

THE ARCHIVE

ISSUE 5

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The fifth edition of *The Archive* is perhaps a slimmer volume than its predecessors, but no worse for it. As a pupil-run magazine with somewhat irregular publication, accepting articles from all year groups on any historical or political topic, *The Archive* has been unfortunately subject to the whims of unreliable Sixth Formers. Nonetheless, despite a not inconsiderable delay, we now publish articles on such diverse topics as the European Referendum (with compelling accounts for both sides), the American War of Independence, and the experiences of the Ovitz family in Auschwitz – an immense range in subject and tone, but sufficiently selective to maintain a consistent quality.

Jack Watson's article has dated somewhat, but since he very gamely wrote it almost a year ago, it only seemed sporting to give him an organ to express his views. The format of the articles has been somewhat altered, in the hope that this will make them a little more readable.

We are grateful to all of our contributors, to Miss Titmuss for making publication of *The Archive* possible, to Dr Byrne for proof-reading, and to Mr P G Neal for his stoicism in the face of chronic disorganisation and sloth on the part of his editors.

We trust that the magazine demonstrates that historical talent thrives among pupils, though administrative ability may not.

The Editors

The Battle of Agincourt, 25 October 1415

'Medieval England's finest hour'

Noah McCluskey

On 25 October it was the 600th anniversary of the Battle of Agincourt: the greatest English victory of the Hundred Years War.

In 1415 a confident Henry V — dubbed by Shakespeare “The English Alexander” — set out to prove himself as a worthy king and noble soldier by taking the port of Harfleur in Normandy, France. Although, after a swift victory and capture of the town, his army suffered 4000 casualties due to dysentery and injury, the king was not discouraged as he pushed east to the river Somme, seeking further glory. Upon reaching the Somme rumours circulated that French troops were lying in wait on the other shore. Not seeing an opportune crossing, he skirted around the entire river and found himself woefully out of position: his army trapped deep in the interior of France. The French, recognising the intent of the English

movements, sent an army which greatly outnumbered Henry's to crush the British in their retreat. On the run and tired, Henry's army attempted to reach Calais, a journey at least 100 miles north. It was in vain, and before long the French had caught up to them; The Battle of Agincourt was about to commence.

The site of the battle itself was decided by the French commander, the Constable Charles D’Albret: it was a narrow clearing flanked by trees, between the towns of Agincourt and Tramecourt. The difference in numbers between the armies has often been exaggerated by English historians, some going so far as to say that the Henry’s 8500 fought a French army of 100,000, figures that are quite obviously vast exaggerations: the actual sizes of the respective armies were closer to 8500 versus 12,000, which is, nevertheless, a substantial disparity



between the two forces, a difference which theoretically should have ensured a decisive victory for the French. While some have criticised Henry for being so foolhardy in leading his men so deep into the militarised French countryside and getting into a situation where they would be fighting at a huge disadvantage, it cannot be disputed that it was his shrewd tactical knowledge that frustrated the French battle plan. Henry had one advantage over the French – his army was composed of five archers for each man-at-arms. Realising his one advantage, he prepared himself against the inevitable French cavalry charge which would, in all likelihood, focus on his archers. He did this by having his archers sharpen wooden stakes and, when the battle began, plant them in the ground to form a makeshift line of pikes to impale any charging horses and reduce the damaging effects of a cavalry attack.

Before the battle began Henry wisely put his archers in the surrounding forests with a line of men-at-arms waiting for the French advance. It had rained the previous day, and this incident of apparently little importance turned out to be a huge advantage for the English. The battle began and as Henry suspected, the opening French gambit was to rout the archers with a cavalry charge. It failed badly due to an insufficient numbers of horses and the overwhelming number of English archers: the French failed to inflict any damage on the English marksmen.

The heavily armoured French infantry lumbered across the battlefield slowly, all the while a 'storm' of arrows rained down upon them, slaughtering hundreds and pushing them together to such a point that they couldn't raise their weapons or shields. The forces of the Constable soon fell victim to the temperamental October weather as the French army struggled to find its footing on the wet ground, falling over the corpses of their countrymen strewn across the battlefield, and it is possible that hundreds suffocated in the soaked and bloody French dirt that day. Those remaining, who were not killed by archery and who had not yet fled, reached the English infantry line injured and tired and were swiftly cut down by the fresh and ready English line.

The battle had been won against the odds and now numerous French aristocrats were taken prisoner; the outcome of Agincourt proving such a swing in momentum in the 100 Years War that at the subsequent peace the English were able to hold their conquests in Brittany. Henry V is now seen as one of the greatest English monarchs to date, the Shakespeare plays about his life (Henry IV Parts One and Two, and Henry V) presenting him as the paragon of British kingship, "this star of England...greatly lived", and The Battle of Agincourt is often still described as 'Medieval England's finest hour' and, in the minds of the general English populace, is second only to the victory of the Battle of Britain.

The Ovitz Family - The Dwarfs of Auschwitz

Sophie Cliff

The Ovitzes were a family of Romanian Jewish actors and travelling musicians, consisting mainly of dwarfs. The family had twelve members, making them the largest family to enter Auschwitz concentration camp during the Second World War and survive intact, as well as the largest family of dwarfs ever recorded.

Shimson Eizik Ovitz (1868-1923), a dwarf himself, fathered all 10 Ovitz children, and seven of those children were dwarfs (suffering from pseudoachondroplasia). He married twice, and both times to women of average height.

The seven Ovitz children with pseudoachondroplasia formed an ensemble, named the Lilliput Troupe, singing and playing music and performing around Romania; taller relatives would help backstage.

Following the beginning of the Second World War in 1939, Northern Transylvania was seized by Hungary in September of 1940, where the Ovitz family was living, and new racial laws were enforced, which banned Jewish artists from entertaining non-Jews. All of the Ovitzes were dedicated Jews, however they chose to hide their true religion in order to allow them to continue with their musical tours.

On 12 May 1944, all twelve members of the Ovitz family were deported to Auschwitz, following the discovery of their Jewish heritage. One brother of average height escaped the deportation, but was later arrested and executed.

After a three day train journey to Auschwitz, amongst the other Hungarian Jews, the five female and

two male dwarfs were lifted off the train into the camp. An SS guard established that they were a family and proceeded to awaken the camp's doctor.

At around midnight, on 19 May 1944, Dr Josef Mengele, a 34 year-old doctor with a passion for collecting 'freaks', such as hermaphrodites and giants, came out to meet the Ovitz family.

Whilst awaiting the notorious doctor's arrival, the dwarfs saw their aunts, uncles, cousins and friends being taken to the gas chambers.

When Mengele arrived, he interviewed the dwarfs and ordered for their two normal-sized sisters, their sister-in-law and two of their children to be relieved from the gas chambers, along with the families of the Ovitz's handyman and neighbour, who the Ovitzes had insisted were close relatives.

Three hours after the arrival of the train packed with Hungarian Jews, 3100 of the 3500 arrivals were dead, whilst the 22 members of the Ovitz family were driven away in a truck.

During their imprisonment at Auschwitz, the Lilliput Troupe's heads were permitted to remain unshaven and they were allowed to keep their own clothes. Although they had clearly been set apart from other prisoners, the Ovitzes and their friends still lived in a barrack and were forced to eat watery soup every day. Simon Slomowitz, the family's handyman, had to lift the dwarfs onto their wooden beds and also perform all the tasks the dwarfs were unable to do due to their height.

One day, Mengele summoned the Ovitzes

to his lab. He had many blood samples taken; however blood samples and x-rays every week soon began to wear out the Ovitz family (reports said they were 'punctured carelessly' with needles), contributing to their deteriorating health.

All of the dwarfs were harassed by psychiatrists assessing their intelligence, and doctors eagerly tested them repeatedly for syphilis. This was done by pouring boiling water, quickly followed by freezing water, into their eyes. Combine this with teeth being ruthlessly extracted and eyelashes being plucked out, all of the Ovitz ensemble suffered excruciating pain.

The Ovitzes knew of other dwarfs in Auschwitz: two had been boiled over a fire and then had their skeletons exhibited in Berlin, and another had been dropped into a bath of acid.

With the aim of trying to survive Auschwitz, the dwarfs always tried to appear cheery to Mengele and always referred to him as 'Your Excellency'. He would often flirt with the female dwarfs and also brought in sweets and toys, which had belonged to children he had killed, for Leah (of average height) to give to her 18 month-old son.

On one particular occasion, just after dawn, Mengele appeared in the dwarfs' barrack, carrying a small parcel and he told them that the next day he would be taking them to a 'beautiful place', in which they would 'be appearing onstage in front of some very important people', so they must 'look their best'. He then left the dwarfs with the parcel, which contained bright red lipstick and matching nail varnish, a powder compact, a bottle of cologne as well as turquoise and green eye shadows.

On Friday 1 September, the dwarfs were

taken via truck to a new building in the SS residential camp and they were given a large meal on the lawn, served on china plates with silver cutlery. They were then led onto a stage in an auditorium, full of high-ranking SS officers, with Mengele on the stage. He suddenly ordered them to undress - he was giving a lecture entitled: 'Examples of the Work in Anthropological and Hereditary Biology in the Concentration Camp'. His aim was to try and show that Jews as a race had degenerated into dwarfs and cripples, but as he lacked other convincing findings, he used the Lilliput Troupe as 'evidence'.

Several hours later, the Ovitzes arrived back in their barrack, traumatised.

Mengele continued his research using the dwarfs as specimens, but following the news that the Russian Army was approaching in January 1945, he gathered his medical reports and fled.

Seven months after Mengele had left and following the end of the War, the Ovitz family all returned from Auschwitz to their village of Rozavlea. They discovered their gold and jewellery which they had hidden underground beneath their car before leaving, but their village itself had not remained safe: only 50 of its 650 Jewish population had returned home.

In 1949, the Ovitzes emigrated to Israel, where they continued their stage show until ill-health led to retirement.

Mengele escaped punishment by fleeing to South America and drowned in 1979. Perla Ovitz, the youngest dwarf of the family, died at the age of 80 on 9 September 2001.

The Ovitz Family seem to symbolise both luck and sadness; they survived Auschwitz, but the only reason for that was because there was something 'wrong' with them.



THE VULCAN

Hugh Hudson

The Vulcan was a large, delta-winged aeroplane that served in the Falklands war and was probably the aircraft that won the campaign, with its incredible long distance flight. Avro supplied the RAF with 134 Vulcans, the last being the B.mk2. It had an enormous 34 metre wingspan and was instantly recognisable.

The company that designed the Vulcan was Avro, which also made the renowned Lancaster bomber. The chief designer of the Vulcan was Roy Chadwick who unfortunately died before his model was created. His work, however, was picked up by Stuart Davies. This was all 64 years ago. The first full sized Avro Vulcan was first flown on the 30th August 1952 and was called the VX770. It also appeared at Farnborough air show in 1952.

During the Cold War the Vulcan was the main contribution of Britain to NATO's nuclear deterrent. 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, the Vulcans and crew had to be ready to take off in 2 minutes in the event of a Soviet attack. The Vulcans were then given a British Hydrogen bomb code-named "Yellow Sun." There was also a nuclear tipped bomb with the code-name "Blue Steel." In 1969, the RAF handed the strategic deterrence to the Navy's Polaris submarine fleet. The Vulcans carried on through the 1970's as nuclear and conventional tactical bombers. Some of the other Vulcans had different roles because of their design, and how adaptable they were. After 1984, however,

only 2 Vulcans remained in the service of the RAF.

At the time of the Falklands war the Vulcan was already starting to fall out of favour – newer, more powerful aircraft were taking its place. The Vulcan was only used once in the Falklands, but once was all it needed. The Vulcans had had weeks of air to air fuel training with Victors, and it was not the most successful of things. They had to fly from Ascension Island to Port Stanley, to bomb the airfield. It broke the Guinness world record for the longest flight, 15 hours 45 minutes. The first sortie, armed with 21 450kg conventional bombs, dropped the first bomb in the centre of the



runway of Port Stanley Airport, proving a vulnerability and causing the Argentine invaders to change their strategies. The Vulcans were armed with hastily prepared radars and blockers for their dangerous mission. The

Argentines couldn't supply the Falklands by sea, and so it was via the Port Stanley runway that their forces were supplied – thus the attack on the airfield was decisive.

The XH558 was the last Vulcan to leave the service and the last complete Vulcan. A few months ago it went on various flights around the country to mark its final retirement from flying service. Its rebuilding took many years to complete, but it is a fitting tribute to Roy Chadwick's masterwork.

The Battle of Britain

75th Anniversary

Adrian Waddelove

On 15 September 2015 and over the following days, the UK commemorated the 75th Anniversary of the Battle of Britain. On the Sunday, Prince Charles joined ex-servicemen at a service in Westminster Abbey and laid a wreath at the memorial stone of Sir Winston Churchill, the wartime Prime Minister.

On the Tuesday there was a re-enactment of the battle above the Imperial War Museum Duxford in Cambridgeshire, home of Squadron 19 during the Battle of Britain. 18 Spitfires, 6 Hurricanes and several German Messerschmitt's were present for the display. Over 20,000 spectators watched on as the 'planes clashed in mock dogfights.

The Battle of Britain took place between July and September 1940, following the German conquest of France. The Royal Air Force (RAF) fought the German Luftwaffe for air supremacy over Britain. Had Germany won the battle for the skies, then they surely would have gone onto to complete victory over Britain and brought a premature end to World War II.

The RAF faced overwhelming odds of a ratio 3:1, meaning that for every British pilot put out of action either through injury or death, they would have to kill or wound three German pilots. Furthermore, the Luftwaffe possessed nearly four times the aircraft the RAF had in July 1940. Despite these odds, the British were able to shoot the German aircraft down at a ratio of 5:1.

However, the turning point of the Battle of Britain was in fact Hitler's rather odd change of plan from targeting the RAF airfields and bases

to the Blitz on London and other major towns and cities around the UK.

While the civilian population suffered huge losses, it meant the RAF were given respite in order to rebuild airbases and produce more aircraft (not that they were really a problem, since it was pilots that the RAF desperately required).

It was thought that 15 September was the crucial day as the Luftwaffe suffered heavy losses. Later on in the month, Hitler saw the

British spirit would not be broken and for this reason cancelled the invasion plans. He then turned his eyes greedily on Russia and the Eastern Front.

Despite the invasion plans being called off, the Blitz on British towns and cities continued throughout the winter of 1940 and into the spring of 1941.

No man can better sum up the effort shown by the RAF than Sir Winston Churchill who on 20 August 1940 said "Never has so much been owed by so many to so few."



‘Who fears to speak of Easter Week?’

Patrick Hudson

The Irish Republic marked its spiritual centenary this Easter, commemorating the Republican rebellion of 1916. The ceremonies and parades which marked the event, at least where state-sanctioned, were not the triumphalist celebrations of the Irish Nation in Arms which the original Easter 1916 spirit demanded; in the modern spiel, this was an ‘inclusive commemoration’.

The 2016 events were anathema to the sectarian marches which trouble Ulster (mercifully less than was once the case), but nonetheless, both belong to the same tradition of popular history. The Irish are traditionally deeply bound to their history, and for a nation of five million (though with an immense diaspora) there is an awful lot of it; it is perhaps because of this inconvenient complexity that it has been exploited and simplified so often for political ends. The United Irishmen of 1798 preached their own nationalist history; so too did the militant Ulster Unionists of 1913; so too again did the Provisional IRA in the 1980s; to a much less significant, but nonetheless tangible, extent, the organisers of the centenary celebrations did the same.

The plain facts of Easter 1916 are easily understood (and there may even be some survivors of my very very long talk on the subject two years ago who remember some detail), and the best account I have read is Charles Townshend’s *Easter 1916*. Beginning on 24 April 1916, Easter Monday, Irish republican rebels seized various buildings across Dublin; by the Friday, central Dublin was a shelled wreck, 62 rebels and 132 policemen and soldiers had died, while 256 civilians had been killed in the fighting, and it was then that the

‘Provisional Government of the Irish Republic’ surrendered to the British Army.

Told purely on dates and statistics, Easter Week is not much of a founding myth. Militarily, it was something of a non-event; there was a war being fought in France on a scale which not merely surpassed a minor Irish insurrection, but any other conflict in history up to that date. Yet it was this brief stand of less

than 1500 paramilitaries which defined Irish history throughout the 20th century.

This is why the history of the perception of the Easter 1916 is vastly more interesting than the Rising itself. Like the rebellions of 1798, 1803, 1848, and 1867, it had minimal popular support and in no sense achieved its stated

aim – the establishment of an Irish Republic in effective military defiance of the British government. What it did achieve was a public relations triumph for the lacklustre cause of republicanism.

The Rising was led by the Irish Republican Brotherhood, a secret society which, despite its tiny membership, successfully infiltrated the upper ranks of the Irish Volunteers, the popular paramilitary body which had been formed in response to the Ulster Volunteers whose solemn covenant was to defend ‘Ulster’ (though it only enjoyed real success in its four most Protestant counties, Armagh, Antrim, Derry, and Down) against the threat of a constitutional government from Dublin.

It was the IRB men who gave the orders to the Volunteers to seize parts of central Dublin on Easter Monday; seven of them signed the Irish Proclamation of Independence, and it was these same IRB men who commanded the rebellion and were executed in Kilmainham gaol in the days after its defeat. The likes of Patrick



Pearse, a school-master and provisional President of the Republic, Tom Clarke, an old IRB man, and James Connolly, a trade unionist and republican socialist, would become martyrs to the cause of Irish nationalism, winning in the public eye, like Tone and Emmet before them, a status far out-ranking their practical achievements.

Only a minority of the IRB men were in support of the insurrection, and the men they commanded were themselves a minority of the Volunteers, most of whom had joined the British Army in 1915. Far from being representative of the sentiments of the Irish, the 1916 rebels were fighting for a cause which half a dozen republicans has prescribed for the nation.

This, indeed, is how the rebellion was perceived by the Dubliners who turned out in large numbers to jeer the captured rebels as they were marched to imprisonment – these were the men they held responsible for the destruction of their city. The change from popular revulsion to reverence can be almost wholly attributed not to the actions of the rebels of 1916, but to the British Army's response.

The execution of all seven signatories of the Proclamation, accompanied by the imposition of martial law and the arrest of members of the Sinn Fein movement, which had played no part in the rising, inflamed public opinion, from general indifference or even hostility to the rebel cause, to nationalist outrage. The history of English brutality in Ireland is easily recalled, and by needless oppression the army did the rebels' work for them, placing them in the national canon of Irish heroes regardless of whether they merited a place. Even Kilmainham Gaol, where the Seven (already immortalised by capitalisation) were imprisoned and executed, is steeped in nationalist sentiment, as the prison where so many Irish rebels were held. The six years of

discontent which followed the Rising, culminating in the War of Independence in 1919-21, and the Anglo-Irish treaty which established the independent Irish state, resulted not from the events of Easter Week, but from the military's conduct in the weeks and months afterwards.



This is not in itself particularly exceptional. Many of the events which apparently changed the course of history were not so extraordinary in themselves; it is perception as much as actual occurrence which determines history.

What is of more interest is how much this played into the hands of the Seven, and how this should change our perception of them. Most Irish rebellions since Cromwell have been hopeless, but have at least set out with the avowed objective of liberating Ireland (whatever they considered 'liberation' to be) by their own military means: the Great Rebellion of 1641, the United Irishmen of 1798, even the hapless Robert Emmet, believed in their own capacity to defeat the English oppressor themselves (though always hoping for a popular rising to their colours). This is not true of many of the rebels of 1916.

Patrick Pearse, the Provisional President, wrote prior to the rising in terms not of the capture of Dublin or guerrilla warfare in the West, but of a blood sacrifice. He was himself a gentle soul – but in his writings his rebellion is presented as a renewal of the Irish nation by the death of her sons, without any thought for the practicalities of the fighting. This rebellion was not meant to liberate the Ireland itself, but keep the spirit alive, in as powerful symbolic terms as possible. It was dubbed 'The Poets' Rebellion', and it was organised like a poet's conception of what a rebellion should be. Rebels led by the Countess Markievicz (herself one of the rebellion's most romantic figures), were entrenched on College Green, once the site of the Irish Parliament, under the guns of

soldiers in the surrounding buildings – they were slaughtered, but it was a slaughter necessary for the rebellion’s historical pedigree.

The rebel headquarters, the General Post Office, was itself a supreme example of tactical impracticality, but a suitably impressive seat for the short-lived Provisional Government; that the rebellion is still swiftly summoned to mind by the image of the GPO in flames demonstrates the success of the rebels’ artistic, rather than military, judgement.

Should it matter that the Rising was conceived by its leaders as a symbolic sacrifice, even before it had begun? It emphatically should, for it is then that 1916 ceases to belong to the lineage of Irish rebellion, and instead becomes one of the first significant example of intentional martyrdom in the twentieth century – the closest modern day parallel is terrorist jihad.

This is not to compare Pearse and co. to the brainwashing of Daesh, nor even to the terrorist IRA later in his century (however much the gunmen claimed him for a founder). The Rising was, undoubtedly, a brave action, well-fought by the Volunteers and motivated by more than mere sectarianism. Nonetheless, much of the philosophy of its leaders is reflected in the troubles of our own age.

Pearse especially like to dress military action up in pseudo-religious, almost sacrilegious terms; before his execution, he wrote poetry implicitly comparing his own plight to that of Christ – he thought the slaughter of Easter Week the pure sacrifice needed to save the soul of Ireland. This sentiment was not exclusive to him, and talk of the bloody renewal of the nation in war can be found in some form or another in most of Europe prior to the First World War (Rupert Brooke was the best

example of this poetic philosophy in England); it was this same belief, vulgarised in the 1920s and ‘30s, which motivated fascist politics.

Understood in these terms, the reverence for Pearse and the ‘spirit of Easter Week’ is rather more troubling than the centenary celebrations would have it.

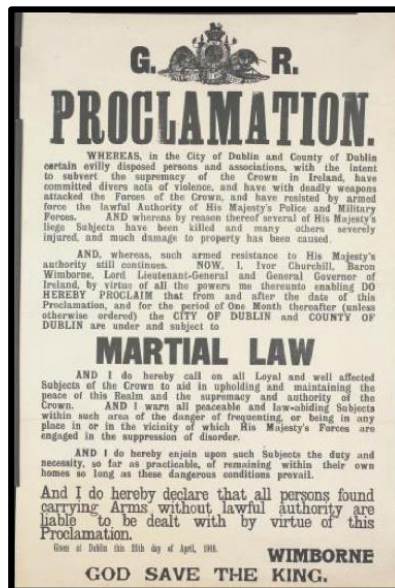
There is no reason not to commemorate Easter 1916 – this is not an argument for dismissing it as a trumped up skirmish.

Said commemoration, however, should be historically literate, and the rebels, soldiers, generals, and the Seven, must be presented in terms not of a century’s constructed image of

their hour, but as the men and women they really were. More so than most other commemorations, there is a great deal of myth and propaganda to break through to understand Easter 1916.

There is much to admire in the response of the Irish people to the oppression of martial law and the British Army: the Sinn Fein movement and the guerrilla campaigns of the IRA up to 1921 were both popularly supported and had practical objectives. The same cannot be said for the 1916 Rising.

The study of Irish history has undergone remarkable change in the past decade and a half, as it emerges from the contemporary distortion of the Troubles. The portrayal of 1916 has changed accordingly, but the popular image still falls short of the historical assessment, and while it would be absurd to aspire to sun-lit uplands of universal historical literacy, there was enough simplification in the 2016 celebrations to leave one dissatisfied. Irish history is still sufficiently important in the present for even the slightest historical convenience to have a significant effect.



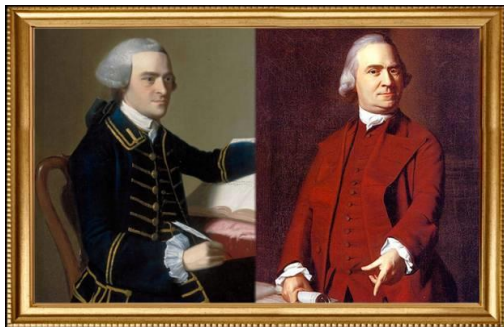
The Revolution of Freedom: **The War of the 13 states**

Sam Barnes

Throughout my GCSE and KS3 courses in history, I was told that before every major conflict there is always a spark - a spark which is the final push, and will finally lead to war. For the First World War this was the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand, and for the second it was the invasion of Poland by the Nazis.

The Tea Party

The American Revolutionary War however was more of a slow burn, since it took three years for the revolutionary acts of 1773 to finally ignite a conflict between the British and the colonists. The Boston tea party was the first major event in which American colonists protested against their high taxes and underrepresentation in the British Parliament. In 1773 the British passed the Tea Act, which meant that the East India Trading Company could ship their tea anywhere in the colonies duty free: the consequence of this was a far higher price of tea.



L. JOHN HANCOCK R. SAM ADAMS

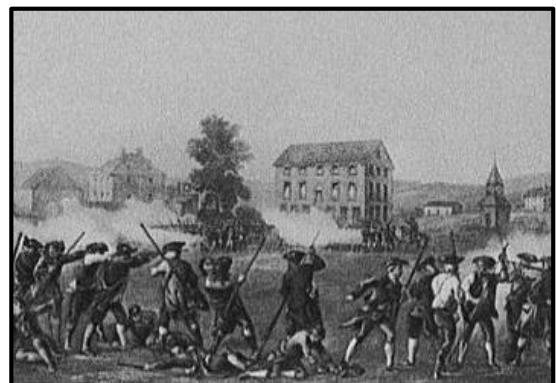
During the Tea Party, a number of the group called the 'Sons of Liberty', some dressed as American Indians, rowed out to East India Company ships in the harbour, overpowered the crew and began dumping tea into the water. The Sons of Liberty were a group of patriots operating out of Boston led by

Samuel Adams, a Brewer and former tax collector, Paul Revere, a silversmith and patriot, and John Hancock, a wealthy merchant and smuggler. The Sons aim was to improve the treatment of colonists at the hands of the British by violent protest. After the tea party they grew hugely in number, and Adams, Revere and Hancock looked towards complete independence.

Unrest in the colonies

Tensions between the British and the colonists had been rising since 1770, when the Boston massacre occurred. Five male civilians were killed, and another six injured by British soldiers when they panicked and fired into the crowd during a demonstration. This event, along with the Tea Party, showed many colonists the uncaring British attitude towards them, and started the colonists on the path to revolution. After the Tea Party the colonists began stockpiling weapons and ammunition in Concord and Lexington, Massachusetts, in order to defend themselves against British forces if need be. The stockpile was hidden but the revolutionaries were betrayed and the British forces moved into Lexington in hopes of finding the arsenal.

Yet weeks before the colonial militia had been informed that their stockpiles were in danger, the supplies had been split up and moved.



The Battle of Lexington and Concord

The British first moved into Lexington, where shots were exchanged between colonial and British forces. The colonists were outnumbered and retreated to Concord, where at the north bridge they caught a number of the British soldiers in a bottleneck. The 400 colonist militiamen pushed back the 100 redcoats who had broken off from their main force. After casualties on both sides the redcoats re-joined their main force and made a hasty retreat back to Boston, still harried by the militia. They met with reinforcements near Lexington which brought the force to 1,700 men.

The large force never made it to Boston, but fled to the relative safety of Charlestown. The militia then began the siege of Boston, with the British forces split.

Eleven months later, cut off from supplies, the British abandoned Boston, and it was liberated on 16 March 1776.

Three months later, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, the 13 independent states banded together to declare themselves an independent



THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON

country, with no obligation to the British Crown. These events of defiance set the tone for the American nation; they are a people who respect freedom above all else – even if that freedom can have dire ramifications.

This was all due to the will of a number of colonists who wanted equal rights and were willing to fight for them, and in this case, it was worth fighting for.



Vote Leave, take control

Adrian Waddelove

Perhaps the question should be why vote to Remain? For 43 years, the European Union has remorselessly undermined UK sovereignty and transferred ever more power to a bunch of undemocratic, unaccountable bureaucrats who have made decisions in the interests of a select power-hungry few – themselves.

As the two campaigns enter the final stages of what has been a hard fought struggle for supremacy in the polls, the Leave campaign's vote grows in the opinion polls despite facing a Government which has been without any doubt biased in its outlook. This bias has ranged from spending £9 million on propaganda giving reasons why we should Remain and writing the lines for the leader of the free world, that the UK, should they vote to Leave, would find itself at the “back of the queue” for trade with the US.

This comes from President Obama's visit to the UK in April. The man's administration will come to an end in January and will have little influence on UK/US trade deals as it will take this country two years to withdraw. It was clearly not up to him to decide on where we come in the queue, or line, depending on who is writing your speech. This sort of talk has been ever-present in the scaremongering from the Remain campaign; trade decisions for the USA are for his successor. However, let us not forget that this is the leader of the country which fought for independence from a 'European Union' nearly 250 years ago – by his hypocrisy and being a 'puppet' for Mr Cameron, he has swung the polls in the Leave campaign's favour.

Let us move to the economic argument of the campaign. This all began with controversy after it was found that the Government produced leaflets, giving one side of the debate and costing £9 million. The shameless Michael Fallon defended the move, despite not asking the tax-payer. The £9 million would have trained 128 nurses or 14 doctors to help the ever-floundering NHS, surely a more useful

way of spending the money. So challenging are the conditions in our health service that 3000 doctors per year are leaving thanks to burdens we place on them. This in turn, means we need to have increased immigration of doctors to replace them. But are they not needed in their own countries to help their own people?

Moreover, over 43 years, the UK has given the EU £364 billion at today's prices, and when our debt is nearing £1.7 trillion, this money could have been better spent preventing the explosion in borrowing. The International Monetary Fund (IMF) claims that Britain would be better within the EU, though the clue is in the name - 'International'. Our own CBI suggests that we would be better outside. Who do you trust, the international organisation with an agenda to suit themselves, or a British economic organisation, concerned about us?

Some Remain campaigners argue that since world leaders such as China's President Xi Jinping, India's Prime Minister Narendra Modi and French President François Hollande all back Remain, that this shows the dangers of breaking away from the EU. However, the Latin phrase “cui bono” (to whose profit?) must be applied. Certainly the world leaders will not profit from Brexit as they face having to pay more for imports but the British people will benefit by making countries pay more for their exports. Some people argue all trade deals will be terminated if Britain vote to Leave, despite this country being the fifth largest economy in the world last year, which means this scenario of dire economic circumstances simply won't happen.

The scaremongering has yet to forecast Britain sinking into the Atlantic Ocean if we vote to Leave! Though there is still time! The argument surrounding the economy sounds rather familiar and historical to our parents' generation, who were worried after the

supposed impact of leaving the European Exchange Rate Mechanism on the 'Black Wednesday' of 16 September 1992. However, the UK economically never looked back, after breaking the shackles of European control.

The immigration question has been the big issue that has provided an opportunity for the British people to vote on their future. Supporters of UKIP have been described as racists until recently, but in 19 years, the UK has seen 4.7 million people enter this country with only 1.2 million people moving out. The additional housing demand caused by immigrants will require two cities the size of Leeds to be built in the next decade, and 260 extra homes every day, or one every six minutes for a 25 year period. How is this sustainable both economically and environmentally?

It is also interesting to note who is campaigning for Leave and their previous ties with Europe and closer integration. Gisela Stuart is a Labour MP who was tasked as part of Tony Blair's government to be the UK Parliamentary Representative to the European Convention to draw up the new EU Constitution. Her attitude changed due to her experience and she called it a "self-selected group of the European political elite". Lord Nigel Lawson, the former Chancellor, wanted to join the European Exchange Rate

Mechanism but was vetoed by Margaret Thatcher. He is now the President of Conservatives for Britain, a group campaigning to Leave. Lord David Owen, famously split

from the Labour Party as part of the "Gang of Four" because of the party's opposition to Europe, when he desired closer European integration but now backs Brexit.

Finally, David Davis was a government whip at the time of the parliamentary vote on the Maastricht Treaty in 1992, and managed to convince enough Conservative MPs to vote for the Treaty. He too is campaigning for Leave.

These people all have something in common, they all supported closer integration into the EU and have since changed sides. Should this not tell the British people that the closer you get to the EU, the less desirable it becomes?

LEAVE.EU



To conclude with a quote from a more illustrious predecessor of President Obama's, who prevented nuclear war in October 1962:

"Change is the law of life. And those who look only to the past or present are certain to miss the future", John F Kennedy.

To make sure that the UK does not miss the future, a future free and independent from the European Union, which has failed to respond to the demands of our ever changing world, Vote Leave on June 23.

BRITAIN STRONGER IN EUROPE

Barnaby Rode

Before I lay out my case for Britain staying in the EU properly, I suppose there are some formalities that need to be gone through, before any article like this: politically speaking, I am biased. I like to see myself as a liberal Tory, and have a little blue card in my wallet to prove it; I am fond of David Cameron and his One Nation politics, his pro-EU stance even more so. So vociferous am I when it comes to Britain's relationship with Europe, that I am happy to say I believe 'Brexit' would be disastrous for both our country and our continent, and that I'd even consider fleeing to the continent after university, should we decide to leave the Union.

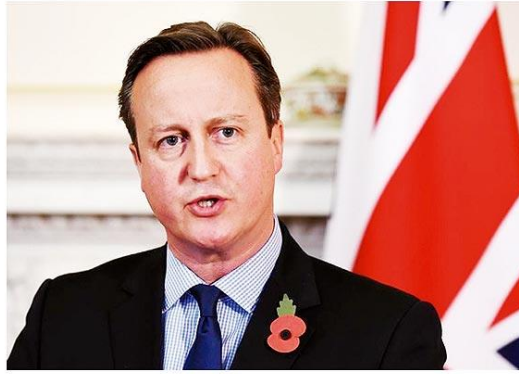
So, why do I think this way? Primarily, I believe Britain should stay in the EU simply for reasons of security. At the moment, it's safe to say that the world is a dangerous one. Whether he wins or not, Donald Trump (a man ready to build a 'Great Wall' along the U.S.-Mexico border, and ban the entry of all Muslims to the country) is looking to become a candidate in the race for U.S. Presidency; Vladimir Putin is becoming more belligerent than ever, covertly supporting civil war in the Ukraine while overtly backing President Assad in Syria; in the Middle East, ISIS are slaughtering, crucifying and torturing thousands, perpetrating genocide on countless ethnic groups throughout the region, (the Yazidis to name but one). So, in a world like this, we must ask whether or not we really want to break up those unions, pacts, and groups that are holding firm, despite international circumstances? Do we want to put

at risk an organisation such as the EU, which is doing its best to fight off these aforementioned threats? Now, while it would be ridiculous of me to suggest the EU has dealt with these issues perfectly, (the bungling of the current migration crisis proves that, the EU seeming more fractured on the issue than ever, with Macedonia, for example – slamming its borders shut, with Germany taking in over one million refugees), I would say it stands a far greater chance of doing so than an isolated Britain, 27 nations united having far more clout than one standing alone.

However, I think the European question can be simplified beyond a question of security. In fact, think the clearest argument for 'In' is this: the EU, and everything it stands for, represents the world's future, while the isolationism of the 'Out' campaign symbolises the past. The world we live in is more interconnected than ever, where a single phone call can link to anyone on the other side of the world, and a twelve hour plane journey can take me to meet them. In a world like this, borders become increasingly meaningless, international boundaries merely



formalities, rather than necessities. More than ever, we think of ourselves as -to use the oh-so-sixties cliché- 'citizens of the world', rather than citizens of any particular nation, (something reflected in international policy more than ever, as – through organisations such as the EU – nations unite to combat the global issues of today, including climate change, terrorism, and poverty). I fundamentally believe that this trend of globalisation is the future, and that any moves against it – such as exiting the EU, and isolating ourselves from all those nations within it – are



futile. In the end, the world is moving towards “ever closer political union”, whether we like it or not.

So, that's my case for Britain staying in the EU, one of the political causes closest to my heart. For all I can offer as many intellectual arguments as I want, deep-down, my reasons for backing the 'Remain Campaign' are ideological. I see myself as much a European as I do a Brit, prefer Rioja to Real Ale, Chorizo to Cheddar, and Monte Carlo to Morecombe, and would see any move away from Europe as nothing short of tragic.

THE HISTORY OF CRUFTS

Emily Cresswell



*Charles Cruft was born
on the 28th of June
1852.*

Charles Cruft, one of four children, left college in 1876, showing defiance of his parents as he refused to work for his family's jewellery business. Instead, unsure of what he wanted to do in life, Cruft travelled to London, taking employment with James Spratt who sold 'dog cakes'.

Cruft's talent and ambition began to shine through, as he was rapidly promoted to the position of travelling salesman for Spratt's

business. This promotion opened opportunities for Cruft, as he was now expected to attend many dog sporting exhibitions annually. Cruft continued to excel at Spratt's and gradually rose to the position of general manager. The business too was growing and became the British leader for dry dog food. In an attempt to expand the business, Cruft travelled all over Europe, which was crucial to the future of his dog show, since in 1878 a group of French dog breeders noticed Cruft's business skills, and asked him to organise the canine section of the Paris Exhibition. This kicked off Cruft's career in dog shows.

Following this success, further offers to host shows began to pop up around Europe. Cruft became Secretary of the Dutch Kennel Club and ran the livestock departments in International Exhibitions at Brussels and Antwerp. Cruft also accepted other positions including that of show manager for the Scottish Kennel Club and manager of the poultry shows for the Royal Agricultural Society. Cruft continued to contribute to dog shows, when he co-founded and became club secretary of the Schipperke Club of Brussels.

In 1882 Spratt's business was sold to Mr Edward Wylan who kept Cruft as general manager. Under the leadership of Cruft, the company continued to expand, as they ventured into the market of pet accessories. Aside from the business Cruft was keen to keep up his reputation, now acquiring more positions including secretary of the Toy Spaniel and Pug Dog Clubs. In addition to this Cruft was involved in promoting clubs that

specialised in Saint Bernard and Borzoi dog breeds.



In 1886, a life changing opportunity arose for Cruft. He was asked by the Duchess of Newcastle to run a terrier show in London which he agreed to. On the 10th of March it was opened to the public at the Royal Aquarium in Westminster. Entitled 'The First Great Show of all kinds of Terriers', it proved immensely popular, receiving 570 entries across 57 different classes. The exhibition progressed and in 1890, it introduced other breeds such as Collies and certain types of toy dogs too. In 1891, having expanded further, the show was renamed 'Cruft's Greatest Dog Show', being held at the Royal Agricultural Hall, located in Islington. Cruft designed the logo himself, choosing to picture a Saint Bernard and a crown. The show involved 2,437 entries, with 36 different breeds of dog. Changes were made to the system whereby entries would have to be paid for and additional charges added if the dogs were to be taken to and from home during the course of the show.

To continue his achievements, Cruft opened a cat show on the 7th of March 1894 which gave way to a staggering 600 entries, by far the largest show of its kind. Cruft himself wasn't certain about the cat show, as it had originally lost him money. Therefore, the following year he hosted a second

show like this which proved to be somewhat more profitable than the first. After running for only two years, the show was discontinued, as Cruft wanted to focus on his dog event.

The popularity of the expo continued to blossom, and in 1914 it was declared the largest dog show in the world. However the show hit a low point during the war, causing it to be cancelled from 1918-1920. After restarting the show, new awards were released and in 1928 the renowned 'Best in Show Award' started. The first winner was a greyhound called Primley Sceptre. Other significant landmarks were reached in the following years. In 1932, for the first time, a female owner was presented with the Best in Show award. Her entry was a Labrador retriever called Grimshaw Bob. In 1936, the show celebrated its Golden Jubilee. Over 10,000 dogs were entered, a record amount for Cruft, and the queen made a formal entry, as she exhibited her dogs. Other royal entries included King Edward VII (before he was king), Tsar Alexander III of Russia, who sent who sent 18 Borzois to compete, and King George V who had entered his labradors into the event since 1916.

In 1938, after the 45th Cruft's show, Cruft fell severely ill and although he started to recover well, he died of a heart attack in September. His death was upsetting for many people and the media published several tributes dedicated to his hard work. On the 21 September, Cruft was buried in Highgate Cemetery in London after a well-attended funeral.

The running of the show was taken over by Cruft's second wife, Emma Cruft. The show continued up to the years 1942-47, when it was cancelled due to the Second World War. When the show resumed in 1948, Emma Cruft had sold the business to the Kennel Club. That year, the expo was held at Olympia, and was am

immense success, with 84 different breeds entering the event.

Since then, the show has continued to expand, attracting 200 different breeds annually. In 1950, for the first time, Cruft's was televised by the BBC to the joy of the general public. In 1955 Cruft's introduced an obedience championship, allowing Sheepdogs, the first crossbreed, to be entered. Following the acceptance of crossbreeds, Cruft's became increasingly popular, allowing these dogs to enter a wide variety of competitions and to the surprise of organisers, in 1961, Cruft's attracted its most entries yet, with over 15,000 dogs attending.

The exhibition progressed, being renamed 'Crufts', as organisers decided that the apostrophe was no longer required. In 1980 the category of Agility was brought in, which again boosted the number of visitors to the show resulting in Crufts having to be extended to three days to accommodate for the vast number of entries and visitors. This had to be altered again in 1987, when it was extended to four days. Ever growing, the show introduced rescue dog agility in 2000 and in 2004 an arena was used for the first time. With technology developing, Crufts opened its own Facebook page in 2008 and started to stream its shows online in 2009. Crufts is still taking place each year and is constantly evolving to attract more visitors and dogs. I urge you to add the event to your bucket list.



“Laws change. Social systems crumble. Universal truths are constant. It is a fact – it is a plain fact that what is true and right is true and right for all. White and black alike.”

YEARS A SLAVE

The Archive Review

Storyline

Based on an incredible true story of one man's fight for survival and freedom. In the pre-Civil War United States, Solomon Northup (Chiwetel Ejiofor), a free black man from New York, is abducted and sold into slavery. Facing cruelty as well as unexpected kindnesses, Solomon struggles not only to stay alive, but to retain his dignity. In the twelfth year of his unforgettable journey, Solomon's chance meeting with a Canadian abolitionist will forever alter his life.

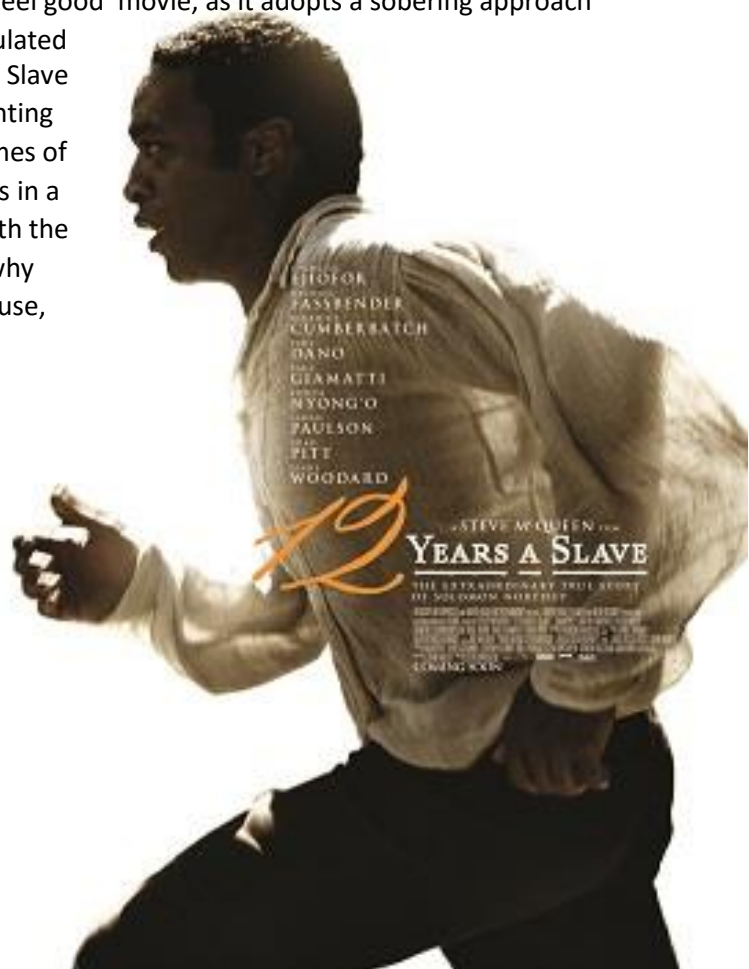
Review

12 Years a Slave is a real emotional powerhouse of a film, epitomising the barbaric trade of slavery in a motion picture of raw and searing indictment. Given the sombre focus of the film it is predictably moving, but it's a true testament to director McQueen just how shatteringly devastating the experience of watching it is. Whilst the film resonates with moral injustice, it portrays not only the bravery and resilience of one man, but the savagery of many and the potential for both good and evil in humanity as a whole.

Solomon's experience is depicted in an utterly unflinching fashion and the film's strength lies in its avoidance of sentimentality and brutal honesty. 12 Years a Slave is anything but comfortable viewing, however it's ruthless look at American slavery is also exceptionally brilliant and in my view, completely essential cinema comparable to Polanski's 'The Pianist' or Spielberg's 'Schindler's List'.

This film is not for the faint-hearted or those who crave a 'feel good' movie, as it adopts a sobering approach which will leave you feeling somewhat depressed but stimulated on an emotional and intellectual level. To watch 12 Years a Slave is to be confronted with the ugly reality of slavery in a haunting way that's never been done before, probing the power games of servitude and enumerating its daily horrors. The film stands in a whole new league from the naive romanticism of 'Gone with the Wind' or mindless exploitation of 'Django Unchained'. So why should you watch a film that could leave you reeling? Because, it's also one of the greatest cinematic feats of our time.

Rating:	R (for violence/cruelty, some nudity and brief sexuality)
Genre:	Drama, Special Interest
Directed By:	Steve McQueen (III)
Written By:	John Ridley
In Theatres:	Jan 10, 2014 Wide
On DVD:	May 12, 2014
US Box Office:	£56.7M
Runtime:	2 hr. 14 min.



ONE YEAR ON

The horror of the mock election

Jack Watson

The King's school mock election results were much like the ancient prophetess Cassandra (stay with me and I'll explain) in the way that both foretold of horrific events which no-one would believe and yet both, sadly, turned out to be right.

There is no way to soften the blow so I'll come out and say it: the Conservatives won and they won by a massive margin. The Conservatives won 20 seats out of 38, UKIP picked up 12, the Lib Dems 3, the Greens 2 and Labour just 1.

Now I'm sure, like me, you are weeping for humanity with a result like that but before we weep let's try and see why the election turned out like this. Was it a great campaign from the Conservatives which won them this election, or just being the best of a bad bunch?

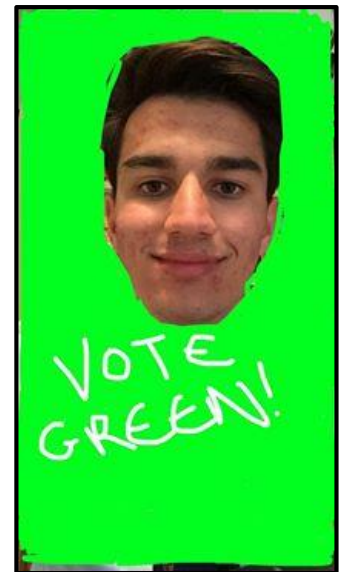


I think in a moment like this it is only right to start with the party that finished last, which was, of course, Labour. What must be noted immediately was that in this election Labour got the third most votes (after the Conservatives and UKIP) but the fewest seats, showing once again the failings of First Past the Post. However the failings of Labour can't be completely blamed on the election system.

The real area to examine is the campaign. With head of school Niamh Massey and the charismatic Jack Watson campaigning for Labour you would have thought many a private school posh boy would have been converted to

the socialist cause, alas this wasn't the case. The Labour campaign mainly seemed to be focussed around the tactic of putting up a lot of posters saying 'Vote Labour'; if this wasn't a persuasive campaign then I don't know what was. But nonetheless it is apparent from the results that not enough voters were convinced by red posters stuck round the school, but one parent was horrified enough to ring in and complain! Maybe the Labour campaign would have gone better if they had carved a load of obscure promises on a stone.

The next worst achieving party was the Green Party, though the Greens will probably see this election as a huge success as they achieved 9% of the popular vote and twice as many seats as Labour, a thoroughly impressive two. The Green campaign was led by, run by, and only included Luke Sawney, and so immediately you can see that he is a much better leader than Natalie Bennett, although that isn't saying much. However, despite having a leader who had the entire



backing of the party the Greens did have one problem not faced by the other parties: the Greens didn't want to waste any paper. This meant no posters round the school and so awareness to the party could be limited, with only a few on social media as well. To combat this Luke Sawney participated in an active ground campaign, going from class to class to spread the green message as well as giving a

Churchillian speech in assembly which won the support of one J P Carter. So overall the Green



campaign went far better than expected.

Next, with as many seats as the Greens and Labour combined, were the Lib Dems. Considering the collapse of the Liberal vote elsewhere round the country this result does stand out and so a huge amount of credit must go to the charismatic George Neal, a boy thrust into the political landscape who, after his impressive display in assembly, emerged a man with his political reputation considerably enhanced. Perhaps it was the dynamism he brought to his speech or perhaps it was due to those in Sixth Form listening the most, but the Lib Dems did best in the Lower Sixth, winning two seats whilst their message was largely ignored elsewhere.

Now onto UKIP. At this moment I must confess that I am not a fan of UKIP although I think you won't have noticed that so far, possibly. UKIP were led by one Andreas Jekov who was backed up by the equally impressive Alexander Tan. Now Andreas Jekov was a reluctant leader who only got the job because he wasn't present to protest the decision. Once he was centre stage, however, he handled the situation in a way Nigel Farage could only dream of. In a highly competitive campaign Andreas Jekov had to dismiss reports that he was a German-Bulgarian immigrant with a silly American accent and insisted that he was, in his own words "a man of the people, man". It must be said that out of all the speeches that the UKIP speech got the best reception from the crowd, who were hanging on the every word of the two speakers, nodding intently when they raised the point that the carpark was only a chaos due to immigrants taking up car parking spaces. The impression that this highly impartial reporter got from the assembly was further backed up come results time, with UKIP turning votes into seats in a way they couldn't in the actual



election, emerging with 12 seats and 27% of the vote.

Despite the individual success of other candidates only one party won this election. The Conservatives put up Tom Larken and Stephen Rimmer to be the face of the campaign whilst in the background Holly Johnston pulled the strings and media mogul Patrick Hudson did his best to influence voters. The Conservative speech went along the lines of "Money, money, money, It's a rich man's world" or maybe something about the economy and it doing all right under the Conservatives, and at this point I must remind you that I am indeed impartial. Apart from the speech in assembly the Conservatives approach wasn't as obvious as the other parties. This was in part due to the confidence they had that they would win, but perhaps even more so was the fact that senior posh boys in the Conservative background didn't want Stephen Rimmer producing a gaffe for which he has some record of doing. In the end though, whatever approach the Conservatives would have gone for it would not have mattered. They won 20 out of the 38 seats and comfortably the most votes.



So to recap the whole election, the Green and Lib Dems did well considering their situation. UKIP actually turned votes into seats, Labour lost but fortunately didn't have a stone with their promises on, and the Conservatives won. It must also be said that the whole election process was run adequately by Nishu Adke and Isabel Dawson.

However, despite the many depressing features of the election, namely that the Conservatives won, there was a positive in the fact that turnout overall was 74%, although in the staff this number was much lower, meaning that the old couldn't be bothered to vote but the youthful and optimistic turned out in great numbers. So in many ways democracy was the winner, but in others it was the Conservatives.

I've been Jack Watson, your disinterested and impartial political correspondent and some-time failed Labour candidate.

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