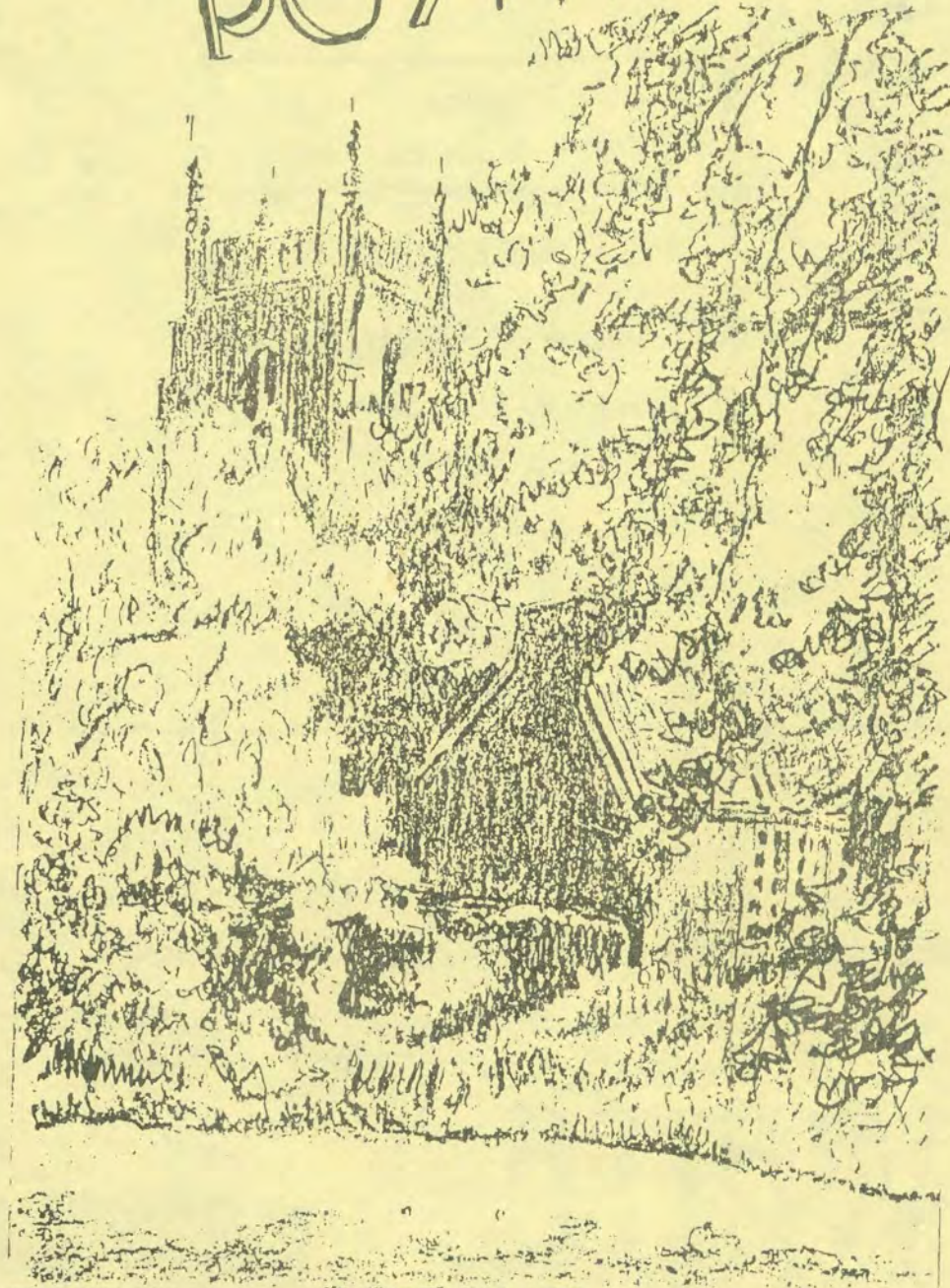


FOCAL POYNTZ



ST. JAMES THE LESS.

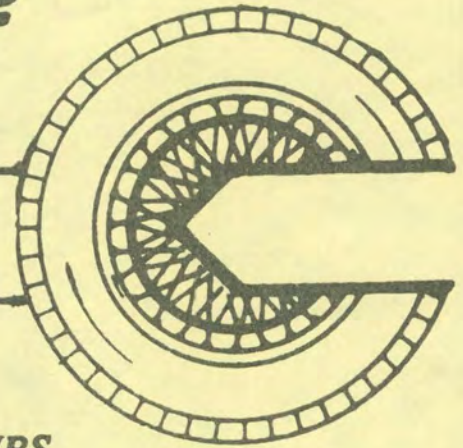
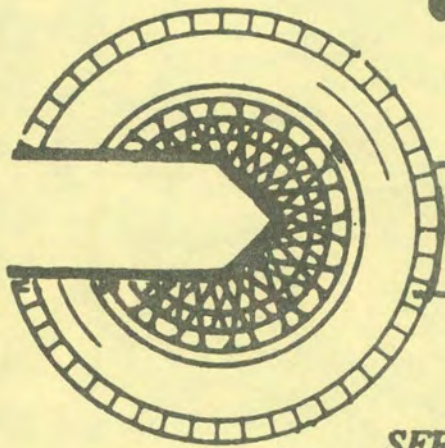
WENDY DOWDING.

IRON



ACTION

roger's autocare



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M.O.T. PREPARATION

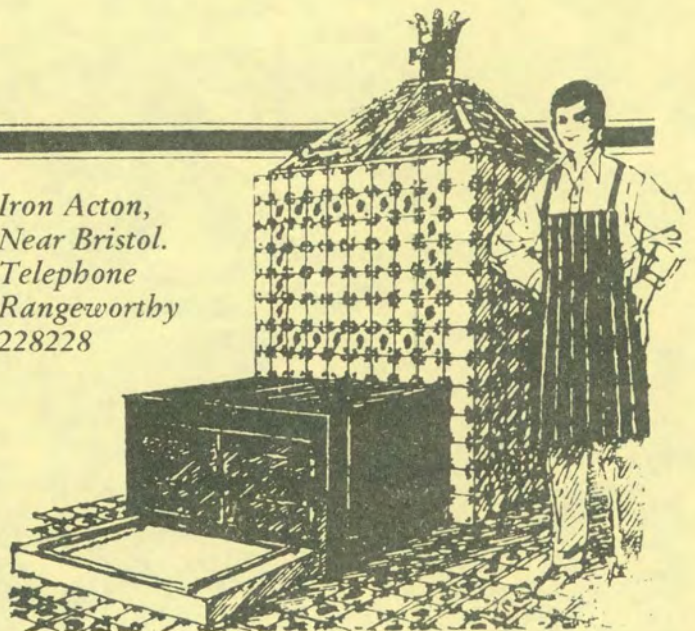
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WINTER & Christmas 93

No 34

~ Editorial ~

FOCAL POYNTZ

In the last issue of Focus on Iron Acton, we asked you whether we should change our name, and if so, what to. The suggestion was received that the name "Poyntz" would be appropriate to a periodical from Iron Acton, Poyntz being the name of the mediaeval Lord of the Manor of Iron Acton. We decided to call it "Focal Poyntz" to remind you of the old name. We hope you like it.

Our first issue under the new name, but we are still your same familiar magazine and eager to receive your comments, contributions and reports. Without your co-operation there would be no magazine at all, so please keep the articles rolling in.

We are sorry to hear that the Brownie pack has closed down - first guides, then youth club now brownies - no young peoples organisations left. Yet numbers at both schools have increased, so it is not due to a shortage of children, but of adults who have the time and energy to run these things. A big thank you to the Actonians who still run a junior group.

Our new cover design is by Wendy Dowding - Thank you Wendy.

We wish you all a very Happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

John Percy
228395

Betty Cook
228202

Charles Wilkins
228254

Lynne Blanchard
228566

Peter Redman
228395

Jean Dickes
228609

Hazel Dron
228509

Lionel Alsop
228400

Address for contributions: - Primrose Cottage, High Street.



THE ELIZABETHAN CLUB

We celebrated our 40th Birthday in the Village Hall on July 7th. A good time was had by all including several ex Members. Unfortunately Mrs Wills became ill during the afternoon and was taken to Frenchay Hospital by ambulance. Thank you Village Hall Committee & Parish Council for the telephone - it certainly proved its worth that afternoon.

Thank you to everyone who helped to make our Whist Drive at the end of July a success. It was in aid of the club and Headway House at Frenchay and as a result £50 was sent to Headway House. The Whist Drive on 27th September was not quite as successful but a cheque for £30 was sent to Bristol Kidney Research.

We have had outings to Teignmouth, Sidmouth & Plymouth and also a Half Day trip to Weston & Burnham.

Our members have been to Leyhill to see their play "One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest", and to Thornbury to see "Oklahoma".

We are going to Weston-Super-Mare to see the Carnival on November 15th. Our Xmas Whist Drive is on November 22nd and our Xmas Dinner on 29th November.

We have welcomed a new member to our Club and if you are a pensioner we would like to welcome you also.

A Happy Xmas & Peaceful New Year to all readers of Focal Poyntz.

Elsie Blanchard
Secretary.

* * * * *

A NARROW ESCAPE FOR IRON ACTON.

We recently came across a copy of the Bristol and Bath Planning Scheme of 1930 written by two Bristol Planning Officers, whom both later became highly acclaimed, famous town planners.

In the report after describing the geographical and geological aspects of the whole Bristol and Bath region, they went into detail future plans for individual villages.

Iron Acton, it seems, was destined to be developed into "a compact coalfield town of about 14,000 population with a new bye-pass passing through its centre. On the south is an open space reservation including part of the River Frome and beyond this to the south-east is a new industrial area extending to Yate, Wapley Common and Coalpit Heath which is well served by railways."

They did not foresee the closure of the railway system and the turn to the roads or the futility of mining a fossil fuel later to be deemed inefficient and harmful. But we have the bypass (thankfully not through our centre for that might well have defeated the object somewhat!). Yate has the Industrial Estate and luckily for us the population also.

We are lucky to have our village. Our Green Belt is one belt we hope we will never have to tighten.

Sonya Naish.

* * * * *

ALFRED STRANGE'S DIARY

We regret that, due to pressure of space in this issue, we are unable to include the next part of Mr Strange's diary. A further episode will be published next time. In the meantime, Alfred Strange has sent to us a tape of recollections of Iron Acton, Rangeworthy, and North Road from his childhood, and also a tape of his cycling holiday trip to John O' Groats - he didn't quite get there! He has also taped an interview with Jim Gleed, who used to live in Rangeworthy, but now lives in Buckinghamshire. If anyone would like to borrow the tapes, please contact Lynne Blanchard, or John Percy.

BRYAN TAYLOR DOWN UNDER

Here is the final part of Bryan's visit to Australia last Christmas - The journey home

A 5 hour flight to a 3 day stopover in Singapore was on the programme for our trip home, Dusty and my Mother had never seen the Far East, so this was to be my treat for the trip.

Once again Brittania Airways decided we needed fattening up. In that 5 hours, we had a 4 course lunch, a snack, 2 videos, a feature film and a breakfast on a foil tray, as well as hot and cold towels, 2 of which I ate just in case we were supposed to.

Descending from the skies we were advised that on entering into Singapore we were not allowed to take in chewing gum, drugs, or have long unkempt hair (this is true), and there was no duty free allowance. How the hell was I supposed to smoke 400 cigarettes and drink 2 litres of duty free in 20 minutes?

Singapore terminus was a culture shock - peace and quiet - no announcements just space and peace, just like an empty Cathedral - rest.

At no other Airport has my luggage met me! It was there, all 3 bags with a trolley parked by almost with my name on it.

"Mr Taylor, I am waiting for you" said a voice as the Airport doors opened to a steamy night. There was Gerry Ling our courier pushing my trolley for me; how the hell had this little yellow devil known who I was? and so the mystery of the orient started, a love that I had enjoyed and had remembered for the past thirty years. This was to be the holiday of a lifetime so we had pushed out the boat a bit on a 'Better Hotel'. What a gob smacker; the front of the hotel was a blaze of lights with a full Railway engine in the foyer as part of their Christmas decorations. We hadn't realised it but these orientals go potty over Christmas and all the decorations. I don't know why as most of them aren't even Christians!

Entrance to the hotel started on the 7th floor. My Mother had never been on an outside lift before; she said it felt like we were standing still and the building was sinking. After she said that it seemed the same to me.

Orchids and Kimonos on the beds, these little yellow devils do know how to impress a poor family from near Bristol

Clean? Clean isn't the word; there is a £400 fine for dropping litter so there isn't any. There is a relaxed feeling walking the street, there is only a 1% crime rate and no drugs and I mean no drugs - this in a place where I was first offered heroin, 25 years before. "It's easy," I was told by a local sat in a park eating chinese nosh with us, "It's what we want, and the laws we make are kept by the courts," so no drugs and just about no crime and everybody working very hard.

They were all so nice, helpful, clean and asking if we were enjoying ourselves; was our hotel good? were we pleased with the taxis? All the people we met, just people in the street, on the ferry, in the cable car were so pleased we had come to their 'Singapore' and would we come back so that we could see more? You bet your life we will, - they are so crafty those little slant eyed yellow devils but we did find a new love for them, even if Boogey Street has long since gone.

Back to Brittania Airways and the return leg to England. Mentioning legs, a lady next to me was flying from New Zealand and would be on the flight for 32 hours; her legs were swollen up like balloons, a walk every hour would have stopped this. After a fuel stop and about 8 meals and 2 litres of duty free, I was getting used to this flying business by now but we were on the descent into Gatwick U.K.

Gatwick is the pits, what a first impression to a visitor to our island. Half the walkways still not working and the luggage collection a joke. Nowhere else in the World does an Airport keep the trolleys on one floor and the arriving luggage on another with an escalator between the two. God help an invalid, and having cleared customs who were nowhere to be seen, have to negotiate a spiral downhill run so steep they have to provide brakes on the trolleys, - a nightmare for the elderly, - welcome to England.

In all a great holiday nice to see the family in Aus and to see if I had left any family in Singa some years before.

ARCADIA

The guide book said "It is a heroic and magnificent area, picturesquely set where the Taygeto mountains ripple down to fall with a splash into the sparkling Ionian Sea".

Every morning we did exactly that. Replete with our early breakfast of creamy thick yogurt and deliciously ripe nectarines and peaches and fortified by Strong Greek Coffee, we made our way down to the beach.

We passed the olive grove, neat and tidy in its enclave of white washed stones, and noisy with indefatigable cicadas as they chatted over the morning's business with cheerful insouciance.

We slid down from the tableland of the village, down uneven steps whose slippery uncertainty had helped to protect the neighbourhood from marauding pirates in the past. Turning the corner, it was perhaps not surprising that we should encounter Poseidon, sunning himself on the rocks. His craggy features and rippling grey hair seemed as inevitable as the ancient hillside which surrounded him. Every morning he repeated a strange routine. With great dignity and a smiling courtesy, he presented us with a bunch of wild grapes, freshly picked from the cliff top above. Then he silently slipped into the wine dark sea. From time to time we caught a glimpse of his snorkle weaving in and out of the rocks that dotted the coastline.

The guide book did not advise us that there were insidious sea urchins with painful spines that would work their way into the soles of our feet. Nor were we warned about the mosquitoes that hovered nightly in the bedroom and who seemed unabashed by insect repellent and cunning devices supposed to zap them.

Nevertheless, notwithstanding these difficulties, I would in a future existence be quite happy to settle for the life of the indigenous Peloponese if given the opportunity. Perhaps Poseidon needs an understudy.

Penny Percy.

* * * * *

HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?

I Suggest!

Not with silver bells,
Nor with cockle shells
As for those pretty maids all in a row
There's no class for them in the Iron Acton Show.

But there were a host of other classes at this years Horticultural Show.

Scarcely were the doors unlocked at 9 a.m. on September 11th when the first proud Parishioners, arrived with their entries; some were still arriving as the judges had their pens poised to record their verdicts. However, had the Pied Piper visited the Village? Where were the children's entries? The quality of their exhibits was high but the spaces were obvious.

Competition in the adult classes was fierce, but it was Eddie Moore's day, all the toil and labour had paid off, and Eddie swept the board.

Howard Aplin conducted the auction and even sold all the massive marrows, and dare I say it, one Fruity Tart!!

Thanks to all the efforts of the band of volunteers Dave White & John Smalley slept soundly that night knowing their weeks of worrying about beans and baking had not been in vain.

Our thanks to all who entered.

BRYAN'S BIT

I'LL GIVE IT FIVE

Any of you that remember that expression from 'Juke Box Jury' some 200 years ago will relate to what I am about to recount to you: to those that do not, pin back your ears and open your eyes.

In the year of our Lord 1993, I have just found a five pound note in my top pocket and a couple of sheckles in my trouser pocket and decided that there was insufficient funds to pop to the pub (in case I meet anyone there, and wished to buy a return round): there is no point in going to the movies as most of my fiver will be taken up with the parking and just over two gallons of petrol, so that using up my fiver will only just get me to sit outside the movies to look at the posters outside and visualise the Dinosaurs on the screen inside, - what a sad reflection on my sole fiver.

I remember my first fiver; it was white and huge, about the size of a daily paper, crisp new and full of magic words like "I the bearer promise to pay" and a great big £5 underneath.

It was the result of two weeks paper round. The owner, Mr Paul, had been away on holiday and so I was paid two weeks together in the princely sum of five lovely wonderful pounds. The world was my oyster, my backside was hanging in diamonds, oh the sheer joy of at last, after having been on this earth for fourteen years, I was rich whilst still at school.

There was no thought of spending it; it was the ability to have a year's sweets' money in one go; the ability to travel on the London Underground (and pay for a change) for a lifetime. America was where the film stars lived so there was no point in going there; Europe was full of foreigners that lost wars and didn't speak English so there was no desire to part with this lovely fiver to those sorts of people.

The joy was in the having and not in the spending, not even in the ability to make it grow - investment was a word like "in your vest", it had no meaning. My fiver was 'put by' in a tin held by my Mum that two years later turned out to be the deposit for my first Motorcycle. What a sad reflection on my five pound note in my top pocket that I had nowhere I could afford to go, when not so long ago exactly the same amount would have made the world my oyster.

And what did I do? Put £5 of petrol in the car, went to the cash machine and drew out £30!

* * * * *

CHURCH HOUSE, HIGH STREET

At last Church House, next door to the Parish Church, has been sold and is to be modernised and brought back into habitation. Nearly three years after Mrs Howes moved out, the Marshall Trust who owned the house, have been able to sort out their legal difficulties and get things moving.

The Marshall Trust was set up in 1892, and originally owned both Church House and Church Cottage next door. It was intended at the time that the income from letting the houses should be used to pay for a parish room for church, charitable or educational purposes - many people will remember that in recent years the Guides and Brownies used a room in Church House.

However, for many years income from rented property has not been sufficient to even maintain it properly. Church Cottage was sold in the 1950's, and the present Trustees have decided that the best way for them to fulfil the terms of the trust is to sell Church House as well, and to use the money to build a small meeting room at the rear.

It should be stressed that it is not proposed to build another village hall. What is intended is a small meeting room which can be used for church meetings, Sunday schools etc. The running of the meeting room will be the responsibility of the Rector and the Parochial Church Council, though the ownership will remain with the Marshall Trust.

We hope that the room will come to be regarded as a major asset to the village and will enable the purposes of the Trust to be continued for many years to come.

SAVED BY THE MAN IN BLACK

It all started routinely enough with one of Iron Acton's more elderly but distinguished citizens on holiday in the Algarve with his young and beautiful wife. Some years had passed since the last sojourn, and age had blurred the razor sharp memory. The exotic melange of heat, humidity, wine and oily fish had wreaked its inevitable havoc on a refined constitution, resulting in an unenvisioned rate of consumption of nether garments.

However, his considerable military training was not to be wasted, and a rapid dhobi session restored stocks to a level commensurate with further forays into Portuguese restaurants. The hot sun on the front of his top floor apartment provided an obvious window ledge location for drying the aforementioned apparel during the daily brisk session of Egyptian PT.

Without warning, in the dramatic suddenness characterising Atlantic squalls, a howling wind struck the apartment, banging doors, blowing loose articles around the rooms and, horror of horrors, throwing the drying garments merrily into the air. Despite a despairing dive from our man, worthy of a Newport full back making a futile attempt to stop yet another Bristol try, two of the garments fluttered down onto the roof of the bar terrace far below.

The situation was desperate; chortling locals, noting the obvious Britishness of the apparel, awaited the appearance of the mortified owner, so that the tail of the British Lion could be tweaked further with impunity. Matronly ladies averted their gaze and the local Priest hurried off to write a sermon on the wages of sinful dress. Civil unrest seemed likely and the Guardia Nacionala turned out to place a ring of men around the area. The overt retrieval of our hero's property was thus out of the question. However, the thought of being compelled to purchase and wear foreign shreddies filled him with a despair as terrible as being compelled to watch Neighbours!

Lines between the British Embassy in Lisbon and Downing Street hummed. Within hours, the news would hit the world's streets and international pressmen would converge in their hordes on this spot. Was the Government to suffer another humiliation as great as Norman Lamont's economic strategy? Was the Prime Minister once again to appeal for National Unity and blame the disaster on Lady Thatcher, John Smith, Paddy Ashdown or Bryan Taylor? How could the SAS get there in time? The Union was poised on the brink of the abyss - but seemingly by divine intervention, a saviour was at hand.

Apart from Sqorgkle Blerswrop, an android from the planet Flutecky (who, as the keeper of the Completely Universal Intergalactic Data-Base, knew everything), and Sergei Ivanovitch, a somewhat hirsute tea-lady in the Ministry of Defence (who had taken the Man in Black's call and forgotten to pass it on), no-one knew that the Man in Black was coincidentally in the area, resting before embarking on a dangerous mission for the Iron Acton WI. He had by chance observed the whole tragic episode, and realised that only he could prevent a major international incident. He immediately conceived and set into motion a Master Plan as complex and daring as any contrived by Jeremy Beagle.

Timing and disguise were the key to a successful outcome of this dangerous operation. It had to be executed during the siesta hour when all but mad dogs and Englishmen dozed. Shrugging off the thought of meeting a mad dog with a scornful laugh and a careless toss of his great mane of a head, the Man in Black began his intricate preparations. Brilliantly hiding his normal handsome, lithe and youthful appearance in the guise of a bald-headed, overweight, short-sighted and middle-aged tourist, he proceeded to totter around the target area. The face of this incongruous and disarming figure was distorted by the uncanny imitation of a vacuous leer, seemingly brought on by a little too much wine at lunchtime. Completely concealed was the icy-cool, but vibrantly alert, total integration of mighty intellect and power house physique.

Reaching the dim back alley behind the now-closed swimming pool compound in which the bar terrace was situated, the Man in Black carried out a rapid reconnaissance and selected the locked gate of the pool as the quickest route into the target area. As soon as the alley was momentarily empty, with a speed and agility rivalling an Acton Aid working party, the gate was scaled and the Man in Black was crouched in the shadow of the bar terrace wall ready for anything. Unfortunately, the bar was closed, so he was forced to press on without delay.

Peering carefully around the corner of the wall, he could see the terrace roof on which British Pride had been deposited. The far wall made a difficult but possible route for a skilled and athletic climber. Unfortunately, a lady was leaning over the balcony of the first floor apartment, moodily perusing the garments below, doubtless drawing unfavourable comparisons between these mighty and colourful artifacts and the less imposing ones of her husband. While she was there, the Man in Black could not reveal himself; his identity must be protected at all costs. Moreover, if no-one was watching, he could take the easy route up the ladder lying nearby.

This was the time that lesser mortals would have cracked - the heat, the humidity, the silence, the cramped position, the knowledge that any moment a shouted challenge could signal his discovery. But this was easy peasy to the Man in Black. Adopting his favourite supine posture, which could be maintained for a whole Actonians committee meeting, he waited. Eventually, the lady briefly disappeared in response to some other voice inside the apartment. Like a cat, the Man in Black was up onto the roof, had scooped up the prize apparel, and was back down in the shadow of the wall in less than a minute (known as a Verasecond in the trade). The lady could not believe her eyes when seconds later she returned to resume her soulful gazing to find the objects of her admiration gone.

It was but a few moments to slip back over the gate and resume the deceptive facade of the portly tourist, and hence innocently return the "found" articles to their delighted and grateful owner. A coded message was soon transmitted to Downing Street just in time for the Cabinet Office press Secretary to squash the developing rumours that all was not well in Portugal.

Yet another daring adventure of the Man in Black was over. He returned to his apartment for a while to discuss the next operation with the beautiful female Agent posing as his wife; she was a young slip of a thing who showed much promise at accomplishing unlikely tasks. But he knew in the back of his mind that a far more dangerous mission loomed; the Iron Acton WI

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A CHRISTMAS WISH

Before each year is nearly spent,
there comes a calender event;
the day when children share their glee
whilst gathered round the Christmas tree.

The grown-up people sense once more
their hopes of Christmases before,
goodwill to men and peace on earth,
- the sequel to our Saviour's birth.

If Christmas spirit did not fade,
no one on earth would be afraid
and brotherhood would reign supreme,
- a world at peace no idle dream.

The happy day when Christ was born
reminds that hope is not forlorn.
Let all the world reflect and pray
for what is felt on Christmas Day.

Stanley Vant

THE BY-PASS ARRIVED

When Patchway was my 'port of call'
in nineteen sixty three or four,
the Iron Acton Village crawl
made my time of travel more.

The High Street was so often jammed,
with no way forward or reverse,
and so the thoroughfare was damned
by silent curse - and sometimes worse!

Despite the anger, I should add,
the pretty Church could not be missed-
nor the charm the buildings had
near the narrowed High Street twist.

These days have passed, and now at last
the By Pass takes the traffic strain,
and Iron Acton can be classed
a proper village once again.

Today I see a tranquil scene
of cottages, all clean and neat
a maypole on the village green
plus Village Hall for folk to meet

And meadows for a stroll, maybe
to while away the leisure hours
and ponder on, if it were me,
those lovely festivals of flowers.

THE 23RD PSALM FOR COMPUTER USERS

Lynne Blanchard is a magpie when it comes to collecting snippets for Focal Poyntz, and the following item was purloined from a Church Magazine from Fishponds. It should appeal to all Christians who also use word processors or computers ...

The Lord is my programmer, I shall not crash
He installed his software on the hard disk of my heart;
All of his commands are user-friendly
His directory moves me to the right choices for his name's sake.

Even though I scroll through the problems of life
I will fear no bugs, for you are my backup;
Your password protects me;
You prepare a menu before me in the presence of my enemies
Your help is only a key away.

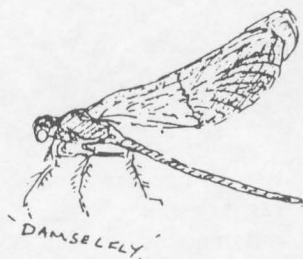
Surely goodness and mercy will follow me all the days of my life,
And my file will be merged with his and saved forever.

* * * * *

NATURE NOTES

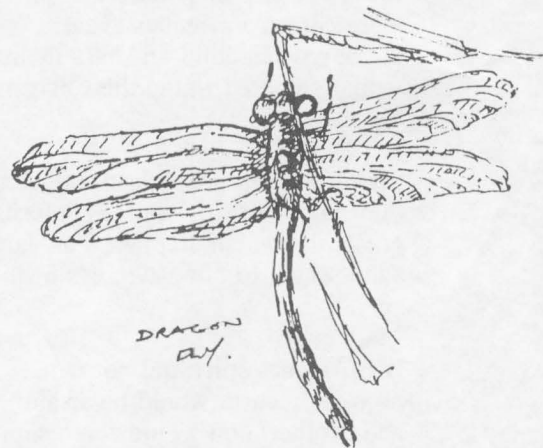
What happened to all the butterflies this year?

The grass feeding types were fairly plentiful, but the larger ones were very scarce, the wet season obviously didn't suit them. I hope they recover next year. Even cabbage whites were less numerous, but we can do without those.



Dragonflies though, were present in large numbers all through the season, from the little blue or red damselflies to the big hawkers.

I was able to have a really close look at a hawker when I found one, (probably newly hatched) resting on some grass. I picked him up carefully on one finger and had a few seconds to admire his beautiful green head, blue body and gauzy wings before he flew away.



Slugs and snails were all too common, I wonder if a really hard winter would rid us of some of them?

B.C.

* * * * *

A PROPOSED WRITERS' GROUP

If there are a few people in the area who are interested in writing, whether they are experienced or not, there is now an opportunity to form a Writers' Group in Iron Acton. Some may want to write their memoirs and others to write poems, or maybe stories, for which a Writers' Group can provide assistance and comment whenever required.

The meetings of such a group are usually weekly and the time and place would have to be discussed. For those interested, a meeting for a talk on exactly how writers' groups operate could be arranged. Please contact any of the Focal Poyntz Committee and give your name and address or telephone number.

IRON ACTON C.E.V.C. PRIMARY SCHOOL REPORT - AUTUMN 1993

A new school year holds much in store for children, staff, parents and local community. The start of a new term, even as a child, always used to fill me with great motivation and a longing to get back to school, to the excitement that, for me, accompanied my learning. I only hope that the school environment that the teachers and myself aim to create brings about the same feelings in the children in our charge today.

The children have much to look forward to in the coming year. As we go to press, preparations are being made for book week. Here we will have many new books and old favourites for the children and their parents to view and buy. Every book sold helps towards discounts when purchasing books for the school or class libraries.

One night early in the term saw the Friends of the School hold a treasure hunt and barbecue. This was a very successful evening which had many families walking around the Village with eyes peeled trying to spot oddities, count lamp posts and solve little riddles. The children found it fascinating and it helped them to develop skills of observation which in our high-tech society seem ever further down the growing list of lessons to be learned.

The school has just completed phase 1 of a project which aims to enhance the area in and around the school. The school has obtained three stout picnic tables and renovated the gardens within the playground. This has been possible due to the generosity of the late Olive Green who, as many of you know, was a long serving and dearly loved member of the lunch time staff at the school. We dedicate these facilities and gardens to her memory.

The Christmas celebrations have already been set. The Infant children will be performing the Nativity followed by the Junior children with their version of the classic tale "The Wind in the Willows" entitled "Mr Toad". The performances will be in the afternoon on Monday 13th December and on the evening of Tuesday 14th December. Following this, the children's Christmas party will be on Thursday 16th December.

We hope to have acquired the school house and its garden area before the end of the year and have work planned and underway shortly after for its restoration and use.

R H Larter - Head Teacher.

* * * * *

AN HONEST DEALER

Sales patter from a garage which specialises in cars at under £2,000.00

"With one of my cars outside your house you may be eligible for a lower council tax band."

"If you turn the radio up you won't hear the big-end knocking."

"One careful owner - the other six weren't so careful."

"Ideal for keeping hens in."

"Brand new when it left the show room twelve years ago."

"Guaranteed to get the purchaser home if he lives within two miles."

* * * * *

'I'm breeding a new animal; have great hopes for it.'

'What is it?'

'It's half parrot and half tiger.'

'Is it a good talker?'

'It doesn't actually say much. But when it does, **YOU LISTEN.**'

ACTONIANS DRAMA GROUP

If, when you read this the rain is falling along the High Street or the mist is swirling around the maypole or the "nip" in the air causes you to jump into your local, then Christmas is on its way.

"Oh no its not" you say "Oh yes it is" we say as Actonians swing into the festive season with "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" The Village Hall will be transformed between December 8th and until December 11th into the warm climate of the desert. Waving palms will welcome you into the town of Basra - just a little way past Cairo. Here you'll find the market traders going about their business whilst poor hard up Ali Baba (played by poor hard up Gerry Millward) tries to boost his income by finding the hidden wealth stored by that marauding bunch of thieves. Chief "baddies" is Bill Sykes (oops sorry!) Mike Schofield, assisted by the beautiful waspish Barry Wright. The love interest is provided by Liz Aplin who is being wooed by the principal boy Emma O'Connell, whilst Christine and Danny Rogers bring the dancing camel to life. All the usual faces from Actonians will be there donning fezs or veils to add to the entertainment, songs, slapstick, dancing and comedy. Tickets are available from the Post Office or members of the cast.

The New Year will bring the first production of Penny Percy's own play "The Pity of War" directed by Tim Pratt. This one act drama will bring to life the First World War poetry of Wilfred Owen as well as illuminate the man himself. This striking production will be Actonians entry into the One Act Festivals in February and March as well as being performed for the enjoyment of Iron Acton in the Village Hall. We look forward to your support for this original work. Also the Junior Actonians are looking for play ideas for their One Act Festival entry. As many of you will already know the Juniors have a superb track record of awards for their festival entries so will welcome any ideas that might help to maintain their winning standards.

If I may enter a personal "plug", I have the pleasure of directing Arthur Miller's "The Crucible" at the end of May. This haunting play depicting the Salem Witch hunts in eighteenth century America will be demanding for both cast and crew. However, I am sure the results will make for a gripping evenings entertainment.

So now, please race to your attic or cellar and uncover any old fez or yashmak you may have, dust it off and come and wear it to join in the fun down at the Casbah, cheering on Ali Baba and trying to count the Forty Thieves! Please come with any loose change as Actonians this Christmas will be supporting Barnados with their raffle collection, and you could win a cuddly prize! No not Roger Hughes - although he will be willing to sign autographs, at no additional cost, other than a pint of beer.

Bob Allen.

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We were delighted to hear that last Spring's production, "Cold Comfort Farm" directed by Ann Aplin, was one of the plays nominated for best production for the A.A.D (Avon Association of Drama) presentations. Unfortunately, it did not win, but it was an honour to be nominated. We congratulate Ann for the production which the Rose Bowl adjudicator obviously found impressive.

* * * * *

TINKER, TAILOR, SOLDIER, SAILOR,.....?

THE 1994 ROTARY CLUB VOCATIONAL SERVICE AWARD

The Rotary Club of Chipping Sodbury is once again on the look-out for someone who, at work, has made an outstanding contribution to the community through their high standards of commitment to the people they serve. The Vocational Service Award recognises the value of an individual's personal commitment to their job, in whatever walk of life, where there is a recognition by the public or 'customers' of a continuing dedication to performing their vocation in an exemplary way.

Members of the public can put forward a friend, relation, colleague, official or professional person, whether working with children, the elderly, handicapped, or in any other appropriate way. Letters or recommendation should be sent to Bill Bennet, Bill Bennet Engineering Ltd, Horton, Chipping Sodbury, Bristol BS17 6QH

ACTON AID

The Barn Dance, mentioned in the previous issue was held on a pleasant summer evening with about 200 or so people being present.

I am sure everyone enjoyed themselves and had a fun time. Certainly the "caller", music, food and drink were excellent.

It would be unfair to mention individual Acton Aid members because all who contributed to the working parties before the event, and those who performed so well on the evening and afterwards with the clearing up phase, all deserve unstinted praise.

The organising committee did a first class job in making sure every requirement was at hand, in place, and on time.

However, I will mention the barman and his helpers - Eddie Moore with members of his family who take over the whole thing and do so splendidly.

Following the Barn Dance the workers were treated to a most wonderful Sunday morning breakfast at Dusty and Brian Taylor's. Many thanks for a very nice gesture.

The summer barbecue at Rona and Barrie Wright's with fifty or so people attending was held in their garden. The garden which is always a delight, having been decorated with lights looked even more inviting. The food was perfect and ably cooked by Barrie Wright and Mike Sutton. I'm sure however they had some help in preparing the salads and sweets from their wives and others.

By the time this magazine is distributed, another event - the German Oompah evening will have taken place.

All these events are promoted to try and raise money for the organisation to enable us to provide services and help the Parish of Iron Acton and its people.

Since last year we have been fairly successful with our fund raising and although in a healthier financial position we are by no means inundated with money.

We did not arrange a summer excursion for the senior citizens this year because of the cost, and because many cannot take part. Therefore we have decided to provide a Christmas gift for senior citizens so that all may benefit.

Because we are anxious that all who are eligible get a gift and none are left without we are keen to get a list of senior citizen names up to date.

This updating of our list has been mentioned in the past three issues of this magazine, but as I understand it few have made contact, so we have to rely on our old outdated lists. So if you are a senior citizen or will be by Christmas 1993 please contact:

R. Taylor	228417
B. Taylor	228172

Again I would ask if there are men in the Parish who are interested in joining us. Please come along to the Rose & Crown, first Thursday of every month at 8.00 p.m. or contact Lionel Alsop 228400, Robert Bourns 228933, Chris Wiggins 228696.

Lionel Alsop.

* * * * *

The Lone Ranger and Tonto were riding through the prairie one day when they heard the sound of thundering hooves. It was the Cheyenne Indians, dressed in full warpaint and looking very mean. Our two heroes galloped on, but they found their way ahead blocked by another huge band of Cheyenne. The Lone Ranger reined in his horse, Silver, turned to his trusty companion and said, 'Well, Tonto, looks as if we're going to have to shoot it out.'

Tonto looked at him. 'What do you mean - we - Paleface?'



SUPPORTING VILLAGE INDUSTRY

Why should England support overseas trade when our own is in a serious state of recession?

Why should Iron Acton Football Club support Coalpit Heath village hall when they should be supporting village trade? Of course the answer to both these questions is that they should definitely not.

The Football Club cannot do much to influence the state of the nation, but it is with great pleasure that we are now supporting the village again.

"We are very pleased to be back" is the view taken by the Soccer Club of Iron Acton.

After a year away playing at Sunnyside, Yate and Brimsham Green we are absolutely delighted to report our return to the village where we should be.

We have not, though, returned under one roof so to speak. We play our football at the Rose and Crown field and negotiations are taking place between Pub and Club to arrive at a fair tenancy agreement.

Our headquarters are re-located at the Lamb Inn. It was always felt that should an opportunity arise the club would leave Coalpit Heath and return to the village. The opportunity arose in the guise of David Bate, landlord of the Lamb. After hearing what he had to say and what facilities he could offer, the management committee decided it was in the best interests of everybody for the Soccer Club to establish H.Q. at the Lamb Inn.

After our "divorce" from the Rose and Crown, may our "Marriage" to the Lamb be successful for both Club and Pub.

Bob Ford, Chairman.

DOG EXCREMENT

A high profile is quite rightly given to the misery caused by the above deposit. It causes all sorts of problems some really serious when human contact is made.

Every owner has a responsibility to clean up the offending droppings after their dog or dogs have done their business. It has recently come to light that there is an increase in dog mess littering the soccer field and surrounding area to the rear of the Rose and Crown.

Would all those people who use this area to walk their dogs please take note and remove the offending material their animals may leave.

FRIENDS OF IRON ACTON SCHOOL

Did you notice an unusually large number of pedestrians in the Village one mild Friday evening in September? We may have all looked rather suspicious, but actually we were probably looking for 'A.A. Milnes Bear' or counting ornamental lamp posts! This was all part of a very enjoyable treasure hunt followed by a barbecue on the school field. We are grateful to Mr Larter, the headmaster for the wonderful set of clues.

The Annual Summer fayre raised almost £500. The first prize in the Grand Summer Draw, kindly donated by the White Hart Inn was won by Mrs Hatt, the infant class teacher.

In October, we held another successful Skittles Evening at the ARC Social Club in Chipping Sodbury, raising £100. Our thanks once again to Liz and Tony Woodman for booking the alley for us.

We are arranging a Flower Arranging Demonstration for Tuesday 30th November at 8 p.m. in the School Hall. If this report has reached you in time, why not come along and get some ideas for Christmas floral decorations.

On February 5th, we are having a second 'family disco' in the Village Hall from 6.30 p.m. to 10 p.m. We are hoping that this will be as successful as the first.

On the expenditure front, many of the items mentioned in our last report for Focus have now arrived in school. In the future, we anticipate buying more reading material, a colour monitor for one of the computers and some weighing scales.

We are grateful for all the support given to us by residents of Iron Acton. I hope that we shall see some of you at our Flower Arranging Demonstration.

Ann Bradley.

* * * * *

PARISH COUNCIL

At our October meeting the Chairman welcomed our new councillor David White, who was co-opted to fill the vacancy left by the resignation of Geoffrey Gale.

The meeting with Inspector Palfreman proved very interesting, about seventy people turned up and were able to question him concerning aspects of policing which worried them. He also was able to explain the difficulties he had of covering the area with only thirty officers. We all felt it had been a good discussion for both sides.

Arising from that meeting comes an appeal for Special Parish Constables, who would be a great help to the police and to the general public, especially over the two main problems which worry everyone. Namely the speed of traffic in built up areas and the gangs of young people who hang around in the evenings making a thorough nuisance of themselves.

So if you feel this is something you can volunteer for, contact the clerk in the first instance, and he will pass on your name to the police.

We have spoken with the Village Hall Committee concerning the traffic problems during auction sales, and they are planning to make new arrangements to improve matters.

New seats are being placed on the Village Green, and the seat in the High Street has been taken away for repair or replacement.

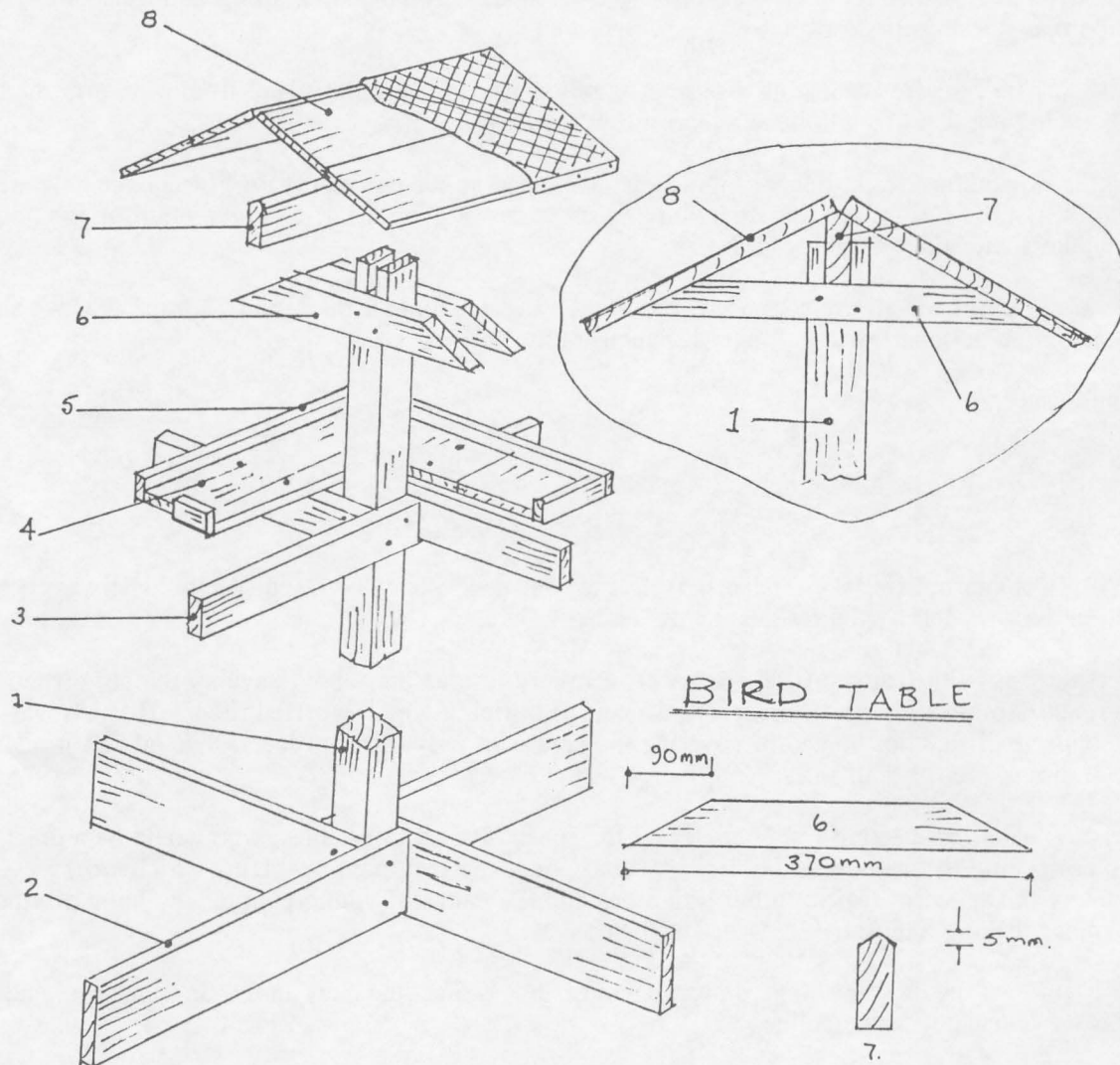
Two dead alder trees are to be removed in the Parish Meadows and five new alders will be planted to replace those two and the ones which died previously. Some native hedging is to be planted on some of the boundaries, together with a few more trees. The children's play area is to be fenced in an effort to keep dogs out completely.

A large quantity of daffodil bulbs has been bought and by the time you read this we hope they will all be planted, so our surroundings should be a little brighter next spring.

The clerk wishes to remind everyone that tennis court fees are now overdue. The white lines have been re-painted and we shall soon have to provide new nets, so we do need the fees to over repairs etc.

Chairman -	Bob Sheppard, 200, North Road.
Vice-Chairman	Sue Gawler, Shale Cottage, Wotton Road,
Councillors	E. Blanchard, B.Cook, R Curtis, F.Davis, D. Hancock, C. Heal, D. White
Clerk	N. Carter, 9, Chilwood Close.

MAKE A BIRD TABLE FOR AUTUMN AND WINTER.



MATERIALS LIST

No	DESCRIPTION	QTY	LENGTH	WIDTH	THICKNESS
1	Post	1	1372mm	50mm	50mm
2	Foot	4	330mm	100mm	25mm
3	Table Support	4	255mm	50mm	25mm
4	T&G Lengths	3	305mm	125mm	18mm - use floorboard
5	Edge Strip	4	305mm	25mm	5mm
6	Roof Support	2	370mm	50mm	25mm
7	Centre Support	1	380mm	50mm	25mm
8	T&G Lengths	4	380mm	125mm	18mm - use floorboard

Lengths given are actual sizes. Allow 50mm extra for end trimming. Sizes given are for unplanned timber. Widths and thicknesses will be slightly smaller when planed.

Take the main post (1) and cut a slot 19 mm (.75") and 32 mm (1 1/4") deep to take the centre roof support (7).

Next cut the four pieces that form the base (2) Drill and fix to the main post with 45 mm (1.75") screws.

The four table supports can now be fixed - they can be nailed or screwed to the main post 255 mm (10") from the top. Ensure they are square to the post.

Prepare the three pieces of T & G (4) that form the table. Cut a 50 mm (2") hole in the centre board and drop it over the main post into position and nail down.

Slot the other two boards into place and nail down, having cut the tongue from one edge and the groove from the other. The edge strips can now be nailed in place. Leave 50 mm (2") gap at the edging to allow for cleaning.

The roof supports (6) can now be cut to size; They should be 370 mm (14½") long. Mark a point 90 mm (3½") from each end and cut the diagonal as illustrated. Nail in place.

Cut the centre roof support (7) 380 mm (15") long and level both sides of top edge 5 mm (3/16") deep.

Screw or nail into main post.

Cut the four T & G pieces (8) for the roof. Plane off unwanted tongues and grooves and nail to (6) and (7). The roof should be covered with a piece of roofing felt.

* * * * *

BRYAN & DUSTY'S FINAL BIT

Due to a promotion after the ripe old age of forty years (how many people can claim to that?), we are on the move to happy - we hope - Hampshire.

After twenty two years in this very, very special village, even to the people who do not like us - that's in my case not Dusty's, thank you - we love you. We feel we have been part of a lovely family, of people that do really care.

In our time here we have crammed in more than some people will do in a whole lifetime, put two boys through the Village school, which at that time was rubbish, moved three times but always stayed part of the Village, helped the Youth Club function in the Village Hall even though the committee at that time didn't want them there, burnt out my sander on the Hall floor trying to give the floor the kiss of life.

Dusty in the meantime rising through the ranks of the I.A.W.I, to in our last year here being supremo or something, gathering a clutch of friends that are more important to her than dinner on the table.

Acton Aid, do not laugh, is something different, it provides for the community and is made possible by the community, where else does that happen outside of St. Pauls, my claim to fame in that area is that I was the longest standing chairman and probably have been chairman more than anyone else. I have no illusions over the latter as it is always mission impossible to find replacement chairman, - John Tillotson went to Germany to get out of it.

But now all of that is in the past, which I just know we are going to miss but I hope not regret.

So now to the move, I have been given a check list of people to contact.

T.V. license -	I've never had one
Doctor -	Tried never to use one.
Post Office -	I do not want any more rubbish mail
Driving Licence -	It was taken away in 1978
Pole Tax Authority -	No comment.
Insurance Company's -	Not much has happened in the last twenty two years to call on them, so why bother now, (sorry Mike)
Inland Revenue -	Why spoil a good thing and cause them all that work!
Vet -	Now that is good Pat Murphy is great and we will let him know our new address.

The only regret is that Just Desserts did not survive, it caused more than employment in the Village, it caused a buzz, super people and their kids that wanted 'their village' to be a success, and we had a great time working oh so hard, the joy of it was that we all started up and ended up staying friends.

So to all our friends may we say thank you for all you have done for us and ours over the past twenty two years.

IRON ACTON NEW VILLAGE HALL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT 1992-93

The past year has been quite a challenging one for the Hall Committee with the introduction of the 1992 Charities Act and the strict enforcement of Health & Safety regulations.

In order to meet Health & Safety requirements it has been necessary to do the following work:

- Renewal of stage floor
- Fireproofing of stage curtains & window drapes
- Updating of all electrical fuses
- Additional emergency lighting to outside of building
- Installation of wash hand basin in kitchen
- New door, with push bars, to second committee room

Under the heading of general maintenance it has been necessary once again, to have further roof repairs carried out. The overall level of amenities was improved by the installation of electric hand dryers, the provision of a large waste bin, the refurbishing of the folding tables and the addition of four large folding tables.

A payphone was installed towards the end of 1992. This, unfortunately, was stolen on two occasions leading to much debate before it was decided to fit a third model and install security lighting to the outside of the building in an attempt to thwart future break-ins.

All the foregoing has been quite a drain on Hall funds and the Committee is indebted to the Parish Council for their considerable financial help in the form of loans and grants. Monies towards the work was also forthcoming from Northavon District Council and the Avon Community Council.

On the fund raising front the Hall Committee was involved in the Horticultural Show, Algar's Manor Teas, the Village Day Tombola and jointly with the Actonian Drama Group, the very successful 'Wild West' Evening.

The past year has seen an increase in hirings, with the expansion of the Nursery School to three mornings a week, monthly auctions, French lessons for school children and the Solo's dancing club, all bringing in extra essential revenue.

A revised Hire Agreement has been drawn up and this is now available for regular users and to applicants for private functions.

At the A.G.M. held on the 4th August the following committee was elected:-

CHAIRMAN	Peter Wedgwood
VICE CHAIRMAN	Margaret Woodman
SECRETARY	Roger Hughes
TREASURER	Tony Pullen
HALL MANAGER	Mike Wills
BOOKING SECRETARY	Penny Percy
W.I. REP.	Anna Tillotson
PARISH COUNCIL REP	Bob Sheppard
ACTON AID	Gerry Millward
ACTONIANS	Rona Wright
ELIZABETHANS	Elsie Blanchard
VILLAGE MEMBERS	John Smalley
	Tony Townsend
	David White

* * * * *

Did you hear about the man who wanted to cross a carrier-pigeon with a woodpecker to get a bird that would knock on the door before delivering a message?

'CYCLIN (AND SINGIN') IN THE RAIN

The P.C.C. wanted to make a special effort this year to raise money for the Famine in Sudan appeal. We decided that something a little adventurous was called for and thought that a sponsored cycle ride would be fun. The ride was planned for early September when everyone would be back from their holidays and we thought we could rely on some good weather.

That was before we experienced Summer 1993!

All the preliminary arrangements were completed without difficulty apart from my meeting four separate cattle wagons on the day I was painstakingly measuring each stage of the ride. Every time I met one of these monsters in the narrow lanes, I was obliged to reverse erratically for about half a mile until a passing place was reached. The result was a not very accurate measurement of the distance between check points but no-one seemed to notice on the day.

Sponsorship forms were distributed, the local constabulary was informed of our intentions, puncture outfits and first aid kits were assembled and then we heard the weather forecast! It seemed that September 12th, the day selected for our grand effort, had also been selected as one of the coldest, wildest, wettest days in a very soggy summer.

Always the optimist, I observed the clear sky as I went round the fifteen miles of the course in the morning planting flags. I was sure the weathermen had got it wrong again.

Back home I was reminded that the forecast had been quite explicit about the timing of the 'severe weather.' It was apparently scheduled to coincide exactly with the start of the ride!

At 11.40, armed with maps, elastoplast and orange juice I met the Marshals who were very thankful that they would be checking in the riders from the shelter of their cars. At precisely 11.50, the heavens opened just as the cyclists began to arrive.

There was no opportunity for a grand send off. The brave team of waterproof clad cyclists set off into the wind and rain desperate to get the ordeal over and the little group of wet well wishers dispersed to change, take up position at the check points or to cut sandwiches and heat up the soup in preparation for resuscitating the heroes on their return.

Two hours later a steady stream (ugh!) of dripping individuals appeared in my kitchen. It had rained throughout the ride and the savage wind had added to the discomfort. Nevertheless it was an extremely cheerful, happy band who gratefully accepted dry towels before attacking the refreshments. All nineteen of them claimed to have enjoyed their afternoon's exercise!

The fact that everyone who set out managed to complete all fifteen miles on such a day was amazing but even more so was the fact that their efforts raised over £527 for the famine appeal. It was a wonderful effort by a generous group of people and a splendid example of the dogged British refusal to be put off by a little thing like the weather!

We hope to repeat the exercise next year; all of our cyclists are keen to have another go but next time it might be an idea to keep the date secret - in case the weathermen are listening!

Hazel Dron.

* * * * *

A big game hunter left his tent in the jungle one day without his gun and was confronted by an enormous lion preparing to spring. He froze and the animal leapt into the air, shot over his head, and landed beyond him.

The hunter turned around to see the animal poise for another jump. Again it overshot he mark and landed beyond him. This continued for some time and eventually the hunter was able to crawl back into his tent.

When he emerged with his gun, he was amazed to see the lion on the other side of the clearing, practising little low jumps.

NORTH ROAD LADIES CLUB

We had been looking forward to our trip to Gloucester Packaging Museum in July and when the time came the visit was well worth waiting for with packaging from the past recalling memories for many. Afterwards, members enjoyed a ploughman's supper in the restaurant.

In September our speaker was Carol Roderick of 'Hearing Dogs for the Deaf'. She was accompanied by her dog, Rosie, who made her own contribution to the talk - much to our amusement. Hearing Dogs help their owners by alerting them to various noises such as the telephone, doorbell, someone calling out to them, the alarm clock ringing or even when the smoke alarm goes off. In spite of the serious work they do it became obvious when refreshments were served that Rosie had a weakness for biscuits!

Our ladies again provided refreshments for Yate Horticultural Society Show; they made cakes and served teas, this provided a profit of £71 which will go to our 2 charities this year.

At our October Meeting Cindy Sutton demonstrated making teasel dolls. Cindy makes these in her spare time sending them all over the world, raising money for Yate and District Special Needs Playgroup's Project - they hope to build a play and activity complex for handicapped children.

All who went to see CATS at the Hippodrome thoroughly enjoyed the show and are eagerly looking forward to the next one.

Our Birthday Party at the beginning of November will be held at the Windbound, Oldbury and in December our AGM will be combined with an American Supper.

Looking forward to next year, we start off with Tyna Thompson of Headlines Hat Hire, who will be bringing about 40 hats for us to try on. The next month will be a talk and slides given by Geoff Goundrell of HMP Leyhill on the Chelsea Flower Show.

With a very full programme of speakers and coach trips for 1994 we are hoping to attract new members. If you are interested in joining our Club please come along to any of our meetings at North Road School - you'll get a warm welcome.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Dorothy Denning

NEWS FROM THE PEWS

SPONSORED BICYCLE RIDE: On an absolutely awful (rain pouring, wind blowing) Sunday in early September a small group of intrepid travellers set off on a sponsored bike ride between Iron Acton, Cromhall, Tytherington and finishing back at Rangeworthy. The event was excellently organised by Hazel Dron and the money raised was a staggering £527. Proceeds will go to charity for use in Africa. It really was a staggering response and heartfelt and deep thanks go to all those who participated - organisers, cyclists, marshalls, etc!

I was even surprised by Melville Dron! Being forced to marshall on the worst possible spot - opposite the Rose and Crown in Rangeworthy I would have waged a fiver on the participants having to drag him screaming from the warm sanctuary of the Lounge Bar to sign their forms. Not a bit of it! There he was, sitting in a very steamed up car, diligently doing his duty - now there's dedication for you!!!



"REMIND ME TO HAVE A WORD WITH THAT SIGN-WRITER, WILL YOU?"

OUR OUR VEST FESTIVAL: This came at the end of September and yet again, thanks to the generous response of Iron Acton people and their friends we had another successful event. Profits went to the British Red Cross Appeal for War Victims in the Former Yugoslavia. £500 was raised through collections, the Harvest Supper, raffle and Harvest Sale. Over 60 people sat down to Harvest Supper and not one case of salmonella was reported! We sold raffle tickets at 10p each and for the first time broke through the 1000 ticket sold barrier - I know we could make more by charging more per ticket but at our prices everyone can afford at least one and no one can accuse us of money grabbing!! Mike Wheeler has found a new form of contraception - it involves onions - for further details you'd better see him! And finally, our grateful thanks to Josie for letting Barry Paine go berserk at the Sale and bid for almost everything in sight. Wot with 'im and Allan Didcott it's a miracle that Darryl got his Jam but I'm still waiting for an explanation as to why Darryl needed jam when he got back from his honeymoon??? Seriously though, our grateful thanks to EVERYONE who helped. We hope you enjoyed yourselves and we want you to know that your efforts are very much appreciated.

FUTURE DATES:

Saturday, 4 December at 7.30 pm - an Evening of Festive Music by Amberley Chamber Choir - Tickets £1.50 - proceeds to the Fabric Fund.

AND FINALLY IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN

THE INCREDIBLE IRON ACTON CHRISTINGLE WEEKEND

CHILDREN'S WORKSHOP AND ANNUAL MESSY MAKING UP OF CHRISTINGLES:
Saturday, 4 December from 10.30 am to 12.30 pm in the School

CHILDREN'S CHRISTINGLE SERVICE - FOR ALL CHILDREN FROM 0 TO 100 YEARS!!!
Sunday, 5 December at 6.00 pm in the Church

PROCEEDS TO THE CHILDREN'S SOCIETY - PLEASE HELP US TO HELP THEM HELP THE CHILDREN! EVERYONE WELCOME

KNICKERS TO ALL OF YOU!!!!

She came! She saw! She conquered! On Thursday, 11 November an event was staged in the Village Hall the like of which, it was whispered, had never been seen before ...

Rosemary Hawthorne, wife of the Vicar of Tetbury, came and participated in an evening to remember. An illustrated talk on the history of our undies, followed by good wine, good food and good conversation and all for an incredible £4. What, I hear you cry, I didn't see any posters ... well, no you wouldn't, cos we managed to sell over 100 tickets without needing any.

There's going to be some surprises in Christmas stockings this year I can tell you!! A prize of £5 to the first person who reports hearing giggling underpants (male) around the village and I'll let you know in the next issue who the wearer was!

It was a lovely evening with a lot of laughter and happiness and I'd like to thank all who supported us (sorry for the pun but it's incredibly difficult to avoid them with such a subject) and to also pay tribute to the group of people called FLOWERS AND DUSTERS who, in another guise, keep our Church dustered and flowered throughout the year but who on this occasion turned up trumps and gave me all the help and encouragement needed. The event couldn't have been staged without them and I want to publically let them know how much they, and all the work they do, is appreciated.

Lynne Blanchard

IRON ACTON'S WILD INDIANS

So what've we been up to that I can tell you about? July saw levels of manual dexterity that far outstripped my capabilities ... we had a practical demonstration of that popular Japanese martial art of Origami or how to beat a piece of paper into submission. Although great fun, I suspect life would be easier with a stapler. August allowed us to recover our composure before the Avon Wildlife Trust arrived to make us yearn for the warm and balmy days of summer with a beautiful series of slides on flowers and fauna. In October our speaker was hit by a lurgy but it gave us extra time to drool over the WI Birthday Party menu ... do I choose venison in red wine sauce, turkey filled with asparagus and ham, breaded pork with stilton? Ain't life difficult!

Fund Raising (also entitled Great Disasters of '93) began with a barbeque planned for late June ... until the gods intervened to make most of the proposed venue a prime site for growing rice. We beat a dignified retreat with mutterings of "next year" and "there's always the car boot sale". Isn't it wonderful to be optimistic! It rained longer and harder before the car boot sale than for the barbeque and the word went around "it's off"! The rearranged date co-incided, unfortunately, with the Auction in the Village Hall; with cars already parked along much of the High Street those of us involved with stewarding had a hectic time and we apologise for any problems caused specifically by our Car Boot Sale.

Several of our ladies went on a County organised visit to the Houses of Parliament. It was greatly enjoyed but the real high spot of the day was finding an M&S Store in Windsor - much to the wry concern of husbands! We also maintained our 100% record in the County Skittles Tournament ... by not getting beyond the first round and we're all looking forward to December when we have a return visit to Penhow Castle.

Our Birthday Party was also a sad occasion as we bade farewell to Dusty Taylor, also known as Big M (for reasons best not discussed here). Dusty has been Secretary, Treasurer and President of our WI (although not all at the same time) and has always worked hard and tirelessly for us. We wish her every success in her 'new life' and hope that when she joins her new WI they prove to be as mad as we are!!

Lynne Blanchard

DIARY OF FORTHCOMING EVENTS

IN THE VILLAGE HALL

Every Monday	Fun Francais - For Children	3.30 p.m.
	Term Time Only	
Every Mon & Thurs	Nursery School	9.00 a.m.
Weds	Elizabethans	2.00 p.m.
	Junior Actonians	6.00 p.m.
	Actonians	7.30 p.m.
2nd Mon in the Month	Womens Institute	7.30 p.m.
3rd Mon in the Month	Parish Council	7.30 p.m.
4th Mon in the Month	Whist Drive	7.30 p.m.
3rd Thurs in the Month	Knitting Group	1.30 p.m.
December w/c 5/12/93	Actonians Pantomime "Ali Baba"	
December 18	Acton Aid - Christmas Party	
December 19	Acton Aid - Children's Party	

IN THE PARISH CHURCH

November 27	Christmas Fayre in Village Hall	3.00 p.m.
December 4	Concert of Festive Music	7.30 p.m.
December 5	Christingle	6.00 p.m.

AT IRON ACTON SCHOOL

December 13	Infants Nativity Play	2.00 p.m.
December 14	Juniors' School Play	7.00 p.m.
December 21	Autumn Term Ends	
January 4	Spring Term Commences	

AT NORTH ROAD SCHOOL

December 14	Infants' Carol Service	1.45 p.m.
December 15	Juniors' Carol Service	7.15 p.m.
1st Monday in Month	North Road Ladies	7.15 p.m.

AT THE ROSE & CROWN

1st Thursday in Month	Acton Aid	8.00 p.m.
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FOCAL POYNTZ is produced three times a year usually at end of March, July and November and is distributed to every house in the Parish. Contributions for publication are always welcome and can be sent to Mr John Percy, Primrose Cottage, High Street, Iron Acton. Advice will be given if required. Items ought to be submitted about four weeks before date of issue.

Advertisers wishing to take space in **FOCAL POYNTZ** should contact either Mrs B. Cook (228202) or Mr L. Alsop (228400).

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DYER BROS.

(VICTORIA GARAGE) (EST 60 YRS)



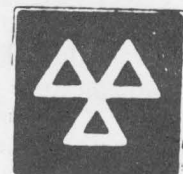
MOT'S while-u-wait

- SERVICING & REPAIRS
- TUNING & WELDING
- FREE DELIVERY & COLLECTION

NOW OPEN FOR PETROL 7 DAYS A WEEK TILL 10pm.

IRON ACTON BY-PASS, NR. YATE

Tel: RANGEWORTHY **2 28**
2 07



CHRIS'S

THE STORES & POST OFFICE



for all your

DRY CLEANING

*groceries stationery
Evening Post*

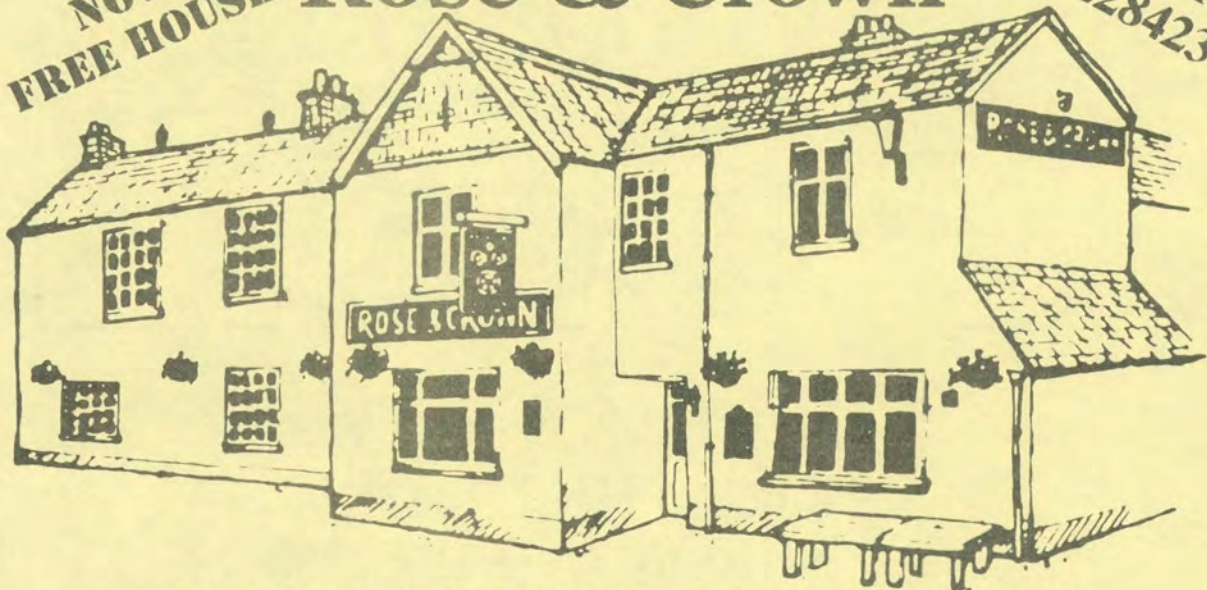


SHOE REPAIRS

**NOW
FREE HOUSE**

Rose & Crown

Phone
228423



IN THE HEART OF IRON ACTON VILLAGE

Traditional Ale served by Allan & Gail

EN-SUITE ACCOMMODATION

CONFERENCE ROOM AVAILABLE

HOLLY HILL FARM FARM SHOP



Quality Potatoes, Fresh Veg in season, Fresh Milk, Eggs.
Full Range of Garden Compost and Top Soil.
ALSO! Pet Supplies, Cut Logs – Bulk or Bags.

PET FOOD PRICE LIST

Dog Food

20kg Beta Pet	£13.95
20kg Febo Professional	£18.60
20kg Valu-mix	£11.15
20kg Pascoe's Original	£12.85
10kg Pascoe's Original	£7.95
20kg Omega Tasty	£15.10
10kg Omega Tasty	£8.10
10kg Gilpa Puppy	£9.20
10kg Beta Puppy	£10.12
800g Frozen Harris Tripe (15 to box)	£7.00
5lbs Dofos minced Beef	£2.19
5lbs Dofos minced Chicken	£1.75
2.5kg Pedigree Chum Complete	£2.95

Rabbit Food

20kg Countryside Supreme	£7.45
20kg Russell Rabbit	£9.75
20kg Pierce's Rabbit mix	£7.25
20kg Rabbit Super mix	£6.00
20kg Supa de Luxe mix	£7.75
15kg Supa Natural	£7.25

Cat Food

2kg Omega Fancy (fish or meat mix)	£2.75
2kg Omega Fancy (original)	£2.45
1lb Febo Stars	65p

Horse Food

20kg Pasture mix	£5.25
20kg Paddock cubes	£4.25

Prices correct at time of Press

*All the above available in small bags
also: Hay, Straw & Baled Wood shavings*

N. T. SANDY
HOLLY HILL FARM
IRON ACTON
NR. BRISTOL
TEL: (0454) 228289