



'Briar & Bothies'

The newsletter of
THE KEARVAIG PIPE CLUB



A Midsummer Smokefest: The Cuddie Brae, Newcraighall near Edinburgh, 21/06/14

Clockwise from the left: Ron-Squad, Matron, Plugugly & Allyby enjoy a few bowls & bevies.



The above picture says it all really. A splendid moot was had by the KPC chaps with Plugugly & Allyby seconded from the lively Pipe Smoker Unlimited forum. It has to be said that those PSU chaps know their baccy and they didn't mind sharing!

The cure for anything is SALTWATER: sweat, tears or the sea..."
- Isak Dinesen.

EXTREME PIPE SMOKING

BEEN THERE, DONE THAT, GOT THE KPC/SG T-SHIRT!

Having got his hands on his new KPC/SG t-shirt, our Colorado-based KPC member Jason 'Gator Wrestler' McDonald just couldn't wait to get back to the gator farm for a spot of extreme pipe smoking. Jason has reported to the B&B Editorial team that the high quality materials used in our club shirts (*a Kevlar version is currently under development for when Jason goes swimming with the beasts, Ed.*) performed well under some demanding conditions. The pictures below show Gator Wrestler in action and we think you'll agree that the addition of kilt and corn-cob pipe offset the club colours magnificently. Not only is Gator Wrestler a supreme Extreme Pipe Smoker but he sets a high sartorial bar too. Full marks Sir! **Cont. p.3**

Gator Wrestler keeps his new t-shirt at a safe distance from a big-ass gator preferring to risk losing an arm instead. Now that's dedication to one's pipe club!



*"Turn the goddam music up! My heart feels like an alligator!"
– Hunter S. Thompson.*

EXTREME PIPE SMOKING

Gator Wrestler shows us how a well-placed sporran could mean the difference between losing a piece of one's traditional attire as opposed to something a little harder to replace...



Advertisement

OUR ALLIGATOR PIPE RANGE:
"SOMETHING TO GET YOUR
TEETH INTO..."

www.savinelli.it/en

The advertisement features a collection of seven smoking pipes in various colors and finishes, including red, blue, green, and black. The Savinelli 1876 logo is prominently displayed in the top left corner. The background of the advertisement is a close-up of a watch movement.

Wine of the Month by Jimbo & Pluggy

Editorial note:

It has been brought (rather indignantly we are pleased to report, Ed.) to the attention of the KPC Editorial team that despite KPC members enjoying a range of alcoholic beverages during pipe club moots, B&B has, to date, been devoid of adult beverage reviews of any kind. As we like to accommodate members' concerns wherever possible, we have commissioned a couple of fine fellows who know their onions when it comes to pipes, baccy and indeed booze; namely fine wine.

*These chaps are to the world of wine what Bodie & Doyle are to organised crime and Ford Capris and they don't mind telling you about it! Yes dear reader, these chaps are Professionals and the only thing they do better than review wine is to swill the stuff; in vast quantities. Readers be warned however, if you ask these chaps a silly question not worthy of their inestimable knowledge of all things wine, be prepared for a dressing down. Yes, living in a state of permanent hangover means that fools will not be suffered gladly by our wino duo and their alter ego when it comes to the withering put-down is up there with the legendary Statler & Waldorf (of Muppets fame, Ed.). We hope you enjoy their reviews but you have been warned! **Cont.p.5***

Artist's impression: Our intrepid wino reviewers get a crucial tip and give it some welly!



**"Language is wine upon the lips."
- Virginia Woolf**

Wine of the Month cont.

Wine?

Surely that's some nasty foreign drink that those beastly Continental types swill along with their other disgusting habits I hear you cry. Not so - it's an ages old delight that British chaps have enjoyed throughout history. Indeed it's the duty of all genuine chaps to extract the maximum amount of gustatory pleasure by preserving the drinking habits of our history.

At Matron's invitation (deluded man) he's asked two of us (due to our vast, unchallengeable, extensive knowledge) to introduce this feature; firstly though to introduce ourselves:

'Pluggy':

This chap enjoyed a sophisticated weaning on to wine in the 1960's by mine-sweeping the family leftovers. His late mother could never finish a bottle of the fabled "Blue Nun", but even as a child Pluggy could. At Edinburgh Uni' in the early 70's he lived next to Valvona & Crolla, the iconic Italian deli and wine shop. In those days they had wines in large wooden barrels and would sell the likes of "Bull's Blood" by volume into any suitable vessel – such as an empty IRN BRU bottle or even a bucket! After a heavy transfusion of Bull's Blood, poor Pluggy once thought he was vomiting blood; he could easily have been, but in fact it was just the dark red of the wine, so fortunately he is still with us today to share his vast knowledge...

Like many others of his generation he adventured to Greece and suffered under the double coshes of "Retchina" and "Domestos". His wine drinking became even more sophisticated when a friend gave him a 10-quid membership to "The Wine Society". His wine interest waxed large when discovering that women are attracted to men who know about wine, even those as (Plug)ugly as he. In this regard you will see that as well as being repulsively ugly he has huge ears. It is very true what they say about men with large ears – Pluggy has a very large.....absolutely MASSIVE.....wine collection!! **Cont. p.6**

Let me see your wine face! Pluggy casts an experienced eye over some recently purchased wine. His gargantuan wine bill is only matched by that of his dry-cleaning account...



"I cook with wine, sometimes I even add it to the food."
– W.C Fields.

Wine of the Month cont.

Jimbo:

Unlike his fellow piss ar.... – sorry – *connoisseur*, Jimbo doesn't hail from Scotland but from Yorkshire (*think Scots but with all the generosity squeezed out, Ed.*) and his background in wine is a bit like the Monty Python sketch – "*We were so poor that all the wine we had was a glass of QC on Christmas Day.*" Now, however, to a *Sophisticate like Himself*, wine is an essential part of life; every meal (well not bloody breakfast!) necessitates wine (OK – beer with an Indian meal – *very wise Ed.*) and a day without wine is like a day without sunshine, the latter being much more common than the former in Yorkshire. **Cont. p.7**

Jimbo shows us that he takes his wine very seriously. So serious in fact that he actually resides in an ancient catacomb full of the stuff and only comes out at night...



"Age is just a number. It's totally irrelevant unless, of course, you happen to be a bottle of wine."

- Joan Collins

Wine of the Month cont.

Pluggy & Jimbo's quick guide to wine - wine truths and falsehoods:

- You should never pay less than 5 quid a bottle – **True**. Otherwise your dosh is just going on the bottle, packaging and advertising. What are you left with? 70cl of donkey piss!
- Red wine is good for you – **True**. Look at all those ancient Spaniards and Romans...
- A decent red wine is more expensive than a decent beer- **False**. You can pick up an acceptable red for about 8-10 quid. It will be 12-14% alcohol, equivalent to at least 3 pints of beer. And you will not need to take a piping pish-break as often. (*A very astute observation chaps, Ed.*)
- Red wine protects against piper's 'tongue-bite' – **True**. This is probably a consequence of their high levels of anti-oxidants. By contrast white wines can exacerbate tongue-bite, likely from their acidity. (*It's wisdom like this that really counts. These chaps are worth their weight in tobacco, Ed.*)
- Red wine is more likely to give you gout – **False**. It is medically proven that beer is the worst for causing gout on account of oxalates and other compounds.
- Classy Women ('Totty') are attracted to men who know about wine – **True**. We can verify this from reputable sources and 70's advertising campaigns.
- Bottles of red wine should be opened before drinking – **True**. It's difficult to drink from a closed bottle – but also red wine needs air time, so open an hour or two before or decant (pour into a jug).

What we're going to do here is give a bit of a rundown on wine types – "this is Red" – and how to get pleasure from it and then give examples of a readily available value wine, something for Sundays and a "donkey piss of the month" to avoid and why.

Wines of the month

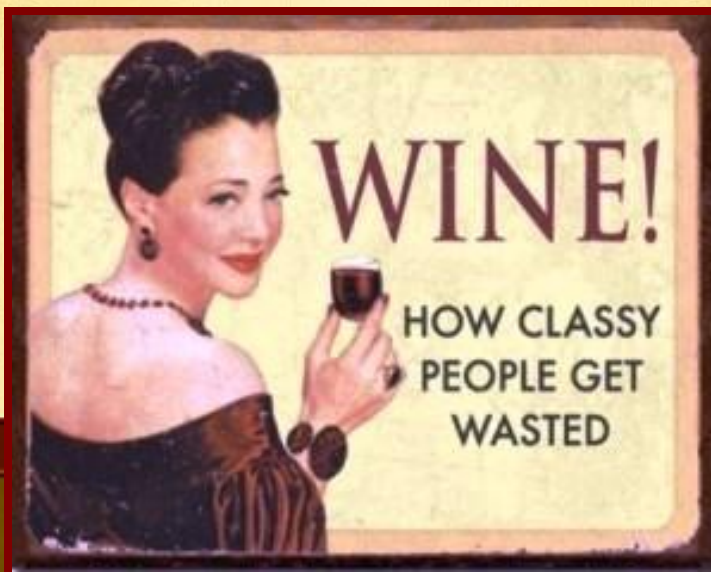
This month, we'll start with some **French** wine – well now chaps, they've got to get *something* right! (Pluggy says he hates our cross channel brethren "*cause they have all the best wine and cheeses and their totty don't depilate*") and mention two red wines from the **Languedoc Roussillon** region of Southern France; not as famous as Bordeaux and Burgundy but, over the last 10 years or so have got their act together and come up with some really good value wines. Names are of village co-operatives like Corbieres, Minervois, St. Chinian, Faugeres and Fitou, but also the Vins de Pays of D'Oc and de l'Herault.

These red wines are made from a blend of different grapes (usually Grenache, Syrah, Carignan, Cinsault and Mouvedre). They are usually rich, deep and alcoholic and often a bit 'spicy'. They all work well with a late-night pipe, perhaps as well as a decent port or malt whisky. They go well with red meats and particularly hearty casseroles and pies.

Supermarket: Tesco finest Old Vines Côtes du Roussillon 2011, on offer at £5.99 a bottle.

They say: "*A robust, brooding red with generous black cherry fruits*".

Jimbo says: "*It's got all the good characteristics of a Languedoc - looks clear, smells good, nice taste but it lacks body and the finish is short. OK for the discounted price.*" **Cont. p.8**



Wine of the Month cont.

Wine store: Majestic La Grange des Combes 2011 AOC St-Chinian-Roquebrun, £11.04 a bottle (if you buy two bottles)

They say: "A deep, lustrous and inky colour, the wine has a nose of crushed red fruit, wild herbs and a hint of smoke. The palate is rich and ripe, with a supple tannic structure and multi-layered texture".

Pluggy says: "This is higher up the scale - so is it worth the premium? The bottle is sort of faux Chateauf-neuf-du-Pape with fancy embossed glass work (must add to the cost of the bottle). It has a badge written in Latin or some such gibberish, suggesting it won some sort of prize. I always decant red wine, even for a short time, no need for a fancy decanter - a jug will suffice. This is when I smell the wine so I get the 'nose' of the whole bottle, not just a glass. A direct analogy would be to smell a tobacco blend immediately on opening the tin, rather than sniffing the pipe bowl!" (A point well made, Ed.)

"In this case the nose was of sweaty socks, leathery - perhaps like saddle leather impregnated by a large woman who had been riding hard for some time. (A mind-boggling but no doubt very accurate description Sir! Ed.) In the glass, against a sheet of white paper the colour was Deep Purple (sorry), almost garnet. On the palate the leather and sweaty saddle notes were absent. This wine is rich and spicy, with dark berries - a touch rustic, but only a touch. It has a nice mouth-feel, but slightly grainy tannins. It may be even better in a couple of years."

Addendum: "As is my habit with 'young' reds I left half the decanter overnight and have just tasted another glass. I agree with The Noble Lord Parker that this gives a very rough idea of how the wine will mature - tannin integration etc. In the case of the St. Ch. it had deteriorated overnight! It was harsher and more acidic. I did not expect this. Therefore I retract my suggestion that a couple more years' bottle age will improve it further. My advice is that it should be consumed over the next year but decanted for 1-2 hours before drinking."

"But this wine has length! In wine, size does NOT matter, but length (how long the taste lingers on the palate) DOES. So, is it worth the money? Compared to the cost of the low-end CDPs, absolutely yes it is. It's worth 10-12 quid of mine any day of the week. Is it 'fine'? No, not quite, but it would work very well with steak or any beef dish. It would also be an excellent accompaniment to your evening pipe."

Donkey piss of the month: Lambrini

"Lambrini girls just wanna have fun." Two truths there: this 'wine' is for (young) girls and they are well up for "fun" after 1500 mls of this ghastly, synthesised, undrinkable concoction.

Firstly, it's actually not a wine at all, but Perry (a cider made from pears), even there it's a cheat made from concentrate rather than the old British fruit! Secondly, it's sickly sweet and fizzy and more an Alco-Pop (7.5% abv) than a real alcoholic drink. Lastly, Lambrini is very cheap (£5 for two 1.5 litres bottles at Tesco) - "So what when it's so awful!" we hear you cry, but as Pluggy calculates it still has its place for a cheap date... (Wise words, after all why waste good money and wine on a floozy that just would not understand quality wine and more importantly one's supreme knowledge of it? Ed.)

More wines in the next issue of B&B - unless Matron sacks* us!

*Sack is an old form of sherry liked by Falstaff (Typhoo Tea packet No. 33).

*"Sacks" is also how posh Edinburgh ladies pronounce "Sex" - actually the Morningside old maids really think Sex is what coal is carried (humped) in.

Editorial Note:

The B&B Editorial Team would like to thank Pluggy & Jimbo for their supreme take on all things wine and we look forward to learning more about crushed grape based beverages in the next edition. Wine questions? Letters to the Editor please!

Jimbo & Pluggy: "The Luvvie Years."
If you have any questions about wine these chaps are here to answer your queries and denigrate ignorant oafs in equal measure...



"Beauty is worse than wine. It intoxicates both the holder and beholder."
- Aldous Huxley

Chaps' Corner: *It's Pants!*

Introduction

In this edition we look at the serious – if somewhat *delicate* – subject of chaps' undergarments.

From a distance at any rate, your chappishness is often projected solely by your stylish outer garb and the aroma of your pipe. But have you ever considered the role of *what lies beneath* whilst enjoying those admiring glances from the ladies? No? Well dear chap, although the physical manifestation of a chap's underwear is *obviously* irrelevant in garnering said *attention-de-femmes* as, as unlike much of today's 'yout', you will obviously be properly dressed with waist-high tailored trousers that do not hang like some cotton potato sack flapping in a flatulent breeze, that is so distastefully far south that not only are one's 'pants' on display but a pimpled buttock cleft is revealed. Many studies of repute, however, have shown that wearing the correct *quality* underwear – suitably concealed – undoubtedly contributes to a chap's self-confidence and general projection of *joie-de-vivre*.

The function of underpants

Have you ever stopped to think about *why* you wear underpants dear chap? Of course there is always the option of 'going commando' (i.e. wearing no underpants at all), but for the average chap we think that the advantages of proper underpants outweigh any military fetish.

Whilst we appreciate that this is a delicate subject, we think that understanding basic functions of underpants builds self-confidence so that your underpants won't let you down at a critical moment. It's rather like your Mother telling you that you should always wear clean underpants in a good state of repair just in case you got knocked over by a motor car so that her reputation (and indeed yours) would be preserved in the local community: "*Well Mrs Jones, your son has two broken legs, a ruptured spleen, a smashed pelvis and probable brain-damage but his underpants were in fine order.*" "*Thank God Doctor, I can always have another little Johnny but reputations take a lifetime to build!*"

Therefore the three main purposes of pants can be summarised thus:

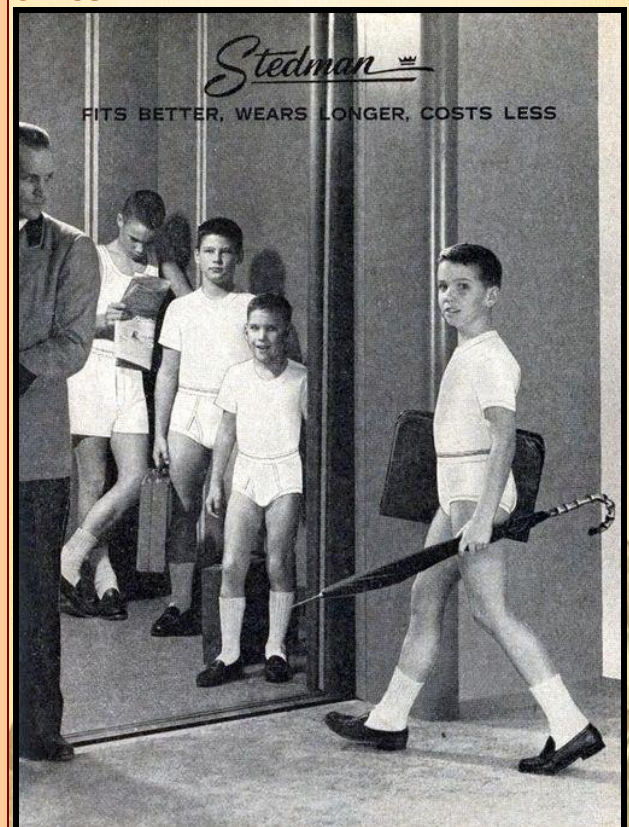
Support: Unless you are a eunuch or you intend not to remain *unsullied* your genitalia are precious and for the active chap your various bits and bobs need a bit of support. Your underpants, correctly fitted, offer a fine support system to keep your Old Chap and his accoutrements in tip-top shape!

Anti-chaffing system: Unless you maintain a button-fly in your tweeds, the modern zipper presents a trouser hazard to rival any medieval torture device. So, snug fitting underpants offer supreme protection against this *metallic monster de pantaloon* both in terms of chaffing and potential lacerations (*It makes the eyes water just thinking about it, Ed.*). In fact, recent studies have shown that it would be cheaper to hand out free proper pants to the entire male population than treat all the annual zipper-related casualties (due to widespread use of incorrect pants) on the NHS!

Outer garment soiling: This is obviously a delicate area for the chap as of course you will always be firmly in control of your bodily functions around and about the nether regions, but we don't have to tell you that particularly after some episodes of excessive chappish indulgence accidents *can* happen and this is when your underpants come into their own! Besides, since trouser insurance is currently unavailable, underpants provide a very economical way of protecting those tailor-made tweeds. Indeed (unlike a motor car in which accidents tend to be of a less embarrassing nature) it would be *unthinkable* for any chap to insure his trousers against *himself* in case of some unmentionable intimate accident. So dear chap, our advice is to put up with the occasional sacrificial *pant-o-chocolate* and save your trousers, not to mention your laundry bill! **Cont. p.10**



It's best to get young chaps started early with their underpants Odyssey and what better way that to undertake a spot of lift-training, ready for a productive life in the office!



It's pants! cont.

The pants zeitgeist

Of course today, as you will no doubt have noticed, the attention of the underwear zeitgeist is 99%+ skewed towards ladies underwear. It is simply impossible for a chap to idly thumb his favourite gentlemen's quarterly whilst waiting for a shave at his barbers without being bombarded with images of assorted floozies sporting stringy, strappy, lacy thingies that require advanced knowledge of parachute harness design or fly-fishing knots to merely comprehend, let alone effect a successful crack at the pleasurable process of romantic removal. It is all very confusing and hardly seems worth the effort for the chap whom is advancing in his years...

What is wrong with a pair of reliable, robust navy-blue bloomers (aka gym-knickers) beloved of ladies of repute and surly Matrons for decades? They are highly functional and in a subtly lit boudoir they provide ample material for a chap with a *head of steam* to effect rapid, perhaps even vigorous, two-handed removal without the need for reference to an extreme sports guidebook, even after that ill-advised extra nightcap... Indeed, the original design specification of said bloomers conspired to make them a most effective deterrent against the act of *'heavy petting'* (*Have you ever considered what light petting, or even just petting may consist of? Just a thought. Ed.*), thereby thwarting the very best efforts of pre-pubescent schoolboys. Isn't it peculiar how such undergarments, once seen as some kind of schoolgirl portcullis have now become objects of exquisite desire for the mature chap with a roving eye? (*Enough already! Ed.*)

A blissful and nostalgic tangent maybe, but we digress, ahem, as this article concerns undergarments for *chaps*, and we think that starting at the beginning in such matters and evaluating the attributes of various undergarments over the centuries is a sensible approach to this all too often neglected, yet crucial area of the chaps' wardrobe. **Cont. p.11**

***Proper underwear for ladies of repute:
Oh to be young and gym-slim again! The
elixir of life for the big navy blue knickers
aficionado...***

***Ooeerr Matron! Stop your
grinnin' and drop your linen!***



It's Pants! cont.

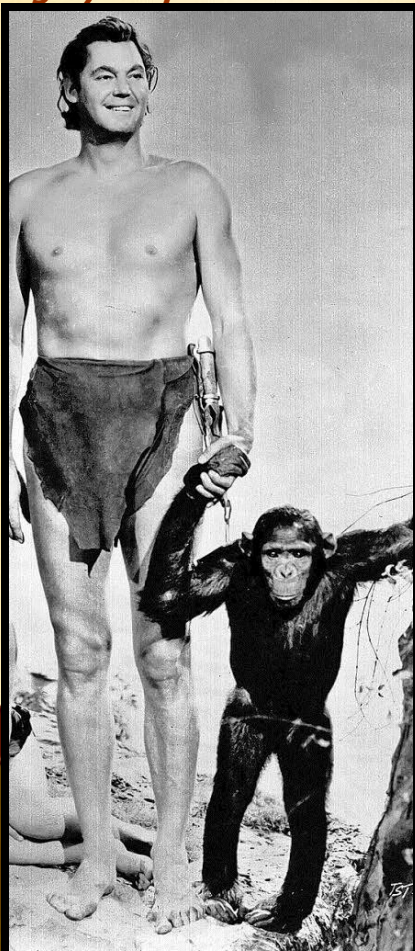
A brief history of Gentlemen's undergarments

The Loincloth

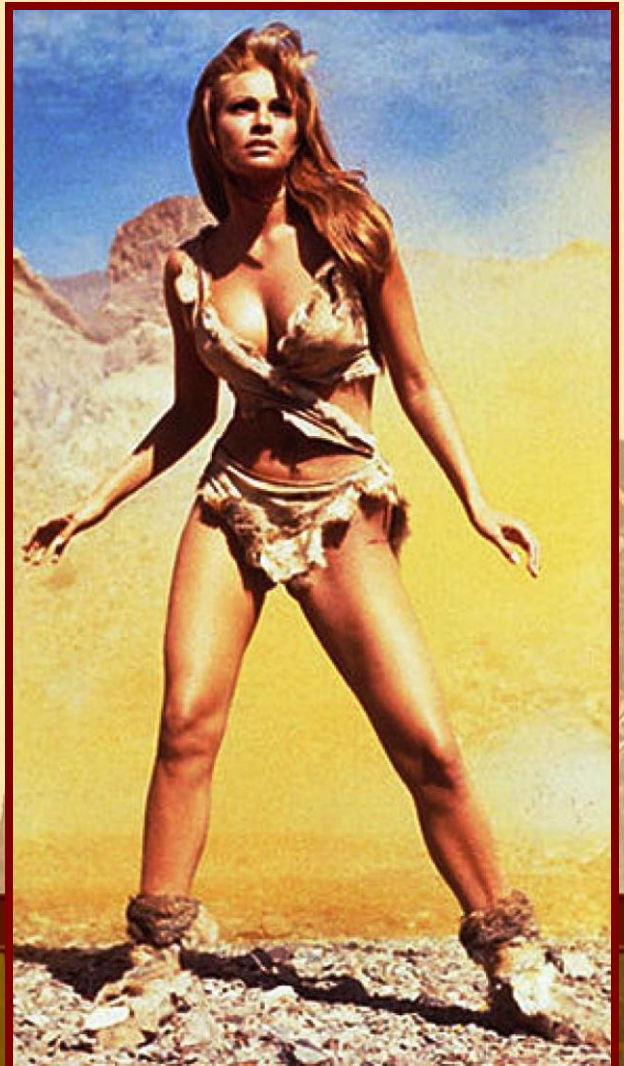
The oldest example of underwear, the loincloth, dates back to the Stone Age. We know this because in 1991 a leather loincloth was discovered in the Alps along with the remains of Otzi, the iceman, who lived around 3300 B.C. Scientists discovered that Otzi wore a leather loincloth under his woven grass cloak. Tarzan was probably the most well known if mythical loincloth wearers and many-a-test cricket match crowd these days seems to be polluted by Tarzan imitators, so the loincloth is best avoided by the modern chap. Of course that other mythical figure Jesus Christ was reputed to have sported a loincloth whilst being crucified, but one suspects that this was added latterly to accommodate the sensibilities regarding willies and things of modern-day Christians... Of course Christian-types are also big fans of the green-loincloth or 'fig leave'; another imaginary garment worn by an imaginary couple in an imaginary snake-infested orchard. Perhaps if modern day Christians worshipped idols sporting more fashionable underwear their fortunes would be improved? Food for thought...

Another reason for chap-avoidance of the loincloth is the cut; being merely a flap of leather or fabric the loincloth is not really suitable for the modern chap as it offers little in the way of soiling protection and would tend to bunch up most uncomfortably under one's trousers, thus spoiling an exquisite cut. Of course, *pretend* Scots could deploy a loincloth under a kilt but discovery of such a faux-pas could, rightly, ruin a chap forever! Of course the loincloth is more suited to the modern lady and sporting said underwear should be actively encouraged... **Cont. p.12**

Tarzan (left) in his loincloth. One can't help but think that this chap would have benefited from a stout pair of brogues. His taste in women is also highly suspect.



It might well be 1,000,000 years BC but by golly we think you'll agree that that's how to wear the loincloth!



It's Pants! cont.

The Codpiece

The term 'codpiece' is derived from the old English words of 'cod' meaning 'scrotum' and 'piece' meaning well, er, piece.

The years post-loincloth and pre-codpiece saw a range of non-descript, shapeless 'wraps' which may have helped the Romans conquer the world, but were sartorially barely worthy of a mention. So we go full steam ahead to the 15th century: the dawn of the magnificent codpiece. Yes dear reader, the codpiece was to the 15th century chap of the day what the mainmast was to a pirate – essential and upstanding!

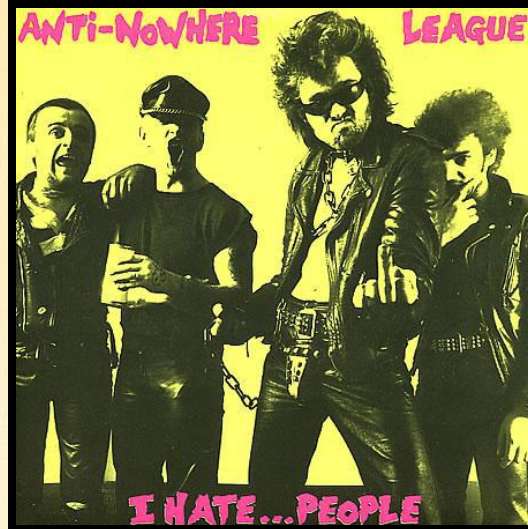
Codpieces initially were made of stiffened fabric and were designed to accentuate a chap's old chap in a most exciting manner. It is safe to say that subtlety was not the codpiece's defining characteristic and even metallic codpieces were constructed, often forming a potent adornment on suits of armour that would strike fear into a lesser-adorned foe.

The Codpiece today - RIP

Sadly we cannot recommend the codpiece to today's chap as suitable underwear. The simple reason for this is that a once proud and functional display of one's manhood has been usurped by several questionable sub-cultures, notably: the gay-biker, leather fetishist, prog/glam rock and 'shock-rock heavy metal' sub-cultures unbecoming of the chap. Even the 'bad-boy' of punk rock - The Anti-Nowhere League's front man 'Animal' (*there's a clue in his parvenu, Ed.*) - sports a studded, verruciform codpiece when spitting expletives at his audience. Yes chaps, the codpiece has, sadly, been ruined by said assorted ruffians, rum coves and bounders thus it is no longer proper attire for the chap...

The nearest thing that you will get today to the codpiece is your cricket box housed securely in your jock-strap, and as you will be aware that is a most essential bit of kit for even a sedate Sunday friendly match on the village green if one wants to keep his wedding tackle in fine fettle! **Cont. p.13**

'Animal' demonstrates why the codpiece is no longer suitable for the modern chap...



A splendid example of a 15th Century codpiece.



Splendid stuff: how to put the fear of Cod into your enemy!



Oh lordy! NO! 4.5 billion years of evolution and the codpiece ends up as this monstrosity!



The Kevlar camopiece: Possibly the only acceptable modern-day use of this magnificent garment.



It's Pants! cont.

Long Johns: one-piece (aka the 'Union Suit') and two-piece

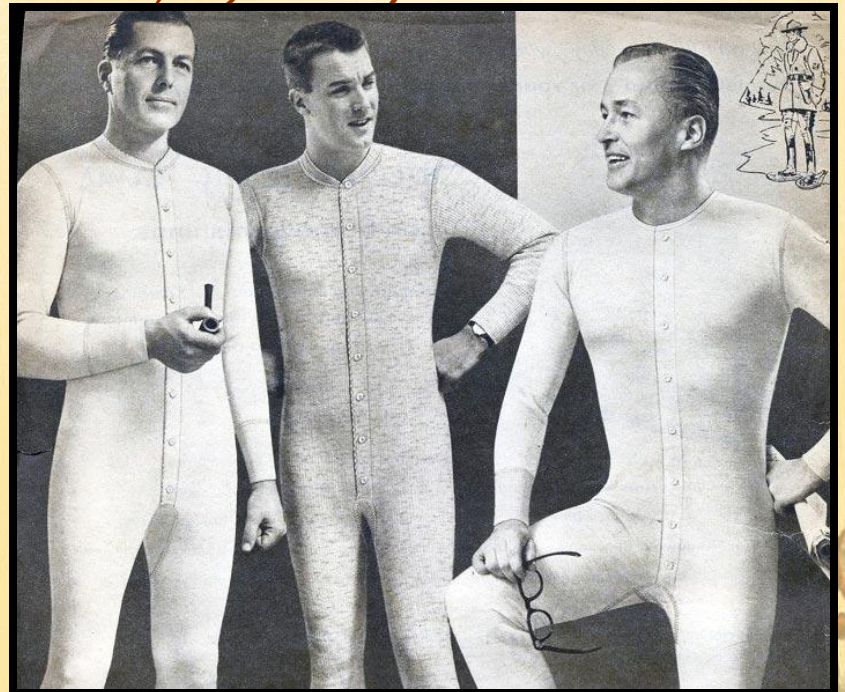
The next milestone in the history of men's underwear was the one piece Long John or 'union suit'. Early Long Johns were beloved of explorers and pioneering types in the old west or gold miners up in the Klondike or Yukon territories, where they would be worn continuously for months or years before being cut off by a harlot in some small-town cathouse where the newly liberated chap would be intent trading his poke for a poke, so to speak. Defecating whilst wearing an early Union suit (particularly in cold climes) was problematic, so a buttoned 'drop flap' (or for the uncouth a 'bum flap', Ed.) was added at the rear in later versions, thus greatly helping a chap in need. The demise of the drop flap came with the advancement in elastic technology when the Union Suit was divided into Long Johns with an elasticated waist and matching top. Various configurations of Long Johns and tops constructed from petro-chemicals are sold today at extortionate prices as 'thermal underwear', chiefly to Outdoor Knobbers, as a brief perusal on any outdoor shop website will reveal.

Whilst the Long John (*manufactured from natural fibres of course, Ed.*) is still recommended for today's chap for certain outdoor pursuits in cold climates, it generally is over-specified for the chap-about-town so is best avoided in the urban environment. **Cont. p.14**

Although of highly questionable pattern, this picture shows how practical if not essential, a back flap on one's union suit can be for toileting and of course Coonsilling...



Chaps from yesteryear enjoying a bowl and a chat in their splendid union suits. Sadly, it's rare to see such uninhibited 'pantzaraderie' (except in bothies of course, Ed.) these days.



*"I don't believe in the afterlife, although I am bringing a change of underwear."
- Woody Allen*

It's Pants! cont.

The shrinking world of underpants!

Since the landmark Lohg John, shorter versions of underwear continued to be amorphous, loosely fitting affairs, due to inconsistencies in lifetime shrinkage of underwear. The chap simply had to guess how much shrinkage a particular garment *may* shrink before purchase. This obviously was a most unsatisfactory state of affairs. Then along came an unlikely hero: an American chappie, one Mr. Sanford Lockwood Cluett to the rescue in 1930 of what was to be a pivotal year in the *Manscape* of Gentlemen's underpants.

But before we discuss the glorious process of 'Sanforization' it is worth examining the term '*underpants*'. Have you ever stopped to consider, perhaps mid-bowl, or whilst puzzling over the Times cryptic crossword, as to the derivation of *underpants* in the vernacular? This is truly - if one is absolutely honest - a most irritating word forced upon the right-thinking chap, as it allows the slippage of English into American by allowing an albeit oblique reference to the distasteful American word for *trousers* of *pants*. Of course in proper English the words 'pants' and 'underpants' are interchangeable, i.e. meaning things that you wear under your *trousers*. Therefore, it follows, that pants or underpants should be correctly known as *undertrousers*. Of course one does not have to be an etymologist to appreciate that *undertrousers* sounds even more ridiculous than *underpants*, already a contender for the most ridiculous word in the English language! So dear chap, it looks like we are stuck with *underpants* or simply *pants* for the foreseeable.

Anyway we digress, back to Mr. Cluett and his magical, patented, process of Sanforization. This process simply put, is the method as to where natural fibres (notably cotton) are pre-shrunk to prevent further shrinkage after a garment has been made of said fabrics. We can skip the technical part of Sanforization involving steam and rubber (*Sounds intriguing, Ed.*), but the perceptive chap will instantly ascertain that this would allow fabrics to be cut much closer to the required size thus facilitating figure-hugging designs to be constructed without the need for additional support measures such as laces or leather thongs (*Although the leather thong does have it's place..., Ed.*) to keep a chap's undergarments securely located. This technological wizardry heralded the birth of modern underpants as we know them today. It is in fact doubtful that we would have ever put a man on the Moon without snugly fitting underwear, as baggy pants in a zero gravity environment would be stretched well beyond their design parameters. Mr. Sanford Lockwood Cluett we join the Apollo astronauts and salute you! **Cont. p.15**

Behold: the miracle of Sanforization!

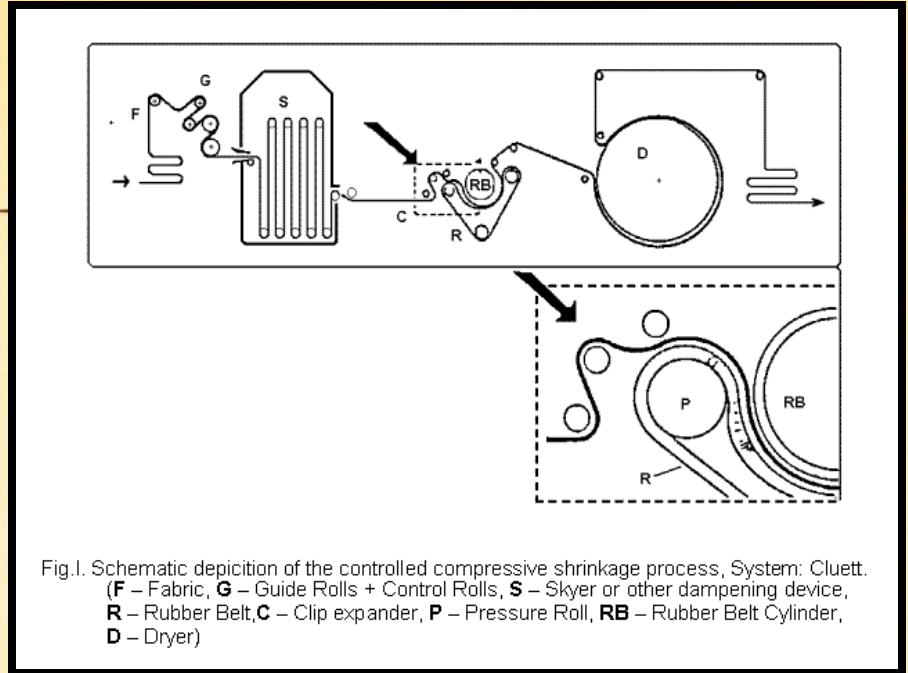
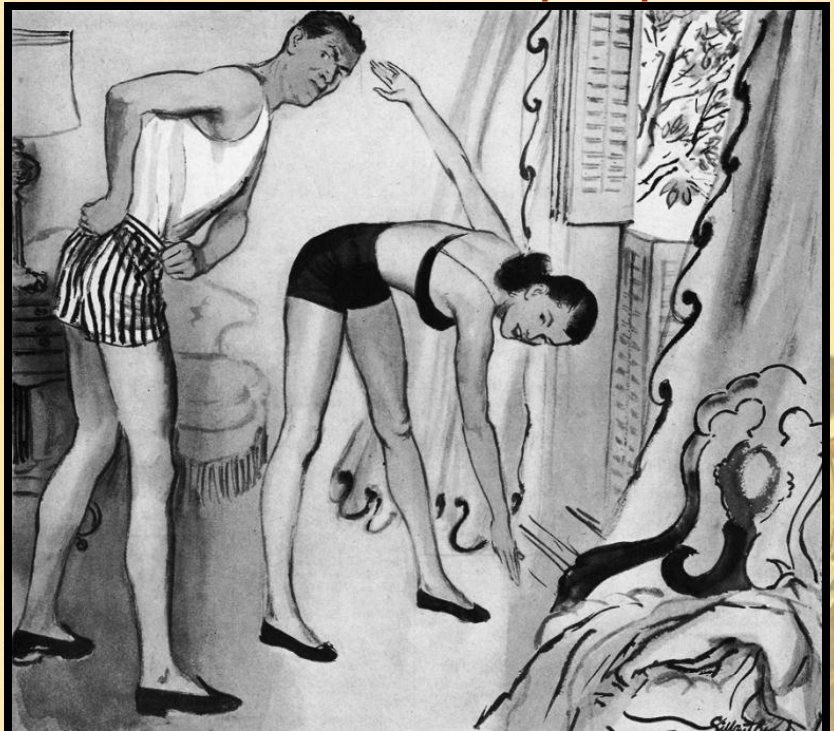


Fig.1. Schematic depiction of the controlled compressive shrinkage process, System: Cluett. (F – Fabric, G – Guide Rolls + Control Rolls, S – Skyer or other dampening device, R – Rubber Belt, C – Clip expander, P – Pressure Roll, RB – Rubber Belt Cylinder, D – Dryer)

Good advice for those tiresome pants problems!



Next shorts, old friend,
look for the "Sanforized" label →



If you don't want your shorts to become "shorter" and tighter from shrinkage, look for the "Sanforized" label before you buy!

Wise men (and women) always look for it on washable shirts, pajamas, work clothes, slacks, women's and children's wear.

The "Sanforized" label means: fabric shrinkage held to a mere 1%.

It's Pants! cont.

Today's underpants

Closely fitting underpants since the 1930s have continued to be produced in all manner of shapes, sizes and materials. Although the chap will obviously gravitate towards natural fibres, primarily cotton, it should be noted that the spectre of petrochemicals e.g. Nylon or polyester, has made significant inroads into the world of underpants over the years, as the oil barons have relentlessly plied their vile trade. Therefore, a chap must be vigilant to the petrochemical-pants-pest and some careful navigation of the underpants ocean is required, as we will see.

Sanforization has not been universally accepted however, as loose-fitting underpants, most notably 'boxer shorts' continue to be produced primarily for the *youth market* and misguided rum covers on cheap Spanish holidays. At this point it should be stressed that pants (of any description) are pants; they should *never* be seen in public and they are **NOT** and never will be swimming trunks.

Y-Fronts: The pinnacle of pants!

We have seen from the foregone that the development of underwear for the chap has, at times, been a rocky-road; with many blind alleys before the emergence of what the Editorial team consider to be the *ultimate* form of pants for the chap. Yes dear reader, in light of the stylish, sleek simplicity and the little opening (absent in mere 'briefs') allowing fully-panted urination in a standing position, and since no nasty sub-culture has adopted them (thus far), we whole-heartedly recommend the Y-front as the current state-of-the-art in underpants for the chap. There are, however, a few caveats even for Y-fronts.

The characteristics of *correct* Y-fronts for the chap are as follows:

Colour: All white. Coloured and/or patterned pants should be avoided as lets face it chaps your pants are not there to be seen by all and sundry!

Frequency: Your 'tightey-whiteys' should be changed daily, possible more often after a vigorous game of croquet for example. It is also sensible to always keep a spare pair at you club, in your brief case, or knapsack to insure against the unforeseen.

Purchasing: Brand new, always. Being a chap you should not need reminding, but NEVER buy secondhand underpants, particularly when abroad.

Material: 100% cotton, Sanforized, no more than 1% shrinkage guaranteed.

Size: your waist size or possibly one size up for warmer climes.

To be worn: Pulled up snugly to prevent excessive movement of one's meat & two veg.

Tucking in: Your string vest *may* be tucked into the elasticated waist of the Y-front, but tucking one's shirt into one's Y-fronts is simply not cricket and makes you look silly at the bordello.

Ironing: Yes. Instruct your maid that creases to correspond to side seams to avoid any undesirable front or rear chaffing.

Epilogue

Although we 100% recommend Y-Fronts, the history of these fine pants has not always been a happy one. Indeed, a chap does not have to look too far back in time to be reminded of some Y-front monstrosities; namely *nylon Y-fronts* and arguably the *nadir of pants; chocolate with cream piping nylon Y-fronts*. It feels vaguely sickening to even *write* this down let alone don a pair of pants that look like they've been worn continuously for the last six months and are capable of delivering a nasty electric shock where it would be most problematic, unless of course they were rubbed vigorously on the chest of a heart attack victim...

Another low point for Y-fronts was former Prime Minister John Major, who was mercilessly lampooned as a pathetic superman by the excellent cartoonist Steve Bell. Mr. Major was always caricatured wearing a pair of baggy grey Y-fronts outside his trousers to the point where just the appearance of a pair of grey Y-fronts in a cartoon implicated Mr. Major in some disaster quite brilliantly. That could have been the death of Y-fronts as pants as we know them and it was up to stalwart Y-front sporting chaps to maintain sales during the dark days of the Grey Man's era. Indeed, if only Mr. Bell could have left the humble Y-front out of it – thus avoiding sowing the seeds of sartorial doubt in the mind of chaps up and down the country – and concentrated on Mr. Major's taste in women or the many other disasters that he was responsible for, such as 'The Cones Hotline' (*Remember that one!?, Ed.*) or the privatization of the railways, then we are sure that the history of Y-fronts would be entirely unblemished, if you'll pardon the expression.

As a curious aside to the reliable Y-front, have you ever considered how Y-fronts got their name? One assumes that the 'Y' corresponds directly to the front seam design of Y-fronts but upon close inspection this appears to be a bit of a misnomer. For the observant Greek scholars out there, the front 'Y' of your Y-fronts is actually more akin to a lower case Lambda i.e. 'λ' (when worn correctly i.e. not on your head at a Stag party), but 'Lambda-fronts' is a bit of a mouthful so perhaps it's best not to pursue this idea too vigorously.

We hope that you've enjoyed our brief discussion of the neglected world of pants and the Editorial Team at B&B wishes all members and readers happy and safe panting!

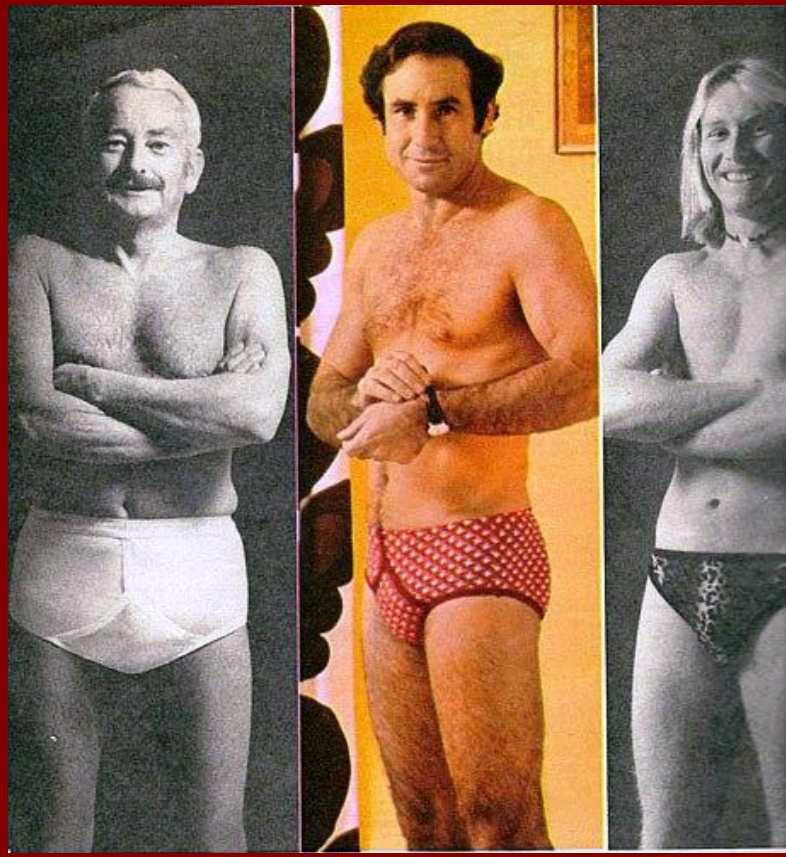
What in Cod's name! Under absolutely no circumstances should the chap of repute ever attempt to match his gloves with his underwear!



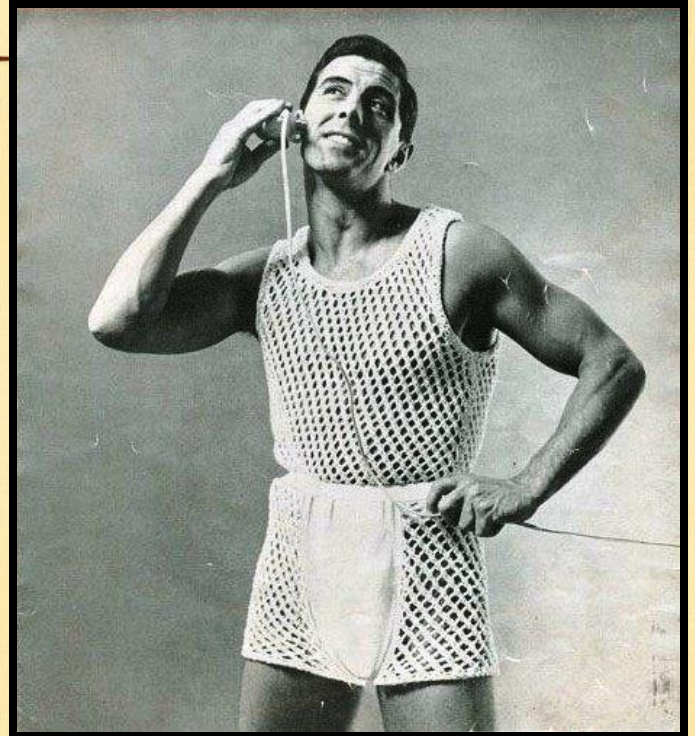
See pages 16 – 18 for some fine examples of correct pants and some hideous examples of incorrect pants.

It's Pants! cont.

Correct.....Incorrect.....Hideous

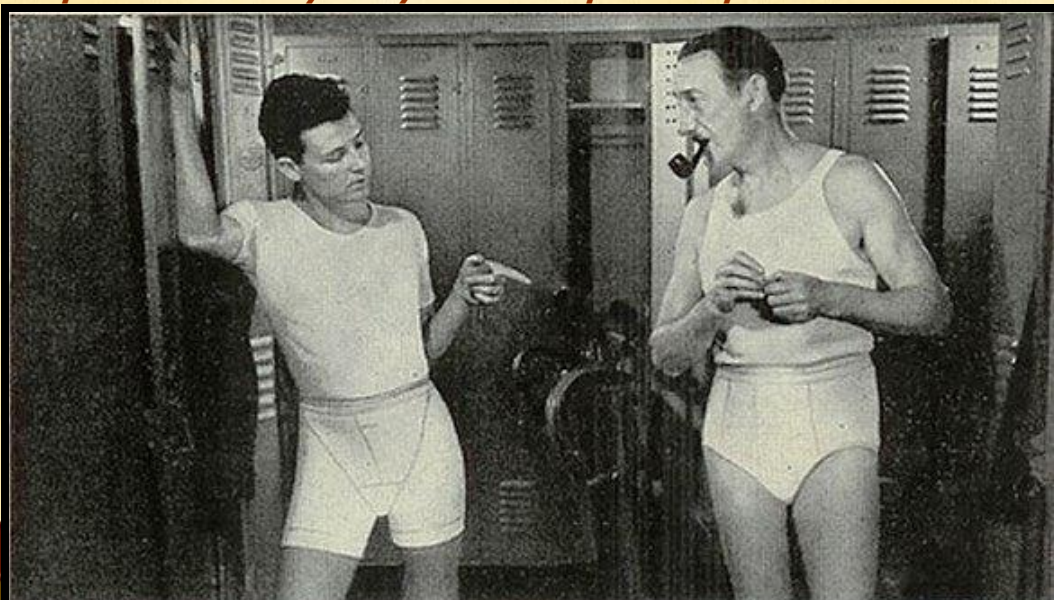


Incorrect: What the blazes! It looks like this chap has fallen into a waffle-iron. We also think that the combined electric razor and telephone was never likely to become a mainstream accoutrement.



Incorrect.....Correct

This cheeky young Turk even has the audacity to lecture his old Chap who obviously has years more pants experience.



SON: Say, Dad! Aren't those shorts too brief? The track coach at school says to keep our legs covered like mine here... protects the thigh-muscles...you know!

DAD: Listen, son...my running days are over! And for steam-heated life, I go stream-line! Besides, these SKIT-Shorts give me just the right sort of *mild* support.



It's Pants! cont.

The Nadir of pants (left): the chocolate and cream nylon Y-front simply has to be the lowest point of the pants, ever. In fact it's a testament to the superb design of the Y-front that they survived such an onslaught. The garish sky blue and white (right) is also another low, but at least the correctly panting young blade in the middle is working tirelessly to convince the other two pants imposters of the error of their ways...

Unforgivable.....Correct.....Incorrect

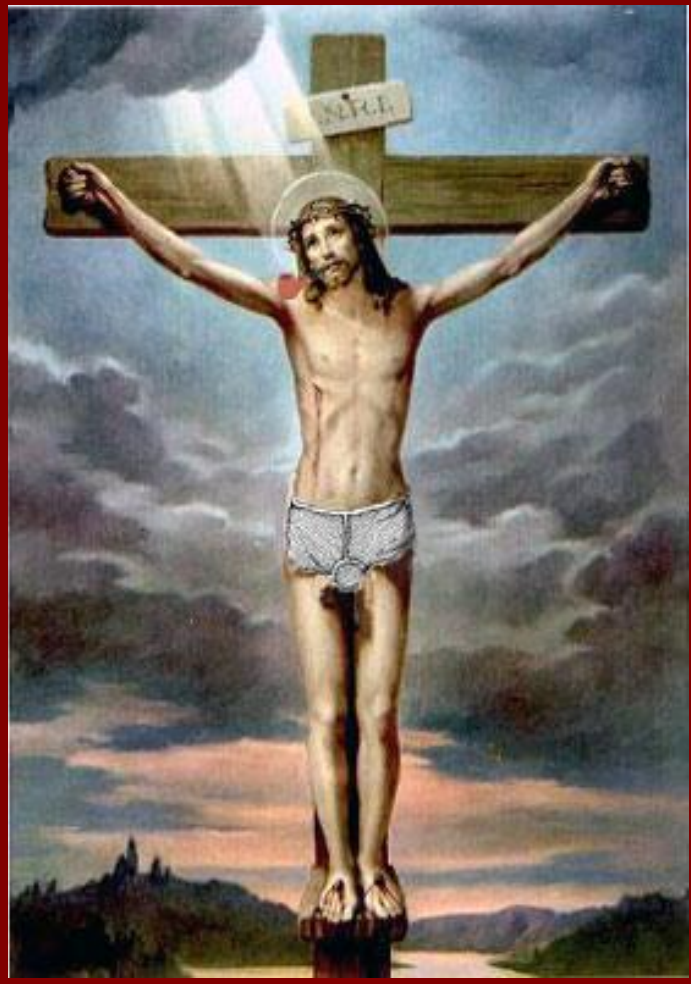


***"You can tell a lot about a chap from his underwear."
- Anon.***

It's Pants! cont.

What if JC was a chap..?

Incorrect: We're not surprised that these rum coves have to wear sunglasses when wearing such garish monstrosities!



If the Pants Police were to arrive at this 'gathering' there would be no prizes for guessing which pants villains would be brutally arrested...



This chap (left) may be sporting correct pants but, watch out, as we would wager that this 'wrong- 'un' has unprintable ideas as to what he has in mind for such devilment!



"Boy, someone oughta stuff you!"



The British Pipe Smoking Championships and UK Pipe & Tobacco Show 2014, 13th July at Newark Showground

The Gathering

The KPC was represented at this year's show by Bertie, The Blender (also manning the SG table) and Matron.

The Saturday night saw numerous puffballs descend on the splendid Muskham Ferry Inn. High flying swallows indicated that the weather this year would be far more agreeable for some outdoor puffing. The tables outside the Muskham Ferry Inn were full of pipe smokers who had come with a myriad of blends to try. For those attending the show this gathering is not to be missed.

Sunday

Although the venue was the same as 2013 the number of vendors was up considerably on 2013 and included: Askwith Pipes, Blakemar Briars, GQ Tobaccos, Gawith Hoggarth & Co., Greens of Leeds (aka 'Smoke King'), J Gilliam JSEC Handmade Pipes, Markuz Pipes, Northern Briars, Reborn Briar, Samuel Gawith, and The Knife Makers Association of GB.

Kicking off at 10:00am the show allowed plenty of time for the essential milling about and gathering of all manner of freaks from right across the UK. Judging by the photo-briar haze - no doubt aided by the fine weather - it appeared that the number of pipe smokers was also up on 2013, which was good to see.

The Egg & Pipe Race

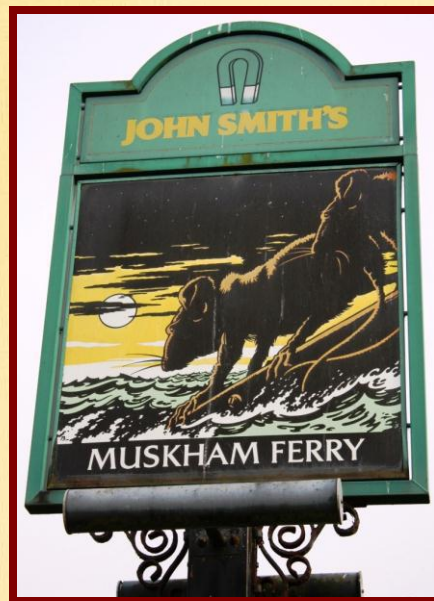
As if the slow-smoking competition was not enough for the gathered pipetathletes, a splendid Egg & Pipe race was organised over an arduous course of a testing 25 yards or so. After several heats and scrambled eggs, the final was won by the long-legged and steady-handed Chris Aswith (*although it was noted that he did not enter using one of his high-end pipes Ed.*) of Askwith Pipes.

The competition

Mid-afternoon saw a gathering of old lags and young Turks doing their best to eek out 3g of SG Golden Glow in a John Brumfit Lovat. In a fantastically ironic twist, Ian Curtis of Gawith Hoggarth & Co., won the competition. Indeed the irony just got better when he picked up his prize that included a Samuel Gawith bag!

UK Pipe Smoker of the Year 2014

In a fantastic wheeze this year saw the re-kindling of this prestigious award. There was absolutely no dissent when the retired President of the UK Federation of Pipe Clubs Brian Mills was presented with the award. I'm sure all KPC members will wish Brian all the best!



A convivial gathering at the Muskham Ferry.



Samuel gawith/KPC 'Bothy Flake' is born!

The really important news of this year's bash was that The Blender had brought down a few pre-release tins of *Bothy Flake* that sold like, well, er, hot *flakes* to eager punters beguiled by it's alluring tin note. See Club news on p.28 for full details. **For photos of the event see pp.20-23**

The British Pipe Smoking Championships and UK Pipe & Tobacco Show Cont.

The Blender & Matron celebrate the creation of 'Bothy Flake'.

The Blender doing his thing on the Samuel Gawith table.



Chris Askwith fries the competition to win the egg & pipe race.



The British Pipe Smoking Championships and UK Pipe & Tobacco Show Cont.

SHOW US YOUR BPSC 2014 PIPE FACE!



The British Pipe Smoking Championships and UK Pipe & Tobacco Show Cont.

Markuz of Markuz Pipes looking happy in his two-tone apparel.



The British Pipe Smoking Championships and UK Pipe & Tobacco Show



Brian Mills: UK Pipe Smoker of the Year 2014.

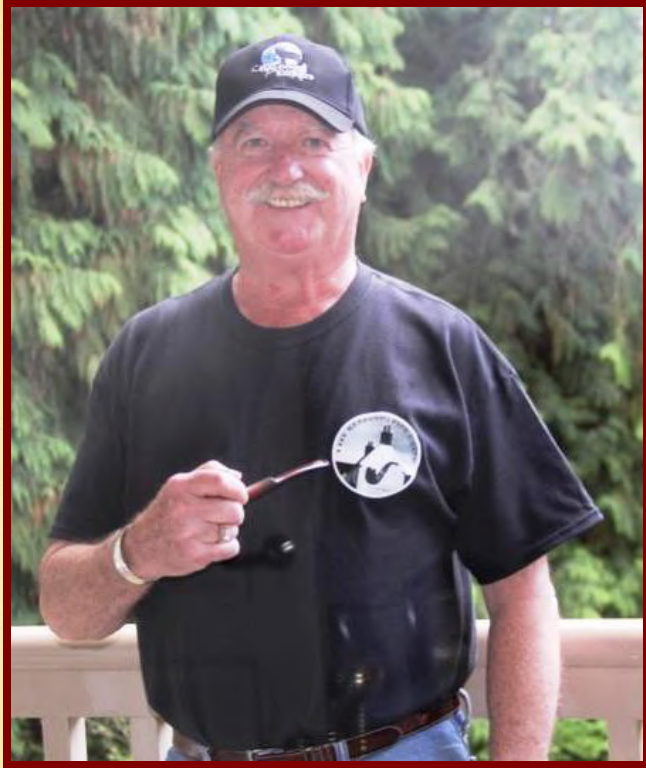


Ian Curtis of GH&Co, winner of the competition, collecting his Samuel Gawith bag...



New Member Welcome

Doug, proudly showing off his KPC t-shirt, is the founder member of the KPC's Canadian Chapter.



The badge & motto of the Seaforth Highlanders of Canada.



Nice motor Doug!



Doug 'Jagsdriver' Gavin

Doug hails from Vancouver, Canada (*i.e. an America that works, according as KPC member Bingae is fond of pointing out, Ed.*). He used to work in 'corporate management' (*someone has to do such things I guess, Ed.*) but he saw the light and retired early to leave all that stuff to other corporate managers and spend more time fly fishing, cooking avidly, driving his classic British cars about and of course bashing the briar. A collector of Scottish militaria, Doug also loves the outdoors and camping. This splendid chap has also expressed a desire to share the bothy fire, a bowl or ten and some Islay elixir with his fellow KPC chaps when he gets across the pond. (*He may live to regret that wish, Ed.*)

Doug's younger days saw service in The Seaforth Highlanders – a Canadian regiment that shares the same name as the famous Scottish regiment.

Doug's heritage is Scottish (see Letters to The Editor) and his Grandfather was a Scottish coalminer who inspired Doug to take up the briar & leaf. He is a stalwart pipe club man and indeed was the founding President of the Vancouver Pipe Club but has again moved on to form The Vancouver City Pipe and Cigar Social Club.

In his spare time Doug volunteers with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in their community policing wing.

Doug has asked the B&B Editorial team to pass on his best regards to all KPC members.

Bothy Name: 'Jagsdriver'

On behalf of all KPC members we would like to warmly welcome Doug aboard and we hope to see him in a remote rudimentary shelter sometime!



Pipe Babe of the Month

Smokin'! Who says spots and stripes don't go?! Ellie, the BPSC 2014 blonde briar bombshell, was spotted by Matron giving her Peterson's Dracula some serious welly. As if that wasn't enough scorching pipe babe action, she then proceeded to pull a tin of 'Bothy Flake' out of a stocking top and stuff her bowl and simply inquired how she could to get to Kearvaig for the AGM. Matron was resuscitated at the scene and is expected to make a full recovery...



*"I know a man who gave up smoking, drinking, sex and rich food. He was healthy right up to the day he killed himself."
- Johnny Carson*

TOBACCO OF THE MONTH

Gawith Hoggarth & Co. 'Balkan Plug' Review:



Plugs require the most preparation of all forms of pipe tobacco and GH&Co. Balkan Plug is no exception. This plug does not smell quite as strong as the flake but the characteristic 'creosote' aroma was still very evident. Using a *very* sharp knife very thin slices were cut (with the plug shiny side up), then rubbed-out slightly and allowed to dry for an hour. The pipe was packed evenly and not too tight.

For those chaps familiar with GH&Co. Balkan Flake you will already have a good idea what to expect. The plug lit well and produced voluminous clouds of creamy smoke reminiscent of a shed fire. This is a full-bodied Lat- forward smoke (richer than the flake) with the Latakia totally dominant throughout the bowl. The room note is a combination of bothy fire and freshly creosoted shed. This is definitely a Man-full-time's smoke par excellence, and not advised for use when trying to attract the Ladies at your local.

Strength:



Flavour:



Room note:



From the manufacturer:

This tobacco is not listed on the GH&Co. website and currently is only available in the UK from GQ Tobaccos online. Here is what GQT says:

"Balkan Flake is favourite among Latakia junkies, a favourite for its rich and thick smoke [and this is the plug that Balkan Flake is made from]. This blend of Virginias and Latakia is pressed with over 20 tonnes of pressure and slowly heated with steam. This reduces the sugar content of the Virginias and results in much cooler and smoother smoke. Once lit, thick plumes of smooth and creamy smoke flow from the pipe. It is packed with a rich, complex array of oaky, earthy and spicy flavours with a subtle salty hint.

Balkan Plug is best smoked in thin slices folded into the bowl and not left too dry. Plug tobaccos keep for longer in larger blocks, so don't pre cut your plug, only cut off what you need."

Advertisement:



**"A wild and crazy weekend involves sitting on the front porch, smoking a cigar, reading a book."
- Robert M Gates**



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.

Theology and the smoky leaf?

Sir!

Was Jesus a Lat-head?

Regards,

Bertie, KPC

Dear Bertie,

Good to hear from you old chap and thank you for raising this important theological question. The Editorial team has researched that fellow Jesus extensively, but we have come up with no hard evidence whatsoever as to his existence as a Homo sapien, let alone what club he frequented. Therefore, in short, the answer to your apposite postulation is a resounding 'no'. However, if one looks at this question in the mythical sense, along the lines of: 'Did Santa ride a sleigh?', then the chances of Jesus being a Lat-head look a little more promising. It is rumoured in various story books that this Jesus chappie frequented the Middle East, notably Palestine, so he would no doubt have been aware of the not too distant Aram (Syria to modern chaps, er yes...Ed.) and it would be a reasonable assumption that he would have had some knowledge of the fire-cured leaf from Latakia; rather like any Dickens character would have had of malt beer.

Regards,

Matron

Why a pipe..?

by Doug Gavin

The topic of why one started smoking a pipe is a much visited one.

Thinking about how it applied to me gave me much time for reflection. The first pipe I can ever remember seeing was of my Scottish Grandfather of which there are many fond memories. My Grandfather was a quiet man, but when he spoke it was of wisdom; he also had a wickedly dry sense of humour. At an old age I remember him with a full head of black hair, strong forearms and big hands bearing the brutal scars of years of coal mining in Scotland.

My father told me of many tales of his father saving lives in the primitive conditions down in the mines. My family had a proud tradition of generations working in the mines of Ayrshire, Scotland. It was a poignant moment when my wife and I visited Girvan, where I stood in front of a small miner's row house where he raised his family. I traced his steps down the cobble stone road to the railway station where he took his lunch bucket and went off to his grueling work to raise his family.

As a wee lad I can remember sitting on the carpet watching my Grandfather take out his trusty old billiard, taking some rope (Irish Twist), taking out his ever present pocket knife, cutting off a chunk, rubbing it out, striking a wooden match and drawing the flame into the tobacco. The contentment on his craggy face made an impression on me, even then. I remember him and my great uncle reclining in the living room, he puffing on his billiard and my uncle savouring his big bent Peterson, reliving the battles of Culloden and Killecrankie and what might have been. Many-a-time I watched him walk down the street, slightly stooped, his flat cap down on his brow and his hands clasped behind his back, his briar blazing away.

It was precisely in this manner that when he was downtown in Vancouver, crossing the street, he was hit by a car knocking him for a loop. Being the tough old guy he was, he got up, no worse for wear and brushed himself off as my grandmother was doubled over with laughter. She told him that was the funniest thing she had ever seen in her life. That being my family's sense of humour.

Both my uncle and my grandfather as well as being dedicated pipe smokers, were avid soccer players in their youth. There was a dark day in the family annals when my uncle, being a very practical man, in one game during the winter wore his long underwear under his shorts which brought no end of disgrace upon the family...

My Grandfather was an accomplished violinist, a fiddler as my family called him, and I spent many hours watching him play folk songs with a joy as he clenched his well used pipe. I treasure his records - old 78's - scratched as they may be, but filled with his music. I have some of his violins, some made by my great grandfather. A couple are broken, the result of them being used as a cudgel during spirited disagreements at many a Scottish dance he played at.

It was with these memories I bought my first pipe many years ago.

Thanks for sharing your splendidly evocative story Doug.

Regards,

Matron

**"There are enough no smoking places now."
- David Hockney**

Club News

'Bothy Flake' is born!

Work has continued apace on the SG/KPC blend. Unbeknown to Matron and Bertie, a few pre-release tins of our club blend had been produced prior to the BPSC 2014 where Bob The Blender pulled the fantastic surprise of tins of Bothy Flake out of his box of tricks. All the tins of Bothy Flake on the Samuel Gawith table were sold in minutes, and all comments received from the puffballs that sampled this fantastic flake were highly positive.

Bothy Flake is a Virginia flake with a condiment amount of Latakia, topped with a wonderfully pungent whisky. The tin note is exceptional. A full review will appear in a later edition of B&B.

Bothy Flake will be officially launched onto the world market at the German Pipe Show in Dortmund this September and will be the official 2014 AGM smoke (*naturally, Ed.*).

Many thanks and full marks to The Blender for all his hard work in making our first club blend a reality!

KPC Notices

KPC t-shirts/polo shirts available from the Editor at the bargain price of £15 - £20 + 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 2014 AGM will be held 27th September 2014 at Kearvaig Bothy.** Details from, and agenda items to, Sergeant Matron.

