

THE BARNBOW Lasses

Education visits

Part Four



The Trouble With Cordite
A guide for Teachers

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Dedication

This work is dedicated to the men, women and children who fought and died, and who fought and lived, so that we would never have to fight again. May they all rest in peace and may we never forget them.

Leeds City Council, Parks and Countryside, July 2013.

Introduction

2014 marks the centenary of the start of the First World War – the War to end all Wars. In Leeds, an inspiring story of dedication and sacrifice unfolded between 1914 and 1918. Some men and women paid the ultimate sacrifice. For others, its effect lasted for the rest of their lives and has echoed down the years, even to their grandchildren.

Leeds City Council's Parks and Countryside Service were approached by local ward member, Councillor Pauleen Grahame, who asked us to provide a fitting tribute to the men and women who worked at the Number 1 Filling Factory at Barnbow. This was one of a chain of munitions factories that operated during the First World War around the country.

On December 4th 2012 we unveiled a new memorial plaque and two interpretive boards at the corner of Manston Park, to these brave men and women. We also wanted to create a “learning” legacy, and have written and compiled a pack of information on the local history of the First World War, illustrating both sides of the conflict, from the women who fought by manufacturing shells in the factories of Leeds, to the men of the Leeds Pals who used the millions of tons of explosives in the fight overseas.



The pack is in four parts and can be downloaded individually from the Parks and Countryside website as a series of PDF's. They are, in order

- 1 Life In The 1900's – Welcome To Leeds
- 2 Oh What A Lovely War!
- 3 Shells, Shells, and Still More Shells!
- 4 The Trouble With Cordite

The subject matter covers many elements of the new 2014 National Curriculum for Key Stage 2 History, Geography, English and Science, primarily underpinning “a study of an aspect of history or a site dating from a period beyond 1066 that is significant in the locality” and also “a significant turning point in British history”. It covers major elements of Key Stage 3 History and Geography, including “Challenges for Britain, Europe and the wider world 1901 to the present day”: women’s suffrage; the First World War and the Peace Settlement, a local history study and Human and Physical Geography. We very much hope that the packs are of use to teachers and children alike for many years to come.

THE SITE OF THE NO. 1 FILLING FACTORY AT BARNBOW, NEAR CROSS GATES, LEEDS, WEST YORKSHIRE



The Trouble With Cordite

Cordite is an ammunition propellant produced in Britain from 1889, which replaced gunpowder in shells. It was the charge, a bag (one of fifteen different sizes), filled with cordite that shot the shells out of the guns, but not so fiercely that it destroyed the gun barrels. Cordite was used for large weapons, such as tank guns, breech-loading artillery and naval guns. It had a very distinctive smell that lingered over First World War battlefields. Barnbow produced 60,000 cordite charges a week as well as filling all the shells. One kind of explosive on a factory site full of workers is dangerous enough, but with Lyddite powder, cordite and NCT (Nitrocellulose tubular), TNT and ammonium nitrate (known as Amatol) all keeping company, some of them by necessity in the same building towards the end of production of a batch of shells, it was really only a matter of time before something went wrong.

A Day In The Life Of A Barnbow Lass

Extract from Agnes's fictional letter to Alfred, 26th June 1916.

"Dearest Alfred, There is some good news about mother, who is much better now. I paid the doctor's bill out of last weeks wages, though mother made a fuss. I still had plenty of money left. I have sent this photograph for you. Your friends will probably think I look like a boy, but it's how we dress and is a proper uniform, like yours but not as smart.

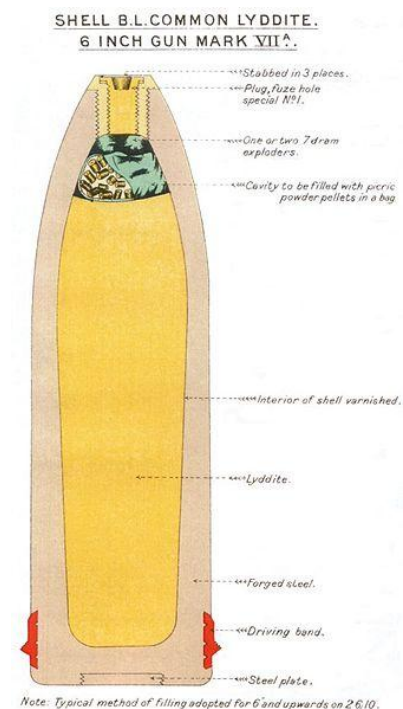


I am back on the early shift now - 6.00 am to 2.00 pm. I told Mrs Sparrow that my mother needed me home early as mother was not well, so she let me change shifts. She is such a lovely woman. As usual, I got up at 4.30 so I have time for some breakfast. The Leeds tram was late this morning. I walked up to the policeman at the entrance, showing my travel permit. They do a thorough job and search your pockets for matches and cigarettes. Then I walked down Barnbow Lane and over the sidings to my section. There are still some wild flowers at the side of the road. Me and Edith are working in Room 42 at the moment, but on different shifts. It has been raining hard for the past four days, so the ground is really muddy and all my leggings and shoes were clarted up with it. But it is no matter, compared to what you are suffering.

First I take my hairpins out, tie my hair up with ribbon and put it under my cap. Metal pins could cause a spark and I always wear wooden or Bakelite buttons now, for the same reason. Then it is "shoes off" and hop over the barrier to the clean side to put my danger shoes on, which are soft and have no tread. There are two Danger Women watching us, dressed in red. They search us again, to make sure we don't go in with anything metal on us. I come to work with my cotton coat and trousers on with leg wrappings round from my ankles up to my knees, so there's nothing wafting about to get caught round a shell.

Now I fill shells, so I am a proper little Canary and as you know I can sing like one as well! Edith and I laugh about it because we look like a couple of Chinawomen. My hair and skin and nails have turned quite yellow with working with the dry powder, but it's really good money even though it's uncomfortable and makes me feel sick sometimes. I am on five pounds and three shillings a week now and it will go up to ten pounds or more as I get more experience. The yellow powder is lyddite. It coats everything in the room - even the windows and walls - making us all sneeze. It really catches in your throat. We drink lots of milk, which helps and we can have as much as we like.

The Lyddite comes in wooden tubs. We sift it and pack it in cans, and then put them in a water tank, which is boiled up until it melts into a kind of vinegar, which we pour into the shell cases. We put a mould inside the shell casing first. It contracts when it cools and we pour beeswax down the little gap and put some cardboard washers on top. When that's cool, out comes the mould to leave a space which is filled by the TNT exploder bags. Then the freeze cap must be screwed in and held in place with two screws. We must not drill straight into the detonator or that will set it off. We get a break at the main canteen for half an hour, though it takes us a while to walk there and back. We get salty bacon and fresh bread, or bread and corned beef and plenty of stewed tea.



The new Charlie Chaplin film is out now-The Fireman. We are going with Maggie Monkman - "our Peggy" who is a real firegirl, so that should be funny. Anyway, God keep you safe my love, your Agnes."

Some of this fictional account is taken from a transcript of the real memories of Margaret Monkman, who worked at Barnbow, and Mrs Hall, a First World War munitions worker who worked at the Perivale Royal Filling Factory in London.

Barnbow Lasses Worksheet: 08

Read the account of Agnes's typical day at Barnbow. Discuss it and answer the following questions.

A Day In The Life Of A Barnbow Lass

1	What is cordite?	
2	In June 1916 Agnes had to pay for the doctor to visit her mother. Do some research and find out why she had to pay?	
3	How much is £5 - 3 shillings worth today?	
4	What would you <i>not</i> be let through the gates of the No 1 Filling Factory without?	
5	Name four things you would not be allowed to have on your person if you were working at the Barnbow Factory	1 2 3 4
6	What sort of clothes would you wear to work?	a b c
7	If you worked in any of the Powder Filling rooms, what nick-name did you have?	
8	What is the most dangerous part of filling a shell?	
9	What sort of food and drinks would you be given at work?	a b c d
10	Do you think that filling shells is a healthy occupation? Explain why or why not.	



Barnbow Lasses Worksheet: 08

A Day In The Life Of A Barnbow Lass: Answers

1	What is cordite?	Cordite is an ammunition propellant - the compound that shot the shells out of the guns.
2	In June 1916 Agnes had to pay for the doctor to visit her mother, who was ill. Do some research and find out why this was?	The National Health Service was not created until 1948, funded by general taxation, so much care had to be paid for privately.
3	How much is £5 - 3 shillings worth today?	This equates to weekly pay of about £1,666.00 as an economic status in today's value.
4	What would you <i>not</i> be let through the gates of the No 1 Filling Factory without?	A travel permit
5	Name four things you would not be allowed to have on your person if you were working at the Barnbow Factory	1 Cigarettes and matches 2 Metal hairpins 3 Metal buttons 4 Outdoor shoes
6	What sort of clothes would you wear to work?	A Cotton cap B Cotton Coat C Cotton Trousers
7	If you worked in any of the Powder Filling rooms, what nick-name did you have?	Canary –so named after the small yellow song birds. Munitions girls often turned yellow because of exposure to the chemicals they used.
8	What is the most dangerous part of filling a shell?	Screwing the freeze cap in to the shell, drilling two holes and putting two screws in to hold the freeze cap in place, without drilling straight into the detonator.
9	What sort of food and drinks would you be given at work?	A Fried salty bacon B Corned beef C Fresh bread D Tea E Fresh milk
10	Do you think that filling shells is a healthy occupation? Explain why or why not.	No. There was a risk of being blown up or maimed and a risk of chemical poisoning through working with TNT, Lyddite (Picric Acid) and other chemicals including Mercury, which is highly toxic and can cause cancer, liver disease and brain damage.

A Day In The Life Of A Front Line Soldier

Agnes Sykes's young man, Alfred was in the Leeds Pals battalion, which was taken over by the British Army and officially named the 15th Battalion (1st Leeds), The Prince of Wales's Own (West Yorkshire Regiment). From Egypt, they were redeployed to France, landing there in March 1916. Three months later they were near the village of Serre, not far from a town called Albert (pronounced Alberre). They were now on the front line and getting ready for the start of the Battle of the Somme. Many people back home knew that a big battle was coming. An Essex Regiment soldier wrote home to his mother in late June that he would be too busy to write over the next week or so. The *Ilford Recorder* published his letter on 7 July, after the battle had begun. Many soldiers gave veiled warnings to their loved ones. Vera Brittan's brother told her "it would start somewhere near Albert, and he knew that he would be in it."



In the south-east of England, people could hear the guns of the bombardment that started on the Somme on June 24th and which was intended to "soften up" the German resistance and cut away their barbed wire defences.

Alfred had seen a lot of really awful sights in the three months he had been on the front line in France. Earlier in the year it had rained for weeks and the soft, clay soil had turned into a mire of oozing mud and shell holes filled with deep water, where if men slipped off the duckboard walkways, they could drown in liquid mud and never be seen again. His living conditions were awful. Food was very basic and often by the time it reached the front line, it was cold. They often lived on corned beef and hard biscuits or "hard tack" until they were taken off the front line.

"All we lived on was tea and dog biscuits. If we got meat once a week we were lucky, but imagine trying to eat standing in a trench full of water with the smell of dead bodies nearby."

Richard Beasley

Many men suffered from trench foot. Symptoms of trench foot can begin when feet are cold and damp for many hours while being kept in constricting footwear. Trench foot does not need freezing temperatures to develop and can start when it is as warm as 60° F (about 16° C). It can occur with as few as thirteen hours' exposure. Sweating excessively without the means to warm and dry the feet makes it worse. Human skin is not designed to function for long in water. Fungal infections, tiny cuts and blisters open the skin up and more serious infections get in to the tissues of the foot. If the feet cannot be dried, kept warm and have air circulating around them, they will rot.



"If you have never had trench feet described to you. I will tell you. Your feet swell to two or three times their normal size and go completely dead. You could stick a bayonet into them and not feel a

thing. If you are fortunate enough not to lose your feet and the swelling begins to go down. It is then that the intolerable, indescribable agony begins. I have heard men cry and even scream with the pain and many had to have their feet and legs amputated.”
Sergeant Harry Roberts, Lancashire Fusiliers.

Have a look at your feet when you get out of the bath...or if you have been swimming for an hour. Your skin will be soft, pale and wrinkly. Your skin can quite easily cope with being in water for a few hours at a time and trench foot is easily prevented by keeping feet clean, warm and dry. Later in the war, regular foot inspections were undertaken by officers. Soldiers would be paired up and made responsible for each others' feet. If they were left to their own devices, soldiers would tend to not bother taking off their boots and socks each day. But if they were responsible for someone else's feet, they took it more seriously. And then there were the lice...

“The other soldiers in the hut took their shirts off after tea. They were catching lice. We had never seen a louse before, but they were here in droves. The men were killing them between their nails.” *Henry Gregory*



Shells and high explosives went off over the trenches several times a day, or sometimes all day long and enemy snipers took pot shots at anyone who put their heads above the parapet.

Frank Richards wrote about his experiences in trenches:

“A good standing trench was about six foot deep, so that a man could walk upright during the day in safety from rifle-fire. In each bay of the trench we constructed fire-steps about two feet higher than the bottom of the trench, which enabled us to stand head and shoulders above the parapet. During the day we were working in reliefs, and we would snatch an hour's sleep, when we could, on a wet and muddy fire-step, wet through to the skin ourselves. If anyone had to go to the company on our right in the daytime he had to walk through thirty yards of waterlogged trench, which was chest-deep in water in some places.”

Daily life was repetitive and soon became very boring. Soldiers cleaned and inspected their weapons; built and repaired trenches, duckboards and barbed wire defences; removed dead and wounded from trenches and no man's land, often risking their own lives in the process; moved supplies, food and equipment up or down the line; observed enemy activity; deloused their uniforms, cleaned their feet, re-greased them, put dry socks on and tried to stay alive.

Front line soldiers were expected to advance through no man's land towards the enemy's frontline trenches in an attempt to capture them, in the face of shelling, machine gun and sniper fire and through lethal barbed wire defences. Soldiers lived with the constant danger of enemy shelling and snipers. The horrendous sound of long artillery bombardments resulted in some soldiers suffering from a nervous

breakdown called "shell shock", often made worse by other psychological damage, like the death or injury of close friends, continuous lack of sleep, the dangers of poison gas attacks, living amongst dead bodies that lay sometimes for days, and often much longer if they were enemy troops, and rats.

Brown and black rats infested trenches in their millions. The brown rat was especially feared. It would feed on human remains, starting with the exposed soft tissues exposed by shell damage. With such a large food source, rats grew to the size of cats and had no fear. Often if men tried to sleep, rats would run across their faces in the dark.

Soldiers would shoot at them, bayonet them and even club them to death, but this made no appreciable difference to the total population. In this photograph, German soldiers have caught and killed over forty rats and hung them up like socks on a washing line. The only time when rats disappeared was just before a big barrage of enemy fire was about to start. Often, more experienced men would see the rats running for cover and would do the same themselves.



Rotting bodies of horses and men lay in their thousands. Even if they were buried, many were in shallow graves. Overflowing latrines added to the smell of unwashed and often frightened men in dirty clothes. Season this with the smell of cordite, rotting sandbags, stale air, cigarette smoke, cooking smells, the residue of poison gas, creosol and chloride of lime –used for disinfecting standing water. The result nauseated new recruits, but old hands were almost immune to it.

"There is an incessant thudding of guns in the distance... It becomes an obsession with some poor fellows who have been wounded, or been through some hideous time in the trenches or the attack. The only antidote is preoccupation... Reading? A few papers now & again! A game of bridge sitting on the sides of ramshackle ... beds... All the side shows of civilisation are afar off, & we live a most primitive life ..." *"It is fatal to go out in the wet... there is no opportunity of drying clothes, and putting on a clammy shirt & breeches in the morning is none too pleasant."*

The other day the doctor and I went out to gather blackberries to make what our miner cook calls a pudden. It is one of the contrasts of war: overhead balloons & planes; the incessant thud and thunder of the evening strafe; and the quiet hedge. Last time over the bags was rather terrible. The few who managed to pull themselves out of the waist deep mud had to stand on the top & pull others who were stuck out of the trenches. Imagine doing that with machine guns hard at work, to say nothing of snipers. One man I know of was drowned in the mud." Rev. C. Lomax, 151st Infantry Brigade, British Expeditionary Force, France.



The Battle of the Somme

July 1st to November 18th 1916

By the end of June 1916, the Somme was lush and green, but it had rained heavily for most of the previous week. The countdown to one of the largest battles ever fought had to be postponed by 48 hours. Here is the weather report...

Code	Date	Recorded conditions
U Day	24 th June 1916	"A dull day, low cloud and heavy rain, following thunderstorms the day before."
V Day	25 th June 1916	"Much brighter and warmer day."
W Day	26 th June 1916	"Heavy showers return, with sunny intervals. Low cloud prevents good aerial observations."
X Day	27 th June 1916	"Thick mist and heavy rain."
Y Day	28 th June 1916	" " " "
Z Day		Delayed by two days by agreement between French and British commanders.
Y1	29 th June 1916	"The weather brightened although it was still far from perfect for observing the effects of the firing."
Y2	30 th June 1916	" " "
Z Day	1 st July 1916	7:39 am Battle commences.

The village of Serre was at the most northern point of the 15 mile Somme battlefield. It was held and heavily fortified by the Germans. It was surrounded by a four deep trench system; the dugouts were 30 feet deep and the cellars were used as barracks. These were constructed of steel, as opposed to the British and French designs, which were made of wood. The barbed wire was arranged in such a way that 'false' V-shaped entrances were created which would funnel our troops into the killing grounds for the German machine guns. South of Serre another formidable obstruction was created, the Heidenkopf, known to the BEF as the Quadrilateral.



Edward Corbett of the 8th Worcesters, held the line opposite Serre before the Battle of the Somme.

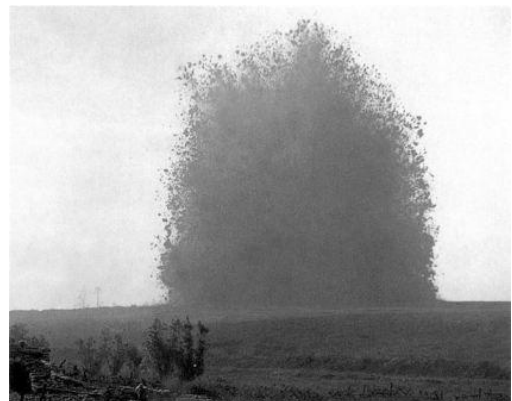
'And all the time his fortifications were growing - not in our haphazard undirected way, when one regiment destroyed what its predecessor had done, to have its own work altered by the next - but on a definite able plan, admirably planned and sedulously carried out. We watched Serre grow to a stronghold with terrible Gommecourt as a bastion on the right and the Quadrilateral to the German left. It looked to be impregnable and proved to be so, for it was never taken.'

The allied plan required the 31st Division to pivot on a small wood or copse, named "John" and perform a 90 degree turn while crossing four lines of German trenches, in order to take Serre. This would theoretically provide a defensive shield against German counter-offensives, for the Divisions attacking further south. A smoke screen was to be laid down during this attack to protect the Division against being seen by the German strongholds and machine gun posts further north. To achieve this, the right hand flank of the Division would have to cross 3,000 murderous yards of open ground, whilst under fire from machine guns and artillery. To help them, 'sap-heads' – disguised, narrow holes around 30 metres ahead of the front line, in "No Man's Land" – were dug, so that troops could move forward unobserved. Half companies moved up to the German wire to give them a head start. No-man's Land is the open killing ground between two enemy front lines. Each side has to cross it to make any advance or retreat.

Before the attack, the allies began a week long artillery bombardment of the German lines. Bad weather in the Serre sector and very poor visibility had impaired observations and it was discovered that very little of the wire had been cut. This was to be a fatal error. Colonel Howard, the 93 Brigade Major said:

'The Corps Commander was extremely optimistic, telling everybody that the wire had been blown away (we could see it standing strong and well), there were no German trenches and all we had to do was walk into Serre.'

Between 06:30 and 07:20 the British artillery barrage increased in intensity. At 07:20 the Hawthorn Ridge mine was blown, two miles to the south. You can see a picture of the explosion here. Our men emerged from their trenches and moved out into No Man's Land to reach their position, lying down in front of the German wire or huddling in the "saps" to throw their Stokes Mortars into the German front line.



This picture shows men taking roll call just before the advance on the Somme at 07:30.

The second error occurred when the 48th Division released their smoke screen, which blew the wrong way and failed to hide our troops as they climbed out of their trenches. At 07:25 the British artillery barrage re-aligned further forward to bombard the German second line and the

other half companies moved out into No Man's Land. This signalled the start of a triple barrage of German fire onto the British front line, No Man's Land and the reserve trenches.

When the whistles blew at 07:30 for the advance, the troops emerged into a wall of machine gun fire and shrapnel.

They veered to their right and bunched up in the middle of No Man's Land in a vain attempt to avoid the hail of metal.

There were at least 2,000 combined casualties before 08:00. Many troops ran into the false gaps and found themselves in a killing ground. The majority of the 15th West Yorkshires (Leeds Pals) were killed in their trenches without going over the top. D Company of the Durham Pals had advanced with the 1st Bradford

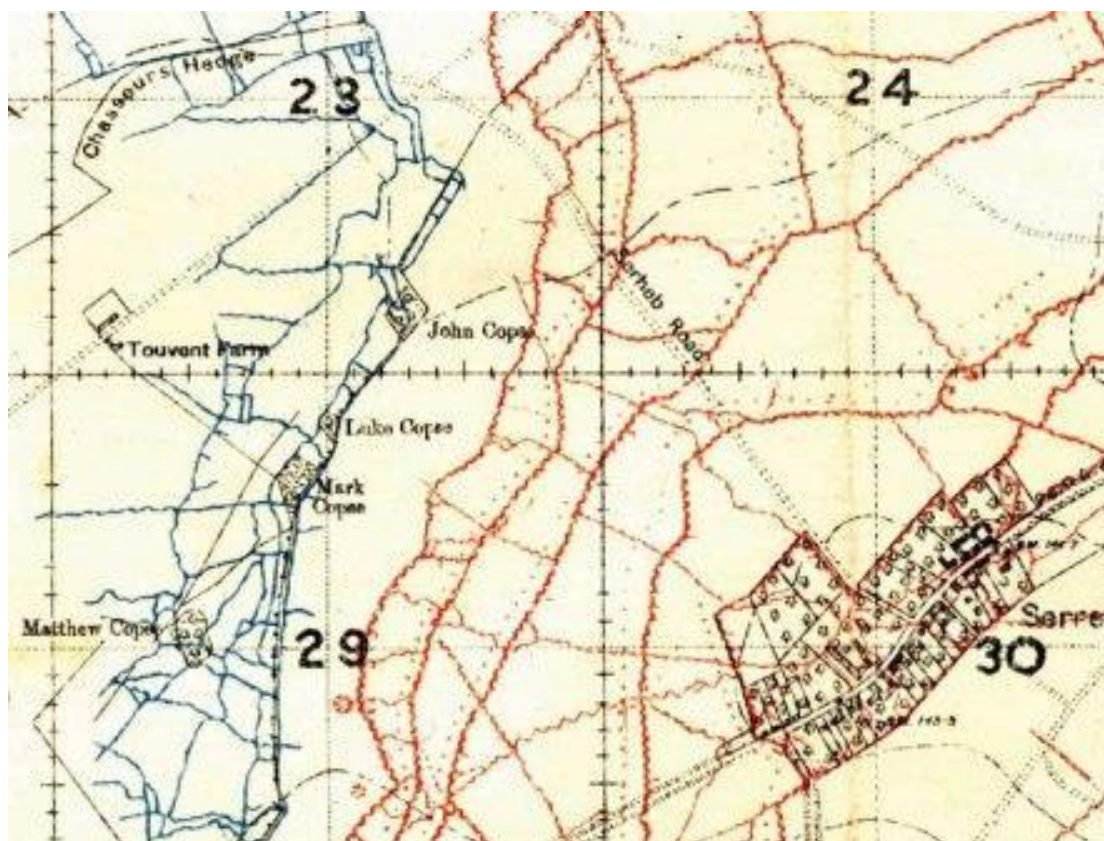
Pals and several of these men passed through the German lines and were seen later in the morning advancing on Pendant Copse above Serre. They achieved their objective, but no one survived.



You can see the line of four small copses called Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, named after the Gospels, marked on the coloured map below.

Some men got as far as the German front line barbed wire, which was still intact. The men who advanced to their deaths were later described as “lions led by donkeys”.

“In face of the terrible hurricane of machine gun bullets, which swept across the open, our men went down like ripe grain before the sickle, and in almost as short a time as it takes to tell



all was practically over." Leeds in the Great War by W. H. Scott.

Later that morning the Germans advanced to clear bodies off their wire, killing any soldiers that were left alive. The Leeds Pals Battalion casualties, sustained in the first few minutes after Zero hour, were 24 officers and 504 men of other ranks, with 15 officers and 233 other ranks killed.

"The name of Serre and the date of 1st July is engraved deep in our hearts, along with the faces of our 'Pals', a grand crowd of chaps. We were two years in the making and ten minutes in the destroying." (Private A.V. Pearson, Leeds Pals)

"We hadn't gone far up the trench before we came across three of our own lads lying dead." "Their heads been badly damaged by a shell." "We had to go scrambling over the poor fellows - in and out, in and out. It was one of the awful sights I had ever witnessed and at this point our own lads was coming out wounded as we was following them in."

"We then landed at the trench we was making for and found out it was our own original front line trench. And we saw some awful sights in it for a lot of wounded men had not been got out ... We buried the poor fellows as respectful as we could under the circumstances which was a very difficult task for shells was dropping all around us... There were more burials the next day. And the next. It was an awful sight..."

Saturday July 1

"...there was wounded men by hundreds coming from the line ... then the order came down, dump everything and fix bayonets, you have got to fight for it lads. We obeyed the order like men ... I know we had had a lot of lads wounded and I had not seen anything of Charley, my pal since ...".



Extract from the diary of Private Walter Hutchinson, a stretcher-bearer in the 10th Battalion, York and Lancaster Regiment, who fought in the first day of the Battle of the Somme in 1916.

The Battle of the Somme began almost exactly half way through the First World War and is remembered as the bloodiest day in the history of the British Army, when 57,470 men became casualties, of whom 19,240 were killed or died of wounds. For many people, the first day has come to represent the futility and sacrifice of war, with lines of infantrymen being mowed down by murderous German machine gun fire. This first day marked the beginning of four and a half months of attrition, but it always overshadowed the days that followed.

Now it is personal...

Dear Madam,
I regret to inform you that a report has been received that
Private Alfred **** 15th West Yorkshire Battalion number ***
has been wounded and admitted to transfer.

Alfred was put on a stretcher and moved from the front line to an ambulance clearing station and from there to a train that would take him home to “Blighty”.

Agnes Sykes visited Alfred in the 2nd Northern General Hospital. His mother received the dreaded telegram and sent one of the younger children round to Agnes’s house. She was still at work, but heard the news as soon as she stepped through the front door. Her initial reaction was one of relief. Alfred was alive! Two days later, the postman brought a note from Alfred, written as he had lain on the dock side at Liverpool, before the painful return journey by train, back to Leeds.



Before Agnes was allowed to see him, the Staff Nurse took her aside and told her how badly wounded Alfred really was. They had operated to remove shrapnel, fragments of metal from an enemy shell that had exploded as Alfred went over the top in the first advance. Only time would tell whether he would survive.

He didn’t say much and was very weak. They talked a little and then prayed together, reciting the prayer they had both been taught at school, it seemed an eternity ago.

*“Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, Bless the bed that I lie on,
There are four corners to my bed, Four angels round my head,
One to watch, and one to pray, And two to bear my soul away.
Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take.”*

Alfred thought about the four little clumps of woodland near Serre as he mechanically whispered these words and wondered at how strange the coincidence was. Now he could rest in a proper bed again, and just hoped it would not be his death-bed. He had lost so many of his mates who lay now in the soft, grey clay of France; all gone. But he knew that at least one angel watched over him; his faithful lass Agnes.

She took the tram to the hospital almost every day after work. She stopped singing, stopped smiling and lost her appetite. The man she wanted to share the rest of her life with, was lying, pale and hollow in a hospital and all her hopes and dreams and fears lay with him. As she returned home across town, she could see a number of houses now, that had their front curtains drawn across as a sign of mourning. Some roads had houses where more curtains were drawn than open. She thought to herself that the 1st of July had wiped out a generation.

Agnes had just got used to this new routine, when, after almost three weeks, it stopped, very suddenly and without a murmur. She kept Alfred's obituary in her Bible for the rest of her life.

"PRIVATE Alfred ****, aged 23, was the only son of the manager of a local engineering works and his wife of Dewsbury Road, Leeds. At the outbreak of war he was working at a local Drapers store. He volunteered for the Pals on September the 5th 1914, serving as a platoon bomber with number 9 Platoon of C company. On the 1st day of July 1916, C Company were the first over the top. He was seriously wounded and after evacuation to the 2nd Northern General Hospital in Leeds, died of his wounds on the 24th of July 1916. He was buried yesterday in Holbeck, Leeds."

*Alfred's surname and those of his friends have deliberately been withheld out of respect for any living family and their privacy as it has not been possible to contact them for permission to use their stories. However, their details are available on the Leeds Pals website. Alfred's is a "typical" story of bravery and sacrifice found all over the world during the First World War and I dearly hope that any "fictional" connection created between Alfred and Agnes is acceptable, as it tells a vital part of the greater story. Details of other soldiers of the Leeds Pals have been taken from the Leeds Pals website and therefore assumed to be in the public domain.

Alfred's "Pals" fared no better.

"Private Richard ***** of Norwich, was one of seven children born to John and Ethel of Clovelly Avenue, Hunslet, Leeds. He enlisted whilst still 18 and underage in 1915 and was killed in action on the first day of the battle of the Somme 1916." (His body was never recovered but he is commemorated on the Thiepval Memorial, France.)

"Frederick R *****, aged 22, son of Richard and Alice of Stratford Street, Dewsbury Road, Hunslet, enlisted into the Leeds Pals on the 5th September 1914, whilst working as a bank clerk at the Dewsbury Road branch of the Yorkshire Penny Bank. He was posted to B company, Platoon, Section 1, where he became a section machine gunner. On the 1st of July 1916, Private Lewis was severely wounded at the Battle of the Somme. He died of his wounds on a hospital ship bound for home, on the 5th of July 1916 and was buried in Holbeck Cemetery, the first Leeds pal to be buried in his home city who died in a theatre of war."

"James ***** , aged 23, was the youngest son of local Councillor James and the late Sarah Ellen of Delmere Villa, Dewsbury Road, Leeds. At the time of enlistment he was employed by Messrs V. Stanley Walker, auctioneers and valuers of Leeds. He enlisted with the 15th Pals battalion in September 1914. When the 11th battalion was in the trenches on July 10th prior to an attack on the German front line, a shell burst just behind the trench and James received a severe shrapnel wound to the right shoulder. He was taken to the 44th Casualty Clearing station Puchevillers for treatment. He died of his wounds three days later, on 13th July 1916. He is buried in the Puchevillers British cemetery, France."



German barrage at night. Photo courtesy of Photos of the Great War.



Captured German pill box view by War Photographer Frank Hurley.



British soldiers in a ditch in Flanders.



Barnbow Lasses Worksheet 09:

A Day In The Life Of A Front Line Soldier

1	How did people in southern England know that the Battle of the Somme was going to start?	
2	What food did most front line soldiers have to eat?	
3	How long would a soldier get for a lunch break?	
4	Explain what "Trench Foot" is?	
5	Name four things soldiers on both sides would be afraid of?	1 2 3 4
6	What was the weather like for the week before the Battle of the Somme?	
7	The 31st Division and the Leeds Pals attacked towards which village? Where was this?	
8	How many men in total, were injured and killed from the Leeds Pals on the first day of the Battle of the Somme?	
9	What is shrapnel?	
10	How long do you think you would be able to cope with living in the conditions soldiers experienced in front line trenches during WW1? Explain your answer.	



Barnbow Lasses Worksheet 09:

A Day In The Life Of A Front Line Soldier : Answers

Teachers – get your class to read and discuss the account of soldiers living on the front line. Get them to answer the questions in the worksheet above.

1	How did people in southern England know that the Battle of the Somme was going to start?	Many soldiers wrote home to let their families know that a big battle was brewing. People in the south east of England could also hear the allied bombardment for a week before.
2	What food did most front line soldiers have to eat?	Hard biscuits and sometimes meat – mostly corned beef.
3	How long would a soldier get for a lunch break?	This is a trick question.
4	Explain what “Trench Foot” is?	A condition where the feet rot if kept in damp, cold conditions and not washed and dried properly.
5	Name four things soldiers on both sides would be afraid of?	1 Being hit by a sniper 2 Being killed by a shell or bomb 3 Rats 4 Trench foot
6	What was the weather like for the week before the Battle?	Wet with poor visibility.
7	The 31st Division and the Leeds Pals attacked towards which village?	Serre, near Albert in northern France.
8	How many men in total, were injured and killed just from the Leeds Pals on the first day of the Battle of the Somme?	The battalion casualties on July 1 st were 24 officers and 504 men of other ranks, with 15 officers and 233 other ranks killed. That is 528 men in total, of which 248 died of their wounds. 3 in 5 or 60% of the officers that were wounded actually died and almost 50% of the men who were injured died with them. Out of 900 officers and men from the Leeds Pals Battalion, 750 died over the 140 days of the Battle. The numbers of deaths on all sides, is believed to be 1,200,000. The British had lost a total of 419,654 men, the French lost 204,253 men and the Germans lost 600,000 men.
9	What is shrapnel?	Either small round “shot” like ball bearings that are packed inside a shell, or pieces of exploded shell casing.
10	How long could you cope with battle conditions in a front line trench during WW1? Explain your answer.	Only you can answer that.

The journey of a shell from Barnbow to the Somme



Photo by No. 1. National Shell Filling Factory, Barnbow, Leeds. *View of Box Factory, Machinery Hall.* *Pickard J.*



"The Purpose of an explosive...is to explode"

The night of December 5th 1916....

After Alfred was killed, Agnes carried on working her shifts at Barnbow, sometimes doing overtime to help out. She got one day off work as unpaid leave for his funeral. After that, it was business as usual. Keeping busy stopped her from thinking about her young man, now lost to her forever. She visited his parents less often, but put fresh flowers on his grave every week. So many women and girls were suffering the same kind of loss. No one made a fuss, they just got on with it. That is what happens in a war. People grit their teeth and carry on. But privately, behind closed doors....?

Anthem for Doomed Youth

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?

Only the monstrous anger of the guns.

Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle
Can patter out their hasty orisons.

No mockeries for them; no prayers nor bells,
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs, --
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

What candles may be held to speed them all?

Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes
Shall shine the holy glimmers of goodbyes.

The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;
Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,
And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

Wilfred Owen.



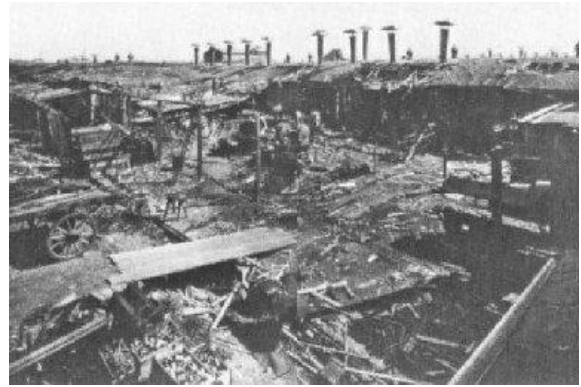
This is a photograph of a British under-age boy soldier. He was just 16 years old.

Agnes kept on living; mostly – as she said – because he couldn't, so she was living for him. She was not alone. Over half of the women working at Barnbow had lost either a husband, a brother, a son or sweetheart. After a while, occasionally she would catch herself smiling or laughing at some joke one of her workmates had made, and she would feel guilty, thinking herself frivolous; but life had to go on.

On December 4th that year, she was working the night shift alongside her younger sister Edith, but she fell ill and developed a high temperature. Dozens of girls in room 42 at Barnbow had come down with the "flu". Her forewoman told her to go home. By the time she got off the tram, she could hardly stand and her mother packed her off to bed that afternoon. She slept badly and had a fearful nightmare. It seemed to go on forever. People were crying out. She was trapped somewhere ...she couldn't move. The following day, she was still delirious. Edith went into work without her again on the night shift.

Edith's job was the same as Agnes's - filling, fusing and packing 4½ inch shells. Room 42 was mainly used for filling, and between 150 and 170 girls worked there. Shells were transported to 42 already loaded with high explosive. All that remained was to insert the fuse and screw down the cap. This was also done in room 42. Girls inserted the fuses by hand, screwed them down and then placed each one into a machine that revolved the shell and screwed the fuse down tightly.

At 10.27pm a violent explosion rocked the very foundations of Room 42. The sound was heard all over the site and in Cross Gates. Machine 2, where the explosion had occurred was completely destroyed. Steam pipes burst open and covered the floor with blood and water. Most of the building was reduced to matchwood.



The explosion that night, killed 35 women, some of whom died of their injuries after the incident and maimed and injured dozens more. In some cases identification had to be made from the identity disks worn around the women's necks.



The explosion had set off a number of fused shells that were nearby, but despite the very real danger from further explosions, munitions workers ran and clambered over rubble and spars of wood, from nearby rooms, to get into 42 and look for injured colleagues. William Parker, a mechanic of Nesfield Walk, Middleton, Leeds, who worked at the factory, was one of these rescuers.

William was walking past the building when it went up. Explosives are strange things and sometimes people quite close by can be protected whilst others further away are killed. It often depends on the direction of the blast and any protective structures in the blast zone. Sometimes it is not the explosion that kills, but the split-second pressure wave from the explosion that compresses the lungs and causes asphyxiation. It is not always as simple as "those closest always get killed".

William set off and made his way into room 42, lifting and carrying women and girls that were still alive and bringing them to safety outside. All the while, steam and boiling hot water was spewing out of broken pipes and at any second, more shells might explode.



He went into room 42 at least eleven times to rescue different individuals. By now he was not alone. Many others helped, but he didn't stop until everyone who was still alive, had been rescued. By subscription, the workers at Barnbow clubbed together

and bought him an inscribed silver watch for his bravery. He never received any "official" recognition at all for his actions that night.

Mrs Jane Sparrow was a forewoman at K Block, and already such a well-loved member of staff that workers and overlookers from all over the site sent her birthday gifts and letters ... "from the girls of 133 room and trolly Girls of H block with fondest love". She tended the injured women, alongside the factory medical staff, the ambulance corps and the voluntary motor transport section, who drove the lasses away to Leeds General Hospital as swiftly as they could. Mrs Sparrow visited them all regularly whilst they were in hospital and was by all accounts a great comfort to them at such an awful time.



The Chairman of the Munitions Factory Board sent her a Dressing Jacket "as a small token of gratitude for the splendid assistance and work which you rendered to the wounded on December 5th". Many of the women sent her little letters and gifts, gratefully thanking her for her care and devotion to their injured friends.

People living at Lazencroft Cottage nearby at the time, apparently witnessed crowds of workers, many with yellow faces, rushing along Manston Lane, all in a state of great distress.

Yet, within a few hours of the explosion, bodies having been removed, girls were volunteering to work in what was left of room 42. Production was stopped only briefly. Their bravery was noted in a special order of the day from British Headquarters in France, by Commander-in-Chief Douglas Haig, who wrote about the incident at Barnbow...

"to illustrate the spirit animating British women who are working with us for the common cause."

Edith Sykes had not returned home after her shift, as the short winter daylight broke at eight o'clock.

At first, her mother and brothers and sisters presumed she'd missed the tram, but time passed and the first accounts of the explosion and subsequent deeds flew along the grapevine from factory to nearby homes as those not too badly affected returned from their shift. News spread and by mid-morning, Edith's mother and one of her brothers set off for the factory, to find out what had happened.



In the covered waiting room, there was a list of injured that had been taken to hospital. A list of the dead was posted on the next table. A crowd of distressed and angry relatives was trying to read each list, until someone from the wages department made everyone stand in an orderly queue. It was another ten minutes before Mrs Sykes could get to the front and found her daughter's name. She had been injured and taken to hospital.

Again there was the hurried re-arrangement of family tasks, so that everyone could get a chance to visit Edith. Even Agnes recovered soon enough to visit her sister. For her it was an all too familiar routine, but one undertaken, like the last, out of love and loyalty, rather than out of duty.

Munitions Wages

Earning high wages? Yus, Five
quid a week. A woman, too, mind
you, I calls it dim sweet.

Ye'are asking some questions -
but bless yer, here goes:
I spends the whole racket On
good times and clothes.

Me saving? Elijah! Yer do think
I'm mad. I'm acting the lady,
But - I ain't living bad.

I'm having life's good times.
See 'ere, it's like this:
The 'oof come o' danger,
A touch-and-go bizz.

We're all here today, mate,
Tomorrow - perhaps dead,
If Fate tumbles on us
And blows up our shed.

Afraid! Are yer kidding? With money to spend! Years back I wore
tatters, Now - silk stockings, mi friends!

I've bracelets and jewellery, Rings envied by friends; A
sergeant to swank with, And something to lend.

I drive out in taxis, Do theatres in style. And this is mi
verdict - It is jolly worth while.

Worth while, for tomorrow If I'm blown to the sky, I'll have
repaid mi wages In death - and pass by. Madeline Ida Bedford 1917.



Some of the women suffered horrific injuries, burns and scalds and loss of limbs. Jane Swift worked at Barnbow and was caught in the December 5th 1916 explosion. She had been working on some machinery and when the shell went off, her hair was caught in the machine, which effectively scalped her. She had to have her scalp re-

attached and stitched on all the way round her head.

Undoubtedly she had other injuries that aren't mentioned. Perhaps the greatest of these was the psychological damage. She never recovered from her ordeal and never worked again. She never married and lived with her two unmarried brothers. Her sisters children would visit the house and Jane would always cover her head with a black shawl. Joan

Corcoran is Jane's niece and she recalls having never seen Jane's face. She would just sit by the fire, she said, with her head bowed and covered by a black shawl.



When the Woodpecker Inn was bombed, years later in the Second World War, Jane was at a relative's house, nearby and was so badly affected by the falling bomb that it brought back all her memories of the explosion at Barnbow. She died just three months later. There are many untold stories like this one, of the hidden cost of working at Barnbow. In those days people didn't seek or usually get any compensation. Injury and death was a hazard of the job....like being a soldier.

Many of the injured girls stayed in hospital for weeks and were later taken to Weetwood Grange, a convalescence home, which had been leased by the Barnbow management, using money from the works Comfort Fund. This consisted of money paid in voluntarily subscriptions each week by all the Barnbow workers to provide health care throughout the year.

Due to the censorship imposed during the First World War, no account of the accident was made public at the time. The only clue could be had from the thirty five death notices in the Yorkshire Evening Post, stating "killed by accident". Stories of heroism and suffering were suppressed until after the war, to avoid causing "low morale" amongst munitions workers and the general public, and feeding the Germans with information on one of our "secret" facilities that might then be targeted by Zeppelins.

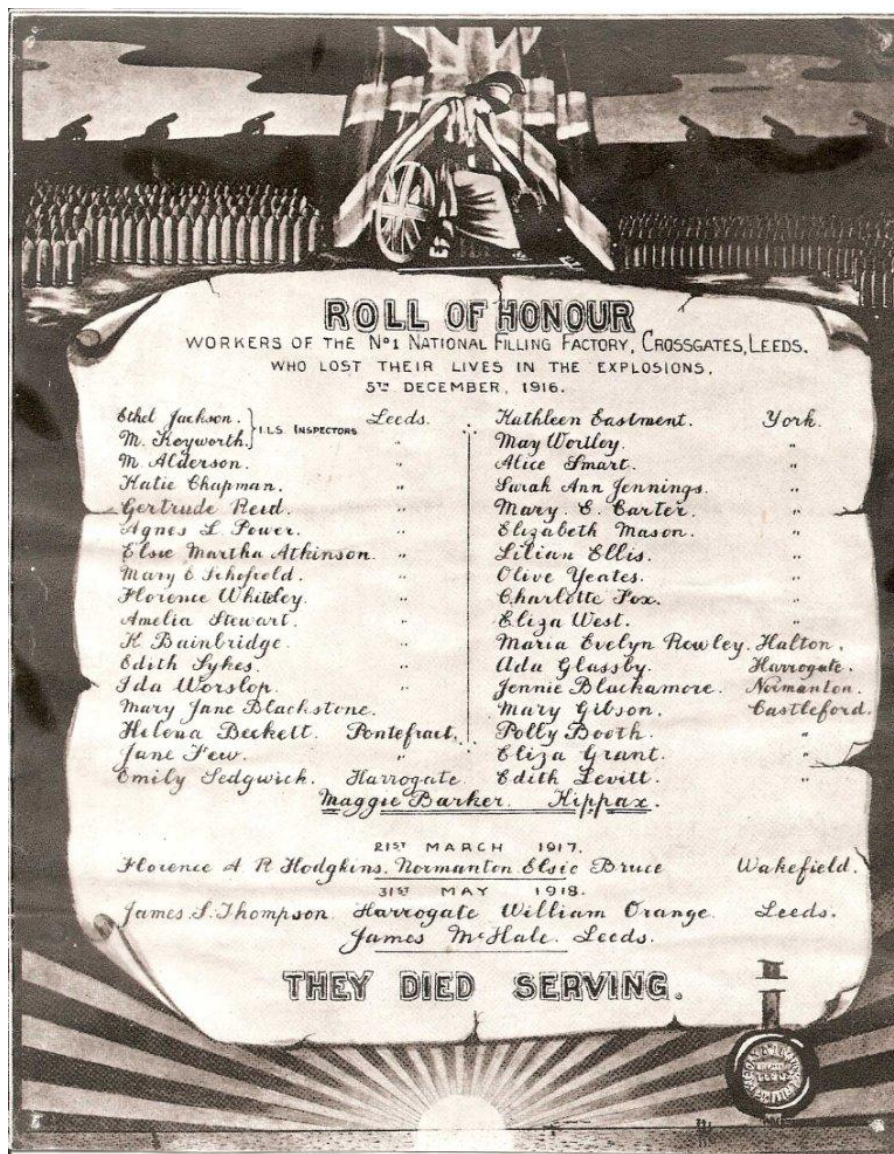
Leeds had already been flown over by the "dreaded Hun" on September 23rd - 24th and November 27th 1916, but due to city-wide co-operation that effectively "put out the lights" of business, industry and households for the duration of each raid, Leeds "went dark". The bombs dropped went far wide of the mark and fell at Harewood, Wermald Green and Weeton and on the second occasion, on Pontefract Park causing only minimal damage and no deaths or injuries – except to fields, one house roof and a water cistern! That late November raid proved more lethal for the crew of the two Zeppelins. L.34 was



shot down over the mouth of the Tees and L.21 was attacked by two aircraft and crashed into the sea off Lowestoft.

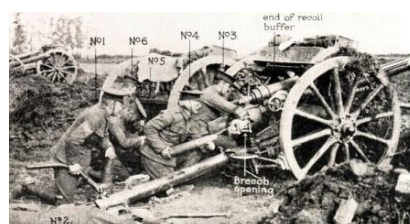
It was not until 1919, with the publication of "The Story of Barnbow: How the shells were filled : Told now for the first time" by R. H. Gummer a full year after the war ended, that the public were told the facts about the explosions at Barnbow.

There were two more explosions at Barnbow, one 21st March 1917, which killed two women workers and another on May 31st 1918, that killed three men. A Roll of Honour of war dead, in the Colton Methodist Church, includes the name of the only Colton girl who died in the accident, Ethel Jackson.



Have a look at the names on the roll of honour above. Edith Sykes's name appears sixth from the bottom on the left hand row of those who lost their lives in the first explosion of December 5th 1916.

She died several weeks later, in hospital. Her brother Herbert was in the Army, based in York. Somehow, he managed to "borrow" a gun carriage



from his Barracks and Edith's coffin was taken to Hunslet Cemetery in style. This is a picture from a training manual showing an 18 pounder gun on its carriage with wooden wheels, very commonly used in 1916. It shows the strength of feeling at the time, that the Lasses were just as much warriors and victims of the war as any front line soldier. Many friends, relatives and factory workers attended her funeral.

Agnes Sykes recovered from the flu at a time when many died of it. Indeed, the year the First World War ended saw the Influenza Pandemic of 1918 - 20 affect 500 million people across the world. It is thought that of these, between 20 and 50 million people died over those two years, which equates to between 1 and 3 percent of the world population. It killed more people in one year than the Black Death killed in a century and killed at least as many as died and were and injured on all sides during the First World War. This makes it one of the deadliest natural disasters in human history.

Military Deaths	Military Wounded	Civilian Deaths due to military action	Civilian Deaths due to Famine and Disease	Deaths due to Influenza
9,722,620	21,228,813	948,248	5,893,000	20 – 50,000,000

From Edith Syke's death at the end of 1916, there were almost two more years of war before the Armistice was signed and the guns stopped firing.

The front page of the Yorkshire Evening Post for Monday November 11th 1918 read...

FIRING CEASES ON ALL FRONTS AT 11.00 AM TO-DAY ARMISTICE SIGNED AT 5.0 AM.

**GERMANS TO RETIRE BEHIND THE RHINE. ALLIES' TROOPS
STAND IN PRESENT POSITIONS**

LEEDS TAKES THE DAY OFF.

MUNITIONS GIRLS' PROCESSION HALF A MILE LONG

The first effect in Leeds of the news of the armistice, was to empty the munition factories and to fill the streets with crowds of women and girls and men in overalls singing and cheering and waving little flags. By noon the centre of the city was as crowded as during the promenade hours on Saturday and Sunday nights. Long queues stood outside the shops where flags were sold, and at one establishment where there was nothing but coloured ribbon left, at 12 o'clock an assistant stood in the doorway cutting it off in yards for eager purchasers.

A representative of the Yorkshire Evening Post who was in a large shell factory when the door-keeper rushed in with a handful of special editions of the paper, writes that the news was received with great enthusiasm and caused demonstrations of excited joy among the women and girls. Immediately the word went round, "Down tools". In his office the superintendent was telephoning to headquarters for instructions. As he did so the tramp of hurrying feet and shouts of "Hurrah" came echoing from one department after another. "Hello", he said through the 'phone, "they're off : better let them go." Five minutes later 2,000 women were outside the works, some boarding cars for the city, others going home to "tidy up" before joining the rejoicing crowds, others, no doubt, their gladness tinged with the memory of sorrow, to stay quietly there thinking of the husband or brother who will never come back because he has given his life for the triumph of the cause.

A journey on a tramcar through the industrial parts of the city between 11 and 1 o'clock made it clear that there will be little work done in Leeds today. From the doors of one engineering and munitions factories after another there issued forth crowds of work people. "We're too happy to work" shouted out an excited girl, waving a flag, which in an effort to combine the national colours and designs of all the Allied nations had become a gorgeous Joseph's coat. "The Kaiser's left his job," shouted another "so why shouldn't we?"

Barnbow was Britain's premier shell factory between 1915 and 1918 and only at the end of hostilities on 11 November 1918, did production stop for the first time.

566,000 tons of finished ammunition had been dispatched overseas.
36,150,000 Breech-loading cartridges of all sizes had been completed
24,750,000 shells had been filled
19,250,000 shells had been completed with fuses and packed.

Many of the Barnbow Lasses returned to work the following day to help with the closing down of the factory, which for some years became a store for ammunition. Some Lasses did not return and applied straight away for jobs elsewhere. All eventually had to find work in other industries at a time when menfolk were beginning to return from the armed forces. Over a thousand women were discharged from their jobs at a time at Barnbow.

After the Barnbow site closed, the land was given back to Colonel Gascoigne. Plans to develop the site never emerged and today it is a quiet grassy expanse, with strange lumps and bumps, linear banks, occasional outcrops of old brick and concrete and shells of buildings and the station platform.

Even today, it has a certain "feeling" about it, as if it is holding its breath and waiting for something to happen.

It is as if the "bustle" and concentrated effort of those intensely busy years still echoes and swirls across the rough fields and whispers on the paths and under the trees.



Nature has reclaimed it, but it lies uneasy.

There, if anywhere, you may find the imprint of some of the 16,000 people that worked, lived, laughed and died here. Tread carefully and show respect.



We do not know what Agnes Sykes did for a living after the First World War. Apparently she was often sick and suffered from poor health. You cannot help wondering if that was caused by working in the filling rooms at

Barnbow. We do know that she never married and that she died quite early – in her fifties. Some of her brothers, Herbert, Harry, Sidney, Horace and Stanley, and surviving sister Evelyn must have married, for Graham Sykes is their living relative today and told Agnes and Edith's story.

Barnbow Lasses Worksheet 10:

Read these poems about the First World War and the loss of a loved one. Discuss the “story” of each poem as a class and find out what exactly is being said – and what is meant. Often poetry allows you to express feelings and gain a clarity that no other art-form gives. This is a subject matter that is extremely emotive, but can also offer a really positive learning experience. Then write your own poem.

In Flanders Field

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

John McCrae



Edith Sykes 1901-1916

For The Fallen

They went with songs to the battle, they were young.
Straight of limb, true of eyes, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning,
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;
They sleep beyond England's foam.
Laurence Binyon.

(“They shall grow not old as we that are left grow old, Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn. At the going down of the sun and in the morning, We will remember them” is often used in Memorial Services today across the world.)

The Waste Land : The burial of the Dead

What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
And the dry stone no sound of water. Only
There is shadow under this red rock
(come in under the shadow of this red rock),
And I will show you something different from either
Your shadow at morning striding behind you
Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you
I will show you fear in a handful of dust.
T. S. Eliot



Half buried in the turf, a red brick from Barnbow overshadows the dust of 98 years, proclaiming "Whitaker Leeds".



ST. PANCRAS STATION, AUGUST 1915

One long, sweet kiss pressed close upon my lips,
One moment's rest on your swift-beating heart,
And all was over, for the hour had come
For us to part.

A sudden forward motion of the train,

The world grown dark although the sun still shone,
One last blurred look through aching tear-dimmed eyes —
And you were gone.

(To R.A.L. Died of Wounds in France, December 23rd 1915) Vera Britten

Attack

At dawn the ridge emerges massed and dun
In the wild purple of the glow'ring sun,
Smouldering through spouts of drifting smoke that shroud
The menacing scarred slope; and, one by one,
Tanks creep and topple forward to the wire.
The barrage roars and lifts. Then, clumsily bowed
With bombs and guns and shovels and battle-gear,
Men jostle and climb to meet the bristling fire.
Lines of grey, muttering faces, masked with fear,
They leave their trenches, going over the top,
While time ticks blank and busy on their wrists,
And hope, with furtive eyes and grappling fists,
Flounders in mud.
O Jesus, make it stop! Siegfried Sassoon.



Barnbow Lasses Worksheet 10: My War Poem



More ideas for teachers

Teachers – this is a “to do” list of ideas you can get your class involved with.

Visit the new Barnbow Lasses memorial in the corner of Manston Park at the Austhorpe Road entrance in Cross Gates, Leeds. Read the interpretation boards and the plaque on the memorial stone.



Continue down Manston Lane and visit the site of the Barnbow Factory. From the Memorial, the route to the entrance to the site (where Leeds Country Way intersects at Chippen House Farm) is just 1.4 miles and takes four minutes by vehicle. Remind them that this is the route many of the Lasses would have taken to work and back each day. They are walking in the footsteps of our local heroines and heroes; not just those that died, but those that lived. Remind them that there is no such thing as “an ordinary person” for the most ordinary people do the most extraordinary things.

*“When greater perils men environ,
Then women show a front of iron;
And, gentle in their manner, they
Do bold things in a quiet way.”*

Thomas Dunn English.

Get your class to take photographs and make notes on their feelings about the memorial and the site of the factory.

Use the factory site map and a large scale up to date OS map to find your way around the site. See how many features your class can find, using basic geographic and mapping techniques and a compass.

Visit the Memorial in Manston Park or the one in Leeds City Centre to the Fallen of both World Wars and conflicts that have occurred since. You could get your class to make some paper wreaths to take with you on your trip. Discuss why Memorials are still so important in today’s society and discuss why war happens. Can we all learn to live peacefully together on this small planet, or will conflicts and clashes of ideology always happen? What can we do to be more tolerant world citizens and when is it time to turn and fight for what we believe in? What are the limits to compromise?

Get your class to design a memorial of their own, using their own art work and words.

This is a picture of Bob and Jacki Lawrence of East Leeds History and Archaeology Society, without whom the Barnbow Memorial and this Teachers Pack would never have been completed. Thank you to them and all the families of Barnbow Lasses and Lads who gave their time and effort for this educational “legacy”.

