

L) A SINGLE BRETHREN'S STORY



My name is Joseph and in 1755, when I was 15 years old I came to live in the brethren's house on Fulneck settlement. I was accepted as an apprentice weaver and I had to learn how to set up and operate the flying shuttle loom and produce woollen cloth. Part of my job is collecting the wool which the sisters have spun.

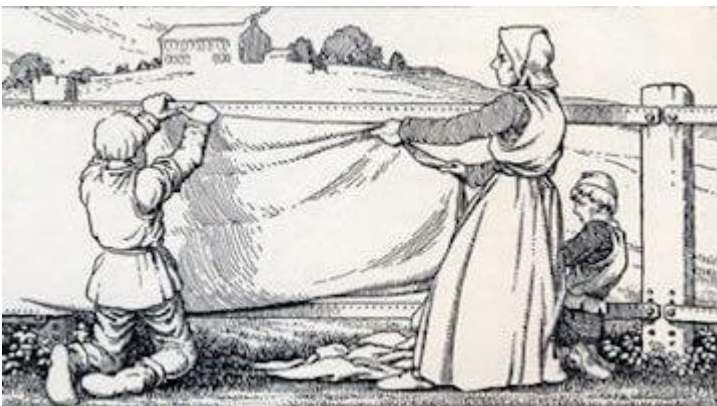
Then I set up the threads on the looms in the workshop. It is tricky and complicated, and sometimes the threads snap. Then I must carefully tie them together so that the cloth doesn't come apart.

Cottages at the bottom of Dyehouse Lane



One of my responsibilities is to carry the heavy bundles of cloth down the hill to the dye house on the edge of Pudsey Beck. My friend Nehemiah, two years older than me, helps because the bales of cloth are really heavy after they have been rinsed of excess dye in the river water.

When rinsing is complete we carry the cloth back up the hill to one of the fields where special tenter frames are set up to hang the fabric on. We take an end of the cloth each, stretch the fabric out then hook it on the frames. This dries the



cloth in the fresh air and straightens the threads. We both watch out for a sunny day, so the rain doesn't soak things again.

It is hard work, but it feels good to be earning money to contribute to the church as well as being able to pay for my accommodation. The best thing for me is the friends I have made, and the care and help given to me by my master who treats me like a son.