



'*Briar & Bothies*'

The newsletter of
THE KEARVAIG PIPE CLUB



Pipes Smoked at the Filthy Inn, 10th August 2013

A hastily arranged moot at Feithlinn bothy – more affectionately known as the 'Filthy Inn' – saw Messrs Bingae, Cave-Fud, Dazbo & Matron take the high road over the Monadhliath mountains to the head of the Feithlinn glen for a late summer smoke-fest par-excellence.

Matron opted for Shanks's pony and secured the perimeter ready for the KPC's BMX-wing to arrive, in some style it has to be said, down the splendid descent to the bothy.

The evening started relatively sedately in front of the fire with some choice blends being sampled from Matron's recent TAD (Tobacco Acquisition Disorder) outbreak including: MacBaren Old dark Fired, GL Pease Sextant, Samuel Gawith Navy Flake and Squadron Leader, among others. Matron had, however, made the time-honoured fatal error of bringing a bottle of that Speyside stalwart Aberlour, as it was on offer at Morrison's. When added to the Cave-Fud's bottle of port things could only get worse. Thence events went a tad 'turbo' as the bairns, unable to imbibe said firewater in a adult fashion, opted for some extreme pipe smoking involving a stunt ramp, pipes and their BMXs. The photographs, sadly, on page 3 reveal all...

The Filthy Inn is also well within the 'blast radius' of Dulnain bothy, scene of several *busy* evenings past, so it seemed inevitable that at a night at the Filthy 'the lid would come off', so to speak. Dulnain bothy also resides in an area known for extensive Cylon activity (see this month's Chap's corner) where KPC chaps have had to display ingenuity and guile more commonly associated with the A-Team to avoid total annihilation by a Cylon raiding party. Indeed, when the whisky was reduced to mere fumes the KPC chaps sensed an imminent threat of a Cylon raid and anti-Cylon countermeasures were deployed. In the event absolutely nothing happened and the Chaps went to bed, proving once again that tin foil when deployed in a timely manner is most efficacious. **See pp. 2 & 3 for photographs.**

The Filthy Inn



KPC members enjoy a bowl on the Filthy's fine porch.



*Only let me puff, puff,- be they ever so rough,
All the sorrows of life I lose track o',
The mists disappear, the vista is clear,
With a soothing mild pipe of tobacco.*

- Anon.

Pipes Smoked at the Filthy Inn Cont.

A sedate start to a frenetic evening as KPC members enjoy a bowl round the bothy fire.



Goodness gracious great bowls of fire! Matron gets seriously fired-up at the Filthy.



Dangerous crisps: The dying art of Pringle smoking.



Ever the maflard, Bingae suffers an early episode of 'Garfield-pus Syndrome'.

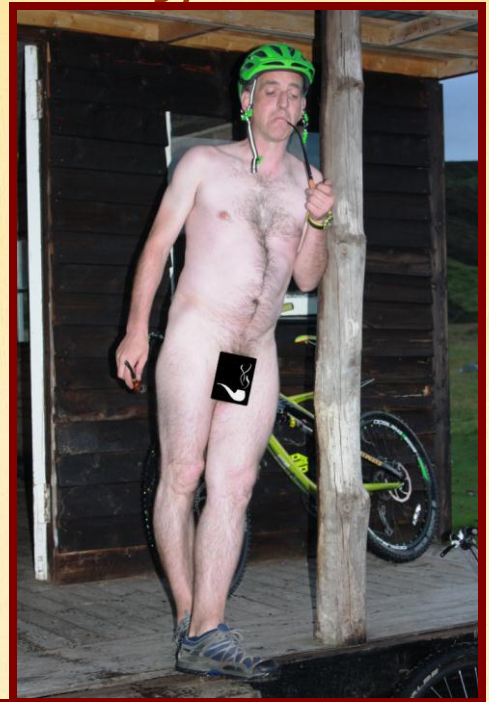


"My pipe has helped me ponder all my bright ideas; it has helped me to concentrate and focus my mind. There'd be no clockwork radio if I hadn't had my pipe." – Trevor Bayliss, Inventor

Pipes Smoked at the Filthy Inn Cont.

Anti-Cylon countermeasures successfully deployed at the Filthy.

Oh lordy! It's just as well there's only one pipe is on show in this disturbing portrait...



A spot of extreme pipe smoking at the Filthy Inn.



Filthy Inn Review:	Building fabric =	
	Fireplace =	
	Facilities =	
	Cosiness =	
	Pipe friendliness =	

The British Pipe Smoking Championships 2013, 21st July at Newark Showground

By Sergeant Matron

The BPSC is the only annual national organised pipe event in the UK and is organised by the UK Federation of Pipe Clubs. A special thank you must go to the UKFPC President Brian Mills, VP Mark Dyer, Nigel Proctor, Gary Weston and others, for organising this year's superb event.

Members from various UK pipe clubs met at Newark Showground for the event which consisted of a pipe show, pipe maker's Q&A and slow smoking competition. The KPC did not enter this year's competition as it was left to me to be the KPC's sole representative.

The Gathering

With the BPSC being on a Sunday a lot of folks went down on the Saturday where there was a splendid informal evening gathering at the fine Muskam Ferry Inn, North Muskam just north of Newark. It was at this gathering that I met new members Jimmy and Graham (see p.11) for a few beers and bowls. It was quite a sight to see so many puffballs (not sure what the collective noun is for a collection of pipe smokers, but perhaps someone could advise?) all in one place braving a chilly wind by the Trent.

Sunday morning

A sore-head Sunday morning meant a brisk walk from my campsite into the charming and ancient market town of Newark-on-Trent for breakfast. As Newark Showground lies close to the floodplain of the unpredictable Trent, I thought it prudent to call in on the chaps at the TVIDB to check that the show was not likely to be troubled by any unpleasant aqueous events:



Cont p.5

This year's publicity poster by AD of ADz Pipes

The 2013 BRITISH PIPE SMOKING CHAMPIONSHIPS

SUNDAY 21ST JULY - NEWARK SHOWGROUND

A GREAT day out you wont want to miss!

FAMOUS CARVERS! TOBACCO PRODUCTS!

RETAIL STALLS! PIPE SALES!

You Tube Pipe Presenters

SLOW SMOKE CONTEST!
(SEE SHEET 2 FOR DETAILS)

**EXHIBITION OPENS 12 NOON!
CONTEST STARTS 3PM**

Q & A featuring
Chris Askwith of
Askwith Pipes and
Ian Walker of
Northern Briers

ENTRY TO EXHIBITION FREE!

**DON'T MISS!!
SWAP MEET FROM
12 NOON TO 2PM!**

SEE SHEET 2 FOR FULL DETAILS!

NEWARK SHOWGROUND
LINCOLN ROAD
NEWARK-ON-TRENT
NOTTINGHAMSHIRE NG24 2NY

Twitter: BPSC2013

Web: <http://britishpipesmokingchampionships.wordpress.com/>

Artwork by AD of ADz Pipes (contact - adzart@gmail.com) Web: Youtube.com/ADzPipes - YouTube.com/ADzArt



"As ye smoke, so shall ye reek." – Anon.

The British Pipe Smoking Championships 2013, 21st July at Newark Showground, cont.

With the all clear from the TVIDB I felt confident in having a leisurely breakfast in Newark before seeking transportation to the showground, and fortunately a splendid cigar-smoking chap from the RAMC was on hand to assist:



Freak show par-excellence

After arriving at the showground, the event marquee did not disappoint, as a kaleidoscope of colourful pipe-puffing freaks were lunting their way around the various stalls. It was worth turning up for the 'marquee note' alone. The weather was on the chilly side, but the pipe smoking chap is made of stern stuff and there was a lot on offer to keep even the most thermophilic puffball occupied. It was good to meet Peter Jones again with a couple of the EPC chaps down for the competition.

A good number of vendors were represented and were peddling pipes, tobacco and a range of smoker's requisites to the pipe-punters. I managed to bag a tin of the newly released Dunhill Elizabethan mixture from the Gauntley's stand; a splendid VaPer as it turns out. Samuel Gawith also had a stand manned by new KPC member Bob 'The Blender' Gregory – see p.12 for details.

Pipe maker's Q&A

Before the main competition there was a Q&A session with the pipe makers at the show. The Q&A was well chaired by Jimbo (of SF fame) and the panel included: Chris Askwith (Askwith pipes), Ian Walker (Northern Briars) and from across the pond James Gilliam of JSEC Handmade Pipes.

The competition

The main event kicked off at about 3 o'clock once the athletes had gathered at their tables. The jovial, casual air of the morning soon changed as the stresses and strains of competition were beginning to show on a few new faces whilst the craggy-faced veterans displayed fantastically calm pipe-faces, quite a feat considering the immense pressure that they must have been under...

The competition weapon was a Peterson Aran 15 (below), and the ammo. was 3g of 'Rum & Maple ready Rubbed' by Gawith Hoggarth; a blend not commercially available at the time of the competition.



There are a lot of complex rules around smoking a pipe slowly that would keep the most energetic of pedants happy for years regarding matches, filling and tamping etc. but in essence all a chap has to do is to fill the pipe, light it and keep it lit for as long as possible. **Cont. p.6**

A spot of quizzical eyebrow aerobics at the BPSC.



"I must point out that my rule of life prescribed as an absolutely sacred rite smoking of cigars and also the drinking of alcohol before, after, and if need be during all meals and in the intervals between them." – Winston Churchill during lunch with Arab leader Ibn Saud, when he heard the king's religion forbade smoking and alcohol.

The British Pipe Smoking Championships 2013, 21st July at Newark Showground, cont.

Conclusion

The times of the competition ranged from 0.00 (Chris McCann out first ball) to the incredible winning time of 1hr 59 sec for Alex Burn, now known as Alex 'Slow' Burn in pipe circles.

The competition and prize giving was expertly compared by another Alex who was elegantly bedecked in a dandy-esque tweed suit with a top topper. The whole day was filmed by AD from ADz pipes and a link to his splendid video can be found on the dedicated page on the KPC website, where he captures the white heat of competition magnificently. There is also a slideshow of photos from the weekend.

Whether one enters the competition or not, the BPSC is well worth a visit as the *esprit de corps* provides comfort to the pipe-chap like a bothy fire on a frosty night. Newark is also a fine ancient market town with some splendid hostelries that lends itself to leisurely perambulation.

The KPC will be entering a team of crack puffers for the 2014 competition (*TBD at the AGM, Ed.*) that will be held once again at Newark on the weekend of 12th/13th July.

AD of Adz Pipes and the Nottingham PC. This splendid chap was puffing so hard on his Peterson Dracula it made his eyes go funny...

Somebody get this fellow a mirror so he can light his pipe.



ZZ Top Hat: Sharp Dressed Man Alex gives a splendid sartorial lesson for all pipe chaps.



The heat of competition: the pipe athletes giving their all in the name of briar and leaf, magnificent...



Chap's Corner

Dealing with Cylons...

As any bothy-chap will tell you, a visit from the Cylons during an evening at a rudimentary shelter can be at best tiresome and at worst fatal. Therefore, to avoid or minimise the impact of an intrusion by Cylons, the KPC editorial team have put together a step-by-step guide of 'dos' and 'don'ts' to ensure that your night of revelry in a rudimentary shelter is a sans-Cylon success!

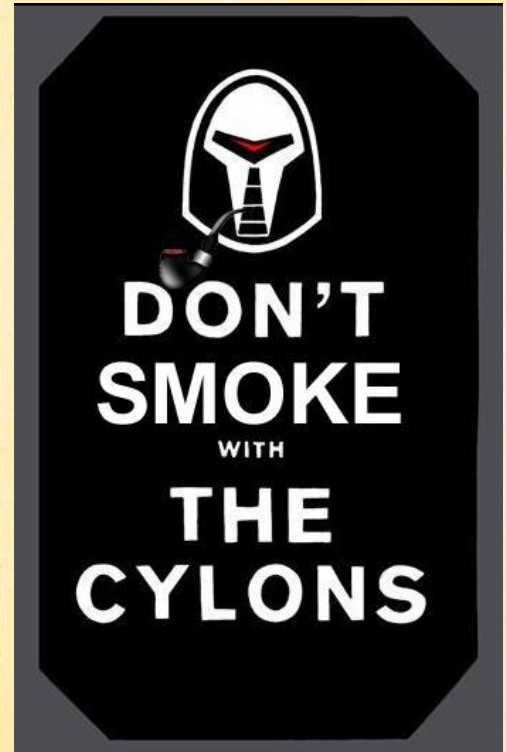


Know Your Enemy

Before the deployment of any Cylon coping strategy, it is best to understand what Cylons are and what they are all about. Of course for chaps who have seen the documentary series 'Battlestar Galactica' you may skip this section as you will definitely be on the front foot here, or at least still living with your Mum in your middle-age so are unlikely to even get to a bothy, let alone be troubled by Cylons.

Cylon Factsheet:

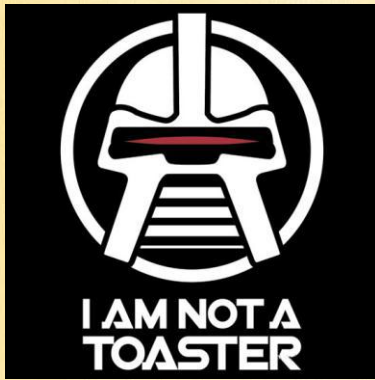
1. Cylons were originally man-made and, like a lot of alleged human 'improvements' such as those GM thingies, they have managed to break the *Homo sapien* yoke and evolve all by themselves. Part of that evolution has been to adopt a rather irritating penchant for genocide of the human race (*possibly no bad thing if they would only concentrate solely on the shell-suit bedecked riff-raff, Ed.*).
2. Some Cylons are metal. Metal Cylons are relatively easy to spot and are often referred to as 'Centurions' which can be problematic as if you come across a Cylon Centurion then it is safe to assume that there will be at least one hundred more (*there's a clue in the name, Ed.*) of the blighters in the vicinity.
3. Some Cylons are metal and they fly really fast, faster than a 12th August grouse in fact.
4. Rather confusingly some Cylons look just like humans, but they tend to be extremely attractive fillies of the amazon-type, and since one rarely sees such heavenly creatures in bothies, these humanoid-Cylons are likely to be less of a concern to the bothying Chap than their metallic brethren. It is worth noting, however, that they are also potent seductresses in the Siren sense of the word and will do most anything to get a hold of a chap's pipe.
5. Cylons do not have a sense of humour, so a chap should not rely on his superior charm and wit to get himself out of a scrape with a Cylon.
6. Many Cylons smoke pipes and they are known affectionately as Pylons. Indeed Pylons enjoy all forms of pipe tobacco and even the odd cheroot. In fact those snivelling corporate whores at British American tobacco even set up a franchise in an attempt to appease the Cylons, although with predictably limited success it has to be said – see opposite. **Cont. p. 8**



The feeble attempt by the bounders at BAT to appease the Cylons...



"Coffee and tobacco are complete repose" – Turkish proverb



Top Tips for Dealing with Cylons

Cylons are always on Earth and are constantly trying to re-invade but are not always obvious as our chaps in uniform do a sterling job at keeping them out of the civilised world.

However, our defence screen is not 100% impermeable, especially to the non-metallic Cylons, so the editorial team has put together a helpful guide to ensure the bothying chap lives to smoke another bowl.

1. If the call of nature demands that you leave the cosy environs of the bothy and you happen upon a Cylon Basestar outside, you could have a spot of bother on your hands. You may not know exactly what a Cylon Basestar looks like, but trust us, they stand out like a spare pipe at a wedding. Your best defence is to quietly go back inside and have a bowl and a large one and hope for the best.
2. Metal Cylons (the ones' without a sense of humour and bristling armaments) primarily use infrared to detect humans. Therefore to avoid detection, thick tweeds, buttoned-up, is a good first step in minimising one's thermal image.
3. Along with tweed a strong Latakia blend of tobacco can provide a good screen, as any chap will know that Latakia is the coolest burning of all the tobaccos thereby forming both a visual and thermal smokescreen when puffed furiously. (Those clever chaps at Samuel Gawith actually make a special blend for this purpose – see opposite – and every bothying chap is advised have a tin of this life-saving blend in his portmanteau or knapsack). **Cont p.9**

Chap's Corner cont:

What the blazes! A bothying chap's worst nightmare: the sight of a Cylon Basestar over Kearvaig is likely to ruin any rudimentary shelter smoke-fest...



Unlike those feeble toaster-appeasers at BAT, the sterling chaps at Samuel Gawith (the UK's finest independent tobacco manufacturer, Ed.) actually make a blend specifically aimed at preventing your death at the hands of the Cylons. Fire this stuff up and fill the room with cool Latakia smoke and you will be all but invisible to the metal marauders, and what's more it's a tip-top smoke!



"Watching the smoke dance out of your pipe is like watching a girl dance out of her dress" – D.H. Mondfleur (modified for pipe smokers by the Editor.)

Chap's Corner cont:

4. In the event of being detected by a metal Cylon a chap may be instantly blasted into pieces smaller than the finest shag-cut. If, however, the Cylon makes it into the bothy and you are not already atomised the following tips could save the day:
- Do not try and make it laugh.
 - Do not call it a toaster; that the 'N' word equivalent for Cylons.
 - Offer it open access to your tobacco supplies. Share a bowl with the metal chap as it will probably be your last!
 - Do not discuss the shortcomings of high street coffee shops, particularly Starbucks. This is guaranteed to send any toaster into a genocidal rage.
 - If you can 'robot dance' this is a good ploy and may distract the Cylon just enough so that you and your chumrades can flee the bothy.
 - Try and put on your tin foil anti-Cylon helmet. As Cylons are essentially toasters (although they must not be called that to their 'face' remember, Ed.) this is probably your best plan as any chap who has put tin foil in his toaster will tell you that the results are instant death for the toaster, huzzah!
 - Cylons get very miffed by microwaves – have you ever put your toaster in a microwave? Yes? Then you'll get the picture. Anyway, in the unlikely event that you do have a microwave oven handy - you are a chap after all and microwave 'ready meals' (the greatest oxymoron of all time, Ed.) would be an anathema to any chap - switch it on and see your Cylon foe incapacitated!
5. If you have any Steampunk chap friends you should enlist their help as they have a collection of Steampunk weapons that are very effective against Cylons. Our Steampunk friends have also developed their very own 'Toaster Infiltration Droid' (TID), which looks very much like the toasters themselves. They are a potent weapon and should always be deployed when available.
Cont. p.10

A Cylon Centurion; a humourless visitor any time at a rudimentary shelter... (Nice pipe though, Ed.)



A Mk I Steampunk TID. A splendid bit of kit to have at a bothy in your struggle against those troublesome Toasters.



A Lamborghini 'Toaster-Roaster' – the preferred sidearm of the Steampunk Chap.



"Usually we trust that nature has a master plan. But what was it she expected us to do with tobacco?"

- Bill Vaughan

Chap's Corner cont:

- 6. At the point where all else fails and you face certain death try and use your walking cane to biff the toaster's moving parts and then retreat briskly. It should be noted that this is a high risk strategy with low chances of success even for experts in the field of Bartitsu.
- 7. For flying toasters it is probably best to just take cover and let the Brylcream-boys deal with them, although a sporting chap with a blunderbuss or shotgun might get in a decent shot at close range.
- 8. For red-hot female humanoid-toasters persuade them to have a bowl and take pictures for 'Pipe babe of the Month'. Then invite them into your sleeping quarters and let them have their way with you. Regardless of a chap's boudoir prowess you should be aware that the chances of emerging from such a glorious encounter are slim to zero, but by Jove you'll die a happy chappie!

We hope that you have leant a bit about the Cylons and have enjoyed our top-tips survival guide for dealing with the blighters, but more importantly one day when you and your chumrades are seated round the bothy fire you will be able to deal with and survive an encounter with humanity's most formidable foe. Happy bothying!

Toaster-ho! One of our chaps bags a Cylon Raider.



Eat my dottle and .303 rounds Toaster-scum!



An anti-Cylon helmet successfully deployed at the well-known Cylon hotspot of Dulnain.



Wow! The more agreeable type of Cylon; still just as lethal as her metal relatives, but just imagine THAT strolling into the bothy one stormy night all dripping wet seeking a source of ignition...



New Members Special

It has been a busy time of late for our club with three new members joining. These chaps were all introduced to the KPC by Matron at the BPSC. Interestingly, these fine fellows all reside south of the border, so perhaps they could be the start of a fledgling KPC 'Southern Chapter'? Food for thought... Whatever the geographical considerations, a very warm KPC welcome is extended to our new puffballs.



Jimmy 'Puffing the Briar' Lyall

Jimmy hails from Huddersfield, Yorkshire (*we won't hold that against him though, as after all we do have Fifers in the club, Ed.*) and with that pipe face we think you'll agree he'll fit right in! Jimmy is married to his childhood sweetheart, Helen, who is *the* perfect partner for a brother of the briar, as she *willingly* attends pipe related gatherings without looking at all bored and does not complain about him smoking in the house. Helen, a damsel of the roll-up, has even been known to have a crack at the briar herself...

A practical chap, Jimmy used to be plasterer before he gave up work to become a full-time pipe-smoker and has used his practical skills to build his own wooden pipe cabinet. He has been bashing the briar full-time for about four years now, but he actually got his first pipe aged 17 after watching his father with his beloved Falcon. His other obsession is the rolled leaf, and when down at the BPSC he pulled out an enviable collection of cigars to prove the point.

Enjoying many different blends, this chap also makes a mean homebrew from bulk baccys sourced at fine emporiums around the globe. His favourite pipe shapes are Lovats and Canadians and in fact he bagged a beautiful Northern Briars Lovat at the BPSC during a minor PAD outbreak.

Bothy name: 'Puffing the Briar' or 'Puff' for short.



Graham 'Bertie' Betinelli

Graham is a Londoner (*we won't hold that against him though, as after all we do have Fifers and a Yorkshireman in the club, Ed.*).

A true and dedicated tobacco connoisseur, Graham has smoked and snorted all kinds of tobacco in all forms possible, all of his life. In fact, if you combed his splendid beard carefully it would probably yield a week's worth of ready-rubbed for most chaps. It is rumoured that when he was a London Underground tube train driver he found his first pipe in lost property 1980 and thus his briar Odyssey began. Bertie was often to be seen gracing the Bakerloo and Metropolitan lines (his favourites as they passed through Baker Street) puffing his pipe furiously in the cab.

Graham will happily puff away on most anything apart from perique, a whiff of the Louisiana leaf is certain to send him into apoplexy. His favourite tobaccos are Latakia blends smoked in a Liverpool, Rhodesian, Zulu or Falcons. Apart from a holiday in St. James's parish his dislikes include Lycra-louts, and indeed he did Newark a favour at the BPSC this year by sorting out one such cycling prima-donna, who had mounted the pavement before being rude to all and sundry. Let me tell you that bounder rued the day after our friend Bertie had a word – well done Sir!

Graham is married to Julie but he lives mainly in his shed where he can be close to his well-cared for pipe collection. **Bothy name: 'Bertie'**

New Members Special Cont.



Bob 'The Blender' Gregory

Bob was born in the back of a Metropolitan Police Black Maria in 1946 (*making him the KPC's oldest and no doubt wisest member, Ed.*), a story that he will happily tell members over a pint and a bowl. He then spent most of his colourful youth doing things that would warrant a trip in, then trying to stay out of, said police vans.

Originally Bob wanted nothing more than to join up, but it was in 1972 when he got his first tobacco-related job selling cigars for Imperial Tobacco. He says that he remembered his first week in the job well, selling cigars to Scottish & Newcastle pubs in the more salubrious parts (*as oxymorons go, that's a belter, Ed.*) of Gateshead, Newcastle, Jarrow, Wallsend etc., where a translator was essential but unavailable for a London chap. However, despite the language barrier, Bob kept his job and in fact was promoted to senior pub salesman. This was a pivotal moment in Bob's life and in Bob's words: *"This had a far reaching influence on my future life hic..! Ever since I have had a taste for the stuff... is that sooo wrong fellow Bothymen?" (Rest assured Bob, it most definitely is not! Ed.)*

Bob says he never had any interest in selling cigarettes; it had to be cigars or pipe tobacco (*splendid, right-thinking fellow, full marks, Ed.*) he was also the first chap to sell first ever American tobaccos in the UK, such as Century Black Cherry and loads more gloopy sweet sickly tobaccos that required two pipe cleaners during a smoke.

During his sales phase Bob was married, twice (*not at the same time though, Ed.*) and one of his wives actually enjoyed the briar. He scaled the salesman's 'Mount Olympus' to become National Sales Manager before realizing that there was *"a lot more to tobacco."*

Fourteen years ago Bob joined Samuel Gawith in Kendal, Cumbria. He describes this as *"tobacco at its best"*, and I think there would be few detractors to this assertion in this pipe club! Initially Bob was involved in selling SG's iconic brands, but he very soon become immersed in the art of tobacco blending where his interest and passion remain to this day.

Bob says that he still spends a lot of time on the phone and visiting customers all over the world, but his true passion remains the blending and the raw leaf, which he says he will enjoy showing KPC members during our factory tour in October – *"There you will see my Paradise as I invite you to delve into the world of raw leaf and blending"*. Bob, addressing the KPC chaps north of the border, goes on to describe life at SG thus: *"I am at home in the Kendal Brown House which has stood for nigh on 200 years and houses machinery which originated in your Scotland around about 1750. These machines talk to me, they listen to me as I listen to them. They produce some of the finest tobaccos known to the pipe-smoking community and I (we, for we are a team) are justly proud of our product as you are of your National Drink."* (*And we are not talking Tennants Lager here, Ed.*)

Bob will be wed for a third time and, sadly, he will also be entering a stage of semi-retirement from Samuel Gawith's in December. He is, however, determined to impart the wisdom of 40 years to his successor, whether he likes it or not! With a deep appreciation of his customers in the pipe world and all of the people he has met and shared a bowl with world Bob very humbly says: *"But for the Bothymen and Bothyllasses" of this world I could well be sitting in a grey office, with grey people doing the grey job I originally trained for all those years ago; an accountant! Today I feel free, doing what I want, listening to the stories of pipe men and pipe ladies the world over, always learning and always having the best of times."*

"There are few pastimes in our lives where we can sit, in a group large or small, with not a word being spoken, alone with our thoughts but surrounded by like minded folk; friends! We do not need to talk with our beloved weed, our Ambrosia, for to me, the pipe does the talking. I have met so many people, man and boy, girl and lady through this wonderful product. I have made lifelong friends but very few, if any, enemies through tobacco. I have spent time in the street talking to a complete stranger, but for the fact that we were both smoking a pipe, parting as friends. I have had the privilege of meeting the pipe clubs of the world and having the honour of membership passed to me. I have spoken many, many thousands of words to groups of smokers and enjoyed every single moment. I have burst through the language barriers many times through the medium of pipe tobacco. I could go on and probably will, so before your attention and patience runs thin, your bowl burns empty and your glass runs dry, I will bid you all Happy Smoking and THANK YOU for making my life what it is."

"May Your Smoke Continue To Rise"

During our discourse Bob was pressed to tell us of his favourite blends, as such information would obviously be of interest to fellow KPC members. His favourite SG blend is 'Perfection' and his favourite non-SG blend is JF Germain's 'Stonehaven'.

When pressed further for his 'desert island tobacco' Bob gave this surprising answer: *"Ohhhh, that's a toughy!! A desert island blend...mmmmm, strangely enough it would be one that I do not like but would be forced to get to like, in keeping with my beer philosophy i.e., there ain't no such thing as a bad beer...just that some are better than others. And if I had to apply that to pipe tobacco then it would probably be Gold Block (that could be a bleak desert island Bob!, Ed.). Would I be able to take a shitload of heartburn tablets with me?"* **Bothy name: 'The Blender'**

"I have seen many a man turn his gold into smoke, but you are the first who has turned smoke into gold."

- Queen Elizabeth I, Queen of England. (1533-1603), speaking to Sir Walter Raleigh who brought the tobacco plant to England from America.

A KPC Exclusive: Dunfermline Society Wedding of the Year... Moonshine Maniac in Skirt Weds Woman in Dress!

The B&B editorial team are proud to bring you an exclusive round-up of KPC founder member Uncle Jesse's nuptials; and on behalf of all KPC members we offer our heartfelt congratulations to the happy couple.

**29th June 2013, Garvock House
Hotel, Dunfermline.**

**Homeboy and Watson: The Groom and
Best Man bash the briar.**

Bounder!

Having been married loads of times before our very own Uncle Jesse has once again jumped the broomstick! Yes dear reader, the ever impulsive UJ popped the question to his beloved Sarah, between batches of 'shine, after a mere 17 years of courtship (*what a breathtaking bounder it's no wonder the youth of today don't have any moral fortitude, Ed.*).

Best Man

With Best Man and staunch KPC member Dazbo at the helm things were guaranteed to be almost certainly OK! After some much needed lead being put in his pencil the night before, with the able (*feeble more like, Ed.*) assistance of Messrs Bingae, Hydrocarbon & Matron, Dazbo's pus looked no worse than the average bothy Sunday morning. So, all was well for the big day!

Wedding

UJ prized out of his Postie uniform for once, did indeed look rather splendid with his Best Man both in matching outfits. Family and friends had travelled from far and wide for a piss-up and also to watch the happy couple do there stuff. Once the simple civil ceremony, fine speeches etc. were over everyone went on the lash in time- honoured fashion.

Worrying rumour...

During the otherwise joyous day, rumours circulated that the new Mrs Jesse, not being partial to the briar herself, had insisted as part of the marriage vows that UJ would not be allowed to have a briar in the house henceforth. It was left to the attending KPC members to comfort a distraught UJ but he soon rallied once he'd been convinced that he should ditch his skirt for some trousers! Splendid stuff, that's what pipe club pals are for, what!



**Matron and Mr. & Mrs. Bingae get some pipe-pus
practice in at UJ's wedding.**



***"It is the mark of an educated mind
to be able to entertain a thought
without accepting it." - Aristotle***

News: KPC members enjoy a joint meet with The Edinburgh Pipe Club, 24/08/13



Since our last joint meet with the EPC back in February, the weather was a lot more conducive to a smoke-fest. The venue was once again the splendid Henrick's Bar, where KPC chaps Hydrocarbon and Matron met EPC members Peter, Jacob and Neil. This meeting was also graced by Brian 'The Emperor' Mills, President of the UK Federation of Pipe Clubs; in other words the boss was in town so we had to be on our best behaviour!

A vast range of blends were sampled including: C&D 'Riverboat Gambler', GL Pease 'Haddo's Delight' (both 5yo and new), GL Pease 'Sextant', G&H Coniston Cut Plug and others. Pints of Pentland IPA and Guinness provided a very agreeable lubricant to proceedings and a splendid afternoon was had away from festival-crowded streets.



Clockwise from left: Brian Mills, Matron, Peter Jones & Hydrocarbon enjoy a joint bash at Henrick's Bar

The makings of a fine afternoon...



The Emperor ponders his next move over his Haddo's Delight...

The moot was even graced by a Pipe Babe...



TOBACCO & PIPE OF THE MONTH

G L Pease Sextant



From the manufacturer:

A classic mixture harmoniously married to a Navy flake. Ripe Virginia tobaccos are first blended with Cypriot Latakia, fine Orientals, and a touch of dark-fired Kentucky leaf, then infused with a hint of dark rum before being gently pressed, matured, and sliced. The flavour is rich, bold and satisfying; the aroma an enchanting interweaving of traditions.

Review:

When it comes to Latakia G L Pease is not called 'The Dark Lord' no reason; this tobacco is a sturdy Latakia blend with the smoky leaf dominating the tin note. The presentation is a wonderfully crumbly, broken flake, that when held close to the nose reveals the navy rum aspect of the blend. Surprisingly, the Latakia does not sink the navy when smoked as the rum does come through and coupled with some spicy oriental it provides a wonderfully spicy, smoky, stout but cool smoke. The marrying of a navy flake with an English mixture may seem unusual but it really is a masterstroke and a truly superb smoke, and it is definitely *not* an aromatic.

If you find yourself lost on land or at sea then Sextant could be your salvation!

Strength:



Flavour:



Room note:



The Canadian



The classic Canadian is a long-shanked Billiard that is similar to the Lovat with the key difference being that the shank is oval. This feature allows most Canadians to be free-standing. Like the Lovat, the long shank also provides for a cool smoke.

Like most pipes the Canadian comes in many different finishes. Variations also include different bowls with the characteristic long oval shank. Shank length can also vary, but to be a true Canadian the shank should be at least twice the length of the bowl height.

Good enough for a crooner, good enough for the chap! A youthful Bing Crosby shows the aspiring chap how suave a Canadian can be...



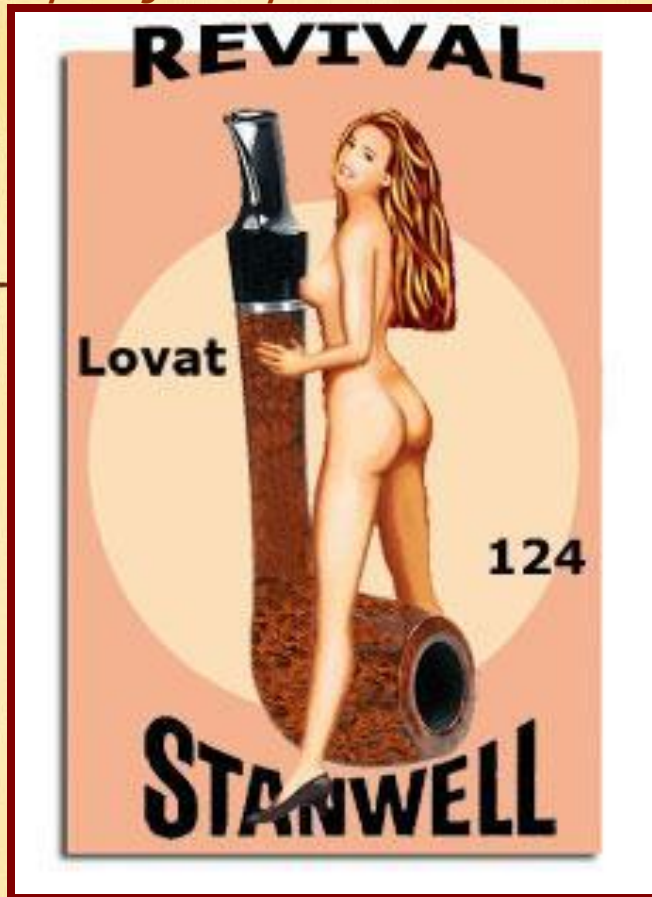
***"Only Satan can grant man the faculty of expelling smoke through the mouth."
- the Spanish Inquisition when imprisoning Rodrigo de Jerez, one of Columbus's sailors, and the first person to bring tobacco to Europe.***

Pipe Babe of the Month

Clair was spotted loving a Lovat, having been abandoned at the BPSC 2013 by her husband Ed as he was puffing away in the name of competition. However, Clair is most definitely no damsel-in-distress, and unfortunately for the KPC's pretend Matron, Clair is a proper Matron who is more than capable of severely correcting any chap caught having a sly bowl on her ward...

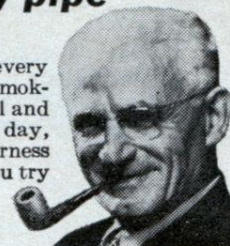


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E. A. CAREY, 1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 281-B, Chicago 40

Cylon Pipe Rack of the Month! Yes it's a Cylon; but chaps in the name of decorum, you are required to remove your briar from this rack before smoking it...





LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A forum for KPC members to share their thoughts, or fulminations regarding all things briar, rudimentary shelter, or anything else of pressing import.

Too few Young People Are learning about Pipe Smoking and it's up to us to change this! says Uncle Jesse.

Sir,

Do you consider when did you start to smoke a pipe? When did it become something that you consciously chose to do as an enriching part of your life, rather than a chore like washing-up or making the bed? When did pipe smoking become personal and part of your interior world?

I accept that these things tend to creep up on one rather than happening as a Damascus moment, although after a long and deeply resented childhood of being made to smoke a pipe, I did have a powerful experience of pipe smoking heaven when I was 17 and smoking a fine Latakia blend in a straight briar.

As one does, I now realise, that overwhelming sense of what can be best described as "rightness" in my world, shaped my entire subsequent life. In any event, I guess most people arrive at pipe smoking much in the same way as we might arrive at a stout pair of walking shoes, Radio 4, Northern Soul music (*a questionable musical genre for a Chap, but all Chaps have their foibles, Ed.*) or a glass of something fortifying by the bothy fire - a rite of passage, away from youth and towards a kind of maturity. Pipe smoking may not be obviously *sexy* (apart from pipe babes of course...), but in it's quiet way, greatly enriches the quality of one's life. Mockers will snarl "middle-aged" at this, or even worse, "middle-class", although I regard such sleights as self-righteous nonsense.

Anyway whatever age, class, colour or creed you may or may not be, my guess is that few of you reading this are under 30 and most of you are over 40. Why do I assume that? Why are pipe smoking children or young adults the exception to a well-established rule these days?

Why is pipe smoking not included in young adult's life as a matter of course? At what point was it deemed to be a "hobby" or "lifestyle" (I do hate that word) option.

It is a generally held opinion that young people are not interested in pipe smoking, not least because it's associated with a settled life that involves planning and commitment that is rarely part of a youthful mind-set, but if this were the case surely no one would ever become a doctor, vet or engineer?

I seriously doubt that young people are not *instinctively* interested in pipe smoking. The inference is somehow that they are not "ready" for it. I suspect that the fault, and it really is a serious fault because there are few young people engaging with the art of smoking a pipe, is in the way that we (responsible pipe smokers) are sharing it with our children. Pipes and pipe tobacco is something that happens outside and beyond most children's lives and belongs to someone else.

Therefore, if every school had a tobacco plantation and every school child had involvement and responsibility with and for that tobacco plant, then think of all the other areas of education that it would relate to. Biology, botany, chemistry, Latin, geography, art, history; I think it would be possible to integrate pipes and tobacco into any branch of human knowledge and endeavour.

More directly it would teach children about tobacco from the first seed to the lighting of the briar. The effect of all these things would be made relevant and personal to every child whether on a far flung island or in an inner city.

I am not suggesting that we should have pipe and tobacco exams, for me the poetry of pipe smoking is as important as any practical knowledge and if we taught the fine art to our children, it would most certainly enrich their lives and through that added knowledge, benefit us all.

A reminder of saner days when society really cared about its children...



Dear Uncle Jesse,

Many thanks for your most apposite and timely reminder of the appalling neglect our children routinely face in our uncaring and shallow world.

KPC members will no doubt have witnessed the sad decline of interest in the briar among our youngsters over recent years but have felt powerless to stop this pernicious decline. Maybe at last, KPC members, emboldened by your wise words could rise up like modern day 'briar-messiahs' and go forth and spread the word and save our kids before it's too late?

Or, perhaps, you are simply a dangerous lunatic who has imbibed one jar too many of his own moonshine...? Ed.

Club News

Happy Birthday KPC!

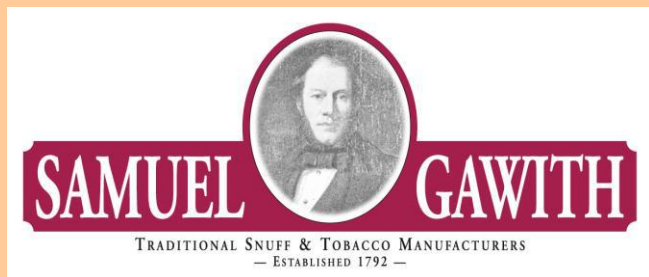
Yes chaps, the KPC had its first birthday on 31st August 2013, and my word what a busy year it has been!

From humble beginnings on a wild night in a lonely bothy on the NW coast of Scotland, where three pipe-puffing vagabonds were enjoying some good cheer round the bothy fire, one has to ask: would they have ever guessed at our club their achievements a year on? Probably not, but this may be a good time for a wee round-up before the AGM:

- ✈ *The circulation of B&B has increased dramatically.*
- ✈ *March saw the launch of the KPC website.*
- ✈ *The KPC is now a member of the UK Federation of Pipe Clubs.*
- ✈ *Numerous bothies have been visited and reviewed.*
- ✈ *The KPC now has an official sponsor (see below).*
- ✈ *The KPC has reached out to other pipe clubs and has held two joint meets with the EPC.*
- ✈ *The KPC had a presence at the BPSC 2013.*
- ✈ *Members enjoy a 10% discount off of smoker's requisites at G T Coventry, Kirkcaldy.*
- ✈ *B&B has hosted several heavyweight interviews with people such as: Tony Benn, Sub-Commandante Marcos and Danny.*

So Gentlemen, give yourselves a pat on the back, fill your bowl and treat yourself to a dram as you can look back over the past year with your pride buffed like a shiny new smooth-finish Billiard.

KPC Gets Corporate Sponsorship



After intense negotiations with Bob Gregory, director of Samuel Gawith, the B&B editorial team is very proud to announce an historic relationship with the legendary independent English tobacco manufacturer.

The natural disquiet felt by KPC members of all things corporate was soon dispelled as Bob kindly donated a substantial quantity of some of SG's finest blends, which have been distributed among members and/or will appear on the bothy table forthwith.

Our members say: "Thanks Bob, and please make altruism a regular company policy, as we are easily pleased!"

KPC Notices

KPC t-shirts still available from the Editor at the bargain price of £12-99 + P&P.

All c-mail to the Editor, articles and other correspondence should be addressed to:
kearvaigpipeclub@btinternet.com

Website: www.kearvaigpipeclub.co.uk

KPC Future Moots

Not to be missed: The **KPC AGM will be held 27th/28th September 2013** at Kearvaig Bothy. Details from, and agenda items to, Sergeant Matron.

19th October 2013 - Samuel Gawith factory tour – 2 places left. Details from Sergeant Matron if you are interested.

