



# 'Briar & Bothies'

The newsletter of  
**THE KEARVAIG PIPE CLUB**



## The Hotel & Raspberry Cottage, 1&2/11/13

Messrs Bingae, Dazbo, Hydrocarbon, Matron and new member Ron-Squad met up at the Hotel), with the idea of the Hotel being just a convenient stop over for a big push the following day to the mystical environs of Sron Garbh.

The slight difficulty with this plan was that the chaps had not been out to play for a while, so the evening was likely to be a tad on the hectic side. And so it came to pass, with a range of blends, both solid and liquid being imbibed; until 04:30 for some...

The Hotel is a single, drafty, room with a fire that is most efficient at heating the sky. Matron and Ron-Squad had hauled in 20kg and a bag of logs whilst the Fife philanderers managed a colossal 5kg between them. In fact, if it were not for Ron's enormous pipes being constantly stoked with St. Bruno, it might even have been a tad on the chilly side.

A bleak morning promising considerable precipitation and painkillers saw the chaps beat a hasty retreat for an 'oil-change' at a local diner. Ron had to make tracks after breakfast as he had a dung heap to shift on his allotment (*probably more fun than hanging out with the KPC crew, Ed.*) so could not make it to Sron Garbh.

Whilst re-packing for the mighty Sron Garbh, Matron spied a Judas-huddle gaining momentum around a cigarette before pale, gaunt faces, sheepishly petitioned a change of plan to an 'easier' bothy. Feigning outrage, the Matron fought a convincing rearguard action against such heresy, before caving in to said request a little too quickly, thus losing the 'Man fuu-time' high ground. A trip to Raspberry Cottage was agreed and the rest, as they say, is history.

**Cont. p.2**

### The Hotel



#### Luibleathann review score

|                   |   |  |
|-------------------|---|--|
| Building fabric   | = |  |
| Fireplace         | = |  |
| Facilities        | = |  |
| Cosiness          | = |  |
| Pipe friendliness | = |  |

#### Raspberry Cottage review score

|                   |   |  |
|-------------------|---|--|
| Building fabric   | = |  |
| Fireplace         | = |  |
| Facilities        | = |  |
| Cosiness          | = |  |
| Pipe friendliness | = |  |

**"I don't want any of your statistics; I took your whole batch and lit my pipe with it." – extract from 'The Moral Statistician' by Mark Twain.**



## ***Luibleathann & Raspberry Cottage, cont.***

***A convivial gathering of KPC members at the Hotel.***



***Anti-Cylon countermeasures deployed at Raspberry Cottage, including the new imitation Cylon eye scanner. Needless to say the evening passed off untroubled by the dreaded toasters.***

***KPC members enjoy a bowl and some sunshine on the porch at Raspberry Cottage.***



***"Second-hand smoke is claimed to cause many deaths and is the basis for tyrannical curbs on offices and pubs. This figure is arrived at by guesswork, inspired by hysteria, and masquerades as scientific 'proof' – a process which characterises our age." - Andrew Alexander.***



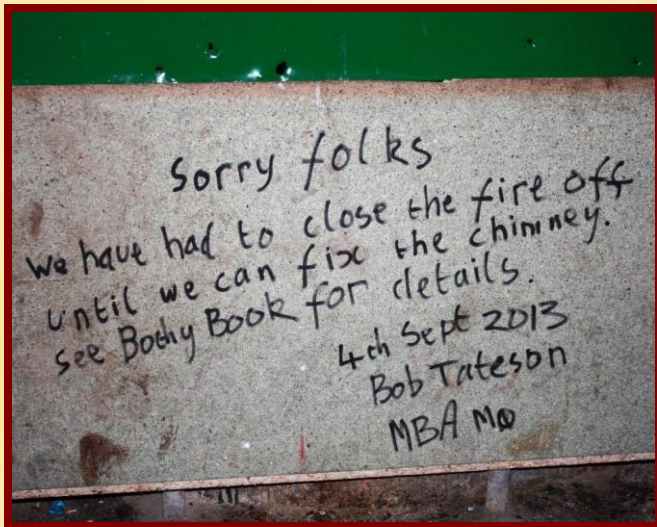
## A Winter Solstice Smoke in the Ozone Layer... Cape Wrath, 20,21&22/12/13 by Sergeant Matron



### Sandwood Bay to Strathchailleach

With the glass falling rapidly and a sou'wester ratcheting up the Beaufort Scale, I set off from Blairmore on the Sandwood Bay track bound for Strathchailleach bothy for the night with some trepidation as the chaps at the Met Office were dishing out weather warnings like French letters during happy hour in a cheap bordello.

It was a relief to arrive at Strathchailleach at lunchtime to get out of the challenging weather only to find that the fireplace had been boarded up since early September:



In true MBA fashion they set off to do the equivalent of a bothy heart transplant but then forgot about putting a new heart back in. Thus, sadly, Strathchailleach is currently reduced to an eerie, dank and cold hovel with as about as much cheer as Buckfast-bottle-strewn graveyard.





At times like this, however, a chap has to dig deep into his portmanteau for his survival kit; and as if by magic a bowl of Navy Flake, a flagon of ale, whisky, candles and trusty paraffin stove were deployed hastily in the small kitchen room to bring a modicum of cheer to a long night in a cold, damp bothy.

Cont. p.4

### Strathchailleach.



### Strathchailleach review score

- Building fabric = 
- Fireplace = 0
- Facilities = 
- Cosiness = 
- Pipe friendliness = 

*"Life is meant to be enjoyed. A good woman, a good pipe, and a good whisky. Three things that, in moderation, will help achieve this." - Basil Meadows.*



## ***A Winter Solstice Smoke in the Ozone Layer... Cape Wrath, Cont.***

### **Strathchailleach to Cape Wrath**

The thunder and lightning accompanied by the staccato cacophony of hail on the tin roof started at around 05:00. At first light (08:30) a swift reconnoitre of the Strath Chailleach River revealed a torrent that Hannibal would have lost an elephant or two in. This fact necessitated a trudge for an hour eastwards along the river before even a borderline safe crossing point could be found. Even then a wild lunge for some north-bank heather was required and a subsequent dip right up to the Old Chap was the reward. Once again the sartorially difficult, but efficaciously splendid Berghaus 'Yeti' gaiters, prevented early attainment of wet feet; a boon for any chap on the NW Parph, as wet feet will soon turn to trench feet in those parts! This river crossing also reminded me of the second reason why a chap's bauwky pouch should *always* be packed at the top of his haversack; the first being, obviously, accessibility.

The gale pushed incessant thunder and lightning storms across the open land, making smoking a bowl rather difficult; although once when pinned down by hail of  $\leq 15\text{mm}$  dia. under a hastily improvised peat-hag and rucksack shelter, a bowl proved to be a valuable quantum of solace.

The weather continued to be frightful, but a brief lull at lunchtime spurred me on in my quest to be at the most extreme NW point for the Solstice (*at precisely 17:11 UTC. 21<sup>st</sup> December 2013, Ed.*). A further three challenging river crossings and much boggy ground had to be negotiated with care before the sanctuary at Cape Wrath was reached at 13:45.

I had telephoned John Ure, the Cape's sole resident and owner of the splendid 'Ozone Café' a few weeks prior to see about stopping the night, but he informed me that he would most likely be away when I arrived but would leave the door open. So, it was to my great surprise to see John when I arrived: "Hi Steve, I did not expect you'd come in this weather. You're the first person I've seen for five weeks! I've been trying to get out for the last 3 or 4 days but the weather has been too bad for the crossing of the Kyle of Durness."

John instantly furnished me with beans on toast - squaddie-style - with four slices layered with beans and melted cheddar. A pulse, flour and dairy based snack had never tasted so good! **Cont. p.5**

***Cape Wrath lighthouse keeping Jolly Jack Tar safe from treacherous rocks in a Winter Solstice maelstrom...***



***A smoke in the Ozone layer...***



***"It always seems impossible until it is done." – Nelson Mandela***



## ***A Winter Solstice Smoke in the Ozone Layer... Cape Wrath, Cont.***

***The Parph of the far NW presents a challenge for the chap who likes a bowl on the wild side...***



### **Route out**

Due to time constraints, weather and distance involved, a side trip to Kearvaig, sadly, was not possible. I had to make do with a swift bowl in the squaddie hut at the top of the Kearvaig track, before bashing along the tarmac to the Kyle.

The shepherds' house at Achimore was also locked, thus preventing an overnight stop. From the road a long trudge across soggy moorland to the dilapidated bridge at Grudie saw me out on the road at 15:00. After about 15 minutes the first car came by and stopped at the request of my thumb. It was a women travelling with her dog who kindly took me to Durness for a night in the pub. How many places in the world does a lone woman pick up hitchhikers other than the wild NW of Scotland? Whilst enjoying a couple of pints I fell in with a few local-types in the pub for a splendid evening of tales of shipwrecks and ghosts. A fitting end to a great adventure.

**Cont. from P.4** John and I sat down in the Ozone café for a smoke and a wee blether before he had to leave at 16:00 in an attempt to catch the tide at a suitable state for the crossing of the Kyle. John, a most generous chap, set me up with heaters, stove, candles, an army mattress, beer and whisky before he left. For John's hospitality I had gifted him earlier; a bottle of Old Pulteney, a Comoy's Straight Billiard, a tin of MacBaren HH Old Dark Fired and some John Patton's 'Stormfront' (*very appropriate given the location and conditions, Ed.*). So the return of a fine bottle of Fettercairn 'Fasque' – a superb malt – would mean my rucksack was not getting much lighter for the long walk out, as John wryly noted at the time.

Wisely forgetting about being outside atop the cliffs, I spent the exact moment of the Solstice in the warmth of the Ozone layer, with a bowl of the sublime GL Pease Sextant, gazing out of the window at ships struggling in the still raging storm.

Compared to the hovel at Strathchailleach, the Ozone café was salvation for tired legs and weary body, thus a blissful sleep deep in the arms of Morpheus was guaranteed.

***A view from the south on the approach to Cape Wrath lighthouse during the 3 minutes of sunshine on 21<sup>st</sup> December.***



***"Put a fire over one end of the pipe, and suck on the other end. Hope this helps."  
- Johann Bergertron III***



## Sandra's bothy, 24&25/12/13

### 24<sup>th</sup> December

For some years Hydrocarbon and Matron, the KPC's Xmas-mockers in residence, have discussed escaping to a bothy in a grand Xmas-avoidance strategy. Well, this year the curmudgeons-in-chief put their boots where their mouths were and sallied forth for the magnificent Sandra's, laden with supplies for a 'twa-nichter' smoke-fest that would banish the Xmas nonsense to the four winds! As it turned out there was a stiff wind blowing and the snowline was at approximately 300m, so arrival before dark was welcome, enabling time to seek out extra fuel and get whisky-diluent from the spring.

Meanwhile, unbeknown to the chaps until Xmas Eve, Dazbo having learned of the above daring escape had hatched a plan of his own, involving buses and taxis and a long walk in a blizzard. At 22:00 the mighty Dazbo kicked the bothy door open and covered the bothy table in all manner of heavy (*i.e. good, Ed.*) delights. This chap has been mentioned in dispatches for his heroism and a resultant portmanteau-load of bothy points have been awarded.

For once a relatively early night was had, mainly to conserve essential beer supplies for an Xmas day all-dayer.

### 25<sup>th</sup> December

The wind had dropped and the only weather of concern was the occasional snow shower. Food and drink were aplenty, but the fuel situation was serious, with only a few logs and about 3kg of the black stuff remaining. The day was not to be the sole reserve of the idler after all. The chaps quickly formed a work party, armed with brimming bowls and bow-saws and the bounty of recent gales was cut and split before lunch or even a snifter, in a most efficient manner. Besides, sharp implements and breakfast malts are not always the best of bedfellows...

The bothy, complete with new stove, was soon toasty, so, naturally, a toast was in order. The Glenmorangie soon made way for the Old Pulteney, both proving an agreeable accompaniment for the myriad of blends on offer:

**Cornell & Diehl:** Black Frigate, Blockade Runner & Riverboat Gambler.

**GL Pease:** Chelsea Morning, Gaslight, Haddo's Delight & Sextant.

**Gauntley's:** Red Lace.

**G&H:** Balkan Mixture.

**Holger Danske:** Royal Navy Flake.

**McClelland:** Wilderness.

**Samuel Gawith:** Commonwealth Mixture, navy Flake & Skiff Mixture.

(Looks like Messrs Hydrocarbon and Matron are confirmed 'Latheids', Ed.) **Cont. p.7**

## Cooking hobo-style...



## The new KPC Foilking helmet.



## What do you do when you dip your fags in beer..?



**Q: Why wasn't Jesus not born in Scotland?**

**A: Because they could not find three wise men and a virgin.**



## *Sandra's bothy, 24&25/12/13 Cont.*

The fine whisky and tobacco was washed down with fine food. Having all day, the idlers scratch-made a lively curry and roast dinner (including 24hr slow-cooked beef brisket), and other treats such as bothy-pizza and garlic bread cooked hobo-style (*the best way, Ed.*) on the wee stove.

Luncheon was followed by opening the 5L keg of Old Speckled Hen, gallantly hauled in by the Colonel. The afternoon's entertainment included perfecting one's smoke-ring technique and as the sun quickly dipped, hours of fun was had with a roll of tinfoil, resulting in some remarkable new helmet designs (see photos) that would definitely put even a late model Cylon Centurion on the back foot. Splendid stuff, what!

Musical traditions were upheld with some concomitant 'dancing' but some educational interludes of podcasts dealing with how the moon was created and cosmic neutrino monitoring at the South Pole gave all a warm, if slightly confused glow.

### **26<sup>th</sup> December**

After watching moonrise at 01:30 the chaps retired. Daybreak brought a fine morning for an easy saunter out. The chaps decided that they had found a new love for Xmas after all, and a few very poor renditions of 'Walking in a Winter Wonderland' proved a perfect tonic prior to luncheon at the Riverside in Dunkeld; a pub so stuffed with very posh totty (*accompanied by pasty-faced ponces, Ed.*) in all their Xmas clothes the chaps did wonder if indeed they had missed something after all. However, none of said totty looked like they were capable of hauling in 10kg to a bothy, so ogling was replaced by a smug grin that only a wonderful Xmas in the company of one's comrades can bring. **Cont. p.8**

### *Matron and Hydrocarbon enjoy the new stove at Sandra's.*



### *El Bandito del Cob...*



*"A pipe is for life, not just Christmas." – Sergeant Matron, KPC.*



# Sandra's bothy, 24&25/12/13 Cont.

"And we wish it could be Christmas every dayeay...!"

The chaps get the wood cut and split, thus ensuring a cosy afternoon and evening of heavy pipe smoking.



The fun we had! Blowing bothy smoke-rings on Xmas Day sure beats slobbering on the sofa watching Eastenders!

The new KPC 'Foilhecan' ensured that Xmas day passed off without any unwelcome Cylon visitors.



### Sandra's review score

- Building fabric =
- Fireplace =
- Facilities =
- Cosiness =
- Pipe friendliness =

N.B. The chaps who look after Sandra's have requested that the location and no pictures of the bothy be put on the internet, so this article respects that position. Ed.










# FULL METAL SMOKING JACKET



*Some readers will have heard of the legendary Gunnery Sergeant Hartman, aka R. Lee Ermey. So dear reader you can imagine how excited the B&B Editorial team were when they discovered that the 'Gunny' now has his own online cigar shop: <http://www.rleerme.com/cigars/>*



## R. LEE ERMEY'S CIGAR SHOP

*Naturally, this astounding revelation required further investigation, and not being overly fond of the interweb-thingsy we scraped funds from the KPC petty cash tin for a trip across the pond to Uncle Sam to see the Gunny himself and hopefully see what briar and leaf delights he had to offer. But readers please are warned: you will see that this trip was far from being a 'jolly' - wasting your hard earned subscription fees - as the chaps got quite a lot more than they bargained for...*

**Location: Gunny's Cigar Shop, Parris Island, South Carolina, USA, 09:00...**

**B&B:** *(Entering what appear to be a rather austere retail premises)* Hello there Sir, you must be the Gunny?

**Gunnery Sergeant Hartman:** I AM GUNNERY SERGEANT HARTMAN, YOUR SENIOR PIPE INSTRUCTOR. FROM NOW ON, YOU WILL SPEAK ONLY WHEN SPOKEN TO, AND THE FIRST AND LAST WORDS OUT OF YOUR FILTHY SEWERS WILL BE "SIR!" DO YOU MAGGOTS UNDERSTAND THAT?

**B&B team:** *(blank expressions)* Er, Sir, yes Sir!

**GSH:** BULLSHIT! I CAN'T HEAR YOU. SOUND OFF LIKE YOU GOT A PAIR!

**B&B team:** *(Louder)* SIR, YES SIR!  
**Cont. p.10**



**Pipe smoking jarheads of the USMC collaborated with the KPC Jarheids for this article: "SEMPER PIPE!"**



# FULL METAL SMOKING JACKET

## LET ME SEE YOUR PIPE FACE!



**GSH:** IF YOU LADIES LEAVE MY RETAIL STORE, IF YOU SURVIVE RECRUIT TRAINING ... YOU WILL BE A WEAPON, YOU WILL BE A MINISTER OF BRIAR, PRAYING FOR SMOKE. BUT UNTIL THAT DAY YOU ARE UKES! YOU'RE THE LOWEST FORM OF LIFE ON EARTH. YOU ARE NOT EVEN HUMAN-FUCKING-BEINGS! YOU ARE NOTHING BUT UNORGANIZED GRABASTIC PIECES OF AMPHIBIAN SHIT! BECAUSE I AM HARD, YOU WILL NOT LIKE ME. BUT THE MORE YOU HATE ME, THE MORE YOU WILL LEARN. I AM HARD, BUT I AM FAIR! THERE IS NO SMOKING BIGOTRY HERE! I DO NOT LOOK DOWN ON FAGS, NIC-HEADS, PIPERS, CIGAR-SMOKERS OR STONERS. HERE YOU ARE ALL EQUALLY WORTHLESS! AND MY ORDERS ARE TO WEED OUT ALL NON-SMOKERS WHO DO NOT PACK THE GEAR TO SERVE IN MY BELOVED STORE! DO YOU MAGGOTS UNDERSTAND THAT?

**B&B:** Sir, yes Sir!

**GSH:** Bullshit! I can't hear you.

**B&B:** (*Louder*) SIR, YES SIR!

**GSH:** (*Approaching Dazbo*) WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SCUMBAG?

**DAZBO:** Sir, Private Dazbo Sir!

**Cont. p.11**



*"I know a lot of people whose main goal in life is to live as long as possible. For what? They don't smoke, drink, don't eat meat, they don't have affairs, they always live by the rules and they never take a chance or risk anything, they never experiment, and their paths are stuck out - all the way to the grave. I sometimes take the liberty of calling them 'Zombies'." – Author unknown.*



# FULL METAL SMOKING JACKET

**GSH:** BULLSHIT! FROM NOW ON YOU'RE PRIVATE TURKEY-BALLS! DO YOU LIKE THAT NAME?

**DAZBO:** SIR, YES SIR!

**GSH:** WELL, THERE'S ONE THING THAT YOU WON'T LIKE, PRIVATE TURKEY-BALLS! THEY DON'T SERVE BEER AND DOPE ON A DAILY BASIS IN MY CIGAR STORE!

**MATRON:** (*Whispering*) All we wanted was to do was a brief interview about his cigar shop and he comes on all *John Wayne*...

**GSH:** WHO SAID THAT? WHO THE FUCK SAID THAT? WHO'S THE SLIMY LITTLE COMMUNIST SHIT TWINKLE-TOED COCKSUCKER DOWN HERE, WHO JUST SIGNED HIS OWN DEATH WARRANT? NOBODY, HUH?! THE FAIRY FUCKING GODMOTHER SAID IT! OUT-FUCKING-STANDING! I WILL P.T. YOU ALL UNTIL YOU FUCKING DIE! I'LL P.T. YOU UNTIL YOUR ASSHOLES ARE SUCKING BUTTERMILK!

**GSH:** (*Grabbing Hydrocarbon by the shirt*) WAS IT YOU, YOU SCROUNGY LITTLE FUCK, HUH?!

**HYDROCARBON:** Sir, no Sir!

**GSH:** YOU LITTLE PIECE OF SHIT! YOU LOOK LIKE A FUCKING WORM! I'LL BET IT WAS YOU!

**HYDRO:** Sir, no Sir!

**MATRON:** Sir, I said it, Sir!

**GSH:** Well... no shit. What have we got here, a fucking comedian? Private *Smoker*? I admire your honesty. Hell, I like you. You can come over to my house and fuck my sister.

**GSH:** (*Punching Matron in the stomach, who sags to his knees.*) YOU LITTLE SCUMBAG! I'VE GOT YOUR NAME! I'VE GOT YOUR ASS! YOU WILL NOT LAUGH! YOU WILL NOT CRY! YOU WILL LEARN BY THE NUMBERS. I WILL TEACH YOU. NOW GET UP! GET ON YOUR FEET! YOU HAD BEST UNFUCK YOURSELF OR I WILL UNSCREW YOUR HEAD AND SMOKE DOWN YOUR NECK!

**Cont. p.12**



**"THIS IS MY BRIAR THIS IS MY GUN, THIS IS FOR SMOKING, THIS IS FOR FUN!"**



**In spite of a rather torrid time at Gunny's Cigar Shop the chaps did get in a spot of 'R&R' in Chinatown...**





# FULL METAL SMOKING JACKET

**MATRON:** (*Gasping for breath*) Sir, yes Sir!

**GSH:** Private Smoker, why did you to come to my beloved store?

**MATRON:** SIR, TO SMOKE, SIR!

**GSH:** So you're a smoker?

**MATRON:** SIR, YES SIR!

**GSH:** LET ME SEE YOUR PIPE FACE!

**MATRON:** Sir?

**GSH:** YOU'VE GOT A PIPE FACE? AAAAAAAGH! THAT'S A PIPE FACE. NOW LET ME SEE YOUR PIPE FACE!

**MATRON:** (*Putting on his best pipe face*) AAAAAAAGH!

**GSH:** BULLSHIT! YOU DIDN'T CONVINC ME! LET ME SEE YOUR REAL PIPE FACE!

**MATRON:** AAAAAAAAAAAGGGHH!

**GSH:** YOU DIDN'T SCARE ME! WORK ON IT!

**GSH:** (*Turning to Hydrocarbon*) WHAT'S YOU'RE EXCUSE!?

**HYDRO:** Sir, excuse for what, Sir?

**GSH:** I'M ASKING THE FUCKING QUESTIONS HERE, PRIVATE. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?!

**HYDRO:** Sir, yes Sir!

**GSH:** WELL THANK YOU VERY MUCH! CAN I BE IN CHARGE FOR A WHILE?

**HYDRO:** Sir, yes Sir!

**GSH:** ARE YOU SHOOK UP, ARE YOU NERVOUS!

**HYDRO:** Sir, I am, Sir!

**GSH:** DO I MAKE YOU NERVOUS?!

**HYDRO:** Sir!

**GSH:** WE'RE YOU ABOUT TO CALL ME AN ASSHOLE!

**HYDRO:** SIR, NO SIR!

**GSH:** How tall are you Private?

**HYDRO:** Sir, five foot nine, Sir!



**GSH:** FIVE FOOT NINE? I DIDN'T KNOW THEY STACKED SHIT THAT HIGH! YOU TRYING TO SQUEEZE AN INCH IN ON ME SOMEWHERE, HUH?!

**HYDRO:** SIR, NO SIR!

**GSH:** WHERE IN THE HELL ARE YOU FROM ANYWAY, PRIVATE!?

**HYDRO:** SIR, FIFE, SCOTLAND, SIR!

**GSH:** HOLY DOGSHIT! FIFE! ONLY COAL AND QUEERS COME FROM FIFE, PRIVATE *GAYBOY!* AND YOU DON'T LOOK TOO BLACK TO ME, SO THAT KINDA NARROWS IT DOWN! DO YOU SUCK DICKS!?

**HYDRO:** SIR, NO SIR!

**GSH:** ARE YOU A PETERSON PUFFER!?

**Cont. p.13**



*"Draft beer, not people" - Unknown*



# FULL METAL SMOKING JACKET

**HYDRO:** SIR, I DO HAVE ONE PETERSON, SIR!

**GSH:** I'LL BET YOU'RE THE KIND OF GUY THAT WOULD FUCK A PERSON IN THE ASS AND NOT EVEN HAVE THE GODDAM COMMON COURTESY TO GIVE HIM A REACH-AROUND! I'LL BE WATCHING YOU!

**GSH:** (*Walking down to Bingae*) DID YOUR PARENTS HAVE ANY CHILDREN THAT LIVED!?

**BINGAE:** Sir, yes, Sir!

**GSH:** I'LL BET THEY REGRET THAT! YOU'RE SO UGLY YOU COULD BE A MODERN ART MASTERPIECE! WHAT'S YOUR NAME, FATBODY?

**BINGAE:** Sir, Private Bingae, Sir!

**GSH:** THAT NAME SOUNDS LIKE ROYALTY! ARE YOU ROYALTY!?

**BINGAE:** Sir, No, Sir!

**GSH:** DO YOU SUCK DICKS!?

**BINGAE:** Sir, No, Sir!

**GSH:** I DON'T LIKE THE NAME BINGAE! ONLY FAG-SMOKERS AND STONERS ARE CALLED BINGAE! FROM NOW ON YOU'RE PRIVATE *BINGO!*

**BINGAE:** (*With a toothy-grin on his face*) Sir, yes, Sir!

**GSH:** DO YOU THINK I'M CUTE, PRIVATE BINGO? DO YOU THINK I'M FUNNY?

**BINGAE:** Sir, no, Sir!

**GSH:** THEN WIPE THAT DISGUSTING TOOTHY-GRIN OFF YOUR FACE!

**BINGAE:** Sir, yes, Sir!

**GSH:** WELL ANY FUCKING TIME SWEETHEART!

**BINGAE:** Sir, I'm trying, Sir!

**GSH:** PRIVATE BINGO, I'M GONNA GIVE YOU THREE SECONDS, EXACTLY THREE FUCKING SECONDS TO WIPE THAT STUPID-LOOKING TOOTHY-GRIN OFF YOUR FACE, OR I WILL GOUGE OUT YOUR EYEBALLS AND SKULL-FUCK YOU! ONE! TWO! THREE!

**BINGAE:** (*Trying to stop, but keeps toothy-grinning involuntarily*) Sir, I can't help it, Sir!

**GSH:** BULLSHIT! GET ON YOUR KNEES SCUMBAG!

**GSH:** (*Bingae now on his knees*) NOW CHOKE YOURSELF!

**GSH:** (*Bingae puts his own hand to his throat*) GODDAMMIT! WITH MY HAND, NUMBNUTS! NOW LEAN FORWARD AND CHOKE YOURSELF!

**GSH:** (*Bingae looking decidedly blue*) ARE YOU THROUGH TOOTHY-GRINNING!?

**BINGAE:** (*Struggling to get the words out*) Sir, yes, Sir!

**GSH:** BULLSHIT I CAN'T HEAR YOU!

**BINGAE:** (*Now gasping*) Sir, yes, Sir!

**GSH:** BULLSHIT I STILL CAN'T HEAR YOU! SOUND OFF LIKE YOU'VE GOT A PAIR!

**BINGAE:** (*Now gagging*) Sir, yes,.. Sir!

**GSH:** (*Releasing the hapless Bingae's throat*) THAT'S ENOUGH. GET ON YOUR FEET!

**GSH:** PRIVATE BINGO, YOU HAD BEST SQUARE YOUR ASS AWAY AND START SHITTING ME TIFFANY CUFF LINKS... OR I WILL DEFINITELY FUCK YOU UP!

**BINGAE:** Sir, yes, Sir!



## Endnote:

*And with that, Gunnery Sergeant Hartman left for a smoke out the back so the B&B team, rather shocked from such a bruising, uncouth encounter, rushed out of the store door never to return having learnt precious little about Gunny's cigar store other than the fact that the proprietor was fond of coarse language and a smidgen on the uptight side...*

*(With apologies to the late Stanley Kubrick and all FMJ fans out there...)*

*"When all is said and done, love is trite compared with the spirituality of a tobacco pipe." - Jules de Gancourt.*



# TOBACCO OF THE MONTH

## G L Pease Gaslight



### Review:

Gaslight is the latest blend from G L Pease and was only released at the end of October 2013. Judging by comments on the forums it already has many fans.

If you are not a 'Lat-head' then please stop reading now and go and have a bowl of your preferred blend. If you *are* a Lat-head however, pay careful attention. Greg Pease, aka 'The Dark Lord', is well known for his mystical use of Latakia, but even by his exacting standards the Latakia alchemist has really pulled out the stops with this blend.

When you open the tin (like a hand grenade with the rig pull) it fills the room with a most amazing fragrance of 'bothy fireplace'. The presentation is two 1oz bars, with texture somewhere between a plug and a crumble cake. When broken up in your hand the aroma intensifies.

The cakes are quite moist and the patient may like to dry them out a while. However, as long as you don't pack too tightly it will smoke straight form the tin. The flavour is strong Latakia and spicy Oriental, with enough thick clouds of smoke swirling to fill any bothy with the most intense reek imaginable. The intensity of the flavour does not subside at all as you explore down the bowl - this is wonderful stuff, and when two chaps or more share this blend in the bothy, they will be undoubtedly brothers of the briar for evermore...

## "ALL HAIL THE DARK LORD!"

### From the manufacturer:

*Gaslight is a rich Latakia mixture, structured with layers of mature red Virginias and spiced with Orientals. It's pressed and aged in cakes, then cut into one ounce bars of about 1" x 1" x 2". I opted for the bars rather than "brownies" like JackKnife and Triple Play, as it makes it a bit easier to slice; Latakia can be tough stuff. The result is deep, satisfying, dynamic, and very slow-burning. Be careful not to pack the pipe too tightly, or it'll be hard to keep lit and will last forever. It develops beautifully in the bowl from the first puff to the ash.*

Strength:



Flavour:



Room note:



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



## Pipe Babe of the Month

*Roses are red and blue, when it comes to Inga's intricate ink! Our terrific tattooed-tasty-temptress might just let a lucky chap draw on something other than her exquisite churchwarden, if he can keep some lead in his pencil...*



### Advertisement:

*Why not try the new periodical for the pipe smoking Gentleman? 'PIPEBOY' is THE magazine for chaps who like lots of tasteful lady briar-action. Apart from the pictures there are fascinating, in-depth stories about luxury cars, watches and shoes. Available at all good independent tobacconists and Gents grooming salons of repute.*



*"Woman makes half the sorrows which she boasts the privilege to sooth. Woman consoles us, it is true, while we are young and handsome; when we are old and ugly, woman snubs and scolds us. On the whole, then, woman in this scale, the weed in that. Jupiter! Hang out thy balance, and weigh them both; and if thou give the preference to woman, all I can say is, the next time Juno ruffles thee, O Jupiter, try the weed."*

*- Edward George Bulwer-Lytton, 1st Baron Lytton*



***Let me see your pipe face! The KPC goes urban for an Edinburgh nicht out.***



***Further to our call for 'subvertised' signs in Chaps' Corner, Volume 2 Issue 7; that very helpful anarchist chappie Major Bedd has sent in a couple of signs that he has successfully 'subvertised' with a few deft brush strokes in his (obviously...) ample leisure time. This chap is an example to us all, well done Sir! One small step has been taken in restoring some sanity to our troubled world.***







## 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.*

### Bothy Culture & the KPC Navy!

Dear Matron,

What a splendid read Bothy Culture appears to be. I shall certainly be contacting the Colonel and exporting some money north of the Border; that is when I receive my pocket money from the lady of the Bothy.

Whilst on the subject of the Bothy - is there ever any other subject? - I am regrettably selling my Lakeland based Bothy to further a very fulfilling liaison with the Bothy lady who fails to understand Botheyism and thinks my time would be better spent doing double stitch or crocheting or whatever; this should cause a good few discussions as we progress through life with glass in hand.

The thought occurred to me, that as escapism will be on the cards, for her grand plans do not include the aforesaid discussion subject, why not transfer my Bothy habits to a water based site i.e. a boat. I have my boat and only there can I sit and ruminate, (and urinate), or cruise and ogle the fine feathers of the local wild life promenading the tow path. At the moment the briar is banned from the said piece of 'Tupperware' but I should soon have the petrol leak fixed whereupon my position will be identified by a large and voluminous cloud of Latakia laden briar smoke.

I digress. The thought occurred to me that as the vessel is currently un-named I might christen it "Kearvaig PC", a name which is bound to bring me new acquaintances as the canal side inhabitants are a nosey lot and cannot refrain from asking questions. So, if you have no objection that will be the boat's given name.

On another subject, I have given much thought to the SG website, and not wanting to offend you, for fear of future reprisals, I have given the job to a bunch of lads and lasses in Kendal who have just set up shop to produce websites. As I said, I hope that no offence has been taken as none is intended. Thank you for giving it thought on your journey north from Kendal.

For now Matron, it is farewell and hopefully talk again soon whether it be cyber or actual.

Best regards and "May your smoke continue to rise",

Bob Gregory

*Dear Bob,*

*Splendid to hear from, you as ever, old chap. I too hope that it is a good read - as I'm featured in said tome - so I hope the Colonel has captured my best side, especially since my dueling irons are in the pawnbrokers just now.*

*Always a sad day to hear of the demise of a chap's bothy. My condolences Sir, but best wishes to you and to the lady of the bothy. However, your cunning aqueous scheme has merits, as one slight problem with most bothies is that they are rather static. Therefore, a mobile bothy seems a splendid idea, particularly when spreading the word to the ignorant fisher-folk along the canal. Once your high-octane seepage has been stemmed, I'm sure the local inquisitors will flock to your pipe-sermon, attracted by your beguiling scent wafting from the craft and learn a great deal. Or maybe they will leave as ignorant as whence they came...*

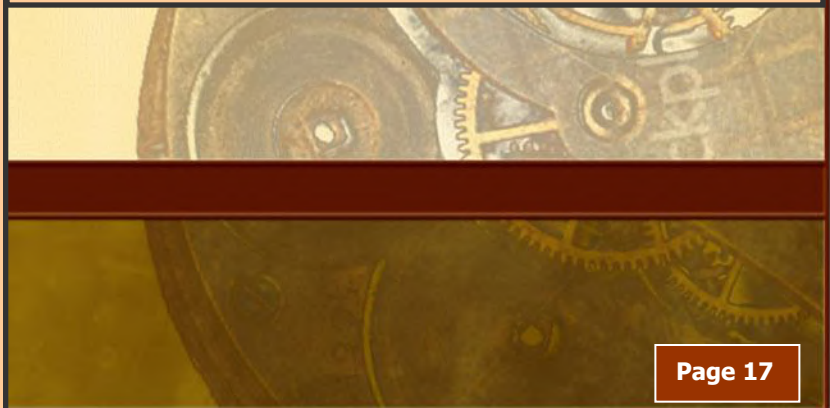
*Of course any bothy, floating or otherwise should have a name. To this end I'm sure all club members would be most honoured to have our 'trademark' adorning your fine vessel; thank you Sir. Since we now have a navy, I would like to moot the idea of a naming ceremony, with invited guests only of course? May I be so bold to suggest Navy Flake from a local Kendal tobacco company as an appropriate blend for the ceremony? But as Captain of the vessel I would of course defer, ultimately, to your choice of blend. The malt, however, will definitely be my responsibility!*

*As for the website thingy, absolutely no offence taken whatsoever. These things are, occasionally, best left to the professionals, although I hope that the colourful day of the plucky British amateur is not over yet! Besides, it is always more comfortable for a chap to be a critical observer than the observed, as I have learned from running our club website: ten-a-penny popinjays hiding in dark corners of cyberspace seem to exist solely to make the life of a Pipe Club Editor more trying than it needs to be; blaggards! I do hope that the Kendal cyber-wizards conjure some suitable magic. I will watch with interest. Perhaps one day some whizz-kid will invent the 'scratch and sniff' website and when that day comes I'm sure SG sales will explode overnight. Food for thought methinks.*

*I hope to converse soon too, not least about a 'club blend', but In the meantime may I wish you a very happy semi-retirement.*

*Sincerely,*

*Matron*





## Club News

### KPC business cards now available!

Those clever (*if a tad pushy, Ed.*) chaps at Vistaprint do a spiffing line in business cards for the discerning KPC chap. Why not get yours done and keep a stash in your wallet for those occasions when passing your pipe club credentials is simply *essential*?

Costs vary due to Vistaprint's bamboozelments, but they are roughly £11.00 per 250. Details from Sergeant Matron.

#### *Example business card front:*

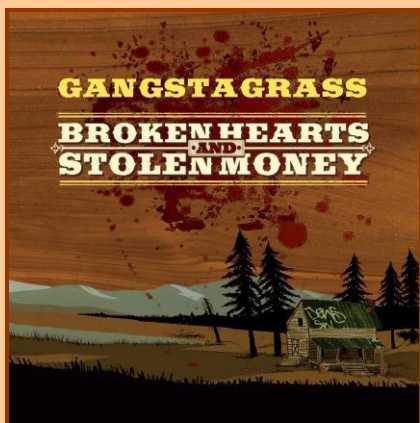


#### *Example business card back:*



### BOTHY MUSIC: NEW GANGSTAGRASS ALBUM

Those badass bluegrass-hip-hop maestros Gangstagrass that have fuelled many a bothy night are releasing a new album: '*Broken Hearts and Stolen Money*' on 28<sup>th</sup> January 2014. Keep an eye on <http://gangstagrass.com/shows/> for details and a pre-listen.



## 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.

## Ron-Squad's Top Tips



1. If you have a tobacco that you wish to keep in a tobacco jar or tin for some time, wrap a slice of fresh potato in some kitchen towel making a sort of tea bag shape and pop that in too. It will prevent the tobacco drying out. Change it every couple of weeks.
2. If you buy Clan tobacco, make sure you are buying it for someone else, preferably someone you don't like...

### STOP PRESS: NEW LONG PLAYER FROM MR. B THE GENTLEMAN RHYMER



The pioneer of 'Chap-hop' unleashes his new tunes for all you chap-hopping young blades out there!

<http://www.gentlemanrhymer.com/>