

The definitive guide to London dining & events

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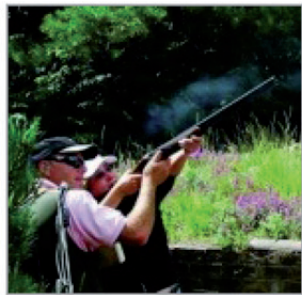
anything

with

anyone

BISLEY SHOOTING GROUND

Date: 30.05.08 | Category: [Corporate hospitality providers](#)



RATINGS »

Service: ★★★★★
 Food: ★★★★★
 Value: ★★★★★
 Atmosphere: ★★★★★
 Loos: ★★★★★

WHAT ROCKED »

The relaxed and unstuffy clubhouse and friendly staff ensure maximum enjoyment and progress, whether you are there to improve, just have fun or entertain friends, family, colleagues or clients.

WHAT SHOCKED »

There are no guarantees when it comes to the weather.

It was just him and me. I was getting very wet. His weapon in my hand, I squeezed. He told me I was a natural. I agreed and squeezed again.

I was having a private shooting lesson at Bisley Shooting Ground in Surrey. Bisley is known for its extensive 3,000 acres of unspoiled heath and woodland, an unbeatably high standard of tuition and for its testing flushes and drives and famous grouse drive, 'Hobson's Choice' - reputed to be the best and most realistic in the Country. They also boast the highest clay tower in Europe, which is capable of presenting clay targets from 50 to over 200 feet.

Goodbye Louboutins, hello Wellingtons. John Heagren was to be my instructor and having done my research, John was something special; not only is he widely recognised as one of the Country's top FITASC shots, but he actually can teach an old dog new tricks. And does so on a daily basis, helping both beginners and the more experienced reach their target. Literally.

Unaware that Bisley was only thirty minutes from London, I pulled up outside the Victorian colonial clubhouse with time to spare. John was outside surveying the weather. He waved and invited me into the clubhouse. It was an extraordinary place, like somebody's home with a very easy vibe. We settled down in weathered leather sofas in front of an open fire. "Shame about the rain, it might be a bit muddy," John said looking out at the relentless downpour.

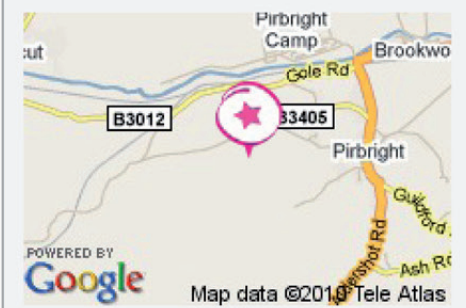
"No problem," I replied, "I'm not averse to getting down and dirty." He gave me a look; perhaps John was above such games.

Keen to get going, John fetched waterproofs and a shoulder pad; "I wouldn't want to return you as damaged goods," he said. He put the padding over my shoulder and then ran the straps under my other arm to fasten mid-chest at the front. With an innocent smile and a not-so-innocent wink, he said, "You're very delicate, I think perhaps I'll put another one on, just to be safe." I was wrong - John was clearly an old hand at game playing. This was going to be fun.

Fully clad in waterproofs, a cap, Hunters and with a 20 bore over my arm, I strode out into the pouring rain with John leading the way. Under a dense canopy of trees, we followed winding paths through brambles and bracken; this was not a manicured grid of cages with the odd bit of 'atmospheric' foliage. This was just like the real thing; rural, rustic and exhilarating. Eager to lock and load, we arrived at our first post. After gauging my capability, John challenged me with high clay pheasants, rising teal, bolting rabbits, driven grouse and bursting partridges. The winning combination of my ruthless nature and John's expert tuition made me feel as though I belonged in the SAS. I told him so. At which point he varied the angles and speeds of the clays and left me to my own devices. Point taken; a few more lessons wouldn't hurt.

We returned to the clubhouse where everyone was rosy checked and enjoying a drink after what clearly seemed to have been a very good day's shooting. One dark-haired young gun in particular caught my eye. I had clearly done the same; aware as I was that Bisley stocked no pocket-sized rifles.

VENUE INFORMATION »



Bisley Camp, Brookwood, Woking, Surrey GU24 0NY

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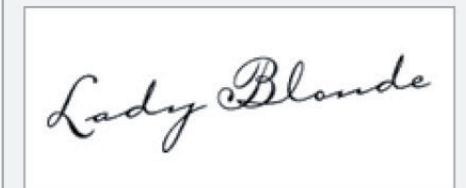
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