

Portishead Shooting Club – Match Report Open Benchrest Competition 23/10/2017 (50mtr HV Match)

04.00Hours. Sunday. Goldieknobs woke with a start. Dark outside. Quiet. Had he missed the alarm? “Nope” Laughed the alarm “You’re an hour early dummy.” Goldieknobs tried dozing, anything to ignore the long slap down the M5 that beckoned.

An hour and a half later our protagonist is trying to find the allen key that undoes the bolt securing the cheek piece on his Walther KKM in order to remove said cheek piece to allow removal of bore guide to enable proper functioning (a noble effort indeed had it not been for his failure in maintaining absolute silence as usually required by Mrs Goldieknobs).

06.05Hours. A gentle tap on The Bloops window to indicate carriage awaits and maintain absolute silence (as usually required by Mrs The Bloop). The Bloop acknowledges signal by feverishly agitating venetian blind – scaring the half asleep Goldiknobs into impromptu kung-f noises.

“Was half hoping you’d text saying you weren’t coming.” Grumbled The Bloop. “Hell no, how could I? Besides, if I’m up at daft o clock, you’re sure as hell coming with me.”

The bloop navigates, Goldieknobs nearly admits that his satnav of a certain age might, almost, be ready for retirement, nearly. A thought which attracts gravitas – particularly as the device melts down just outside Weeford.

“That reminds me, I got you something for your coffee habit, I ordered a caffeine drip but I think there’s been a mix up....”



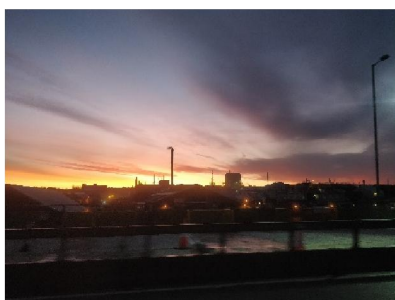
Kids be careful when buying online!!!

“How is it?” Asked The Bloop. “Hmm. Gritty, needs sugar – had worse in all fairness.” Replied Goldieknobs.

“Sour times” Nodded The Bloop.

What can we say – it’s a fair old slap down to Portishead by any stretch of the tape, and we certainly weren’t the furthest away. In absence of witty repartie

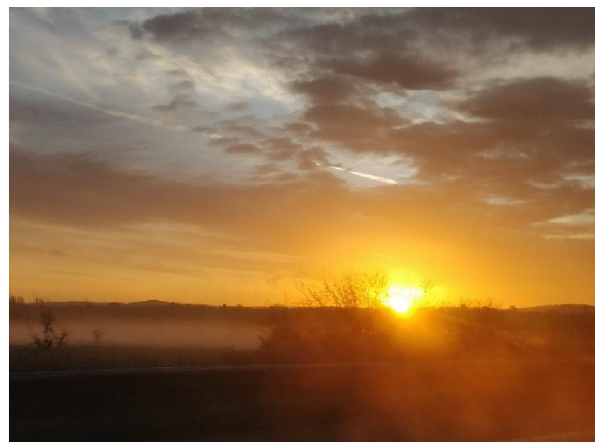
we humbly offer these artsy shots of the morning skyline (The Bloop suggested interpretive dance so be thankful you got these instead)



“Aston Expressway At Daybreak” © Bloop Images 2017



“Wish it was this quiet on a Monday, or a Friday”



Is that the Mysterons? No just the Sun ☺

Phew – I don’t think they noticed we avoided banging on about the A38 and M5 and roadworks and pointless 30mph zones on empty motorways – nice shots though Gav.

As day breaks The Bloop notices something strange above his head. “Whats going on here? Where’s the shiny banner you promised, very a la mode you said, adds a touch of panache you said.”

Goldieknobs looked up too “I know, I’m sorry, I broke it in the final edit. Fingers crossed they’ll like it all the same.”

The now customary pitstop at the nearest McSatans to the venue for a full fat mini coffee (double espresso) and heart attack in a wrap (slimy yet satisfying) and our knuckleheads discuss the location of Portishead Shooting Club. “Did you see on Google Earth.....”

“Yeah, I know, right? Houses.....On *all sides*? What madness is this?”

Without excessive prevarication (who cheered? See me later) – both Goldieknobs and The Bloop were secretly hoping it might resemble something from a James Bond movie...and while not quite a converted volcano it’s quite the spot.

Drive through the housing estate until you hit Quarry Lane, a rather skinny single tracked lane and breathe in as you crawl up the hill squeezing past parked cars and other

obstacles - wondering if you're actually supposed to be going in this direction until it plateaus out into Portishead Shooting Club's complex.



PSR Club Sign on the 1946 Club House.

Originally established in 1945 for use by the Home Guard PSC sits in an abandoned quarry so benefits totally from the natural barrier cancelling all noise to its neighbours. The Original Club House is still in place dating to 1946 and a new two storey building is almost complete with lounge and kitchen sitting above the firing points on the first floor.



PSR Win the best potholes on a club drive competition.



...and the prettiest back stop competition.



Two storeys – business on the ground floor R & R upstairs.



Phwoarrrr 'k at benches!



Yes Goldieknoobs, sadly I think they'll notice one missing, plus it won't fit in the benchmobile.

Our competitors lined up ready for the first detail – usual craic flags a plenty and.....no wind!

Range commands were given – Gentlemen insert bolts, load, your 20 minutes starts....now.

Today's lesson saw Goldieknoobs learning of the effects of direct sunlight on a previously overshadowed target board.

½" up, no problem adjust for next shot...dammit ¾" left....ok adjust for next shot...dammit down...adjust...

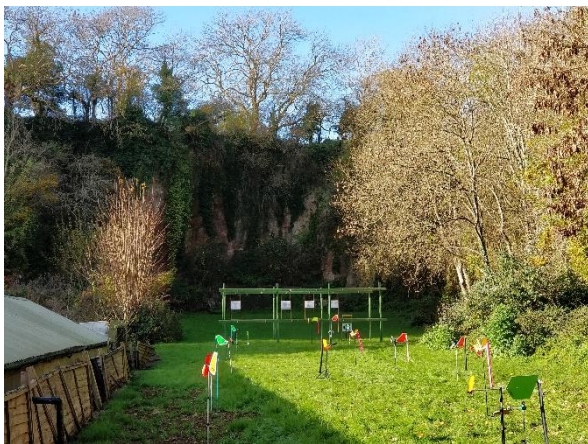
Despite the lack of wind and warming outside air sending all hopes of reasonable accuracy down the Suwannee for Goldieknobs on Bench 2 a glance over to Bench 5 revealed The Bloop was equally phased by the seemingly near perfect conditions yet totally hopeless results.



Looks lovely out there right? Think again Goldieknobs.



The Bloops barrel protuberance always gets a smile from the boys.



More flags than a drive by from the POTUS.

Another card shot and another quick break and catch up with some of our fellow competitors, Goldieknobs was surprised their names had been remembered – The Bloop was happy to not have to cough up his lunch money to the bigger boys again.

“Alright lads, good to see you, glad you could make it.”

“Cheers, thanks for having us.” Goldieknobs was schmoozing like a pro. (Shame he can’t shoot for shineola)

“Only the best shooters will travel to these events, glad you two could make it.”

“Well don’t panic we’re here to balance that right out.” Goldieknobs – the master of the social faux pas.

“Sorry Gents, I can’t take him anywhere.” Apologised The Bloop before taking his compadre outside and giving him a good kicking. “I told you...” “You said to speak when spoken to, I was spoken to so I spoke, stop kicking me or you’re walking.”



Nice new clubroom & brewing facilities at PSR.



“No coffee for the short Midlander please – not after last time.”

Second Round saw our duo fare no better – The Bloop even hinted he might have lost to his driver, Goldieknobs chimed back – well if not I’ll at least batter you with my X count.

The Bloop ~~smiled thinly~~ GRIMACED in reply already plotting on ditching his smart alec accomplice at an opportune moment and hitching a ride home instead.



The view (and results) from a wind free Bench 5 much the same for Goldieknobs' 2nd card of the match.



There's a pun here somewhere...

Sadly the last card was shot and despite cheery faces both knew there was no need to hang around for medals and besides wooden spoons are cheaper to post.

Pleasantries exchanged with our fellow competitors we packed up and pointed the benchmobile north for the equally long slap back home.



"No-one appreciates the faff getting these shots"



10/10 to The Bloop on repacking the glorybox(es) into the Benchmobile.

Scores Below (Zoomable: not deliberately obscured)

Name	Club	PIN	Card 1	X's	Card 2	X's	Total	X's	Position
C Evans	Glevum	5	249	19	249	14	498	33	1st
R Healey	Elland	28	250	13	248	10	498	23	2nd
R Sysum	Glevum	14	248	16	249	10	497	26	3rd
M Piatkowski	Crewe	30	246	17	249	15	495	32	4th
J Healey	Elland	29	248	14	246	10	494	24	5th
K Stockham	Portishead	22	246	12	244	7	490	19	6th
C Rose	St Giles	23	244	7	246	12	490	19	7th
G Whitelock	Elland	24	244	12	243	10	487	22	8th
R Collins	Portishead	20	240	9	247	10	487	19	9th
G Stockham	Portishead	21	245	10	242	6	487	16	10th
R Harding	Cheshunt	3	245	11	240	4	486	15	11th
A Hasell	Portishead	19	247	7	238	7	485	14	12th
K Phipps	BBRC	15	243	3	242	7	485	10	13th
D Hopkins	Budleigh	1	238	6	246	11	484	17	14th
P Cartwright	Tiverton	26	246	10	236	6	482	16	15th
G Hutchinson	Derby	18	239	5	235	7	474	12	16th
K Knowles	Portishead	6	237	6	237	5	474	11	17th
D Jones	Derby	17	239	6	234	8	473	14	18th
D Baldock	Newquay	8	233	8	236	4	469	12	19th
M Swanson-Honeyman	Newquay	10	236	10	227	4	463	14	20th

Well done to the winners. Great day down in Portishead. Looking forward to congregating at Brass Monkeys! (Thermals Optional) Looks like you were right about the X Count Goldieknobs shame you couldn't match The Bloops score!

Our bumbling duo wend their merry way back North with a slight detour into Gloucester Services (best services ever. fact.) And for a second contemplated a dash across the M5 for a quick card at Glevum TSC. Sadly Goldieknobs' little legs wouldn't let him climb over the central res', however once they'd explained all this to the shouty man from Highways England they all had a good laugh afterwards.



The Benchmobile Had Seen Better Days



Seeya Brizzle, its been fun.

Thanks for enjoying ENDURING our tales of adventure in Benchrest Dear Reader. Goldieknobs & The Bloop are off for some much needed practise as we head into Winter postal season, we hope be back with season 2 in the spring.

Oh & Ten Points to anyone who spots the song titles hidden in this blurb! ☺