

YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIRE THESE PICKETS SARGE,  
THEY HAVEN'T MOVED AN INCH ALL DAY!

I'll sing you about the snowman,  
His part in the struggle long ago,  
I'll sing you about the snowman,  
The hero of the Alamo...

**NCB**  
**SCABHILL**  
**COLLIERY**

**MINERS' STRIKE**  
**STORIES FILM**  
Come share your story...  
7TH DEC 10-4PM

*J.C. Bray '84*





# MINERS' STRIKE STORIES FILM

**Sat 7th December  
10am–4pm**

**NUM Barnsley  
2 Huddersfield Road  
Barnsley S70 2LS**

We're inviting striking miners, their wives and families, and anyone who supported them, to come and speak on camera about their favourite stories (sad, funny, inspiring, or anything they wish to share) from the time.

Filming will take place throughout the day from 10am until 4pm, and you can also browse the NUM banner collection in the Miners Hall and see images from artist Darren Coffield's *Ashes and Diamonds* exhibition. Tea and Coffee will be provided.

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[www.otjc.org.uk/contact-us/](http://www.otjc.org.uk/contact-us/)

*It was in nineteen-eighty-five, all in the wintertime,  
The miners were out striking, their jobs were on the line,  
And those out on the picket line at the Alamo,  
Built themselves a mascot and they made him out of snow.*

*There was a Police Super, a mean and moody cop,  
The type for cutting corners if it got him to the top,  
He sat in his Range-Rover with the heater turned full on,  
And watched the pickets freezing, it was his idea of fun.*

*When the Super saw the snowman, his face it turned bright red,  
For the snowman had a bobby's helmet on its head,  
And the pickets saw him watching and shouted with a smile,  
'Here's the finest bloody bobby that you'll meet in many a mile.'*

*The Super ordered, 'Shift it!', in voice all harsh and rude,  
The pickets told him, 'Stuff it!' with a gesture rather lewd,  
So he revved up the Range-Rover and he stuck it into gear,  
And drove it at the snowman and the pickets standing near.*

*But the Range-Rover it stopped with a god-almighty crash!  
The bumper and the bonnet buckled right back to the dash,  
For the heart of the snowman, so pure and white and sweet,  
Was a very solid gatepost made of reinforced concrete.*

*Well, that fixed the Super, he was a broken man,  
He became a laughing stock, his hopes went down the pan,  
And though you shouldn't laugh at other people's grief,  
It warmed the pickets' hearts and brought them some relief.*

*Well, the miners lost the battle, though the tales will long be told,  
Of how they fought the government, the hunger and the cold,  
And sometimes one'll laugh and say, 'But, lad, it weren't half grand,  
When the Super met the snowman at the miners' last stand!'*