



Great Britain Tour Diary 2006

Friday 18th August

9am and off to the range for the first time...

Connaught ranges is only a quick jaunt down the road from the hotel, which we managed with only the minor problem of traffic light troubles breaking up the convoy; one of the vans piloted by a certain retired RAF Wing Commander had difficulty pulling away at a green light. Putting the van into "drive" is a prerequisite for moving off apparently, and most people realise that after a mere 5 seconds of revving with no movement. Fortunately, each of the five vans left stuck for another cycle of traffic lights with a two mile tailback behind had at least one person who knew the way to the ranges, so the rest of the journey passed without incident.

On our arrival, we were able to decamp into the rooms that we'd been assigned for storage and general lurking. Much organising of kit, fetching of squadding and general faffing ensued. Recovering from a case of ulnar bursitis, our vice-captain was overheard discussing with the donut-fetcher-in-chief the possibility of obtaining some silicone bust enhancers. It was confidently stated that Watty would know where to get hold of some.

After two early afternoon practices at 300 and 900 metres, we kicked off the warm-up competitions with the Ottawa Regiment at 800 metres, comprising two sighters and fifteen to count. Three of the team – and all three of the travelling reserves – managed to keep them all in the bull, but it was Ed Compton who made it into the tie shoot with a solid 75.10.

Friday's scores:

Ottawa Regiment (800m)

2nd Ed Compton 75.10 / 25.3

5th Jon Underwood 75.8

7th David Luckman 75.8

9th John Pugsley 75.7

10th Ross McQuillan 75.6

13th Jon Sweet 75.4

16th Rupert Dix 74.11

18th Mary Boston 74.10

20th David Calvert 74.9

With the shooting complete, the team retired to the hotel for showers and a cold beer before dinner. The lazier among us decided that the steaks in the hotel were quite good enough for our first full day in Ottawa, but many of the team headed out for sushi, other assorted seafood or Italian. Hinch was less than taken with the wine in the Italian restaurant, the name "Chateau Penguin" not having given him the tip-off that it might not be the finest of vintages.

Meanwhile, a group of six went to "A Taste of Japan", a Pakistani-run restaurant serving sushi, teriyaki, tempura etc. that had won critical acclaim, if Nick Brasier's research into the previous year's Ottawa Sentinel restaurant reviews was to be believed. Part way through the ordering process, which saw different levels of confidence and standards of pronunciation in use, the WingCo asked his neighbour if he had spent a lot of time in Canada. "Oh, about two and a half days", came the reply from this correspondent, who pointed out that David Armstrong had spent 7 squillion months there and Kitty was in fact half Japanese, so they ought to be treated as the experts. Fireman Dave suggested that WingCo had addressed this correspondent because " 'e oernly speaks to uthher coerches".

And so to bed for an early night...