



'Briar & Bothies'

The newsletter of
THE KEARVAIG PIPE CLUB



EXCLUSIVE: 'The Sturge' Rocks!

- The KPC meets the new First Minister: "Fae a wee blether."

Knowing that many readers of B&B have a penchant for powerful women, it is with great pleasure that we have managed to secure an exclusive and revealing interview with Nicola 'The Sturge' Sturgeon; Scotland's new First Minister.

Sergeant Matron: Welcome to the Kearvaig Pipe Club Mrs Salmond, er, I mean *Sturgeon*.

First Minister: Thank you Sergeant Matron, but please, just call me *First Minister*.

SM: (With a dumb, puppy-like, awestruck expression)
Of course *First Minister*, I stand blissfully corrected, and please just call me Matron, your loyal servant... First of all on behalf of the KPC, and indeed *all* the pipe clubs in a *nearly* independent Scotland, I would like to wish you heartfelt congratulations on becoming Prime Minister.

FM: You mean *First Minister Mister* Matron..?

SM: (Still looking like a rabbit in the headlights)
Er, yes, quite, er, a *Freudian* slip First Minister. My, that is a nice dress you're wearing First Minister, very, er, red and er, very powerful...

FM: Thank you Matron, but *what* is it you want tae ask me?

SM: (Filling his pipe in a cack-handed fashion trying to regain some composure)
Right, yes, of course First Minister. Well, er, before we kick off with the pipe-related questions I'm sure our members would love to know, quite simply, *how exactly* do you ask for hair like that?

Cont. p.2

'The Sturge' Rocks! The First Minister is rumoured to be forming a new band: 'The Indy Chicks'.



The Sturge Rocks! cont.

The First Minister's favourite
smoke...



- FM:** (*With a fantastically erotic stern glare*)
The attainment of my hairstyle is a secret Matron. Such secrets are the privilege of powerful women who like tae keep such things close tae their chests, as I'm sure you would understand, *Matron?*
- SM:** (*Looking decidedly uncomfortable and chastised*)
Er, yes of course, First Minister, oh most powerful but merciful one. I stand infinitely corrected!
- FM:** Crawling won't get you anywhere Matron, I like men wi' *BAWZ*; noo can we get on wi' the interview, I've got a cabinet re-shuffle to sort oot, and a few heids are gonnae role, I can tell ye!
- SM:** OK, er, we'll stay well away from your *cheveux magnifique* and get right down to *briar* tacks! What is your favourite pipe shape?
- FM:** Well tae be honest Matron, you will no doubt be aware that the SNP Government are no *overly* fond of the Scottish people smoking tobacco products, but I suppose exceptions *could* be made for - *independently minded* - pipe smokers... Anyway, since you ask, it has tae be: a stout, fuu-bent billiard, with a smooth finish and ebonite mouthpiece and a fishtail end. My Grandfather smoked such a pipe and I hae fond memories of passively smoking his tobacco in the parlour.
- SM:** (*Beaming inanely*)
Good choice First Minister! May I say how well briefed you are! I think that safe, yet exquisite, choice will strike a chord with many KPC members both north *and south* of the border. Your Grandfather must have been a splendid chap, but tell me, what was his favoured blend?
- FM:** (*Smiling smugly*)
Why *Clan* of course! He loved the name, the tartan packaging and the *superb* room note. For these reasons *Clan* continues tae be my favoured blend today, and in fact my SNP Government *may* reduce the duty *ever so slightly* on this tobacco regardless of that Smith Commission nonsense.
- SM:** (*Look of unmitigated horror*)
CLAN!! First Minister, please, re-consider, I implore, no *BEG* you not to be wooed by such superficial characteristics as the packaging and room note! There are *many* traditional Scottish mixtures that are *far* superior to that foul, mouth-blistering, aromatic filth, which are far more deserving of even a modest tax-break! Besides, *Clan* is made in bloody Denmark by a faceless corporate *conglomerate*; hardly a beacon of Scottish nationalism, and anyway, I thought you said that the SNP Government was not "*overly fond*" of such smoking things?
Cont. p.3

"Pipe Clubs have to convince people that there is a reason to smoke and that will re-engage them with pipe smoking."

- Nicola Sturgeon, First Minister of Scotland

The Sturge Rocks! Cont.

- FM:** *(Looking more wonderfully dominant and determined than ever)*
Well Matron, anything that promotes Scotland as an independent country will be looked on sympathetically by **MY** Government, even if it means turning a wee blind eye tae our *general* policy on smoking. Besides, if you want *me* tae look favourably on *Independent* Scottish Pipe Clubs I suggest that you and your wee pipe club pals start enjoying the contents ae the wee tartan pouch. Otherwise, at the stroke of my First Ministers pen, I *may* be inclined to ban pipe clubs and smoking in bothies outright...
- SM:** Er, yes, First Minister, of course, oh illustrious one, but CLAN..! Oh my God, the KPC *LOVES* you, but this development could lose you *many* votes among the Scottish Pipe Clubs and we would hate to see the return of some wishy-washy *Labour* Government headed up by that slimy weasel Jim Murphy, for example.
- FM:** *(Glowering in a most sultry manner)*
Don't you worry yersel' laddie, Scotland will ignore that Labour shamboos, and if that wee shite Jim Murphy becomes leader ae that rabble I'll wipe the Holyrood floor wi' 'im! In fact, I'm gonnæ get my Grandfather's pipe oot, fill it tae the top ae the bowl wi' Clan and blow smoke in the wee bastard's pus!
- SM:** *(Now sweating uncontrollably and looking bereft of any composure whatsoever...)*
Oh, First Minister, you are *SO* lovely when you're angry, and the thought of you with a pipe is beyond my humble lexicon. First Minister, on behalf of our pitiful pipe club you are now an honourable life member of the KPC... **YOU ARE SOOO HOT.., I, I, er, WE LOVE YOU!!**



"Ed Milliband is more unelectable than Michael Foot, and he does not have any of Foot's wonderful qualities or intellect."
— Alex Salmond, SNP

Wine of the Month by Jimbo & Pluggy

Editorial note:

Due to an excess of guff in the last issue of B&B, the Editorial team had to make some tough editorial decisions. One of those difficult decisions (or mistakes, Ed.) was to postpone another semi-enlightening article from our wino duo Pluggy & Jimbo. Of course the Editorial team will not make such an error in future, as opprobrium and vitriol from all corners of the Pipe Club world came at us on a biblical scale, and we were on the verge of building a virtual ark to escape on the resulting flood of bilious outrage! Anyway, wine under the bridge as they say, and we are pleased (relieved, more like, Ed.) to welcome back the chaps, who this month have taken a saunter down under (oh dear, if they must,,, Ed.) to bring you some more infinite knowledge of all things vino.

WINES OF OZ

G'day Cobbers! This edition's wine column leaves the esoteric shores of France and goes down under – to Australia.

Jimbo and Pluggy Introduce Their Oz Cousins and a New Friend...

Here we are at Strine's homestead just outside Whoop Whoop, North Fourexshire. Strine is a true digger from convict stock, and is Fourexshire born and bred. Last night he and Ocker were hitting the turps in Whoop Whoop. Ocker has spent most of the night chundering in the dunny. Despite being off their faces at last night's beano they have been up since sparrow's fart digging the barbie pit. This arvo Strine plans to introduce Ocker to Aussie plonk but, unbeknownst to Ocker, Strine has a surprise in store. Ocker has never tasted wine and is widely considered to be a drongo with kangaroos loose in the top paddock and is about as popular as a rattle snake in a lucky dip. He is sitting on an upturned beer crate, head in hands.

Strine: You were legless last night, ya two-pot screamer! I heard ya chundering in the dunny like a bloody cow in labour – up and down like a bride's nightie, mate!

Ocker: Me tongue's as dry as a dead dingo's donger, mate. Got any tinnies in that esky? Or a stubbie might see us right.

Strine: Nah mate, I need another drink like I need a third armpit. Got a kilo of snags in there for the barbie this arvo, and some bottles to wash 'em down.

Ocker: Naaaaah!!

Retching noises are heard from adjacent bushes. Ocker returns looking less pale. He sits down and eases a buttock to let out a silent fart.

Strine: Sta-rooth Ocker! Didya just open ya bloody lunch!!

Ocker: Sorry mate, it must be that burger from Maccas. Ripppa night, though – them joolaroos was hot!

Strine: Don't know about that. Yours had a face like a dropped pie, mate!

Ocker: I seen ya lookin' at 'er, an' crackin' a fatty under the table...

Later, as they are sitting watching the charcoal flames die down, Strine grabs a handful of snorkers and places them on the barbie.

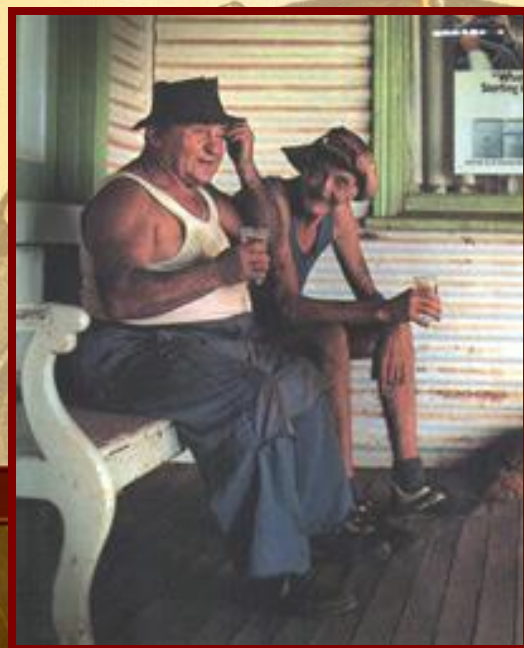
Ocker: Them coals ready, mate?

Strine: No worries mate, she'll be apples.

Ocker: Any grog, mate? Me mouth's as dry as a nun's nasty.

Strine: Yes mate, some bottles of Aussie plonk to wash down them snags.

Cont. p. 5



"I drink one glass of red wine a day for my health. The rest of the bottle is because I like wine."

- Anon.

Wine of the Month cont.

At this moment a man minces out of the bushes. Ocker is startled by this strange apparition, but Strine appears unconcerned. Wearing old army fatigues and long khaki shorts, held up by a Sam Browne belt and his bald head hidden by a pith helmet, there is a Baden Powell look about him. He is from Scotland but his accent is distinctly English. His name is "Matron" – Sergeant Matron. Clenched between his teeth is an old Barling pipe; in its bowl is burning forty-year old Balkan Sobranie.

Matron: Afternoon chaps, stand easy. Matron's the name, wine's my game! Goodness, those bangers smell rather nice!

Strine: Ocker, meet Sergeant Matron, he's a mate of our cousins, Jimbo and Pluggy. He's going to tell us about wine.

Ocker: Stone the bloody crows, it's a bloody Pom!!

Matron: Ocker old chap, what a nice name for a chap. What's it mean?

Ocker: It means posh Oz, ya bloody galah! Matron..? That's a Sheila name for a nurse, mate!

Matron: Well.., there are male nurses, Ocker old bean.

Ocker: Sta-rooth!! They're all bloody *poofers*, mate.

Strine: Tell us about this plonk then, Matron.

Matron: Perhaps I might give you chaps a general introduction first, before describing the individual wines?

Ocker: Well bloody get on with it then!

Matron: For many years Australia produced heavy red wines that one can only describe as "*alcoholic Vimto*". This changed about 20 years ago with the development of better newly planted vines, mainly Shiraz, to be joined later by Cabernet Sauvignon and then the white Chardonnay grape. Quality was still a tad variable, but new winemakers were emerging in force and produced some spectacular, but expensive red wines. Personally chaps, I think many of these were too fruity and rich for good drinking, at least with food, but balance is now coming though. A huge advance was considered the production of heavily oaked white Chardonnay that found an instant audience with a new generation of wine drinkers, who found French white Burgundy too austere. Again, it was at first overdone, leading to the "ABC" - *Anything But Chardonnay!* - revolution. Once again balance is now coming.

Strine pulls out a bottle from the esky. The label states: "Shiraz Banrock Station Light rosé, 5.5%."

Matron: Oh dear, James - I don't think this will be to my taste at all. Oh dearie me, no. How much did you pay for this?

Strine: Five bucks, mate - an' bloody Fosters is stronger than this. I'd need a bloody gallon to get *half-pissed!*

Ocker: This is like jumbucks' piss with two sugars, mate!!

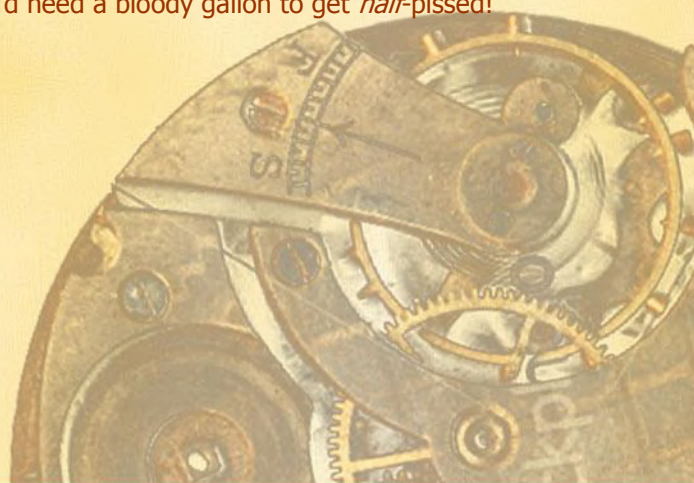
Matron: Well, I suppose you would be the one to know.

Strine: I've bloody told ya to stay away from me sheep, Ock!

Matron: Perhaps we should venture your next offering. It can't be any worse.

Strine fossicks another bottle from the esky. The label on this declares: "Kangarilla Road Chardonnay 2013 McLaren Vale, Australia".

Cont. p. 6



"As a work of art it has the same status as a long conversation between two not very bright drunks..."

- Clive James reviewing 'Princess Daisy' by Judith Krantz

Wine of the Month cont.

Matron: Well this is another matter altogether, an example of the new-fangled Australian Chardonnay. I think you chaps will note that this is very lightly oaked with a lemony element and perhaps notes of lychees and peach stones... But then again, perhaps you won't... I find it rather fine; it might go well with Dover sole.

Strine: This is alright, mate. I wouldn't kick it outta bed for fartin'.

Ocker: Bonzer mate, a good mouthwash - pass us that bottle.

Matron: May I ask Why?

Strine: He's gonna bloody neck it, ain't he?

Ocker did indeed drink the rest of the bottle in a single draught. Strine retrieved the next bottle from behind an adjacent gum tree. The label read "The Exquisite Collection South Australian Shiraz 2013".

Matron: I think you chaps will like this wine. It is an archetypal Australian Shiraz (Syrah, en francais); ripe and loaded with the taste of woodland berries. It should go very well with those lovely sausages.

Strine: There ya go mate, get ya laughin gear round that snorker!!

Matron: Thankee kindly, you are a gentleman, Sir.

Strine: This is grouse, mate!!

Ocker: Yeah, too right mate! This is bonza.....rippa!!!!!! Pass us that bottle willya?

Sometime later, as Strine is saying his goodbyes to Matron, the sound of chundering can be heard from the bushes..

THE WINES TASTED/NECKED IN THIS AUSTRALIAN OZDYSEY:

Supermarket Pick of the Month:

The Exquisite Collection South Australian Shiraz 2013 (Aldi, £5.99)

They say: "A deeply ingrained knowledge combined with an intimate understanding of the region has enabled only the best grapes to be sourced for this 'Black' Shiraz. Deep, dark, powerfully attractive and bulging with ripe black plum fruits, blackberries and succulent black cherries. Beautifully rich with weighty yet soft layers of liquorice, creamy chocolate, sweet spice and traces of eucalyptus gum. The finish is long, intense, super-ripe and delicious. A great partner for a variety of red meat dishes – try with lamb chops, or a smoked, spicy steak."

We say: "Turbo-charged, heavy, bramble-fruity, smooth, smoky, BBQ red – finish a bit short but bloody good value."

Wine Store Pick of the Month:

Kangarilla Road Chardonnay 2013 McLaren Vale, Australia (Majestic Wine, £9.96 if buying 2)

They say: "From a tiny boutique winery in the up-and-coming McLaren Vale region. This area has a climate similar to Bordeaux except, in the words of one winemaker, it never rains and it's never frosty. Lively citrus and zest flavours together with light tropical fruits and white peach, displaying tight acidity on the superbly balanced palate and a great length of flavour."

We say: "Good balance and fruit with a touch of oak. Should please those who know their wine and also those that don't; great all-rounder."

Wombat Piss of the Month:

Banrock Station Light Shiraz rosé, 5.5%, 56kcal per 125ml (Morrisons, £4.99)

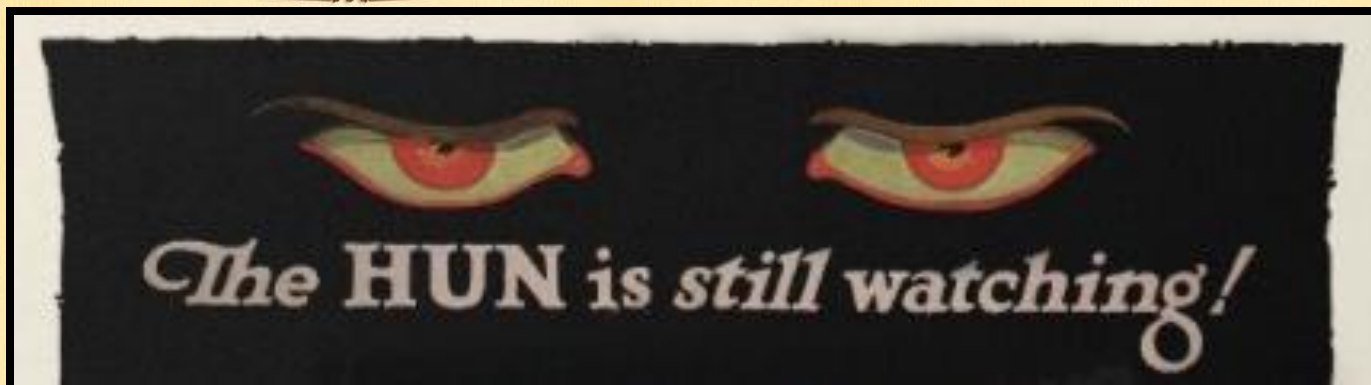
Some other bugger says (We ain't trying it!):

A bubblegummy backtaste and nothing at all going for it; if you want to get drunk on a diet, try vodka and Diet Coke. If you want to be on a diet and stay sober, there's a load of different activities, but not one of them is drinking in a pub.

Thanks for reading and let's hope for a return to civilised living next time, Pluggy & Jimbo. (*Quite.., Ed.*)

Achtung! Editorial note:

Well chaps, it would appear that we have a brand new contributor to our illustrious organ. Yes, we have a new German member all the way from Germany (see New Member Welcome pp. 24 & 25) in our ranks. Incidentally, before anyone gets all 'UKIP' on our derriere, this chap still resides in Germany and has been vetted quite carefully by the KPC membership and internal security committee. Post-vetting, he has been found to be a fine fellow who has discarded his lederhosen and oompah records for tweeds and punk rock. Indeed, it would appear that our very own 'Crazy Count' has a keen eye for all things tobacco and a sense of humour to match, casting a Teutonic eye over some rather revealing pipe and tobacco adverts.



***The Connotations of Pipe Smoking and Tobacco...
By (new member) Count Blofeld von Bamberg***

Have you ever thought about what people might associate with pipe smoking or the consumption of tobacco in general? No? Me neither and I am not talking about great-grandfathers, Sherlock Holmes or Hugh Hefner. Well, it could have to do with the last one. But please see for yourself:



If it was not for the first sentence I would not believe that this advertisement is about tobacco.

Cont. P. 8

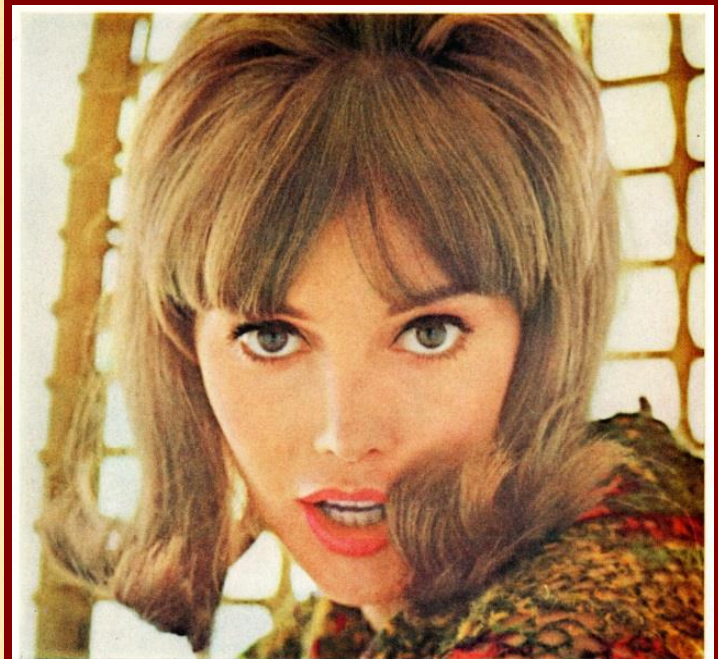
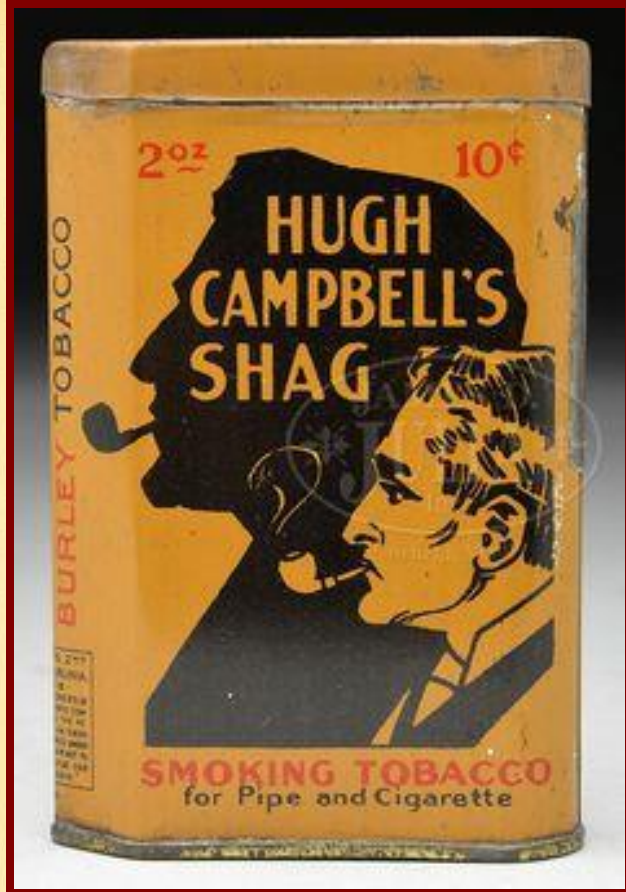
A display window offering a fine shag? Even before Mike Myers this offer could be mistaken...



***"Beware of The Hun in the Sun."
- RAF training manual***

The Connotations of Pipe Smoking and Tobacco... Cont.

Same as the previous example. And Divine Brown is nowhere to be seen.



Please... may I sniff your Klompen Kloggen?



Klompen Kloggen is blended from unusual strains of tobaccos—porous leaves which absorb the delicate fruit flavoring used in its cure. Herein lies the secret of Klompen Kloggen's flavor and aroma. Klompen Kloggen's natural tobacco bouquet works on a woman the way the subtle essence of a fine perfume works on a man. Remember this extra dimension, because this new aromatic blend is so fine its makers must give you, of necessity...

less tobacco for more money than 'most any pipe tobacco in America.

"Of course, you may sniff it, taste it, whatever you like to do. Wait a minute, my mind was blown – ahem – DRAWN away. What is a Kloggen? If it is about shoe or foot fetish, forget it."



Chew Mail Pouch. Treat yourself the best. Is it an imperative? If so who is the addressee? Mysterious... Cont. p. 9



*"If you resolve to give up smoking, drinking and loving, you don't actually live longer; it just seems longer."
- Clement Freud*

The Connotations of Pipe Smoking and Tobacco... Cont.



Please . . . may I sniff your Klompen Kloggen?



Klompen Kloggen is blended from unusual strains of tobaccos—porous leaves which absorb the delicate fruit flavoring used in its cure. Herein lies the secret of Klompen Kloggen's flavor and aroma.

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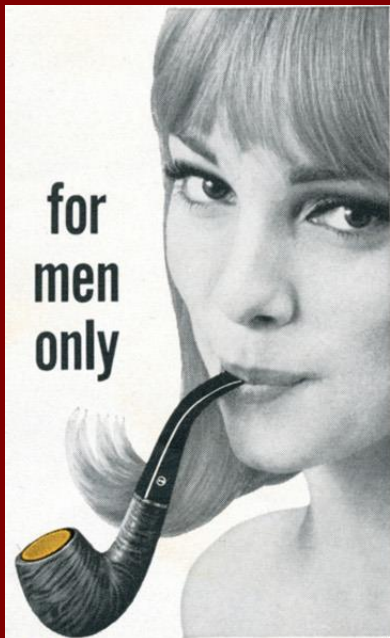
probably less tobacco for more money than any other pipe tobacco in America.

21

"As I already told your friend frauline, you are welcome, as long as it has nothing to do with shoes or feet."



Well that's me gone fishin'... Until next time chaps!



for men only

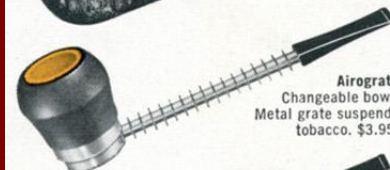
YELLO-BOLE®

THE NEW TASTE IN SMOKING

{ The all-male taste, yet so mild and flavorful you'll have trouble keeping it from "her". }



Spartan
Rich, dark finish. \$2.95.



Airograde
Changeable bowl. Metal grate suspends tobacco. \$3.95.



Thorn
Rugged, sand-blasted finish. \$4.95.



Duo-Lined
Double lining of real honey. \$5.95.

Yello-Bole is made for men who like their smoking rich and full flavored. To create this unique taste the bowl is pre-caked with a new-formula honey lining. This gentles the smoke. Smooths the taste. Enriches the flavor. So effective—the imported briar bowl is guaranteed against burn-out. Available in a variety of shapes, \$2.50 to \$7.50.

Free Booklet shows how to smoke a pipe; styles; shapes.
YELLO-BOLE PIPES, INC., N.Y. 10022, Dept. N93
by the makers of KAYWOODIE

What! You must be joking!



Chaps' Corner

Is Necessity the Really the Mother of Invention?

According to that Plato chappie, the progeny of invention is dear old necessity. As a chap, you will obviously not take such proclamations at face value and would investigate thoroughly. Therefore, in this article we have deployed a bit of 'chap-nitiative' to cast a quizzical eye over this accepted wisdom and in the process pass judgement on some of the contraptions herein. We think you'll find, dear chap, that the results from our study are a mixed bag; a veritable bothy-table of the good, the bad and the downright astounding! Of course inventions related to smoking will be of most interest to readers of B&B, but a fair number of more general beezee-wheezes have been included for your enlightenment.



Aimed at the younger smoker the pooly shaped 'breastray' was never likely to be a success...

The 'Pack Smoker': For those long telephone chats where lighting your next cigarette is simply impossible.



Here we have the Smoker's bumbershoot. Also available for your pipe.



Chaps' Corner Cont.

The 'Smoker's Periscope'. Handy for underwater smoking and a great party-piece for retired Submariner reunions.



The 'Love Smoke': Taking the 'His 'n' Hers concept to sublime smoking heights. Pro: cuts your cigarette bill in half. Con: Tricky if a smug couple prefer different blends.



The 'Smokerlator'. This is for the serious smoker on a budget who simply cannot afford the loss of any of his hard earned puff. It is also the perfect device for defeating the modern day anti-smoking fascists both on public transport and in the office!



Chaps' Corner Cont.

Just think of this scenario dear chap: you have spent a King's ransom on some fine Cubans and as soon as you depart your penthouse your smokes are immediately subject to all that nasty air pollution; and we all know how absorptive fine tobacco can be! So, to avoid ruining your stash when roving about town, why not invest in a 'Mobile Urban Pollution Prevention Encasement Trolley' or MUPPET. The MUPPET also acts as a humidor. Of course MUPPETS can be a little on the large side so why not instruct your mistress to do the running about whilst you hop in a taxi? An optional mask for your lady friend is also available to protect her delicate lungs from all that airborne beastliness and the lecherous eyes of all those cads out there. Splendid what!



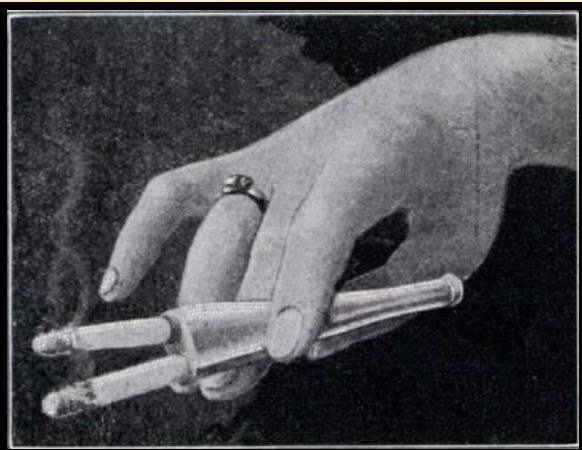
*"Never slap a man who chews tobacco."
- Willard Scott*

Chaps' Corner Cont.

The 'Intensive Care Smoker's Resuscitator': *Just imagine being rushed to hospital with a life-threatening ailment that renders a chap unconscious. With this little gem a chap can get his smoke in, even when he right outside death's door. Ingenious!*



The 'V-ciggy': *Aimed at classy ladies who prefer to refrain from personal vulgar gesticulations, but still like to stick it to the antis!*



The 'Surgeon's ashtray': *Essential when performing a tricky bit of surgery where both hands are required. Note the stainless steel construction for easy sanitisation.*



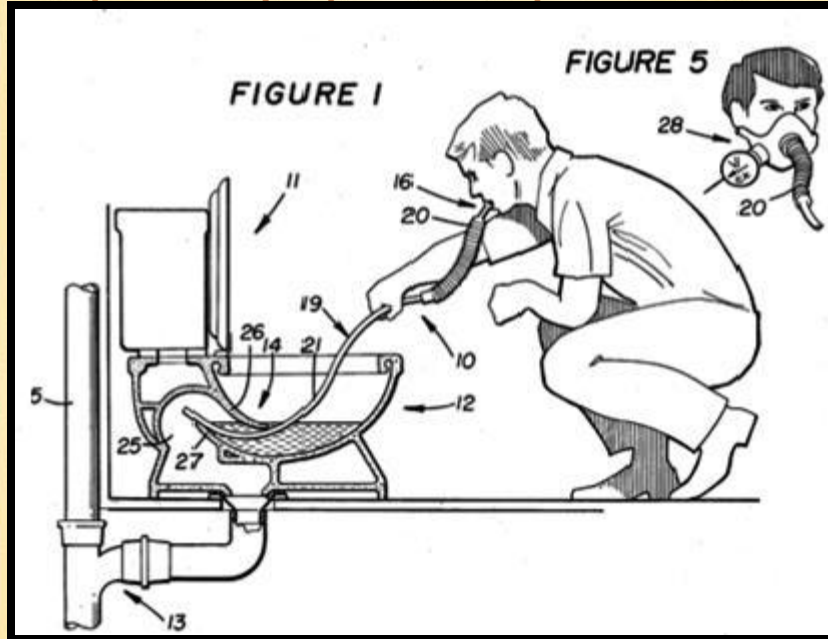
The 'Pipe Tobacco Review Machine': *This splendid little device allows a pair of chaps to simultaneously smoke the very same bowl to make tobacco reviews just that bit less subjective. Of course for successful operation being on good terms with your fellow reviewer would be beneficial ...*



Chaps' Corner Cont.

The 'hotel room smoke exhaler'. Another cunning device to allow a chap to make an ass of the law by facilitating a smoke wherever he may be resting his head for the night. NB: As the name implies this instrument is not for inhalation, and should be used prior to any deposits in the porcelain.

The bothy chap knows just how tiresome outdoor defecation can be... So chaps, this clockwork combined music system and loo-roll holder could at least make one's walks with the spade a tad more joyous!



Finding it difficult to get your 5 packs a day in? Why not invest in a 'Turbo Smoker'! This cracking bit of kit enables the chap who is pushed for time to smoke 100 cigarettes in one session. An optional blow torch can be added to save even more time when lighting up, and a hard hat is recommended for when you fall over...

The 'Amphibious Bicycle'. This machine needs little in the way of explanation, but with climate change all-the-rage these days, this beastly could prove a wise investment for the all-weather chap!



Chaps' Corner Cont.

It's a pity that the Land Rover Bouncy Castle series never found much favour amongst our youngsters. This could possibly explain why no one wants to join the army anymore.



The Flatulence-powered cycle was never likely to take off, not least because of the configuration of the navigator, who would have only able to tell where the pilot had been, so to speak...



Chaps' Corner Cont.

The UKIP 'IDIOT' (Immigrant Deportation Overseas Transporter). This piece of techno-wizardry has been gaining popularity in some former Tory areas of southern England of late... Designed and built in Poland.

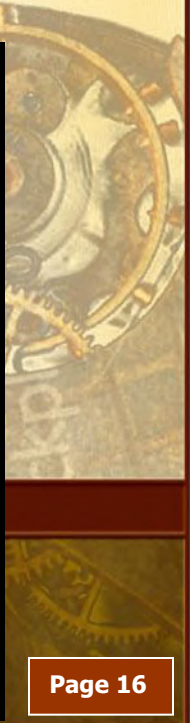
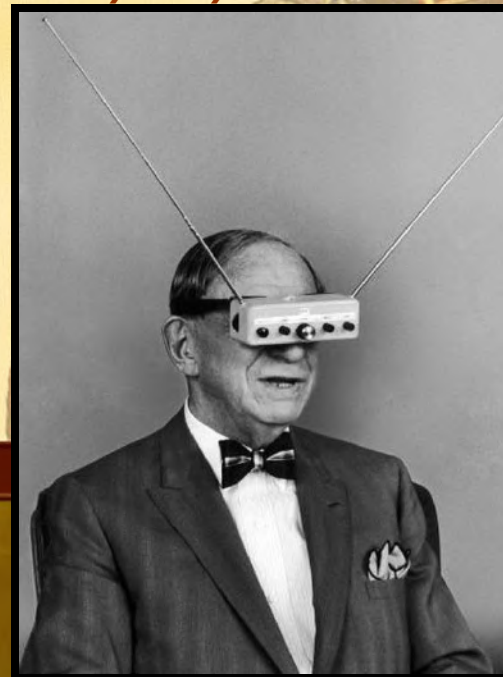
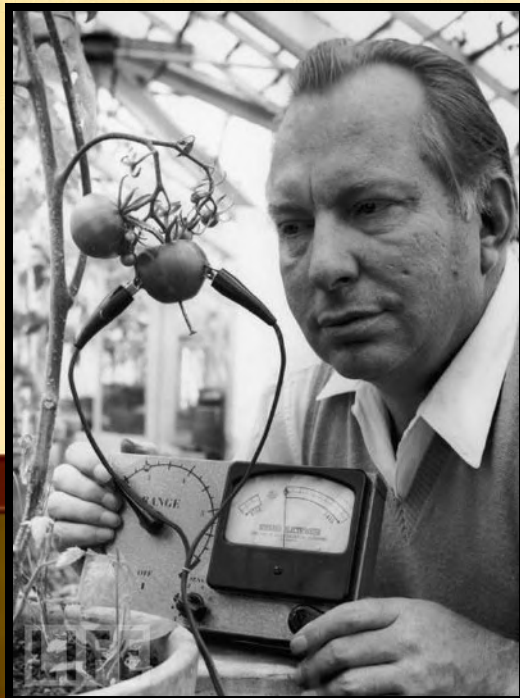
The steam-powered 'Chapway' – the acceptable version of the abysmal electric 'Segway'; for the discerning chap.



The 'Vegetable Torturer' – because scared tomatoes taste so much better!



The 'Eye-Player'.



World Famous Events When a Pipe Could Have Made All the Difference... Part 2 - "The Last Supper"

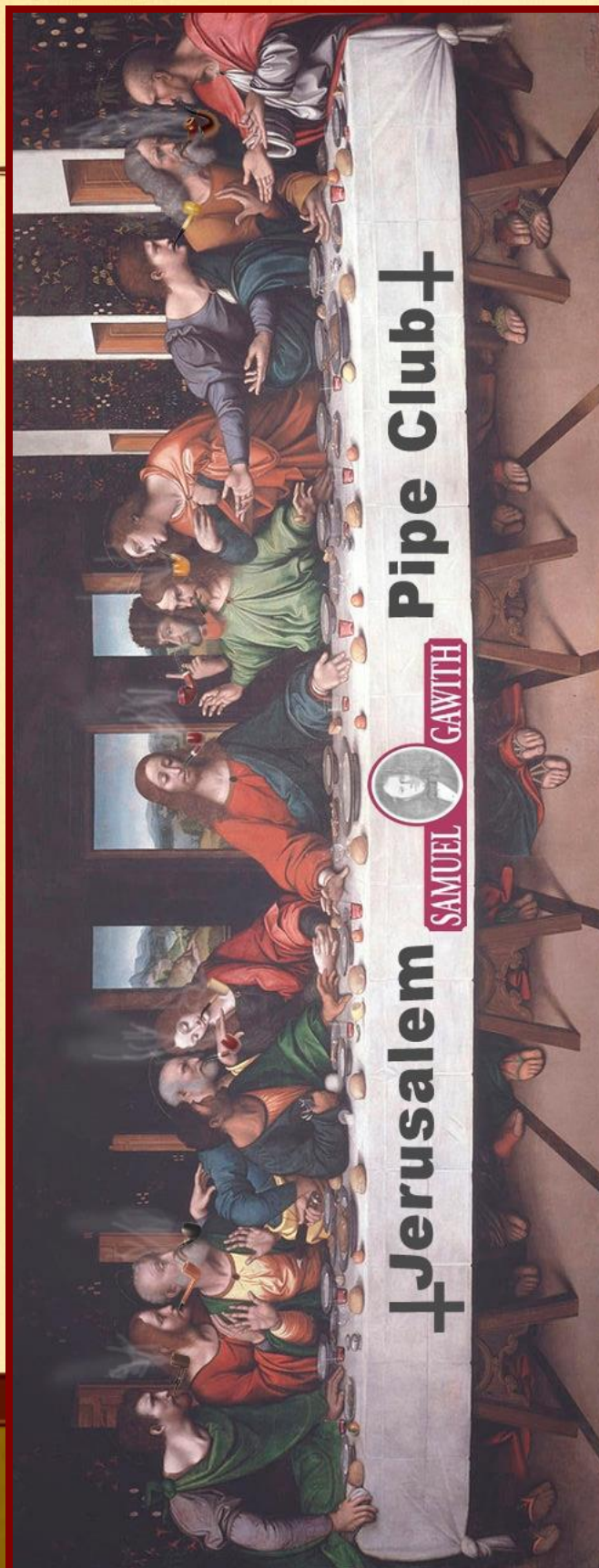
The Last Supper...

Although in this edition we examine a *mythical* 'world event', The Last Supper appears to be rather significant to those types who like to dabble with the supernatural. The B&B Editorial team felt, therefore, that even in the world of make-believe, dedication to one's briar and leaf could still have made all the difference...

As the story goes: dear old Brian - the *Briar-Messiah* of the Jerusalem Pipe Club (JPC) - was betrayed for daring to preach pipe culture in public, to those establishment bounders - the Romans - by one of his fellow JPC members. The treacherous blaggard in question was none other than the equine gladiatorial martial artist 'Judo In-chariot'; and his price for the life of Brian was a mere 30 packs of Cube Silver baccy. As a result of this betrayal, poor old Brian ended up getting crucified for his hobby! (*That's dedication to one's pipe club even if it is fictional, Ed.*) Given the hard times of the day, if the deal was for, say, 30 tins of *Bothy Flake*, a chap could have perhaps understood or even forgiven that Judo rotter... Anyway, all depictions of The Last Supper show the gathered JPC members *without* their briars. This, of course, was a result of those Roman rum covers outlawing and confiscating all baccy and smoking devices in an attempt to break the will of Brian and the JPC.

So, dear reader, just imagine if Brian and the JPC chaps had indeed been bashing their briars on that fateful last pipe club moot. What would have been the outcome? Well, if you look at our depiction of The Last Supper only one JPC member is *not* smoking his pipe. Yes, the briar-less cad is of course that dastardly Judo, whom, having avariciously puffed his way through his filthy Cube Silver, had such bad case of tongue-bite he would simply have been unable to have a bowl of *anything*. Consequently, Judo would have been easily spotted as a traitor by his fellow JPC members and dear ol' Brian would have avoided that nasty crucifixion episode. Bloody marvellous, what!

Of course the downside to Brian being saved by the briar, is that today we would not get a double-bank holiday weekend that occurs around the first Sunday after the first full-moon after the Spring Equinox i.e. Easter would *definitely* have been cancelled! Additionally, if the JPC had come to Kendal for its last bash (as our depiction shows) they would even have had easy access some tip-top-baggy-baccy (*and we're not talking G&H here, Ed.*) to bash their briars with! A wonderful scenario for the thoughtful chap to consider over his next bowl perhaps?



Pipe Club+



SAMUEL GAWITH

+Jerusalem

TOBACCO OF THE MONTH



Editorial note:

As Bothy Flake has now gone global, we felt it was high-time that B&B did a review of our club blend. But, rather than simply allow a totally biased review along the lines of: "Bothy Flake? Best damn smoke in the world", we have decided to simply reproduce reviews from various sources, well www.tobaccoreviews.com, Scotland and Germany anyway.

This is without doubt a great smoke. Upon opening the tin you get a good whiff of the Whisky soaked flakes which in itself is real mouth-watering moment. I then gently broke the flakes up and let them sit for 20 minutes, then loaded my Savinelli 645. Once lit I was greeted with the unique taste of whisky and Latakia & a slight peppery background, and it just got better & better as I gently puffed away down the bowl. I've now been smoking Bothy flake for 4 weeks every day, all day, just to find its weak point but I can not find one. I highly recommend everyone to try this OUTSTANDING blend. All I can say is well done to Bob 'The Blender' Gregory at the Brown House in Kendal UK and also to Sergeant Matron from the KPC on getting together to bring this to the market for our pleasure. You will not get any tongue bite with this, and it burns to a nice ash. Similar Blends? I've never had anything like it so I can not say it's similar to any other blend, it's just unique.

Puff Puff Lyall (from: www.Tobaccoreviews.com)

The tin aroma is pretty strong. The whisky flavour and a hint of Latakia can be detected; all in all it smells a little medicinal. Should it really taste like...? After lighting the bowl and the first few puffs one will discover that everything is there: the smokiness of the Latakia, the sweetness of the aged Virginia-leaves and on top a strong whisky flavour. After a while the single malt flavor retreats. A well balanced smoky-sweet aroma stays until everything turns to smoke and grey ash. To answer the question mentioned above, Bothy Flake indeed somewhat tastes like a dram of medium peaty Islay single malt whisky. My favourite! All-in-all Bothy Flake measures well up to the expectations.

Kudos to Bob Gregory and Sergeant Matron! Well done, Sirs!

If that is what a bothy night tastes like I will definitely have to attend!

Count Blofeld von Bamberg (by c-mail)

Cont. p.19

TOBACCO OF THE MONTH *Cont.*

Samuel Gawith Bothy Flake: As always with Sam G' it's too moist! I leave mine out in the morning for a few hours prior to smoking to allow the flakes to dry some. If we forget that usual Sam G' niggle this is a good tobacco.

The first thing I will point out is that I find any added flavours very mild, there is a slight tang of whiskey but not overly noticeable at all. The tobacco flavours are superb; the Virginia is unequivocally the main player in this game, with the Latakia offering a light smoky background flavour making it by no means a 'Lat-Bomb'! It burns quite consistently not requiring re-lighting if it isn't left unattended and the actual smokes discernible points outside of flavour are great. The temperature? Quite cool. Nicotine? Well this would suit most kinds of smokers, not that strong as to intimidate taste only smokers, yet if inhaled it is enough to satisfy those who smoke for "N". The burning of the tobacco, this depends upon having the patience to let it dry. When I smoked this without allowing it airing time the dottle left was immense but once it's been given a good airing period the burn is very clean and straight to the end. The room-note doesn't harbour any aromatic Whiskey side, it is a steadfast Virginia one but not too heavy. I was really excited when I saw this blend and even happier after my first smoke as it is the usual Sam G' quality, four stars easily.

Pipe Used: Peterson

Age When Smoked: New

Purchased From: G.Q Tobaccos

Stevie B (from: www.Tobaccoreviews.com)

In the unlikely event of experiencing a problem with Bothy Flake, a chap is requested to call our customer hotline on: 0800 - EAT- DOTTLE.

If there no one is available to take your call please leave a message and a dedicated representative from our Bothy Flake customer care team will call you back and convince you of the error of your ways, at a time that suits your busy schedule, naturally.



Bothy Flake: Nice smoke.

Colonel Hydrocarbon (by cellular telephone to the KPC Command Centre)

Review:

Strength:



Flavour:



Room note:



The KPC Creed

"This is my tin of Bothy Flake. There are many like it but this one is mine.

My Bothy Flake is my best friend. It is my life. I must master it as I must master my life. My Bothy Flake and I know that what counts in the bothy is not the bowls we smoke, the noise of our banter, nor the smoke we make. We know that it is the taste-hit that counts. We will taste-hit...

My tin of Bothy Flake is human, even as I, because it is my life. Thus, I will learn it as a brother. I will learn its weaknesses, its strength, its parts, its accessories, its label and it's tin. I will keep my tin of Bothy Flake clean and ready, even as I am clean and ready. We will become part of each other. We will...

Before the bothy, I swear this creed. My tin of Bothy Flake and I are defenders of my pipe club. We are the masters of the Outdoor Knobbers. We are saviours of my life.

So be it, until victory is the KPC's and there are no Outdoor Knobbers, but smoke!"

(With apologies to the USMC)

KPC members are strongly advised to learn their KPC Creed before the next moot, AND police-up their Bothy Flake in an orderly fashion, otherwise...



"Retreat? Hell! We're just attacking in another direction."

- Attributed to Major General Oliver P. Smith, USMC, Korea, December 1950.

KPC Top Tips

When taking you daughter for her first pipe smoking lesson why not reassure your little princess on this important rite-of-passage-day by wearing matching sweaters?



Father and Daughter Sweater
each in three sizes



Advertisement

**WHISKEY
Tooth Paste!**

**Genuine 6 Proof Stuff
SCOTCH • BOURBON**

Why fight oral hygiene—enjoy it! Here's real he-man toothpaste, best argument yet for brushing 3 times a day. 2½ oz. tubes flavored with the real thing—Scotch or Bourbon. Night-before feeling on the morning after. Rinse with soda instead of water if you prefer. **\$1**
Per tube ppd.

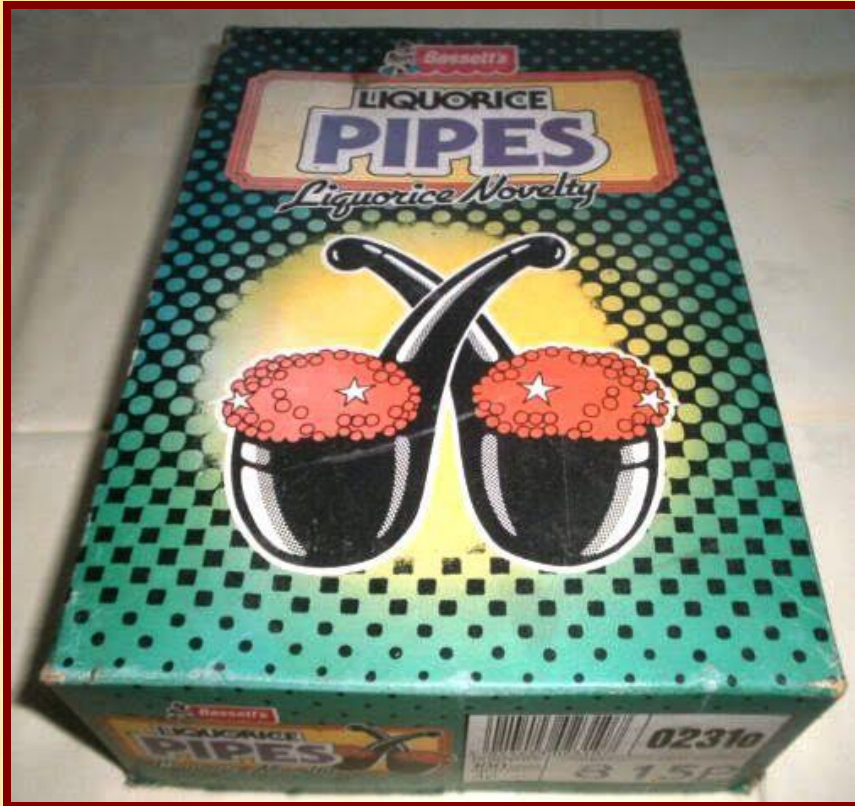
Greenland Studios
DEPT. HG-114, MIAMI 47, FLORIDA



*"In the end everything is a gag."
- Charlie Chaplin*

PIPE OF THE MONTH

The Licorice Pipe



This is the reason, of course, why *all* chaps starting the briar for the first time opt for aromatics before realizing the error of their ways and moving up to non-aromatics. It does make one wonder who smokes all that gloopy aromatic tobacco out there...

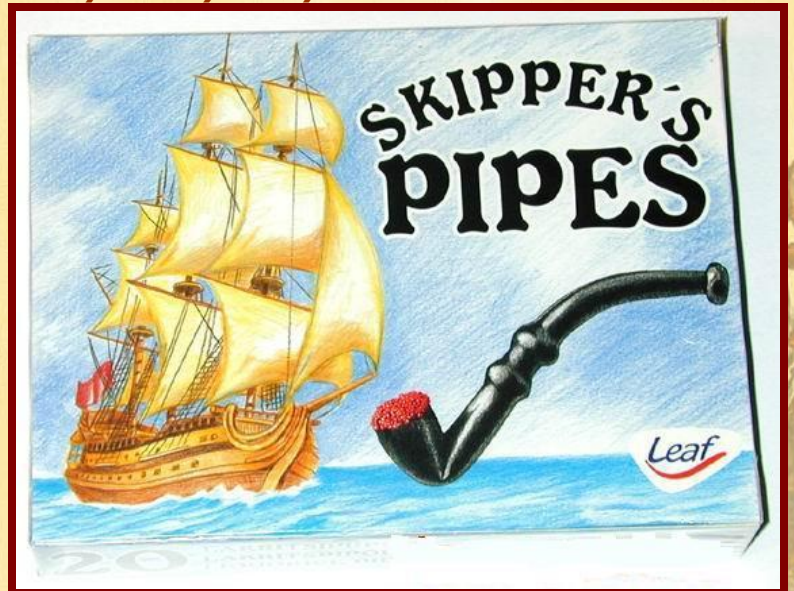
It should be noted that for chaps of a certain age, the occasional puff on a licorice pipe can be a wonderful trip down memory lane or simply a spiffing dollop of nostalgia. Our advice is that you should keep a few licorice pipes in your smoking cabinet and pouch for those days where there just isn't *anything* in your cellar that you desire.

Regrettably as ever, in our troubled age a word of caution is required for the chap-about-town. The licorice pipe does have a darker side as it is understood that certain scoundrels namely: Rolf Harris, Jimmy Saville and DLT were extensive users of a range of confectionery, including, sadly, the licorice pipe... Therefore, rather like your pocket knife it is probably good advice to have a plausible reason as to why you have a stock about your person if PC Plod decides to stop you for a little chat. Anyway chaps, "Happy smoking!"

Of course the primary function of the licorice pipe is to get young chaps used to the feel of a pipe before their pocket money can stretch to a briar. The primary restriction of the licorice pipe is, however, that it essentially was always going to be an aromatic 'smoke' by design, i.e. the flavour imparted to the 'smoker' is entirely a function of the materials of construction that include at the least the following: *Glucose fructose syrup, wheat flour, molasses, water, sugar, licorice extract, colours: cochineal, vegetable carbon; salt, preservative: sorbic acid; flavourings, stabiliser: gum arabic; vegetable oil, wheat starch, citric acid, glazing agent: beeswax.* Quite a list for any young blade to contend with!

Therefore, the typical young chap graduating from licorice to briar could be in for a bit of flavour shock if he jumped straight from licorice to briar with, say, an 'English' or a 'Balkan' Blend.

These wonderful little pipes come pre-lit and never go out regardless of the storm-tossed sea that you may find yourself on!

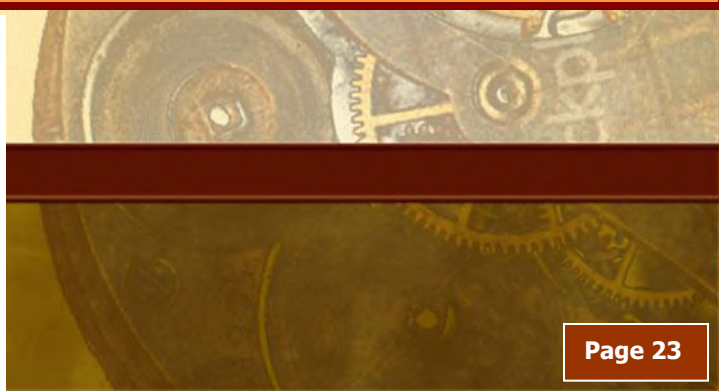


"We're like licorice. Not everybody likes licorice, but the people who like licorice really like licorice."

- Jerry Garcia, Lead guitar and vocals, The Grateful Dead

Pipe Babe of the Month

Since the financial crash of recent times, the Scottish Widows bint has been forced to diversify. Instead of flogging worthless insurance policies to ignorant proles, she now lives in the woods insuring only 'comforts' for the Elves and has only her pipe for solace. Surely there must be a (Parker?) Knight with a shining briar somewhere out there that can rescue such a Pipe Babe in distress..?



New Member Welcome:

Florian, from Bamberg, Germany



About me

I am a 37 year old male German, born and raised in Nuremberg, living in Bamberg, lawyer by profession, working at University of Bamberg. My last name means "cow's horn" in English. I lead a secluded life there with my lovely mademoiselle and my two twin cats, Rosemary and Henry/Harry (in German/Franconian shortened: Rosi und Heiner). At our refuge I am the cook, not sophisticated but acceptable. Nobody has cast his plate at me yet. I have a preference for Johnny Cash, Motörhead and most of all The Ramones and have been truly fond of the English language and English-speaking culture since I was a child. Back in Nuremberg my favourite place to spend Friday and Saturday evenings was the renowned Irish Castle Pub where I first got in touch with the wonderful Islay Single Malts (please see http://www.irish-castle.com/index_old.html). Concerning literature I read everything from fiction to non-fiction. Swimming and horseback-riding are not my cup of tea.

Cont. p.25

Pay attention chaps, for what you are about to read is a masterclass in how to apply to join a prestigious pipe club, or even the KPC for that matter...

Dear highly appreciated members of the Special Committee,

Letter of Motivation for Application of the Kearvaig Pipe Club (KPC)

With this letter I will give summary of me and my motivation for applying for membership of the Kearvaig Pipe Club.

Right at this very moment I have absolutely no idea how to do it. According to your rules one has to smoke a bowl at Kearvaig Bothy with photographic evidence or smoke a bowl in another bothy with an existing KPC member. I am German, situated in Bamberg (lovely town by the way; you would like it) and do not have the time to take the required actions in the near future. Is the principle "I should if I could, but I can't so I shan't" applicable?

*Why on this bloody planet does a German who has never been to Scotland and for most of his life has not even known the term "bothy" want to become a member of the **Kearvaig Pipe Club?***



Florian, from Bamberg, Germany Cont.

About pipe smoking, especially in Germany

Originally being a cigarette smoker I started smoking pipes in March of 2014. Concerning occupational and private matters, times were getting calmer and I bought my first pipe, a Vauen half-bent, 13th March 2014 along with a pouch of MacBaren 'Scottish Mixture'. When I was a child I always liked my parent's friends who were smoking pipes when they all gathered together for a couple of pints (in Franconian "Seidla" which is exactly half a litre) and a merry time. The smell, the ritual, it was simply great to watch.

When I was 20 years old I tried it myself with a corncob and some Dunhill Nightcap, instinctively knowing that I would not like aromatic pipe tobacco. It was okay, but I had my problems keeping the bloody thing lit, so I simply left it (is that proper English?).

Shortly before I decided to buy a pipe at the beginning of this year, I searched the internet for some instructions for beginners and discovered some German YouTube-channels with a lot of advice for beginners. Following this advice it went well. I soon discovered that I liked pure Virginia mixtures (as well together with perique), especially flakes and hence Samuel Gawith tobaccos (Best Brown Flake, Full Virginia Flake, St. James's Flake to mention a few) and am quite happy with these. Very soon my male cat Henry joined me smoking pipe at our balcony (see picture above) and, since I do not know any other pipe smokers in Bamberg and hardly any are to be found, we formed our "one-cat-one-man-gentleman's club"; women and female cats only allowed on special events with a two-weeks-in-advance-invitation. We sit there often in silence, contemplating on things that matter and things that do not.

*I was getting curious about new pipes and tobaccos, so I searched the Internet for maybe forums or clubs since pipe smoking is not as easy as smoking cigarettes and discovered some German speaking forums and Pipe Clubs. I did not join, I only read. And apart from some very innovative pipe makers, the stuff I read was simply... **boring and wrong**. Reviews on tobaccos, pipes and equipment that were interesting as reading a balance sheet... Not to mention the technicality of pipe structures and what to smoke or not in which shape of pipe.*

Did I mention the stylishness of pipe smoking? I know that pipe smoking has an image problem in Germany. But I did not know it was so serious. Please do not get me wrong. These people promote pipe smoking and they do what they believe in. That is a good thing; they may be wonderful people. But I definitely feel that I do not belong to this community.

Kearvaig Pipe Club – The discovery

Generally being curious and looking for a new Samuel Gawith tobacco I stumbled upon the words "Bothy Flake" on an internet forum. I learned that it has been especially blended for the Kearvaig Pipe Club, from Scotland. First of all I Googled the term "bothy". Basic shelter, okay makes sense, like the German "Berghütten".

In general I thought of a club that has been existing for hundreds of years, Googled it and found your homepage, the YouTube-video about bothy culture, Briar and Bothies and everything else and loved it! After that I purchased a copy of "Bothy Culture", read through it and agreed (and still do) on 90 - 95% of the statements. Henry and me, me smoking a pipe, at the balcony means to us retreating from society and people as well. It is somewhat our rudimentary shelter. I think I understood the idea of "bothying".

In the meantime I recognised that I do not fulfill the rules of affiliation and will not in the near future, so I decided to write an e-mail to you asking if you could imagine a German contributing texts to Briar & Bothies. I own a small sense of humour and would love to practice some English writing again. And here I am presenting my letter of motivation to you, the members of the Special Committee, most humbly and sincerely.

It is upon you to decide.

Best regards and wishes,

Yours,

Florian

Editor's response (on behalf of the special membership oversight committee):

I have to thank you Florian old chap, for your heartfelt application. The committee has voted overwhelmingly to accept your application with one simple proviso: "Lose the *comfortable trousers*". Assuming that you are able to adjust your sartorial standards accordingly, may I take this opportunity to warmly welcoming you to the KPC Sir! The committee would also like to thank you for your vintage advert article – bothy points awarded. Your command of the English language is highly commendable, so much so that the majority of our members may have trouble in understanding you, but please bear with them. Of course the German pronunciation of 'bothy' could lead to a few misunderstandings, for example: "*You have a very nice botty there Sir*", so the term 'rudimentary shelter' may be a safer bet in the first instance until we have evaluated your elocution satisfactorily. We look forward to more material from '*The Hun*' and we hope to see you at a rudimentary shelter sometime soon.

Bothy Name: Count Blofeld von Bamberg ('The Count')

Club News


Baccy Aid is cancelled! And we are very sorry for any offence caused...

Whoops a daisy! It appears that in the September 2014 Edition of B&B we may have gone a tad too far with our ground-breaking position paper on the Ebola outbreak. After we assured readers that Saint Bob Geldof and his Band Aid apostles were firmly in retirement, it appears that they have just been in a 30-year chemically-induced stasis (*not to mention the distinct lack of talent that has hindered their careers, Ed.*). Saint Bob is all of a sudden all over the media like a hairy plague, rising from destiny's dustbin like some twisted, poorly-groomed pop-ghoul, promising "action" once again. This time, Saint Bob aims to rid Africa of its current Ebola pestilence with a re-heated dreadful ditty... Such is the influence of Briar & Bothies these days, however, it would appear that we ruffled a few feathers and miffed a few egos in the world of washed-up, has-been, beatified, *pop stars*. Rather like Pandora's box, however, some things are best left firmly alone and we have learned a painful lesson; and for that, the Editorial team at B&B would like to issue a sincere apology: It was not our intention to unleash forces that would ultimately resurrect the fossilised remains of the 1984 Band Aid (*and new acolytes dying to make a name for themselves, Ed.*) participants and their sickening, quite unlistenable, (fourth?) re-hash of *"Do They Know Its Christmas"*.

And on that note: CHRISTMAS! *WHAT THE BLAZES!* As if any poor soul infected with a nasty strain of *Filovirus*, needs or even cares to know if it's the time of year when the western world goes on its annual obscene consumer-frenzy, then eats several million tonnes of dead, abused, poultry (*That's when Campylobacter is a blessing, Ed.*) whilst watching *The Great Escape!* One day soon, we hope, that an equivalent bunch of washed-up African do-gooding pop stars will perform a charity song for the bloated First World entitled: *"Do they know they are a bunch of fat Christmas bastards that have got more lifestyle diseases than we have elephants"* or some such; just see how *we* like some patronising bilge from Johnny Foreigner, Saint Bob! Besides, what if an Ebola outbreak stated on bloody Boxing Day? What use would your song be then, eh, Bobber *old bean?*

On calm reflection, however, perhaps dear old Saint Bob deserves our pity rather than opprobrium? "Why? – just put a stout brogue in!" we hear readers cry. Well, if one is being excruciatingly charitable, it is obvious that Saint Bob's problems stem from his early days as lead singer in the Boomtown Rats, whom, as any reader worth their baccy will know, were absolutely and categorically *NEVER* punk-rock.

Consequently, Saint Bob was simply just not as punk as he thought he was, and has had to endure a lifelong equivalent of the soft lad with the big ears at your school who got them flicked at every possible opportunity, by everyone, including the girls. Having indulged our sympathetic side for a micro-second or two, our Editorial stance remains resolute: we still don't feel sorry for Saint Bob and we condemn the potty-mouthed, self-righteous, prancing-popinjay to a punk-less Hell, with no food and lots of nasty diseases that only washed-up *minor* pop stars are afflicted by.

As a result of all this unseemliness, sadly, we have reluctantly decided to cancel our dignified (*and infinitely more beneficial, Ed.*) BACCY AID campaign. 

Comfortingly, however, it appears that the Editorial stance of this periodical has struck a chord with a kaleidoscope of colourful African artists who have decided to release their own song – *"Africa Stop Ebola"* – which seems an infinitely more appropriate title than asking some poor blighters if it's the correct time of year to celebrate some Pago-Christian claptrap. In a wonderful two-fingered salute to the Band Aid disaster-monopolists, those African chaps, led by none other than the Hip-Hop specialist 'Fuse ODG' (*Hop on, chumrade! Ed.*), have simultaneously given some good advice to their cousins and stuck it to the man. In the words of Fuse ODG himself:

"...However, on receiving the proposed lyrics on Thursday – two days before the recording was due to take place in London – I was shocked and appalled by their content. The message of the Band Aid 30 song absolutely did not reflect what Africa is truly about and I started to question whether this was something I wanted to be a part of.

I pointed out to Geldof the lyrics I did not agree with, such as the lines "Where a kiss of love can kill you and there's death in every tear", and "There is no peace and joy in west Africa this Christmas". For the past four years I have gone to Ghana at Christmas for the sole purpose of peace and joy. So for me to sing these lyrics would simply be a lie.

In truth, my objection to the project goes beyond the offensive lyrics. I, like many others, am sick of the whole concept of Africa – a resource-rich continent with unbridled potential – always being seen as diseased, infested and poverty-stricken. In fact, seven out of 10 of the world's fastest growing economies are in Africa..."

Yes, stick *that* in your pipe and smoke it *Bobber*, there's a good fellow. Although he did not mention the KPC by name, it is abundantly clear where Fuse's sympathies lay, and we would welcome him and his fellow artists to join us for a smoke at the bothy *anytime*. Besides, he could perhaps bring the chaps some of that fantastic Malawian leaf with him? Huzzah!

Ha, we bet Andrew Mitchell doesn't care if it's bloody Xmas! Perhaps his best pal Bouncing Bobby could use some of the cash from this year's re-hash to pay his legal bills? Just a thought...





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.

Invitation from the Netherlands

Dear, dear members of the Kearvaig Pipe Club,

It is very nice to read about your bothy-meetings and to see, ahem, stimulating pictures, of the (in)famous *Pants People* in action BUT (and I am sorry to say this) it is nothing compared to a meeting of the Dutch/Belgian Pipe Smokers Forum (PRF)...

Of course we can't reach your levels of debauchery but we make up for it in sheer size (size of our group of people (we are legion!), size of our reproductive parts, size of our bellies) and amounts and quality of beer (especially at Belgian meetings). Besides, we are all very likeable and hospitable chaps! So, if you wish to witness the glorious gatherings of the PRF in real life you are all welcome!

The first meeting (March 14th 2015) is in Belgium in the town of Wuustwezel where copious amounts of premium Belgian beer shall be present. The second meeting (June 7th 2015) is situated in the medieval city of Zutphen at the store of maître pipier *par excellence* Willem Schimmel. The third (and final) meeting in Heukelum is somewhere in October at an old brewery with giant BBQ's where we around dinnertime can scorch loads of (biological!) meat.

So chaps, what are you waiting for? Put away your glass of whisky and plate of haggis and mail me (arnovangoor@gmail.com). I will connect you through to the meeting-organizers.

Gegroet,

Arno

Dear Arno,

Thank you very much for your letter and encouraging words for Pants People. We have indeed heard of the PRF across the Zuider Zee and thank you for your very kind invitation to your 'glorious gatherings'. With some fine Belgian ale and a good smoke on offer, I'm sure that there will be at least one taker amongst KPC members.

However, whilst accepting that the PRF are legion, it would be impossible for the KPC to travel without their pants and Pants People, for whilst we may not be legion we are an holistic pipe club, and foregoing our Y-fronts would be like foregoing our pipes! I'm sure you understand Sir. Of course an outbreak of 'panting' can happen at anytime during a pipe club meeting and we cannot guarantee that a meeting held in a Flanders field would be any different. You have been warned!

Regards,

Matron

My First Pipe Pus!

Dear Matron,

Please find enclosed a picture of my first pipe pus. I am rather proud of it and I hope you and the other members like it.

Regards,

Corporal Punishment (RHS in photo)



Dear Corporal,

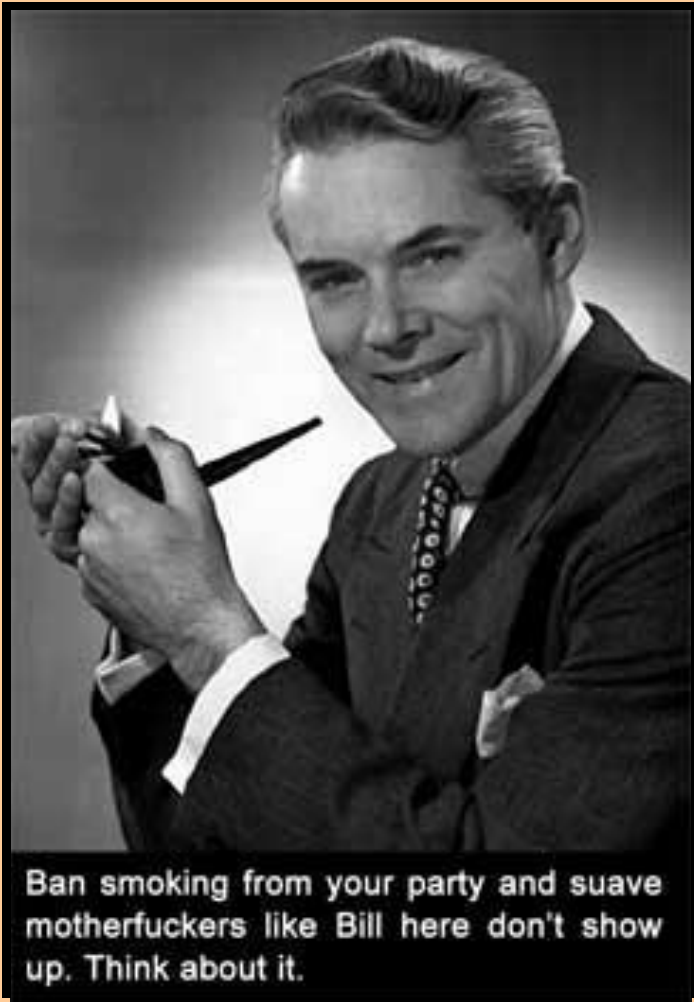
Er, thank you, I think, for letting us aboard your maiden voyage into the noble world of the pipe pus. There is at least one other maiden voyage that springs to mind that ended in such disastrous circumstances, but at least they had some lifeboats...

Whilst the KPC welcomes valiant efforts from plucky amateurs, such as yourself, our policy is always to be frank when assessing such forays. For this effort I think your school report card would read: C- Must try much harder: "Punishment minor's penchant for chap accoutrements has outstripped his ability to sport them in a fashion becoming of the modern young Gentleman. It is no wonder that he has to have Punishment major by his side to look after him when he get's up to his antics."

Yours affectionately,

Matron

KPC Xmas Party Advice



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.

Advertisements:

KPC Lonely Hearts

Charlene, 21, from Biblebeltville, Redneck County, Mississippi is looking for a *real* man. She says any suitor: *"Must be a real gentleman, have a truck with a crew-cab, be able to shoot 5-inch groups at 100 yards, beat her at arm-wrestling and smoke a pipe."* Any takers yer sombitches? If so contact the Editor. Good luck, ya'll!



(Now that's what I call a shotgun wedding, Ed.)

