



THE SAMB INN

(Iron Acton)



Accommodation

Your Hosts Dave & Yvonne

.....

Stay at the same Inn as William & Mary of Orange, who slept here in 1690 En route to London.

The commemorative Coat of Arms is still visible in the Olde Bed Chamber.

Bed and Breakfast from £12.50 per night. With T.V., Tea and Coffee facilities.

.....

Sunday Lunch

Traditional Roast Topside of Beef, Yorkshire Pudding and Vegetables.

Childrens portions available.

IRON ACTON BIRD FARM

CAGE AND AVIARY BIRDS

BREEDING ACCESSORIES

BULK SEED

DWARF RABBITS

OPEN TUES & WED 12.30 to 9pm

THURS & FRIDAY 9.30 to 9pm

SAT & SUNDAY 9am to 7pm

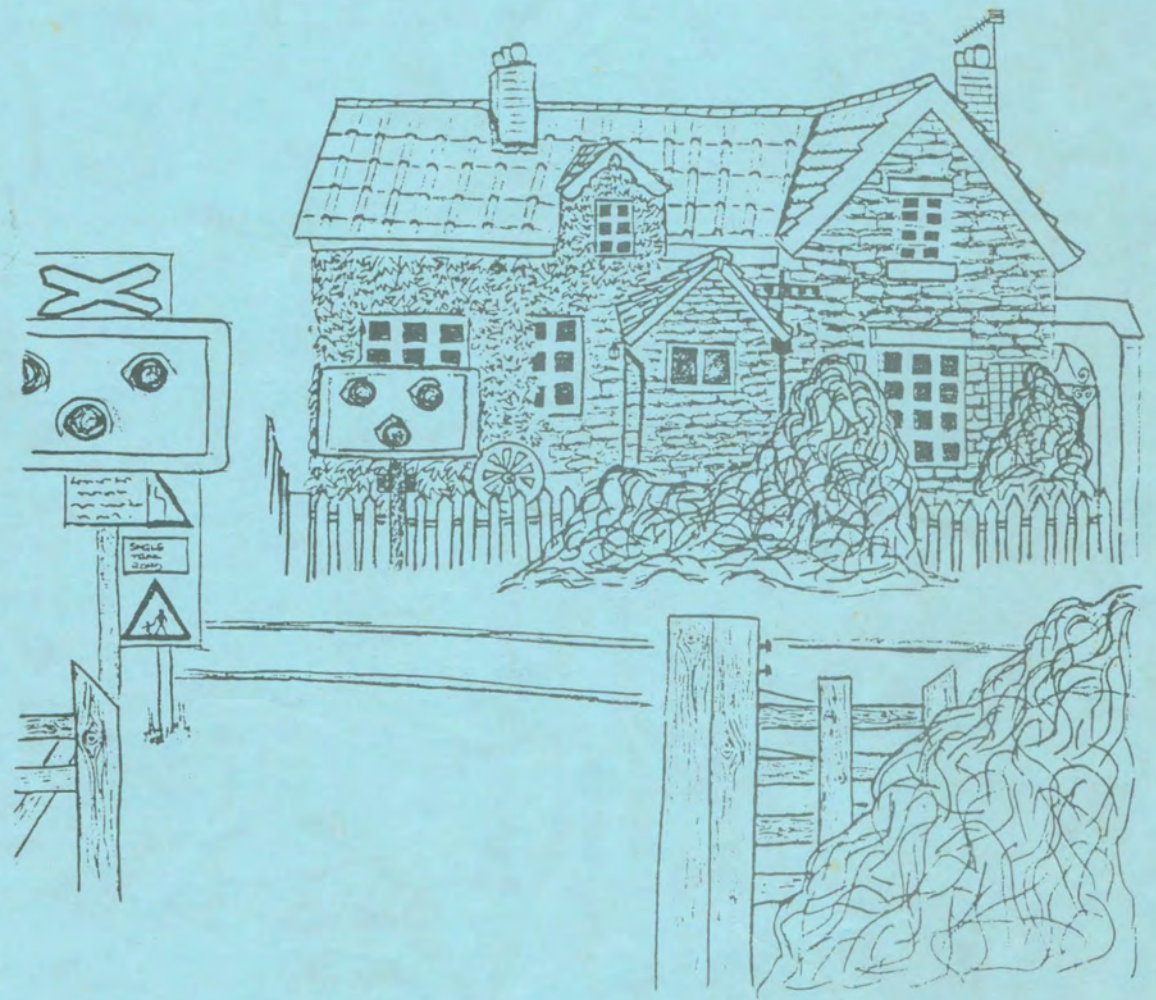
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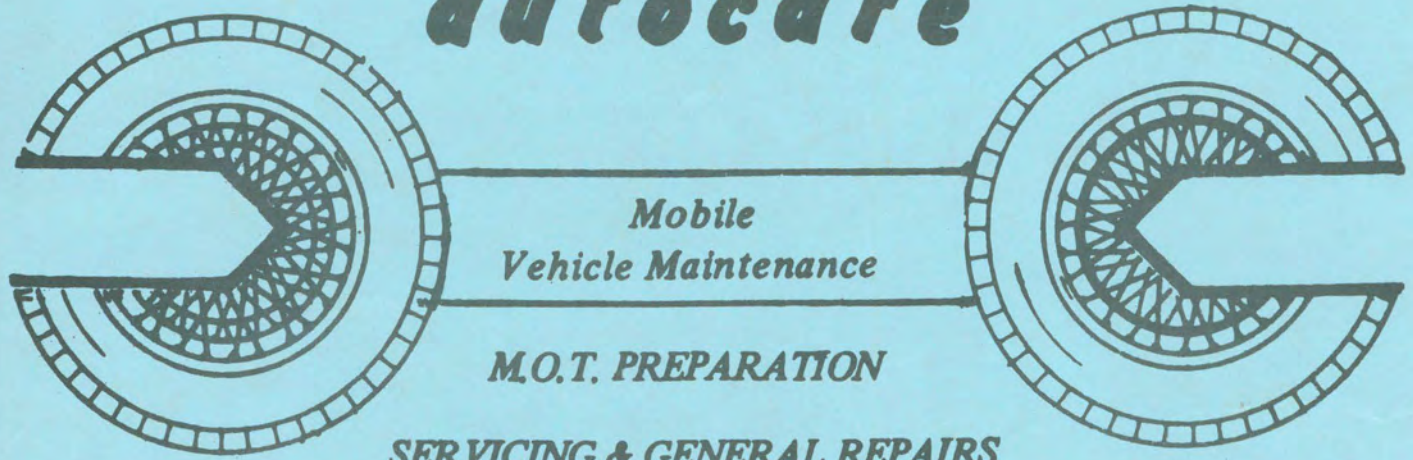
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FOCUS on IRON ACTON



roger's autocare



*Mobile
Vehicle Maintenance*

M.O.T. PREPARATION

SERVICING & GENERAL REPAIRS

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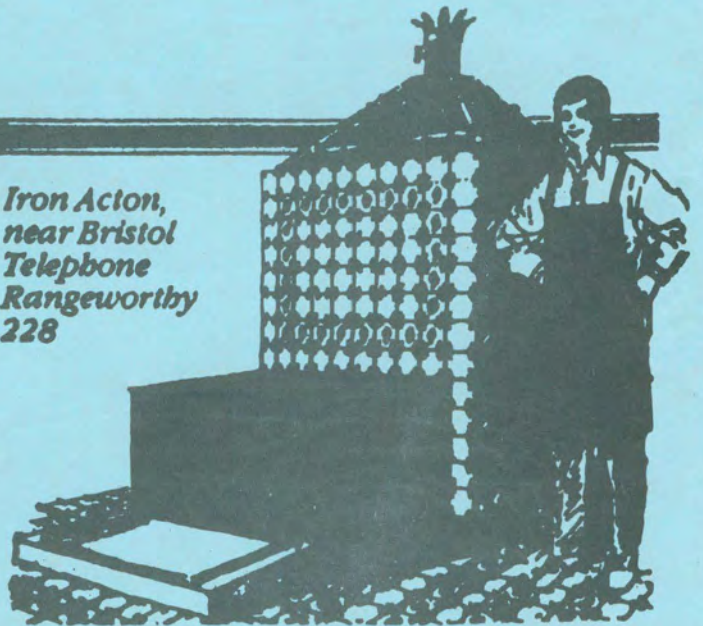
Roger Marsh, 127, Cherington, Yate, Avon. TEL: (0454) 321631

*The home of the
wood burning clay oven*


**THE WHITE
HART
INN**

A stylized illustration of a stag with large antlers, standing in a field. The stag is positioned to the left of the main text.

*Iron Acton,
near Bristol
Telephone
Rangeworthy
228*



**YOUR OLD FAVOURITES STILL AVAILABLE
PLUS NEW DISHES WE HOPE YOU WILL ENJOY**



CHRISTMAS

Christmas is nearly here again and your Editors are happy to present you with yet another bumper edition of FOCUS.

As you can see, we have no trouble filling our pages but we always enjoy hearing from new contributors.

Meanwhile, we'd like to thank all those who have helped to make FOCUS so successful and popular by writing, supporting the May Day fund raiser, giving donations and for taking advertising space.

WE WISH YOU ALL A WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR!

Charles Wilkins

Betty Cook

John Percy

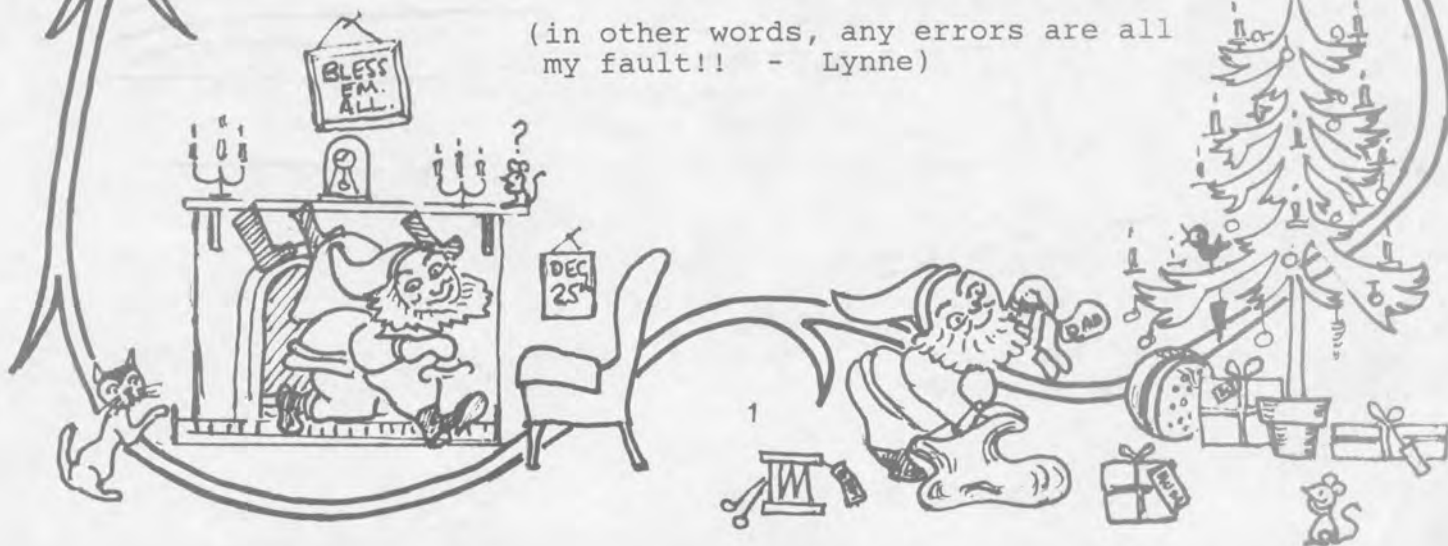
Jo Voss

Pete Redman

Lynne Blanchard

PS Our thanks to Lynne Blanchard for typing this edition of Focus

(in other words, any errors are all my fault!! - Lynne)



FRIENDS OF IRON ACTON SCHOOL

The main summer events for The Friends are the Summer Fayre and the Horse and Dog Show. Both have been very successful.

Firstly, the Summer Fayre in July raised the marvellous sum of £636 (consistent with last year). Over £300 was raised on the raffle before the Fayre opened. The joint first prizes being a meal for two at the White Hart and at the Railway Inn and our thanks to Mr Towl and Mr and Mrs Thomas for their generosity.

In September we ran the refreshments tent at the Horse and Dog Show. The weather was glorious although, at times, a bit too hot inside the tent! Many thanks to our supporters who donated lots of delicious cakes and to those who helped on the day. We raised £219.

Recently The Friends have purchased more books for the School Library and made the usual donation to infant swimming. The balance will go towards the planned adventure playground.

We are entering the quiet time of the year as far as fund raising is concerned with the School preparing for Christmas. We will be holding a Bring and Buy Sale and I will be taking orders for cards and gifts from the Webb Ivory Christmas Catalogue. Our next main event will be the Jumble Sale in the Spring of '91.

On behalf of The Friends, I would like to wish you all a Merry Christmas and thank all of our supporters for their help and generosity throughout 1990.

Karen Hillier

BROWNIES

We finished the Summer Term with a Sports Evening which was enjoyed by all the Brownies and we ended the evening with hot dogs, vegi-burgers, beef burgers and squash. Our thanks go to Jane Spare for organising the games.

We are now well into the Autumn Term. Two new Brownies started in September and they are now enrolled.

The Brownies entered a painting competition at the Horticultural Show, which was a painting of Brown Owl, some were quite flattering to me and some were true to form!! However, we all had a good laugh! I am sure it will be Tawny Owl's turn next year. Sian Davies won first prize and the Brownie Cup, Charlotte Vickery came second and Sadie Pitman was third.

We have just finished 3 interest badges: Hostess, Safety in the Home and House Orderly. I am pleased to say that all of the Brownies passed. I would like to take this opportunity of thanking Jane Spare, once again, and Cheralyn White for testing the Brownies on the House Orderly Badge in their own homes.

Liz Woodman and I have just finished a 4 week course on Adult Leadership where we learnt new games, songs and crafts which we will be practising on our Brownies in the coming weeks.

I am pleased to say that I have now completed all my tasks and hope to be warranted in the next few weeks.

Jenny Cheese

CROSS KEYS - NORTH ROAD

During one night at the end of October some uninvited "guests" entered through one of the large windows at the front of the Cross Keys pub in North Road.

Once inside they not only took cigarettes, cigars and spirits but also wheeled a fruit machine out into the car park where it was smashed open and the money removed. Not content with this they then took the Fishing Club's money and also the football coupons and money which were behind the bar.

You'd think this would be enough wouldn't you? Think again! These individuals then really surpassed themselves, sinking to the lowest depths of dishonesty taking two bottles containing at least £600. Let me explain.

The Cross Keys is most famous for two things. Firstly, the landlord (I think it's best not to add any more!!) and secondly, for the amazing amount of money they raise for charity. This year was no exception, with the money going to Multiple Sclerosis Research. A highly personal choice as they know three people who have the disease. It was £600 of this money that also went missing.

Here are several examples to show how diverse the fund raising has been: jam has been made by Valerie Bright and sold at £1 per jar; Gerald Weaver has been picking field mushrooms and selling them at 75p a time; and, on 28 October, 56 regulars took part in a 20 mile sponsored bike ride (this should raise about £3,000).

It would be lovely if the Keys could reach their target of £8,000 by 1 December (although this was set before the £600 was nicked). So why not pop in when you're passing - but only if you've got some spare cash on you! Where do you put your donations? It's easy, there are 2 "Long John" type bottles - one in the bar and one in the lounge. Look out for the labels which read:

"This bottle has been donated by another landlord to replace the original which was pinched by some rotten b*****. Approximately £600 was taken. The charity is Multiple Sclerosis."

It would be great for them to reach their target, wouldn't it?

Lynne Blanchard

(This article has been written in conjunction with Mr J Peacock - which is why it differs from the Gazette version!!)

IRON ACTON YOUTH CLUB

We need help!

Is there anyone who would become our Treasurer as the last person who helped us is leaving the area (no, the move isn't due to the Youth Club!). I am assured that the job isn't too taxing but I have to admit that I can't cope with being Secretary and Treasurer. If there's a kind soul out there who's prepared to act as a life saver please give me a ring on 566.

If you're reading this and thinking that "Treasurer" is too taxing a role, how about helping in the Snack Bar - this would be on a Thursday evening from 7 pm to 9.15 pm. Again, if you can help, ring me on 566.

So many of our original helpers have dropped out for various legitimate reasons and we've had difficulty in replacing them, please see if you can help us.

Lynne Blanchard (Secretary of Youth Club Management Committee)

SUNTRAP

A couple of weeks' unemployment drew me away from this day-time ghost village and towards the boulevards of Yate. Most boulevards there seem to lead to the Leisure Centre and having joined the serious half past eight in the morning squad who plough relentlessly up and down the pool, never smiling, never ceasing, goggled and blowing like whales, I began to wonder after my first 25 lengths if there was anything else.

Anything else, at that time in the morning and without a partner, tends to be the Solarium. Wonderful! You break the pain barrier in the pool and then lie for a blissful 20 minutes recovering and topping up the suntan at the same time. Nobody told me that as well as a pair of sunglasses and a token, you have to have an intelligence of Mensa proportions and preferably a degree in logic!

For the uninitiated, the sunbed looks like a bed of fluorescent tubes which you lie on, with a lid on top which you pull down over you so you are then not unlike a slab of meat in an ultra violet sandwich.

First time, I simply never cracked how to pull the top half of the sandwich down, so the lid had a go at browning a plastic armchair the other side of the room. Found the secret button (not mentioned in the instructions) when it was too late. Resolved to do better next time.

But the obstacle course had only just begun. There's a combination number to get you into the Solarium. It didn't work. Eventually a very nice cleaner came and used her own private code to get it open. Then she was worried because I shouldn't really know the number. I reassured her that, like everyone else with a taste for breathing lead and drinking chemicals, my memory these days was zilch.

Well now, I knew where the secret button for the lid was didn't I? I couldn't lose. Pushed the token into the slot (no clothes on by this time). Nothing happened. Discovered not switched on at main, switched on, but I'd lost my token. Got dressed again, went down to reception - looking red, dishevelled, embarrassed. How neat they all look in their little embroidered leisure centre jumpers. They stared pityingly, and gave me another token.

Got it right, this time. Lay on the bed, put on the sun goggles then felt for the secret button. Difficult to do this in goggles. Found a button and pressed it. Immediately there was a terrible high pitched screaming. I'd pressed the red emergency button. I leapt a yard - horizontally, as the alarm rent the building. I was stark naked and the emergency squad would at this very moment be bursting through the outer door with axes and ropes, first aid equipment, oxygen masks, tracker dogs. The alarm was probably wired to the ambulance station as well. I'd never dressed so quickly since the day sweets came off ration, frantically rehearsing excuses at the same time and wondering if there might be court proceedings for improper use of the emergency button. Precisely nothing happened. I eventually turned it off at the main and released the red button. Total calm and silence everywhere. What happens in a real emergency?

But now I'd lost my token again. Got dressed once more, crawled downstairs, keeping close to the wall, gibbering. This time the crew at reception looked at me in dumb disbelief, clearly wondering if I'd escaped from somewhere. Another token was handed over, but very suspiciously. I did eventually lie on the sun bed, quivering and stripped of all self respect for 20 tense minutes. Result to skin, minimal. They say too much artificial sun can make you wrinkly and haggard. I see why now!



IRON ACTON C OF E SCHOOL

When the Autumn Term started on 4 September the number of children on the roll had risen to 52. The first time for several years that school numbers had exceeded the half century! We were very pleased to welcome Mrs Julia Edwards onto the staff: she has been appointed to a 0.4 Fixed Term Contract Post and her duties will be mainly involved with the younger children in Mr Dowding's class.

By the time Focus hits the streets we will also have an extra General Assistant in Mrs Hatt's class for 2 mornings a week. In addition to these appointments, Sally Ann Hall has been helping in the infant class for 3 days each week on a YTS Scheme.

During the Summer Term we decided that the infant play area needed improving and re-siting. A playhouse with new equipment and apparatus (washing machine, fridge, microwave, television made of wood, dining set, lounge furniture) was offered. I approached Jeffrey Cook of Halifax Property Services to see if he could help us buy a house - the playhouse! Halifax came up trumps and on our Harvest Festival Day they presented us with a cheque for £400 - half the cost of the playhouse and the equipment.

Our Harvest Auction Sale raised £190 - a new record! This will enable us to continue sponsoring our Indian boy, Goriparthi Srinivasa Rao, and to donate £100 to the Bristol Children's Hospital for their play apparatus which is specially designed for young children (and as featured on their Radio Bristol Appeal).

The junior class has had 2 major trips this term. As part of their work about Planet Earth they visited the Bristol Museum for a session on identifying rocks and minerals and followed this with a trip to Aust Cliff for an afternoon collecting fossils, rocks, crystals and minerals.

In the week before half term we went to Yate Library to meet the children's author Dick King-Smith. He read 2 stories (one of them as yet unpublished) and answered lots of questions about how an author creates and writes stories.

Applications for those children starting school next September (ie, those who have their fourth birthday before 31 August 1991) are now being taken. If you have not yet had an application form please contact Mr Dowding as soon as possible.

DIARY DATES: CHRISTMAS CONCERT Matinee Tuesday, 11 December 1990
Evening Wednesday, 12 December 1990
END OF TERM: Friday, 21 December 1990
NEW TERM STARTS: Monday, 7 January 1991

Ron Dowding

NATURE NOTES



A very good year for Butterflies. Starting in March with the Yellow Brimstone, and following on with Orange Tip, Holly Blue, Common Blue, Speckled Wood, Green Veined White, Meadow Brown, Gatekeeper, Small Copper, Fritillary, Tortoiseshell and Peacock. All of these were seen in the garden plus, of course, plenty of the ones we could all do without, the Large and Small (Cabbage) Whites. But I have not seen a Comma this year, and it is several years since we last had a visit from a Painted Lady (no, I'm still talking about Butterflies).

Betty Cook

ACTONIANS

The Actonians are at present rehearsing for "Waltz of the Toreadors" from 21-24 November (we hope you've all got your tickets!!). Many Hall users will have seen our efforts at set building and we are very grateful for everyone's forbearance.

The Junior Actonians are busy putting together a small Winter Concert for parents and friends and are also looking forward to rehearsing Penny Percy's adaptation of "Alice through the Looking Glass" for the festivals in the Spring.

A reminder to all - a warm welcome awaits new members. Don't worry, there's something to suit every taste in the Actonians.

	<u>THE DAY</u>	<u>THE TIME</u>	<u>THE PLACE</u>
JUNIOR ACTONIANS (7-16)	WEDNESDAY	6.00 to 7.30 PM	THE VILLAGE HALL
ACTONIANS (16+)	WEDNESDAY	7.30 PM	THE VILLAGE HALL

Maureen Chapman

PARISH COUNCIL

Again we must appeal to people not to exercise their dogs in the Cemetery. Try to imagine how you would feel if you went to tend the grave of a member of your family and found the grave and headstone fouled by dogs. Please be more considerate of other peoples' feelings.

Not a good result in the Best Kept Village Competition this year - we were 16th out of a total of 23 villages who entered the Large Village Section with only 70% marks. The judges' final remarks were as follows:

"A good clear plan but competition posters not shown and sadly much litter throughout the village. Most gardens were well cared for, as we expected, as was the churchyard. The amenities were pleasant where there was no litter. There was not much evidence of communal effort."

So, are we to drop entering as people don't seem to care about winning, or are we all going to make an extra effort next year? The decision has to be made in March, so let us know what you think.

During Tree Planting Week we hope to replace several trees in the Parish Meadows and to also plant a tree in memory of Geoffrey Thomas. On the Village Green there is another tree to be removed and we hope to replace that with an oak tree to commemorate the Queen Mother's 90th Birthday.

If there are any disabled, elderly or infirm people in the Parish who are unable to cope with their garden or with decorating and minor repairs, we hope to soon be in a position to provide help for them. If you think you qualify, contact any Parish Councillor and explain your difficulties to them.

Next May will be election time for Parish Councils. Do you care enough about local affairs to spare a little time to be a Councillor?? Why not think it over?

Betty Cook

PROPOSED TWINNING PLANS

Plans for the twinning of Iron Acton and another European village or town are progressing but there have been some setbacks. Firstly, thanks to all those who took part in the questionnaire in which we asked which town you feel would best be suited for us to twin with. In line with these results, contact is being made by various village organisations and, while we do not yet have a "twin", we feel the results so far go some way to illuminating what the future advantages or problems may be. Not surprisingly, France turned out to be the clear favourite, but language has so far been something of a barrier to good communication.

A coach party from the Lamb set out earlier this summer for Mouton Cotellete, a small farming village in Northern France but the trip proved less than successful. It seems that Dave Bate, on arrival at the village, proudly said: "Lamb Inn" pointing to the coach. This was misunderstood by the farmers and resulted in the coach being hijacked and the contents (which turned out to be nothing more sinister than 40 crates of lager) strewn on the steps of the local Mairie.

We also understand that a handpicked delegation from the WI put out feelers at a recent trip to Champagne city Rheims. While we hear that the rapport was excellent unfortunately their phrase "Would you like to twin with us?" was wrongly translated by a small but athletic group of local dignitaries and the riot that followed necessitated an evacuation to the nearest channel port, the like of which has not been seen since Dunkirk.

A Paris/Iron Acton link up was strongly favoured by those who completed the questionnaire. The Parish Council therefore made representations to the Mayor of Paris. He, in turn, circulated a questionnaire to Parisiens to sound out their feelings about Iron Acton. The results were:

- 20% of those who showed a preference said "Iron qui?"
- 10% said "Non facon!" - an old Gallic phrase similar to no way.
- 70% said "Allez vous rembourrez!" - another old Gallic phrase connected, we think, to the soft toy making industry.

Interestingly, some people felt that Iron Acton might successfully link up with an Iron Curtain country, but it is not true that our neighbours on the bypass are the advance party of a Romanian twinning. They merely got the wrong date for the Horse and Dog Show and are waiting for next year.

Whatever the final decision, please be ready with ideas for a gift exchange with our future twinees. In keeping with our iron making past, it's been suggested we offer something bold and imaginative in metal. Roy Hubbard's barbeque, for example, or the missing ten yards of the Cassy rail? A collage of cider cans handpicked at dawn in the Ha Ha with the dew still on them? Or should it be something more simple and homely, such as three pot leeks from the Horticultural Show, or six savoury tarts, in the hope we get some French ones in return.

Ideas on a postcard please will be greatly appreciated.

THE FIDDLER



The alarm bell goes, we crawl out of bed
Fiddler is not aware of what's ahead
We arrive at the yard, lots of work to be done
Mucking out, plaiting up, no time for fun



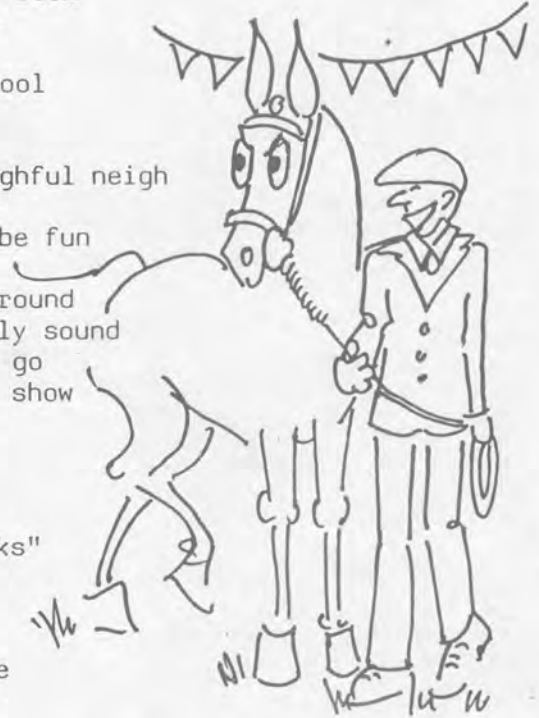
The Fiddler looks at us as if to say:
What are you doing here at this time of day?
The suspicion grows as I begin to plait
Now Fiddler is starting to smell a rat

We're not off to a show again are we Mum?
As he turns around to nip my bum
Fiddler stands silent for a moment or so
Plotting his antics for the on-coming show



He walks up to the lorry his ears flat back
With Kelvin leading - he has the knack
No nuts, no BRIBERY, no fuss at all
Fiddler is learning, that Kelvins no fool

I start the engine, we're on our way
From the back of the wagon comes a neighful neigh
So Cogmill Showground - here we come -
With Fiddler arriving there's sure to be fun



We drop the ramp as the crowds gather round
Kelv trots him up - YES - he's perfectly sound
With Fiddler and Kelvin all rearing to go
Prancing around - lets get on with the show

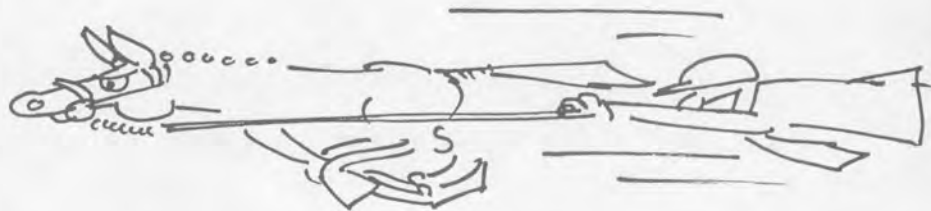
They both walk quickly into the ring
Fiddler thinking he is the king.
Without delay, he starts his tricks
With Kelvin shouting "watch out he kicks"

The Judge is not impressed one bit
As Kelvin holla's Fiddle You Git
You're not supposed to sit on the Judge
But Fiddlers comfy - he will not budge

Fiddler decides, he's had enough of this game
I'll find some other way to claim my fame!
Once more he's off, bucking and rearing
As the spectators start jumping and cheering

Kelvin is becoming red in the face
Its no good, he just cant keep up the pace
With the final decision, Fiddler is out
No cup, no rosette, absolutely nowt!





The Judge has now made Fiddler cross
 So, he decides to be the boss
 With one quick swoop he knocks Kelv to the ground
 He's left there, crippled, curled up in a mound

Fiddler has now made Kelv very cross
 So he now becomes the almighty boss
 As Kelv whacks Fids across the face
 He takes off as if he was in a race

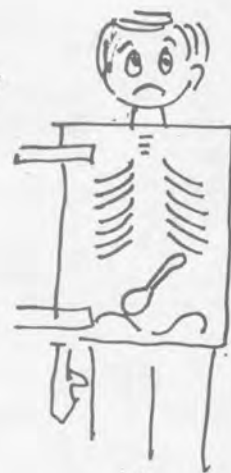
It is now time to put Fiddler back in the lorry
 All the trouble he's caused, I don't think he's sorry
 An hour later he still won't go in
 Go and get Maureen, she's the next of kin

Maureen arrives in her black shiny car
 She only took 1 HOUR, Iron Acton's not far!
 As she got out she saw Kelv on the floor
 What's the matter - Kelv replied, "I'm bloody sore"

After some persuasion Fiddler decides to load
 So now we're off back on the road
 After dropping Fids off, we rushed to Frenchay
 To get Kelv checked out and have an X-ray

Luckily for him no bones have been broke,
 Just go back home and have a long soak
 The next day on, poor Kelv's black and blue
 So we're now looking for a new handler, HOW ABOUT YOU'

. JO. TAYLOR .
 . JULY 1990 .



NORTH ROAD TRAFFIC ACTION GROUP

The North Road Traffic Action Group is at last pleased to announce, as you have no doubt heard, that the weight restriction is now in force.

This has been a long, hard fought battle with Avon Highways Department and has taken nearly 3 years to come to fruition.

The Group's Chairman, Bob Sheppard, has been delighted to receive a large number of grateful calls from local residents supporting the way the campaign was implemented.

The older members of the community can now carry on their lives more safely, the children can travel to school more safely and North Road and its environs can now endeavour to return to a more peaceful existence.

ACTON AID

There are so many people we have to thank for their help over the last few months.

A surprise donation of over £52.00 came from the proceeds of one of the Whist Drives organised in the Village - and was one of the nicest surprises we have ever had!

The Horse and Dog Show was certainly the best organised and had an excellent attendance. Purely of their own initiative, some of our wives worked flat out all day on "their" hot dog stand, always a queue for their superb fare and, don't quote me, but their efforts raised over £400 - a fantastic effort.

There are so many other people we have to thank: our "farmer mate" for the venue, the Dog Show Team, St John Ambulance, the Police Specials, Chipping Sodbury Air Cadets for their labours, judges, sponsors, advertisers, stall holders, the bar staff and all those who lent items just for the day.

A final figure isn't available yet, but it has to be the best for a few years!

Prior to the Horse and Dog Show a marvellous evening of Jazz in a Garden was held. I've been to most Acton Aid events over the last 16 years and I would vote this the best event I've ever attended. A thank you to all our much valued supporters, without whom we would never have enough numbers!

On this particular topic, I've heard on the grapevine that Acton Aid is a bit of a closed shop.

Please allow me to dispel this rubbish! I will spell it out loud and clear. Acton Aid exists for the benefit of the Parish and its people and not for the benefit of about 40 guys who have no-where else to go on the first Thursday of each month.

Entrance to the Rose and Crown in the High Street is not gained by a secret hand shake, rolling up of trouser legs, or even a funny John Cleese walk. If you are a man over the age of 18 years and resident within the Parish, and providing you want to put something back into the wonderful area that we are all so fortunate to live in, you will be most welcome.

We have members who rarely attend a meeting but who give so much of their time and efforts in other ways. We also have members who do not drink but enjoy the company. So, as you can see, there's no real reason for anyone not to give Acton Aid a try, is there? Our next meeting is on Thursday, 6 December at 8 pm in the Rose & Crown.

A few dates for your diaries:

SATURDAY, 1 DECEMBER: By popular demand, the return of the Compah Band Bavarian Evening, also includes the seat swaying competition and ladies keep fit - the funniest evening of the year! Tickets available from Acton Aid Members (no closed shop!) but be quick!

FRIDAY, 14 DECEMBER: Only to our esteemed retired persons of the Parish, a Social Evening with entertainment and a range of refreshments - a change from the usual Christmas parcels.

SUNDAY, 23 DECEMBER: A Christmas Party for the younger members of the Parish who are aged from 4 years to 11 years. This will take place in the Village Hall from 3 pm to 6 pm and will include a visit from Father Christmas, a magician, refreshments and presents. Please note that this is only for children living within the Parish and we cannot include any children who come from outside but who might be staying with residents - sorry, but we have to draw the line somewhere.

MID FEBRUARY 1991: Formal Dinner Dance at the Cross Hands at Old Sodbury, when the present Chairman bows out. Tickets again available from members (no closed shop!).

The monthly draw has fallen apart over the last month or so and the displaying of the winning numbers has lapsed in both the High Street and North Road. This is being attended to immediately so please bear with us as your contributions are most necessary to our charity funds - all of which are accounted for to the Charity Commission.

From all at Acton Aid to everyone in the Parish of Iron Acton we wish you A HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND A PEACEFUL NEW YEAR.

Bryan Taylor
Chairman



WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

On looking at the last issue of Focus I am reminded that I am expected to give a more refined report, whatever that may mean, - my daughter has a funny way with words sometimes!

We have had a very interesting Autumn, enjoying a Games Evening at Winterbourne, a Halloween Party at Coalpit Heath and an incredibly successful visit to Harvey's in Bristol for a Port Tasting Evening. We have also been on a short break to Rheims in France but I believe that is being reported elsewhere! [yes, it is, but not until next issue 'cos we've run out of space this issue. We're sorry! - THE FOCUS TEAM]

This trip was so successful that we are looking forward to an announcement of a trip next spring - we're not sure where it will be, but have decided that the Loire Valley would be delightful, and are equally sure that some of us will be going!

Our Birthday Party takes place in November and we have our Annual General Meeting in December.

Our programme of speakers and events for 1991 is now being finalised and, as usual, our Committee have managed to find some reasonably diverse topics. The Winter Meetings kick off with a talk on Roses by Mr Sanday (of Sanday's Roses would you believe!?) and we then have someone coming to tell us all about honey - so there's something to ward off colds and the like and something to remind of the summer months to come!

Yes, no doubt, we shall be having some more of our infamous coach outings and details of these will be available next year.

It only leaves me to wish you all a very HAPPY, MERRY AND PROSPEROUS CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR.

Elsie Blanchard

WAYS TO QUIETEN A HECKLER

- * Will you please follow the example of your head and come to the point!
- * Tell me, is that your lower lip or are you wearing a turtle neck sweater?
- * When he was born, his father came into the room and gave him a funny look. As you can see, he's still got it!
- * You're the sort of person Dr Spooner would have called a shining wit!

TEACHING IN AFRICA

After completing his A Levels, Shirley Robinson's grandson had the chance to teach for several months in Zimbabwe before going to university. He had to raise £900 to cover insurance and kit, which he did by sponsored events and applying to local Lions and Rotary Clubs and Educational Trusts. Here are some extracts from a letter to his grandmother:

"At this moment I am in class. The pupils are having a library lesson, perusing various classics of English literature such as 'Noddy's Day Out' and 'Janet and John Book 37'. They have just finished their mid-year exams - which my colleagues and I are trying to mark before the end of term.

It's midday and despite the fact that it is supposed to be winter here the temperature is well over 30 degrees centigrade. I have never thought I would miss a good rainstorm so much. We have not had rain for months which has meant the failure of the second maize crop. This does not mean anyone is starving, but money is scarce and a lot of my pupils are wearing very old clothes and very few have shoes.

This term has been made much easier by the arrival of another white man to our school. Previously it was just Annabel and me, we arrived here in January, were given a concrete room each and left to make the best of it. The nearest drinking water was 1 kilometer away, the nearest groceries 8 k, and so with no transport a lot of time was spent walking. Now we have a car, brought by an extremely nice graduate from Bristol University. His father is the British High Commissioner for Zimbabwe and I have stayed in their beautiful house in Harare on occasions, sleeping in the same bed that Mrs T slept in and met the American Ambassador!

The holidays are coming up and I have booked a canoeing trip with 3 other friends on the Zambezi which sounds most exciting. I have already seen elephant, lion, kudu crocodile, and hippo in the wild but I would still like to see a giraffe.

I am also going to Mozambique and Malawi and have already been to Zambia and South Africa. Zambia was lovely but South Africa was horrible. We only made it to Johannesburg and didn't reach the recommended Cape Town or Durban but we were exhausted and nearly broke and didn't like the place or the people so we turned and ran back to Zimbabwe.

Last week my luck ran out and I came down with a severe flu that has been going around and has claimed quite a few African lives. Three days of feeling exceedingly ill in bed (a cane mat on the floor) and I got over it, thanks to a lot of hot toddies and my entire stock of paracetamol. Thank God it wasn't malaria - as we originally thought.

Africa is very beautiful, especially where I am living and I have a feeling that someday I will return.

IT'S JUST NOT CRICKET!!!

I still don't know whether to believe a recent newspaper report which said that the latest major spectator sport in China is cricket fighting, with fortunes being waged on the insect battles. This, apparently, dates back one thousand years to the T'ang dynasty. The tiny warriors, which can cost up to £250 each, fight it out in arenas made from pottery jars - the victor is the insect which manages to stay within the ring. As McEnroe would say, they cannot be serious - can they??!

Lynne Blanchard

CHRISTMAS TIME

Mistletoe hanging from the ceiling
A wreath of holly on the door
The Christmas tree sparkles in the corner
And Sammy's spilling coke on the floor

Frosted webs hang over the window
But we're all warm in here
Sammy might touch my presents
That's my greatest fear!

I love Christmas Day although
Sometimes it might rain
But when you're ten and your sister's only two
It can be a bit of a pain!

Bradley Hillier
(Aged 10)



THE ELIZABETHANS

The Summer months have come and gone and most of our members have been busy in the garden growing some good produce without expensive fertilisers, etc. It's surprising what the old ones can do!! It's also nice to go into the garden and cut a cabbage or pick some beans - and they do taste better than pre-packed goods from the supermarket. Reading the local papers you see how many people in the area win prizes in the Flower and Vegetable Shows that seem to be held nearly every weekend, so it's best to grow your own where possible.

Our trips to Teignmouth and Swanage went very well and although our trip to Swansea was wet we made the most of it.

Sadly, since the last edition of Focus we have lost two of our members, Mr Watts (and we hope that Mrs Watts is keeping well) and Mrs Fletcher.

Our Whist Drives have raised money for Headway and for Acton Aid and here's advance notice that our Christmas one will be held on Monday, 3 December at 7.30 pm in the Village Hall.

By the time you read this we will have had an outing to see the Carnival Procession at Weston Super Mare and in December we have a trip to see the Christmas lights in Bristol and Bath (and have a supper afterwards). . Also in December we shall be going to the Colston Hall for a Carol Service.

Well Christmas is almost here and our thoughts will, no doubt, be with those in the Middle East - at least we are free here and our children are clothed and well fed, so when we are all enjoying ourselves with our families and friends let's spare a thought for those less fortunate and count our blessings.

Everyone in the Elizabethan Club wish you all a very Happy Christmas and a Peaceful New Year.

Susanna Russell

THE VILLAGE - AS WE WERE

Going to school in the thirties we had never heard of 'supermarkets', and 'conservation' meant very little to us - the word was hardly ever used. Market yes, that meant the cattle markets at Yate on Tuesdays and at Chipping Sodbury on Thursdays, when cattle were driven along the roads from the farms to the markets by drovers. Cattle waggon had not yet arrived.

There was a sale yard at Yate; pigs, cattle and produce were sold and at Chipping Sodbury the animals were penned in the street. I once saw a pig escape and charge down the High Street throwing a lady and her feet were in the air.

'Super' to us meant 'marvellous' and if we had been asked to define 'conservation' we would probably have written down 'jam making'. This was mainly plum as there always seemed to be a glut of them and they were usually sold at 1d per pound at the most. Bread and jam was a large part of always hungry children's diet.

The Village then was quite self-sufficient in shops and businesses. There were as many here as at Yate, which was a miserable place only to be passed through on the way to Chipping Sodbury, a place of much more interest and more alive.

We could get most necessities in the Village then and very few people travelled far afield for their goods.

There was one big shop, Mr Fursman's, it sold everything from a pond of nails and a pint paraffin to drapery and food-stuffs. Bacon and ham were sliced at the counter; lard, butter and cheese were cut from large blocks and weighed according to the weight needed, people bought 2 ozs at a time. Sugar was scooped from a sack.

Mr Fursman had twinkly eyes and always wore a brown trilby hat and a light brown smock coat. He was very good humoured and could always tell a joke. He seemed to have all the time in the world. At Christmas the window was filled with toys and crackers and tinsel and we all prayed that Father Christmas would take note.



There were other smaller shops at each end of the Village, including a very good baker at the top end (now Hillside where Mr and Mrs Wilkins live) and memories of his bread and cakes are still mouth watering. Wonderful cakes at 1d each or 7 for 6d. I remember the hot cross buns which came straight from the oven - we could go there and get them from the bakehouse, but the baker always looked so tired as after doing all the baking he then went around the Village delivering. His name was Hector.

At our end of the Village, the lower end, we had a good butcher's shop (now Trent House where Mr and Mrs Pople live). The butcher went to market and bought his animals and slaughtered them himself. The drover drove them over from Yate or Sodbury to the Village and straight to the slaughter house (now The Keepings where Mr and Mrs Dickes live). There were no fridges then, but a lorry came with a load of ice blocks and this was pretty satisfactory - but we did get some very hot summers from time to time.

The Butcher was very jolly and often told us the best way to cook some of the meat. He made sausages, and cooked tripe and chitterlings and the steaming trays of these stood in the window on Fridays. There was always sawdust on the floor and in winter the butcher's hands were swollen with chilblains, he wore a white coat and a long, blue striped apron. People were always complaining; the meat was too fat, too lean or too tough - in all probability wrongly cooked, as coal fire ranges were not the easiest to manage.

At Christmas the shop was full of turkeys, cockerels and geese hanging up around the walls, as well as rabbits - many got by poaching - they cost about 9d each and made a good dinner. In many cottages there was a gun propped by the fireplace - and not for clay pigeon shooting.

Shops were lit by oil lamps and if we went out after dark we took a lantern. When the pubs closed at night the Village was very noisy as men walked or staggered home; singing, shouting and arguing - yes, the Village was once quite a lively place!

We had 2 undertakers in the Village, both in the High Street. Mr Fugill had his business in the premises now occupied by Mr Gale, the coalman. Mr Arthur Mainstone carried on his business at Frome House, where Mr and Mrs White live, and his workshop was in the garage and that's where we watched him making the coffins. Very few people had a car. Mr Mainstone had a bicycle and he jumped on from the back wheel. On the day of a funeral Mr Mainstone would use a bier to take the coffin to Church. The bier was a 4 wheeled trolley which he pulled along, with the mourners following behind.

Every week there were 2 doctors' surgeries. One held at what is now 'The White House' (Mrs Grants) and one at our house in the street. The district nurse delivered most of the babies at home and we often hung around outside waiting to hear the cry. We also had a dentist's surgery on Friday nights - that was quite frightening.

We spent many happy hours at the railway station watching the trains. The mail then came by train, the postman collected it and then took it back, sorted it and delivered it around the Village. There was a big waiting room on the platform and on the other side of the track was the signal box which was only ever occupied by the Station Master, Mr Okeham. We thought he had a lovely life, he must have thought so too. He was always happy and lively and never told us to clear off.

Our coal was delivered by horse and trolley and one day the horse bolted in Yate Road and didn't stop until it got home to the bottom of Northmead Lane on the Latteridge Road. No-one was hurt and the coalman and his wife managed to hang on.

Many children went to Church 3 times on a Sunday. There were very few cars and we had a horse and cart and a trap for going to Church at Chipping Sodbury. We had best clothes with brown stockings for Sundays and black stockings for school.

Most people were very poor and some even more so, especially where the fathers were heavy drinkers. Every Christmas there was a charity gift of a loaf of bread and a 6d piece which was handed out at the Village Hall, now Mrs Stiff's, children were generally sent to collect it but if you owned your own house you couldn't have it - I could never figure out how the officials knew who owned what!

The annual highlights of the year were a visit to Bristol, the Sunday School Outing to Weston, the Flower Show and Fun Fair (held in a different field every year) and the Christmas School Concert.

Mai Beasley

NORTH ROAD BAPTIST CHAPEL

The Editors asked in the last Editorial whether there was any life in North Road, well I am pleased to confirm that we are alive at the Baptist Chapel even though we may not be kicking very high or hard!

In the past few months we have celebrated the Harvest Festival firstly with a service on the Sunday evening conducted by Mr R Butcher, at which Mrs Jean Hibbard sang 3 appropriate solos. The gifts which decorated the church for this service were sent, as usual, to The Manor House at Frenchay. Then we joined in a Harvest Supper at the home of the Pastor and his Wife on the Monday evening.

Next came the Anniversary Service when the members of the Ladies Meeting took part with song and recitation and the message was given by Mrs J Green from Kingswood.

Looking forward, our Christmas Carol services will be held on the last 2 Sundays in December.

We then look forward (DV) to our traditional Good Friday Service when our friends, the Whiteshill Male Voice Choir, will be conducting the service. Light refreshments will be served after this service. On Easter Sunday the services will celebrate the Resurrection of Jesus.

The 6 pm services will be conducted as follows during December 1990, January, February and March 1991:

<u>DECEMBER</u>	<u>JANUARY</u>	<u>FEBRUARY</u>	<u>MARCH</u>
2 Pastor followed by Communion	6 Pastor followed by Communion	3 Pastor followed by Communion	3 Pastor Followed by Communion
9 Mr H Obery	13 Mr A Bowden	10	10 Mr M Turner
16 Mr R Keen	20 Mr K Cherrington	17 Mr J Sutton	17 Mr K Moon
23 Carol Service	27 Mr C Moody	24 Mr Greenslade	24 Mr R Butcher
30 Carol Service			

We extend a warm welcome to anyone who would like to join us in our services. We would particularly like to see some younger (at least relatively) folk to reduce our average age of 60ish!

At the beginning we said that there was indeed life at North Road Baptist Chapel but perhaps even more important than this is that we believe that not only do we have life and life more abundantly, we have eternal life. We would be happy to share with you the mystery of this promise.

K W Merrick

THE THINGS THEY SAY!

Political ability is the ability to foretell what is going to happen tomorrow, next week, next month and next year and to have the ability afterwards to explain why it didn't happen! (WINSTON CHURCHILL)

Politicians are the same all over. They promise to build a bridge even when there's no river. (NIKITA KRUSCHEV)

The most successful politician is he who says what everybody is thinking most often and in the loudest voice. (THEODORE ROOSEVELT)

A WORD OF WISDOM! REMEMBER ME?

I am the person who goes into a restaurant, sits down patiently and waits while the waitresses do everything but take my order.

I am the person who goes into a department store and stands quietly while the sales clerks finish their little chit chat.

I am the person who drives into a petrol station and never blows the horn but waits patiently while the attendant finishes reading his comic book.

Yes, you might say, I am the good guy, but do you know who else I am?

I am the person who never comes back and it amuses me to see you spend thousands of pounds every year to get me back when I was there in the first place all you had to do was to show me a little courtesy!

One of Mr Wilkins' "Little Gems"

HORTICULTURAL SHOW

Firstly, our thanks to everyone who contributed to the Horticultural Show in any way, shape or form. Approximately £125 will find its way into Village Hall Funds and, bearing in mind that this event has never been seen as a major fund raiser but rather more as a village tradition where we don't want to make a loss, from this point it was a successful exercise.

I think the change of time for the auction from the evening to the afternoon was a success and a debt of gratitude is owed to Den Wheeler for auctioneering so magnificently and to Sarah, Jo, Liz and Michelle for acting as his Assistants.

I heard loud and clear the comments about the Horticultural Show being on the same weekend as the Horse and Dog Show but, in my defence, can I just say that the Horticultural date was set in September '89 - just after last year's Show and I didn't know anything about the Horse and Dog Show clash until early August '90, by which time it was too late to do anything.

However, liaison will take place next year and we will also be discussing the timing of our Show as it has been suggested that if we don't co-incide with Yate Flower Show then we might get more entries from the North Road end of the Parish - and I would certainly love to see this.

The only other moan I have is why do people wait until the day before saying things like "why didn't you have a class for ????" or "couldn't you have done ??????". Any comments made to me on the day have found their way into my notepad ready for next year, but if you're reading this and thinking of some more (polite) suggestions then let me know (Rangeworthy 566) and I'll see what we can do.

Yet again, the children came up trumps. This year we had 106 different children enter at least one section. Yes, I know, by Saturday lunchtime I didn't want to see another piece of blue tac and I felt like begging for admission to Glenside, but the Committee Room looked absolutely wonderful and although I've sent letters to North Road and Iron Acton Schools to say thank you, could all the parents take this as my thank you to them for the help they gave their children.

It's also been suggested that we have another WI class next year (as long as it's not scones again - they tell me!). Are there any other organisations who could muster up a class? Rangeworthy 566 is the number for suggestions.

Lynne Blanchard

NORTH ROAD SCHOOL

The start of the new school year at North Road School saw many changes. The promotion of Mrs Goatcher to Deputy Head, together with the pregnancies of Mrs Bond and Mrs Child meant that an almost total change of staff was necessary. Miss Rubidge brought a wealth of experience from the Service for Special Educational Needs, whilst Mrs Burrows and Mrs Harrison were both new to Primary Education.

The demands of the National Curriculum Assessment and LMS have not prevented the usual round of events for this term.

The Harvest Service was led by the Reverend Sutch from St Mary's, Yate. We sent parcels and flowers to many local friends as well as raising enough money to sponsor Aja Fofana, a 5 year old girl from the Gambia. In view of our recent links with Genieri it is good to know that the school is helping with someone so close to the village.

One World Week (21-28 October) was remembered by Iron Acton, Tortworth, Rangeworthy, Cromhall and North Road Schools' celebration held at North Road. There were fine examples of art and singing as well as slides from Mr Brown's visit to India.

The annual bonfire behind the Codrington Arms was again a huge success with the fireworks making an even greater better than ever. A great deal of money was raised which will ultimately benefit the children in our school. We were very grateful to Mr Baber for the use of his field.

Preparations are already underway for our Christmas Concert on 13 December and will, this year, take the form of a Victorian Evening. Any contributions will be welcome! There will, of course, be the usual Christmas Sale (7 December from 1.30 pm to 3.0 pm - tables may be booked at £3), Christmas Parties, Disco and a Book Fair. A very bush time ahead!

Glenys Anderson

ST JAMES THE LESS CHRISTMAS SERVICES

SUNDAY, 23 DECEMBER		Services As Usual
MONDAY, 24 DECEMBER	CHRISTMAS EVE	8.00 am Holy Communion 6.00 pm Evensong (Said) 6.30 pm Crib Service 11.15 pm Mattins of Christmass 12.00 Midnight Mass and General Communion
TUESDAY, 25 DECEMBER	CHRISTMAS DAY	8.00 am Holy Communion 9.30 am Sung Eucharist 4.00 pm Evensong (Said)
WEDNESDAY, 26 DECEMBER	ST STEPHEN	8.00 am Holy Communion 10.30 am Holy Communion
SUNDAY, 30 DECEMBER	THE HOLY FAMILY	6.00 pm Evensong (Said) 6.30 pm Carol Service

HANDBELL RINGERS:

The Handbell Team hopes to go round the Parish as usual. We will probably start in Latteridge on either Monday 17 or Tuesday 18 December. Please let us know at the Rectory if you would like us to come at a special time on a special day, we'll do our best.