



'Briar & Bothies'

The newsletter of
THE KEARVAIG PIPE CLUB



A Strathdearn Smokefest - Pipes Smoked at Fearna Bothy, 22/03/14

Fearna bothy

Fearna bothy is a 'flat-pack' type bothy common in the barren, over-managed, mono-culture grousemoor country of the northern Monadhliath Mountains. The intel was patchy on whether or not the bothy was equipped with a stove, so it was a relief when the advance guard - consisting of Bingae and Matron - topped the brow of the hill to see the welcome sight of a chimney, as snow was already blowing in the wind.

This was the first day of Dazbo and the Colonel's week-long BMX-tour of the Central Highlands and they arrived somewhat hungry and parched after the push up from Carrbridge railway station. Fortunately, the bothy was logtastic, and with 10kg of Fife gold the stove was soon roaring away, despite a missing door, which Dazbo reported was in the shed of an estate Gamey (*A disagreeable feature in these parts... Ed.*) that had stopped the chaps to question their objective. We surmised, correctly, that the Gamey would pay us a visit the following morning, but we were well on our way down the glen as he drove up for an interrogation that was successfully parried with: Bothy name, rank and beerial number.

Putting aside the trials and tribulations of the northern Monad bothier, it was down to business and it was pleasing to see stout Carradice pannier bags put to such good use as a vast array of liquid refreshments was soon disembarked. The Colonel, wanting to travel light (*i.e. to make way for more beer, Ed.*) had opted to take only single baccy, namely GL Pease 'Gaslight' as his road-blend for the week. A good choice, but fortunately Matron had his usual baccy pile so variety was guaranteed for the first night at least.

A bottle of the fine Islay malt 'Bowmore' helped Bingae into his bag only just past the witching hour, but a road-weary Dazbo fell foul of the fresh air, Bowmore and green-aromatic to earn a rare Coonsilling, as the accompanying pictures reveal.

A bright, crisp and snowy morning woke the bleary-eyed and questions were raised as to how the BMX Bandits would fair after a week of such intense eyeling bothying... **Cont. p.2**



Fearna review score (out of 5)

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

"A mind is like a parachute. It doesn't work if it is not open."
 - Frank Zappa

A Strathdearn Smokefest, cont.

The Bothy Table



OUCH! First night on the road and Dazbo earns a severe Coonsilling...



Oh Lordy! It's a pity that helmet doesn't have a full face visor to hide that 'lip-creature'...



NOW SHOW ME YOUR PIPE FACE!



A Bowl with a Shropshire Lad

By Sergeant Matron

Chance Encounter of the best kind...

Occasionally on one's travels a chap has a chance encounter that re-kindles one's faith in Humanity. And so it was to be on one sunny April morn. I was motoring along the A49 enroute for a visit to the UK Spaceguard Centre (see p.6) when I spotted out of the corner of my eye a chap sitting quietly by the adjacent Shropshire Union - Llangollen Canal, enjoying his pipe. After doubling back after a mile or so, I left the car on the verge and ventured across the road to the edge of the canal to bid the serene-looking fellow good morning. After suggesting that I join him for a bowl he instructed me to walk back down the road, cross the bridge and come back along the canal towpath.

After a short walk along the towpath I was warmly welcomed to Quoisley Lock by 70-year old Ken Southern, a pipe smoker of 50+ years. As part of his introduction Ken lamented that he could only get hold of Condor or St. Bruno these days - *"And that after a 7-mile round-trip walk to Whitchurch."* - so he did not waste any time filling his bowl with some of the excellent *McClelland's Frog Morton Cellar* that I happened to have on my personage. Although residing just inside the Shropshire border, Ken was obviously not a Salopian by birth, and his accent revealed his Widnes (meaning 'Wide Nose' from the Danish 'Vid' and 'Noese') origins as when asked his opinion regarding 'the Cellar' his simple reply was: *"Loovely"*.

Ken lives on a smallholding at Quoisley Bridge and during the summer months he wheels his barrow down to the lock to sell home-grown vegetables, free-range eggs (hen, duck, quail, and turkey), logs and kindling to canal folk as they navigate the lock. After 40 years working on a chemical plant where having a bowl was not easy - *"Sloshing highly flammable solvents like toluene about makes having a sly bowl difficult."* - Ken can just sit and smoke himself daft all day whilst watching the world go by. I'm sure readers will agree that as retirement plans go Ken's is not half bad - *"So long as I've got enough to keep me in baccy..."*

Quoisley Lock & Canal Culture

Apart from being an idyllic spot for a smoke (if one ignores the noise from the A49; (*"The A-forty-swine"* according to Ken) Quoisley Lock No 11 is a minor waterways place on the Shropshire Union Canal (Llangollen Canal - Main Line) between Whitchurch Branch Junction (Junction of Whitchurch Branch with Llangollen Canal) (3 miles and 4 furlongs and 8 locks to the south) and Marbury Lock No 10 (Marbury village ½ a mile south) (1 mile and 5 furlongs to the east). Quoisley lock has a rise of 6f 0in. Er, yes...

Cont. p.4

Gentleman of the canal: Ken 'Merlin' Southern.



***"Salopian born and bred, long in the arm and thick in the head."
- Anon., Gently derogatory saying about folk from Shropshire.***

A Bowl with a Shropshire Lad cont.

The Llangollen is a narrow canal with Quoisley Lock being only 7ft wide. As well as peddling his wares and smoking his pipe, Ken helps with operating the lock when the surprisingly large number of boats come and go. Striding purposefully, pipe in mouth and windlass in hand, he demonstrated raising and lowering the paddles to let water in and out of the lock before operating the gates. Although more of an 'old railway' chap myself, I did find my canal initiation absolutely fascinating. Canal etiquette should be top of the agenda for all canal users but I learned that it is often abused. When Ken's eyes narrowed to slits and his teeth gripped firmly on his pipe, even a greenhorn such as me could discern that the boat approaching had not quite kept to the code...

Canals have seen a renaissance over the last couple of decades. The traffic is now almost all leisure based but people also live on their narrow boats and Ken explained much about such 'canal folk', including, sadly, rogues who use the canal network to get up to no good. Indeed, Ken used to operate an honesty box system for his produce but it was plundered more than once, so he now sits patiently on his lock-side stump as salesman and pipe-puffing sentinel.

Canal-side Wildlife

Sitting quietly by a canal yields many rewards for the patient and observant chap. Ken pointed out the yellow wagtail's nest built in one of the lock gates - "*Last year some tourist idiot, not keeping to the code, knocked the eggs out of the nest by banging the gates shut.*" - and told me of his love of Herons and one in particular 'Bernard' who returns each year to fish in the reeds just down from the lock. As we re-charged our bowls a buzzard mewed overhead and a pair of goldfinches chattered in the tree above. Ken also reported sighting his first swallow of the year a few days previous and the fact that there are many swallow's nests underneath Quoisley bridge.

'The Old Ways'

Of course the history of the UK canal network is ancient, with some dating back to Roman times. However, the principal canal network as we know it today really got underway in the mid 18th Century peaking in the mid-19th Century at well over 4,000 miles of navigation, of which more than half were canals. The primary purpose of all this amazing engineering was to move goods. In fact for heavy, bulk and non-perishable goods such as coal, the canal remains *the* most efficient (in terms of fuel used) means of transport. Of course in todays rush the canal is now sadly under-utilized and even the most moronic oaf could not miss the irony of the lorries thundering along the A49 right next to a canal full of booze-cruisers...

Ken and I spent some time swapping stories of '*The Old Ways*'. When he pointed out the date '1963' embossed in one of the lock gates - "*That was the year of The Great Train Robbery*", - I pointed out that that was also the year of the infamous '*Reshaping of British Railways*' report by Dr. Richard Beeching. Of course it was the railways that largely usurped canals and the roads that have since usurped the railways; such is the sorry tale of (dis)integrated transport in the UK...

Farewell

Sadly, my lock-side visit came to an end all too soon, as I had to leave for my appointment with a chap who is doing his bit to save the planet.

It was simply a joy to converse thus with a brother of the briar, whilst puffing away on our pipes, next to the canal on a sunny spring morning. I left the remainder of '*The Cellar*' with Ken and it was heart-warming to see his eyes light up in appreciation. I think you'll agree that this story is a fine example of how appreciation of briar and leaf bring folk together. We parted as friends. **Cont. p.5**

Ken's bothy name: 'Merlin'

A fine Spring day: Merlin & I enjoy a bowl of the good stuff...



***"And malt does more than Milton can to justify God's ways to Man."
— A.E. Housman, from: 'A Shropshire Lad'.***

A Bowl with a Shropshire Lad *Cont.*



*"Far in a western brookland
That bred me long ago
The poplars stand and tremble
By pools I used to know."
- A.E. Housman, from: 'A Shropshire Lad'.*

It Takes a Pipe Smoker to Save the Planet!

By Sergeant Matron

Near Earth Objects (NEOs)

How many times have you heard someone utter the glib platitude: "*There's more chance of the Earth getting hit by an asteroid than **that** happening!*"? Well, as I'm sure KPC members will be aware, this assertion is optimistically inaccurate, as the Earth getting hit by debris from outer space is a daily occurrence. It's just that the 150 tonnes or so of stuff that slams into our atmosphere each day is very small and does not present a problem. Take meteor showers for example, they are simply dust left over from comets with the average shooting-star being about the size of a grain of sand.

Once in a while, however, something sizeable comes our way and that can be bad news for our fragile little planet and possible extinction (e.g. the dinosaurs) for the flora and fauna that resides on the third rock from the Sun; except perhaps for the Cockroaches and Tardigrades. It is also thought that the Briar root (*Erica arborea*) would also be a contender for survival after a NEO event, but if the entire world's pipe smokers had been wiped-out by an asteroid what would be the point of that? Just have a wee think, dear reader, about that scenario as you puff away on a bowl of your favourite blend; it could be your last...

Pipe Smoker on a Mission

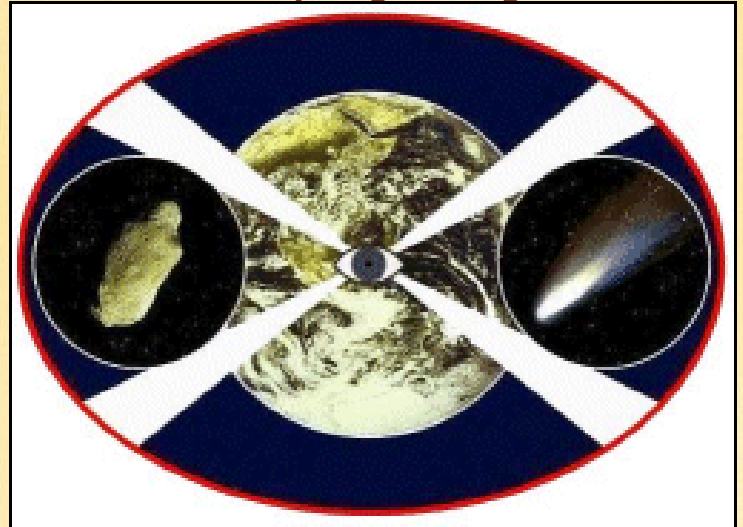
Obviously it will come as no surprise to KPC members that when the chips are down the essential qualification of a chap who is set on saving the planet from destruction by a NEO is that he is a pipe smoker. One can forget Bruce Willis and all his Diehard-Armageddon-Hollywood-claptrap. Yes dear reader, whether it's commanding a battleship or running a planet-saving observatory, a chap's mettle ultimately stems from his dedication to his pipe & leaf...

After listening to a fascinating programme: '*The Great Space Hunt*' on Radio 4, dealing with NEOs, my pinnae pricked-up as the presenter introduced a chap - to the accompanying and unmistakable sound of a Zippo lighter being repeatedly 'clacked' - as "*the UK's leading expert on NEOs and an avid pipe smoker.*" There was only one thing for it: a trip to The Spaceguard Centre down in the Welsh Borders for a chat with this fascinating fellow. A brief flurry of e-mails clinched the deal and a sojourn to the Welsh Borders was hastily arranged.

The UK Spaceguard Centre, Knighton Powys, Wales, 11th April 2014, 15:00 UTC

Enter 58-year old Major Jay Tate (Retd.), Director of the UK Spaceguard Centre. The Major - a splendid fellow - is a serious chap on a serious mission who takes his NEOs *very* seriously. In fact he even has an asteroid named after him: '*15116 Jaytate*' after a deserved recommendation from the Spacewatch project based at Kitt Peak observatory, Arizona. I felt humbled; it is not everyday that you meet a chap who has got a bit of space rock between Jupiter and Mars bearing his mark! The Major also smokes a pipe, seriously; although his choice of tobacco may cause some readers to raise a quizzical eyebrow skywards, as we will see in due course. **Cont. p.7**

The Spaceguard logo



The Spaceguard Centre



It Takes a Pipe Smoker to Save the Planet!

Cont.

The Spaceguard centre sits atop a hill at 417m overlooking the market town of Knighton in the Welsh Borders. From the hill, there is a 360° panoramic view and the area is also renowned for its lack of light pollution, making it an ideal site for star-gazing. Although the project known as 'Spaceguard UK' was founded in 1996, The Spaceguard Centre (formerly an observatory) was officially opened on 19th September 2001 by the legendary Sir Patrick Moore, himself a pipe smoker for a while before he took up the monocle full-time on the grounds that his monocle face was more menacing than his pipe face.

The aims of the Spaceguard Project are as follows:

- To promote and encourage British activities involving the discovery and follow-up observations of Near Earth Objects.
- To promote the study of the physical and dynamic properties of asteroids and comets, with particular emphasis on Near Earth Objects.
- To promote the establishment of an international, ground based surveillance network (the Spaceguard Project) for the discovery, observation and follow-up study of Near Earth Objects.
- To provide a national United Kingdom information service to raise public awareness of the Near Earth Object threat, and technology available to predict and avoid dangerous impacts.
- To promote simultaneous pipe smoking and telescope operation. (*I think that one sounds a tad spurious, Ed.*)

I opted for the official tour of the centre and the Major oozed knowledge and enthusiasm as he explained the origin of stars, planets, comets, asteroids and meteors. It turns out that the main reason that we Humans are so ill-prepared for a big slap from an NEO is down to Isaac Newton (*Never really liked the cut of Newton's jib, what with all that playing with fruit in the orchard nonsense, Ed.*) as he told us that the Solar System and all the stuff floating about up there obeyed strict laws and was entirely predictable. Newton went unchallenged essentially until Humans managed to get into space and take a wee peep back at Mother Earth. Lo and behold we started to look at things a little differently then, and as the Major pointed out: *"You only have to look at The Moon to see the crater damage and therefore how many substantial objects there are up there that have come pretty close to us."*

The Major went on to explain that when we find a NEO that is on a collision course with Earth there are things that we can do in mitigation:

1. Do nothing, cross your fingers fill your bowl, smoke yourself daft and hope some Astrophysicist somewhere got his sums wrong.
2. Send Bruce Willis into space with a nuclear weapon to blow the NEO up (*Preferably with Mr. Willis on it, Ed.*). The problem with the Hollywood 'badass approach' is that we could turn one NEO into lots of NEOs and cause even more damage i.e. turn a single bullet into a shotgun blast.
3. Modify the NEOs orbit by giving it a nudge using say a spacecraft, laser beam or let off a firework or two nearby just to change the beast's orbit as only a slight nudge is required if the NEO is a long way from Earth when we act. **Cont. p.8**

Mission Control: Major Jay Tate (Retd.), Director, The Spaceguard Centre.



It Takes a Pipe Smoker to Save the Planet!

Additionally, the Editorial Team at B&B has formulated a helpful suggestion: Rely on worldwide 'mass pipe-pointing' at the incoming NEO in the hope that a slight change in the Earth's gravitational field would be just enough to nudge the blighter off course. This would take some organizing as pipe chaps do suffer terribly from 'individualitis', but with enough co-ordination and promises of free baccy something could surely be sorted out to save mankind? Of course this option remains untried, but is probably better than option 1 above and certainly cheaper than options 2 and 3, (*And there's still a good chance that Bruce Willis won't make it, Ed.*)... Besides, "PIPE SMOKERS RALLY TO SAVE THE PLANET!" would make a splendid headline and maybe once our collective value has been appreciated perhaps Pipe Smoking will be taught in schools again, like it was when I was a lad! Of course the main impediment to this theory is the fact that the Pipe Smoking community would never agree on what blend and pipe would be best for the task in hand. Something to ponder over your next bowl perhaps..?

Pipe Smoking Career

After the official tour The Major and I sat in his kitchen for a bowl and a chat. Prior to my visit I had wondered what The Major's weapon of choice would be and I have to say that it came as little surprise that he smoked a straight Falcon with dental bit. It would not be too much a leap of the imagination to figure that The Major could deflect a NEO just by looking at it sternly when clenching said Falcon firmly in a determined jaw. To my undisguised horror, however, a Zippo *cigarette* lighter was deployed as The Major's primary source of ignition. When challenged as to this shocking state of affairs, he simply shrugged and explained that he had indeed: "*Burnt out a few bowls over the years*". Silently I thought that sponsorship of the Spaceguard Centre by Falcon Pipes was not likely to happen any time soon...

A self-confessed "*utilitarian-smoker*", The Major explained that he has been puffing away on his pipe since 1973. Whilst on a Kibbutz that year, his then girlfriend avariciously coveted his cigarette ration, but to sweeten the deal she bought him a pipe as a replacement. (*If only all girlfriends were so enlightened, eh chaps!, Ed.*)

The Major has led a colourful career, including a 26 year stint in the Army (where a pragmatic CO once told him *not* to stop smoking as he wanted to know what was going on and the smokers 'sin-bin' was where all the best gossip was...) serving chiefly with the Royal Artillery in air defence, i.e. shooting down aeroplanes with surface-to-air-missiles. I also wondered if he had adopted the same principles involved in his earlier career for his pipe smoking: where the bowl is analogous to the missile i.e. disposable and the rest of the pipe is the merely the launcher?

Today his offensive capabilities are slightly downgraded to a 12-gauge for the local rabbits – "*They make bloody holes in the ground that the visiting kids twist their ankles in. Besides it gives the Buzzards and Red Kites a free lunch.*" An unusual yet effective approach to raptor conservation methinks, although not quite so beneficial for the dear old Brer and friends though!

Cont.

So what does The Major load his Falcon with I hear you ask? Well dear reader, I'm afraid to report that The Major's current blend was '*Mellow Virginia RR*'. He explained that this was out of: "*Economic necessity and what was stocked by his local news vendor and I hate St. Bruno.*", to which I explained that due to the extortionate tax these days even fine-quality artisan tobaccos are more-or-less the same price as OTCs. I guess when you are busy looking into space most of the time the minutiae on *Terra firma* could go unnoticed, so this proved to be useful information. In fact, during our chat I produced a substantial bag of Samuel Gawith's Best Brown Flake and offered it to The Major as a gift for being such a top chap in agreeing to my visit. This was gratefully received and hopefully will be sufficient in nudging his trajectory just enough to enable a re-discovery of fine tobaccos.

Cont p.9

The Major, using his trusty Falcon to great effect, points out a meteor fragment.



It Takes a Pipe Smoker to Save the Planet!

Cont.

The Future

The Spaceguard Centre will be getting a new bastard-sized telescope as part of 'Project Drax', "*All projects here are named after Bond Villians...*", that will greatly enlarge the coverage of the sky that can be monitored for NEOs. The building work has already started and the telescope has been procured from an old Cambridge observatory. Although a smoking lounge is not part of the project, I felt that a small donation was in order on behalf of the KPC, to which The Major was very grateful for: "*That'll buy us forty bricks!*"

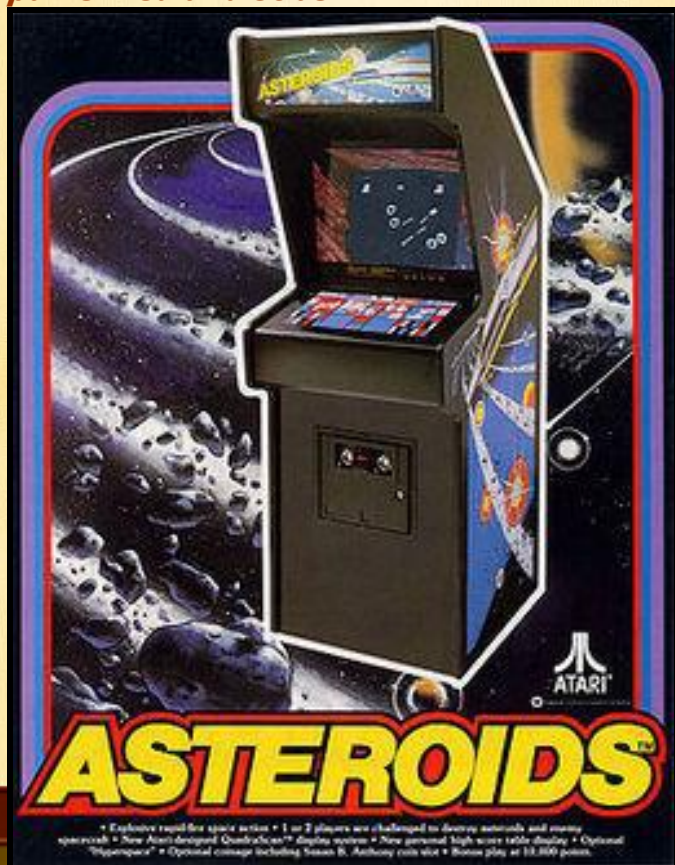
The Major has also splendidly agreed to be the KPC's very own 'Space Correspondent' and we look forward to any news on the NEO front as well as updates on his personal tobacco rehabilitation. Members will also be pleased to note that The Major has been bestowed honorary life-membership of the KPC (*Pending approval at the 2014 AGM of course, Ed.*) for: "Services to pipe smoking and NEO stuff."

I would like to take this opportunity to thank The Major for being game enough for this interview, his knowledge, courtesy, time and tireless efforts into keeping the Earth safe for the next generation of pipe smokers.

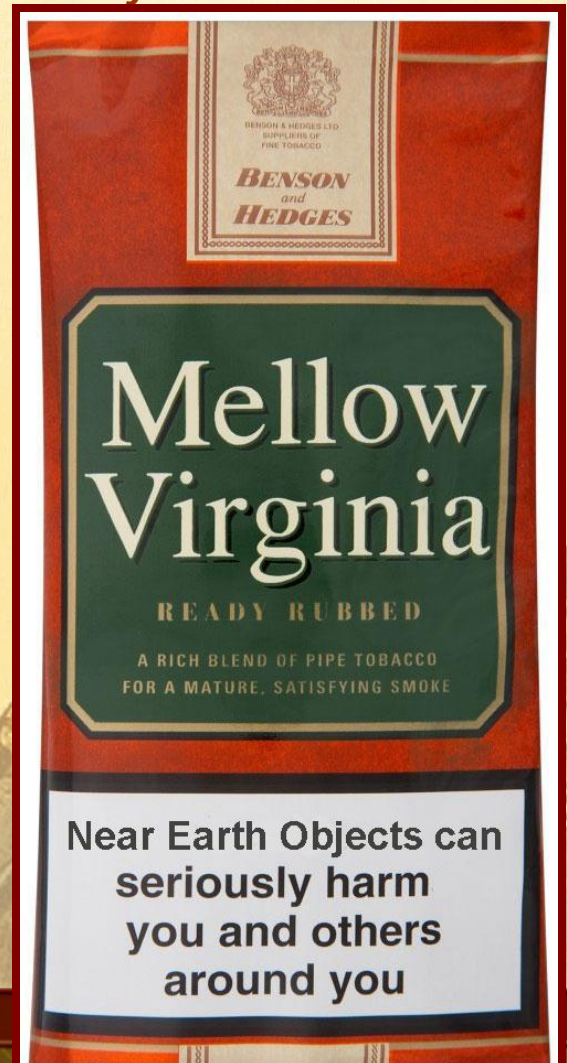
The Major's bothy name: 'Major As/teroid', KPC Space Correspondent.

Further reading: www.spaceguardcentre.com

Being of a certain vintage, The Major is a Jedi Master of retro arcade games. If, however, you end up in the pub with him and are offered to play for pints, best advice is to decline, as you will literally be pulverized and sober!



The Major's current smoke...



"I don't want to be the embarrassment of the galaxy to have had the power to deflect an asteroid, and then not and end up going extinct. We'd be the laughingstock of the aliens of the cosmos if that were the case."

- Neil deGrasse Tyson.

EXTREME PIPE SMOKING

Jason McDonald: Kilt-wearer, Gator-wrestler, Pipe-smoker.

We would like to give a big KPC welcome to Jason 'Gator-wrestler' McDonald, 33, from Aurora, Colorado, USA. Whilst most chaps opt for sitting in their favourite armchair to enjoy their preferred blend, Jason prefers to sit on his favourite Alligator (*Alligator mississippiensis*). Yes chaps, Jason is a pipe-smoking-Gator-wrestler, which we think you'll agree takes the noble art of Extreme Pipe Smoking to new heights!

Having an interest in reptiles and wanting to own a pet Caiman (*Caiman crocodilus*), Jason went down to his local Gator farm where they were holding Gator wrestling courses, so he just piled-in and has been hooked ever since: "I don't own any gators myself but I did get to name a big female we have at the farm (Boom) and she shares a pond with a large male gator. I only keep snakes and a bird at my home." After switching from being a cigar smoker to a pipe smoker he combined both his passions and his unique brand of Extreme Pipe Smoking was born. Good effort Sir!

Jason has about twenty pipes, and he likes his Churchwarden, big chunky straight briars and Missouri Meerschaum Corn Cobs. When in the mud with the reptiles Jason says: "Something small is best when working with the gators and having a pipe. I like my cobs mostly when working with gators because they aren't expensive in case one falls into the water and I'm not overly worried about them getting dinged up." Wise words we think you'll agree, and sagely advice for any members thinking about a similar adjunct to their pipe smoking...

Although being relatively new to the pipe, Jason has some definite thoughts on the all-important question of tobacco selection for his reptilian wrangles: "My favorite baccys right now are Boswell's Northwoods, Countryside and Pipers Pleasure. I also really like a local blend called Dolphin from Edwards. The best baccy for Gators is Boswell's Northwoods or Countryside they have that camping/ being outdoors taste to them." That sounds like a great choice and unless a chap has been close to a Gator for a bowl who are we to argue!?

Cont. p.11



Unless you have a garden pond do not try this at home.



"Don't taunt the alligator until after you've crossed the river..."
- Anonymous, but very wise man.

EXTREME PIPE SMOKING

Although I think it's fair to say that whilst Herpetologists are thin on the ground within KPC ranks, most members are astute enough to realise that Gators have large mouths and lots of teeth, and therefore are capable of inflicting some unpleasant lacerations at the very least. When asked about the dangers of his branch of Extreme Pipe Smoking Jason says: *"I've never been bitten but I was around for a bad face bite that happened when we were filming a show for Discovery Channel called Wreckreation Nation. Also I was around when one of my friends got bit on the thigh by a 10 ft gator. I've only ever suffered cuts and bruises."* Of course the down side to this heroism is that it could give the 'antis' some decent ammunition when it comes to saying that pipe smoking is bad for your health; but what do those mincers know, eh?

When away from his hobby, Jason likes to relax with his pipe-smoking girlfriend (*Some chaps have all the luck! Ed.*), and his day job is at the Crematory, which, dare one say, (*But hopefully not, of course, Ed.*) could be handy if things went awry down at the Gator farm!

Jason is proud of his Irish and Scottish heritage and as you will have seen in the pictures his favoured attire is a heavy-duty kilt when mixing it up with the gators. In fact, he is sponsored by The Highland Kilt Company www.highlandkilt.com which at least covers his baccy costs.

Although he has never been to Scotland Jason says: *"I've been to Ireland but never Scotland. I would love to get over to Scotland. With a last name like McDonald I know it's in my blood."* I think the Editorial team at B&B is safe in saying that a chap able to enjoy a pipe whilst taking on a Gator would be welcome round the bothy table at a KPC moot any time!

Hell of an ashtray Jason!

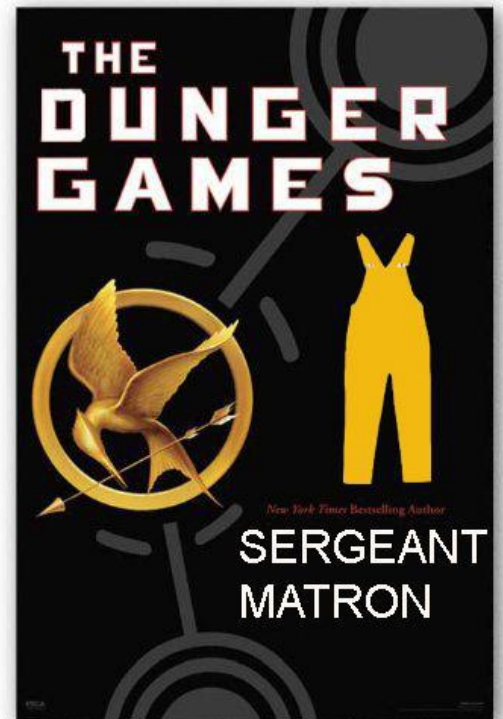


Sron Garbh: Smokefest at Scotland's Premier Hillbilly Shack, 19-20/04/14

It is the weekend of the first Sunday after the full-moon following the Spring equinox and the weekend where a dwindling band of swivel-eyed folks celebrate superstitions of a mythical son of a supernatural deity rising from the dead and the rolling back of boulders from cave entrances. It is also the weekend whence people who have a penchant for driving about in second gear towing their houses behind them come out to play, thus clogging up the turnpikes of our green and pleasant land.

As an antidote to the above irritations, the KPC has decreed this weekend the weekend of **'THE DUNGER GAMES'**. Yes dear reader, if you despair at the mythology and bad driving options, why not pack your sack and run to the hills for more agreeable activities such as: eating fine foods, drinking fine whisky, throwing stones at beer cans and of course, smoking fine tobacco, all whilst wearing bib 'n' brace overalls? Then let the games commence!

The venue to this year's games was the remote shack known as Sron Garbh (*Gaelic for 'Shack of the Hillbillies', Ed.*). There are many approaches to the mysterious hollow that is home to 'The Garbh', none of them straightforward. Indeed, some would say it's a *sumbitch* to get to, whichever way you choose. Once at the hallowed ground though, the wayfarer is rewarded by rare comforts of sprung beds, cool running water and a whisky spring. The only company apart from one's *muchachos* are the Golden Eagles soaring on-high, as 'The Garbh' most definitely no place for ODKs. Sanctuary! **Cont. p.13**



The bo's: Happier 'n' a possum in the corn crib with the dawgs tied up!



Sron Garbh: Smokefest at Scotland's Premier Hillbilly Shack, 19-20/04/14 **Cont.**

The 2014 Dunger Games were sponsored by Cornell & Diehl.

After a 3-hour walk in, under cloudless skies, the assorted hillbillies found that the porch of this fine shack lying in a twisted heap, having been destroyed in the winter storms. Every cloud has a silver lining however, as this would ensure enough firewood in-situ for at least another aeon or two.

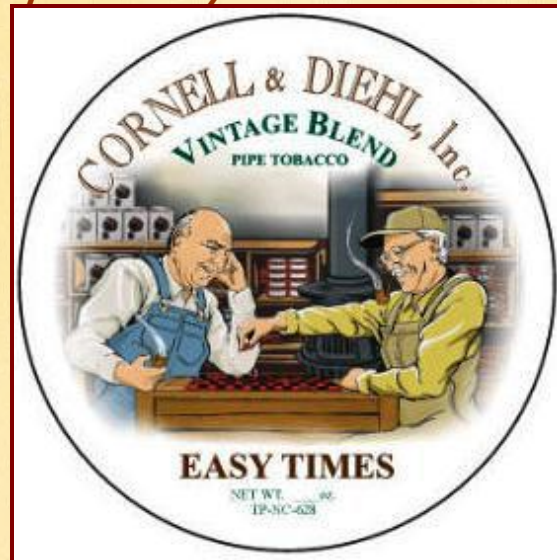
Fresh water from the 'hobo-grail' was passed around solemnly marking the start of The Dunger Games. The diminutive pot-belly stove, whilst efficient, made 'bothy pizza' a challenge, but after some neat metalwork - that Cooter would have been proud of - from the Colonel, the Dunger Gamers did not go hungry. The culmination of the games was 'hobo-darts' where Dazbo confirmed that he is indeed related to the late, great, Jockey Wilson. Bingae had hauled in some Islay firewater that was so punchy that it could have fuelled The General Lee all the way down the mountain. Out of necessity, naturally, the gamers had to guzzle said firewater at half-time.

A vast array of pipe tobaccos including from this year's sponsor the superb 'Easy Times' - where anyone smoking said blend must wear bib 'n' brace overalls according to the tin label - were sampled throughout the games. The rest of the games, however, could be best described as a 'hobo-blur'... London 2012? Ha! For lightweights!

With the games over, the following morning was principally a case of several mythical beings of unknown origin rising from the dead. Maybe those swivel-eyed folks celebrating that weird stuff over the weekend may be onto something after all...

More pictures on p.14

Dazbo secures victory in the 'Hobo-darts'.



Dazbo does the Highland Hobo stomp.



HOLY SHEEEIITT! The Colonel wins - dunders-down – the hillbilly hat competition.

Only one thing for it (sadly...) when the going gets hot-up at The Dunger Games!








Bingae wins the air-banjo. (That's the only instrument he should be allowed anywhere near, Ed.)

Matron wins the Hillbilly-catfish-lip-weasel contest, by a whisker..



Sron Garbh review score (out of 5)

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

TOBACCO OF THE MONTH

Advertisements

Cornell & Diehl 'Easy Times'



From the manufacturer:

A blend that harkens back to porch settin' and checkers playin'. Red Virginia is combined with dark Kentucky Burley and a bit of Latakia for a classic, laid back American English mixture.

Review:

The tin (2oz) note is smoky and earthy. This ready rubbed tobacco is predominantly dark brown, dry, with a medium cut. It lights and burns well. The flavour - at least initially - is of chocolate and nuts with a creamy texture. The Latakia, whilst definitely present stays in the background and remains subtle throughout the bowl. A pleasant and unusual smoke that is hard to classify.

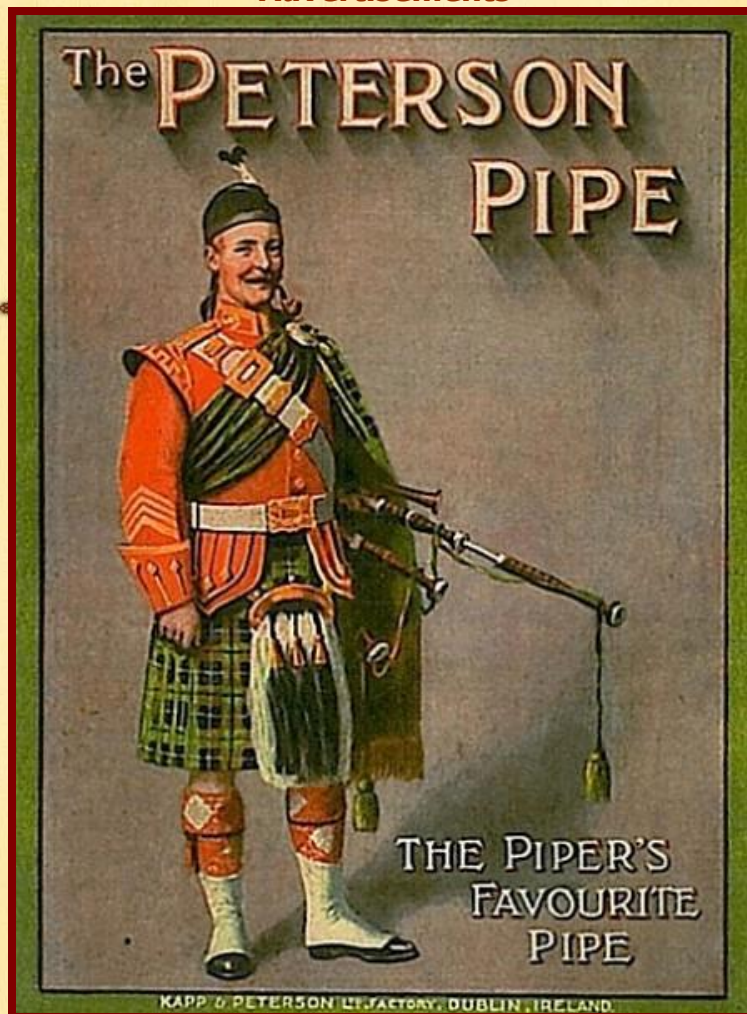
Strength:



Flavour:



Room note:



*"It was hypnotic, and then it was unsettling, and finally I became aware of another entity in my universe sitting on the shore two-hundred yards away, smoking a pipe."
 – Laurie R. King*

Pipe Babe of the Month

Before all you Pipe Babe pedants out there spit your briars out in supreme indignation, the B&B editorial team are aware that month's Pipe Babe is not actually smoking a pipe. However, our current definition of 'Pipe Babe' does not currently specify 'insufflation of a pipe' (if you want that rectified please raise the matter at the AGM). Therefore, we think that super-sexy (and super-sweaty) Sue-Ellen, merely working on her pipes qualifies, OK? Besides, we like trashy blondes, and as fit pipe-fitters go, we think you'll agree that she can handle a man-tool in a manner that would make even the most anal of pipe-pedants blow a gasket...



The adventures of SMOKERMAN!

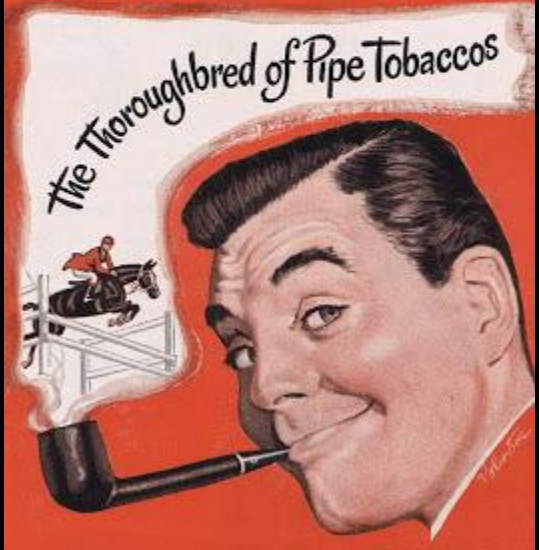
It's FAG smokers like YOU
 Nick O'Teen that are steering our
 kids away from the pleasures of
 the briar. Now get your
 sub-standard smokes OUT
 of MY face!



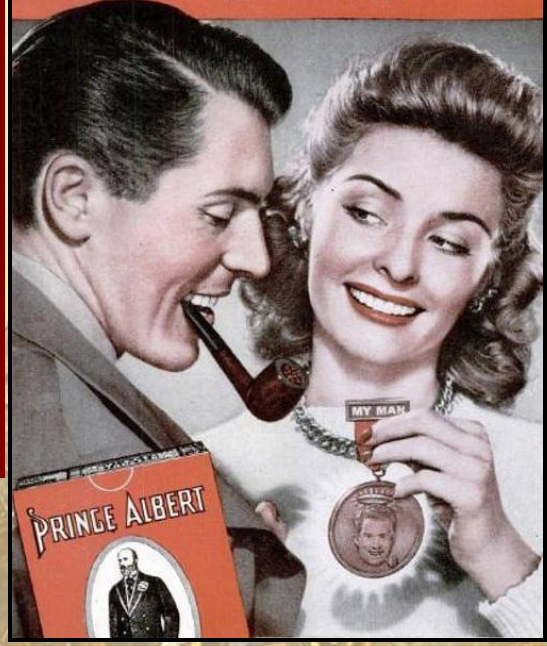
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Want a "pin-up" girl?



"When you don't hold your pipe with proper poise, smoking is very bad for your image."
 - Bauvard

The New Samuel Gawith/KPC T-shirt

As a result of our ongoing partnership with the splendid chaps at Samuel Gawith, the B&B editorial team are very pleased to announce that the new SG/KPC t-shirt is now available for KPC members.

The shirt pictured below is the super-stylish polo-shirt in black (note seams on actual shirt are black not white), but crew-neck and many other colours are also available. Our shirts are high quality, made to order (scrawny runt to Jabba-the-Hutt sized) and we think you'll agree with summer coming these shirts would be a fillip to the 'casual section' any KPC chap's wardrobe!

Prices: Polo = £20 +p&p Crew-neck T = £15 + p&p. To order your shirt contact Sergeant Matron.



"The true sign of intelligence is not knowledge but imagination."
- Albert Einstein.



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.

OUCH! Outdoor Knobber bite's back...

(Sent anonymously via the KPC website)

To whom it may concern,

I was doing a search for Kearvaig bothy when I stumbled across your website. I then read your article entitled 'Outdoor Knobber Watch' by Roberto Bodokun in your March 2014 club 'Newsletter' (Vol. 3 Iss. 2, pp.9-11), with a mixture of disgust and dismay. Who do you think you are printing such bilious and hurtful rubbish?

I, and many other folk - who you would no doubt denigrate to 'ODK status' - enjoy the way we walk in our hills and use our bothies. What gives you the right to judge people like us and literally blow smoke in our faces in bothies?

You also inserted sections of a post from the excellent forum on the walking website 'Walk Highlands' - a site where much useful information and camaraderie is shared amongst hillwalkers - and I found your 'analysis' of this deeply insulting. In fact, I have contacted the Walk Highlands website moderator as I believe you have breached this site's copyright! Maybe you will not be laughing so much when the lawyers are out to get you? What good will your ODK-O-Meter do you when you find yourselves in court!!!!?

Dear Miss Anonymous,

Thank you for your heartfelt correspondence regarding our occasional feature 'Outdoor Knobber Watch'. You are the first Outdoor Knobber to get in touch with the KPC, so a big KPC thank you for that also.

I was concerned to learn of your 'hurt and dismay', so please let me offer you a simple solution: cast off your walking poles and just stop being an ODK! It really is that simple. Additionally you could consider taking up the pipe and join us when we 'blow smoke in ODK faces in bothies'. As I'm sure you will be aware that bothies are for ALL, and it is perfectly legal to smoke a pipe in a bothy, regardless of what ODKs think or say. In fact, our members have even met ODKs in bothies that LIKE the smell of quality pipe tobacco, and once they've got over themselves, have even tried the pipe, often finding it very agreeable.

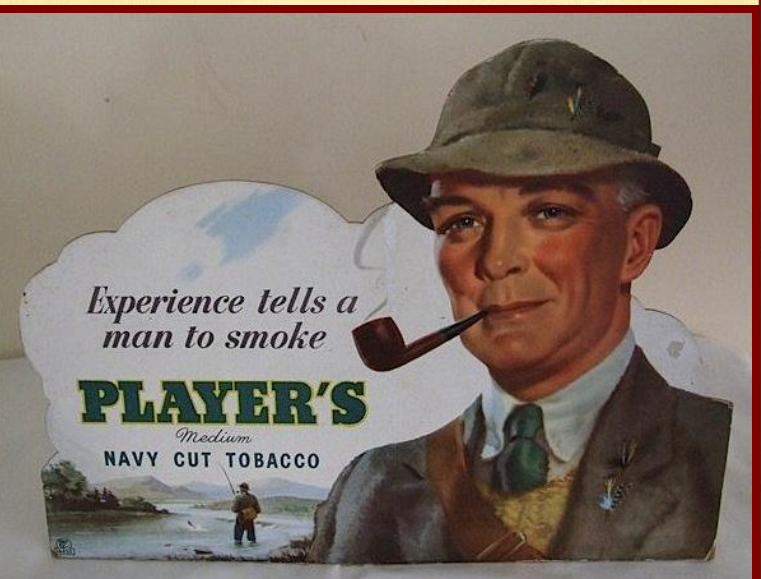
I fear reading your ill-judged assertions regarding lawyers, however, that you may be an ODK 'lifer' and will be consigned to a self-inflicted wilderness of self-flagellation, awful dried food and piss-poor bothy nights. This of course is your choice, but it doesn't have to be that way...

The KPC Outdoor Knobber-O-Meter will not be needed in court because we will not be in court. Trying to assert that some guff put on some mediocre ODK forum on the internet is copyright is beyond farcical. You'd have more luck in handing out speeding tickets at a Gran Prix!

As for your question "Who do you think you are. "; well quite simply, we are the KPC, your worst nightmare, and we're coming to a bothy near you soon...

Happy Outdoor Knobbering!

Sergeant Matron, KPC



***"Bothying: the Punk Rock of outdoor activities."
- Colonel Hydrocarbon, KPC, author of 'Bothy Culture'.***

CLUB NEWS

M.I.A.? No bother when you've got your KPC dog tags!

It is almost inevitable at sometime during a bothying chap's adventures that he may overindulge in the finer things in life. If you've ever woken up in a bothy after a *big one*, you will no doubt appreciate this. However, if you have taken the precaution of investing in some new KPC dog tags you will at least know who you are and what blend(s) you need for a full revival. They could also handy if one was rescued out in the hills.

See below for an example of this must have piece of KPC kit:

Front:



Back:



For your custom KPC dog tags simply contact the B&B editorial team for a quote. Prices vary as there are many styles and finishes available. While stocks last!

KPC Notices

KPC t-shirts available from the Editor at the bargain price of £13-38 + p&p.

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

Website: www.kearvaigpipeclub.co.uk

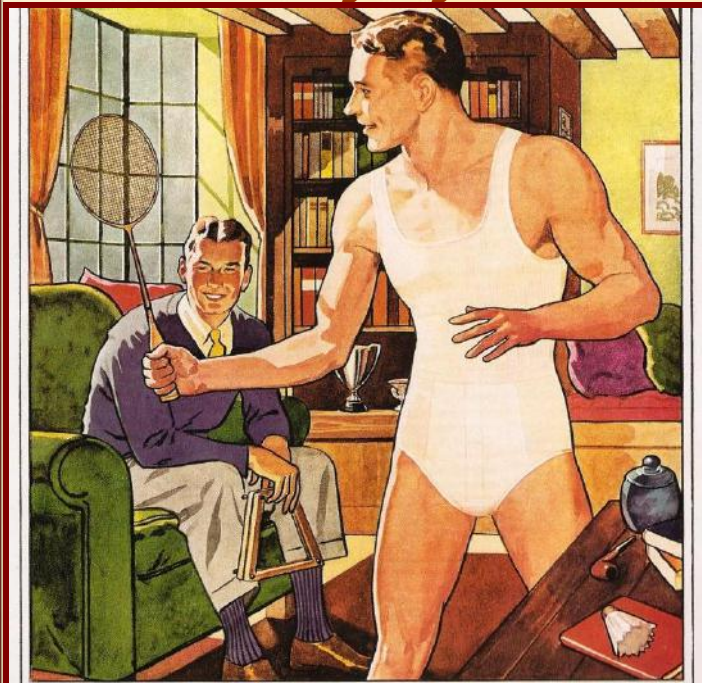
KPC Future Moots

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

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

Advertisement:

The KPC editorial team highly recommend the splendid 'Skit-Suit' range of underwear for all you young bothy-blades out there to cut a dash at any rudimentary shelter! Each set comes with a free fly swatter that could be useful during midge season.



THEY FEEL RIGHT—A WELL-BALANCED RACQUET AND THIS WELL-CUT *Skit-Suit*