

YEAR 8 HISTORY SUMMER ASSESSMENT

STUDENT REVISION PACK



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sJRJeOxX6no>

EMILY DAVISON - EVIDENCE

Just as the first race began I summoned up all my courage and took out a copy of *The Suffragette* from my bag and waved it in the air. I had judged correctly: except for the scornful glances cast in my direction I was not molested.

It was not until the end of the third race that I saw Emily

Davison. We had met several times and from the talks we had had I had formed the opinion that she was a very serious-minded person. That was why I felt so surprised to see her. She was not the sort of woman to spend an afternoon at the races. I smiled to her; and from the distance she seemed to be smiling faintly back at me. She stood alone there, close to the white-painted rails where the course bends round at Tattenham Corner; she looked absorbed and yet far away from everybody else and seemed to have no interest in what was going on round her. I felt a sudden premonition about her and found my heart was beating excitedly. I shall always remember how beautifully calm her face was. But at that very moment—as I was told afterwards by her closest friend—she knew she was about to give her life for the cause.

It is impossible to explain feelings like that; one can only accept them and wonder. The evening before the Derby Emily had told a few friends, quite calmly, that she would be the only casualty. No one else would be injured, not even the jockey.

I was unable to keep my eyes off her as I stood holding *The Suffragette* up in my clenched hand. A minute before the race started she raised a paper of her own or some kind of card before her eyes. I was watching her hand. It did not shake. Even when I heard the pounding of the horses' hooves moving closer I saw she was still smiling. And suddenly she slipped under the rail and ran out into the middle of the racecourse. It was all over so quickly. Emily was under the hooves of one of the horses and seemed to be hurled for some distance across the grass. The horse stumbled sideways and its jockey was thrown from its back. She lay very still.

There was an awful silence that seemed to go on for minutes; then, suddenly, angry shouts and cries arose and people swarmed out on to the racecourse. I was rooted to the earth with horror until a man snatched the paper I was still holding in my hand and beat it across my face. That warned me of my own danger.

Evidence 4: The Police found the following items on Miss Davison's person:

- A return ticket from Epsom to London
- A ticket to a Suffragette event later that day
- A race card which she had marked up showing which horses she expected to win.
- Two enormous Suffragette banners pinned to the inside of her jacket.

Evidence 5:

In previous weeks Emily Davison had been seen stopping horses on the common in her home town of Morpeth and pinning Suffragette pennants to them.

Evidence 6 Emmeline Pankhurst 'My Own Story' (1914)

Miss Davison went to the races at Epsom, and breaking through the barriers which separated the vast crowds from the course, rushed in the path of the galloping horses and caught the bridle of the King's horse, which was leading the others. The horse fell, throwing the jockey and crushing Miss Davison in such a shocking way that she was carried from the course in a dying condition. She died four days later. Members of the Union were beside her bed when she breathed her last. On June 14th she had a great public funeral as crowds lined the streets watching the funeral car followed by thousands of women.

Emily Davison had graduated from Oxford University with a first class degree, yet she chose to join the struggle to get women the vote. She suffered many imprisonments and was forcibly fed. She barricaded herself in her cell and could only be taken from the door as icy water was hosed in from outside. **She believed the vote for women would only arrive when someone sacrificed their life.** On one occasion she threw herself headlong from the balcony in prison and gained cruel injuries.