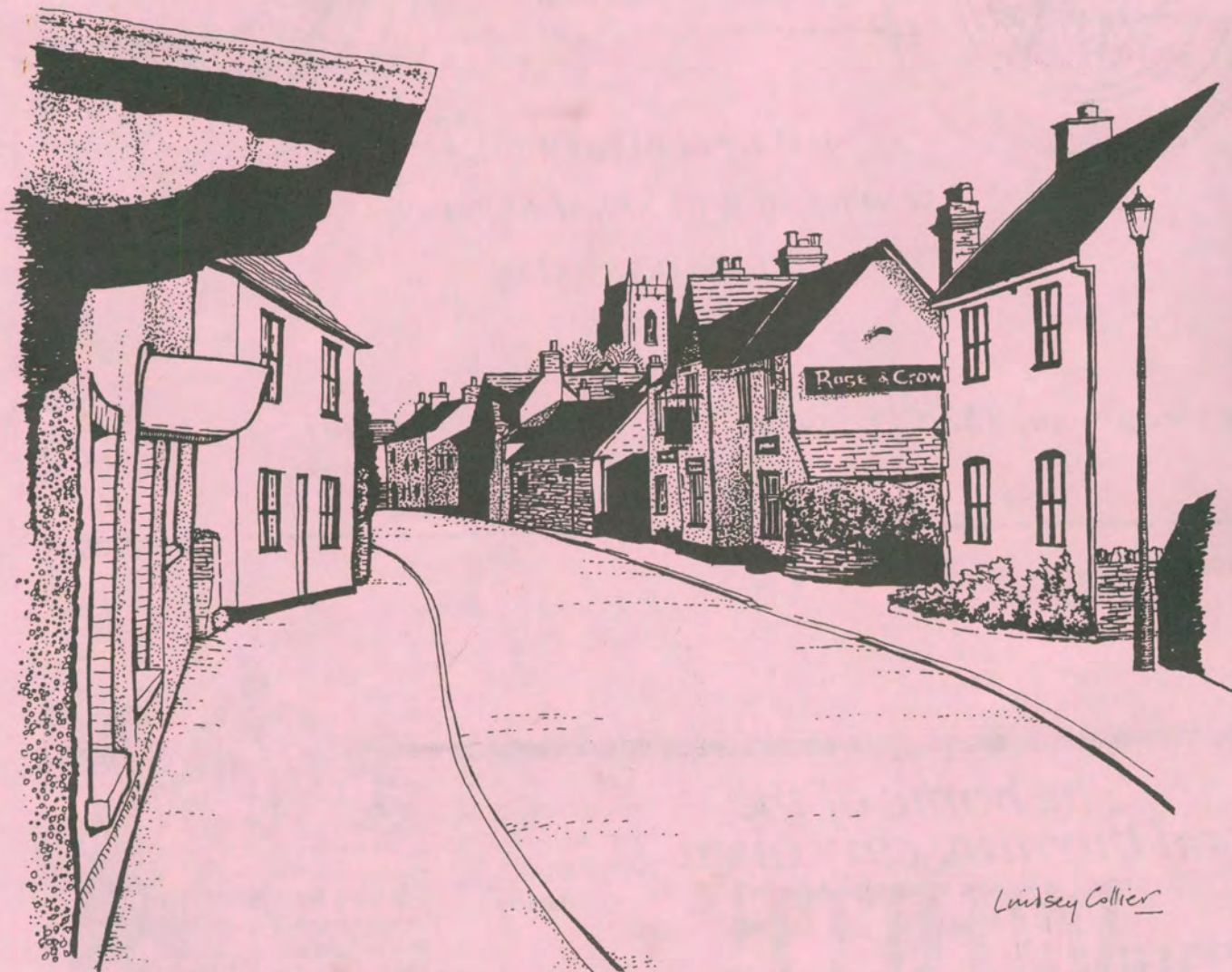
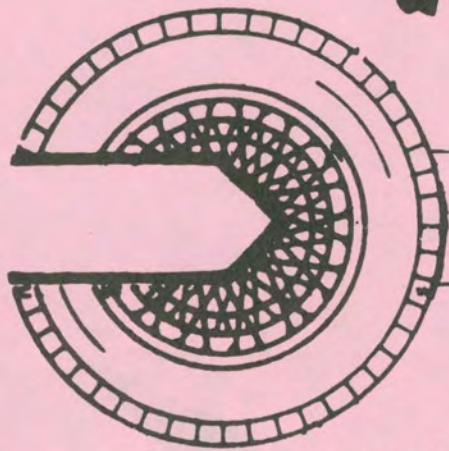


FOCAL POYNTZ

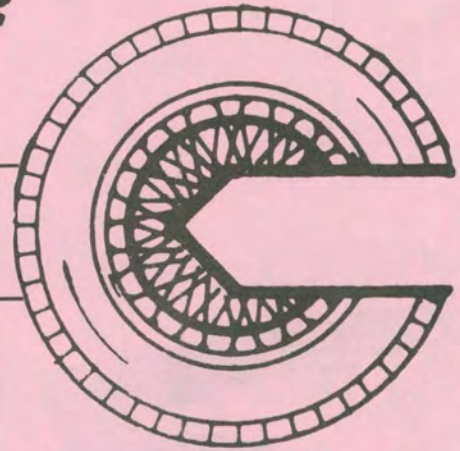


A MAGAZINE FOR IRON ACTON

roger's autocare



*Mobile
Vehicle Maintenance*



*M.O.T. PREPARATION
SERVICING & GENERAL REPAIRS
NO JOB TOO SMALL*

Roger Marsh, 127 Cherington, Yate, Avon.

TEL: (01454) 321631

*The home of the
wood burning clay oven*



*Iron Acton,
Near Bristol.
Telephone
Rangeworthy
228228*



SUMMER

ISSUE No 39

EDITORIAL

We are very sorry to hear of the death of Alfred Strange. He has been a very regular contributor from afar to this magazine for many years and only in May we had a further section of his diary, part of which is included in this issue, and also a couple of little space fillers. We have been very grateful for his support and enthusiasm and we know how much many of you have enjoyed his diary, month by month. We hear that Alfred's widow has sent donations to the Church and the School as well as to Focal Poyntz and we are very grateful to her as well.

We write this editorial at a time when Summer seems to have come at last - in fact, how quickly our lawns are needing a good dose of rain! The village is looking bright and colourful and we realise how lucky we are to live in such a pretty place. We hope that all you gardeners are busy preparing your entries for the Horticultural Show, while the rest of us are enjoying the sunshine. We hope you all have good holidays and come back with lots of stories for the next issue of Focal Poyntz.



Our new cover drawing has been done for us by Lindsey Collier, from the Actonians. Many will have enjoyed the drawings of the village that she was selling on Village Day. She will undertake commissions of specific scenes. She can be contacted through us or through the Actonians.

John Percy
228339

Betty Cook
228202

Charles Wilkins
228254

Lionel Alsop
228400

Jean Dickes
228609

Hazel Dron
228509

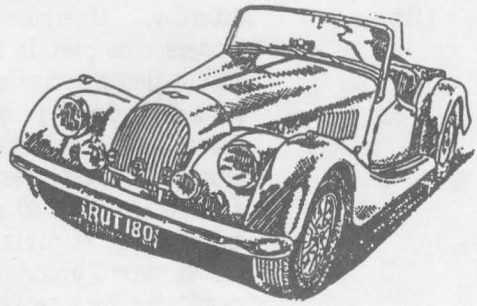
Lynne Blanchard
228566

Maureen Blake
294381

ALFRED STRANGE'S DIARY - YEAR 1934 (APRIL)

- 1st Easter Sunday. Bellringing at 6 a.m. with F. Fortune and D. Gibbons. 7 a.m. Communion. Bellringing for 11 a.m. Service. Served at H. Communion with F. Fortune. Afternoon - round to FF's. Across the fields. Fine day but windy. We stopped to talk to P. Wiggins and O. Padfield by Kings. Mourners for Mr. Amos (North Road) at Evening Service. Walked along North Road with J. Ellis and called in at Mr. Holbrook's (shop) about travelling over to Olveston tomorrow.
- 2nd Easter Monday. Round to North Road but no-one biking over to Olveston. Set off on my bike with G. Kingscott. B. Aldom caught us up at level crossing. Olveston Utd. 3 North Road 1 (A. Mainstone). I missed a 'sitter'. Good sized crowd; there were some chaps from the B.C.E.D. football team there. Jack Elson played in long trousers. Home 2.45, then down to Rangeworthy. Rangeworthy 1 (Marklove) Cossham 1 (top team). A gang of us stood by Rangeworthy's goal shouting for Cossham! Iron Acton 3 Watley's End 3.
- 3rd Tuesday. Weeded and tidied up the flower garden paths. Lifted a lot of grass. Left my football boots at Wallbanks and changed a 10/- note. To Winterbourne with the chaps. Winterbourne 3 Hafod Welfare (South Wales) 2. Fatty Richardson and F. Smith played (both old Grammar School lads). Helped my Uncles Laurie and Cecil take the cows down Patch Elm Lane to the fields my Uncle Cecil is renting. Chap named Woodward killed at Tytherington Quarries. 'Phone call to say Col. Sinnott (County Surveyor) is coming this afternoon. Mr. Greenway took Mr. Vivash (Assistant Surveyor) to Lansdown to see the road the Duke of Beaufort referred to in his letter to "The Gazette" on Saturday. Capt. H. at meeting in the Boardroom with Col. Sinnott and Messrs. Ludwell and Morton.
- 5th Thursday. Mrs. Clarke (Chipping Sodbury) called re team labour form. Mr. Greenway and Mr. Vivash went to Codrington to measure road for Birophalte (special road surfacing). Evening - dug up part of middle rudge. Went to Elsons. Reg engaged in decarbonising his motorbike. Stayed to play cards with Reg, Kathleen and the kids.
- 6th Friday. Evening, finished digging middle rudge. To Acton with D. Gibbons. No bellringing practice. Mr. Curtis gone to a whist drive. Along the road with FF and L. Gleed with K. Elson. I left them outside Wookeys.
- 7th Saturday. Col. Sinnott telephoned; he was planning to meet Capt. Gunston (local M.P.) and Gen. McCalmont to inspect the roads in the Wickwar area. Prepared the middle rudge for planting potatoes. Football - North Road 0 Clevedon St. Andrews 4. Poor game. W. Alway, J. Elson and C. Fletcher played. Helped Uncle Laurie spread manure in rows for potatoes. Had haircut at D. Skuse's. To the Institute. Knocked out of whist tournament with H. White.
- 8th Sunday. Evening Service. No bellringing. FF rang the chimes; he made a bit of a mess trying to ring hymn tunes! Fairly good congregation. After church walking up Yate Road with R. Elson when his brother, Jack, came along in his car and gave us a lift to their house. Home - later walked down road to North End Farm where there was a car stranded with no lights. I met Rhoda Fortune and her sister, Betty, with Joan Norton, D. Gibbons and chaps from Rangeworthy.
- 9th Monday. Lomas at office. A roller had burst a water main at Hambrook. I 'phoned the West Glos. Water Co. Heard that we may have three new lorries and the old ones to be scrapped. Evening - to Greggs College, evening class. On the back of Reg Elson's motorbike - a Francis Barnett.
- 10th Tuesday. Point to point races at Rangeworthy today. Made search through Minutes and letters - where Capt. Henderson had applied for a new weighbridge. Plenty of traffic passing by (Wotton Road) from the point to point races. Planted 23 rows of potatoes. Evening - to Institute - knocked out of whist tournament with A. Shephard by T. Fletcher and G. Wiggins. Raining to go home. Reported that about 5000 people attended the point to point races at Rangeworthy.
- 11th Wednesday. The Council to advertise for post of Assistant Highways Surveyor. Letter sent to team labour contractors whose tenders had been accepted.
- 12th Thursday. Mr. Reed (County Council Surveyor) came to office to talk to Capt. H. and Mr. V. They talked in his car; he didn't think much of our office! R. Elson going to whist drive at North Road so we didn't go to evening class. Bellringing practice; we did a bit of Queen's changes. L. Gleed outside church: I left him and FF with P. Wiggins.
- 13th Friday. Letter to Col. Sinnott re danger spot by Major Pope's at Marshfield. Office chimney caught fire - roaring! Planted more potatoes in rudge by Gowen's. To social at Acton School - didn't think much of it - Mr. Alexander and his wife sang (formerly members of the Carl Rosa Opera Company).

- 14th **Saturday.** Afternoon - to North Road. We travelled through Keynsham. I saw Capt. Henderson go past in his car, on the way to watch Winterbourne play at Clandon. We got lost; didn't arrive at Chew Stoke until 4 o'clock. Chew Stoke 5 North Road 1 (R. Elson). L. Wookey played in goal. M. Horder (Yate Y.M.C.A.) also played, at c-half. We didn't leave Chew Stoke until 6 o'clock; came back via Winford and past the reservoirs. We dropped C. Prentergast off in Bristol and the referee at Downend. I was in Jack Elson's car - doing about 60 along Coalpit Heath main road! Lads sitting up on the back, singing and shouting at girls, when a terrific report - the main driving shaft broke and the car almost turned over. Chap came along on his bike with shaft on his shoulder! Four of us caught bus back to Yate. Arrived home at 7.30. Later - to the Institute; knocked out of whist tournament with E. Curtis. North Road Sports v Chew Stoke - L. Wookey, H. Thompson, S. Gwatkins, F. Dixon, N. Horder, C. Prentergast, R. Elson, B. Dyer, A. Strange, W. Beazer, C. Pearce.
- 15th **Sunday.** Afternoon - walked back from Acton with GK and MP. We left FF behind talking to P. Wiggins and Joan Bateman. After Evening Service, walked up to Yate with R. Elson. We looked in at Charlie Pullin's new garage.
- 16th **Monday.** Evening - planted potatoes. Round to Goose Green. Listened to the Yate Church bellringing. Meeting of new District Council today. Helped Uncle Cecil plant onion seed. R. Elson towed me along North Road on his motorbike.
- 17th **Tuesday.** Capt. Henderson gone to Gloucester to discuss with Col. Sinnott re delegation and taking over of the Filton roads. Mr. Wilson (Clerk to the Council) went with him.
- 19th **Thursday.** Evening - over to Coalpit Heath with Don Pullin to watch football match. Coalpit Heath and District XI v Bristol Rovers XI. Behind the Half Moon pub. Coalpit Heath 0 Rovers 5. Large crowd there. Coalpit Heath XI - Leakey, W. Dando, R. Alsop, Skidmore, J. Rowlands, A. Maggs, J. Eastman, Lewis, C. Bacon, Pyatt, C. Fletcher. Later - called in at Institute. Knocked out of whist tournament with E. Curtis.
- 20th **Friday.** Letter to Mr. Harris (Solicitor) re permission to dump material in New Road, Chipping Sodbury. Evening - late for choir practice. Helped push R. Elson's motorbike - puncture. He borrowed my bike to go to Yate for a tyre; no good. Bellringing practice.
- 21st **Saturday.** Football. North Road 0 B.C.E.D. Res. Poor game. S. Gwatkins played well at full back. Idris Marklove and Dick Canvin played. Hollybrook Sports 0 Iron Acton 8 (G. Wiggins scored 5). 5000 spectators watch Gloucestershire play Stinchcombe Stragglers. Glos. 250 for 9 (B.H. Lyon 51, Neale 58). Stinchcombe 142 (J. Hobbs 41). Charlie Parker took 4 wickets for 12 runs. Yate Y.M.C.A. 1 Hillfield Park 1. Yate Y.M. champions of Div. V of Bristol and District League.
- 22nd **Sunday.** Paid club money at Dyers. To church. New kid named Newman in choir.
- 23rd **Monday.** Office. Mr. Turner (Clerk's Dept.) came over for particulars of stone hauled from Bury Hill Quarry during the past three years. Mr. P. went to Bristol to order tarspraying tackle from Millets. Travellers from Texas Oil and Vacuum Oil called.
- 24th **Tuesday.** Mr. P. gone to Stinchcombe Hall Musical Festival today. Mr. Morton (Iron Acton) called to see Capt. H. Said he had arranged to meet him at North Road. American Police are hot on the trail of John Dillinger 'Public Enemy No. 1', a notorious gangster.
- 25th **Wednesday.** Office. A.E. Cotterell called re drain blocked at Old Sodbury. Mr. Charlie Kendall called at office during lunch hour to see Mr. Powell re insurance. Rode up road with KE. She went round to FF's.
- 26th **Thursday.** Letter to Mr. Reid (Surveyor) to say we would only require two new lorries. Mr. P. went to Sodbury to see Mr. Waters (Head of Grammar School) re testimonial for his application for post as Assistant Surveyor.
- 27th **Friday.** I hear that we are to have three new lorries.
- 28th **Saturday.** I finished typing out Min. of Transport's schedule re 'Public Safety'. Afternoon - in to Rovers' ground with B. Dyer. Rovers 2 Newport Co. 0. Plenty of Newport supporters there. Home at 6 p.m. Velt. Gwatkins married to Annie Alway today. Along to North Road with D. Gibbons. We called at Holbrook's shop and met KE. Littleton-on-Severn 2 Rangeworthy 4.
- 29th **Sunday.** Afternoon - walked down to Acton by myself and round Dyers Lane. Bellringing. After Evening Service D. Gibbons and I walked up Yate Road with Miss Smith and KE. They went on on their bikes. Left DG talking to E. Clark and A. Webb.
- 30th **Monday.** Evening - R. Elson not going to evening class. I returned home and worked on preparing patch for small seed. North Road Sports; record for season. Played 26 won 1 drew 1 lost 24; goals for 28, against 95, points 3. Two clubs dropped out of league; we had beaten one of them!



5,600 Kms, sitting 25cm from the ground in a "Go-Kart" - and this was a holiday - or so I was led to believe!!

On Easter Saturday we set off - destination, the Sahara Desert and back in one piece hopefully, having successfully taken part in the first International Morgan Rally of Morocco, a venture organised jointly by The Morgan Owners Clubs of Italy and Belgium.

There were 42 cars in total, with 6 from England, 1 from Ireland and the remainder from Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, France, Germany and Luxemburg.

The first leg was to find our own way to Tangier and so 5 Brits had arranged to travel across Spain together - well almost - "The Yellow Peril Pete" seemed to have difficulty keeping up with anyone apart from his young blonde navigator who was obviously not under the same baggage restraints of half a suitcase as the rest of us, appearing in a different outfit every day hence the poor car resembling a mobile home.

The ferry trip from Portsmouth to Bilbao was smooth, warm and restful as was the journey through Spain taking the scenic route with 2 overnight stops - these had been carefully planned, the main criteria being not the star rating or quality of the wine - but the car parking - is it secure? Is it dry? Are they alright (the cars that is not the wives)!!

We arrived safely in Algeciras for the ferry to Tangier where the arrival of 4 Morgans (the Yellow Peril hadn't made it in time for scheduled departure) caused what seemed to be a bit of a stir, little did we know what tomorrow would bring. Another "secure parking" hotel had been booked, "Hotel" being a doubtful description, however we really did need the secure underground garage.

The following morning we fought our way back through "our helpful Arab friends" to arrive at the port to meet the remainder of the Morgans arriving by ferry from France. Rally badges, stickers and flags were issued and secured and suddenly it was time for the off. The instructions throughout the trip were slightly hazy, being given in Italian but we understood the very precise instruction this time of all lights on and foot hard down - a roar of V8 and we were off. It was obvious that the organizers had decided to get out whilst they could - Tangier was at a standstill, all roads were closed, police with batons and whistles blowing were waving us on and so we had to go - Chris had his foot to the floor and I was under the dash, terrified, thinking "Oh no, not 12 days of this, if only I'd realised".

However my fears were short lived, once away from Tangier all calmed down and we were able to follow the route map at our own pace and soon found ourselves amidst snow-covered trees in the Atlas mountains (in the photo taken at this point I resemble the abominable snowman wearing every available article of clothing we had fortunately retained from the luggage carrier). Our first stop was Fes (303km) where we were greeted at the hotel with what became the customary local band and dancers - quite frankly a quiet G & T would have been far more appropriate following a hard days motoring along

surfaced but uneven roads with wadis and stone throwing local children to avoid - never mind - the hotel was superb and the civic welcome we were given during our 2 night stop-over was much appreciated. The guided trip around the Medina was very interesting, sadly shopping was out, where on earth do you stow a 12ft carpet in a Morgan no matter how cheap it is ?? Before departing Fes we attended a meeting in the town centre for a ceremonial presentation in front of the President, Press, Television and general public. The next leg was to be long, to Erfoud (432km) through the mountains and cedar woods and a stop in Midelt for a local lunch. During the afternoon we drove through Ksour where there were mile upon mile of huge Castles of Sand and then Tafilalet which is a wide oasis producing dates for export all over the world. At this point the instruction book read "We are close to the Sahara Desert, from here on the road becomes narrower (is this possible I think) but the bottom is good. Expected arrival in Erfoud where the trail ends, the godet sands of the first dunes begin"

The following morning we took up the option of departing by Land Rover at 4.15am to cross the gravel desert for an hour and then walk and climb among the spectacular dunes to watch the sun rise - it was well worth the effort despite being extremely cold! The sight of 20 Land Rovers taking their own line across the desert was like watching a motorised version of Lawrence of Arabia.

At 8.30 we returned to the hotel (by this time there was neither electricity or water) so we made a hasty departure, destination Ouarzazate via mile upon mile of Hammada (rock desert). We took a slight detour by driving 10 miles up the Todra Gorge, crossing through a river which meant a good wash for the car both inside and out, to have another local lunch under the shelter of a Berber tent. Our journey took us on through the Dades Valley renowned for the infinity of roses which sadly were not in flower although the bushes did give a welcome sight of lush green.

Once in the Hotel Berbere Palace we soon realised we were in good company, namely Ben Kingsley and others who were busy filming "Moses" - how strange to be filming a Christian story in a Muslim country, however one could easily see how appropriate the scenery was. On again south to Zagora (164km) across bare hills in extreme heat however we did not do this leg as by this time Chris has been struck down with a high temperature and flu symptoms and so we opted for an easy day in the company of the Hollywood stars and made our own way on via Taroudannt to Agadir. I drove all day, only managing to ground us in a "Wadi" on one occasion resulting in lots of rattling gravel being carried along for several miles! Agadir was purely a holiday spot and was not on the original route however the scheduled stop on Taroudannt was not advised due to the hotel being unfinished. It was beautifully warm and sunny in Agadir where I enjoyed a good swim before we set off re-tracing our route via Taroudannt for Marrakech. In Taroudannt we paid a visit to a citrus farm where we were guided around the orange packaging plant before being given gifts. Once again it was extremely hot and the orange juice was a welcome drink before setting off to tackle the Tizi-n-Test pass through the High Atlas Mountains. In all our travels I don't think we have ever been on such remote roads - 106 miles of hair-pin bends on a single track gravel surfaced road with no barriers and certainly no room for mistakes.

As we had become accustomed to doing, Chris and I left early, preferring to take our own time, stopping to enjoy the scenery without the breathing of other Morgans down our necks - we even came across the famous tree-climbing goats at one point. It was a hard drive with unpredictable road conditions - we only managed to hit one boulder resulting in a dent in the sump (fortunately a "HIS" not "HERS"!) We passed through several villages high up in the mountains and then what must have been the inhabitants struggling along with enormous mounds of hay on their backs. Every child seemed to have a herd of sheep in his/her care and every donkey seemed to be laden to almost breaking point.

We eventually arrived in Marrakech very relieved to have successfully completed the pass. We had a two night stopover with another guided tour of the Medina. Marrakech was hot and noisy and in my opinion lacking in all the fascination and character we had seen in Fes and so it was onto the last leg via Casablanca and the coast road back to Tangier(592 km). I once again drove and we encountered our only shower of rain which was enough to stop and put the roof up if only for 10 minutes. We were once again passing through more civilised areas where agriculture was obviously dominant. Tractors were taking the place of mules and sun-flowers and wheat more widespread than date palms. During the course of our journey we had passed through tremendous changes of scenery, some spectacular, some just as one would expect - mile after mile of straight road with nothing but sandy barren landscape as far as the eye could see. There was usually a handful of locals along the way obviously travelling to or from a village. In my opinion Morocco did not have the colour or vibrance which I so enjoy in India and the local inhabitants did not have the warm welcome in their eyes.

By now we were old hands at handling the attentions of the people of Tangier and were able to make our way directly to the "garage-secure" hotel which had not improved in our absence despite the renovations. Thankfully it was only for one night before we were once again on the ferry to Algeciras the lovely hot sunny drive up through Spain with two overnight stops. We travelled the whole route on superb two lane motorway with very little traffic, not one hold up and not one "Cone" in sight. The 36hr P & O ferry crossing was a welcome rest after what had been an extremely challenging and interesting trip which we had thoroughly enjoyed. We and the car had survived although we were all very worn and dusty. I cannot say that I would rush back to Morocco however I have not been put off travelling 25cm from the ground.

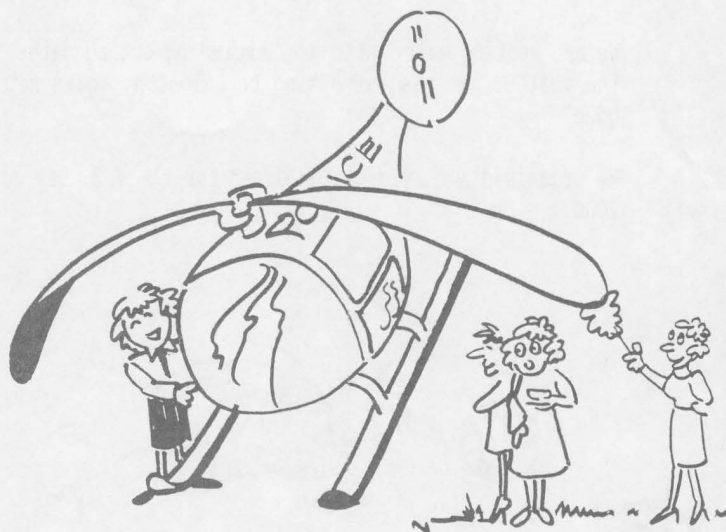
D.H.
Latteridge

IRON ACTON W.I.

In one way I can't believe how much of the year has passed but, then, if I look at how much we've been involved in, it's a little easier to see where the time has gone.

Back in April, Insp. Allison talked to us about Police Helicopters. Much to our disappointment, the grass by the Village Hall wasn't large enough for a landing strip! Later in that month came the Group Meeting at Old Sodbury, when the seven Institutes in our Group had their yearly get-together, to give reports and hear what's been happening at County level.

One problem with the demise of Avon has been what will happen to our County W.I. Federation. All W.I.'s nationally are divided into a County Federation. This has been especially compounded because, of course, we won't have a County any more but will be a "single Unitary Authority". Our answer has been simple - the boundaries may change, the W.I. won't, and we'll still be Avon County Federation.



In May, we voted on the resolutions to be discussed at the AGM in Blackpool. We decided we wanted the listing of ingredients on food items to be more detailed (to enable the increasing number of allergy or intestinal/digestive disorder sufferers to have access to a wider range of foods without fear of illness or death), and we decided we didn't want a compulsory identity card (with estimated start-up costs of £450m - we'd rather this was used for extra police).

In June, Lyn from Perfect Fit in Keynsham came to bemuse us. She runs an underwear shop and in true non-biblical sense, she came to prove that it's not right to have your cup running over! She stocks bras' from double A's to double F's, maternity bras' that look like something from the punk era with zips all over the place. When she started to pull corset-type things about to prove how expandable they were, I could feel my cellulite rushing to escape, rather like the cartoon bacteria in the disinfectant advert. on t.v.

The following week we had a visit along the Kennet and Avon Canal. The "men" (if we had one, but I didn't) were allowed to come with us. The weather was pleasantly warm but not hot; ploughman's suppers were provided and the bar was open on board. What more could we want?

The week after that we went to see "The Day War Broke Out in Bristol" at the Brunel Centre. A truly brilliant evening; the Bristolian senses of courage, stoicism and, especially, humour, were amazingly captured. The audience was made up of a whole gamut of ages; we laughed; I certainly cried ('cos Lucy's Mum and Sister died in the blitz) and I came away wishing I could see the whole thing again. It's the first time I've experienced such a feeling of "togetherness" and when we were leaving everybody seemed to be chatting to everyone else without reserve. A very rare and unusual evening.

I've chuntered on quite enough for now, but here's a little taster of things lined up for the future:

JULY: One of Avon Ambulance Trust's three Paramedic Motorcyclists will be giving us some basic first aid advice, showing us his equipment (Judy Park can't wait!) and talking about his time as ambulance adviser on BBC's "Casualty" series.

AUGUST: No meeting.

SEPTEMBER: "Harrods in Edwardian Times": a talk with musical accompaniment.

OCTOBER: "Decorated Salt Dough": an insight into making those wonderful items that cost an arm and a leg in craft shops.

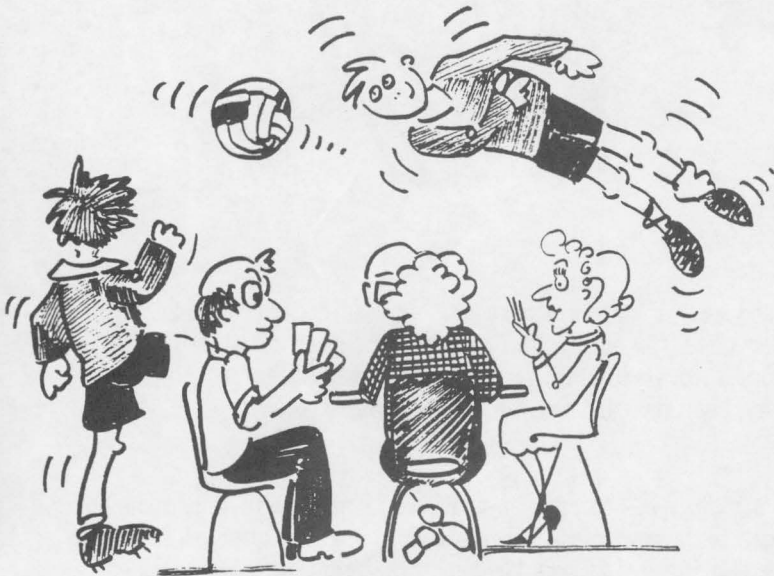
Why not come along? Ring Pauline on 228600 or me on 228566.

Lynne Blanchard

THE ELIZABETHAN CLUB

We are meeting every week now, excluding outing dates. Our visit to Worcester was enjoyed by all, despite the weather, as was our outing to Paignton, again not brilliant weather - but where has our nice weather gone?

We organised a raffle on The Green for the V.E. Day celebrations, and donated a cheque for £50 to Project 2000.



We were given tickets by The Actonians for their production of "Slaughterhouse", but you realise you are getting old when you try to solve a mystery like this! Thank you, Actonians.

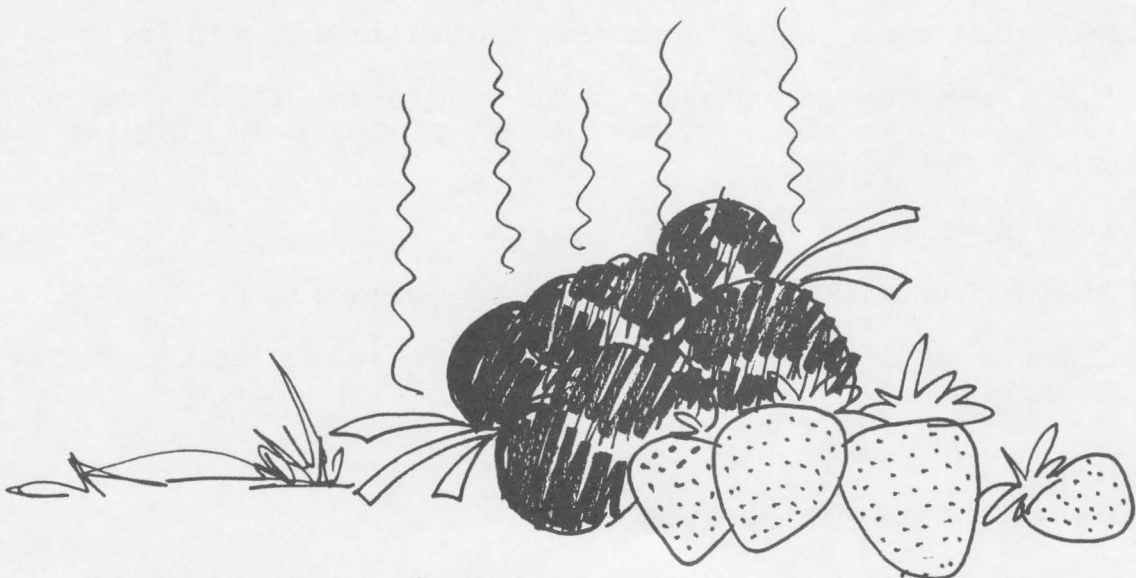
Yate Town Football Club allowed us to use their club free of charge for an afternoon Whist Drive on June 7th, and a profit of between £60 and £70 was made. Our thanks to Yate Town Football Club.

We are going to Teignmouth for our outing in June and to Swansea in July and we hope Summer will have arrived for those dates.

We still have room for more members; if you are a pensioner and would like to join us, please ring me on 01454 228566, and I will give you details.

Elsie Blanchard, Secretary

A farmer was driving a cart full of manure past an asylum. One of the inmates peers through the bars and says, "Hey, farmer, what you gonna do with all that horse muck?"
"Put it on strawberries", the farmer says.
"I guess that's why I'm in here. I always put cream on mine" replied the inmate.



THE THREAT TO VILLAGE LIFE

I first noticed that there was something unusual about this Summer of 1995, one morning in the beginning of May. Driving from home to work at Bridgegate, which is mainly through lanes at Pucklechurch and Syston, I was surprised to see on all sides the white sprays of May blossom already out. This was odd because hawthorn does not come into flower until later, as a rule. It all adds weight to the old saying that the English countryside is some of the best in the world.

Of course, there has been cold and rain, but this has only helped to ensure that when the heat came, as it did towards the end of June, nature really showed itself off at its best.

More recent days have brought us a haze of impressions evoking the very best of English Summer - pink and white wild roses festooning the hedges, newly cut yellow hay fields in the brilliant sunshine, with their neat rows of drying hay, looking like the dream of how the perfect country village should be in July.

Not long ago, so I am told, there were lots of small farms around our village, many of which had been in the same families for generations, and were the centre and backbone of village life. But in recent years, those farms have melted away like snow, the old families dying out or leaving, until today most of the fields around are owned by just a few.

There is still the hard core of old-established villagers, who play a key part in almost everything that goes on in the village, from Parish Councillors to Village Hall representatives, from May Day Committees to Church handbell ringing.

But few of the recent newcomers are engaged in traditional country activities; they either commute to offices in Bristol or work from home with computers. Our village has been very lucky with its incomers; some have entered into village life with gusto, giving the community a new charge of energy, but others just want to close the gates and take no part in things. They are the ones who lose out because I firmly believe, as I was taught, that you "reap only as you sow".

Such is the true English country life of today. It is dramatically changed from that of a generation ago, the world of my parents in the forties and fifties. There is also the tragedy of so many country families whose children can no longer find jobs or afford homes in the villages where their ancestors have lived for hundreds of years.

Even nature has its dark side - where have all the swifts and swallows gone? In past years the sky was full of them but now they seem so rare. Where are all the hedgehogs - are garden slug pellets really to blame? Butterflies, too, have been remarkably absent these past sun-drenched days.

Nowhere today can we escape reminders of what we have done to nature, not least through the astonishing way we have been deluging the countryside and gardens with chemicals. Recently, I have been watching on t.v., people living in some of the most beautiful and remote places in these islands, whose health has been irreparably destroyed by chemicals used for dipping sheep or spraying crops. For such people, and there are many, the beauty of these July days is, alas, a cruel mockery.

But we are right to rejoice and enjoy the miracle of this English Summer and the glories of our countryside. Yet, we must heed the warnings while there is still time. We have treasures here which may be more fragile than we think.

Bob Sheppard,
Chairman, Iron Acton Parish Council

THOUGHT FOR	A woman marries a man with the ridiculous idea she can change him.
THE MONTH	A man marries a woman with the naive idea that she'll always be the same. What a blessing both are usually wrong.

IRON ACTON PRIMARY SCHOOL

At the end of this school year we are saying "Goodbye" to Mrs. Marjorie Baxter.

Mrs. Baxter has been with us for nearly four years. During that time she has contributed wholeheartedly to the life of the school and all the children and staff have benefited from her great enthusiasm and teaching skills. Mrs. Baxter has taken up a new full time teaching position in the North of England. We, of course, will be very sad to see her leave and at the same time wish her the very best in her new school.

The Governors of the School have appointed Mrs. Julia Kemp, a teacher at present employed at Pucklechurch Primary School. Mrs. Kemp is a very experienced primary school practitioner and will take over the teaching responsibility of the OAK Class (Years 4, 5 and 6).

As many of you may know already, the School has had a further facelift around the new classroom. The garden of the old Headteachers' house is now nearly complete, with a new pathway to the school field. Borders have been dug and a patio adjacent to the new classroom and the playground will soon be laid.

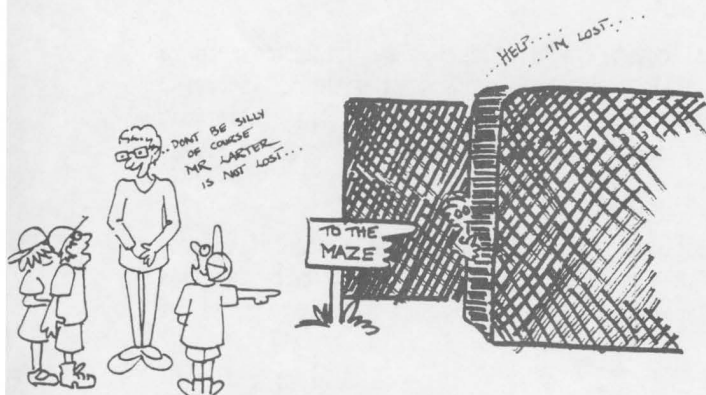
Recently, the children had a visit from Mrs. Parker at the Garden Centre, and she showed us how to prepare and maintain hanging baskets. The children's work is now displayed around the playground for all to see. The children cared for them over half-term, as they will over the Summer holidays.

The School end of year outing this year is to Goodrich Castle and The Jubilee Maze over the Severn Bridge into Wales. We are hoping for nice weather.

The School opens on Tuesday, 5th September. Monday, 4th September is an In-Service Day. The new Reception children will then start in two groups. Mornings and afternoons only on 11th September. When all of the children are into school we will have 62 on roll.

I should like to thank all of the staff, parents, grandparents, members of The Friends of Iron Acton School and any others who, over the past year, have helped with any activities in the life of the School.

R.H. Larter



ANSWERING MACHINE

I hate answering machines. Call me old fashioned but I still prefer talking to a human being. However, even I couldn't resist this recording.

"The answering machine is on holiday. This is the refrigerator speaking. If you leave a message slowly and clearly, I will write it down and stick it on myself with one of those little magnets."

THE ACTONIANS DRAMA GROUP - SUMMER NEWS

SLAUGHTERHOUSE - Murder! Mystery ...! Suspense!

It made a change to present a little-known "who-dun-it" for the Spring production this year. We hope the audience enjoyed it, and congratulations to those who guessed the murderer before he/she was revealed at the end of the play - with fatal consequences. I hope no-one has piranha fish in their pond! It was fun to perform, and 'thank you' to Anne Chenery who directed the play, and to all the people who helped in many ways during the production.

At present, rehearsals are under way for the "Tribute to Hollywood" Supper Evenings, June 31st/July 1st. The Village Hall Committee and The Actonians are combining again to present two evenings of "food and fun", with audience participation Bob Allen is directing the entertainment, and they are sure to be evenings to remember.

One-Act Play Festivals

Congratulations to Liz Aplin, the director, and to the small cast and crew involved in the one-act play entry, extracts from "A Taste of Honey" by Shelagh Delaney. At the Malmesbury Festival, four awards were received - for 'Best Play'; 'Best Director'; 'Best Actress' (Lin Bowden); 'Most Promising Actor under 21 years' (Emma O'Connell). They were all delighted. At the Avon Festival, the play received the 'Adjudicator's Award' - five trophies in all! It was a very successful one-act play entry - and 'well done', all!

The Junior Actonians' play - "Ticket to Hitsville" - was enjoyed very much by the audiences at both Festivals and also when performed in the Village Hall. The play, involving the whole group of various ages between 7 years - 16 years, was very entertaining and very funny. The two Junior directors - Penny Warner and Victoria Strachan - worked very hard and had a lot of good ideas. They had their first experience of directing a play, with guidance at hand when needed. At the Avon Festival the group received the 'Adjudicator's Encouragement Award'. 'Congratulations' to the Juniors for a good production.

Autumn Production - October 26th - 28th, 1995

The director, Janet Lewis, writes: "We are bringing to the Iron Acton stage a production of the eighteenth century comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer" by Oliver Goldsmith. The alternative title, "The Mistakes of a Knight", suggests you are in for a night of fun and frolic. So come and join us for a rollicking romp with deception, mistaken identities, love, romance, a horse-chase, and positively no singing! What more could one want?! So please come along and join us."

Forthcoming Plays - 1996

Spring Production - "Survivors" by Jim Sinkinson.

Jim Sinkinson, a member of The Actonians, has written a play which he would like the group to perform as its 'debut'. Lesley Keatley will be directing.

Autumn Production - "My Fair Lady"

A well-known, much loved musical, adapted from "Pygmalion" by George Bernard Shaw, which Ann Aplin has long wanted to present.

Following this year's imminent A.G.M., a new committee will be elected for 1995/96. 'Thank you' to the present Chairman (Pat Stimson) and Officers and Committee Members who have worked hard during the year.

'Welcome' to the new members who have recently joined the group. Finally, 'thank you' for your continued support by coming to see the plays.....Gaynor Clark

P.S. So far, no-one has admitted to having written the poem featured in the last issue of "Focal Poyntz", 'Extracts from Focus 1984'. We shall endeavour to find the author!



PARISH COUNCIL

Fifty years on it was discovered that those who had died in the 2nd World War had not been honoured on the War Memorial in our Parish Church.

It is pleasing to report that this omission has now been corrected and the following names have been added:

P.O. John L. Smith, R.N.
A.B. Donald N. Moore, R.N.
Flt.Lt. Frederick Fortune, R.A.F.

After frustrating delays due to Diocesan Committee formalities, Faculty permission for the work was obtained to update the Memorial, and then to actually remove it for the work to be carried out. It was finally replaced in position just in time for the 50th Anniversary of V.E. Day.

A moving Service of Dedication was conducted on June 7th by the Rector, which included the sounding of the Last Post and Reveille. Thanks must also go to Barrie Wright who donated the materials and much of his own time to this project.

Further polishing of the Memorial is required but has been delayed because of the possibility that a fourth name ought to be added. Enquiries with the Royal Naval Records Department have revealed that the following name should be included :

L.H. Sidney Cullum, R.N.

Once again, there was no election for Parish Councillors in the two Iron Acton Wards in May, as there were insufficient candidates. In the East Ward, Frank Davis, Sue Gawler, Bob Lomas and Bob Sheppard stood and were duly elected, but in the Iron Acton Ward only Roy Curtis, Chris Heal and David White stood, so two Councillors will have to be co-opted at the June meeting. It is ironical that we will have four parishioners to choose from. In four years' time, let's have an election when you, the Parishioners, can choose who you want to represent you.

The May meeting was the Annual Meeting of the Parish Council, and Bob Sheppard was elected Chairman, and Sue Gawler Vice-Chairman. The Chairman paid tribute to Betty Cook and Elsie Blanchard on their retirement from the Council. Their depth of knowledge of local affairs will be missed.

The Chairman presented them both with a bouquet of flowers and a small present, and they were wished well for the future.

STOP PRESS: Carolyn Baker and Peter Wedgwood were co-opted. Thank you to them and all who put forward for nomination.

S.G. & D.W.



NEIGHBOURHOOD WATCH

As a result of the well attended meeting recently held in the Village Hall, a Neighbourhood Watch scheme is being set up. Due to the large area to be covered it was felt that there should be two groups - one covering North Road and Dyers Lane and one covering the rest of the Parish.

Each of these groups will need a Committee comprising Chairman, Vice-Chairman, Secretary and Treasurer, and there will also be nominated Co-ordinators to cover small groups of houses, on average 15.

It is early days yet and there is still a lot of ground work to be done before everything is in place. The Committee and Co-ordinators will have to hold regular meetings and information will be circulated by word of mouth and newsletters. The Chairman will be the point of contact with the Police who will give, as well as receive, information.

It is hoped that everyone will join the scheme. A small donation, of probably £1.00 per household, will be necessary to cover administration and, in due course, the purchase of Neighbourhood Watch signs. As more information becomes available, it will be evident that the scheme will benefit us all - it is not a "nosey neighbours' bonanza" but a well proven method of helping to combat petty crime and engender a good community spirit.

Peter Wedgwood, Chairman, Village/Chilwood Group



RED FACES IN THE CLASSROOM

QUESTION: What was Gandhi's first name?
ANSWER: Goosey Goosey.

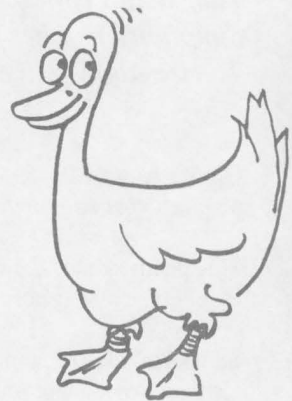
Oh dear! Past and present pupils at St. Michael's School, Billingham and Bishopsgarth School in Stockton-on-Tees, had better keep a low profile. Vincent Shanley and John Golds, Head and Acting Head, respectively, have just published "Classroom Clangers", a collection of pupils' howlers.

The two Heads have brought the book out themselves, says "The Journal" and 500 copies are said to be loose in the North-East, ready to cause embarrassment. Among the louder howlers are:

QUESTION	ANSWER
What is a turbine?	Something an Arab wears on his head
Use the word 'judicious' in a sentence.	The hands that judicious can be soft as your face with mild, green Fairy liquid.

One pupil, contemplating imminent manhood, apparently wrote: "I've said goodbye to my boyhood, now I'm looking forward to my adultery."

Another - a candidate for Ambrose Bierce's "The Devil's Dictionary" - summed up monotony as being "married to the same person for all of your life."



V.J. DAY

50 years ago the war ended in the far east. It was a war against a particularly cruel enemy, and many allied servicemen suffered very badly at their hands. Nevertheless, much reconciliation has taken place since and we must encourage it to continue.

We should also remember that the war ended with the dropping of two atom bombs on Japan, an event which changed the world, because it changed our whole outlook on war. No longer can we contemplate a major war anywhere in the world because we have the power to destroy life on this planet. We therefore remember Hiroshima with this poem.

THE CRANE GIRL

*You were not yet born on the day the hateful
Fateful mushroom cloud obliterated the sun
And goodness from the earth. A blinding flash,
A searing heat annihilated a city, scattering
The children in the playground, stopping the traffic
Leaving the sentence unfinished.*

*Your birth was slow and painful, the world
Learning harsh lessons of trust violated and grief
Unassuaged.
Yet with your birth came hope, green shoots
Of innocence, tentative steps towards
A brighter future.*

*Cruel illness could not silence your
Joyful merriment. Incautious courage
Ignored the body's failing resilience.
With the cranebird your spirit danced
And sang of summer, long life and
Good fortune.*

*Your death ennobles life. Your wise
Simplicity teaches us too, phoenix-like,
To rise above the ashes of despair.*

P.P.

On 6th August 1945, the city of Hiroshima in Japan was destroyed by the world's first atomic bomb, killing 200,000 people (6,000 people a year still die from the after effects)

This poem salutes the courage of a young girl, Sadako Sasaki (1943-1955), who developed leukaemia after the bomb was dropped. In reality, she was born before Hiroshima was destroyed; in the poem her birth is used as a symbol of hope and regrowth.

Sadako made origami cranes from the papers her medicine was wrapped in. In Japan the crane is a symbol of longevity and good fortune. An ancient proverb says:

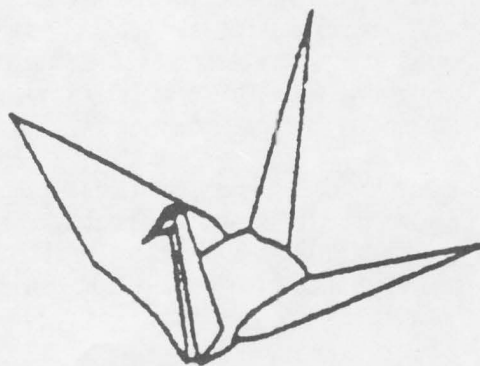
Tsuru wa sennen. Crane is 1000 years

Kame wa mannen. Tortoise is 10,000 years.

Sadako thought that if she could make 1000 crane birds she would conquer her illness. Sadly she achieved 954 before death intervened. Today many tourists visit a statue of Sadako with a cranebird in the Peace Park in Hiroshima. They bring with them ribbons containing 1,000 origami cranebirds as symbols of peace for Hiroshima's children.

Sadako's memory lingers on. In death she has achieved the long life a cruel illness denied her.

If anyone would like to remember Hiroshima, what it has meant to the world ever since, and pray for reconciliation and peace, there will be a service of Remembrance at St. Peters Church, Frampton Cotterell, on 7th August, at 7.30pm.





IRON ACTON HORTICULTURAL AND CRAFT SHOW

Yes, a slight change in its name but we think that this better describes the same annual event which enjoys such popularity in the village.

This year there are more classes than ever, with an extension of the Photography Section, now with its own trophy. In the Children's Section, the runner-up, instead of receiving a Parker's Garden voucher, will receive a new award which will be presented annually and be called the Parker Shield. Our thanks to Parker's Garden Centre.

DON'T FORGET SEPTEMBER 9TH

Please support the event; we look forward to seeing you on the day. Schedules and entry forms are enclosed in this copy of Focal Poyntz and will also be available at all the usual places.

D. White

THE GOOD LIFE

It all started on a quiet cycle ride on a sunny weekend evening ...

The ride was a little longer than expected and perhaps a little too 'off road', but then this was normal for a cycle ride with Dad. In lanes nearby I could always remember cows in fields, the odd barn fire, perhaps the odd ringroad under construction, but never ... the allotments!

At the time my question was simply one of curiosity - "How do you go about getting an allotment, Dad?". The reply was simply a straightforward 'phone call to the Parish Councillor. After establishing from this source that Plot 22 could be mine for a whole year for the bargain price of £10, I was hooked.

Quaint ideas of a slightly aged wooden wheelbarrow, full of garden-grown vegetables, have long since passed.

Having endured sitting through 3½ hours of jokes along the lines of 'allotments being for old people' and 'on Friday nights I wouldn't be going down to the pub any more - I'd be going to the allotment instead', etc., etc., etc., I felt more determined than ever.

Then I saw Plot 22 ...!

It's been 13 days now. A nice trip with my parents and partner certainly added interest to our humdrum Saturday. It was the sound of hooves gaining speed that started the escapade. A young and very scared horse had bolted from a field nearby and, although it headed initially for a main road, it thought it would change its mind and head for the allotments. I continued digging for a short while but as the chances of getting trampled on increased by the minute, it was time for action.

The only option at the time seemed to be to call 'the boys in blue' to contain the animal, now running amok and causing devastation everywhere, and stop it from getting back on to the road or initialling all of the plots with its hoof prints, several times.

In true "sod's law" fashion, as the police arrived, the horse left the scene of the crime and exited via the nearest hedge.

I have managed to dig the first quarter of Plot 22, with a lot of help ('thank you', Andrew) and despite soil that is best described as 'modelling clay', an escaped horse, aching muscles I hadn't realised existed, and an abundance of buttercups, I'm now the proud owner of a row of radishes, beetroot, peas and onions (for Andrew).

Watch this space for further details....!

A.H.

15

Confidential

Ref. EC.DOC/SER/3/92/EC

EC/DIR/6291/33/ECOM/DI

Notice to employees of Government Departments in all Member States of the EU

Proposal to the Council of Ministers by Reichschancellor Helmut Kohl.

EC/DIR/6291/ECOM/D

PHASED INTRODUCTION OF A PAN-EUROPEAN STANDARD FOR END-USERS COMMUNICATION

Having chosen English as the preferred language in the European Community, the European Parliament, on behalf of the German Federal Government, has commissioned a feasibility study into ways of improving efficiency in communications between Government Departments.

European officials have often pointed out that English spelling is unnecessarily difficult; for example: 'cough', 'plough', 'rough', 'through' and 'thorough'. What is clearly needed is a planned programme of changes to iron out these anomalies. The programme would, of course, be administered by a committee staffed at top level by all participating countries.

In the first year, for example, the committee suggests using 's' instead of the soft 'c'. Certainly, sivil servants in all sites would reseive this news with joy. The hard 'c' could be replaced by 'k', sinse both letters are pronounsed alike. Not only would this klear up konfusion in the minds of klerikal workers, but typewriters could be made with one letter fewer.

There would be growing enthusiasm when, in the sekond year, it was announsed that the troublesome 'ph' would henceforth be replaced with 'f'. This would make words like 'fotograf' 20% shorter.

In the third year, publik akseptanse of the new spelling kould be expekted to reatsh the stage where more komplikated shanges are possible. Governments would enkourage the removal of double letters, which have always been a deterrent to akurate speling.

We would al agre the horrible mes of silent 'e' in the language is disgrasful. Therefor, we koud drop thes and kontinu to read and writ as though nothing hapened. By this tim it would be four years sinc the skhem began and peopl would be reseptiv to steps sutsh as replacing the 'th' with 'z'. Perhaps zen ze funktion of 'w' kould be taken on by 'v', vitsh iz, after al, half a 'w'. Shortly after zis, the unesesary 'o' kuld be dropped from vords kontaining 'ou'. Similar arguments vud, of kors, be aplied to ozer kombinations of leters.

Kontinuing zis proses yer after yer, ve vud eventule hav a rele sensibl riten styl. After 20 yers zer vud be no mor trublsun difikultiz and everivon vud find it eze to understand eish ozer.

Zen ze drem of ze Germans vud final hav kum tru.

ROBIN CHICKS GET A LEG UP EARLY IN LIFE

The intricacies of the Common Agricultural Policy are but dust to the predicament of Peter Hocken, who farms as Caradon Hill, near Liskeard in Cornwall: he has a family of six robins nesting in the left leg of his trousers.

Happily, the over-trousers hang on the wall of an outbuilding at Newton Farm, said the "Western Morning News", and the nest is at the top of the leg, with easy access via the waist hole.



estate near Ilfracombe in Devon, meanwhile, the paper notes that workers at Drink Link are playing host to a ritzier crew: four robin chicks for whom home is a case of Moët & Chandon.

NORTH ROAD SCHOOL

We have recently returned from a visit to the Youth Hostel at Totland Bay on the Isle of Wight. It was good to be part of a large group (we combined with Cromhall and Rangeworthy) and we took 34 children.

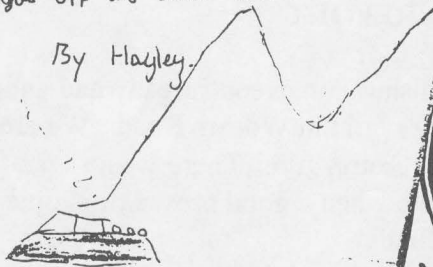
We had an interesting week, visiting an aquarium, a planetarium, Carisbrook Castle, a glass works and The Needles. We also found time to go on to the beach, swim in Freshwater Pool, go to a donkey sanctuary, visit Robin Hill Adventure Centre and enjoy Godshill Model Village

Here are accounts of the "best times" according to two pupils who live in North Road.

School Camp

The best thing on camp was the boat trip to the needles it was really fun because the sea was a little rough and it was kind of going side to side. The captain turned the engine off for 10 minutes and we were all fooling around. It was really fun. The man told us why the needles were called the needles because along time ago there was a big rock about 130 feet in the air with a big point on the end, just like a needle so they got named the needles, but the boat the big needle fell along time ago. On the way back to the beach Claire, Lee, Emma went to see the captain and they started to sing and we could all hear them it was fun. After that we got off the boat and went swimming.

By Hayley



M SCHOOL M

School Camp
I think that the swimming was best because they had a diving board and that was really good. On the first couple of dives that I took I done normal dives but on my fourth dive I done a belly flop.

After that I stood on the end of the board and I just let myself drop. Then a lady chucked loads of massive floats in and they were really good because we were playing pirates and we jumped on other floats and over took them so thats why I chose the swimming best.

By

Raul Harris

CAMP

BEST KEPT VILLAGE

It seems a shame that once again Iron Acton is not participating in the Best Kept Village Competition. With the High Street and its natural backdrop of listed and pretty buildings, the Church, Village Hall and three public houses, I feel that if everyone put just a little more effort in, then we could do well!!

How about it?

We have enough gardeners in the village, many spending a good deal of money on plants and tubs to make their own homes look pretty - so why not have a big joint effort next year. Perhaps have a committee to co-ordinate help and advise those who may not be physically able to keep their gardens and tubs as they would like.

We already have the Parish Council plants, bulbs and shrubs as an ongoing project to make out open spaces and verges more pleasant.

The Village Hall is also budgeting to keep its borders and green clean and tidy, and the Committee is busy planting new trees and shrubs.

So, come one, and let's have a go and make 1996 Iron Acton Tidy Village of the Year.

All those who would like to help or give advice, please contact Bob Sheppard. Dave and Viv Parker have very kindly offered to help in the planning and tending of small gardens. With all this expert help on our doorsteps, let's go for it.

ACTON AID REPORT

Acton Aid has had a busy summer, with two major Fund Raising/Fun events already and another Fun event about to take place. The first event was a Barn Dance at Phil King's farm in Wotton Road. We are very grateful to him for the use of his facilities, and his continuing support of Acton Aid. There was a lot of hard work clearing, preparing and decorating the barn, but it was all worthwhile when a good crowd of people had a very enjoyable evening, and well over £500 were raised for our charity funds.

The second, and larger event was the Garden Party and "1920s Regatta" at Algars Mill. Once again John and Marilyn Wright allowed us to use their beautiful garden and also both worked extremely hard to make the event so successful, and we are all very grateful to them. With almost 250 people, mainly dressed in the 1920s style, we were just about sold out, but the excellent meal, prepared by Fiona Bourns and her helpers was enjoyed by all. The "regatta" consisted of betting on model boats which drifted down the River Frome on the current and made an amusing diversion during the early part of the evening. Later, music and dancing kept everyone happy into the small hours. A super evening, and to cap it all, it looks as though there will be a profit of about £2,000 to go to Project 2000.

On 5th August we shall be holding a Barbecue at the home of Barrie Wright. This is a purely social event, an opportunity to enjoy a relaxing evening in good company, and watch Barrie and helpers gradually roast themselves on the barbecue.

Acton Aid is a social, fundraising and service organisation for the men of the Parish of Iron Acton, and all men are welcome to our meetings, on the first Thursday of each month at the Rose and Crown.

NO SUPPORT FOR LOCAL OUTSIDER!

During the war I undertook voluntary fire-watching duties at the Children's and Homeopathic Hospitals and at the Friends' Meeting House in Broadmead (now the Registrar's Office), as a member of the Pacifist Service Unit. Later, in 1944, I decided to join as a full-time member of the Liverpool Unit and remained there until 1947.

I used to call on an old chap who was badly crippled and who lived in one room of a terraced house in the Everton area of the city. His family had left Germany in the 1880s to escape from the Prussian militarism of that time, settling in Liverpool and setting up a small family tailoring business.

George continued to live in the family home with his brother, Harry, until the latter's death. George showed little interest in what was going on in the world outside and his daily routine seemed to revolve around compiling his selection of runners in the daily race meetings and occasionally playing some ancient 78 gramophone records on his broken-down gramophone, by turning the turntable with his finger.

One of my colleagues told me how he had arrived one morning to find Harry lying on the floor beneath the table. George seemed quite unconcerned, merely commenting that Harry had been lying there for several hours. My colleague got down to examine Harry and quickly satisfied himself that Harry was dead and that he would have to go out in search of a telephone to call a doctor. Upon hearing this George exclaimed "Aye, Reg, but before doing that just slip down to the corner shop with my betting slip!"

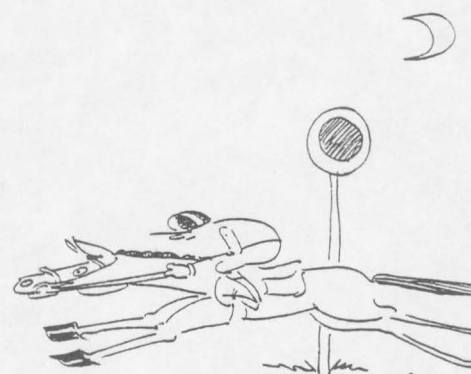
I usually found it difficult to find interesting topics of conversation to share with George, but then one day a bright idea occurred to me - I would tell him about Capt. Thompson of Rangeworthy Court and his two racehorses - "Tippit" and "Rangeworthy". So on my next visit, I sat patiently waiting for George to complete his selection for the day's races. He had hardly noticed I was there but, nevertheless, I ventured to tell him how I had grown up in a village in Gloucestershire and how in the next village there was this Capt. Thompson who owned two racehorses. George appeared quite unimpressed and merely looked up - "Never heard of 'em". This was something of a disappointment and as I felt I had nothing further to offer I contented myself with going along to the shop with George's betting slip.

I had to admit that my knowledge of racehorses was pretty limited. I had collected cigarette cards of jockeys and racehorses at school and I knew about Steve Donaghue, the 'Grand National' and the 'Derby' and, of course, the Berkeley Hunt Point-to-Point races at Rangeworthy, and that was about it!

However, not long afterwards, when I arrived one morning at the house and letting myself in, before I reached the back parlour, George shouted out "Alf!, Alf!, "Tippit's" running today look, there he is..", pointing at his paper with his pencil. "Aye, he's running the 2.30 at Newbury." Then, lowering his voice and suddenly becoming serious, "Aye, but I don't think I'll put anything on 'im". It was as if he hoped he wasn't hurting my feelings, but that I would understand and wouldn't want him to risk any of his public assistance money on a horse which had seemed to have come from nowhere and which he had never heard of before I had mentioned it!

I have no recollection of "Tippit's" performance that day. I wouldn't have noticed it in my morning paper as in those days I read the old "Manchester Guardian", a paper that did not touch horse-racing or football pools!

Alfred Strange



At Sunday School the Preacher asked those who would like to go to Heaven to put up their hands. Everyone put up their hands apart from one little girl. The Preacher asked "Why not?" The little girl replied "Mum told me to come straight home."

DIARY OF FORTHCOMING EVENTS

In the Village Hall

Every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday
Every Wednesday

2nd Monday in the month
3rd Monday in the month
4th Monday in the month
3rd Thursday in the month
12th August
17th August
2nd September
9th September
23rd September
7th October

Nursery School	9.00 a.m.
Elizabethans	2.00 p.m.
Junior Actonians	6.00 p.m.
Actonians	7.30 p.m.
Womens Institute	7.30 p.m.
Parish Council	7.30 p.m.
Whist Drive	7.30 p.m.
Knitting Group	1.30 p.m.
Northavon Auctions	
Blood Donor Sessions	Afternoon and Evening
Northavon Auctions	
Horticultural Show	
Church Harvest Supper	
Northavon Auctions	

In the Parish Church

Sunday 24th September
25th September

Havest Festival Services 8.30 am, 9.30 am, 6.30 pm
Harvest Sale

At Iron Acton School

4th September
5th September

In-Service day
School Re-opens for Autumn Term

At the Rose and Crown, High St

1st Thursday in the month

Acton Aid 8.00 p.m.

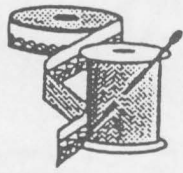
IN "DEAFERENCE" TO OUR HARD OF HEARING MEMBERS

When God gave out Brains I thought he said Trains,
so I missed mine.
When God gave out Looks I thought he said Books,
so I didn't want any.
When God gave out Noses I thought he said Roses,
so I asked for a big red one.
When God gave out Chins I thought he said Gins,
so I asked for a double.
When God gave out Legs I thought he said Kegs,
so I asked for two big fat ones.
When God gave out Heads I thought he said Beds,
so I asked for a big soft one

BOY AM I A MESS!



This issue of FOCAL POYNTZ has been printed for the Editors by Gerry at GEMPRINT	Please telephone 0117 940 9696 for competitive prices on <i>Invitations, Letterheadings, Business Cards, Invoices etc.</i>
Eos House · 145 Staple Hill Road · Fishponds · Bristol BS16 5AG	



Select Interiors

JUNE SCHOFIELD

Handmade soft furnishings:
curtains
blinds
cushions

Wide selection of fabrics including Crowsons

Accessories and tracks

Free curtain fitting

Good prices

Design service available

(01454) 228760

Dresses by Design

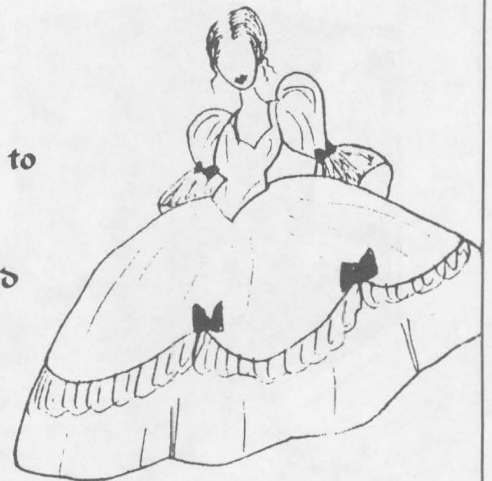
Dress Making for your Wedding Day

Individually designed bridal gowns in silks and satins. Veils and waistcoats.

Bridesmaids Dresses and pageboy outfits made to your requirements.

Also ballroom gowns, special occasion wear and alterations.

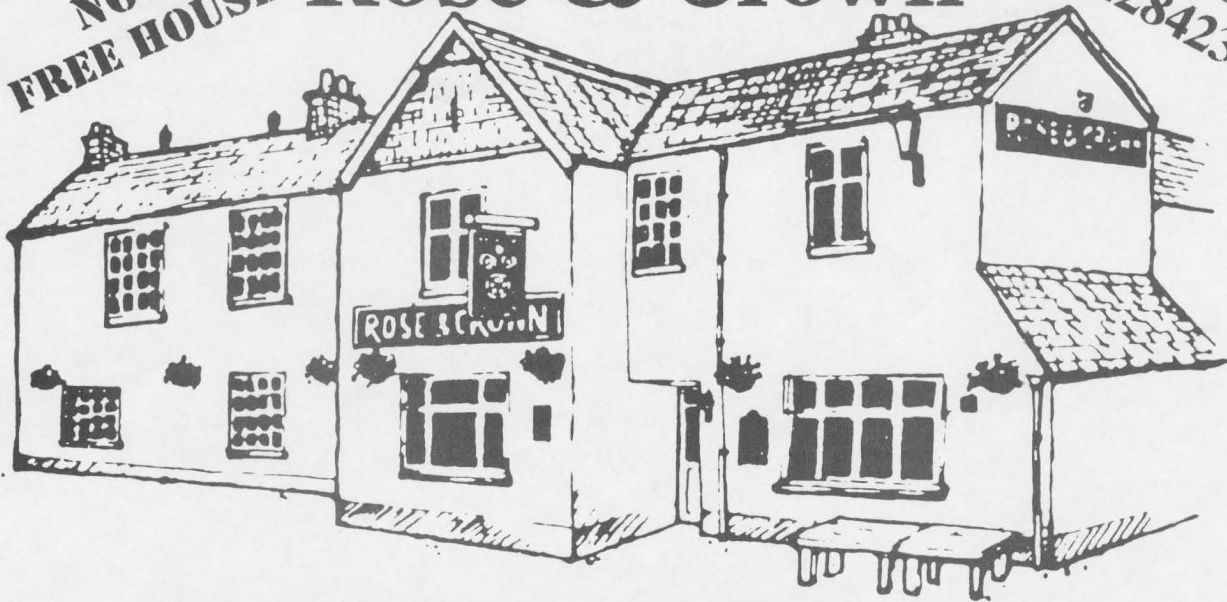
Telephone Wendy on
01454 228494



**NOW
FREE HOUSE**

Rose & Crown

Phone
228423



IN THE HEART OF IRON ACTON VILLAGE

Traditional Ale served by Allan & Gail

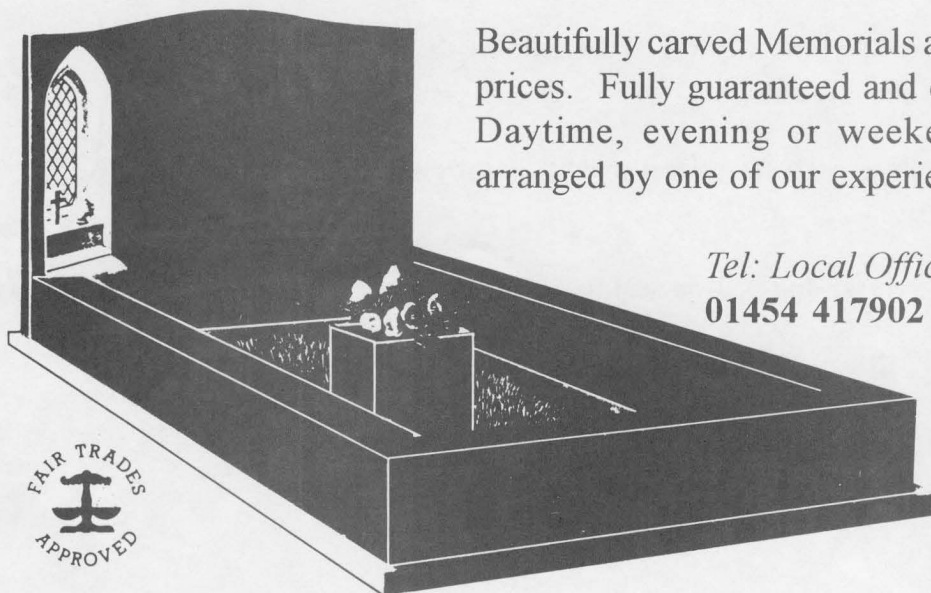
EN-SUITE ACCOMMODATION

CONFERENCE ROOM AVAILABLE

Mossfords

*A family-run business of
Monumental Sculptors since 1821*

Regional Office and Showroom:
16A CHANDOS ROAD, REDLAND,
BRISTOL BS6 6PE
Tel: 0117 946 7276 (24 Hrs)



Beautifully carved Memorials at very competitive prices. Fully guaranteed and erected anywhere. Daytime, evening or weekend visits gladly arranged by one of our experienced staff.

Tel: Local Office:
01454 417902 (24 Hrs)



Holly Hill Farm Shop

Iron Acton
Nr Bristol
BS17 1XZ

Tel: (01454) 228289



Quality Potatoes, Fresh Vegetables
Fresh Milk, Eggs.

Full Range of Garden Compost,
Top Soil, Hay, Straw and Shavings.

Pet Supplies.

Cut Logs – Bulk or Bags.

Garden Ornaments.

The Codrington Arms

NORTH ROAD, ENGINE COMMON,
NEAR YATE, AVON.

Tel: (01454) 228581

Your hosts *Vivienne & Chris Gale*

DELICIOUS PUB MEALS
Full Menu Now Available

Monday to Saturday 12.00pm to 2.30pm

Sundays 12.00pm to 2.30pm

Range of Bar Snacks every evening

- * SEPARATE TV ROOM FOR SPORTS etc.
- * SMALL CLUB ROOM FOR HIRE
- * POOL TABLE & PUB GAMES

OPEN Monday to Saturday 11a.m. - 11p.m.
& Normal Sunday Hours

----- A REAL PUB -----
IN THE OLD TRADITION

Enjoy a Meal and a Drink
in our
**LARGE ATTRACTIVE
PUB GARDENS**

- ★ ENCLOSED FAMILY GARDEN
Fully Equipped and Safe.
- ★ SEPARATE GARDEN for
Adults only - very peaceful

PLAY POOL AT THE CHEAPEST
PRICES AROUND

NOW ONLY 20p PER GAME

Every day 11a.m. to 4p.m.

ONLY 40p at other times

JOIN

MARGARET and ROY

IN A GOOD OLD FASHIONED

SING-A-LONG

Alternate Sundays starting 6 August
Songs you love to remember

BJW Patternmaking

MANUFACTURERS OF:-

ENGINEERS PATTERNS IN WOOD, RESIN & METAL
MODELS & MOULDS FOR G.R.P. PRODUCTION
MOULDS FOR THE PLASTICS INDUSTRY
PROTOTYPE MODELS & MOCK-UPS
SCALE MODELS FOR PLANNERS & ARCHITECTS
TECHNICAL WOODWORK OF ALL KINDS

including

TOOL CASES
DISPLAY CABINETS
JIGS & FIXTURES

SUPPLIERS OF CASTINGS IN ALL METALS

Contact **BJ WRIGHT (01454) 228247/228381**

Workshop:
Backfield Farm
Wotton Road
Iron Acton
Bristol

Eynsford Cottage
Wotton Road
Iron Acton
Bristol BS17 1UZ