



# '*Briar & Bothies*'

The newsletter of  
**THE KEARVAIG PIPE CLUB**



## **The 2013 AGM, Kearvaig bothy 28/09/13 by Sergeant Matron**

### **AGM: Annual General Meeting or Apathy Generates Malady..?**

Despite timely, repeated electronic and verbal reminders, frenzied preparations for our historic first AGM since the formation of our club there were not. With some notable exceptions (*good fellows one and all who know who they are, Ed.*) from our founding fathers to our less dedicated adherents, a phenomenal amount of effort was expended on non-attendance. Quite a feat in scaling new heights of apathy; well-done chaps! Under certain circumstances of course, sheer idleness is a state of mind to be admired, but landmark pipe club meetings, however, require a modicum of effort above this normally commendable mindset. Perhaps getting to the AGM and then adopting the persona of the idler would be best practice for future moots? Food for thought...

The outbreak of spectacular apathy was only surpassed by the associated flummery and rum-covey. Pitiful excuses for non-attendance, from usually stout chaps were legion or extinct, either effused or muted, spattered in a concomitant and unmistakable stench of bovine excrement that could not even be dissipated by the timeless, soothing, aroma of a chap's favourite blend. But, as any right-thinking chap will proffer, a pipe club is more important and complex than its component members and the KPC is no exception! Encapsulating this ideal it was left to myself, after transmogrifying from being a tad miffed to resolute stoicism, to uphold tradition and keep the metaphorical KPC flag flying with a solo-trip to the magical north-west. After all thought I, what is even *slightly* disagreeable about a soporific sojourn to our spiritual home nestled among the cliffs?

**Cont. p.2**

*Good to be back: Kearvaig looking splendid, even in the dreich, provides a warm welcome to the pipe club wayfarer.*



### **A fire fit for a pipe club AGM.**



**Q. "What do toboggonists have in common with UK independent tobacconists?"**  
**A. "They're going downhill fast..."**

## The 2013 AGM, cont.

### A north-west passage

News of a curious, long-term occupant residing at our shrine of Kearvaig was relayed on the short, yet informative, Kyle of Durness Ferry.

Intrigued, and slightly fretted it has to said, I pressed the wapperjawed gabblers for further details, but was met only with curious 'Highland-smiles', both from John the ferryman and Stuart the capable omnibus pilot. With my bothy passport well stamped to include 20kg of petrified carboniferous forest and a stout quantity of Islay embrocation, however, I felt suitably reassured that even the most ill-tempered bothy-troll could be placated by such a heavy and agreeable dowry.

In the event the reality of the ferry-crossing fable was to be more of a tale of a friendly Hobbit than grumpy troll.

### The pilgrimage ends

The short track to Kearvaig keeps the wayfarer waiting for sight of the holy ground until the last 100 yards or so and then, by Jove what a sight! It was indeed, good to be back. The mere sight of Kearvaig dissipates a chap's woes in an instant.

Kearvaig, white sentinel of Kieran's Bay, looked majestic even in the dreich, gently exhaling its own smoke like a friendly Chimera. Upon my approach the door opened to reveal the smiling face of the foretold occupant. Despite noting a distinct lack of sartorial judgement, no doubt a function of this chap's duration of residence, I moved quickly to shake the fellow's hand. It was indeed to be my great pleasure to meet Mariusz Kuklinski; a 69 year-old Polish Gentlemen, who quickly and re-assuringly apologised for his 'bothy-trousers'. I imagined the men of Elephant Island offering a similar explanation to Shackleton upon his heroic return, but I could not help but wonder if my consciously suppressed quizzical eyebrow had been spotted by this very perceptive chap...

Mariusz prepared a warming fruit tea and we fell immediately into agreeable conversation. His enquiry as to the purpose of my visit garnered Mariusz considerable mirth when my damp outdoor garb was replaced with more formal attire befitting a pipe club AGM, dinner and a bowl. He learnt a thing or two about Western Isles fabrics that day I can tell you!

### Mariusz and Matron enjoy a bowl at Kearvaig.



## *The 2013 AGM, cont.*

### **The AGM**

After preparing us some fine Polish soup, Mariusz departed for Cape Wrath lighthouse to visit his friend John Ure, the current resident of that magnificent place. This left me to work through the AGM agenda during the sederunt for the AGM which, due to the lack of delegates, went remarkable smoothly as argument, unsurprisingly, was minimal. Besides I thought, a chap lives by believing in something: not debating or arguing about many things and precious time at Kearvaig would be better spent smoking than waffling about the minutiae of pipe club pedantry. Pedantry aside, some important business was attended to and a copy of the AGM minutes has been included with this newsletter.

### **A bothy night to remember**

Mariusz returned from the lighthouse at 22:00 as I was enjoying a hearty evening bowl of Navy Flake and the morning paper slightly less so. He appreciated the welcoming beacon of a candle in the window (*The hallowed tradition of the bothying chap, Ed.*) and moreover the well-established bothy fire crafted from coal and shore-scavenged ligninacious materials; some quite possibly left by passing Viking forefathers, I imagined.

After politely requesting access to my stock of peaty liquid, of which I was only too happy to share with this fine fellow, Mariusz told me many fascinating stories from his long years working as a journalist for the Polish Press Agency. I particularly enjoyed the tale of his interview with Margaret Thatcher, then at the height of her power in the dark days of the early eighties, describing the late old witch as "Lying through her teeth" as she spoke about UK shipyard closures. Splendid stuff, what! (*That's what great bothy nights are made of, Ed.*)

It was well past the witching hour (*At least Mariusz avoided a 'coonsilling', Ed.*) when I offered Mariusz KPC membership. His answer was both pleasing and poetic: "*It would be my great pleasure to join any club associated with Kearvaig and this beautiful area.*" The KPC is proud to have such an eloquent, scholarly and idiosyncratic chap (he speaks five languages fluently and drives an old Citroen Xantia for fun) join its ranks. We had a bowl to celebrate as a dwindling fire and the haziness brought on by Islay's finest heralded the end of a busy day and a most memorable bothy night. **Cont. p.4**

***At the AGM it was just like being 8 years old again instead of 48, as Matron enjoyed a jocular aside and a bowl with his imaginary friends.***



**'Mossman' is born*****The 2013 AGM, cont.***

Mariusz already had the tea on when I returned from my sleeping quarters. After breakfast I felt the urge to take the bothy spade for a saunter. Upon reaching for my WC paper, Mariusz quickly petitioned me to resist the 'scourge of the roll' and use a handful of moss instead. Despite us now being well-acquainted and indeed I would go as far to venture, dear friends, I had to resist this request as any chap will tell you, his toileting methodology will have been perfected over many years and such a drastic change during middle age could be devastating!

I only narrowly managed to simultaneously maintain decorum, my composure and politeness to my friend as he hit me with alarming environmental statistics such as: "*Do you know Matron, that global toilet paper production consumes 27,000 trees a day?*" To which I replied: "*No Mariusz old bean I did not, however, my little packet of soft white tissue will continue to be the only cellulose based material this chap uses for anal cleansing. This chap at least perishes the thought of some Sphagnum-sphincter scraping thank you very much!*"

As I was deploying said tissue product, whilst simultaneously enjoying the magnificent view that Kearvaig Bay has to offer, I thought to myself that it "must be a cultural thing", and I must investigate the use of moss in Poland at some later date, perhaps when I'm dead. I even countenanced Polish toilet-guerillas out there, stalking public conveniences replacing crisp, bleached rolls, with handfuls of cold wet moss, or maybe a sinister capitalist toilet-trader lobby group seeking defecation assistance product world domination, that has suppressed information regarding the superior performance of moss as an anal cleansing device. Whatever my fanciful theories, some form of reparation for the assault on my treasured toileting habits had to be exacted. A flash (*Should that be flush?, Ed.*) of inspiration hit me as I swung the spade bothywards... From this day forward our pocket-sized Polish pal would be referred to by his bothy name of 'Mossman'! Of course being a good sport he gratefully accepted this *parvenu-de-bothy*. (*Not that he had much choice, Ed.*)

**Extreme pipe smoking at Scotland's extreme north-west**

Mossman and I said a fond farewell and I made my way up the track to the road. It was a glorious morning; the dreich had cleared to a cloudless sky, with the only sound being the evocative, mournful 'gak-gak' from a high 'V' of greylags coordinating their southward migration. It was indeed a grand morning for a bowl of GL Pease's Sextant whilst awaiting the omnibus service.

The bus had been delayed due to a red deer stag having its antlers badly snagged in some phone cable left thoughtlessly on the ground that would, however, be skillfully and humanely freed by John Ure later that morning. The bus was full of tourists who inquired as to why a chap would be standing out in the wilds smoking a pipe. It was pleasing to see bemused faces staring back at me that soon wished that they had never asked!

Thanks to Mossman, word of the KPC was out on the peninsula after tales of curious goings-on at Kearvaig had reached John Ure, of Cape Wrath. John welcomed me with a warm smile and was so impressed by my accompanying Northern Briars Rox-Cut Regal Lovat that he immediately offered me the opportunity of some extreme pipe smoking at the top of the lighthouse tower that is normally closed to the public. The choice of blends for this historic occasion was a toss-up between the fine and highly appropriate GL Pease blends 'Navigator' or 'Sextant'. As I had already sampled the sublime Sextant earlier in the day, it was Navigator that was selected for some determined set-jaw gazing out to sea atop Robert Stevenson's magnificent tower. Ah, for the return of one's command! **Cont. p.5**

***Paraffin, pipe and tobacco: what more does a chap need for warm glow at a pipe club AGM evening?***



***"Tobacco is a companion in solitude; it is a storehouse for reflection and gives time for the fumes of wrath to disperse."***  
***-Japanese author***

***The 2013 AGM, cont.  
A spot of extreme pipe smoking at Cape Wrath.***



***Appropriate blends for a lighthouse bowl.***



## Samuel Gawith Brown House Tour, 19/10/13

A significant factor for allowing Bob 'The Blender' Gregory to glide over the usual formalities of KPC membership was a guided tour of the Samuel Gawith's 'Brown House' factory (*of course it had nothing to do with the wagonload of fine tobacco he sent north of the border... Ed.*). Bob, being a splendid fellow, was true to his word and all the KPC chaps in attendance were in store for a Brown House beano par-excellence!

### The Gathering

After arrangements were finalised, the KPC Southern Chapter, namely Messrs Puff and Bertie, ably assisted by Bertie's lackey 'Pat', met Matron on the Friday night at the Kendal Travelodge, as more agreeable accommodation was booked solid due to some comic festival nonsense in Kendal itself. The Blender had recommended 'Romney's', a public house on the outskirts of Kendal for a Friday night soirée and pre-mission briefing (*establishments named after a person, fictitious or otherwise, are usually best avoided as they tend to be pretentious places selling solely continental lager beer to louts, however this establishment was actually a rather splendid pub and microbrewery with fine food, Ed.*). The house brew of Agnes's Ghost, named after the old lady who haunts the pub, proved a pale, zesty and refreshing accompaniment to the gathering. During our detailed briefing The Blender held court, and even managed to treat Bertie's unusual query about 'rubbing-up' (sic) with a splendidly thin veneer of grace, providing considerable mirth to the chaps present.

The only downside to Romney's was the distinct lack of suitable sheltered smoking quarters, a problem exacerbated by inclement weather, so the evening was more a matter of liquid imbuement than colloid-emitting solids. At one point the pipe-refugees were even turfed out of the kiddies play area by a perplexed publican after seeking shelter from the maelstrom. What *is* the world coming to for the pipe smoking chap...?

### Tour of the Brown House

Agnes's Ghost had done her worst, and the haunted chaps needed a substantial pre-tour grease-fest and a morning bowl to restore homeostasis. Despite the dreich and Agnes, adrenalin took over and an unseemly early arrival was greeted with no more than a quizzical eyebrow from Bob as he opened the ancient, solid door of The Brown House on Canal Head North.



Upon entry the first thing that even the most heavily congested visitor will notice is the amazing aroma. This really is tobacco equivalent of Tutankhamen's tomb with a tobacco treasure literally embedded in the very fabric of the place.

Before we could enter the manufacturing part of 't'mill' a chain-smoking Bob had to give all present the compulsory Health, Safety and Environment briefing, which basically boiled down to a strict rule that the visiting chap must keep his pipe lit at all times, avoid inhaling too deeply in the snuff works, and If the fire alarm went off we were to grab as much tobacco as possible and run like hell. If only the HSE and our blue-chip companies would adopt this pragmatic approach UK GDP figures would surely achieve such a substantial boost that we could all work a 3-day week without a cut in wages. **Cont. p.7**

### Oh dear, Agnes's Ghost does her worst...



*"For, when Stubb dressed, instead of first putting his legs into his trousers, he put his pipe into his mouth." - from 'Moby Dick' by Herman Melville.*

## ***Samuel Gawith Brown House Tour, 19/10/13 cont.***

### **Tobacco...**

From Bob's Office we entered the tobacco works. The KPC chaps were instantly awestruck and even Bertie found it difficult to utter a Cockney adjective for what we were seeing. The place looked like it had been dreamt up by some Steampunks on LSD with cast iron machines, flywheels and leather drive-belts all over the place, with the only concession to modernity being the replacement of water power with electricity. In this room of heavy metal and leather a club hammer becomes a precision tool and breakdowns would be more likely fixed by a farrier than an engineer. Even for the non-tobacco enthusiast this would be a splendid spectacle indeed.

The chaps present were spellbound and 'fantastic' does not even come close to doing this tobacco-temple justice. Bob, enjoying the sudden quiet, informed us that the first thing that happens to the tobacco bushels is that after opening they are scattered on the floor. He even showed us the official spot; a worn grove in the flagstone floor, stained inky black and slightly sticky like a bald pub-carpet. Once on the floor a worker (there are only seven staff at Samuel Gawith) will then apply tap water from a watering can. The tobacco is then mixed some more before pressing. Under a raised eyebrow Bob explained that this water, aside from making the leaf workable is in fact SG's profit! The target moisture content of most SG tobaccos is approx. 14%w/w.

The wetted leaf can then be processed in ancient cast-iron presses for flakes and plugs or cut to produce 'ready-rubbed' (*Bertie take note! Ed.*) tobaccos. Bob then demonstrated the steam-heated press and showed us some 7lb 'cakes' (*everything in the Brown House is measured in 'old money', Ed.*) that, in true Blue Peter fashion, had been made earlier. These cakes, of various well-known SG mixtures, are then cut into flakes using a leather belt driven cutting machine specifically designed for the job in years gone by with a side line in finger removal for the untrained or unwary. Andrew threw the switch for the flake cutter and a cacophony of flywheels and drive-belts shattered the silence as Bob fed some cake into the machine and the rapidly moving vertical guillotine performed its task and we witnessed Best Brown Flake being chopped-up. The smell was wonderful and the fact that this fresh flake was bound for our pouches made the intimidating machine seem more bearable. If you have wondered how flavourings are added to flakes then you will probably be comforted to learn that such complex technological gizmos as sprayers and atomizers are not part of the equation. Whilst demonstrating the casing of some Navy Flake Bob reached for a 200- year old paint brush and simply dabbed on some rum essence; job done.

### ***Bob 'The Blender' Gregory waits patiently for the KPC chaps outside the Brown House.***



Few blends made by Samuel Gawith are more iconic than the legendary Squadron Leader, and little did the chaps know that they were about to make some themselves. Four handfuls (*formula kept secret, Ed.*) of different pre-cut tobaccos were mixed by hand and hey presto Squadron Leader was scrambled before our very eyes. The aroma of the most quintessential of English blends was stunning and it was smiles all round for the KPC's first recorded batch of Squadron Leader. May there be many more! **Cont. p.8**

### ***On the Brown House door.***



***"If smoking is so bad for you, how come it cures salmon?" - Author Unknown***

## ***Samuel Gawith Brown House Tour, 19/10/13 cont.***

### **The Snuffmatron...**

If the tobacco works was a Steampunk's dream then the snuff works was a Steampunk's *wet* dream. Dark and dungeon-like, with low oaken beams, the snuff works looked like the kind of place for playing imaginative - and potentially lethal - japes on a young apprentice. The ancient cast iron pots, toothed wheels and drive belts looked heavy, purposeful and capable of removing limbs from the careless in a millisecond. MI6 could use this place for enhanced interrogation techniques, as all they'd need to do is *show* some hapless terrorist suspect this place and they'd spill the beans long before being dangled head-first over a snuff mortar!

Bob and Andrew explained that it is not a place for the faint-hearted to work in, as the noise is absolutely deafening and the dust absolutely choking. In fact legend has it that the only person *not* to wear ear defenders on an earlier factory tour (when researching a supplier for a limited edition Motörhead snuff) was Motörhead's Lemmy, who is alleged to have said: "Ha! Lightweights, my Rickenbacker makes this place sound like a fucking Trappist monastery"; and since Lemmy has snorted more 'white snuff' than most mortals, he is of course, entitled to his opinion. Needless to say that Motörhead's limited edition snuff was made somewhere noisier, although during his tour it is rumoured that Lemmy did draw inspiration for his classic tune 'Orgasmatron'...

The oldest snuff grinder, a giant pestle mill, dates back to around 1750 and was manufactured in Scotland originally used for making gunpowder. This 50-ton beast of a machine was dismantled and shipped by horse-drawn wagon from Scotland by Thomas Harrison in 1792 and the rest they say is history.

Matron's naïve question regarding in-between-batch cleaning of the machines was met with incredulous '*who-invited-Einstein*' looks from both Bob and Andrew, as the snuff works had more tobacco dust everywhere than even Bertie could shovel up his snout.

A lot of snuff is flavoured and we left the grinding hall for the small essence room where Bob skillfully demonstrated the art of adding flavours to snuff using scales, measuring flasks, sieves and brown paper. Bertie was in snuff heaven and the other chaps had to clear the area as he asked Bob if he could knock-up some *strong* menthol snuff. The result was Samuel Gawith's first batch of weapons-grade snuff whose lachrymatory properties made a face full of CS gas feel like chopping an onion.

### **End of tour**

The chaps retired to the 'posh office' upstairs for a well earned bowl, cup of tea and de-brief. The posh office had much interesting SG memorabilia and even more pleasingly, jars of aged SG blends to which the chaps could help themselves (*bet they didn't need asking twice, Ed.*). Although Bob and Andrew had prepared generous 'goody-bags' – including tins of baccy, a stylish 2014 SG calendar and poster - for the chaps, the offer of purchase was also made available. Both Bertie and Puff virtually fell off their chairs and scooped six 250g boxes a piece of various SG blends at a bargain price.

### **Thanks to our hosts**

The tour had lasted nearly four hours and it has to be said that all expectations were well exceeded. The KPC would like to extend a huge and heartfelt thanks to Bob and Andrew for their time, knowledge, patience and goody-bags. It should also be noted that Bob semi-retires in December and the KPC would also like to take this opportunity to wish him all the very best for the future.

### **Cont. p.9**

### ***The snuff not made by Samuel Gawith, sadly...***



***Lemmy: "Snuff don't kill and I'm the proof."***



***"That was a great time, the summer of '71 - I can't remember it, but I'll never forget it!" – Lemmy Kilminster, Bass & Vocals, Motörhead***



# ***Samuel Gawith Brown House Tour, 19/10/13 cont.***

***It's always autumn in the Brown House: raw Virginia leaf.***



***Bob demonstrates the steam press.***



***Good enough to eat; Bob talks about the 7lb tobacco cake.***



***Fearsome machine: Best Brown Flake being cut.***



## ***Samuel Gawith Brown House Tour, 19/10/13 cont.***

***The four types of tobacco that make up Squadron Leader Bertie makes the KPC's first batch of Squadron Leader.***



***Andrew oversees Puff adding the flavour to some Firedance Flake.***



***Heavy metal: a tobacco press.***



# *Samuel Gawith Brown House Tour, 19/10/13 cont.*

## *Views from the Snuffmatron.*

*The essence of snuff...*



**IT IS EXPRESSLY  
FORBIDDEN TO  
SWEEP OUT OR HANDLE  
MATERIAL IN ANY GRINDING  
MACHINE WHILST RUNNING.  
IT IS ALSO NOT NECESSARY**

# *Samuel Gawith Brown House Tour, 19/10/13 cont.*

*Happy puffers with their loot!*



*KPC members enjoy a bowl of aged SG blends at the end of a marvellous tour.*



# Chaps' Corner

## Dealing with Health & Safety Signs...

In this edition, the third in our Chap revolution series, we take on the Health & Safety fascists with some top-tips for subverting or '*subvertising*' their pernicious visual propaganda; namely 'Health & Safety' signs.

As a chap you will no doubt be aware of the irritating, soulless, amorphous symbols that are scattered like confetti in our public spaces in attempt to constrict right-thinking and common sense inherent in any chap at his every turn.

For too long now have the H&S Nazis held sway with an agenda definitely out to impede one and one's chumrades. H&S Nazis desist we say! It's time for the chap to revolt with a call to arms, and slay the safety sign-pushers to the four winds.

How do we do this we hear you cry? Well dear chap, just follow our examples and you too can subvert this modern day plague and defeat the nanny-state safety-snivellers.

You will need some paint of colours to match those used in the filthy propaganda, a paint brush and just your cunning, wit and panache. Help us reclaim the streets, workplaces, public houses, and all manner of public spaces and subvert every sign that you come across!

To help you on your way and put some lead in your pencil, the B&B Editorial team have already created inspiring examples for the chap to implement. Of course every chap is positively encouraged to ad-lib and strike his own blow for freedom as he sees fit! See this page RHS and p.14 for our 'before' and 'after' subverted signs. **Cont. p.14**

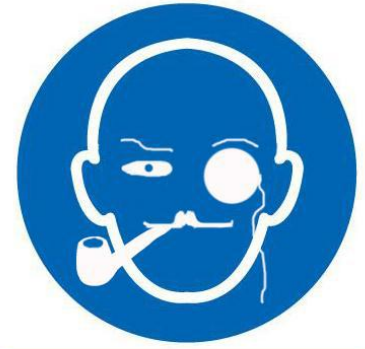


### *H&S propaganda:*

### *Subverted:*



**Wear goggles**



**Safety monacles must be worn**



**Foot protection must be worn**



**Stylish brogues must be worn**

*"Nicotine patches are great. Stick one over each eye and you can't find your pipe." - Author Unknown*

# Chaps' Corner cont.



**Lab coats must be worn in this area**



**Smoking jackets must be worn in this area**



**Explosive**



**Caution**  
Electric vehicles are operating in area



**Caution**  
Mario Grandi pipes in use



**Wear gloves**



**Driving gloves must be worn**



Please do not dispose of your dottle on the floor



**Caution**  
Hot water



**Pipe tools must be used**



**Danger**  
Radiation risk



**Retro 70's sprung pedestal ashtrays available**



**No smoking**  
It is against the law to smoke in this college



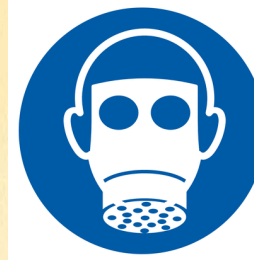
**Head protection must be worn**



**Stylish headwear must be worn**



**Respirators must be worn in this area**



If you don't like pipe smoke then wear a respirator



It is only allowed by law to smoke a pipe in this college



**High visibility clothing must be worn in this area**



Always ensure that the bottom button of your waistcoat remains unfastened

## Endnote:

We hope you have enjoyed our subvertising examples and that you are inspired enough to follow suit when on your chap-about-town adventures. Why not send us in pictures of your own handiwork in defeating the Health & Safety Nazis?

## TOBACCO & PIPE OF THE MONTH

### Samuel Gawith's Navy Flake



#### From the manufacturer:

*Storm-tossed seas, a howling wind, a ship with full sail beating into the wind and Jolly Jack Tar at the helm with his trusty pipe. Images which are conjured up whilst smoking Samuel Gawith's Navy Flake. A traditional offering of Virginias, pressed with just the right amount of Latakia and flavoured with Rum. Medium strength.*

#### Review:

The tin note is of earthy tobacco and rum. The rich, dark, moist flakes appear almost edible in the tin. Although this wonderful blend contains Latakia, it is by no means the dominant note.

In the bowl it burns slowly and the rum stays with you to the bottom of the bowl. For lovers of navy flakes this blend could be your high water mark...

Strength:



Flavour:



Room note:



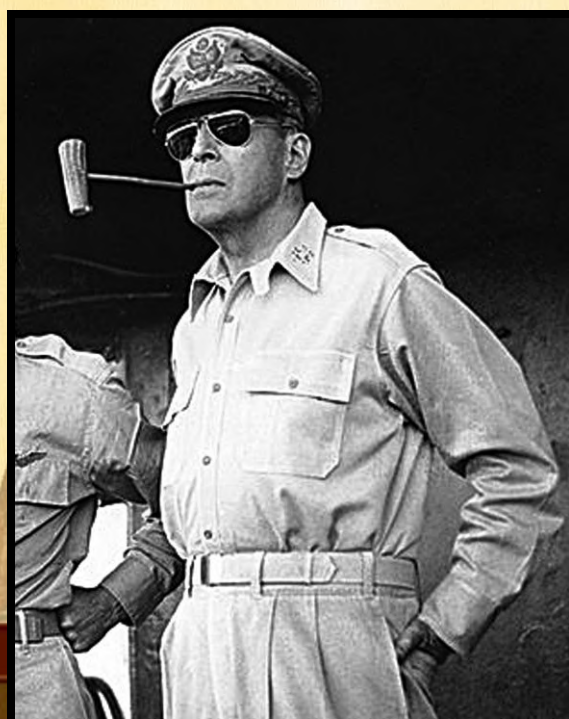
### The Corn Cob



The corn cob is exactly that: a pipe made from a corn cob. As a result shapes are limited to, well, corn cob shapes really, but they do differ in length. Today the best known corn cob manufacturing company is Missouri Meerschaum. For chaps who have tried these *very* cheap pipes you will be aware of the surprisingly decent smoke, with little or no taint right from the first bowl.

This style of pipe is more suited to Hillbillies than chaps, but if you ever find yourself down on your luck, a pipe for about six pounds could be just the answer until you can get back on track for a decent Dunhill that is more befitting of the typical chap.

The patron saint of the corn cob is General Douglas MacArthur, and when he had a bowl on the go his boys knew exactly who was in charge...



*"What business have I with this pipe? This thing that is meant for sereneness, to send up mild white vapors among mild white hairs, not among torn iron-grey locks like mine. I'll smoke no more" – from 'Moby Dick' by Herman Melville.*



# Nottingham Pipe Club Meet, 07/10/13

By Sergeant Matron

*'Puffalo Bill' with his skull and helmet pipe*

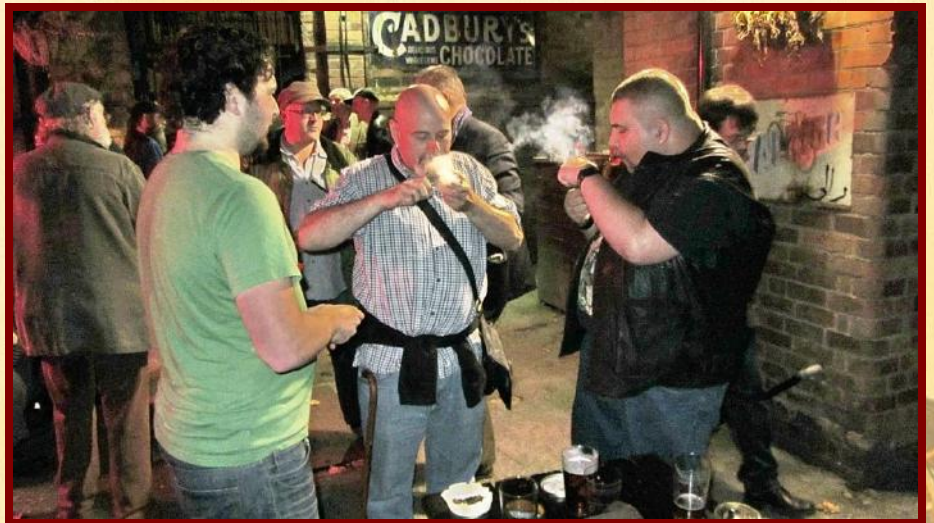
Fresh from the AGM I decided to head south and hook up with the Nottingham Pipe Club for their October meet.

The venue for NPC meets is the splendid Lincolnshire Poacher; an old-time pub that has a cracking selection of ales on tap and a large beer garden, partially sheltered; perfect for pipe club meets.

The NPC is one of the most vibrant and busy clubs in the UK and at the zenith of the meet there were about 35 puffballs giving it some serious puffage. In addition to enjoying few pints, a vast array of tobacco was on offer for all to try, closely followed by an equally vast array of snuff.

I had a splendid night and the offer of a joint meet north of the border is under consideration.

Thanks for a very warm east midlands welcome from various members, but special thanks must go to AD of ADz Pipes, 'Puffalo Bill' and Glynn Quelch of GQ Tobaccos.



Photos by AD of ADz pipes and Matron



## New Member Welcome: Douglas 'Ron-Squad' Sutherland



Douglas, 58 from Nairn near Inverness, contacted the KPC via the website, and being a fearless ex-RAF Officer, he attended his first KPC moot at Luibleathann and was right at home, as the bothy was colder than Lancaster's rear turret on a January raid.

A chap through and through, Douglas has smoked a pipe since age 11 after his old man ran off leaving his pipe behind in a drawer. Douglas just picked up the beast, headed for the shed and started on his 47-year pipe-puffing career. Who said pipe smoking is not an inherited trait? In fact his Mum even encouraged him with his new hobby so long as he funded it himself! *(However, it should be noted that we in the KPC do normally prefer chaps with a bit of pipe smoking experience, but as Douglas seemed like an all round good egg this detail was overlooked, Ed.)*

His favourite pipes are extra-large Billiards by Ashton Pipes. In fact Douglas says he became good friends with the late Bill Taylor of Ashton Pipes after taking Bill and a rich American client to the RAF Club in London for a smoke. The rich American immediately placed a large order with Ashton Pipes and as a result Douglas was the beneficiary of a new Ashton pipe every Xmas and birthday from then on. Splendid stuff!

During his time in the RAF Douglas was an early devotee of Extreme Pipe Smoking as he was lowered from a helicopter onto the UK's most northerly rock 'Out Stack' off of the Shetland Islands to smoke a bowl for children in need.

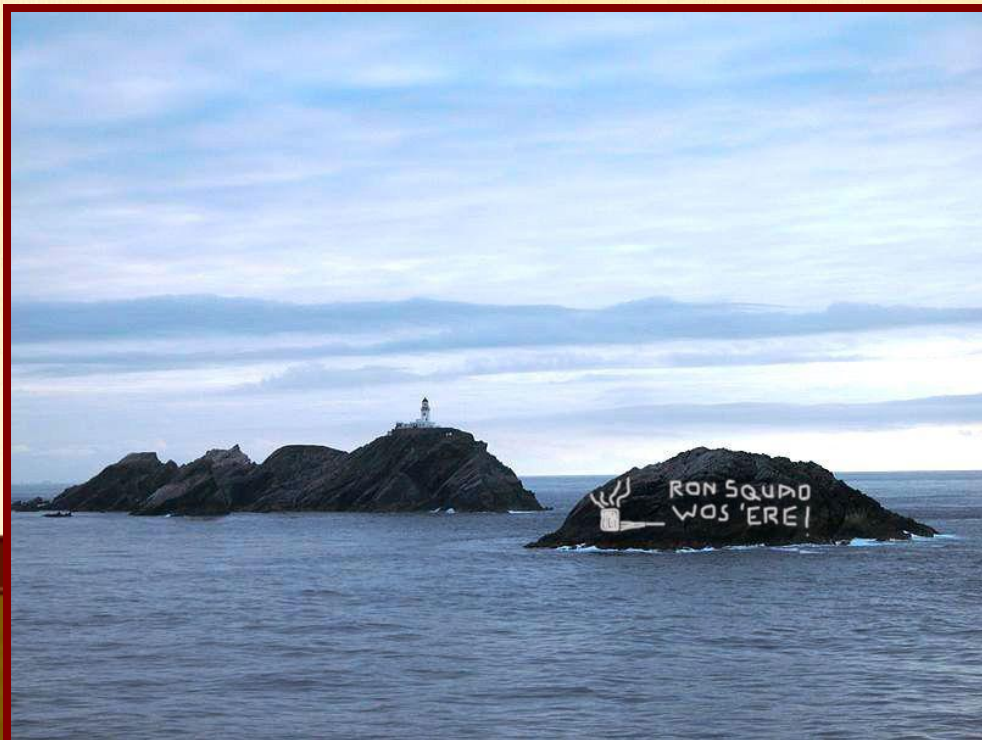
When not wearing tweeds, a bow tie and fedora to work - in true chap-style - as a science teacher, Douglas rides a Triumph Tiger and fills his face full of metal thingies (the result of a post-RAF rebellion), including a 50mm ear tunnel and a hole inside his nose that he can put his finger through to scare the kids.

Douglas's favourite and only smoke these days is St. Bruno, both flake and ready rubbed. We obviously have some work to do here, but KPC members are always there and willing to help a chap in need!

**Bothy name: Ron-Squad Monosnez**



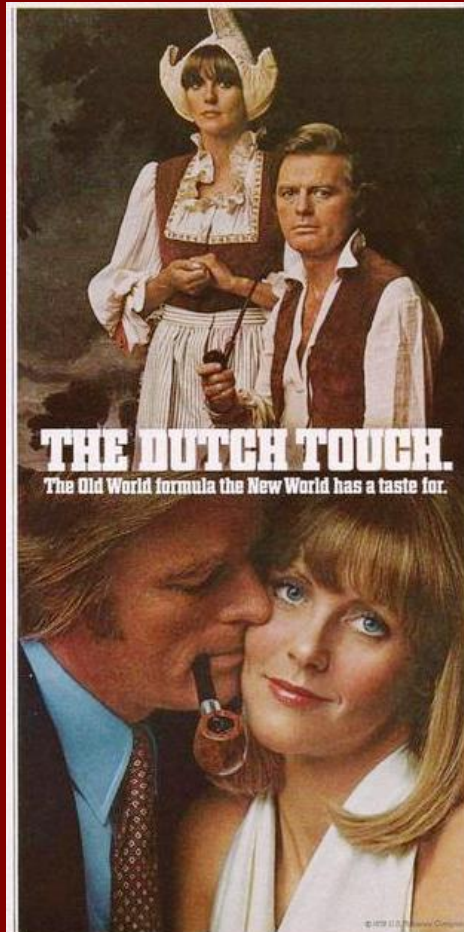
***Out Stack with the lighthouse of Muckle Flugga in the background – a good place for some Extreme Pipe Smoking but a tricky spot for a pipe club moot.***



**Pipe Babe of the Month**  
*Pheweee, that's one hot Hellbetsy for damn sure! Hell, she's hotter than a snake's ass in a wagon rut. With smokin' women-folk like Appalachian-Annie around, we're pretty darn sure that ol' Billy-Bob and the boys would not be worryin' 'bout their pork loins if this corn-cob-toting-hottie happened up at their Hillbilly hog-roast hoedown, yessireee!*



**Advertisements:**



There will always be men whose tastes demand the traditional.

Like Amphora Pipe Tobacco.

Created in the Dutch tradition, Amphora is a mellow, full-bodied smoke, yet bite-free. With a subtle taste, a gentle aroma.

Amphora. For the man who moves comfortably in today's world, but still has a taste for tradition.



**AMPHORA**  
The pipe tobacco with The Dutch Touch.





## 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.*

### Positive press!

Dear Matron,

I read Vol. 2/6 and enjoyed it immensely. I also found the following favourable press reviews:

'A masterpiece of .....' The Times

'Speechless' The Daily Record

'Where is Kearvaig anyway?' The Lonely Planet

You have surpassed yourself Sir!

Regards,

Maclean Dorward, GT Coventry, Kirkcaldy, Fife.

*Thanks Maclean, always good to get some positive feedback from a stalwart of the trade. Ed.*

### Help for our boys!

Sir,

I would like to bring to you and your pipe club's attention an important scheme to help our fighting men. We at the Overseas League Tobacco Fund are looking for your donations so that our boys never run out of tobacco products. We urgently need both financial and tobacco donations from your members and have enclosed appropriate forms to facilitate this. (See RHS of this page, Ed.)

Field-Marshal Montgomery

*Dear field Marshal,*

*Thank you for your correspondence. Of course all KPC members will do their bit for this most important cause or they shall be booted out of the club. Will a job lot of Clan do...? Ed.*



Montgomery hands them out

## OUR FIGHTING MEN

*They long for a Smoke*

JUST ten shillings will send 500 good Cigarettes, duty free, to the Fighting Men—not forgetting the Wounded in ★ Casualty Clearing Stations and Base Hospitals overseas, and in Hospitals in this country—and help to cheer them up.

**£1 will send 1,000.**

Postcards will be enclosed with every parcel, bearing your own name and address, to bring back to you grateful thanks from the men themselves!

**Don't they deserve it ?**

★ *A Commanding Officer writes :—*

“Many thanks for your cigarettes. They have gone to the Wounded at the Salerno Beaches.”

MOS/175



P.T.O.



**A THANKOFFERING to the FIGHTING MEN**

I enclose £ : : to provide the comfort and good cheer of Cigarettes for the Fighting Men and the Wounded. Please send your donation direct to the :—

Over-Seas House, St. James's,  
LONDON, S.W.1

**OVER-SEAS LEAGUE TOBACCO FUND**  
(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)  
(Incorporated by Royal Charter)

## Ron-Squad's Top Tips



*A new series from new KPC member Ron - Squad, to help a chap through his pipe smoking day, week and life...*

1. When breaking in a new, good quality pipe, rub some fine honey into the walls of the tobacco chamber. This will make an even carbon cake and make the pipe smoke much sweeter.
2. If you buy a basket pipe in a tobacconist, make use of another basket - the waste paper basket - and drop it in...

## Club News

### **KPC blend?**

The Editorial team at B&B has some exciting news! Further to our splendid tour of Samuel Gawith, discussions have started as to the possibility of a unique KPC 'Club Blend' manufactured by Samuel Gawith. Discussions are at an early stage, but The Blender says that it is in principle possible to develop a blend, either for exclusive KPC use or general sale.

If members think this is a good idea then perhaps they could suggest a blend and a name for the blend? Of course we have a lot of 'Lat-heads' in the club and no doubt the constituents of any blend will be hotly debated, but this is your chance to get involved. Letters to the Editor please!

### **New KPC discount**

We have negotiated a discount with Alan at Reborn Briar: <http://www.estatepipes.co.uk/> KPC members just have to quote voucher code **UKCLUB10** to receive a 10% discount off of any purchase.

### **Got something to sell?**

Why not release your inner spiv? If you have an old pipe, some baccy or other smoking or bothy related tat that you want to shift why not use the new classified advertisement page 'p-bay' on the KPC website? All details on the KPC website.

### **Coming soon: New KPC t-shirt**

As part of our continuing relationship with Samuel Gawith the KPC now has permission to use the SG logo on its merchandise. Our graphic design department is currently working-up eye-catching designs incorporating the KPC and SG logos for new t-shirts.

If any members want to get involved, or have any ideas for designs/merchandise please get in touch.

### **Advertisement:**

*Have your cooked breakfast in style with the new KPC 'Chapoaster'. Only £59.99 from all good emporia.*



## KPC Notices

KPC t-shirts 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](http://www.kearvaigpipeclub.co.uk)**

## KPC Future Moots

The KPC will be entering a team into the 2014 British Pipe Smoking Championships at Newark Showground, **12<sup>th</sup>/13<sup>th</sup> July 2014**. Members interested contact Sergeant Matron.

The **KPC 2014 AGM will be held 27<sup>th</sup> September 2014** at Kearvaig Bothy. Details from, and agenda items to Sergeant Matron.

**The KPC launches its national seasonal road safety campaign for 2013:**

**DON'T TAMP AND DRIVE!**



**(LET YOUR MISTRESS DO IT...)**