

Bersham Colliery

Poems by Keith Hett

Bersham Pit Bottom

It was cold, it was wet, it was noisy and rotten,
But I cherish the memory of Bersham Pit Bottom.
It's all over now, but was good while it lasted,
I remember Mark Davis, his dad, Fred the Bastard.

I sit quietly, and I think now and then,
Haydn Overcoat, Harold Jones, Tommy Three Ten.
There was Emyr, Eric, John the Whip and Gordon,
Mike Hett, McGoo and Big Dennis Morgan.

Gary Challinor, Elly, Big Joe and Herr Flick,
Derrick Ruabon, alias Derrick the Brick.
He would have a few pints and show off his trick,
And all he would need was a window and brick.

The line that he told the judge was the best:
"I'm losing my job, and I got so depressed"
They were all rough and ready, small, some burly,
Ten pints, Tommy Reid, Mike Devany and Shirley.

Ruben Whally, Pete Jones, and Bob the Brick,
Good men to work with, through thin and thick.
They were all good comrades, honest and true,
Except Jacky Pem, a Conservative Blue.

John Edwards shouts: "One more each side,"
And there's a mad rush to be on the first ride.
Where else could you find men like Lilly and Lucas?
They're as wise as the man from China, Confucious.

Then there was Alf, if you asked for a lift,
You wouldn't get one if you waited all shift.
Down the level would stroll old Ken Pockets,
At his leisurely pace, carrying spanners and sockets.

The pits standing, and the blowers gone wonkey,
There's a jinx down there and it's that Kevin Donkey.
The area men, they were there for a while,
Big Roy and Tony, I admired their style.

They said: "4 hours travelling and 3, that's 7."
So they came down at 8 and went up at 11.
Joe Ninety, Paul Hignett, and Eric Baker,
Front Dogs, Rams, Main Coal and Quaker.

I can hear Dai Barker, see Jonker from Llay,
Tenderfoot and Nigel, or is it Popeye?
The Night Shift Onsetters, Emrys and Fred,
Stirred so little we thought they were dead.

And what about Simon Van Winkle?
Every ten minutes we give him a tinkle.
"Hello, Simon, are you still awake?
Keep on your toes, we have records to break.

Simon would say: "On me, don't throw onus,
"I stayed awake once and got no extra bonus."
Mark stammers: "Simon, are you quite sure?
"You stayed awake once, well my memory's poor."

The electrical department, Dave Felton and Chris,
But the fitting department, best give it a miss.
Find worse fitters than these if you can,
There are no better bluffers than Hywel and Stan.

The Story of Bersham surely would never
Be complete without mention of Trevor.
Many years ago, when they sank the shaft,
They found Trevor down there, having a laugh.

He said: "Carry on while I bluff with this oil."
He was clearly scared by the sweat and the toil.
And what of the bosses, Symons, Kersly and Jack?
The three thought we had phones on our back.

Sometimes at night, when I cannot sleep,
I see ghosts from the past, Jim the Liar, Phill Creep.
Old Elwyn Becker, and Delwyn his lad,
He'll be a good'un, if he's like his dad.

And here's two that I nearly forgot,
The two Ronny's, Ron the Brick and Ron Snot.
That's most of the men, but what of the place?
To be truthful, it was a bloody disgrace.

The mechanical lot were running a bluff,
And for the rest of us made it quite tough.
Pushing and shoving cos they were too tired,
It's a wonder the lot of them hadn't been fired.

The dogs wouldn't drop, the gates were broke,
The maintenance there was only a joke.
When the carrier landed the place would rock,
We'd lift on a tub with a plank and a choc.

It was hard work and our backs were busting,
When the pit stopped they'd have us stonedusting.
The writing was already on the wall,
We were only waiting for the axe to fall.

A decision was taken to put the lid on.
Now it's quite sad that the colliery's gone.
It was cold, it was wet, it was noisy and rotten,

But I cherish the memory of Bersham Pit Bottom.

Big Joe Rogers

Big Joe Kogers is a cowboy fan,
He reads all he can about Desperate Dan.

Wild Bill Hickock and Custer and them,
In Western knowledge his brain is a gem.

He'll talk of Kit Carson and Billy the Kid,
He tells all who will listen, even tell Sid.

He tells of the battles and famous gun fights,
And of how the Indians fought for their rights.

As a Western expert, he's one of the best,
He talks for hours of his special interest.

The Cat who Stopped the Pit

This isn't the cat who sat on the mat,
it's the cat who sat on the winder.
Derrick the Winder wouldn't move,
"I'll see if I can find her."

Mansel shouted: "Sod the cat,
"we've got to test for gas."
Derrick said: "I will not wind,
you can kiss my bloody ass."

Elwyn nodded his support:
"No hurry to go down the pit."
Mansel said: "of course there is,
"we'll have Jack in a fit."

Then a smile appeared
on our Fireman's face,
For to kill the poor cat
would have been a disgrace.

Jack was attracted
by the shouting and noise.
"Will you stop behaving
like stupid young boys.

"You can't see further
than the end of your nose.
"Do you want this
bloody pit to close?

"Now come on, get winding
and don't be so soft."
But Derrick looked angry,
standing up aloft.

"Though I've often felt
like killing the wife,
"I've never killed anyone
in the whole of my life."

"Well you can start now
by killing the cat."
Now this little black puss
has got Jock on the mat.

What would have happened
we never shall know.
Just then the cat jumped
down on to the snow.

He smiled up at Derrick
and he grinned at Jack,
Made a lunge up the wall
but fell flat on his back.

Just at that moment,
the fork lift went past.
The cat has nine lives
but he's just lost his last.

Redundant Mates

Dai Pearce and Big Joe, they finish today,
Friday the thirteenth, unlucky they say.

It is for the Board, they're loosing a team,
In evaluation it's like loosing a seam.

They work bloody hard, these men from Chirk,
and they're always willing to do any work.

If someone's in trouble, yhey will not pass,
They'll lend a hand, they're really first class.

I've known these two men for seven long years,
At a quarter to one we'll be close to tears.

Bersham Salvaging Team

The Salvaging Team is the best in the land,
They get the chocs up the old shaft grand.
Bring them to pit bottom, then up in no time,
There's 3 gone up while we're reading this rhyme.

The belts are silent, the bunkers don't move,
But the Salvaging lads are well in to the groove.
Through the doors, down the level, none stop all day,
I think these lads deserve double pay.

Six chocs at pit bottom, then next thing all gone,
These Salvaging Men, they just keep going on.

They're here, they're there, and everywhere,
It looks as if they have men to spare.

But it's only because they are versatile,
And they set about their task in style.
All over the pit, activity bounds,
Plenty of action, familiar sounds.

Gordon saying: "Giz a lift here, old cock."
Big Joe shouting abuse at Phil Bock.
Carl Thomas is busy, pushing a trolley,
and standing watching is our old mate, Dai Dolly.

Dai Pearce, Charly Harding, and Peter Jones,
They're sweating and working theirselves to the bones.
Trigger's hidden his hammer, it's never been found,
Not even by Trigger, he's still looking around.

The Roberts Brothers, Ian and Mark
Can't start the engine, so they call for a Spark.
Nick comes from the cabin, and fixes the thing.
"If it breaks down again, just give me a ring."

The Pearce lads, Simon, Michael and Lance
Would work round the clock if given the chance.
Down at the pit bottom, everything's neat,
It's because of the fireman, Safety Officer Pete.

There's Ronny Roberts, Alan Johnson and Charly,
Michael George, and his shadow, Lee Darly.
When the work's done, they go if Cliff lets 'em,
Hetty's already up, he's gone to watch Wrexham.

Porky's working way, he shakes like a jelly.
Amused by all this are Tony Morris and Elly.
Here's just a few of the rest of the men,
Budd Abbott, Dave Hudson, Joe Angel and Ten.

Eric Jones, Ron Johnson and Peter Bounce,
The Salvaging Team that gave their last ounce.
The Electricians, Warren, Andy and Pat,
They're going home now, "Thank God for that."

The men head for pit bottom, put a three on,
And now, like the Salvage, the men are all gone.

Bersham Capers

The day shift is over, it's a quarter to one,
The boards are down, and there's a three on.
The men run down, they all want first ride,
Then the phone rings, it's Jack, from inside.

"How are ya, Kid? will you hang on for me?
I'm phoning around, I'll be out about three."

John Edwards is fuming, "you knock yourself up,
By three I'll be out in the field with me pup."

So John went up the pit, straight into the showers,
Still muttering away, "Jack won't be up yet for hours."
He turned out to be right, Jack's got no bloody home,
At twenty past four he was still on the phone.

He phoned Alan Smith, at Pit Number One,
But Smithy wouldn't answer, he pretended he'd gone.
He tried to get land, "Hello, Derrick or Mike."
But by this time of day, they were both on their bike.
The alarm clock rings, John Edwards wakes up,
He makes some breakfast, for himself and his pup.
He bikes down to the pit, and goes down in the cage,
Walks up past the loader, and sees Jack in a rage.

"So you did wait for me, but why didn't you say?"
John said, "I never waited, this is the next day."

The Ballad of Dai Jones

Dai Jones was a young Welsh Miner,
His dad had died from the dust,
His mum said "Dai, if you want a long life,
To get out of the pits is a must.

"Go and be a sailor, to sail round
The world would be nice."
So Dai joined the Merchant Navy,
He was acting on sound advice.

He joined the good ship Lollypop,
And round the world he sails,
As soon as he comes into port,
He writes home to his mother in Wales.

He wrote, "I'm suntanned, mother,
And I'm feeling strong and fit,
The best advice you gave me,
Was to get out of the pit.

"I've been on the Lollypop for a month,
Well, may be a little bit more,
I've sailed from Wales to Hong Kong,
And back to Singapore.

"Our cargo is stone dust,
It's used in the coal industry,
We have lots of it in Britain,
But we still ship in more by sea.

"I'm quite happy aboard ship,
There's no need to worry or cry,
I'll soon be back home to see you,

From your loving son, Young Dai."

In the East it was monsoon season,
The hurricane winds come up fast,
The wind blew the crane's rope,
And wrapped it round the mast.

The ship's Mate, when he saw it,
He said "Here's what we'll do,
We need some volunteers,
That'll be you, you, and you.

"I want one of you nimble men
To climb and untangle the rope."
The volunteers answered as one,
"You've got no bloody hope."

"I'll climb the mast," said Dai,
Because he was young and bold,
He was half way up when the wind rose,
And blew him down into the hold.

Dai landed on top of the stone dust,
The thud could be heard quite loud,
And to add to all the confusion,
It threw up a large white cloud.

"Now look lively me arty's,"
Through the dust could be heard the Mate,
"Get a rescue team into the hold,
And hurry, before it's too late."

The doctor said "It's a miracle,
Not one single bone did he bust,
But he died from suffocation,
His lungs were full of dust."

The Remaining Bersham Characters

A colliery stood outside Wrexham Town,
But it's gone now, Thatcher closed it down.
Where the colliery was, there's now nothing left,
How did the Government get away with this theft?

No cars, no lorries, no colliery bus,
Only life there now is a wild black puss.
The canteen there was an awesome place,
They sacked a girl cos she had a nice face.

In the lamp room was Cream Eggs and Dez,
On the winder was Nigel, Tommy and Lez.
David Mulvaney, and Derrick, he's Scotch,
On the bank Joe Smith, and young Pocket Watch.

Elwyn Annaby, Raymond, and Martin Skid,

Martin made a mess of whatever he did.
John Skid on the forklift, in a mad rush,
Breaking speed records, he's soft as a brush.

Young Andrew Skid, and his dad Lenny,
Lots of skids, but never too many.
There was the pit men, George Evans and Mike,
The lad on the screens who rode round on his bike.

To work on the screens needed plenty of guts,
You had to be brave, or just raving nuts.
Roy on the Terex, and Donald his pal,
In the time office was Rose and Big Al.

It was best to keep on Chippy's good side,
Because if you didn't, you'd have a rough ride.
One who's done well is crafty George Carr,
Who, since leaving Bersham, has gone very far.

There was John Lodwick, and his brother Boris,
John Watkin too, and the time keeper Maurace.
Steve Andrews, Basham, and Gerald George too,
Peter Snipe, the Nino's and poor old Blue.

There was the bank foreman, Freddy Tailor,
And the best electrician was Bobby Sailor.
Mark Griffiths, and Mansel his dad,
Martin Green was another good lad.

Peter Kill, Dave Edwards, and noisy Nanny,
The belt patrol men, Brian and Danny.
There was Robby and big brother Jack,
and Dead Legs, always flat on his back.

Martin Allmond, who mended the phones,
From Coedpoeth there was Raymond Jones.
J R Murphy, he was carved from rock,
Gareth Flew, Dai Prince and Emlyn Jock.

Bill Farmer, Cleggy, two fitters of skill,
Gareth Dodd, Oz Toffy, and Collin Kill.
One who always had plenty of news,
and made sure you heard it, was Keith Tattoos.

There was Johnny Morris, the face charge hand,
And there was also Dido, as loud as a band.
The fitters there had a golden rule,
If you can't fix it, fetch Idwal Poole.

The brothers, Collin and Raymond Delf,
And David Hussey, who was full of himself.
Quincey, the best of the medical staff,
You'd report sick if you needed a laugh.

Cliff Rowley, Stew Sangster, and Keith Yummer,
Glynn Ulcers, too, they don't come any rummer.
The Union men, Norman, Raymond and Dick,
There was a trio who knew every trick.

Elwyn and Winston, they worked on the rails,
The tracks they layed were the worst in Wales.
In my time thee I saw three nursing sisters,
There was three managers and three Britners.

Also three Powisses, Erni, Mark and Stan,
There was Norman Jacks, Arwel and Cooperman.
The cousins Kelvin and Billy Blower,
They'd be stopped if they went any slower.

Wally Hamner and Gerald his brother,
Half of the time didn't speak to each other.
The NACODS members were all quite nutty,
Raymond Bach, John Boy, Wilf and Butty.

Keith Hallam, Dai Robb, and Korky the Cat,
Collin Odge, Trevor Ellis, and Fireman Pat.
Carl Witchley, Mike Fish, and Jim the Book,
Jimmy Llan and his mate, Collin Claybrook.

Joe Cople, Nevil Chops, and Derrick Hull,
and with Dennis Keith life was never dull.
The office block was full of dodgers,
Terry Barlow, John Mathews and Sam Rogers.

Beard from the area came now and then,
Shouting and bauling and chasing the men.
There was Neil Harris, who was never in work,
Errol, Tony Donkey and Berni from Chirk.

Alan the joiner, and Dave Cople his mate,
Terry Caveny was never up the pit late.
The engineer Mike, he came from Staffs;
He was proud to be amongst us Taffs.

There was nothing about Bersham Jack didn't know,
He was truly sorry to see the pit go.
Tony Kinnerton, Pat Pearce, Steve Mule, Joe Smout,
Oh, Dave Evans and Terry Cabbage, I nearly left out.

The Price of Coal

Thousands of ex-miners are drawing the dole,
People are dying, because they can't afford coal.

The National Health Service Is closing down wards,
But for private medicine there's rich rewards.

From Chester to Shrewsbury is now single track,

But the private sector has never looked back.

It's great for the few, probably five per cent,
But there's many millions who can't pay the rent.

And there's a lot more without any home.
This Government's created the incentive to roam.

I look at my wage slip and wonder why
They say coal's expensive, it must be a lie.

We are a quarter mile down, and two miles inside.
We are cold, wet and hungry, but still full of pride.

We are all N.U.M. and we all pull together,
Cos once you're a miner, you're a miner for ever.

I wonder how long that our Tory M.P.'s
Would last down a pit on their hands and knees.

If a miner's expensive, what then are they?
They don't do work and get three times our pay.

"You are all under worked, and are all over paid."
This Prime Minister is gonna get herself layed.

Terry French

They arrested Terry, threw him in jail,
For striking Miners there is no bail.
He's an influence when he's outside,
So they locked him up, gave him a rough ride.

But it wouldn't be him if he never stood ground,
Kent Miners are strong with Terry around.
The Coal Board rule, they won the war,
They're in charge now, and lay down the law.

But with men like Terry, we'll come back again,
And stop the Coal Board inflicting more pain.
The mining communities are strong like the oak,
Our wills and our spirits will never be broke.

Political Awakening

The Miners' Strike of eighty-four and five,
In political terms it brought me alive.

Don't cross the pickets, it's just not done,
Well I didn't know, I'd been reading the "Sun".

I met new comrades, read the "Morning Star",
I learned of events both near and far.

I started to question the Mail and Express,
My search for knowledge could not be suppressed.

I listened more closely to television news,
I learned I am the enemy because of my views.

I've been blind for years, but can see at last,
Now looking for truth, I delved into the past.

Why were the Americans in Indo China?
I didn't understand, I'm only a miner.

"Liberate the people, that's what we're gonna do."
They dropped more bombs than in World War Two.

They were liberated, they defeated the Yanks,
They fought for freedom against planes and tanks.

The Yanks had the weapons, but couldn't beat 'em,
Cos the Vietnam people were fighting for freedom.

Then I looked at new laws brought in by the Right,
To stop immigration, and make Britain white.

The state Britain's in is the Government's shame,
Don't let them tell you that immigration's to blame.

There's no money for this and no money for that,
But there's plenty to make the arms dealers fat.

The Falklands fiasco was another bleak chapter,
The dead of both nations was a terrible disaster.

The chance of a war made the Tories elated,
The media responded by whipping up hatred.

Talks in Peru could have sorted it out,
So they sank the Belgrano, they wanted a rout.

Their performance at home would earn them rejection,
So they needed a war to win the election.

Propaganda

In a pit explosion, it's the Miner that dies,
But the nuclear plant poisons sea, earth and skies.
Chernobyl poisoned sheep and caused farmers' plight,
But the water, the air and the cows are alright.

It's obvious really how this came to pass,
The stupid sheep must have ate different grass.
The Government admit that the sheep are affected,
But on everything else there's nothing detected.

A Chernobyl-type accident could not happen here,
Our reactors are safe, we use American gear.

We're not like the Russians, we are accident proof,
When I heard this on telly I hit the damn roof.

We are the British and our system is stable,
I'm sure that they all drink Carling Black Label.
We are British, so there's no need to panic,
They said this before when they launched the Titanic.

Broken Promises

Ex-Miners of Bersham, who waste on the dole,
They suffer from cold, they can't afford coal.
Their record proves that they were the best,
And now their reward is the same as the rest.

Their services now are of no further use,
Their families are bitter about Coal Board abuse.
At the DHSS, as they queue for their token,
They reflect on the past of promises broken.
Your future is safe, if you produce a bit more,
They did as they were told, no wonder they're sore.
The lies and the promises should have been rejected,
People ruin our lives, without being elected.

Socialist Dream

Our capitalist masters, they must laugh at us,
They go past in their Rolls, as we wait for a bus.

From the Tolpuddle Martyrs, to GCHQ,
They attack us, but to them we are true.

They attack us, with anti-union laws,
But we are heroes, when we fight in their wars.

Churchill shot Miners, in the Welsh Valleys,
Yet we still return Welsh Tory MPs.

If there's strength in numbers, what's going on?
We outnumber our rulers by a hundred to one.

The reward for our labour is very small,
But the ones with the wealth, they don't work at all.

They pass the laws that rule our life,
They make sure we spend it in struggle and strife.

They all go to church, now that must be funny,
I can picture them all, praying for money.

Our UB4Os are the modern chains,
Why don't we break them, take over the reins?

If only the world's people worked as one team,
Dr Martin Luther King had such a dream.

But I can't picture the whole world uniting,
I think we'll always be feuding and fighting.

Lament of Bersham

There's an eerie silence over the old pit site,
Where once wheels wound by day and by night.
When we fought for our pits, we were labelled as yobs,
Now Wrexham has lost nearly six hundred jobs.

Arthur told us of the Coal Board's bungling,
Ted McKay said, "Scargill's scaremongering."
"Scargill talks nonsense, it's not what it looks."
He went for assurance to Beata Brooks.

"Your jobs are quite safe and so is mine,
So go back to work, toe the Coal Board line."
New records were broke, and so were our backs,
We were led up the path by the Coal Board hacks.

The question was asked of the NCB,
Put their minds at rest, give a guarantee.
The Coal Board said, "Yes, there's twenty years' coal,
We're not going to put these good men on the dole."

It's history now, and belongs in the past,
The Coal Board's plan became clear at last.
They wore us down, destroyed our fight,
Then took advantage of our sorry plight.

They bribed us with money, "You'd better say yes,
There's a time limit on it." We were under duress.
We had little choice, to close we then voted,
I've no doubt that McGregor and Thatcher both gloated.

The money they bribed with is only a loan,
The DHSS will claw back to the bone.
When the money's all gone, there'll be crying and sobs,
We'll rue the day that we all sold our jobs.

What I'll wonder about for as long as I live,
Is who is it now that God won't forgive.

Red Red Robin

A good man down in the forest one day
Saw a sight which caused him dismay.
Norman soldiers enforcing the law,
Collecting taxes, robbing the poor.

Burning down houses and swilling beer,
The Norman soldiers ruled by fear.
Robin Hood was the good man's name,
And being a Norman, he was full of shame.

Robin said to the folk, "Fight back you must,

I'll teach you how, but you must have trust."
They had nothing now, not even a home,
So they followed Robin deep into the gloam.

They had no swords, they trained with sticks,
But they were eager to learn all the tricks.
They learned to climb and swing from the trees,
It became second nature, they did it with ease.

When they weren't training, they'd sing and joke,
And they held regular meetings under the oak.
There was Big John, as big as a bear,
And Father Tuck, the priest was there.

And Will the Red who would try anything,
He tried to write songs and he tried to sing.
Robin called a meeting, held under the oak,
"We need weapons, but we're stony broke.

"So what can we do to put things straight?"
Will the Red shouted, "Form a Socialist State."
A Socialist State was then voted upon,
They were all in favour, Will's motion had won.

They sang the "Red Flag", a song by Will,
And all over the world people sing it still.
A daring plan formed in Robin's mind,
"We'll have surprise, it the first of it's kind."

To ambush the troops was brave Robin's plan,
They were all agreed, to the very last man.
High up in the trees, they lashed big boulders,
The plan was to bomb the Norman soldiers.

Then came the news they'd been waiting for,
The Norman soldiers were enforcing the law.
In the village nearby, collecting taxes,
They have spears and swords, horses and axes.

The soldiers were rampant, flushed with beer,
Then Robin approached them and began to jeer.
"Come on, you slob, let's test you pace."
They picked up their swords and started to chase.

Robin crossed a stream down into the glen,
Just keeping ahead of the Sheriff's men.
Shortly the troops lay down and rested,
"Your too full of bear," good Robin jested.

Then he shouted his men, "Release your boulders."
'Twas a terrible shock for the Norman soldiers.
The troops were bombed from the old oak tree,
The first aerial raid in history.

Robin's men picked the weapons from off the floor,
And the taxes were given back to the poor.
Out of forty, there was only just five
Of the Sheriff's men still left alive.

When the Sheriff heard this news,
All within earshot caught his abuse.
For the five survivors, he then called,
"Answer me this;" he ranted and balled.

"Who has committed this daring theft?"
"It was Robin Hood, sire, and the Loony Left."
"To get ambushed in Sherwood Forest,
The forty of you must have been pissed!

"No wonder Robin's gone underground,
He's turned the system upside down.
"To give the rich, we rob the poor,
Well, it always was that way before.
"You'll have to find him, he's got to die,
And remember, your's is not to reason why."
They stuck posters all over the place,
With identikit pictures of Robin's face.

Propaganda was aimed at the poor tax payers,
In charge of this were too soothsayers.
Rupert Allcock and Sir Maxwell Bull,
Of devious methods they were both full.

Lying and cheating was their evil game,
They set out to blacken Robin's good name.
They printed such nonsense it was appallin',
But the poor peasants, they took it all in.

Robin's men are the enemy, lock your doors at night,
It has to be true, it was in black and white.
Propaganda was winning support for the State,
Robin said, "Let's counter before it's too late.

"We'll have to match Bull, and this Allcock bloke,
Meet at midday tomorrow, under the oak."
In a stormy meeting, they decided that day,
That Allcock and Bull's game they had to play.

So they said to the people, "Don't be so dull,
It's just propaganda by Allcock and Bull.
Robin's call to the people was sadly rejected,
They were brainwashed, so it was only expected.

Back in the Forest their spirits were broke,
They held a last meeting, yes, under the oak.
Robin addressed them with Big John, his mate,
"We kindled a dream of a fair-minded State.

"Lift up your heads and be on your way,
Spread the socialist message for another day.
"There's no time for feeling sadness and sorrow,
We must educate, agitate and prepare for the morrow."

Deeside Miners Support Group

Glynn Davis, Glenn McGiver, Vic Button, Mike McCarthy, Paul Bellis, Phill Mathews, Peter Leverton, Janice Marks, John Hall, Barbara Pritchard, Dave Lewis, Skinner, Jacki Button, Andy Barber, Martin Spracklin, Jenny Tilston, Hillary Mathews, Dave Clark, Barry Scragg, Freda Bull, Steve Aldredge, Ruby Fox, Trevor Jones, Denice Barber .

In the County of Clwyd,
On the banks of the Dee,
Stand Queensferry,
Shotton and Connah's Quay.

Together the three
Are known as Deeside,
Though poverty's rife
There's still plenty of pride.

The Deeside people
Are both caring and kind,
This fact the Miners
Were about to find.

The Miners' Families
Were finding it tough,
When the Deesiders rallied,
And they did their stuff.

Hunger was eased,
Indeed wiped out,
When the Deesiders
Put themselves about.

Every day you'd see them,
They'd be out on the street,
It was no fault of theirs
That the Miners were beat.