



UNITED KINGDOM PRACTICAL SHOOTING ASSOCIATION
United Kingdom Region of the International Practical Shooting Confederation



eDVC

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NEWS FLASH - TESTS START ON GUN REGISTER

The Metropolitan Police is to start initial testing of the National Firearms Licensing Management System next week - a mere eight years after Lord Cullen's recommendation.

The Met's trial will be followed a week later by Lancashire Constabulary. Essex Police will act as observer for the Met's trial and Greater Manchester will fulfil a similar role for the Lancashire force.

The total work to date has cost £5.6M. So that'll be money well spent.

WELSH SG CHAMPIONSHIPS 8TH/9TH OCTOBER MATCH REPORT

First an enormous thank you to Jo and Martin for inviting us round to play in their back garden. For those of you that did not come, and yes that's you, it was your loss and our gain. The landscape is very familiar to those who shot at Thornlands. So if you are afraid of steep hills and hard work don't come next time either.

Saturday started and continued rather wet. Not really surprising since we were in Wales - no we weren't, we were in Shropshire, but it was close. Saturday evening continued wet internally (see my previous report on Minsterley, it was a bit like that but without the food). Sunday started dry but with many wet bits along the way. Steep hills and wet.....marvellous!

The official Match Reception and Dinner was at the Three Tuns, now known as the Empty Tums, was a revelation of a pub being unable to organise a **** up in a brewery, which was actually behind the pub. Entertainment? Mrs Marilyn Minsterley-Monroe drinking red wine through a straw from the bottle, Captain Scarlet getting shirty (red, matches his complexion) with the pub over the lack of food, and a DQee and his DQer not accepting a drink from each other, but they did share a starter. Ah, bless 'em.

Back to the range. I have never before seen the Range Master having his own executive transport. Guess what he wants for Xmas, Jean. The Blue Team's H&S adviser had a go but found it far too dangerous. Couldn't get it out of 1st I believe. Not enough blue lights and woowoos I assume. There was a stage up a ladder, so that one could see over the top of some no shoots, sorry penalty targets. However, tall people have an advantage already, whilst midgets have a struggle. Sour grapes? Who am I to say? Grandad-to-be-very-soon Cleggy made a possibly fatal mistake. He mistook one Duffy for another!!! Mind you the subject was facing away and bending over!!! Which was mistaken for which? I believe Dave is recovering well with no permanent damage. There were a few instances of rather close furrow digging with that high speed lead spade, Nursey and Droopy walked, the Old Windsor Midget managed to keep on limping. A certain young shooter had a flea inserted into his ear about his lack of resetting skills. Maybe more practice would help, before his departure off to the colonies, where I understand they reward such things with a rattlesnake down the trousers.

The moving clay on the wire stage was a masterpiece, coming close in engineering terms to the legendary Harlow Door. Meanwhile the fishy Codfather was back in the warm babysitting in front of the fire.

And so to the results, premature congratulations to Andy the new man of modified, PC Pumper, Mike the Cod and Open Graham. Where was B Dwarf Esq at the announcements? Must have been time for a pint.

On the way out we learned that Dodgy Dave D had pulled: blue eyes, blonde (in places) and very very young. Surely that is Mr Noisy's territory? Even more bizarre was that Mrs DDD was there too.

We turned left out of the gate, down the hill and found a VW half in a ditch facing up the hill. Some of the Blues had left moments before us but were not present at the scene. Had they caused this? To be fair the Yellow Team did not stop either. A little further on we found DDD's new love being car sick. Oh well, only another 160 miles to go.

Thanks again in this order for a splendid comp Jo, Martin, Andy, Neil and Jon equally, anyone else who knows me, Andy's agent etc etc.

Can we come round to your garden again sometime?

Mister Fumble

HOME COUNTRIES (HARLOW) SG 22/23 OCT MATCH REPORT

Firstly an apology to my long suffering fans. The delay in producing this report is due to the vastly increased workload over here at Fumble Towers. The staff at Fumble Workshops, Centre for Engineering Excellence have been busy re-engineering the one clay flipper that broke. Mr Black and Mr Decker the common, and rather unreliable couple next door, have been drafted in to help. Even Mr Cuprinol the colourful chap from round the corner came round to lend a brush.

Back to business then, two cracking comps in the space of a fortnight: fantastic. So similar in terrain and weather too. Yes, I have been drinking. The facilities at the range were a little down on previous times. The lorry which does whatever it does to the portaloos (the Turdis?) not only did not do it very well, but tore the barrier out of the ground before not doing it very well. Maybe it's time to find a different solution. Rent-a-Spade?

Some continental types were welcomed to our fine country and some shot very well indeed. Those of you with teenage daughters should know that one was named Roman. Everyone should be aware of the skills of the secret police of a certain East European country. They got a bit irate when someone tried to borrow their ammo.

Saturday saw the usual attempts at very close gardening with the high speed lead shovel. However being Trafalgar Day meant that the guilty party got away with it on the grounds that "the French were closer than that". "Kiss me Hardy" fell on many deaf ears, particularly Hardy's. Maybe the French wore grey shirts in those days.

He Who Makes The Rules even turned up but a dose of avian flu prevented him from shooting. Thanks birdies.

The North of the Border plumbing and body piercing team made the long trek south but one half of the duo was suffering too and saved himself some embarrassment and did not shoot. Even though in the previous week he had been asked, whilst in Focus DIY, for his OAP card. But when you get to his age, you can't remember where you put your OAP card. And the other half of the team left her coke can in the drinks pocket of a lady Blue's folding chair; fold chair, wear coke in hair.

Talking of plumbers, the ginger one who butchers them Italian guns had a spot of gun trouble. Why don't you just take it out of the box and shoot it?

Mister tin legs Bader neé Phillips has still not got the hang of his new knees. Running in please pass? No, falling over but he thinks no-one spotted it.

Mister RM walked into a tree backwards, cap fell over eyes and he walked into another tree later. No stress then.

Sunday followed Saturday as surely as it rains when it's your turn to shoot. The statsmeister guided us all into position in the car park as we arrived. Nearly got run over by north of border white van man. Other venues please take note. Statsmeister was nowhere to be found when we could not get out. Other venues please ignore.

We saw some cases of lack of enthusiasm in resetting. Always seems to be the young, and those who think they are still young that are guilty. And those who are sons of shooting fathers. Whilst you may be the future, the present is now, so get your fingers out and get resetting with the rest of the old gits. I am sure there is a rule that allows a DQ for lack of getting stuck in.

The Yorkshire RO/shooting duo reported a haunted TV at their hotel. Would not stay on for more than 10 mins, then switched itself on in the middle of the night. Late night Harlow can be very, very, scary.

We saw a couple of injuries to legs. One of the blues we don't know much about, and the Little Bloke from The Yellow Team. Harlow seems to be jinxed for TLBFTYT. Last time it was a broken extractor, this time a broken gas ring and a gammy leg. However the clay flipper stage!! Having seen Mike-nice-but-D.I.M. and a Serbstar do rather well on this stage, an expectant crowd took the pi** a bit when TLBFTYT rolled up and loaded 32g no5 and 28g no9 loads in the right order for the different targets. All popped, all flipped, all hit in 4.90s. How he laughed!!

And so to the results. Farmer Devious (get off my sheep - fat chance says Graham) found himself in Std Auto despite shooting Pump. He must have taken inspiration from Mr Minsterley in Chief who did a similar thing earlier this year. Droopy found himself not so droopy and actually visibly smiled when he got a medal for something.

Loads of medals and trophies for some but not all, but you are all winners. Without non top blokes such as you and I there can be no top blokes. As long as you had a good time, safely, then we are all winners.

And after the results, the sight of the Minsterleys apart from Driver Minsterley, drinking vodka in the back of the Minsterley truck was like something out of a ZZTop video but without the hair or the beards. Maybe that's next year's style for us all?

Next Year..find out how your firing pin comes out, get in the garage and practice, practice, practice.

Mister Fumble

The AGM is scheduled for 15th January 2006, 2:30 p.m., London & Middlesex, Bisley. The Blue Team will also be running a slug match so the day needn't be a totally write off. Please note that the election of officers and the slug shoot are not a combined event.

The Report & Accounts were posted on the web site yonks ago and they seem to show that there are some pennies in the kitty. The Treasurer has not been spotted for a while.

VIOLENT CRIME REDUCTION BILL

We have been asked what the Association is doing about this as it could affect airsoft. We are working with the BSSC and other associations on the input to the proposed legislation. It really would not be prudent to publicly discuss the various machinations; we need to wait until the revised government plans are published.
