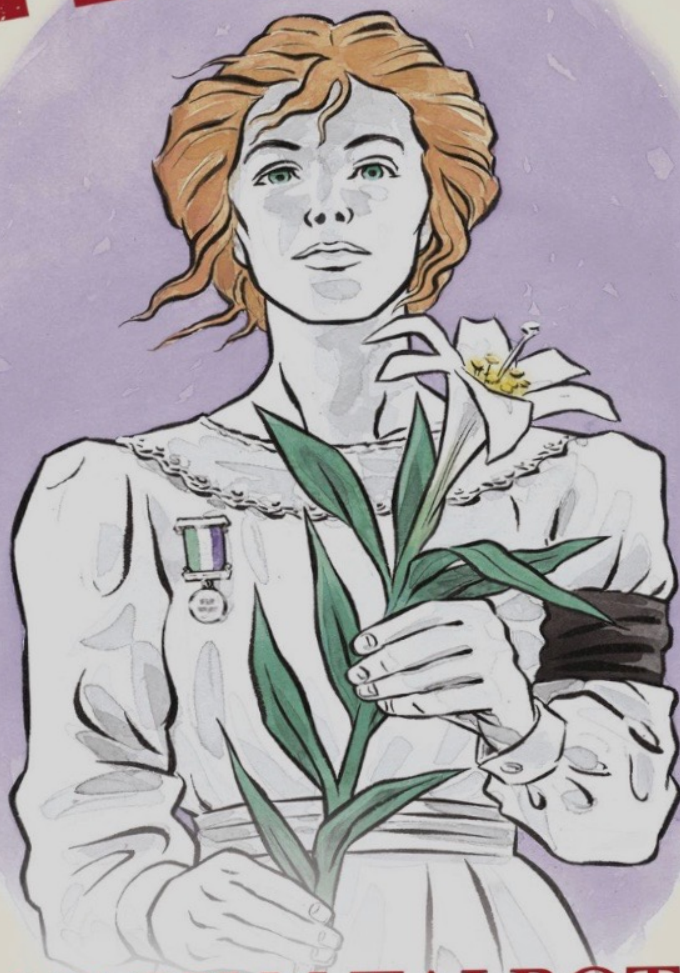


**SALLY  
HEATHCOTE**

**SUFFRAGETTE**



**MARY M TALBOT  
KATE CHARLESWORTH  
BRYAN TALBOT**

PART ONE

RISE UP!

READ  
OUR  
PAPER

VOTES  
FOR  
WOMEN



E M Bates

1<sup>D</sup>

WEEKLY



Autumn 1969. Park Place Nursing Home, Hackney.





July 15th, 1912. Oxford Crown Court.

Your Honour, when apprehended, the defendant, Miss Helen Millar Craggs of Hampstead, was found to have the following items in her possession...

... one bottle and two cans inflammable oil, two boxes matches, four tapers, nine picklocks...

... twelve firelighters wrapped in tow, one hammer, head wrapped in kid glove, one electric torch, one glass-cutter, thirteen keys...

... one handwritten note.

Sir,  
I myself have taken part in every peaceful method of propaganda and petition but I have been driven to realise that it is all to no avail. Women see around them the most appalling evils in the social order; they see children born into conditions which maim them, physically and mentally, for life; they see their fellow-women working in the sweated industries at a wage which makes their life a living death — or sacrificed ...



July 18th, 1912. Dublin.



This is a momentous day, Prime Minister.

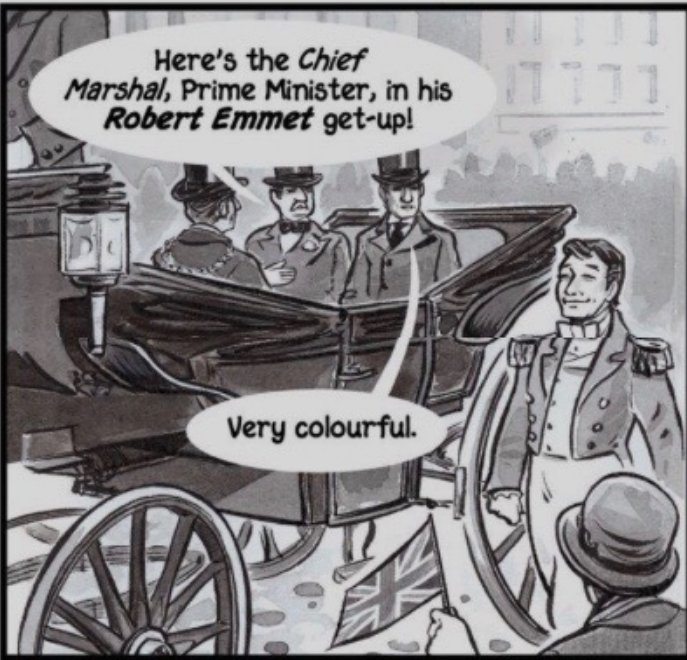
Indeed, Mr Redmond.



See how the Irish people welcome your mission as an Ambassador of Peace!

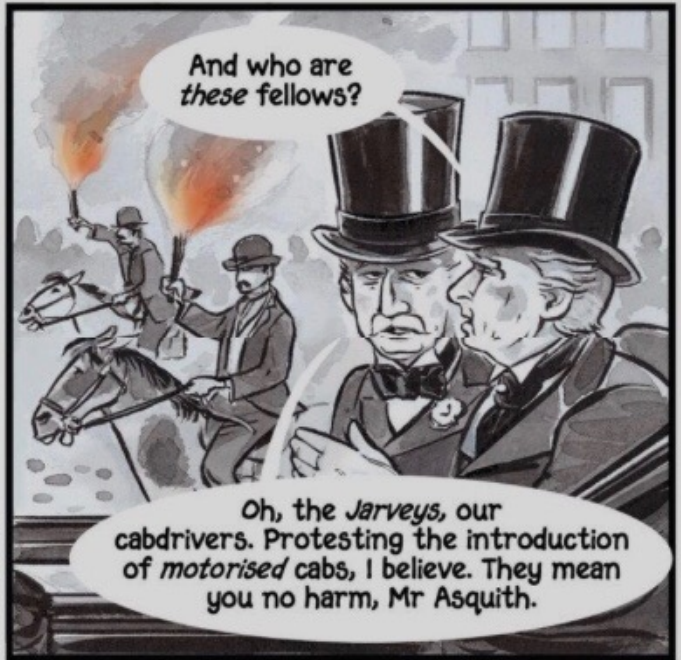
Here's the Chief Marshal, Prime Minister, in his Robert Emmet get-up!

Very colourful.

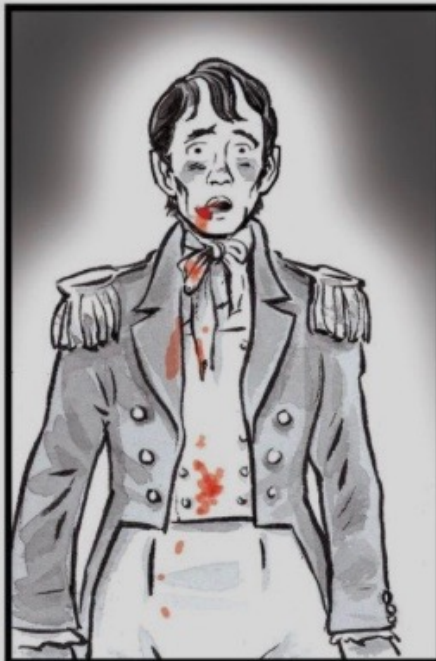


And who are these fellows?

Oh, the Jarveys, our cabdrivers. Protesting the introduction of motorised cabs, I believe. They mean you no harm, Mr Asquith.

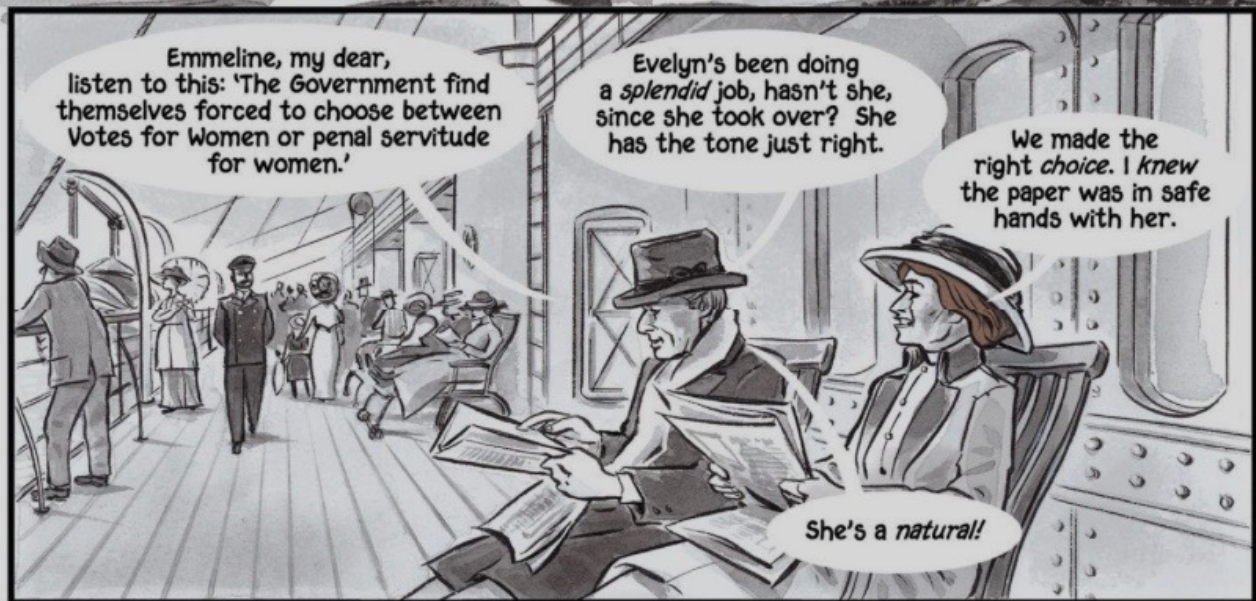
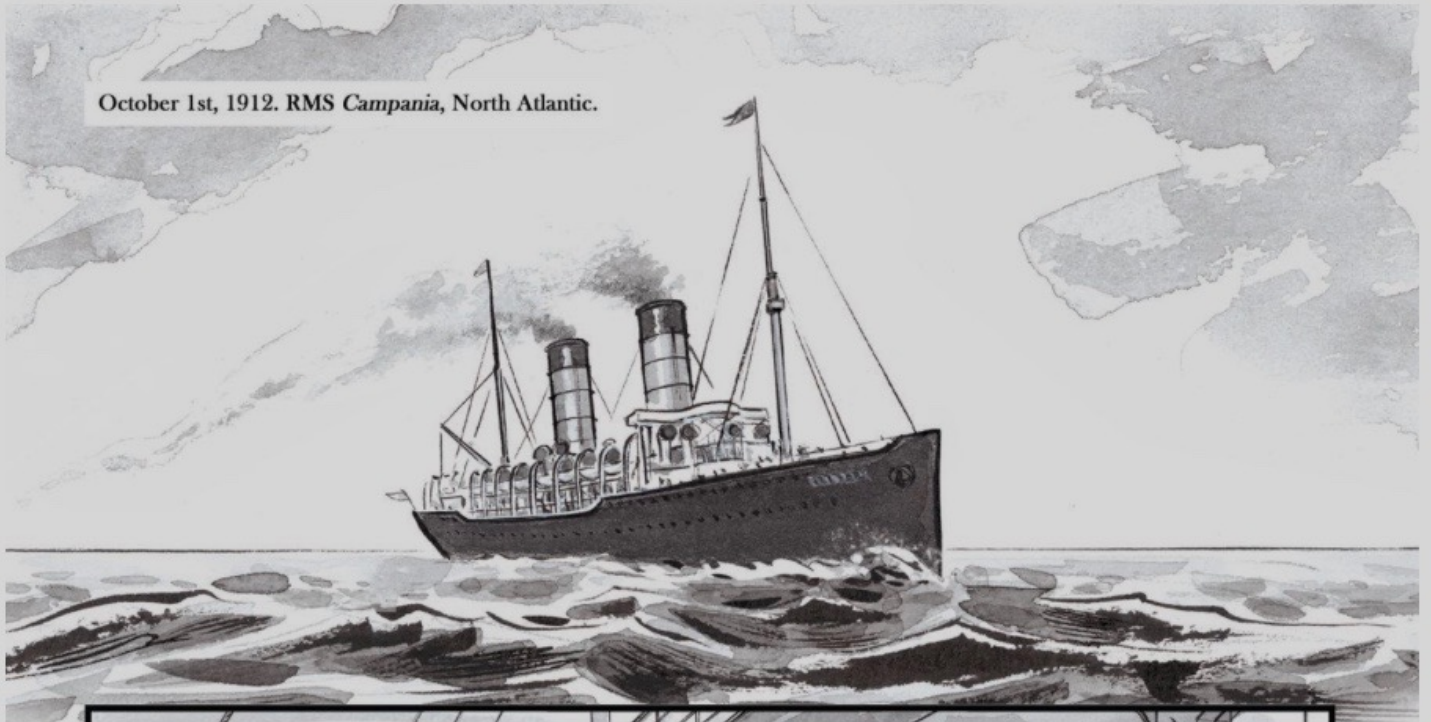








October 1st, 1912. RMS *Campania*, North Atlantic.



Emmeline, my dear, listen to this: 'The Government find themselves forced to choose between Votes for Women or penal servitude for women.'

Evelyn's been doing a *splendid* job, hasn't she, since she took over? She has the tone just right.

We made the right *choice*. I *knew* the paper was in safe hands with her.

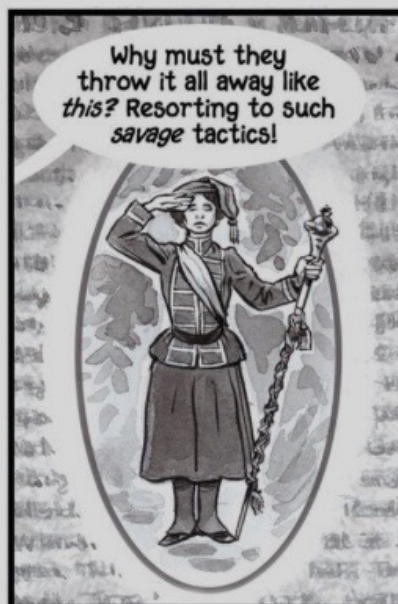
She's a *natural*!



Oh, but *must* we celebrate these *terrorists* as heroes so?

Which issue is that, dear?

August 30th. We had the public's sympathy.



Why must they throw it all away like *this*? Resorting to such *savage* tactics!



Back into the fray again, Em dear.

Well, I *ask* you! They'll be planting *bombs* next!



October 2nd, 1912. Fishguard.



Welcome back to England!



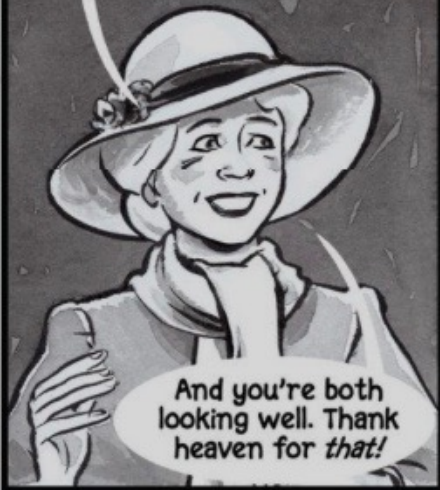
Hello, May dear!

This is Fishguard, isn't it?



Last time / heard it was still in Wales!

Well, welcome home, then. It's lovely to see you in fine spirits, Fred.



And you're both looking well. Thank heaven for that!

Oh, the things I've to tell you!

Don't know where to start.



They've started moving out of Clement's Inn, Em.

Oh? We're moving premises already?

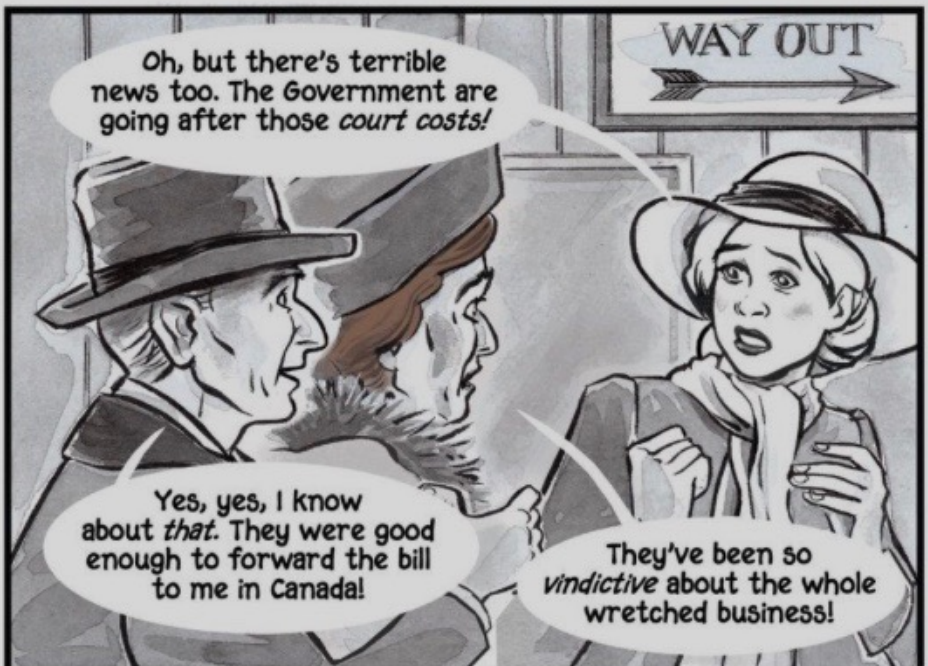


Couldn't they have waited?



They've taken the whole of Lincoln's Inn House, Fred. The Union has never been so grand!

Oh, but there's terrible news too. The Government are going after those court costs!



Yes, yes, I know about that. They were good enough to forward the bill to me in Canada!

They've been so vindictive about the whole wretched business!





POST OFFICE  
INLAND TELEGRAM

Chargable Words \_\_\_\_\_  
Actual Words \_\_\_\_\_

Service Instructions \_\_\_\_\_

POSTAGE TEN

Address: *W.S.P.U. Headquarters, 4 Clement's Inn, London*

Dear Friends: *On our return home, we learn with amagement that while we have been in Canada the Government burglars have entered our private house with intent to steal our belongings. To such underhand methods of fighting a political adversary our answer is open defiance.*

Unitedly - *FW & E Pethick-Lawrence.*

On the back of this form, the telephone number, or name and address of the sender, if not to telegraphed





October 5th, 1912. Lincoln's Inn House, Kingsway.



Goodness! May was right. This really does look imposing!















Mrs Pankhurst, how lovely to-



Mr Lawrence, I will speak plainly and come straight to the point.



Whatever *is* this?

We are no longer leasing the office space beneath your apartments at Clement's Inn.



We- we noticed. Why-

There is no place for you here.

No, this isn't possible! What foolery is this?

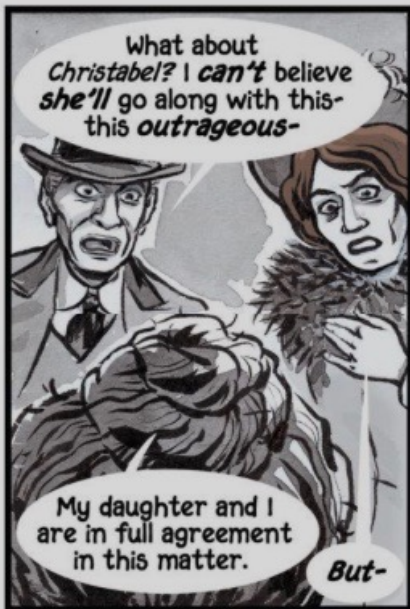


I do not indulge in foolery. I have severed my connections with you.



You are no longer welcome in the Women's Social and Political Union.







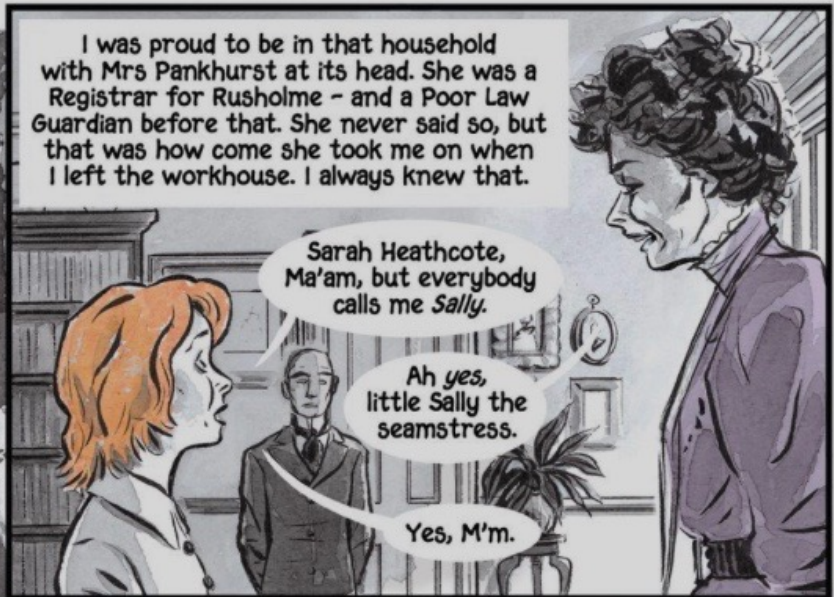
The first time I met Pethums - Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence, that is - I was in Mrs Pankhurst's service back in Manchester.



Spring 1898. 4 Buckingham Crescent, Victoria Park, Manchester.

Ah, the new girl. What is your name, dear?

I was proud to be in that household with Mrs Pankhurst at its head. She was a Registrar for Rusholme - and a Poor Law Guardian before that. She never said so, but that was how come she took me on when I left the workhouse. I always knew that.



Sarah Heathcote, Ma'am, but everybody calls me Sally.

Ah yes, little Sally the seamstress.

Yes, M'm.

They were good to me.



Let me see.

That's a neat darn, Sally. Your close work is improving and you have a cool hand. Have you done any embroidery?



No, M'm.

I'll show you.



She first took me on when old Dr Pankhurst was still alive. It was kind of her to keep me when she was widowed, because times were hard for them then.



But, oh, the servants' gossip at the big house!



Them *ungodly* children! Don't even know how to say their prayers!

Ooh! It's shocking!

And dragging them to all them *meetings*! What a *carry-on*! She even has them going round with the *hat* at the end!

The Pankhurst Misses and young Master Henry, they didn't like moving to a smaller house. *Squalid*, they called it, though it seemed grand enough to me.

So, what do we want to put on it?



October 1905. 62 Nelson Street, Manchester.



The suffrage movement seemed almost like a game then.

Well, *what* are we going to ask?

'Will the Liberal Government give votes for women?'

I think we need a *bigger* banner!

I know...

VOTES  
FOR  
WOMEN

October 13th, 1905.  
62 Nelson Street.

We shall sleep in *prison* tonight, Annie!

Free Trade Hall, Manchester.

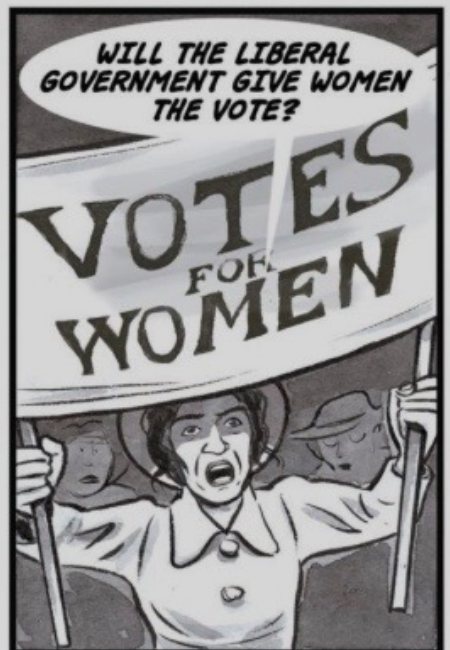
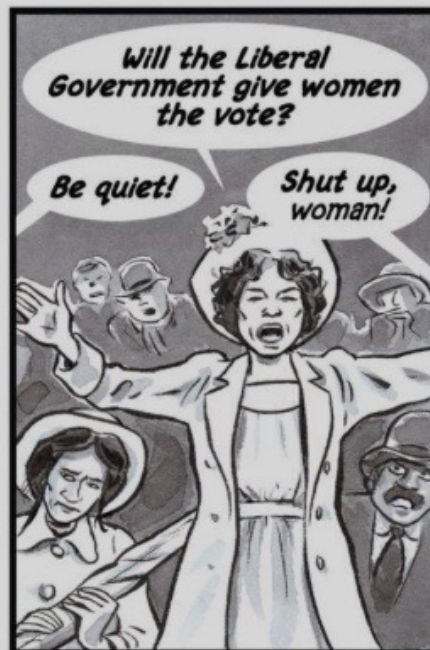
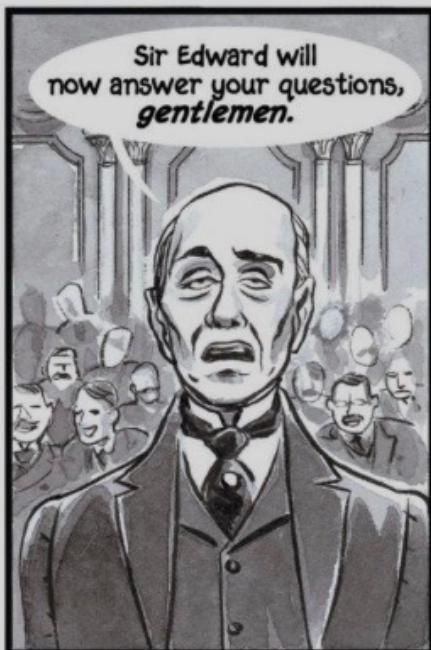
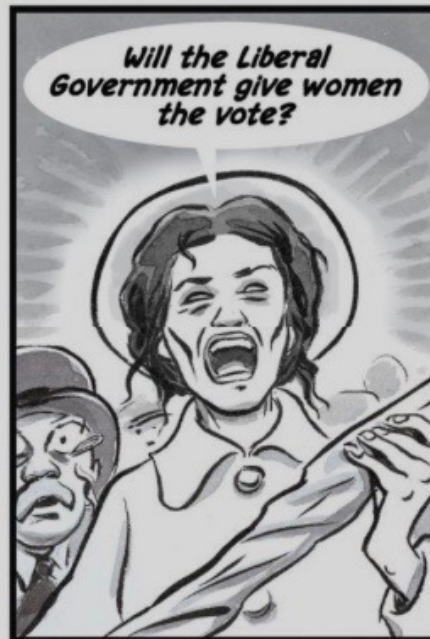
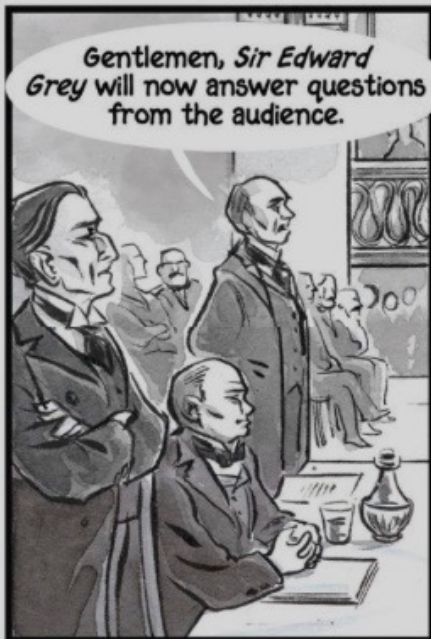
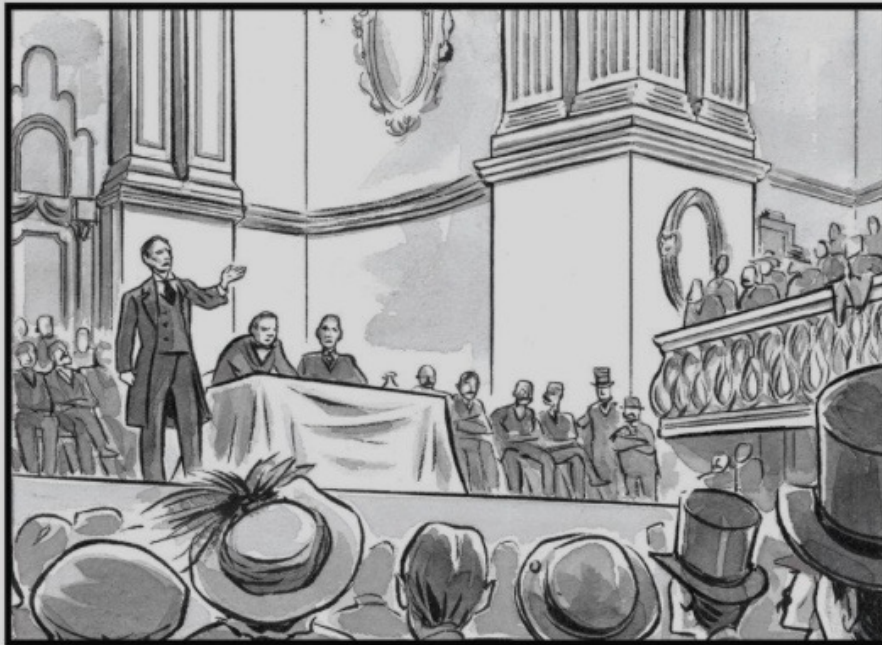
But why *prison*, Christabel?

*Publicity*, of course! It worked for the Socialists last year.

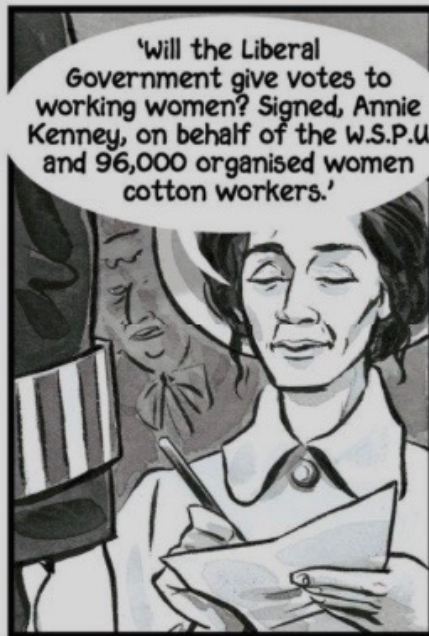
But how-



















Spring 1906. Nelson Street.

Look at this one Em's sent from London!

Who's Em?

Our new treasurer, Adela dear. You know, Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence.

She might have added that the Pethick-Lawrences were providing the funds too. And she'd soon find out that Em had a genius for organising and raising money.

'Voterettes on the Warpath!'

Ha ha ha!

That would be Flora Drummond with Annie and Irene.

Mrs Drummond! I can just see their faces at Number 10, opening the door to a pocket-size sergeant-major.

I bet she gave them a good talking-to!

I like this Daily Mail one best. It calls us 'suffragettes'!