

ATA Article for May 2014

Greetings from Ontario, Canada.

Ontario shooters participated in several of the early 2014 Satellite Grands. OPTA President Neville Henderson returned from Tucson with the Vet trophy for his 200 in the championship singles. Several Dixie and Southern Grand trophies returned to Ontario.

As you read this article, Ontario clubs will be gearing up for throwing early season clays. For those of you who plan on travelling outside Canada in particular, whether as part of your shooting endeavours or not, be aware of what appears to be increasing incidents of identity theft and compromised personal security data including credit card theft. One of our shooters has had a continuing problem with his U.S. credit card. He uses it and shortly after there are charges racked up from London, England and elsewhere. He calls to complain and the charges are removed but this has happened several times. He got a new card and pin number but experienced the same problem. Then when he needed the card while attending the Southern Grand, it was cancelled by Visa.

Retailer Target had a massive breach of security where millions of accounts were compromised and personal data was taken. Other retailers have experienced similar problems. A while back I watched a documentary that illustrated how criminals with sophisticated technology can simply walk through a crowd and download information from peoples' drivers licenses, credit cards, etc. It doesn't matter where this information is located – in your pocket, purse, wallet – they get it all. Once in possession of your sensitive personal information you are vulnerable as your identity is essentially taken over by the criminal element which uses it for their gain at your expense.

What can we do to protect ourselves? There are small credit card holders with protective covers that apparently work. Some of us at the Southern Grand acquired devices that hold about six cards. An ounce of prevention here may save a lot of grief. You may want to take similar proactive measures.

And now, on the lighter side of things.... A strange thing happened on the way to the Southern Grand. My wife, Bev, and I spent the first night en route at a motel in Findlay, Ohio. There was snow on the ground and it was cold. In the breakfast area I selected three hard-boiled eggs. They had been peeled but were cold. I cannot remember having warmed up hard-boiled eggs before but that morning it seemed like a good idea – that is until the microwave oven door blew open with the explosion and showered half the eating area with scrambled egg. This scared the dickens out of everyone including the manager who heard the explosion from her office at the front of the building and came running. She told me this type of thing has happened several times before. To properly "microwave" a hard-boiled egg I now know they are supposed to be cut in half.

With my wife still recovering from the hard-boiled egg explosion, she and I were close to our hotel in Tampa on the Sunday evening hoping to find a restaurant nearby. We drove past a place where the parking lot was packed so we figured there must be good food. Upon entering the dimly lit tavern, we observed people dressed up in all sorts of weird outfits. It was "cabaret night" and a charity bingo was being conducted. The person on the microphone had a huge blonde wig and looked like "Miss Piggy" (he was actually a "guy"). We were ushered to the back of the building and given menus. I don't know when we both came to the same startling realization – this was a gay and lesbian bar and restaurant. This was

certainly reinforced in spades when Miss Piggy asked people to put up their hand if they were "gay" and close to half the room and most of the waiters raised their hands. How many lesbians? – close to the remaining half the room raised their hands and cheered. Any straight folk?.... As Bev and I raised our hands and slowly looked around the room, there was only a handful of us. A comment was made by Miss Piggy that "straight people buy their clothes at WalMart". We still don't know what that was intended to mean. As we left the premises Bev and I pondered why there would not be some sort of message outside the building giving potential patrons a "heads up" of what awaited them inside. Then we read the billboard sign and discovered the subtle message: "Come in and be....Mary".

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