO NOW LIVES IN PARIS, REMEMBERS HER AUNT EMILY, WHO USED TO REST WITH HER FAMILY IN DUNKIRK AFTER HUNGER STRIKING.

I have never believed that my aunt intended to kill herself. Of course she knew the risks involved and realised she could be hurt. She was a brave woman, but though she was prepared to martyr herself, I think she considered the Derby affair as just another protest. She certainly planned to go back to London, for a return rail ticket was found in her pocket. Her death caused such a commotion that the people were forced to take the suffragettes much more seriously. She did a few mad things, but then she always believed what Mrs Pankhurst said, that as long as they were polite, they would be ignored. I certainly do not believe that my aunt died in vain.



Chief mourner was Emily's brother, Captain Davison who walked in front of a four horse carriage which bore the coffin. Three laurel wreaths adorned the coffin which was followed by Emily's closest

friends as it passed through Piccadilly Circus. Also in the procession were several suffragettes who at the time were on bail awaiting trial on a conspiracy charge. Top right, a group of provincial WSPU members carrying wreaths and banners of the fight

SYLVIA PANKHURST 'THE VICTORY SHALL BE OURS'

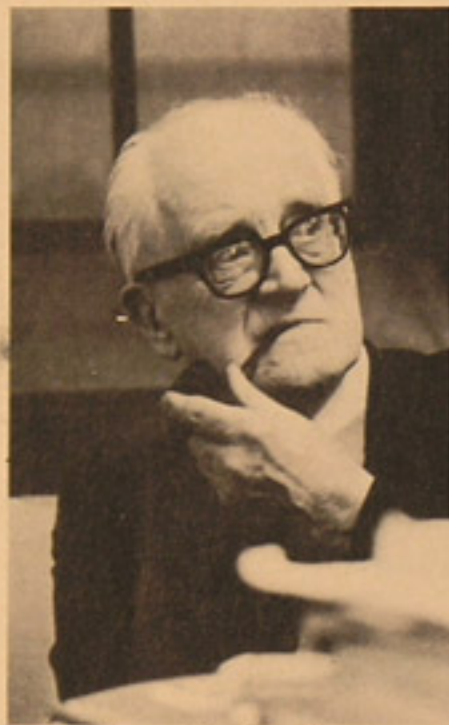
George Lansbury loses his parliamentary seat but continues his support, and his son Willie helps Sylvia in the East End, hiding her at a time when she was wanted by the police and had to go out in disguise because of the 'Cat and Mouse' Act (PAGES 50 AND 51). This act meant that sick prisoners were released only to be rearrested on recovery. Sylvia is in and out of prison and becomes very ill, but she is so determined to campaign, that she is carried in a chair to the House of Commons (PAGES 52 AND 53). Sylvia and Christabel split. Then war breaks out and suffragettes are released and sign for war work (PAGES 54 AND 55). Sylvia is a pacifist, but Mrs Pankhurst allies herself with Lloyd George who begs her to ask women to do war work (PAGES 56 AND 57). Women are greatly admired for doing men's work (PAGES 58 AND 59) and this contributes to their getting the vote in 1918 (PAGES 60 AND 61) after Lloyd George has become Prime Minister. The struggle is partly over. The next step is for a woman to sit in parliament...

FENNER BROCKWAY LOOKS BACK AT THE PANKHURSTS AND THE HORRORS OF THE EAST END

From 1910 onwards I was as concerned about women's freedom as I was about Socialism. Politically I was more associated with the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies - the suffragists as opposed to the militant suffragettes. Emotionally, though, my sympathies were with the suffragettes. I had a suffragette girlfriend whom I would meet at the gates of Holloway Prison when she was released under the 'Cat and Mouse Act' after hunger striking.

I knew the Pankhursts and once offered my services to them as journalist. But Mrs Pankhurst looked rather shocked when she saw how young I was and offered me work writing envelopes, instead. I did, however, go on many protest marches with the suffragettes and although one got cursed from the pavement and bundled about a bit I didn't get involved in any real trouble.

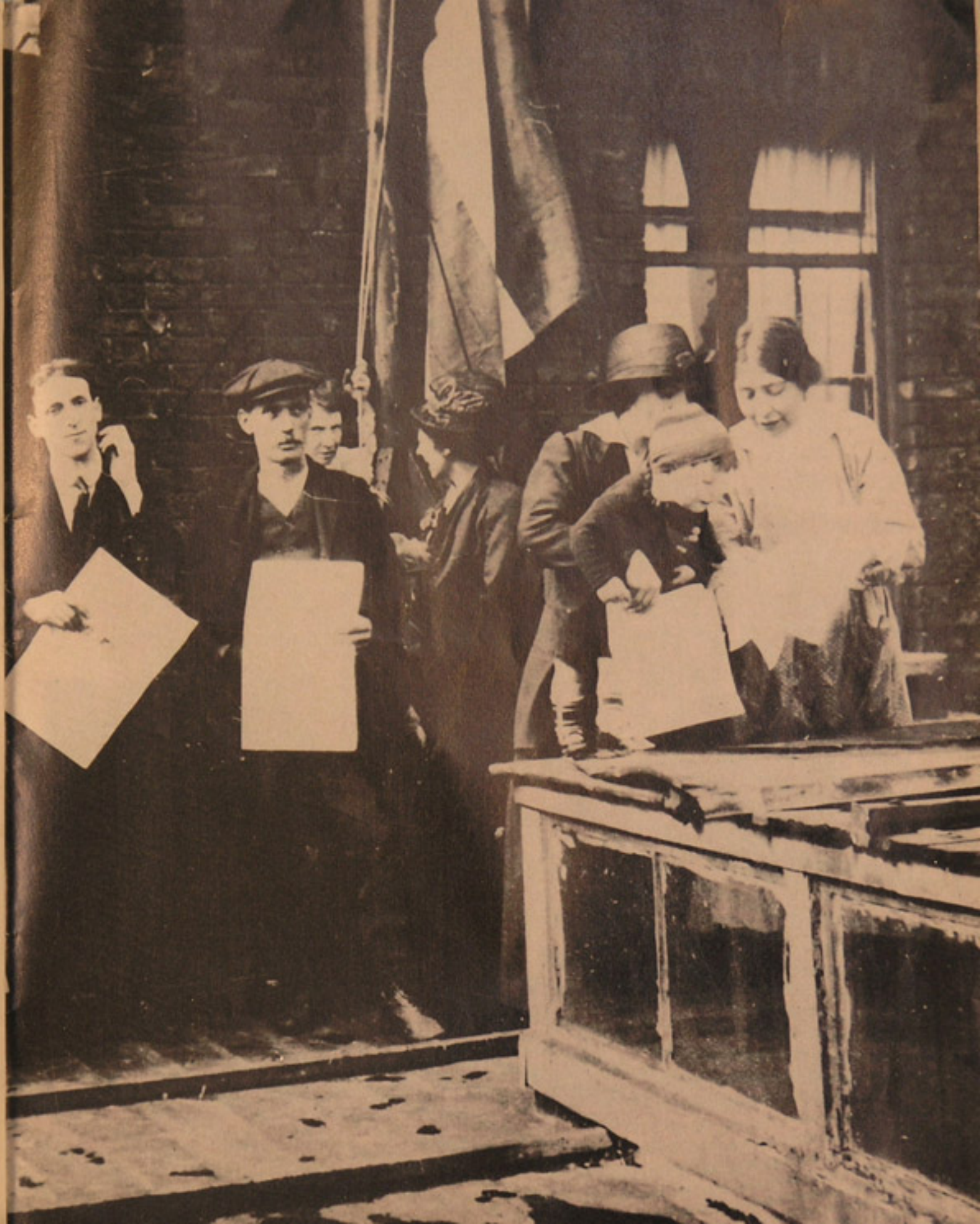
I liked Sylvia much more than Christabel or Emmeline. Christabel was the competent, autocratic leader, even above her own staff, and her mother was a bit like that too. Sylvia was more human, less distant and had a greater sense of the sufferings of ordinary people. Emmeline and Christabel rather looked on things from the point of view of the

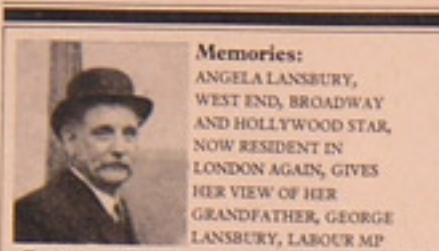


Lord Fenner Brockway, former Labour MP and himself a pacifist in the Great War, seen in the House of Lords. Sylvia Pankhurst is seen opposite (far right) with some of the East End workers for her cause

middle class woman seeking equal rights. Sylvia was more the social worker. Her sympathies went out to the common people.

For her, a split with the WSPU and the formation of her own organisation in the East End became inevitable. There was massive support for the suffragists in the East End, largely because of George Lansbury, the MP for Bow, who resigned from Parliament on the question of women's suffrage and sought re-election on the votes for women issue. But Sylvia was adored by the East Enders, and quite rightly. She ran a school there (my daughter went to it while I was in prison during the first world war) and did what she could about many cases of appalling hardship. It was primitive charity - food, money and clothes - because conditions in the East End were so awful. No social benefits then, and the poverty was terrible. There was a great deal of sweated labour, often carried out in verminous conditions. I remember three women who made cardboard boxes in a tiny, filthy room. When one of them died her body was put in a coffin which was laid on the table and the other two carried on working round it. I've seen Sylvia break down and cry at the horror and injustice of it all. She said it was not enough to relieve the casualties, one had to change the system. She helped to do just that.





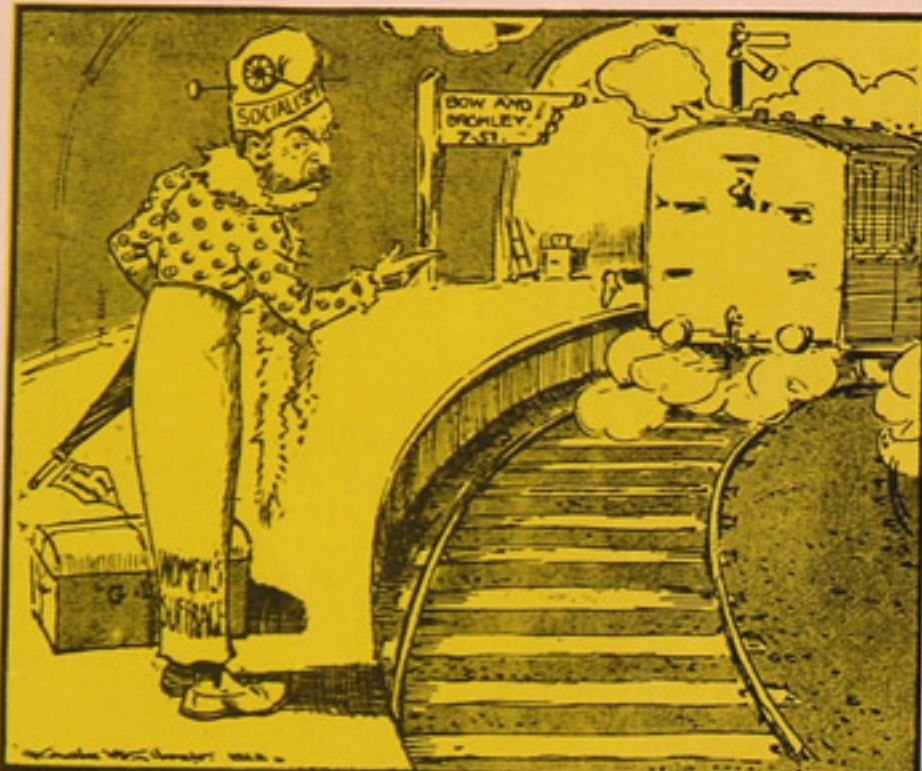
Memories:
 ANGELA LANSBURY,
 WEST END, BROADWAY
 AND HOLLYWOOD STAR,
 NOW RESIDENT IN
 LONDON AGAIN, GIVES
 HER VIEW OF HER
 GRANDFATHER, GEORGE
 LANSBURY, LABOUR MP

My grandfather became involved in the Suffragette cause because of his great sense of chivalry and human dignity. He could not bear to think of women being ill-used. He was a total socialist and yet on this issue, stood alone. I think the Pankhursts rather used him, but he was prepared to suffer anything that the suffragettes endured. Not only did he shout at Asquith in the House and resign his seat over the treatment of women prisoners, but he also went to prison for the cause. WSPU meetings had been prohibited but he spoke regardless and was arrested under some archaic law. He was sentenced to six months imprisonment, went on hunger strike and was released under the hated 'Cat and Mouse' Act. Women's Suffrage for him, was just a matter of human rights, not a party political issue at all. He was a saint of a man and invariably followed his own absolutely truthful line.



LET'S VOTE FOR LANSBURY.
 To the use of 'LET'S' will be printed on the envelope.
 Let's Vote for Lansbury.
 Let's Vote for Lansbury.
 The friend of the Women.
 He won't leave them behind.
 Vote for him and see what we shall find.
 Let's Vote for Lansbury.
 Let's Vote for Lansbury.
 He's the man with pluck and grit.
 Help him make another hit.
 Let's Vote for Lansbury.

Printed by E. S. Williams, 7, E. 101 Avenue Road, York, and bound by the Women's Social and Political Union.



HANDICAPPED! Georgina Lansbury: "Missed it! That's the worst of these hubble skirts!"

On 11 November 1912, George Lansbury, who subsequently became Leader of the Labour Party, resigned his seat as MP for Bow and Bromley in protest that women did not have the vote. In the following



hard-fought by-election (top right) he was not returned and ridiculed because of it. Facing page, a bitter comment on what was known as the 'Cat and Mouse' Act, which to avoid re-arrest after sickness, sent women like Sylvia into disguise (above)

THE CAT AND MOUSE ACT

PASSED BY THE LIBERAL GOVERNMENT



**THE LIBERAL CAT
 ELECTORS VOTE AGAINST HIM!
 KEEP THE LIBERAL OUT!**

BUY AND READ 'THE SUFFRAGETTE' PRICE 1/6

WOMEN'S SOCIAL & POLITICAL UNION - LINCOLN'S INN HOUSE, KINGSWAY W.C.

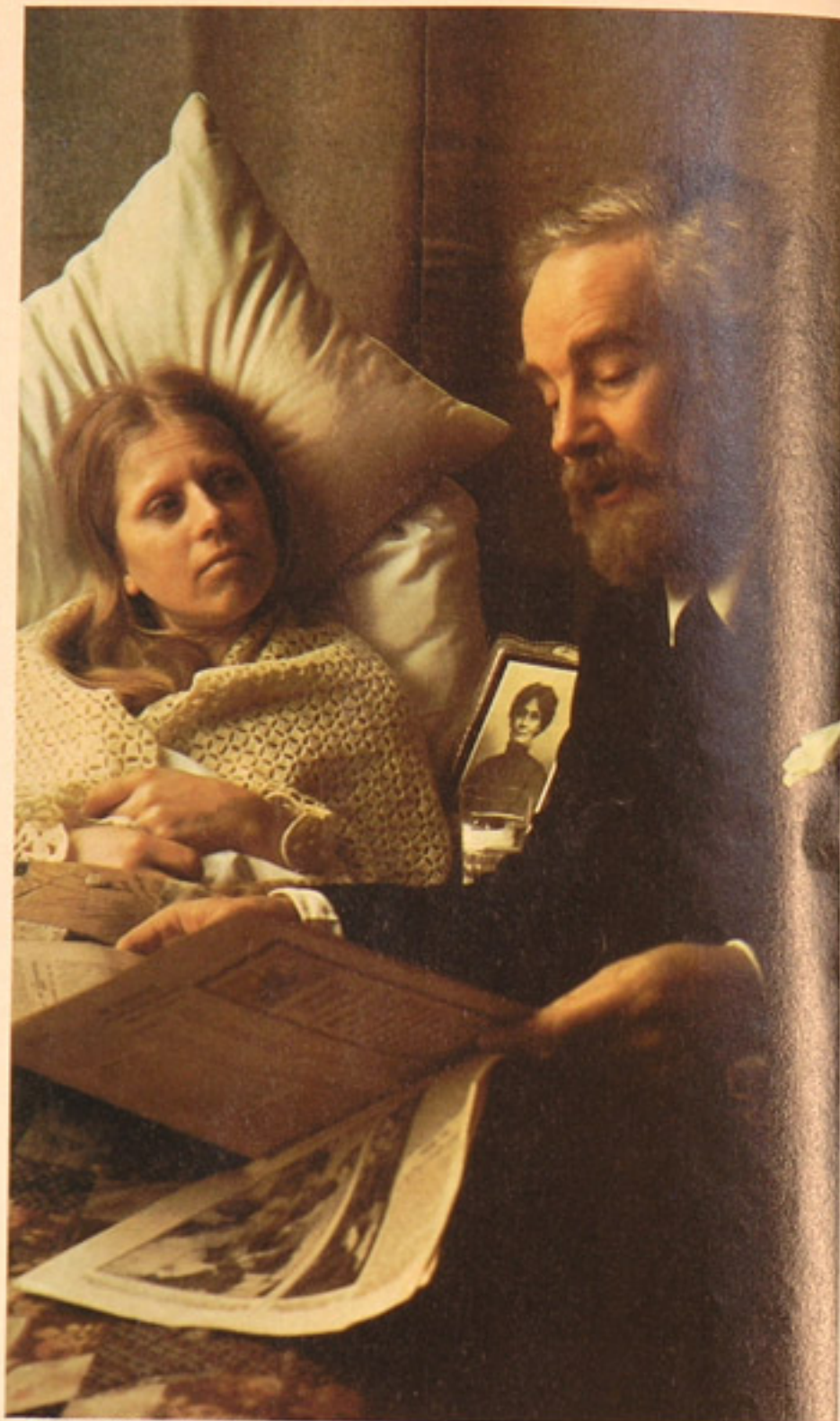
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I may say that we
are steadily at work
on the women's question
and are hoping for
good results.

Trusting to have
the pleasure of
meeting you soon, I
am,

Yours faithfully
Theodor Hardie



James Keir Hardie the first socialist to be elected to the House of Commons in 1892 became the first Chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party in 1906. Played by Fulton Mackay, he visits Sylvia after

one of her many prison terms. Above left, Sylvia decorates her East End HQ. Middle, Sylvia's supporters with their 'Votes for Mothers' banner and below sympathetic letter from Hardie. Facing, Sylvia is carried to the House of Commons being too ill to walk

