



'Briar & Bothies'

The newsletter of
THE KEARVAIG PIPE CLUB



A Splendid Summer Bromance: Pipes Smoked and Bothy Virgins Sullied at Loch Con Bothy, 26/07/14

A welcome break from some unusually very warm and dry weather saw the chaps convene at Loch Con bothy for a splendid summer smokefest. Dazbo - not very fresh from a week or so on the road - arrived with bothy virgin Terry 'MC 50 Shades' Grey by BMX, to RV with the vanguard consisting solely of Matron. Con, in fine fettle, was logtastic and although rain threatened it was still warm so it was felt that the splendid pile would suffice for a long evening without additional hydrocarbons. Of course in the end we burnt the lot.

Eventually, some tardy laggards namely Messrs Bingae, Cave Fud and another bothy virgin 'Robin' arrived to join the Bromance. The new chaps both hailed from the green aromatic stable, but both soon got to grips with the briar & leaf when they appreciated the inherent superiority and added advantages such as pipe-pointing, pipe-faces and the fact that one does not get completely stoned and fall asleep at 21:00...

MC 50 Shades had also brought his fly fishing apparatus and was to soon learn how much easier dropping a D-cast right on the money is, when you've got a bowl of fine tobacco on the go. Subsequently he returned triumphantly to the gathering with a pike for tea. A chap learns something every day, splendid what! **Cont. p.2 & 3.**

A splendid sunny morning at Loch Con Bothy.



Watch out for the new KPC video about green aromatic loving bothy virgins getting broken-in by their briar brothers...



Loch Con Bromance cont.

Newbies and old lags alike enjoy the delights of the Con bothy table.



Ahh, a Churchwarden smoked at a Loch Con sunset...

Loch Con Review Scorecard (out of 5):



Building fabric = 🐦 🐦

Fireplace = 🐦 🐦 🐦

Facilities = 🐦 🐦

Cosiness = 🐦 🐦 🐦 🐦

Pipe friendliness = 🐦 🐦 🐦

Loch Con Bromance – A Pipe Face Special!



Sinister biscuits: Even the resident evil - 'Spawn of Monty Grabber' - Gingerbread Man had a bowl...



Chaps' Corner

Ebola Gay!

Why the modern pipe smoking Gentleman has nothing to fear from the current viral malady presently doing the rounds in darkest Africa...

Background

With the predictability normally associated with a caesium clock, our mainstream media has singularly failed to report yet another science story accurately. Yes dear chap, in a case rivaling the '*Salmonella virus*' for inaccurate reporting, our indigenouse plague of intrepid hacks have been happily reporting a 'miracle cure' for a nasty little pathogen, namely Ebolavirus (or simply 'Ebola') that is currently doing the rounds somewhere down in the tropics. Of course, there is no such thing as a 'miracle cure', but the plant that this alleged 'miracle cure' is derived from will obviously be familiar to all readers of B&B, as we shall see.

In preparing this article, the B&B Editorial team is grateful for the expert help of the eminent Microbriarologist, the Emeritus Professor Sir Hugh Puffington CBE, FRCPath, FRCP (Edin), FMedSci, FRSE. Prof. Puff - as he is affectionately called by his lab techs - has also very kindly waived his normal fee: namely a case of single malt and a year's supply of SG Best Brown Flake and has decided to use this vital organ to set the record straight and put the imbecilic hacks back in their collective boxes as well as educate an ignorant public.

What exactly is Ebolavirus?

This is an important question, particularly for the chap currently prospecting for diamonds in West Africa, for example. In a nutshell, Ebola is a pleomorphic, zoonotic, Filovirus from the family *Filoviridae* containing five principal species (*varying from really nasty to just plain nasty, Ed.*) whose principal natural reservoir is the fruit bat (family *Pteropodidae*), some other tropical mammalian species including: Gorillas, monkeys and Chimpanzees and flaky Greek-style pastry. Of course Ebola got its name from the B-29 Superfortress 'EBOLA GAY' that dropped the nuclear bomb over Hiroshima; as this virus tends to result in a similar amount of human suffering when let loose. You may also ask why, therefore, was Ebolavirus not referred to as 'Ebolagayvirus'? The simple answer to this conundrum is that it would just not sound dangerous enough and the headline writers at the Daily Mail would have a homophobic field day... **Cont. p.5**



The eminent Microbriarologist Professor Sir Hugh Puffington having a bowl in his lab.



Ha! H&S nonsense NOT relevant for brothers of the Briar, huzzah!

WARNING!



BIOHAZARD

Ebola Gay! cont.

Ebola is highly contagious and is spread person-to-person via close contact with bodily fluids. Of course being a chap you will have *your* bodily fluids under close control, and this fact is indeed a splendid plank of one's personal aseptic technique, but even a chap's Zen-like control of all things fluid cannot be relied on as the sole means of thwarting this pernicious pathogen. Other steps are required if a chap is to prevail.

Essentially, once a chap becomes infected, Ebola just dissolves the human body by haemorrhaging everything, before turning it inside-out resulting in a steaming pile of *oomska*. We don't have to tell you how sartorially catastrophic this could be to your favourite tweed suit, not to mention the associated lethality... Consequently, mortality rates from Ebola tend to be a tad on the high side, so chaps, you had better be paying attention otherwise one day it could be *your* club that's placed under an Ebola quarantine order!

The *real* Ebola problem and the 'miracle cure' nonsense for Ebola

So what's the rumpus about a *Pteropodidae*-born member of *Filoviridae* family the thinking-chap may be moved to inquire?

Well chaps, it seems that we are facing a perfect storm consisting of the *uber-nasty* Ebola jumping the species barrier from the humble fruit-bat to the *Homo sapien* combined with massive tobacco tax hikes in West Africa. So why do these facts constitute a perfect storm you may also inquire? Well, there is indeed the *ready-rub* chaps: the editorial team have been given access to Prof. Puff's data on what type of person actually dies from Ebola and we can categorically confirm that *not a single pipe smoker (and very few other 'smokers')* has died from the current Ebola outbreak! Of course reading the news a chap could be forgiven in thinking that Ebola and kills ALL those who get infected. Nothing could be further from the truth and we think it's time the FACTS got an airing!

As you may have read in the mainstream media, some very large GM/Pharmaceutical companies have been frivolously mucking about with various species of our beloved *Nicotiana* to produce Ebola vaccines. Nothing is sacred to these Big-Pharma blighters and our cherished leaf is being butchered before our very eyes like some lab rat, instead of being crafted into fine pipe tobacco for chaps to enjoy and all in the name of profit; the blaggards! Even our broadsheets have been busily doing the GM/Pharma lobby's PR for them, as they have been blithely reporting that tobacco plants have been genetically modified to produce a vaccine against Ebola. An *untested* vaccine, of sorts, *may* have been produced, but it is far from the whole picture as any chap will tell you that the modern mainstream media self-censors like the Chinese politburo when it comes to the health benefits of tobacco. Benefits that are well understood by today's puffing chap... **Cont. p.6**

The B-29 Superfortress that the Ebolavirus was named after. Note the splendid forward thinking pipe smoking Captain of Ebola Gay. (Judging by those shorts this aircraft was aptly named, Ed.)

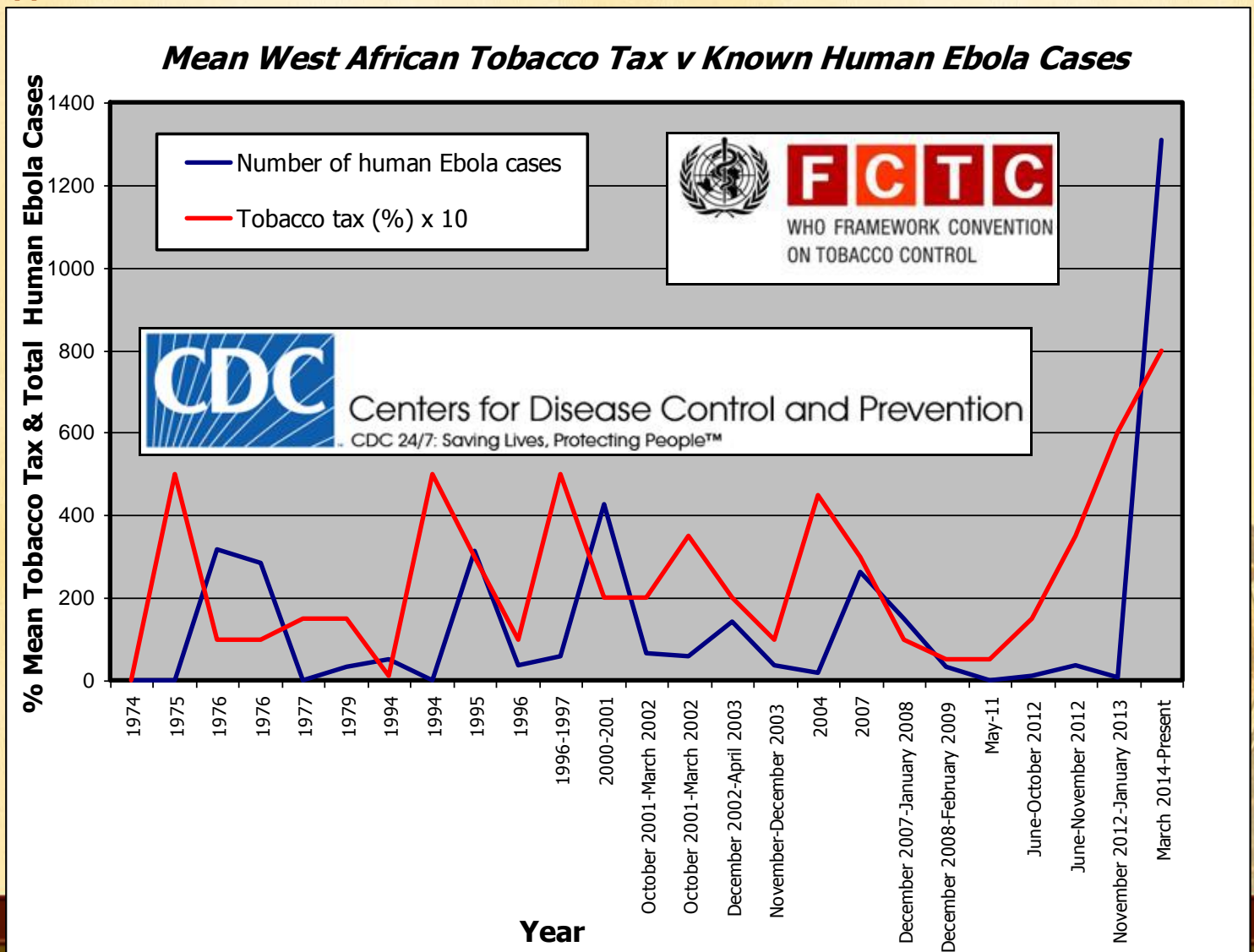


Ebola Gay! cont.

In this scandalous story, 'Big Government' has colluded with 'Big Pharma' to divert attention (and sell poor, sick, tax-paying punters expensive vaccines derived from tobacco plants) from the fact that the drop in African smokers caused by the massive tobacco tax rises (see figure 1.) - egged on by the lamentably named 'World Health Organisation' (WHO) - has lead to the most lethal outbreak of Ebola since it was first seen back in the hot summer of 1976! Yes dear chap, the natural immunity to Ebola enjoyed by the smoking population has been almost completely wiped-out by punitive tax rises in the name of 'public health', as the average punter now cannot afford his or her favourite smoke. Well, we think you'll find that these misguided health zealots may rue the day when the drop in tax revenues and the bill caused by the current Ebola outbreak finally comes in!

Although we have revealed much data that has been suppressed by the powers that be, any pipe smoking chap will *instinctively* know that the health benefits (*tongue bite aside, Ed.*), particularly the well known anti-microbial effects of pipe tobacco, vastly outweigh any namby-pamby rumours of tobacco-related ailments such as the odd tickly cough. In other words, these new-fangled tobacco plant vaccines are nothing more than a money-making scam for the aforementioned lobby groups, as all a chap has to do is *smoke the bloody stuff*, profusely, and he will happily be immunised and could even munch on an Ebola sandwich morning, noon and night without getting so much as a rash!
Cont. p.7

Figure 1.: The data that they don't want you to see! An amazing correlation between oppressive tobacco tax rises and Ebola cases in West Africa.



"Statistics are used much as a drunk uses a lamppost: for support, not illumination." – Vin Scully.

Ebola Gay! cont.

Our 3-Step guide to preventing Ebola for the modern pipe smoking chap:

So now that your suspicions have been confirmed dear chap, we have put together the following handy guide to keep you free from those pesky Filoviruses:

1. Don't go prospecting for valuable gems in West Africa for a while, as there is no sense in tempting fate and as Sean Connery would say "*Diamondshh are forever*" i.e. they will still be there when the current fracas calms down.
2. Avoid eating baklava and other Greek – style pastry based snacks.
3. Smoke at least 10 bowls of your favourite blend a day as high Vitamin N levels in your bloodstream gives unparalleled immunity to Ebola and many other germs. Basically, if you've got a bit of tongue bite then you are smoking enough to ward of even Zaire Ebolavirus - the most deadly strain of Ebola.

The KPC anti-Ebola tobacco appeal

Since the combined forces of the WHO, Big Pharma and their patsies in Big Government show no signs of helping our African cousins by lowering tobacco taxes, and the happy fact that Saint Bob Geldof has retired from such things, the KPC editorial team has decided to launch its own campaign to help ensure continued natural immunity against Ebola in Africa. Yes dear chap, we are pleased to announce the formation of: 'BACCY AID'!

We know that B&B readers will be keen to help and, quite simply, all you have to do is send in all your spare baccy (*even those sickly aromatic that you smoked as a pimply youth will do, Ed.*) to Sergeant Matron and he will arrange distribution to those in need. Splendid what! Of course the added bonus of our campaign is that you also will not have to listen to a ménage of washed-up rock stars and idiot TV 'personalities' as they subject you to relentless self-promotion and play you supposedly heart-wrenching videos of needless suffering.

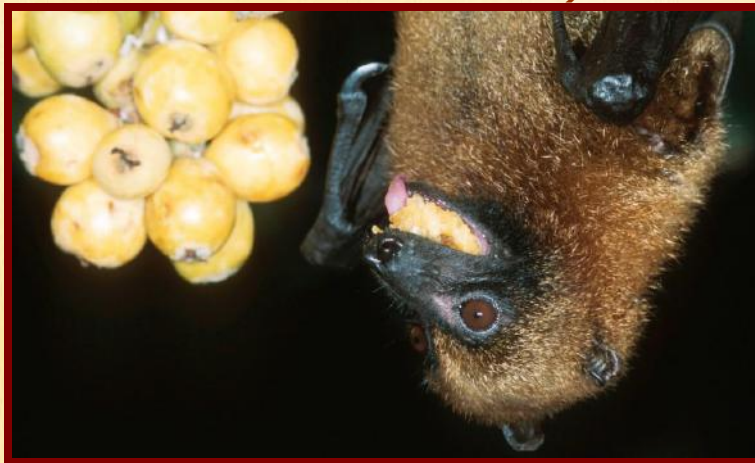
Conclusion

We hope you are re-assured that as a pipe smoking chap who follows our simple guide, you have nothing to fear from Ebola and that you now know what's *really* going on with all this current Ebola nonsense. Spread the word chaps!

NO FEAR! Matron demonstrates that all that plastic suit nonsense is not only sartorially hideous but superfluous, as long as you keep your pipe lit at all times around an Ebola quarantine zone...



Known sources of Ebola to avoid: a) The fruit bat



and b) Greek-style pastry based snacks...



EXTREME PIPE SMOKING

GONE FISHIN'!

Once again Jason 'Gator Wrestler' MacDonald leads the charge in the Extreme Pipe Smoking stakes. After donning his KPC t-shirt he hooked-up with some pals, namely: 'The River Bottom Brothers' down on the Arkansas river near Udall, Kansas, for a wee fishin' trip. Their target species was the flathead catfish (*Pylodictis olivaris*); a voracious badass predatory fish that can grow up to 123lb (56kg), being only second in size to the gargantuan blue catfish, that has been known to eat small children.

Once on the river, the chaps ditched their rods and opted for a spot of 'noodling'. This fishing technique requires a chap to be off his noodle in the first place, as essentially the 'noodler' just sticks his hand in an underwater catfish hole and lets the beast swallow his arm, simple... If the chap doing a spot of noodling does not get pulled under by a fish weighing something close to a small family car, he then has to haul the beast out of its hole. The stage was thus set for some spiffing Extreme Pipe Smoking...

Jason says that choice of tobacco and pipe for a noodling session is tricky and although a churchwarden could come in handy for a breathing tube if the noodler was pulled underwater; he opted for a shorter pipe – a Moonshine Pipe Works Italian Briar Mini Dublin – that was less likely to get snagged on riverside vegetation. The Dublin was filled with Moonshine tobacco which seemed to be appropriate when out with The River Bottom Brothers, who one suspects, with a moniker like that are not all that unfamiliar with 'shine of all types...

The trip was a success as no one died and loads of flathead catfish were caught with the largest specimens weighing in at 35lb and 36lb; enough for a decent fried catfish supper. Having smoked himself daft during the trip, Gator Wrestler switched to his Rekamepip Rock Cob filled with the evocatively named Sutliff Voodoo Queen for the weigh-in. We assume that was a good move, as until a chap has stuck his arm in a soggy hole looking for monsters how can he raise the merest quizzical eyebrow in condemnation?

The B&B Editorial would like to thank Gator Wrestler and The River Bottom Brothers for some splendid Extreme Pipe Smoking and organising the first ever noodling trip in a KPC t-shirt. Good effort chaps!

Gator Wrestler, wearing his ceremonial Viking noodle lid shows us his catch.



The ever versatile KPC t-shirt proves its worth against flathead catfish slime...



"My husband calls me 'catfish'. He says I'm all mouth and no brains..."

- Dolly Parton

The Old Ways: The Tobacco, or Smoking Prick

Background to a tobacco legend

Today, the Royal Navy has not only lost most of its ships, it has also lost the plot, as smoking on all remaining HM Ships is forbidden. Imagine being sunk and having to abandon ship and spending weeks on end in a soggy life raft and never being allowed to spark-up?! No wonder our youngsters want to go and work in some dull office these days full of pasty-faced fat-bodies, where they can at least nip out for a puff every so often, instead of a smoke-free warship. A tragedy has indeed befallen Jolly Jack Tar out there on an ocean wave...

Of course it has not always been so dismal in the Senior Service (*that, er, now lacks Senior Service, Ed.*). In fact, it was not that long ago that the Royal Navy actually *issued* tobacco in leaf form to all crew who ALL smoked liked funnels in gale. Although most agreeable, a big stack of tobacco leaves was not always the easiest thing to smoke or chew straight off the bat. Therefore, to prevent the tobacco leaves drying out and crumbling to useless dust, the ever ingenious mind of Jolly Jack Tar was put to good use and a splendid method of tobacco preservation was honed aboard ship, using only materials at hand, to produce the curiously named 'prick of tobacco' or 'smoking prick'. Indeed, the proud tradition of today's Navy-style tobaccos owes a lot to the smoking prick.

Making a tobacco or smoking prick

The monthly issue of tobacco to sailors was in dried leaf form, supplied in 'hands,' having been shipped in dry casks. A hand consisted of a bunch of loose leaves gathered by the stems and weighed on issue. The hand of tobacco was spread out on a flat surface and the stalks and large veins were removed. The stalks were handed back to the Victualling Office for return to the tobacco purveyor, to be ground into snuff; a splendid example of early recycling.

The leaves were then placed onto a rectangle of cloth, commonly cotton-duck. As the leaves were laid out they were sprinkled with a mixture of water and rum and then laid to overlap so that the pile in the centre was higher than those at the two sides, giving a tapered shape. The cloth was then rolled tightly by hand to squeeze out the bulk of the liquid and make a tube, before being marline hitched with tarred hemp twine, much the same way as a hammock. The result was the tobacco 'prick' similar in shape to a cigar. The prick was then stored somewhere under compression, in a sailor's kit bag, for example.

The prick could be stored for months, if not years, but once opened needed to be smoked or chewed by cutting chunks off of the untied prick. The canvas could then be re-tied to exclude air. This form of preserving tobacco was a real art and continued into the mid 20th Century. Sadly the prick's popularity waned due to the increasing availability of rubbed tobacco for pipe smoking and the cigarettes known as 'Blue Liners' (due to the blue line running through them to show that they were duty free).

All is not lost however, as some individuals are working hard to keep tradition alive. Please see overleaf for some fine examples of today's smoking pricks. **Cont. p.10**

A tobacco or smoking prick.



A couple of Jack Tars making smoking pricks.



Close up of a prick showing the tight tarred hemp line casing.



"The world is a navy in an empty ocean." – Dejan Stojanovic

Examples of How the Smoking Prick Looks Today:

The modern Super-Kingsize Smoking Prick.



The modern Motoring Smoking Prick (never made from Argentinean tobacco...)



The modern Capital Smoking Prick.



Q: "What do you throw a drowning UKIP leader?"

A: "The rest of his party."

Bothy Flake is Launched on the Worldwide Market - The Inter-Tabac Tradeshow, Dortmund, Germany, 19–21/09/14

by Sergeant Matron

Background

Samuel Gawith has had a stand at the Inter-Tabac tradeshow since 1792, as almost all their worldwide distributors attend the show, with money to spend. Prior to the show, KPC member and SG Director Bob 'The Blender' Gregory had told me that our club tobacco 'Bothy Flake' would be officially launched here onto the worldwide market as his customers are: *"always on the lookout for something new"*. After a while I got to thinking that this would be to good an opportunity to miss, so I asked Bob if I could attend if I could get myself there. Being a splendid chap he instantly agreed and so, after a long, but most enjoyable railway journey from Fort William to Dortmund, I was in attendance on behalf of the KPC.

I met Bob and George 'Mr Gawith' Thornhill and Ian & Catriona Walker of Northern Briars on a rainy evening at the Steigenberger Hotel where we scooped a few jars of the local 'Hovel' beer before retiring to our hotel and a splendid meal at a local family run restaurant where the proprietor even let us smoke after dinner. Damn civilised country, Germany, what!

The Show

The Inter-Tabac Tradeshow held at the Westfalenhallen centre in Dortmund is billed as the largest tobacco show in the world. The centre is indeed huge and every conceivable tobacco product and accessory was on display. The show is strictly for chaps in the tobacco industry so one has to be creative to gain access. In the event, however, the goons on the door proved no match for the pipe smoking chap with a briar clenched in a determined jaw, not to mention the free ticket that The Blender had provided me with...

According to the inevitable blurb, Inter-Tabac hosts over 500 exhibitors from over 50 countries. Once inside the cavernous halls (36,000m² + in 5 halls) the refreshing smell of tobacco smoke is instantly evident, with the cigar being the most obvious component. Of course not wanting the whole-leaf smokers to have all the fun I had to launch a counter-offensive straight away by firing up a bowl with a strong Latakia blend to add to the splendid fug.


Compared to some of the trade stands - which were effectively small smoking cafés – the SG stand was positively Stalinist in its simplicity and was shared with Northern Briars where a fine display of SG products and literature was complemented splendidly by the Northern Briars' pipes. My job for the show was simply to tell prospective buyers of Bothy Flake the story of the KPC and how the concept of Bothy Flake came about.

Cont. p.12



The Inter-City Express train is what Germans set their clocks by and a fine way for the chap to travel to a German tobacco tradeshow.





SAMUEL GAWITH
TRADITIONAL SNUG & TOBACCO MANUFACTURERS
— ESTABLISHED 1792 —

Bothy Flake



www.samuelgawith.co.uk www.kearvaigpipeclub.co.uk

50g NETT WHEN PACKED

Bothy Flake
A Kearvaig Pipe Club Tobacco

'Bothy': A hut or small cottage left unlocked for anybody to use free of charge.

Scotland is blessed with many Bothies in wild and lonely places that offer the wayfarer shelter, both from the elements and a busy world... the simple pleasures of a cosy fire, good food, malt whisky and fine tobacco – all shared with one's companions – are the very essence of a Scottish Bothy night.

Bothy Flake melds the mystical aromas of fire and spirit known to Bothy-folk for all pipe smokers to enjoy.

Sergeant Matron, The Kearvaig Pipe Club

www.samuelgawith.co.uk

Inter-Tabac cont.

Wanderings

Of course being in a modern day equivalent of a tobacco Garden of Eden, the opportunities for the explorer were endless and so I spent a considerable amount of time prowling the halls trying to avoid the security goons who got very miffed when they caught me taking photos - "*wizout ze korreect permit*" – uptight bounders... With hindsight a small compact camera would have been more the ticket as my lump of an SLR did render me rather visible to said oafs.

It quickly became evident that advertising and selling tobacco products/accessories is, rather pleasingly, stuck in the 70s. Yes chaps, in the alternate universe that is tobacco trading, sex *definitely* still sells and fortunately, the scantily clad hotties handing out free stuff outnumbered the sweaty fat blokes in crumpled suits by about two to one. In fact many of the larger stands had girlies serving coffee, snacks and smokes at tables populated by portly-cigar-smoking-suits, doing deals, which it has to be said was most entertaining viewing.

Whilst enjoying all this colour I was, however, duty bound to frequently check back with the SG stand that was, fortunately, devoid of skimpy underwear as it was manned solely by Bob and George... Although (*thankfully, Ed.*) these chaps were not employing much in the way of 'sex-selling', they were doing a sterling job of punting Bothy Flake for all it was worth to distributors across the globe. The results verged on the spectacular, as orders for thousands of tins of our club blend were secured over the weekend but, judging by the brimming ashtray on the SG table, selling fine pipe tobacco is definitely hard work. Well done chaps!

Dutch Pipe Smoker & Trade Show Interloper

Some readers will be familiar with the splendid blog of Dutch chap Arno van Goor: Dutch Pipe Smoker. Arno, like myself, had effectively blagged his way into the show and he and his friend Fred Godfrey turned up at the SG stand to check out Bothy Flake and the new SG 'Blend it' range and hopefully bag a few free samples, as this was Saturday at the show; the equivalent of tobacco 'trick or treat' for the baccy-hungry punters.

Arno and Fred were mightily impressed with Bothy Flake and we had a very agreeable chat about his blog and the KPC. In fact Arno was so inspired he has asked Bob to make a custom blend for him and his pipe cronies in The Netherlands. Of course I extended Arno, Fred and any of their fellow puffballs an invitation to join the KPC around the bothy table at anytime which was met with polite but slightly horrified looks, as Arno is a regular reader of this periodical...

Conclusion and thanks

I spent two out of the three days at the show and must have walked a good few miles around the maze-like halls talking to all manner of folks. It was liberating, if a little odd, to be in a place where absolutely everyone was lit up and soak up an atmosphere that is nigh on impossible to find in a western European country these days. For the KPC, and me personally, the launch of Bothy Flake was a proud occasion and I would like to wholeheartedly thank Bob and George for entertaining the fantasies of a madman and making them a reality! Special thanks also to Ian and Catriona for some great craic over a great weekend. **Photos pp.13-16**

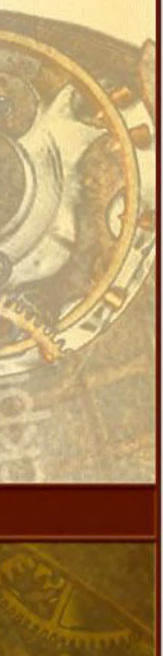
Ian & Catriona Walker on the NB stand.



Mr Gawith & The Blender doing their stuff on the SG stand.



Inter-Tabac cont.



Inter-Tabac cont.

Phew! Tobacco tradeshow meets Mardi Gras!

Per Georg Jensen of MacBaren hands out some of their new Latakia Flake. (photo courtesy Arno van Goor)



Whatever next: pathogenic enteric bacteria on sale for only one pound...?

An advertisement for Ecoliquid Natural edition e-cigarette refills. The ad features the brand name 'ECOLIQUID' in large letters with a green leaf logo. Below it, it says 'Natural edition' and 'Quality refills for electronic cigarettes from the Czech manufacturer'. There are two bottles of liquid, one green and one orange. A circular badge says 'Fair prices from 0,94€'. At the bottom, it says 'SPECIAL GIFTS' and shows images of e-cigarette accessories. The website 'www.ecoliquid.eu' is listed at the bottom.

"Mardi Gras: For people who can't wait for Halloween to look ridiculous." – Anon.

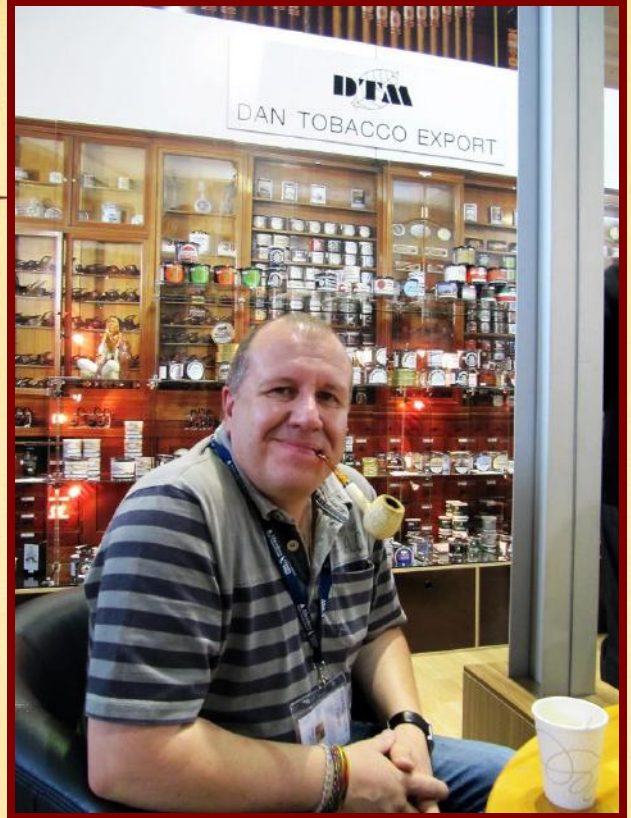
Inter-Tabac cont.



Inter-Tabac cont.

Arno, overcome by the attentions of some tradeshow fluff misses a golden opportunity to secure some major Pipe Babe action... (Photo courtesy of Arno van Goor)

Fred Godfrey of Country Pipes and friend of Arno. (Photo courtesy of Arno van Goor).



Shiny pipe-slaphead convention? The Dutch Pipe Smoker meets the KPC.



The 2014 AGM, Achnanlach bothy, 27/09/14

Roadside moot

After a spectacular Indian summer, September suddenly took a turn for the worse as the chaps convened for a windy roadside camp south of Durness. Matron arrived early and the main force consisting of Bingae, Cave Fud and Dazbo arrived at teatime and commenced to erect tents and gazebo in an attempt to thwart the worst of the maelstrom, with limited effect it has to be said.

The AGM

Bingae and the Fud had never been to Kearvaig so this was their chance to smoke a bowl at Kearvaig and thus earn the elite KPC full member status. The Saturday morning, however, although bright was still blustery with showers and as Dazbo set to work on espresso and bacon butties all round (*bothy points awarded, Ed.*) as the chaps huddled in the bus shelter at the Keodale Ferry 'terminal'. Just before 11:00 John-the-ferry turned up to inform would-be passengers that the crossing was cancelled due to the wind turning the Kyle of Durness into a herd of white horses.

Fortunately Matron had phoned KPC member and sole resident at Cape Wrath lighthouse John Ure (*bothy name 'Major Ellis Dee'*) prior to the AGM. The Major had very kindly said that he would get us across in his own boat if the ferry was off.






True to his word, the Major appeared on the western shore of the Kyle in his truck, but after a while he left again. We mistakenly took this to mean the he too had thought the weather was too bad to get across. It turns out that he was merely dropping some walkers off and returning to pick up some more before coming over to fetch his KPC comrades. Not having a mobile phone about his personage the chaps failed to make contact so a contingency plan was hastily hatched. Of course the KPC constitution states that AGMs will always be held at Kearvaig, but pipe club pedants please note that a chap has to be flexible when the forces of nature are against him!

Dazbo, having previously scoured the local area on a previous *tour de velocipede* suggested Strabeg or Achnanlach bothy for the AGM. After some deliberation Achnanlach was considered the superior choice, so a scenic drive along the north coast saw the chaps park up on the shores of a distinctly rippled Loch Loyal in the shadow of the magnificently craggy Ben Loyal. **Cont. p.18**

A windy roadside moot the night before the AGM.



Achnanlach Review Scorecard (out of 5):

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



"Come Fairies, take me out of this dull world for I would ride with you upon the wind and dance upon the mountains like a flame!" – William Butler Yeats

The 2014 AGM cont.

Achnanlach bothy (or should that AchnanCLACK? Ed.)

Achnanlach bothy is a shade less than 2km from the road and with some bright afternoon sunshine it proved to be a pleasant enough walk in, if one ignored the 30kgs or so on one's back...

Achnanlach is a spacious bothy consisting of two main rooms with fireplaces, and two bedrooms one small and one large and furnished with two bedsteads from a bygone age. Whilst not a patch on Kearvaig in terms of the bothy itself and the dramatic location, it nonetheless proved to be most agreeable for a pipe club AGM.

Point of order

During the AGM among the many perplexing matters that faced the gathering, was the particularly thorny issue of promotion to *full* KPC membership for Bingae and Cave Fud i.e. could they be awarded the high accolade of full member status without actually smoking a bowl at Kearvaig itself? This was indeed a 3-pipe problem as any chap worth his baccy will tell you that a pipe club must always refer to its constitution in such important matters, otherwise it might just as well be a rabble at a game of association football!

It was most definitely past quafftime and a pipe club AGM tends not to be a venue for *potophobia*s, more a place for *potvalients*; and so it came to pass, as once the Aberlour was liberated for the cause, a distinctly cavalier attitude prevailed. Combine this approach with the fact that these chaps had made considerable efforts to get to the magical north-west (*it was also noted that Bingae had got tooled-up with some splendid new pipes, baccy and snuff at GT Coventry's prior to the moot that he did not mind sharing, Ed.*) the gathering unanimously voted to award full member status to these fine fellows.

KPC dance troupe formed!

Following the ground-breaking article in the last issue of B&B regarding chaps' underwear and as a fitting tribute to a magnificent 70's dance troupe, the members in attendance voted to add another fillip to the KPC in the form of an all male dance troupe: 'PANTS PEOPLE'. We think it is safe to say that four chaps strutting their stuff whilst smoking pipes at a rudimentary shelter, is a first for any pipe club of repute! Apart from the fact that hot women and elegant dancing are somewhat absent, we think you'll find the similarities to 70's Pan's People breathtaking - see p.19 for the pictures.

Cont. p.19



KPC members at the 2014 AGM.



"Many miles away there's a shadow on the door of a cottage on a dark Scottish Lake." – Walter Scott

The 2014 AGM cont.

Who says white men can't dance eh? The astonishing PANTS PEOPLE in action at the AGM. Which other pipe club can claim such raw talent in their ranks?



The 2014 AGM cont.

Smoky haze...

Following their extensive workout the chaps got down to a more traditional agenda of fine tobaccos and Highland elixir. With the beer and whisky freely flowing, Bingae's recent purchase of some strong menthol snuff (*bothy points awarded, Ed.*) proved to be worth its weight in gold as various chaps appeared to be flagging uncharacteristically early during the proceedings. A toot on the spicy brown powder, however, snapped even the most flaccid of laggards back into order like a whip crack!

All-in-all the AGM was a storming success with much business accomplished, but like any busy pipe club there is always more to do! **Cont. p.21**

KPC founder member, Dazbo, having misplaced his official KPC t-shirt (bothy points deducted, Ed.) had to improvise some new colours with a t-shirt and permanent marker pen (bothy points awarded, Ed.). Well done Sir!



The AGM H&S risk assessment just in case any Outdoor Knobbers turned up...



The 2014 AGM cont.

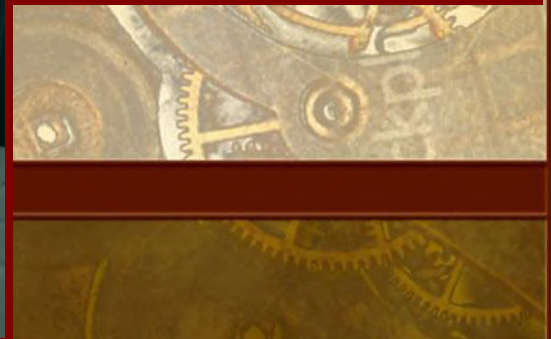
The bothy table and bothy telly – essential ingredients to any pipe club moot.

Ale, briar, malt and snuff – what more (apart from Y-fronts...) does a chap need at a pipe club AGM?



Being fond of his playing on his BMX, Dazbo is the Heid Honcho of another KPC offshoot, namely the 'DOONHILLBILLIES', as his rather elegant attire reveals...

LET US SEE YOUR PISHED FACE!



Epilogue to the AGM ***by Sergeant Matron***

Valiant efforts

Once the AGM was in full swing I suddenly received a message on my cellular telephone from Major Ellis Dee. It transpired that the Major, splendid chap, had crossed the Kyle at low tide and had actually gone in search of us, including a tour of nearby hostelries (*can't think why he would try there, Ed.*). These actions are above and beyond the call of duty, even to one's fellow pipe club members, so I think a mention in despatches i.e. this article is definitely in order.

As a result of the Major's magnificent efforts, I left the bothy promptly the following morning, ignoring that vague feeling one has after a particularly lively pipe club AGM and motored back to Keodale pier, where fortunately a not-too-prompt John-the-Ferry was just fettling his boat. Stuart-the-minibus then gave me safe (if one ignores his tourist patter...) passage to Cape Wrath to meet up with the Major so that I could thank him in person for his outstanding efforts.

Journey to the centre of the Earth

Having swapped tales of our escapades, the Major then offered me board and lodgings for the night, an offer to which I was only too grateful. Once the tourist filth had been purged by the minibus the Major suggested a montivagent ramble – "*the best walk on Cape Wrath*" to see "*the some of the most ancient rocks on Earth and the only lava flow between here and Skye.*" That is an offer that does not come all that often to even a rambling chap such as myself, so the Major and his four boisterous Springer Spaniels (*Bracken, Merlin, Pip & Ptarmigan*) and I set off for a journey, albeit a short journey, to the centre of the Earth. Following a peaty burn that narrowed into a steep gorge we emerged at the sea to find a crashing Atlantic, the metamorphic lava flow (Archaean Lewisian gneisses) and Neoproterozoic Torridonian sandstones. This magnificent, ancient sliver of geological time was quite a sight considering that these rocks are in excess of 3 billion year old.

Top Craic

Upon our return the Major fixed a splendid supper – "*you eat better than Prince Phillip at Cape Wrath*" – and we settled down round a cosy peat fire and competing with the dogs for sofa space.

As the shops were all shut on Sunday, I did not have an opportunity to replenish my beverage supplies for the evening, so my chief offering to the bothy table was a half-decent selection of fine tobaccos a good few of which, pleasingly, the Major had not sampled before. The 'HU Sunset' was a particular favourite.

The Major regaled some wonderful stories of his travels and colourful past, and it was indeed a splendid evening of conversation, drinking and smoking that was all too short as I was 'over-tired' from the exertions of the AGM and consequently, to my great regret, I had to retire earlier than the occasion deserved. **Cont. p.23**

KPC member and 'Keeper of the Bothy' John 'Major Ellis Dee' Ure at The Ozone Café, Cape Wrath.



Lava flow at Cape Wrath



Epilogue to the AGM by Sergeant Matron

The Cape Wrath bothy table...

Argentium at the Cape...

During our discourse the Major mentioned a good friend of his: Martin Miller, who is an accomplished silversmith working with primarily '925 silver' or 'Sterling silver'. The major showed me some of his fine work, namely a collection of unique metamorphic jewellery - on sale in the Cape Wrath visitor centre - of unquestionable beauty. The idea behind Martin's work is that it can be actually used and/or work as an item of meaningful jewellery. Combine ideas like this with a secret lode of silver at Cape Wrath and one cannot help but see a bright future for a silver foundry at Scotland's most north-westerly point... (*More on this in later editions, Ed.*)

A rendezvous with Mossman

On the Monday morning after a breakfast fit for a king, the Major very kindly drove me to the top of the Kearvaig track. After bidding each other farewell, I marched briskly down to Kearvaig that was a welcome sight on such a bright, sunny morning. I knew that KPC member Mossman was in residence but I had not seen him since the 2013 AGM. He did not know I was coming, so it was a great surprise when I rounded the bluff at the end of the track. Sadly, I only had a couple of hours before the minibus was due, so it was a short visit with my friend, who was in fine fettle indeed. During our chat Mossman told me how the Maintenance Organiser of Kearvaig has learned of the existence of the KPC and was less than amused at this revelation! In fact the MO (*no doubt of an ODK persuasion, Ed.*) had found KPC business cards left by Dazbo and Colonel Hydrocarbon (*well done chaps – bothy points awarded, Ed.*) during their summer cycle-tour of the magical north-west. Meeting up again with Mossman and subsequently learning of MBA disquiet regarding the KPC was the perfect end to a cracking weekend!



Thinking ahead: Chaps from the Northern Lighthouse Board kindly off-loading coal, beer and baccy at Cape Wrath for next year's AGM.



New Member Welcome

For a youngster Marley shows breathtaking ambition by leaping to KPC full-member status by having a verified bowl at Kearvaig. Good effort young chap!



It is always encouraging to see young blood engaging so enthusiastically with the briar. And although advanced pipe-pointing is a skill that (obviously) takes many years to master, the verification committee did give this young Turk full marks for effort!



Marley McIntyre

Marley, 19, is from Glasgow. Although just a whipper-snapper, Marley has been having a crack at the briar since he was 16 after mingling with some *shisha-types* (at least he saw some sense and moved onwards and upwards, Ed.). Being a young chap on a budget, Marley will puff just about anything he can get a hold of from his local tobacconist. He has a few briars but he prefers his churchwarden at present.

Marley also plays guitar (a Reverend to be precise) and during his recent trip to Kearvaig he managed to blag a free crossing across the Kyle of Durness by playing the normally *uber-parsimonious* John-the-Ferry a tune. Now *that* shows some breathtaking initiative not to mention *cojones* – well done there chap!

Another pleasing string to his bow is Marley's avid membership of Glasgow's Steampunk community and we look forward of some pictures of him and his fellow smoky *Steamies* bashing the briar forthwith.

The KPC has Major Ellis Dee of Cape Wrath to thank for this youthful injection into our ranks, and in fact it was at the Major's insistence that Marley visited Kearvaig for a bowl – a masterstroke it has to be said. Whilst accepting his application as genuine, the verification committee was somewhat critical as to his sartorial efforts and the lack of adequate grooming. Some insipid mitigation was received in reply, but the committee must maintain standards and has made the following recommendations:

1. Get a proper, decent haircut.
2. Proper styling of facial hair including the correct application of moustache wax.
3. Not a bad start for a pipe face but practice daily (two bowls minimum) for the next 10 years.

(See Letters to the Editor)

Unfortunately Marley was unavailable for this year's AGM but we do look forward to seeing him (*properly suited and booted, Ed...*) in a rudimentary shelter sometime soon.

Bothy name: Honourable Reverend Puffin

"Steampunk is an eclectic world of cogs and rivets. It is airships, goggles and steam. It is traveling on clouds and diving beneath rugged waves. It is adventure!" – Anon.

New Member Welcome

It's not every day that a chap in his KPC colours gets his picture taken in the cockpit of a Spitfire!



Erik Billing

Erik, 49, hails from Windsor, Ontario, Canada is our second member in the KPC's Canadian Chapter. Erik has been a dedicated pipe smoker for 30-odd years and he enjoys 1792, Coniston Cut Plug, XXX Irish Rope, but his all-time favourite is Condor Long Cut that, sadly, has been unavailable in Canada for over 20 years, although a strategy is now in place to correct this abominable situation... His favourite weapons are from UK pipe maker Blakemar Briars who have even supplied Erik with a replica 'Sir Douglas Bader' (*one of Erik's and of course most chaps' heroes, Ed.*) pipe.

Erik's other passion is WWII militaria, particularly aircraft; an interest he has inherited from his father Jerry Billing, a famous and highly decorated WWII RCAF Spitfire ace who flew Spits from 1940 – 1996 continuously. In fact Erik says he first smoked some Condor LC at the age of 10 after helping himself to the engineer's stash behind the hangar. We think you'll agree that that constitutes a flying start to a pipe smoking career!

Recently Erik has been heavily involved in a project – the 'Essex Memorial Spitfire project' – to get a full-scale replica of his father's wartime Spitfire erected in Windsor as a fantastic tribute not only to his father but to all the other RCAF pilots who fought and died during WWII. A review of his father's book: *'A Knave Among Knights in their Spitfires'* will appear in a later edition of B&B.

When not bashing the briar or tinkering with WWII aircraft, Erik works for the Ford motor company fitting engines into Mustangs and trucks to pay for his baccy and pipe hobby.

Bothy Name: TBC (suggestions to the Editor please)

The Essex Memorial Spitfire recently erected in Windsor, Ontario.



"Rules are for the obedience of fools and the guidance of wise men."

- Douglas Bader

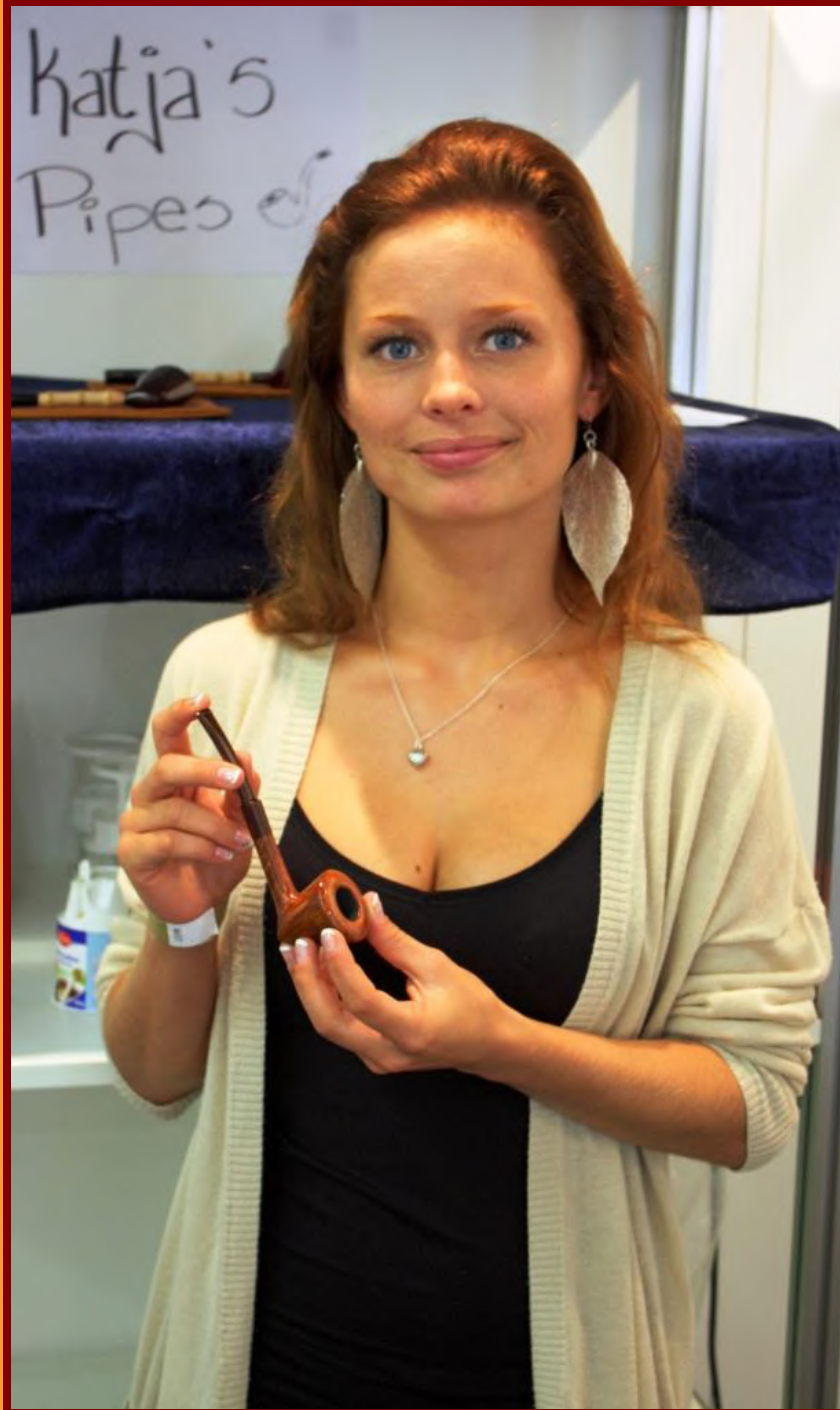
World Famous Events When a Pipe Could Have Made All the Difference... Part 1 - "The Hand of God"

If only 'Shilts' had packed his pipe instead of poncing about with that pitiful perm on that fateful day back in '86... The Hand of God' (The hand of Satan, more like, Ed.) would not have prevailed and England would have easily won the World Cup, obviously...



Pipe Babe of the Month

Katja was spotted at the Inter-Tabac tradeshow by Matron. She is the daughter of famous Danish pipe-maker Kai Nielsen. Kai is famous for his hand-made artisan pipes and we think that readers will agree that if his pipes are half as beautiful as his daughter he will have no problem catching the eye of the average briar-bashing chap out there! Katja has recently decided to follow in her father's footsteps and has begun making her own pipes which could very well be too hot to handle...





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.

Accolades from Germany!

Dear members of Kearvaig Pipe Club,

I stumbled upon your homepage by someone in a German Pipe Smoking Forum mentioning the new Samuel Gawith Flake, especially produced for your Club (I am a big fan of SG Flakes). I have also just ordered my copy of *'Bothy Culture'*. You are a great bunch of guys and a true hope in a world gone wrong (not only but mainly by political correctness). I will smoke some bowls for your health this evening. All the best from Bamberg, Germany.

Yours,

Florian Kühhorn

Dear Florian,

Many thanks for getting in touch. I have just returned from Germany myself after visiting the Inter-Tabac show in Dortmund where Bothy Flake was launched onto the world market. We are very excited about 'Bothy Flake' and it will soon be on sale in Germany. If you have any problems getting any please let me know and I may be able to help as we will be selling soon on the KPC website.

Thank you for your kind words about our club and I hope that you enjoy 'Bothy Culture'. I will pass your comments onto the author. If you are ever in Scotland please let me know and we can share a few bowls together!

Sincerely,

Matron

Greetings from the Big Apple!

Hello from the USA!

I would love to be placed on your emailing list. I loved your magazine. Please feel free to visit our site and sign up as well: <http://www.newyorkpipeclub.com>

Happy Smokes to you and all!

Lou Carbone, President, The New York Pipe Club

Dear Lou,

Thanks for getting in touch and thanks for your kind words regarding our newsletter. With a name like 'Carbone' I will do as you say and get the KPC signed up for your newsletter for fear of waking up with a horses head in my bed or some such!

Sincerely,

Matron

SG flake fan from The Netherlands

Dear reader(s),

I am a smoker of several SG Flakes, which I order regularly in your country, because they are not available in my country. I am very interested in this new 'Bothy Flake', which is special made for your pipe club. I have two questions: I really should like to order a tin of that tobacco so that I can taste it. Can you give me an address of a tobacconist where that flake is to purchase? Can you give me a description of that tobacco? I am looking forward to your answer.

Sincere regards,

Huub Hendrikx

P.S. Excuses for making faults in using your language. I am almost 75 years of age and it is 61 years ago that I started to learn English at school here.

Dear Huub,

Thanks for your enquiry. Firstly you do not need to apologise for your English, as our club is full of chaps who have a limited grasp on their native tongue, particularly if they have had a drop of our Highland firewater!

Bothy Flake is a classic SG Virginia flake with a condiment amount of Latakia which is then subtly topped with a whisky flavour. Bothy Flake is only on sale in the UK from www.mysmokingshop.co.uk at the moment. It will also be available on the KPC website shortly so please check back regularly. If you send me your postal address I'll send you a sample my good man.

Sincerely,

Matron

"Ready-rubbed is for boys, flakes are for men and plugs are for obsessives."
- **Anon.**

Welcome sartorial improvements!

Salutations Matron,

Firstly I must apologise for my silence over the last few weeks; Members of my congregation have been rather rapturous this month past and as their compass in all matters of hedonism, I have had to focus my time accordingly. With some success I might add.

I have taken up on your suggestion and sampled a bowl a day and to compound this I have also had an excellent time trying and sampling the taste and aroma of the fine selection of tobaccos which you sent me (with a varying selection of pipes.) I also shared a part of your gift with my esteemed friend and colleague, who like myself is an avid collector of pipes. Together we can tell you that via our own preferences, the Petersons Pipe tobacco was a treat with the Samuel Gawith coming a close second, smooth like silk and an aroma akin to incense, it also goes well with port. My colleague and acolyte was beginning to show jealousy at such a gift to the tongue, to which I had to remind him that jealousy can lead to sin, I therefore forgave him and told him I would take him on a pilgrimage to Kearvaig which I planned for the year next when the bite of winter fades and the ever bonny ferryman awakes from his hibernation.

Also, as per my promise, I have attached two photos with proper attire and wax applied to the upper lip (however I appear to have knocked one side loose in the close up due to my clumsiness).

I would also like to pass on my blessings to the fellow members of the KPC and I would like to state that my fellow pipe-folk of Glasgow are ever intrigued by Kearvaig and the KPC and they would also like to pass on their blessings.

Thank you for your gift and I hope that the good folk of Kearvaig take our collective blessings to heart.

"Tobacco to Bacco, Smoke to Smoke."

Sincerely,

Hon. Rev. Puffin



Dear Rev. Puffin,

It is indeed most gratifying to hear from you and of your companions' hedonistic endeavours. Keep up the good work!

It is also delightful that the gifted leaf is working its magic on your young palette. You also are awarded significant chap points for sharing such booty - well done Sir! It is, after all, altruism from one's pouch that distinguishes us from the beast. A trip to our hallowed shrine at anytime is always a grand plan and I am sure your fellow puffball will be me most impressed. Off course it is the KPC AGM this coming weekend and I believe it will be quite a beast of an occasion. Please look out for details of our soiree in the next bumper edition of Briar & Bothies, which I might add is due for publication on the steam press presently.

Well now Sir, what a significant sartorial step, nay leap, you have taken, although I fear some pipe holding practice is still required as it is not becoming of a chap to grasp his pipe with two fingers in the manner of a squaddie or some other ruffian smoking a 'fag'. The wax also has definitely assisted you in the lip-weasel department leading to a far more distinguished appearance. All-in-all a splendid effort that will ensure a mention in dispatches at the AGM I'm quite sure.

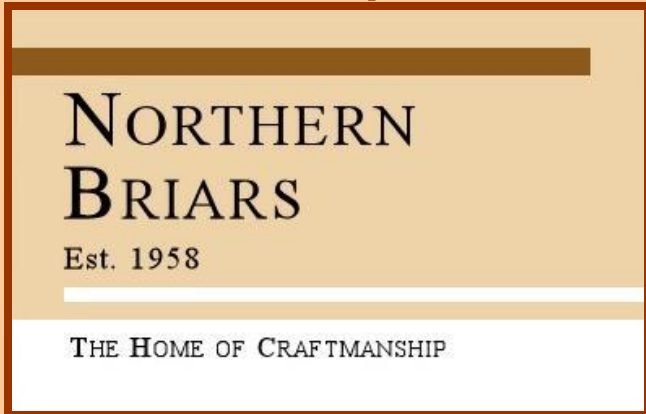
Thank you and your chumrades (or should that be your chumregation..?) kindly for your blessing of all things KPC. I will ensure that these salutations will be passed on to the chaps accordingly during hors d'oeuvres.

I have just returned - this evening in fact - from a splendid sojourn to the Fatherland, Dortmund to be precise, where our club blend 'Bothy Flake' was launched onto the world market by Samuel Gawith. I will be selling some very shortly on the KPC website (club members will get an astounding price, naturally!) but you and your chumregation may like to know that it is now on sale on that interweb-thingy at My Smoking Shop.

Sincerely,

Matron

Club News
Club Pipe?



With our club tobacco Bothy Flake now a reality, the Editorial team at B&B think that it is high time that we, as a club, gave some serious thought of a custom smoking machine to help members enjoy our club baccy.

With this in mind Matron has began discussions with Ian Walker of Northern Briars to this end. Northern Briars are highly respected for their traditional shapes and finishes, but also have some more unusual artisan designs on offer and indeed have made pipes for several pipe clubs over the years.

With discussions at a very early stage, we would like to canvas members' opinions on this and perhaps you could give some thought to the following questions:

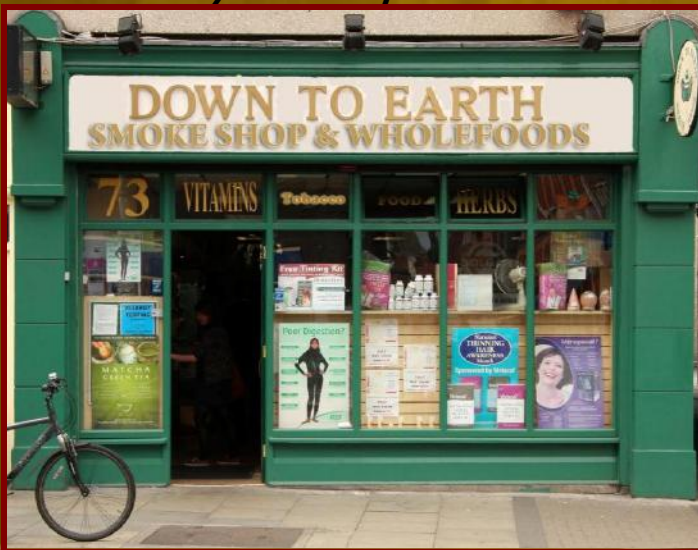
1. What shape should our club pipe take?
2. Would you prefer a straight or bent pipe?
3. Would you prefer a smooth or blasted finish?
4. How much would you be prepared to spend?

All suggestions and comments welcome and please send any correspondence to Sergeant Matron.

STOP PRESS:

Ian Walker has also petitioned to join the KPC and his application is currently before the verification committee. More about this exciting development in the next edition of B&B!

Unlikely retail emporia... – Part 1



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 2015 AGM will be held 26th September 2015 at Kearvaig Bothy.** Details from, and agenda items to: Sergeant Matron.

Advertisement:

Please mention the KPC when ordering your boots.

