

5781 [17/1-13] The Hospital - Holloway Prison To Mrs Bellinghurst  
My dearest Mrs - Mr Marshall is coming to see me to-day or to-morrow - I wish to consult him  
about an appeal to the Criminal Court - I have been in bed all the while on the hunger-  
strike since Thursday mid-day - Got very weak + vomitted a great deal, blood as well  
as bile + my nose bled violently - I just laid on my back + endured it all - on  
Sunday I was very weak + on Sunday night I tried to get out to the bell because my  
head was swimming round so + I fell on the floor + fainted - on Monday  
3 doctors came + examined me - as I had resisted the forcible feeding on Sunday -  
+ on Monday evening 2 doctors <sup>one being Dr Ford the prison doctor</sup> + many wardresses came into my cell  
+ my head was forced back + a tube ~~spare~~ jammed down my nose - It was  
the most awful torture I groaned with pain + I coughed + gulped the tube up  
+ would not let it pass down my throat - Then they tried the other nostril +  
they found that was smaller still + slightly deformed, I suppose from constant hay fever - The  
new doctor said it was impossible to get the tube down that <sup>way</sup> so they jammed it down again  
through the other + I wondered if <sup>the pain</sup> it were as bad as child-birth - I just had strength  
+ will enough to vomit it up again + I could see tears in the wardresses eyes - then  
they gaged my mouth open + poured a lot of fluid down my throat - Had a  
horrid stomach ache all night + couldn't sleep, but one woman came + sang  
to us outside the prison <sup>in the night</sup> gates - On Tuesday morning 2 prison doctors + wardresses  
came into my cell + Dr Ford the one I have told you about, an utterly heartless brutal



man. When in the power of such an inhuman man as he one feels absolutely hopeless & helpless. He jammed a pair of iron tines between my closed teeth, nearly broke my front teeth until I yelled & then punched them in between my side teeth & chipped a great piece off one of my best teeth. finally of course with his brute strength he succeeded in gaging open my mouth & pouring liquid down my throat half of which I spilt over my ~~right~~ & feet, etc. - I can't tell you what a pain & indignity it was. - I was weeping with rage when the Gov: & Matron came into my cell. I appealed to the Matron to do something to stop the horrible feeding outrage upon us. She suggested I should appeal at once to Criminal Court & gave me a form. I did so at once & now I do not know if I have got myself into more meshes of the law, so to-day I sent for the Gov: & asked to see Mr Marshall. I hope I shall be strong enough to get up & see him. I feel very weak after all this & you would be surprised how thin I have grown in one week. Miss Jay taps the Wgman's Marsellaise on the Wall all the time I am being forcibly fed. I never see her at all. In fact I never go outside my cell at all. To-day rather than have my teeth smashed I opened my mouth & let them pour what they liked down because I was afraid if I did not do so I might be refused a visit from Mr Marshall. I expect I shall turn up at home soon but shall need Sanatogen when I do come. Next week I shall be allowed a letter from you let every body add a bit onto yours. I can only receive one. Don't send papers I don't get them. The privilege of get Div: is only to hoodwink the public. No news of Miss Hovey, Miss Marion. They are right away. Please thank women for singing every evening. - May. Please put this in envelope & address Mrs Billinghamst - 7 Oakeroff Road Blackheath SE



5431

P.S.

To Mrs Billingham  
7 Oakcroft Road  
Blackheath. S.E.

I have found another slip of paper so can get a few words more - I wish you could understand what it is to be in the power of such a heartless brute as Dr Ford. If he can be so vicious in his treatment of me what must he be doing to those two poor girls Miss Hower & Miss Marion shut away in a distant part of the prison where nobody can hear them - I wish you would get some of our women to tell him what they think of him. It might frighten him a bit - He lives in the 1st house on the left of the prison - I think the address is (57 Parkhurst Rd. - Dr Ford) An alarming word of warning might be good for his soul -

I hear that Mr Parkhurst has proclaimed a truce - If that is so I must take my food. I will find out from Mr Marshall the truth. If I do take it it will only be until the truce is ended or the Court has given a favourable answer to my appeal & set me free - Miss Jay must be very lonesome - She smuggles little notes into me which the women poke under my pillow in the morning - This part of the building is a sad part, the hopeless cries of the women upset me very much - The whole of this last night two women have been crying for help in hopeless misery. <sup>The foreigners are especially hopeless & forlorn</sup> One shouted for all the men officials from the Gov: downwards & then she moaned that she never got any good from appealing for help to men whether they called themselves Christians or not & then for hours she moaned



for "Matron, Women can't you help me" Presently  
another prisoner shouted "Gawd, shut yer mouf  
don't you know Women's made to grin & bear things  
& say nofink about it" - Another was in a  
padded cell above me - Not much sleep for me!

They pour stuff down my throat at 10<sup>a.m</sup> - 12<sup>a.m</sup> - 4<sup>p.m</sup>  
& then leave me for 18 hours - My inside  
is all upside down - I am writing all  
about myself because in my prison letter next  
week I shall not be able to tell you <sup>anything</sup> about  
myself - I don't know what has become of my  
tricycle. It is not at the prison they tell me  
Has Dolly gone back yet? I do hope you're  
alright. I thought I should have been home  
by now - I feel like the woman last  
night. There seems no hope in depending on the men  
to help us. I am always thinking & trusting in our  
women - My heart aches for Elsie Hower &  
Miss Marion - They hear no news no singing & are  
being forcibly fed all the while by that heartless  
doctor. Please worry Mr & Kenna to get me released.  
I have just got up & feel very giddy but I do  
want to see Mr. Marshall. I will ask him  
to write to you. Your loving Mar.  
ask Alf to come next week & tell me how you are

~~GR... post it to my Mother~~  
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