

Campaign for real Snow

When I were a lad we used to have Real Snow, None of this Crapy Stuff that Sneaks down at night when everyones asleep then Slopes off in a Slushy mess, the next day, or falls in the middle of the rush hour, Causes Chaos for a couple of hours and then melts away.

No I mean the proper stuff that used to fall as great big flakes, Just as you were going to School and continued to fall all day and by the time it was home time the Playground was deep with it and it Skoped for days.

What ever happened to that Sort of Snow. Have the old Craftsmen Snow makers retired or moved up to the Countryside and left

the young uns to make the snow that we get, trouble is they haven't learnt the craft yet and all we get is this modern slushy stuff. Another effect of us having this new type of snow, is that crafts and skills associated with the old type of snow are dying out, such as the master slide maker. In the good old days within hours of the snow settling, the master slide makers would be seen busily, skidding up and down lengths of playgrounds and pavements, compacting the snow and turning it into stretches of bottle ice, ready for the sliders to come and show off their skills of balance and speed. Forget skateboarders, these heroes didn't need wood and metal to perform their tricks, they'd just take a length of ice and away they'd go up and

down, performing all manner of tricks as quickly and as many times as possible before the eagle-eyed caretaker or council worker would spot them and put an end to their fun by splashing large amounts of cinders, sand or salt over them, to render them harmless to those that had not yet mastered these skills of speed and balance.

Then there was the snowball makers. Boy was that an art, knowing exactly how much snow to gather, too much and it just broke up, too little and your snowball became a snow marble.

There was then the technique of shaping it and molding it, ~~and~~ again if you didn't apply the right amount of pressure it would break up and too long and your hands would freeze

Plus there was the Speed factor, A skilled Snowball maker could gather the snow, make the snowball, throw it and hit the target all in the space of 6 seconds.

Aye these were the master craftsmen whose trades were passed on down from generation to generation, but they aspired to be something even greater, Aye you've guessed it was to be a snowman builder, Now that was an Art to behold, It required the skills and techniques of a master snowball maker but on a grander scale. It also required the skill of snowball rolling, knowing where in the yard, field or street to start rolling your snowball, being able to guide it as it got bigger and knowing where to guide it in order to gather the greatest amount of snow.

Then there was the actual shaping of it and finding the appropriate accessories to go with it. Once you've mastered all these skills then you were considered a craftsman in all things snow.

So how do we get these skills back. Well for starters, write letters, send faxes and E mails or make phone calls to John Kettle and his pals at the Met. Office and get them to redistribute the craftsmen snow makers so that they are not just situated in the remote areas of Calderdale, the dales or places over a 1000 feet, get them back all over the land. Also lobby your Council to set up schemes and NVQ courses to learn these skills once again otherwise they will go the same way the Tar marble makers, The Scrubbers, the

Chumpers and Progers, the Jam Jar bee
catchers, the go karters, Denmakers and
Tree house makers Have gone, lost in the
mists of time only to be retold by Parents, to their children when
theyre trying to discourage them from
Playing on their Play Stations or watching
their favorite Vidio for the umteenth
time.