



Great Britain Tour Diary 2006

Saturday 19th August

All the vans contained at least one person who would be on the first detail. And it seems all the vans independently decided that 7am was the time to leave the accommodation, so we found ourselves accidentally in convoy, once more.

Even the first detail shots had time to grab some breakfast, and what a good spread the victuallers had put on: fruit loaf, toast, fruit, cereal, even lucky Frosties!

The conditions looked a bit different first thing: overcast, a fair bit cooler and with almost no wind. But still very sweaty. Being the first range, all those who arrived with 30 minutes to go had precisely 25 minutes to wait until anything at all happened. All except for Watty who, at 500 yards, realised with about 15 minutes to go that he was meant to be at 900. Oops!

Very very tall bloke, meanwhile, was shooting machine loads rather than handloads at 900m. Some said that was because he was lazy but that can't have been true because they still needed pushing back. Perhaps he was just demonstrating that the machine loads were perfectly good enough. 50.9 seemed to do the trick, followed by 50.8 at 500 yards to give him a very good chance of winning the competition outright.

His 50.9 was surpassed only by Paddy McQuillan's 50.10. At least he managed to live down to the stereotype by putting down an outer and a hit (high and low) as his sighters first. Meanwhile, Matt was clearly so very nervous at shooting with the Vice at 900m that he neglected to move his foresight up from 500, missing with the first sighter and barely connecting with the second.

Others fared worse. One local said to the Fat Controller: "Poor chap shooting with me put a shot on the wrong target." "Was he American?" asked Hinch. "Yes". "Splendid!" came the reply.

At lunchtime a group of half a dozen team members decided to travel back to the area of the hotel, some for some air conditioned rest but most for an hour's shopping – particularly in search of some good coaching chairs. An hour, that is, until a seventh person joined in, who needed to be back at the range half an hour earlier. So an hour became half an hour, and then half an hour became 20 minutes, as the same fellow insisted that the bus needed to leave the shops at 12:20 in order to pick the other two from outside the hotel, some 100 yards away, at 12:30. Notwithstanding that stipulation, Reg held the bus up for 5 minutes before jumping in and announcing "Well I managed to get everything I needed." "So that's a 20% success rate then!" came the driver's retort.

That left the coaching chairs still needing to be found. After an uneventful afternoon in which all were among a good sized group of 100s (with WingCo the winner on 100.17), our heroes went off in search of chairs, following an aging local sage's instructions. The problem was that, while Terry Fox Drive existed close to camp and existed next to Wal-Mart, there was a big bit missing in between. So the group was temporarily lost. At least the expedition was a success, but it did take a while to get back.

Meanwhile, Ed Compton was tie-shooting for the Gatineau. He came 2nd but did so in the honourable manner, by scoring a fine 25.3 to be pipped at the post.

Saturday's scores:

Gooderham (500x/900m)

1st Danny Coleman 100.17
2nd Andrew Simms (Australia) 100.16
3rd David Armstrong 100.15
6th Gareth Morris 100.12
10th David Dyson 100.12
13th Nigel Ball 100.11
14th Andy Luckman 100.11
16th Nick Brasier 100.10

Army & Navy Veterans (600x/900m)

1st David Calvert 100.17
2nd David Luckman 100.15
3rd David Dyson 100.14
5th Jon Underwood 100.13
6th Danny Coleman 100.13
9th Kitty Jack 100.12
11th Matt Charlton 100.11
13th Jon Sweet 100.11
16th Ross McQuillan 100.10
20th Rupert Dix 100.10

Following shooting, the team prepared for the Canadians' Meet & Greet reception. This was a two-part affair, but most people seemed unaware of the second part at the Mess, instead concentrating on the bit where they got fed, at the Canteen. And a fine reception it was too. It was punctuated by a silent auction, at which items, many of which were Canadian sporting memorabilia of which we knew nothing, were up for grabs. The cigars, unsurprisingly, went to the Fat Controller. Unsurprisingly because he was the only person to bid four times. Having said that, nobody else bid at all, so four bids seemed a bit excessive, even if he never physically went near the bidding sheet. Nevertheless, he seemed very happy when he picked them up.

The evening finished with Emil Praslick regaling those remaining outside the Barons Hotel with tales of New York cops and crazy chimpanzee murders. Really!