

Carry On Up the Butt

All Day Match, 8th June 2013

“Hello clouds, hello sky”, says John “Fotherington-Thomas” Halahan, flamboyantly, as he reaches for his rainbow-coloured rifle bag. The OFRC are all in a silly mood if only because for the first time in about two years we are gathered under blue skies with no threat of rain.

Camping it up, we all gather at the horridly short 300 yards for the beginning of a full day’s marksmanship and vaguely camp horseplay.

“My bolt’s all sticky!” lisps Halahan.

“Well wipe it off and stick it back in then!” squeals James “Hawtrey” Mehta.

“Then it should go off with a bang!” ripostes Steve ‘Sid’ McDowell, reaching for the coach’s chair.

“My scope’s gone all limp,” he leers, “Can someone tighten its nuts for me?”

Enter stage left Brian “Caesar” Smith: “What’s my elevation?”

“Could be very high if you play you cards right, love...harharhar” chimes Kim “Cleo” Pope.

Enter range right hand-in-hand Hon OFRC members John “Major Major” Miller and Guy “Windy” Larcombe, skipping.

STIFF BREEZE

“Ooo, there’s a VERY stiff breeze” opines Windy, “That should get interesting when it gets long...”

“Blimey,” says Miller, “That firing point is very flat. If I’d have known I’d have brought me tap shoes”

Enter left Nigel “Citizen Camembert (for he is the big cheese)” Burnip – C for short.

“Stop messing about,” he says.

It is time for us to begin; for there is a long day ahead we have 15 shooters to get through four ranges, 300, 600, 900 and the Heartbreaker – 1000 yards.

We have Neil “Rupert” Joy, David “Mykingdomforanos” Argent, Geoff “Wehaveaproblem” Houston and the lad Dr Houston. John “Burpah” Horton Senior, who confides that we are missing Horton Junior who is: “Off chasing skirt in Cardiff” . He then gets a special award as having the most decent excuse for missing an OF shoot all season. We also welcome guests - Rachel “Haven’tshotinages” Knight who finds a berth among the team, as well as Tom Hampson and Seb Treacy from the College both sharpening their technique in advance of the Imperial Meeting

Adjutant for the day, the super-organised Chas “Skinand” Lister makes sure everyone’s rifles are set up correctly and that we all have ammunition and we are ready to go.

SPINE OF CUSTARD

First up is Jon 'Biggles' Ford, putting down the first of many solid scores for the day. McDowell keeps him roughly in the middle until the last shot, where despite bringing the sights up a quarter of a minute, he duly obliges with a six o'clock inner, thus claiming the legendary Spine of Custard Award.

"Come on boys, there's a lot of you to get through..." minces Halahan.

"Give us a chance, I'm still wiping out me barrel," pipes Kim.

As per usual 300 yards, which is famously a range 'for paedophiles' poses problems for us all McDowell, Halahan and Lister all putting in respectable 48s.

Argent grunts suddenly: "I've got a discharge problem."

Halahan is enraptured. "Well David I've always known you had a hair trigger..."

Argent borrows the first of what turns out to be three rifles and takes the dreaded Walk of Many Pounds to Fultons to get his trigger sorted.

"Make sure they give it a damned good seeing to..." snorts Mehta.

SLACK ELEVATION

Citizen Camembert is muttering darkly about slack elevation.

The quip emerging from Halahan's mouth is silenced with the famous bullet glare.

Mincing back to 600 yards we all settle and find that despite the wind picking up we all acquit ourselves quite well.

Burnip's elevation has stiffened resolutely with a marvellous 49.6, Halahan gambols joyously into a 49 and there are 48s from the consistent Ford and Lister and the more erratic Mehta.

"Just can't seem to get it in the same hole each time," he muses distantly.

Meanwhile Argent breaks another rifle and Pope struggles with sights drastically reset by the ever determined Caesar.

There are two trophies on offer today – the All Day between all the veteran's clubs and the Lizard Cup between us and the Auld Enemy, the Lawrentians.

But it is the Bedfordians on whom we are plotting revenge having lost the long range title by a single point.

They have dropped very, very few points at short range and they are very happy about it indeed.

TOUCH OF MASCARA

Long range as ever sorts the men from the not-so-masculine and with jutting chins and just a touch of mascara we set about our task.

The wind is howling and even at 900 yards gusting from seven up to ten minutes. Points are dropping off the targets like moths from an insectocutor.

However, 48s from Burnip and Halahan and a solid 46 from Lister show we are holding the fort. To everyone's surprise, including himself and windcoach Larcombe, McDowell, the idiot, hits a maximum 50 with five V bulls.

As ever though, 1000 yards can and does regularly cause tears. And so it is to be. Already emotional in his last match as skipper Halahan is near inconsolable with a 42, he sobs quietly into his Nik Kershaw 1983 Tour souvenir silk handkerchief. Displaying consistency as ever McDowell gets an Outer from Nowhere and plunks an awful 43, devastation is wrought with Pope, Argent and even C.

RESPECTABILITY

Only Ford and Lister who have been consistent all day display any respectability, with the latter claiming his first ever medal by two points from the former. Lister's 190.11 and Ford's 188.15 bode well for the latter's first Imperial Meeting to come in just a month's time.

The good news is that all the other opposition, lacking a Larcombe, have bungled it even worse than us and we have won both trophies, vanquishing the Bedfordians (who whine like an accelerating turbine) by 7 and the more dignified Lawrentians by 21.

Our thanks as ever on the day to Guy Larcombe and John Miller and even bigger hugs to Halahan and Mehta who swop roles after many years of distinguished service as Skipper and Hon Sec.

As we skip hand in hand towards the sunset and a couple of rounds of Mohitos with stuffed olives, we await the Meeting with a great season behind us.



Nigel Burnip with the silverware



Range Officer John Miller, OFRC Captain John Halahan, Adjutant Chas Lister

All Day Match Scores 8th June 2013

	300	600	900	1000	Total
Old Framlinghamians A	193.21	191.14	188.13	180.6	752.49
Bedfordians	191.12	197.18	182.13	176.13	745.56
Old Lancing	189.16	193.17	180.9	175.11	737.54
Old Lawrentians A	192.14	188.11	176.12	175.7	731.44
Old Framlinghamians B	183.14	190.17	181.16	163.5	717.52
Old Lawrentians B	182.7	185.16	171.6	162.8	700.37
Old Alleynians	166.8	169.9	151.3	147.3	633.23

Fram A

Lister	48.4	48.4	46.3	48	190.11
Ford	49.7	48.2	44.1	47.1	188.11
McDowell	48.5	46.4	50.5	43.1	187.15
Halahan	48.5	49.4	48.4	42.2	187.15

Fram B

Burnip	47.5	49.6	48.5	41.1	185.17
Mehta	48.4	48.5	44.4	43.1	183.14
Argent	44.2	46.3	44.3	45.3	179.11
Pope	44.3	47.3	45.4	34.0	170.10

Also shooting:

Neil Joy

Geoff Houston

James Houston

Brian Smith

John Horton

Seb Treacy (College)

Tom Hampson (College)

Rachel Knight