



'Briar & Bothies'

The newsletter of
THE KEARVAIG PIPE CLUB



An Xmas Raspberry, 24&25/12/14

Plan A goes awry...

The original plan for this year's KPC Xmas-avoidance strategy was a sojourn to the sublime Sarah's bothy.

To this end - in the weeks prior - Messrs Bingae, Cave-Fud and Dazbo (*Bothy points awarded, Ed.*) had hauled in (and stashed) a beer supply that even the late, great, 'Big' Bill Werbeniuk in his heyday, would have raised a quizzical eyebrow at. On a follow-up recon/re-supply mission, Messrs Dazbo and Matron visited Sarah's to celebrate the Solstice (*The only thing worth celebrating at this time of year, Ed.*) and all appeared to be in good order.

However, the Xmas avoidance arrangements took a downturn, sadly, as Dazbo belatedly had to bail out (*For good reason: no bothy points deducted, Ed.*), leaving only Messrs Hydrocarbon and Matron to fly the KPC flag. To compound matters further, The Colonel could not get away from his travails at all early on non-Xmas Eve, and with poor weather forecast an easier option was the order of the day.

Plan B

Since the KPC does not benefit from the patronage of many wise men, kings, or shepherds, it was considered highly unlikely that anyone else was going to bestow gifts of coal, Fraconian-beer and mirth on said vagabonds.

Therefore, to avoid a chilly night in a sub-standard manger, a Plan B had to be hatched in short order. Although a virgin-birth was unlikely at this juncture, (*Just as at any other bloody time! Ed.*) any bothying chap worth his baccy will tell you, that a wintertime *twa-nichter* still has special logistical requirements in the form of sufficient beer, food and fuel for the duration. Of course meeting these critical requirements (i.e. less chaps = less carrying capacity) is a tad tricky when there are only two chaps heading into the hills...






Cont. p.2

"All hail the Cracklelog: Hail!"

White X-Day up at Raspberry Cottage.



Raspberry Cottage Review Score:

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



An Xmas Raspberry, 24&25/12/13 Cont.

24th December - Raspberry Cottage to the rescue

The Colonel came up with a splendid wheeze that, due to its (usual) abundance of logs, Raspberry Cottage would be just the ticket for the hylephobic chap escaping the tinsel-trash-fest, so beloved by the slovenly-Santa-hat-wearing-simpletons.

Therefore, like some bipedal beasts-of-burden, our intrepid Xmas-avoiders shouldered their ridiculously heavy rucksacks and sallied forth under an ominous aneroid. Compounding the pitch-blackness of the night, a stiff Nor'wester blowing headlong down the Raspberry track greeted the chaps as they set-off into the rain that soon turned to sleet and latterly snow as elevation was garnered.

Raspberry was a welcome sight as substantial snowdrifts at the head of the pass proved a nasty sting-in-the-tail as the chaps neared their anti-Xmas refuge. Raspberry was indeed logtastic, and with the aid of a Cracklelog™ the fine open fire soon crackled into life, and the horrors of the trail were speedily banished. The Colonel's famous bothy pizza – cooked in the fire on the bothy shovel and finished with a gas poker – with a side of baked garlic bread provided a meal fit for a couple of kings. From memory the rest of the evening was just a splendid, warm, smoky fug...

25th December – The slaughter of the non-innocents and a Moon landing...

The chaps awoke to find a fine frosty morning with cloudless skies and what appeared (later confirmed on the walk out) to be a thermal inversion (*Er, yes, Ed.*) with some tell-tale mist in the glen far below. Having the best of the weather, Anti-Xmas at 520m was shaping up to be a rather splendid affair!

Having popped in to see the local Laird – Allan Macpherson Fletcher of Balavil (*Currently on the market for a snip at £5,250,000, Ed.*) – before they set off, the chaps had subsequent access to the other bit of Raspberry, namely the locked and very well appointed Raitts bothy. After some fettling, a couple of paraffin lamps were pressed into service and a stack of peat transferred to Raspberry that ensured a good fire all day for the non-festivities.

Somewhat breaking bothy tradition (*A point that needs discussion at the AGM, Ed.*) the Colonel had lugged in a small laptop computer and the chaps watched a rather splendid documentary 'Moonwalk 1' about the Apollo 11 mission and the socio-political happenings of the time.

Pickles are traditional fare at this time of year and it is safe to say that after copious amounts of Old Speckled Hen, Guinness, Port and single malt there were at least two pickles present in the bothy... After the moon landing a pleasant addition to the usual pipe tobacco arsenal was a brace of fine cigars that accompanied the port in spectacular fashion, it has to be said. The rest as they say is history...

26th December – The walk of shame...

The KPC standards in public bothies committee have been made aware that Messrs Matron and Hydrocarbon hauled an - as yet unspecified - quantity of beer *out* from the bothy. Of course bothy points **will** be deducted for this disgrace, but an immediate review, taking into account any mitigating (*Aye right! Ed.*) circumstances, will be undertaken prior to any further action being taken. **Cont. p.3**

Waxing crescent moon at Raspberry.



A fine accompaniment to a good Port.



Tobaccos smoked at this moot:

Cornell & Diehl: Oak Alley.

GH&Co.: Balkan Flake.

GLP: Gaslight, Haddo's Delight, Sextant, Sixpence.

GQ Tobaccos: Classic English.

HU Tobaccos: Dockworker, Fayyum Kake.

Murray's: Warrior Plug.

Robert McConnell: Latakia Flake.

SG: Bothy Flake, Navy Flake.

Cigar smoked at this moot:

Alec Bradley: Tempus Terra Novo Maduro (Honduras).

Disclaimer: Not a single prayer was said, cracker pulled or a carol sung and no infants, virgins or livestock were harmed during this moot.

An Xmas Raspberry, 24&25/12/13 Cont.

A fine fire up at the Rasp.

The Colonel puts the finishing touches to some bothy pizza.



Paraffintastic!



"Let me see your cigar face!"



Chaps' Corner

The Chap Revolution Part IV: Bumping the Search Engine!

Having macerated the modern malaise that *was* the smartphone (*B&B Vol. 2 Issue 2 - that from recent reports we believe is now all but extinct, in chap circles at any rate Ed.*), we now put an 'essential' and ubiquitous plank of that t'interweb thingy under the high-powered monocle. Yes chaps, in Part IV of our Chap Revolution series we take on the modern-day sickness of 'search engines' and all their associated clinical algorithmic beastliness. Naturally, being very helpful chaps, the Editorial team at B&B would like to move swiftly in guaranteeing readers superior access to all manner of facts and figures, and thus provide a top-hole alternative that is suitable for the modern Gentleman, whom - we are very confident - from now on will simply refuse to try and start any search engine at all!

Ignorant oafs

Have you ever wondered dear reader, why today's average comfortably-clad-clodhopping-oaf has the attention span of a goldfish and is quite simply just *so ill-informed?* Of course you have, and we will help you understand why!

Today's silicon-slave masters, such as those Zuckerberg and Gates chappies, tell us, incessantly, that we live in an information-age. Of course this is a proclamation of the blindingly obvious, as every day there is simply more information than the day before. Most chaps understand this fact as: *history!* We digress, what Messrs Zuckerberg and Gates *actually* mean is that they provide things that allegedly give us information, whilst simultaneously stuffing their bank balances with more cash than the average despot in an oil-rich third world country.

These chaps and others of their ilk, are largely responsible for spawning today's digital-dunces, whose number appear to be multiplying faster than *Treponema pallidum* at a bawdy-house New Year sale. Why you may inquire? Well dear reader, what these blighters have managed to do is confiscate all the information in the world and lock it up in a silicon-based digital-dungeon and then give us a peek in the form of the 'search engine'. This fact makes it possible for hoi-polloi to *appear* educated when in reality all they do is 'Google' (*The name of one of the more popular 'search engines' that is irritatingly used both as noun and verb by the plebs, Ed.*) some banal fact, (*Usually to settle some minor squabble about a game of association football, Ed.*) instead of having to learn, retain and recall anything of any use. Put on top of this brain-drain of buffoons, the sad demise of the Encyclopaedia Britannica (*Last printed edition was 2010, Ed.*) and access to high quality, accurate information is in a pretty parlous state. **Cont. p.5**

"We want Google to be the third half of your brain."

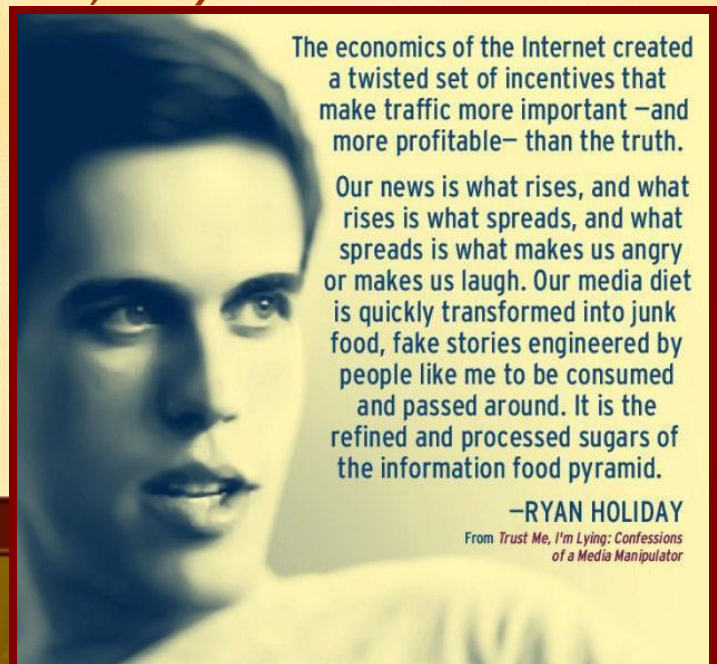
- Sergey Brin, co-founder of Google.



So as not to spook the hapless hoi polloi too much, our (initial) logo mimics some of the nonsense that they have been used to:

Mr. Choogole

Quite Mr Holiday; but your days (and other rotters like you) have integers attached to them, Sunny Jim!



The economics of the Internet created a twisted set of incentives that make traffic more important –and more profitable– than the truth.

Our news is what rises, and what rises is what spreads, and what spreads is what makes us angry or makes us laugh. Our media diet is quickly transformed into junk food, fake stories engineered by people like me to be consumed and passed around. It is the refined and processed sugars of the information food pyramid.

—RYAN HOLIDAY

From *Trust Me, I'm Lying: Confessions of a Media Manipulator*

Chaps' Corner Cont.

Search engine salvation is at hand: from the humble cigarette card!

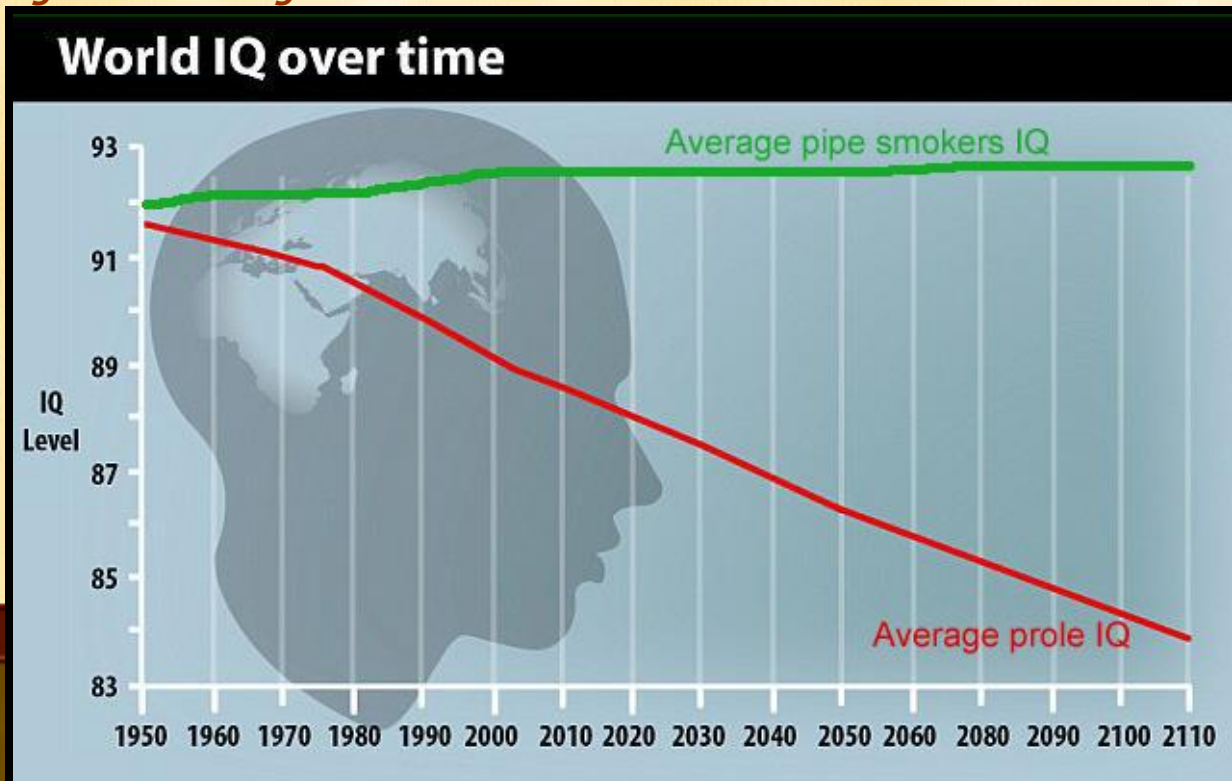
Back in the days when everybody above the age of 5 smoked - and when cigarettes were worth actually a form of tobacco worth smoking - the reader may remember that inside every little gaily-decorated packet there was an equally colourful card that informed the smoker of a fact or two, about anything and everything. The smoking-chap would then read, learn and retain the wonderful nugget of information on the card before sticking it in an album specially made for the purpose. As cigarette smoking has declined significantly however, cigarette cards have vanished from the modern characterless utilitarian *fag packet* (*That is now solely used by tradesmen and politicians to work out their fibs on, Ed.*) and the results are there for all to see. Yes chaps, we can report that the decline in average IQ of the proletariat has mirrored the decline in cigarette smoking and concomitant rise in search engine use with a precision more commonly associated with philatelist types, which even Edward Stanley Gibbons himself, would have been proud of.

Of course pipe smokers - who pride themselves on having a decent education and extensive general knowledge - have always been a cut above (*That's why tins and pouches of pipe tobacco rarely contained such fact cards, Ed.*) the proles intellectually, so, unsurprisingly a similar decline in our esteemed community has not happened (see figure 1).

Combine these rather disturbing facts with that new-fangled anathema of the 'e-cigarette' (*Is nothing is sacred from those digital deceivers, Ed.*) with nary a useful fact card in sight and there is a solid case that it is only the modern day gentleman pipe smoker who stands between *real knowledge* and the morass of *M^f knowledge* espoused by the 'Googlers'!

However, the pipe chap should not be complacent in his knowledge citadel, as occasionally one has to interact (*At an emporium or railway station for example, Ed.*) with the masses and even a *modicum* of *proper* knowledge amongst the riff-raff could make a chap's life a lot simpler on a day-to-day basis. Therefore, being as altruistic as ever, the Editorial team at B&B have been working tirelessly for a goodly while with a few former disgruntled GPO engineers whom have become disillusioned with 'superfast broad band' (*whatever that is... Ed.*), on a system that will re-educate the unwashed to a point where 'Googling' will be seen as an unseemly act; akin to cottaging or disobeying the 'no brown in town' rule for one's shoes and 3-piece. Lower order types, however, are creatures of habit, so as a nod to their present search engine addictive behaviour we have coined the term 'Mr Choogle' (i.e. a Chaps' Google for, er, chaps) for our information solution so that the poor, misguided, Googlers don't suffer too much of a culture shock during their transition to the new pinnacle of the coming analogue age. That should fettle the binary-blighters, what! **Cont. p.6**

Figure 1: IQ past, present & future if search engine use is not stopped and cigarette smoking is not restored to its former levels.



Chaps' Corner cont.

What is Mr Choogle?

Simply put, Mr Choogle is an extensive catalogue of cigarette cards that has been re-printed and stored in our custom built mechanical, steam-powered (*Imagine a wonderful return to a world sans harnessed electrons, Ed.*) information, searching, retrieval and display machine. For some time now, our steam-presses have been re-printing millions of cigarette cards that have then been carefully archived into searchable sets.

The prototype Mr Choogle machine currently resides at the KPC Command Centre where tests have shown that rapid retrieval on any subject takes typically less than half an hour. A chap simply has to enter an enquiry such as: "*What radioactive substance is used on incandescent mantles?*" (*Using correct grammar and punctuation of course, Ed.*) fill your bowl, relax and let Mr Choogle provide you with the cigarette card(s) that will provide the answer to you query in less than the time it takes to smoke a bowl of your favourite mixture.

It is anticipated - now that the smartphone is all but banished back to *sillyclone valley* - that domestic versions of Mr Choogle will adorn every dining room or lucubatory up and down our green and pleasant land within the next decade. Additionally, of course, any public libraries that remain open, after our *coalition* Government has done its worst, will be ripping out t'interweb terminals and replacing them with Mr Choogles and associated combination boilers with gusto.

Using Mr Choogle about town

No doubt some diehard Googler smart-Alec type will say: "*Ha, well now clever clogs, how do you find out about mantles 'n' stuff when you are about town then, eh?*" Fear not fellow analogue avengers, we have already planned the answer to such irksome queries: all a chap has to do is go to his nearest telegraph office and wire a Mr Choogle request into his nearest public library where the request will be ready in a prescribed time (usually inside the hour), depending on the fee paid. The chap can then collect the resulting cigarette card(s) from said library or arrange to have it sent by c-mail (see B&B Vol.2 Issue 2) to a destination of his choosing within the week! So, although the full scale Mr Choogle weighs close to 8 tons, it can still provide rapid answers to the inquisitive chap-about-town. Bloody marvellous what!

Another alternative is to use the manual override facility and put some pre-inquiries into your home-based Mr Choogle and stack your portmanteau with the resulting cigarette cards

that you think you may need as you go about your daily business. Of course careful selection of cigarette cards and packing in your portmanteau is required for efficacious retrieval, should the need arise.

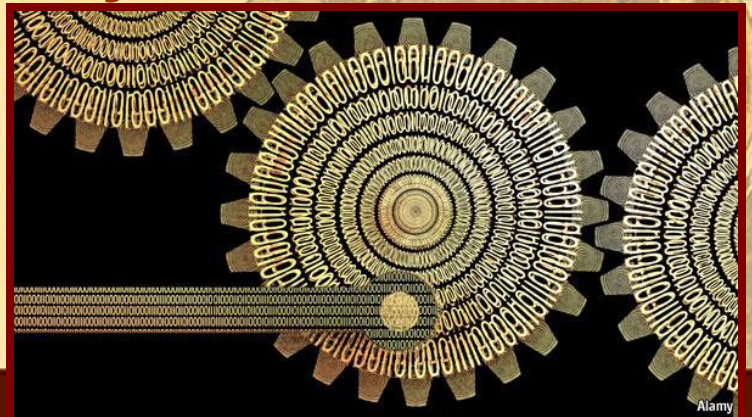
Mr Choogle – the future: A Brave New World!

When Mr Choogle goes *viral* (*to reluctantly coin a low-brow idiom of the zeitgeist, Ed.*) we predict a similar fate that befell the smartphone: the end of t'interweb as we know it! Yes dear chap, the likes of Messrs Gates, Zuckerberg and that other 'Apple chappie' will be reduced to touting their CVs for part-time positions at the (analogue) speaking clock, or some such!

Such a modal shift to the analogue world will of course mean that our high streets will once again become hubs of commerce as fine emporia spring up to splendidly fill the void left by the t'interweb serving sheds that presently blight our towns and cities. Our coalmines will re-open to meet the demands of the new Mr Choogle driven steam-age and shove-ha'penny and skittles will once again be the games of choice down at the re-vitalised local that will once more sell ciggies and serve pints of proper ale! But most of all when *the people* read cigarette cards once more, they will become truly knowledgeable again, more interested in the world around them and see the error of their ways and take up smoking 40+ a day, thus further enhancing their knowledge as the tobacco companies respond by re-issuing cigarette cards in an unstoppable positive feedback loop that will make nuclear fission look like a minor experiment in an under-9's chemistry set. Chaps, we are on the cusp of a golden age of information and remember, you read it here first!

Before you rush out and commission your own Mr Choogle machine we have re-printed a selection of cut-out-and-keep cigarette cards to whet your appetite for the coming revolution. **Cont. p. 7-11**

The cogs of the Chap revolution are already turning...



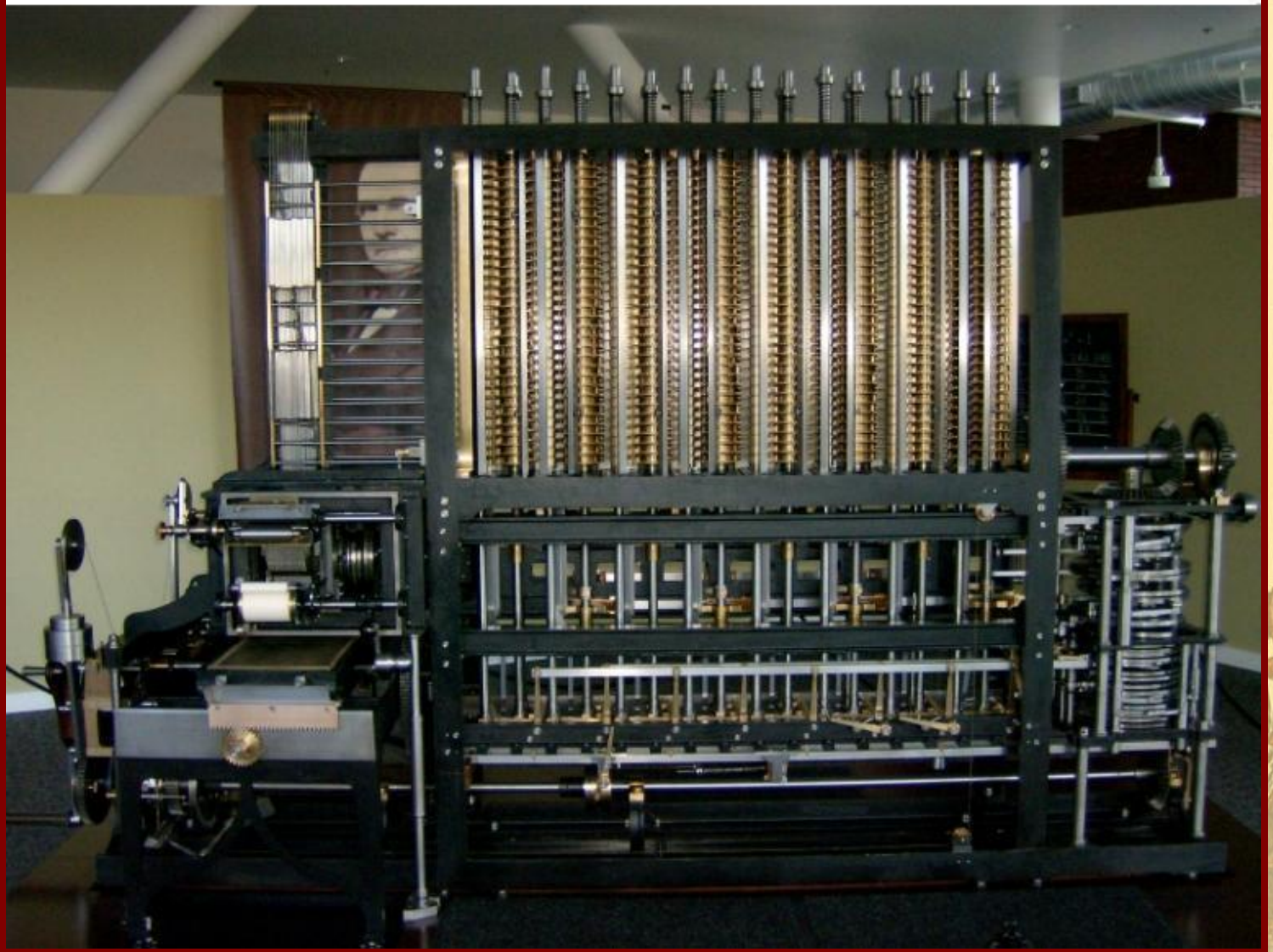
"When our bones are dust, our search engine history will be the fossil record of our lives. The internet is our benevolent overbearing mother walking in on us in the shower. We just shout about the invasion of privacy – but it's the only way she can fully measure our development."

- Bauvard

Chaps' Corner Cont.

The future is already present! The prototype Mr Choogle awaits your query...

Mr. Choogle

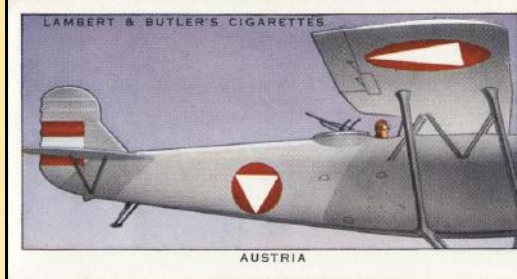


*"Whenever a man can get hold of numbers, they are invaluable. If correct, they assist in informing his own mind, but they are still more useful in deluding the minds of others. Numbers are the master of the weak but slaves of the strong."
- Charles Babbage*

Chaps' Corner Cont.

Witness the raw power of Mr Choogle as it answers all pressing and important enquiries that a chap will constantly have on his mind. See some exciting examples below that show both the front and back of the resulting cards:

Enquiry: "Austrian aircraft markings."

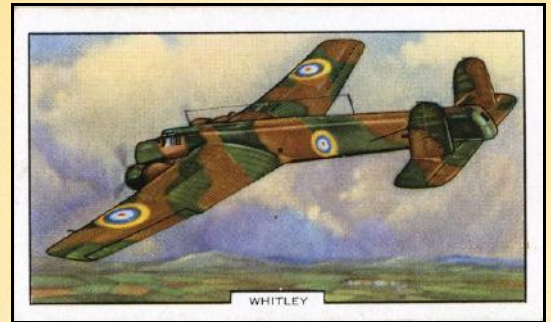


AEROPLANE MARKINGS
A SERIES OF 50
3
AUSTRIA
Austrian Air Force

Although under the Treaty of St. Germain Austria was forbidden to own military aircraft, the military clauses of this treaty have been repudiated and Austria now openly possesses an Air Force equipped mainly with Italian aircraft. The wing and fuselage markings adopted for use by the new Austrian Air Force consist of a white triangle, superimposed on a dark red circle; the rudder marking consists of the red, white and red horizontal bands of the national flag.

LAMBERT & BUTLER
ISSUED BY THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LTD.

Enquiry: "Early WWII RAF twin-engine bombers."



Enquiry: "UK Tidal patterns."



THIS AGE OF POWER & WONDER
A SERIES OF 250 PICTURES
No. 77. TIDAL DIAGRAM.

As you will see by studying their various flow times on this map, tides are of the first importance to shipping. Their importance is increased by the discovery that many things have, or are, influenced by a tide. Human temperature, for instance, has an even ebb and flow. Baulks of steel have in them a tidal flow or vibration occurring every six hours. Not only do waters follow the moon, but the solid crust of the earth has a tide; a giant ripple under the earth's crust follows the course of the moon.

No. 77. GETYDIAGRAM.
Soos jy sal sien as jy die verskeide hoogwater tye op die diagram studeer, is tye van die uiterste belang vir skeepvaart. Hulle belang is vermeerder deur die uitvind dat vele dinge tye het, of deur 'n ty beïnvloed is. Die menslike temperatuur, by voorbeeld, het 'n gelykmatige eb en vloed. Staal balkke besit 'n getyvlloed of trilling wat elke ses uur plaasvind.

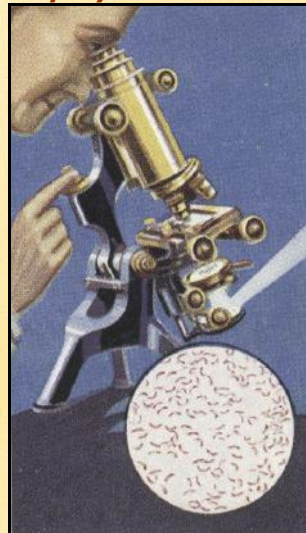
ISSUED WITH
MAX CIGARETTES

AEROPLANES
SERIES OF 48. No 10
WHITLEY

The Whitley heavy bomber, made by Messrs. Armstrong Whitworth, is one of Britain's principal weapons of attack. It is capable of a speed of 245 m.p.h., has a ceiling of 22,000 feet, a cruising range of 1,315 miles and can carry a load of over 10,000-lbs. (including crew, petrol, etc.). The narrow fuselage accommodates a crew of five and has a passage leading to the gun-turret at the extreme rear. The wing-span of the Whitley is over eighty feet.

ISSUED BY
GALLAHER LTD
VIRGINIA HOUSE, LONDON & BELFAST

Enquiry: "Vibrio cholerae."



THIS AGE OF POWER & WONDER
A SERIES OF 250 PICTURES
No. 170. MICRO-PHOTO OF CHOLERA BACILLUS.

When searching for the specific organism which causes a disease, workers endeavour to detect under the microscope the presence of strange or foreign bacteria. This unknown bacterium is then isolated and grown as a pure culture. By injecting an animal with a preparation of this pure culture, free from all other bacteria, its specific effect can be traced.

No. 170. MIKROFOTO VAN CHOLERA BASIL.

Terwyl werkers soek vir die spesifieke organisme wat 'n siekte oorsaak, probeer hulle om onder die mikroskoop die teenwoordigheid van onbekende of vreemde bakterieë te bespeur. Die onbekende bakterie word dan geïsoleer en gegroei as 'n suiwer kweeking. As 'n dier met 'n preparasie van die suiwer kweeking, vry van alle andere bakterieë ingepuit word, kan die spesifieke effek nagespoor word.

ISSUED WITH
MAX CIGARETTES

Enquiry: "Bichromate cell."



BOY SCOUTS
3RD SERIES OF 80

Some Types of Cells.

The three cells illustrated will serve as types of those in general use. The electrician should get a good general knowledge of these various types, and of the purposes for which they are best fitted. The Leclanché cell will be found to be cheap and most serviceable for general use for telephones and electric bells. The dry battery is convenient and clean in use, while the Bichromate is useful where a large current is required.

ISSUED BY
OGDEN'S
BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LTD.

Enquiry: "Dealing with wireless interference."



INTERESTING SIDELIGHTS ON THE WORK OF THE G.P.O.
A SERIES OF 50
BY COURTESY OF THE POSTMASTER GENERAL

48
RADIO INTERFERENCE: PORTABLE INTERFERENCE LOCATOR

If a radio listener suffers from interference to his broadcast reception he can obtain free assistance from the Post Office by filling in a form obtainable at any Head Office. If the Post Office engineer who deals with the request is satisfied that the interference is outside the listener's apparatus, he proceeds to trace the source with the aid of a portable interference locator as shown in the illustration. When the source of the trouble is found, the owners of the electrical plant, the working of which causes the interference, are advised as to the best means of prevention. (See also Card No. 49).

LAMBERT & BUTLER
BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LTD.

Chaps' Corner Cont.

A plethora of tip-top top-tips for the bothying chap, courtesy of Mr Choogle!

Churchman's Cigarettes.

WATER.

A. Fine sand. C. Small stones.
B. Coarse sand. D. Large stones.

A USEFUL EMERGENCY FILTER

47 BOY SCOUTS
2ND SERIES OF 50.

An Emergency Water Filter.

A most handy and efficacious filter can be made out of an ordinary perfectly clean zinc water pail, through the bottom of which a hole has been drilled and a small pipe fitted. The water percolates through the layers of fine and coarse sand, and clean picked gravel and stones, with which the pail is filled, filtering through to the bottom in a clear state.

ISSUED BY
W.A.&A.C. CHURCHMAN
BRANCH OF THE
IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO (OF GREAT
BRITAIN & IRELAND) LTD

Churchman's Cigarettes.

CAMP CANDLESTICK, FORK & TOOTH BRUSH.

46 BOY SCOUTS
2ND SERIES OF 50.

Improved Utensils.

An improvised candlestick can be made at a moment's notice by sticking a candle on the blade of a scout's knife whilst the other end is fixed to a trunk, pole, or any up-standing piece of wood. A camp fork is easily made by twisting a piece of wire into the required shape and sharpening the two ends which form the prongs. A toothbrush can be made out of a dry stick, one end of which is carefully frayed out to form brush.

ISSUED BY
W.A.&A.C. CHURCHMAN
BRANCH OF THE
IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO (OF GREAT
BRITAIN & IRELAND) LTD

Churchman's Cigarettes.

KPC SALUTE & SECRET SIGN.

Churchman's Cigarettes.

RESCUING AN INSENSIBLE PERSON FROM FIRE.

16 BOY SCOUTS
2ND SERIES OF 50.

Rescuing from Fire.

When trying to rescue an insensible person from fire, secure the body with a rope, one end of which is tied on to the belt. Then, keeping your nose and mouth closed or well covered with a wet handkerchief, lower your head as close to the floor as possible, and drag your patient quickly into the fresh air. Then loosen his clothes at the neck, and revive by ordinary means or artificial respiration if necessary.

ISSUED BY
W.A.&A.C. CHURCHMAN
BRANCH OF THE
IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO (OF GREAT
BRITAIN & IRELAND) LTD

2 BOY SCOUTS
2ND SERIES OF 50.

KPC Salute and Secret Sign.

For full salute, the hand is raised to the forehead; for half salute, to the shoulder. The hand is held palm to the front, thumb resting on the nail of the little finger, and the other three fingers pointing upwards to remind him of the threefold law—
Honour God and the King.
Help others,
Obey the Scout Law.

ISSUED BY
W.A.&A.C. CHURCHMAN
BRANCH OF THE
IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO (OF GREAT
BRITAIN & IRELAND) LTD

OGDEN'S CIGARETTES.

HOW TO CROSS TRAM-LINES.

101 BOY SCOUTS
3RD SERIES OF 50.

How to Cross Tram-lines on a Muddy Day.

To qualify for the Cyclist Badge the scout signs a certificate stating that he owns a cycle in good order, and is willing to use it in the King's service when called upon. The cyclist scout should make himself familiar with the Rule of the Road. When crossing tram-lines, especially if the road be muddy, he should cross at as wide an angle as possible. By observing this "wrinkle," many a nasty spill will be avoided.

ISSUED BY
OGDEN'S
BRANCH OF THE
IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT
BRITAIN & IRELAND), LTD.

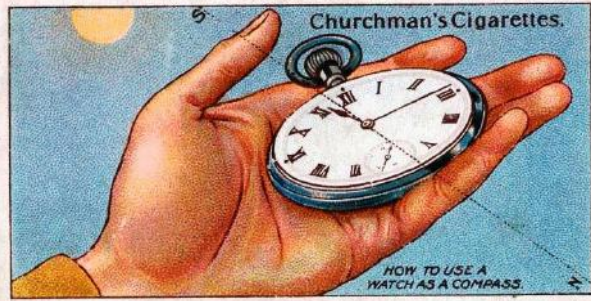
Churchman's Cigarettes.

SINGLE SHEET BEND. GRANNY KNOT.
CLOVE HITCH. REEF KNOT.
SOME USEFUL KNOTS.

*"The most important thing in bothy training is to educate not instruct."
- With apologies to Robert Baden-Powell.*

Chaps' Corner cont.

Further tip-top top tips for the outdoor chap, courtesy of Mr Choogle!



Churchman's Cigarettes.

HOW TO USE A WATCH AS A COMPASS.

37 BOY SCOUTS
2ND SERIES OF 50.

How to Use the Watch as a Compass.

That every watch is a compass is a fact probably unknown to most boys. To prove that such is the case, lay your watch on the palm of your hand, with the hour hand pointing to the sun, as shown in the accompanying sketch. The point exactly midway between the hour hand and the figure XII. will be due South. Boys living in southern hemispheres will point XII. to the sun, and the point midway between XII. and the hour hand will be North.

ISSUED BY
W.A. & A.C. CHURCHMAN
BRANCH OF THE
IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT
BRITAIN & IRELAND) LTD.



Churchman's Cigarettes.

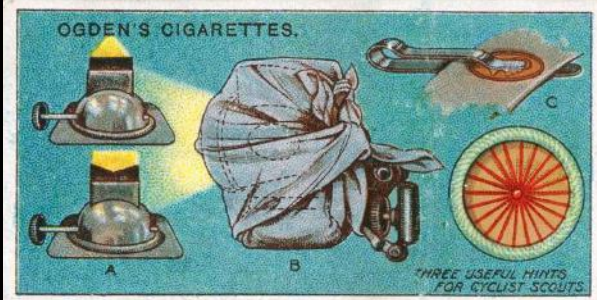
A - CHIMNEY OF SODS
B - MOUTH OF TRENCH
C - WET CLAY OR EARTH
D - ROOF OF TRENCH - STONES OR SLATES.
AN EFFICIENT CAMP KITCHEN.

105 BOY SCOUTS
3RD SERIES OF 50.

Three Useful Hints for Cyclist Scouts.

The wicks of cycle lamps should be cut in the V-shape shown in the lower picture (A). This ensures a full and even flame, which is not liable to snuff. (B) Cyclist scouts who have experienced the difficulty of keeping their lamps alight on windy nights should tie a thin handkerchief round the lamp, slightly lowering the wick. (C) A patch may be secured whilst drying by means of an ordinary trouser clip and two pennies, one on either side of the tube.

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OGDEN'S CIGARETTES.

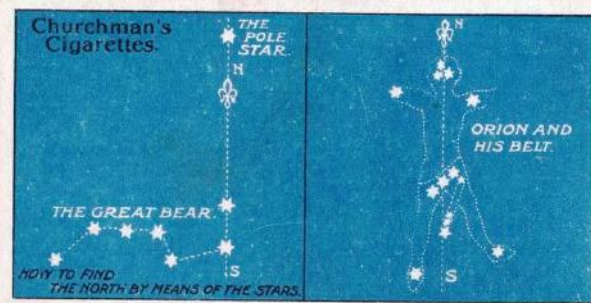
THREE USEFUL HINTS FOR CYCLIST SCOUTS.

32 BOY SCOUTS
2ND SERIES OF 50.

An Efficient Camp Kitchen.

Cut a trench according to the number of camp kettles to be used. The depth where the chimney (A) is should be 18 inches. The mouth of the trench (B) should face the wind. Plaster the inside of chimney and trench with clay. Make a roof of stones and slates, and after putting on the kettles, pack well with wet clay or earth to prevent all escape of smoke between the kettles.

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Churchman's Cigarettes.

THE POLE STAR.

ORION AND HIS BELT.

THE GREAT BEAR.

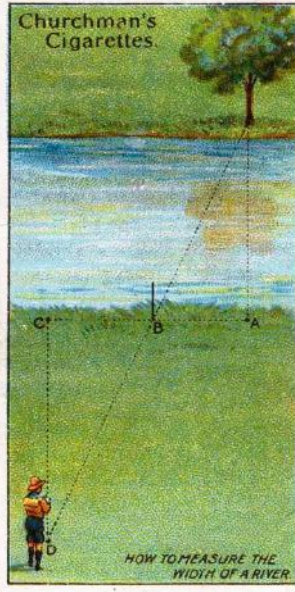
HOW TO FIND THE NORTH BY MEANS OF THE STARS.

39 BOY SCOUTS
2ND SERIES OF 50.

How to Find the North.

To find the North by the stars, one must first locate the "Plough" (or "Great Bear"), which, being shaped like a plough, is easy to discern. The two "pointers" indicate the direction of the "Pole Star"; that is due North. "Orion" is the name of a set of stars which look like a man wearing a belt and sword. A line drawn through his head and the centre of his belt, points due N. and S.

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Churchman's Cigarettes.

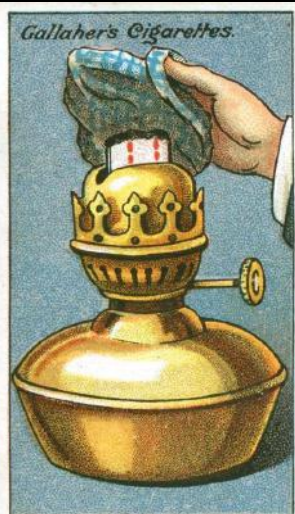
HOW TO MEASURE THE WIDTH OF A RIVER.

43 BOY SCOUTS
2ND SERIES OF 50.

To Measure the Breadth of a River.

Look across the river, and pick out some tree near the edge of the opposite bank. Now mark the point A opposite to it by means of a stone, then walk (say) twenty-five yards along the bank to point B, and mark it with a stone. After doing this, walk another twenty-five yards to point C. Then turn inwards at right angles, and walk slowly to D (counting your paces) until you get point B and the tree in a straight line. The number of yards that you have paced between C and D is equal to the breadth of the river.

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Gallaher's Cigarettes.

100 IN SET
How to do it
No. 58

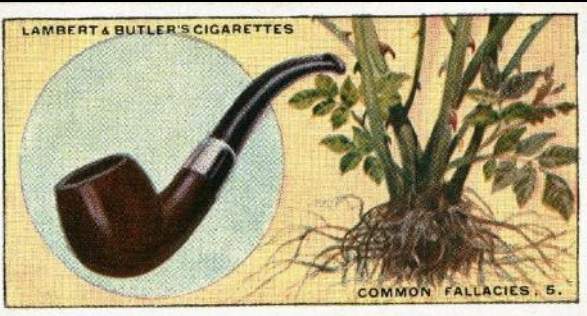
HOW TO TRIM A LAMP WICK.

The best way to trim a lamp wick is to pinch and rub off the charred edge. Never first cut the wick with scissors, though if any frayed ends appear after the above treatment, they should be neatly cut off.

Issued by
GALLAHER LTD.
BELFAST & LONDON

Chaps' Corner Cont.

Mr Choogle provides the answers, with some panache, to those common conundrums faced daily by the smoking chap.



COMMON FALLACIES
A SERIES OF 25

5

"Briar pipes are made from the roots of the Sweetbriar."

That ideal pipe material, briar-wood or briar-root comes not from the roots of our British Sweetbriar, but from those of the Tree Heath (Bruyère), *Erica arborea*. This plant, a native of S. France, Italy, W. Mediterranean and other countries, forms small shrubs 10 to 12 ft. high. These are pruned to encourage root-growth, and from the huge root-stocks are cut the beautifully figured pipes with which we are familiar. St. Claude in the Jura Mountains, France, is a centre of this manufacture, the bulk of the St. Claude pipes coming to England.

ISSUED BY LAMBERT & BUTLER
BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LTD.

WILLS'S CIGARETTES
3RD SERIES OF 50

DO YOU KNOW why Safety-Matches are safe?

Old-fashioned phosphorus matches had many disadvantages. The ordinary white or yellow phosphorus used in them is a deadly poison responsible for many accidental deaths, while the workers who made the matches often suffered from phosphorus poisoning. A modified form of phosphorus known as red phosphorus was first used for making matches in Sweden about 1850. This is a perfectly harmless substance, and the manufacture of Safety-Matches is therefore not dangerous. Modern matches are *safe* in another sense: the phosphorus required for lighting is on the box and not in the match-heads, which are therefore much less liable to catch fire accidentally.

W.D. & H.O. WILLS
ISSUED BY THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LTD.

WILLS'S CIGARETTES.

AN AUTOMATIC LIGHTER.

WILLS'S CIGARETTES
3RD SERIES OF 50

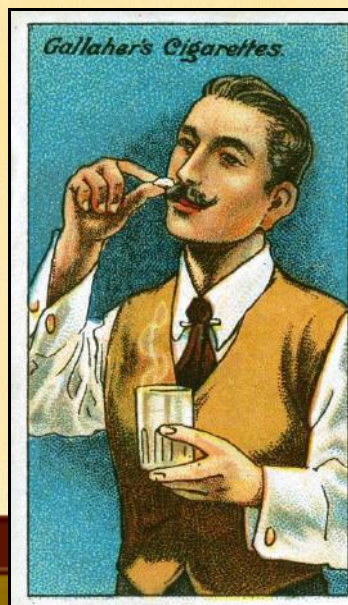
DO YOU KNOW how an Automatic Cigarette Lighter works?

When the spring knob is pressed the lid flies open, and the steel wheel A rotates. The "flint" B is held against the wheel by a spring (not shown in diagram), and the friction of the milled edge of the steel wheel against the "flint" sends a spark to the wick C and ignites it. This wick is fed from the small reservoir D, which is packed with cotton wool and supplied with petrol.

W.D. & H.O. WILLS
ISSUED BY THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LTD.

WILLS'S CIGARETTES.

SAFETY - MATCHES.



100 IN SET

How to do it

Nº 80

A SIMPLE CURE FOR CATARRH.

Take a pinch of ordinary table salt up the nostrils, just as you would a pinch of snuff. Then gargle the mouth and throat with warm water, being careful not to swallow it. Do this each morning before breakfast.

Issued by

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LIGHTING A CIGARETTE WITH A PIECE OF ICE.

A very astonishing trick based upon the chemical property of the combustion of potassium on contact with water. Place a small piece of potassium in the end of the cigarette, on touching this with a piece of ice, the resulting flame will ignite the cigarette, much to the astonishment of your friends

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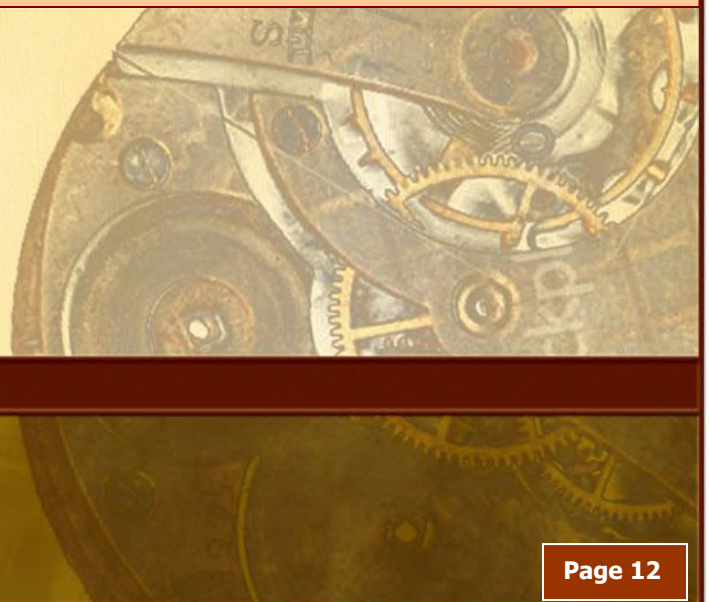
World Famous Events When a Pipe Could Have Made All the Difference... Part 3 - "I have a dream speech."

We think that it is fair to say that Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. could give a pretty decent speech when push came to shove. It is generally accepted that MLK's most famous speech was his rousing "I have a dream" speech, which by most accounts, north of the US Bible-belt at any rate, was a fairly decent effort. What if, however, "I have a dream" became: "I have a pipe dream"? Obviously ol' MLK missed a trick here and we think that the addition of the briar could have made a pretty decent oration into a truly magnificent tour-de-force!



Advertisement:

FUN! FROLIC!
Join the
CORN COB PIPE CLUB
EVERY WED. NIGHT
Nat. Broadcasting Co.
Ask Your Dealer How To Join
EDGEWORTH Tobacco





We have some more fun from our very own Hun this month. On this occasion, The Count takes a flight of fancy with an aspect of pipe culture which, no doubt, all KPC members will have had the misfortune to encounter on their travels at some point. Using some wit, and plagiarised poetry, he punctures some pipe-pomposity with panache and sticks the jackboot in where it hurts!

The Pompous Pipe Discussion

by Count Blofeld von Bamberg

Right before Christmas I discovered Dylan Thomas' *'A Child's Christmas in Wales'* and in it the following passage:

'(...) sometimes two hale young men, with big pipes blazing, no overcoats and wind blown scarfs, would trudge, unspeaking, down to the forlorn sea, to work up an appetite, to blow away the fumes, who knows, to walk into the waves until nothing of them was left but the two curling smoke clouds of their inextinguishable briars. (...).'

Except for the finicky scarfs, this passage pretty well sums up my ideal of pipe-smoking. So far, so good, so what? Let me describe two typical pipe-scenarios for you:

Scenario No. 1:

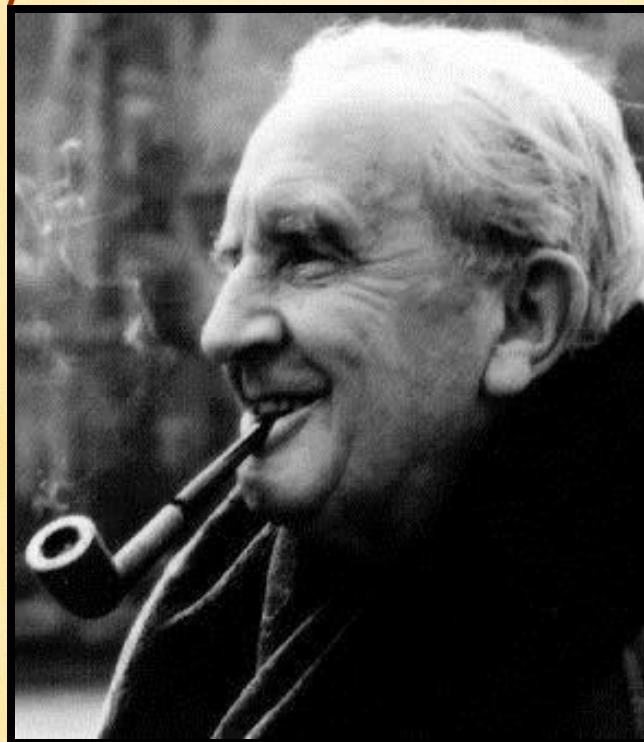
[Q] "I would like to start smoking pipes and I need a pipe; just a simple one at a reasonable price. I want to give pipe-smoking a try. Do you offer anything like this?"

[A] "Of course, we do. Please see our display cabinet! But before I show you our basic collection, imagine after your first pipe's smoke you are getting fond of smoking pipes and therefore you want to buy a nicer one – and you will need another one 'cause a smoked pipe needs to rest for at least 24 hours – and so on and so on. After some time you might notice that your first pipe is never smoked at all and just lies there without being used. Why not start with one of these beauties. They are a little bit more expensive, but look at the stunning grain (...)."

Oh dear, poor girl or boy. You've messed up big time! You opened it...

'Get to the point, you dirty Hun! Gollum, Gollum.' **Cont. p.14**

Lord of The Pipes: JRR Tolkien saved his words for his fantastic stories and was the sort of chap that just stuffed his pipe full of baccy, lit it and puffed away. An example to a few prancing puffballs out there!



"If more of us valued food and cheer and song above hoarded gold, it would be a merrier world"
- J.R.R. Tolkien

The Pompous Pipe Discussion Cont.

Scenario No. 2:

[Q] "How may I help you?"

[A/Q] 'Well, yes please. I would like to try some flake tobacco preferably with a modest amount of Latakia in it, maybe from Samuel Gawith. And by the way, how does one usually smoke them? My friends told me just to rub them out, until you have some sort of ready rubbed mixture?

[A] "Jesus Christ! You mustn't rub a flake out. No, you *have* to fold and stuff it in your bowl. By rubbing out, you destroy the character of the flake. You will never get to its own specific aroma when you (...)'

You even poorer girl or boy. You messed up again to an even worse. You opened it again!

"Finally will you get to the point, you miserable, pathetic hun! Gollum, Gollum"

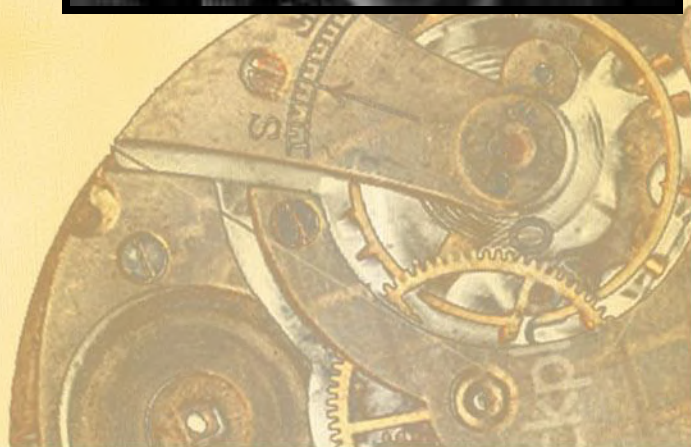
Well you may ask what exactly did you *open*? I will tell you dear reader: You opened the Pandora's box of pipe smoking culture. An artifact, to be exact, a jar (as *of course learned Gentlemen of the KPC will know that Pandora's box was in fact a jar, Ed.*) that contains all the evil in the world of pipe smoking: THE POMPOUS PIPE DISCUSSION...

We all have, no doubt, at least read *some* of this guff; the pitiable among us may have started it, or were simply caught out unawares. In other areas of life, respectable and lovely people endlessly discussing: where to smoke, what in, which shape or not etc. Blabbering on about whether a flake is still a flake when rubbed out or according to what method a flake has to be folded, bended, crinkled or cockled in order to reach the utmost of its own taste, aroma or god knows what. Not to mention the stylishness of pipe smoking. (*of course pipe smoking IS uber-stylish, but it simply speaks for itself, Ed.*) The beauty and elegance of grains, shapes and what to wear when you smoke your recently purchased L'Anatra d'Ossi or Dunhill Root Briar. Also not to mention the old chestnut (particularly in Germany), the incessant discussion that rages (*or drones., Ed.*) on about whether to smoke with or without a filter and the resulting question whether pipe-smoking with a filter is still pipe-smoking at all!

I do wonder if the pompous pipe orator *ever* heard of the basic principle 'each to his own'?

And that is why every pipe smoker with leftovers of common sense should not go gentle into pompous pipe discussions. **Cont. p.15**

Stephen Fry, national treasure, living wordsmith and pipe smoker of the year 2003, specialises in puncturing pomposity. It is rumoured, however, that he likes his baccy like his men: very young...



"Taste every fruit of every tree in the garden at least once. It is an insult to creation not to experience it fully. Temperance is wickedness."

- Stephen Fry

The Pompous Pipe Discussion Cont.

Do not go gentle into pompous pipe discussions

(A poem by Count Blofeld von Bamberg)

(Based on the poem, 'Do not go gentle into that good night', by the late, great, Dylan Thomas, 1914 – 1953.)

*Do not go gentle into pompous pipe discussions
Old age should rant and rave at ridiculous claims
Rage, rage against the dying of the wits*

*Though wise men know all baccies turn to deep grey ash
Because that's every baccy's fate
Do not go gentle into pompous pipe discussions*

*Good men smoking their baccy silently
Their frail pipe skills flabbergasted all the rest
Rage, rage against the dying of the wits*

*Wild men who palaver on how, why, when to smoke which pipe or weed
And learn too late their pipe went out
Do not go gentle into pompous pipe discussions*

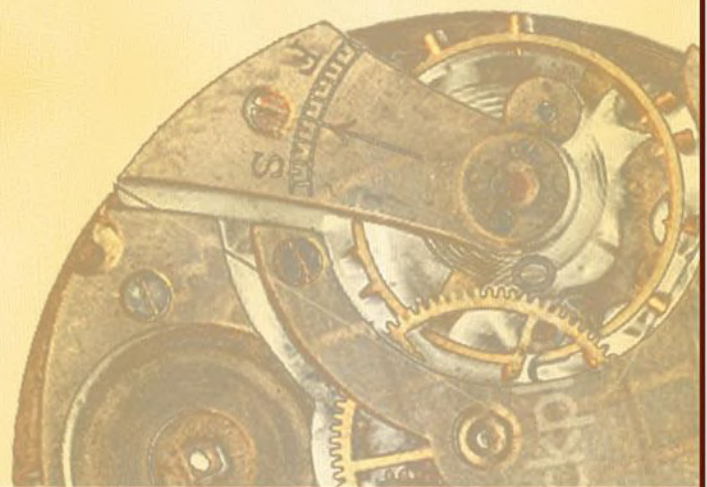
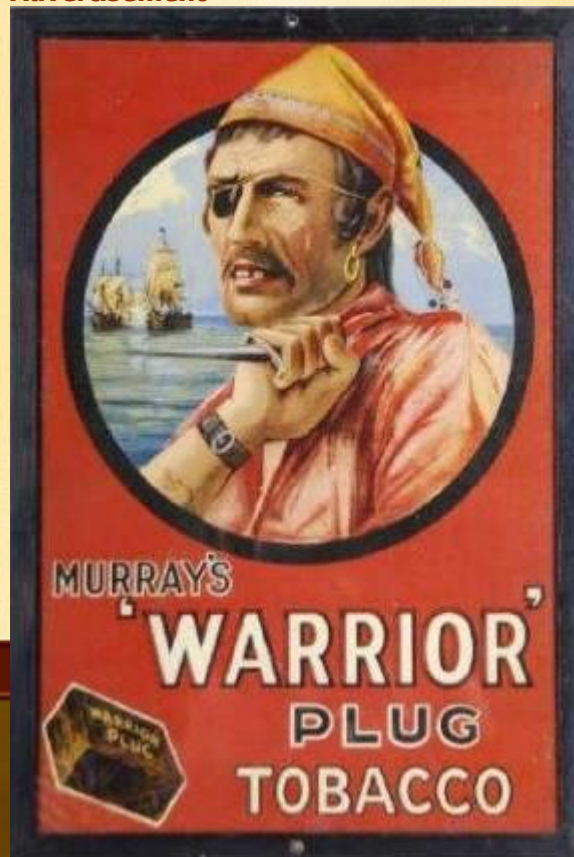
*Grave men, near death who puff but hardly breathe
Their puffs could blaze like storms and be gay
Rage, rage against the dying of the wits*

*And you my father puffing on the sad height
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce puffs I pray
Do not go gentle into pompous pipe discussions
Rage, rage against the dying of the wits.*

Dylan Thomas, poet, writer, hellraiser. He was fond of a bevv, a smoke and home knits – an inspiration to us all...



Advertisement



Wine of the Month by Jimbo & Pluggy

"Oh we're off to Sunny Spain!"

Many years ago, when Jimbo and Pluggy were poor students (and not just economically, Ed.), they used to indulge in drinking Spanish crap, aping the French by being labelled "Spanish Burgundy", "Spanish Claret" and the like, costing 10/- (50p) a bottle and being indistinguishable from drinking red ink. Oh how things have changed! (or maybe not... Ed.)

The advent of Rioja (pronounced *Ree-ohka*) was upon us.

Rioja is an area of Northern Spain producing wines from a blend of various grape varieties but mainly known for its red *Tempranillo*. The principal features are wines that have been aged in oak giving a distinct oaky, vanilla flavour. The length of time that the wines are aged determines their classification thus:

Rioja red wines are classified into four categories:

The first, simply labelled **Rioja**, is the youngest, spending less than a year in an oak aging barrel.

A **Crianza** is wine aged for at least two years, at least one of which was in oak.

Rioja Reserva is aged for at least three years, of which at least one year is in oak.

Finally, **Rioja Gran Reserva** wines have been aged at least two years in oak and three years in bottle.

Rioja became very popular - and with good reason - and completely overshadowed other Spanish regions but the other *Denominaciones de Origen* have more recently become known and can be the source of good value wines. Some names are: **Calatayud, La Mancha, Penedès and Valdepeñas.**

White wines, although produced in far less quantity than the reds, are also now very palatable – resembling a French white Rhône wine.

Artist's impression: The ever classy Jimbo & Pluggy showing the locals a thing or two about imbibing the local plonk...



Wine of the Month cont.

Supermarket Pick of the Month:

Monte Lagares Rioja Gran Reserva 2005 (Tesco, £16.00 but reduced to £8.00 on offer)

They say: *This wine has gorgeous bramble-fruit flavours and a real kick of pepper to it.*

It's had two years ageing in oak barrels and three in bottle before release, developing that leather and spice character. It really opens up in the glass so, if you can, decant for at least half an hour before drinking.

We say: Shows the main oaky vanilla characteristics of a good Rioja but a bit short in the finish; very cheap for a Gran Reserva at the offer price (but wouldn't pay the full price).

Wine Store Pick of the Month:

El Cometa del Sur Blanco 2013, Terra Alta (Majestic Wine, £8.99 but £6.74 if buying 2)

They say: *A light straw colour with hints of green, this is a youthful and delicate wine, offering white pear and apricot flavours and gentle floral aromas. Soft acidity and remarkable body.*

We say: Very nice indeed and, yes, it does taste like a white Rhône (but it's cheaper).

Donkey Piss of the Month (assuming the donkey hasn't been thrown off a tower):

Felix Solis Peñasol Sangria – 1 Litre (Tesco, £2.99)

They say: *An exciting drink of wine and citrus, this Sangria can be enjoyed with friends for a party or as an aperitif. Just pour it into a jug full of ice, garnish with your favourite fruit, and enjoy!*

We say: Sangria's great sitting round a pool in Spain looking at topless women whilst waiting for a real drink, but back in Britain, forget it and have a cup of tea!

An apt portrayal of Pluggy & Jimbo's foray into Spain..?



*"Many a good story has been found in the bottom of a good Rioja."
- Ken Scott, Author.*

Club news: Solid Silver KPC Badge Now Available!

For readers that have been paying attention, you will remember that the KPC has acquired the services of a silversmith (*like all Pipe Clubs of repute should do, Ed.*), thereby adding a touch of artisan class to our ranks. Mr Martin Miller (see New Member Welcome p.20), Sterling chap, hails from Glasgow (*this is a great opportunity to show just how multicultural the KPC has become, as we don't even discriminate against Weegies! Ed.*) and has been bashing bits of metal for a living for quite sometime.

Martin was introduced to the KPC via Major Ellis Dee of Cape Wrath (*keeper of the bothy, Ed.*). As well as being an artisan, Martin suffers from bouts of extreme enthusiasm – "*I like a project*" – and he immediately offered to create a solid-silver badge for the KPC. After some intense backroom negotiations with the B&B Editorial team, a design for the badge was decided solely by Martin himself, as the B&B team were simply out of their depth on this one... We think that KPC members will be mightily impressed with not only the supremely elegant design based on the club logo, but the quality of the workmanship. Martin has very kindly sent pictures of each stage of the badge being made. **Cont. p.19**

Stage 3: Annealing using a blowtorch on a charcoal block. This makes the silver soft for punching.



Stage 1: 'Piercing' After pencilling a tiny hand fret saw is used to cut out the design 'proud' from a piece of solid .925 Silver.



Stage 2: Painstaking hand-filing to size/shape using a 'Swiss' or needle file.



Stage 4: Locating pin badge fittings prior to silver-soldering and pickling in acid to 'raise the silver'.



Stage 5: Punching. The pipe shape is punched onto the badge.



Solid Silver KPC Badge Now Available! Cont.

Close-up of the pipe-punch that Martin made himself from a 1962 ex-MOD punch specifically for the KPC badge.

Close-up of the highly-polished (using rouge) finished prototype KPC silver badge.



The finished prototype KPC badge shown next to the KPC logo.



KPC badge details

The prototype badge was made from 1mm .925 (i.e. contains 92.5% by mass, of silver) Sterling silver plate. Martin thinks that raising the spec. to 1.5mm plate for production badges would improve durability and the quality of the punched pipe logo.

Each badge will be hand-made and unique, with each badge taking Martin approximately 4-hours hands-on time to make. Production badges will be hallmarked with Martin's own hallmark registered at the Edinburgh Assay Office.

The price of Silver fluctuates, sometimes wildly. Therefore it is hard to put an exact price on what a badge would cost as the silver would need to be purchased just prior to an order but Martin thinks that the price would be in the region of £30-35 per badge i.e. Martin is doing this wonderful work at cost plus a pint!

In the first instance members interested in acquiring a KPC badge should contact Matron as a bulk order will help keep the price to a minimum.

Edinburgh Assay Office Hallmark



Stop press:

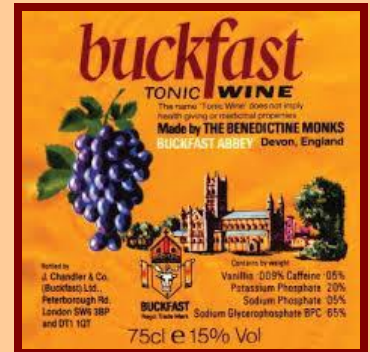
Martin has donated a piece of his very own mystical 'metamorphic jewellery' made in Sterling silver to the KPC. This piece really is a work of art and is suitable for a chap or indeed his Mistress. We will be holding a competition to win the piece in question in the next edition of B&B.

New Member Welcome: Martin Miller, Silversmith, from Glasgow

Martin in his 'work clothes' standing next to some kind of metal-bashing machine that chaps need not concern themselves with. We have been assured that Martin does posses a razor and a male grooming kit and would normally be in tweeds, but he wanted to impart an air of 'honest blokishness' to back up his artisan credentials. (The things that a modern Pipe Club periodical Editor has to put up with., Ed.)



Martin's other, less salubrious hallmark. Oh dear...



We would like to give a warm KPC welcome to our resident Silversmith, Martin, 51, a turner & miller by trade who works at some noisy factory in Glasgow making high-precision metal things such as aero-engine parts and dustbin lids. When not making a din in the workshop, Martin collects Edwardian antiques, specifically from the 1900 – 1910 period (*a fine time to be a chap, Ed.*). Martin has been inspired in his design-thinking by chaps from that era, notably the Glaswegian designer Christopher Dresser and George E. Ohr, better known as the 'Mad Potter of Biloxi'. (*Perhaps a wee article about these chaps in a future issue would be in order, Ed.*) His approach to his silversmithery is to simply sit, think, and then "have a wee crack at it". We think readers will agree that judging by his wonderful KPC badge design this formula comes up with the goods.

A self-confessed Luddite, Martin shuns the internal combustion engine in favour of his BMX (*get him a membership form for the KPC Doonhillbillies, Ed.*) and he simply "hates computers". Being a good friend of Major Ellis Dee, Martin has visited the magical NW of Scotland on several occasions but has not yet smoked a bowl at Kearvaig. He has assured the Editorial team that: a) this will indeed happen and b) in addition to his longstanding roll-up habit he will purchase a briar or two and start enjoying a smoke befitting of an Edwardian Gentleman and thus more becoming of an aficionado of that golden era.

Along with his smokes Martin enjoys a wee drink of an evening, citing St Mungo beer and rather shockingly Buckfast tonic wine among his favourite tipples (*you can take the boy oot ae Glasgae, but no Glasgae oot ae the boy... Ed.*).

Bothy name: Argentum Bender

Poleaxed! Walking poles sighted at Sarah's bothy...

Grave concern

A matter of grave concern has been reported - by an anonymous tip-off - to the KPC command centre. A pair of poles was sighted at Sarah's bothy, and we are not talking about the type that gets that Farage blighter choking on his pint. No, what we are referring to here dear reader are **WALKING POLES!**

You may be wondering why this fact will be of great concern to KPC members. Well, quite simply, the problem with this development is that there were only four KPC members present (Messrs. Bingae, Hydrocarbon, Dazbo and Matron) at the moot and nary an Outdoor Knobber (ODK) (*the type usually associated with such devices, Ed.*) was to be seen. Three potential walking-pole-types, however, did arrive later in the evening, but were thoroughly routed by an amazing bothy fug that made a 1950s London pea-super look like an advert for air freshener. Besides, our anonymous source *insists* that the poles were present before any potential ODK infiltration.

Challenging conventional wisdom

This disturbing event raises many questions: Could this mean that the KPC has been infiltrated by an ODK? Or perhaps that walking poles are now 'OK' and not 'ODK'? Could this mean that a KPC member has decided to *come out*? Perhaps the theory that poles maketh the ODK has been fatally undermined and ODKs can exist *without* walking poles i.e. an ODK is merely an ODK and by inference it is OK to use walking poles if one is not an ODK? These questions indeed provide a challenge to conventional bothying wisdom. Perhaps we could even be facing a philosophical conundrum that could alter the very fabric of the outdoor-pipe-club-continuum? Strange days indeed for the bothying pipe chap. The mind boggles...

Constitutional matters

Although possession and/or use of walking poles is not forbidden by the KPC constitution (*perhaps an urgent agenda item for the 2015 AGM? Ed.*), this could be simply due to the historical *de-facto* position of utter disdain towards these devices that has been casually adopted by KPC members. Of course the zeitgeist is forever changing (*and to maintain ourselves as a thriving pipe club perhaps we too must adapt or die? Ed.*) and perhaps the time has come for a re-think about those potentially stylish aluminium-carbon-fibre-Kevlar walking aids? Or is even mooted this position absolute heresy? With B&B readership and KPC membership expanding rapidly, perhaps a lucrative advertising deal with a high profile walking pole manufacturer could be in the offing? I'm sure the reader will have strong views on this crucial subject; Letters to the Editor please!

Inquisition

In the meantime, of course, an inquisition into this incident will be held by KPC High Command, but so far, from the evidence (see photo opposite), it does appear that the pole's owner is rather fond of a well-known brand of Irish Stout...

Any members (or indeed the perpetrator) wishing to offer information to the inquisition should call out hotline on: 0800 – POLEAXE. Or for a more fulsome fulmination you may prefer to c-mail the Editor. All correspondence will be treated as confidentially as any of the other guff that we receive.

Pipe Club nadir or breathtaking trend setting? Walking poles and Irish stout spotted at Sarah's bothy. Our enquiries continue.



**"When you have no companion, look to your walking stick."
- Albanian proverb.**

The KPC Smoking Lounge: Book Review

'The Lost Men'

By Kelly Tyler-Lewis

This book is about the 'forgotten half' of Sir Ernest Shackleton's 1914 *Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition*, namely the Ross Sea Party (RSP). Understandably, the incredible story of Shackleton's ill-fated *Endurance* expedition is well known, but the equally remarkable story of the RSP is much less well known.

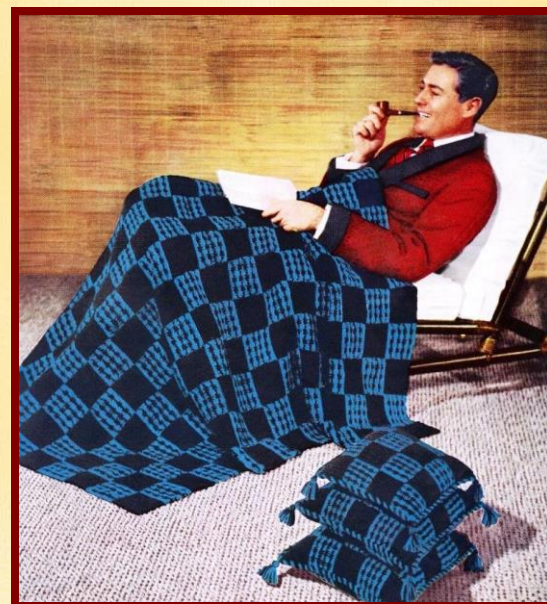
With Shackleton and his men landing in the Weddell Sea, the job of the RSP was to land in the Ross Sea and then lay supply depots for Shackleton's party along a line from the Ross Sea ice shelf towards the South Pole. Without these depots laid by the RSP, Shackleton would not have been able to complete the trans-Antarctic crossing. In the event, of course, the laying of depots was academic, but against all the odds the RSP achieved (unlike Shackleton himself) their primary objective.

The preparations for both parts of the expedition were chaotic in many ways, but the Ross Sea Party's preparations were particularly fraught. Their ship *Aurora*, although a sturdy craft, was not properly fitted-out for the job and it was delays in the fitting-out that meant that the first depot-laying season for the RSP was curtailed.

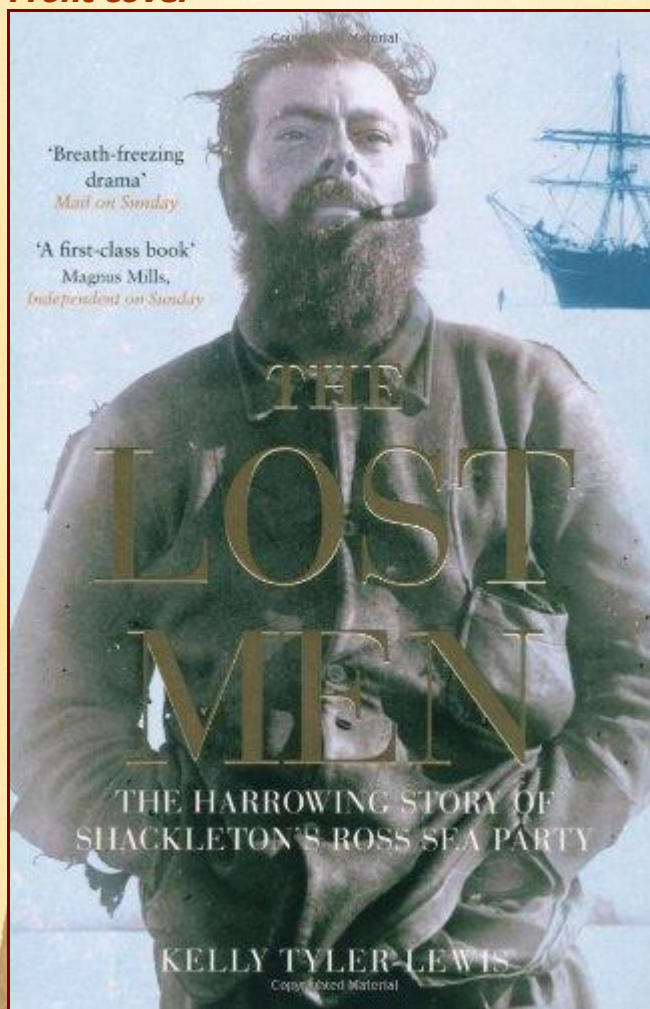
In this meticulously researched book (there are 64 pages of references and bibliography alone) the characters of the expedition members come to life with many fascinating diary entries that give a unique insight into the incredible hardships that these men faced. It would not be too much of an exaggeration to say that these heroic deeds amounted to the Moon landing of the times.

Led by Joseph Stenhouse the RSP expedition (including the *Aurora's* crew) comprised 28 men, with the shore party itself consisting of 10 men led by Aeneas Mackintosh. The story of the depot-laying, particularly the second season, makes for some harrowing reading. Having lost most of the sled-dogs in the first season (primarily through incompetence), the second season proved to be a task that would ultimately cost the lives of three of the men. Coping with crevasses, blizzards (lasting for days), -30°C temperatures, lack of food, tobacco and equipment, snow blindness and scurvy, the men unbelievably completed their task of laying all of the essential depots including the legendary Mount Hope depot at 83° 30'S close to the line of the 170° meridian.

When the depot-laying party returned to their shore base (with one member dead) they found that the *Aurora* was gone, lost in pack-ice and blown far out to sea in an Antarctic gale. This meant that the survivors of the shore party had to survive for almost a year in absolute squalor before their eventual rescue in February 1917. **Cont. p.23**



Front cover



"They smoked their fill of coveted tobacco, but to Joyce's disgust, the ship was dry. In his view, "any exploring ship ought to carry stimulants."
- Extract from 'The Lost Men'.

'The Lost Men' book review, cont.

Aside from being a can't-put-it-down story, this book is beautifully written. It is a huge credit to the author whose prose illuminates the grit and determination of the men, thus making their super-human feat all the more inspiring.

Endnote:

KPC members will also be pleased to note that the text is littered with references of the expedition members' dedication to their briar and leaf. In fact, members of the RSP confirm what pipe chaps instinctively know: if you come out alive of a survival situation after nourishment all you want and need is a good smoke! 'The Lost Men' contains some wonderful pipe and tobacco related quotes such as:

"For a group of diehard smokers, the scarcity of tobacco was aggravating in the extreme. Quitting at a time of extreme duress was a doubtful proposition. As Joyce noted, "One can forgive and forget many indiscretions over this soothing weed." At Hut Point, he satisfied his own addiction by smoking dried mixed vegetables, "but was speedily requested to cease." Wild concocted a more satisfying blend of tea, coffee, sawdust, and sennegrass. Dubbed "Hut Point mixture," it revived the ritual of smoking but did little to satisfy nicotine cravings. With the addition of dried herbs at Cape Evans, Wild's special blend enjoyed newfound popularity."

"I think we shall just be able by a stroke of good fortune to carry out our programme that is lay a Depot at 83° 30'. I suppose it will be really the biggest ever thing ever been done. Here we are sledging. The last bath and shift of clothes I had was Jan 20th 1915 on the ship in the Galley, the last pipe of tobacco in April, ah well!"



Map of the routes of the ships *Endurance* and *Aurora*, the support team route, and the planned trans-Antarctic route of the British Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition led by Ernest Shackleton in 1914-15. Key to map:

- █ Voyage of *Endurance*
- █ Drift of *Endurance* in pack ice
- █ Sea-ice drift after *Endurance* sinks
- █ Voyage of the lifeboat *James Caird*
- █ Planned trans-Antarctic route
- █ Voyage of *Aurora* to Antarctica
- █ Retreat of *Aurora*
- █ Supply depot route

The Lost Men - £9.99
 by Kelly Tyler-Lewis
 362pp. ISBN 978-0-7475-7972-4

Recommended tobaccos when reading this book: McClelland 'Wilderness' or Samuel Gawith's 'Wintertime Flake'.

***How chaptastic is this book?** 🐦🐦🐦🐦🐦

***How pipetastic is this book?** 🐦🐦🐦🐦

*out of 5

"I am just going outside and may be some time."
 - Captain Lawrence Oates

Club News: New KPC Bothy Flake Advertising Campaign Launched!



T'interweb round-up: What have they been saying about the KPC in cyberspace?

The following is an extract from a post entitled: '**COMMUTING TO SOLITUDE**', on the blog of John D Burns:
<https://johndburns.wordpress.com/2014/07/29/commuting-to-solitude/>

(...) 'As the light of the day fades a doe leads her fawn, bouncing on spring like legs, past the bothy window. She catches sight of me at the bothy window and we exchange glances for a moment like travellers in a secret world. The night passes in this silent place and I'm glad I have bothy to myself, somehow I want to be alone here and sense the rhythm of the place. Only a handful of bats sweep silently around the bothy, barely disturbing the air as I drink my tea and watch the sun sinking.



On the floor there's a business card left by a member of the Kearvaig Pipe club. Like me, these men are fugitives from a world that constrains their every move. One of them must have sought refuge here, puffed his pipe, and moved on before the Health and Safety search teams found him leaving only this card and the lingering smell of pipe smoke in his wake. (...) 'At least a Magnum bowlsworth of Bothy Points awarded to Dazbo for doing his KPC duty to the max. A grand effort chap! Ed.)

Editorial note: It turns out that this Burns chappie is an ex-pipe smoker and in addition to enjoying the odd bothy he is a bit of a Thespian on the side. In fact he has done a one-man play about the occultist-mountaineer Aleister Crowley and that legendary mountaineer chappie George Mallory.

**"The ordinary man looking at a mountain is like an illiterate person confronted with a Greek manuscript."
 - Aleister Crowley**

The following is an extract from a post entitled: '**Any Pipe Smokers About?**' from the forum on the Single Track World website. <http://singletrackworld.com/>

BigButSlimmerBloke - Member

Ex-cig-smoker, took up a pipe to get off the fags, still got my pipes and once every so often have a bowl or two.

Pipes: I have a couple of Petersons, a Stanwell and calabash styled meerschaum. You used to be able to Peterson rejects cheap but not sure if you still can. Good but expensive pipes, and I'd avoid the Peterson system pipes as they're a bugger to clean. The pipes I tend to smoke take 9mm filters, watch for 6mm filters as they're harder to find. The meerschaum doesn't take filters but over the years has coloured nicely and (I'm gullible enough to believe) the meerschaum itself absorbs tar so the pipe itself acts as a filter. Maybe.

[This site](#) has reviews of pipe tobacco. My choices tend to be Gawiths Navy Cut or Bothy flakes, but as a starter you might want to head down the Aromatic route - for me it used to be Amphora Red which I don't think is available any more but there's an aromatic Borkum Riff which I think is similar - very sweet smell. I did pick up a sample of HU Tillerman recently, it was very nice. As an aside, pipe smokers can join the Kearvaig Bothy Pipe Club, which Gawith's Bothy Flake is named for. All you have to do is smoke a pipe in the bothy (which is a couple of miles east of the Cape Wrath lighthouse).



What Urban Dictionary says about Singletrackworld:

"An online home for middle-aged, middle/upper class, predominantly English xc jey boy mincers, whose idea of mountain biking consists of grinding around the country side in brightly coloured lycra on titanium singlespeed rigid ego chariots.

The typical singtrackworld member can usually be spotted in trail centre car parks standing beside their Audi, loudly boasting about the three foot drop they "nailed" with ease thanks to their new £5000 6-inch all mountain bike, or how they "smoked some downhillers" whilst riding their rigid on-one wearing a blindfold on the black route.

Inwardly, the average singletrack member would love to possess more skills than the ability to negotiate a technical climb, in reality this means acquiring actual bike handling skills. To cover up their utter lack of ability on a bike they pour scorn on any style riding which isn't utterly boring.

"Hey john, where did you get that fancy new bike?" "It's actually not new at all, I bought it off some twat with more money than sense on singletrackworld. He clearly couldn't ride for toffee, just like the rest of those asshats"

(Great stuff! – Definitely a contender for 'ODK-Watch'. Great to see our club blend getting a mention though! Ed.)

Pipe Babe of the Month

This month's Pipe Babe is definitely for chaps who like hot, strong, slow-burning Orientals... If a chap were to let this beauty fill his bowl, even the staunchest full-bent fellow would surely rise to the challenge, toss his billiards aside before bashing away with sturdy straight apple for a fruitful encounter that would undoubtedly be full of eastern promise...





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.

Angel with dirty face?

By C-mail:

It's true: the fairy God Angel does like a bowl!

Cave Fud



Since we don't often hear from you Mr Fud we have decided, on this occasion, to indulge your fanciful musings. We are not sure at which trinket shop you purchased that 'item' but we recommend that you take it back and do not presume to share your fevered dreams with your fellow pipe club members all that often. We also recommend you change the brand of whatever it is you are smoking, as it obviously is proving 'difficult' for you and, er, us...

Yours angelically,

Matron

Bothy Flake fellwalker, er, fell!

By c-mail to the KPC website:

Greetings, I have arrived at your site after purchasing my inaugural tin of *Bothy Flake*. Not only is it my first tin, this is the first time I've tried Flake! Any tips on achieving the perfect smoke would be most gratefully received. I live in Cheshire although I am Scottish by misfortune... It would be great to join the club, but unfortunately after an accident fell-walking damaging my back it's going to be a year or so before I could even contemplate visiting Kearvaig. But it is something I would love to do; there's something fantastic and adventurous about Bothy visiting. Aren't they becoming as rare as we pipe smokers? Wishing you all the best, from a fellow Oddball and a definite Misfit.

For many years of Happy smokes.

Bill Gunn

Dear Bill,

Many thanks for getting in touch with the KPC and we hope that you continue to enjoy Bothy Flake. It sounds like the best advice we could give to you for your 'perfect smoke' would be to stop all that risky fell-walking nonsense and find a comfy armchair in which to perfect the art of flake smoking. We can, however, categorically report that bothies and pipe smokers in bothies are far from endangered and once your bad back malingering is over we look forward to seeing you in a bothy for a wee puff.

Yours,

Matron

Sortie to Kearvaig?

By c-mail to the KPC website:

Just enjoyed a second bowl of your *Bothy Flake*, a fine blend... Well done Chaps! I would very much like to join your fellowship if an invitation could be considered, of course. I will visit said bothy during my next sortie over the border which will probably be in March next year. In the meantime carry on the good work and may you live in peace with your pipes. 'Up the revolution'!

Stuart 'Hoagy' Carmichael

Dear Stuart,

Many thanks for getting in touch with the KPC and we hope that you continue to enjoy Bothy Flake. May we suggest sojourning to our 2015 AGM at Kearvaig where your membership application can be considered? Please be aware though, that landing opportunities for light aircraft at Kearvaig are somewhat limited so we recommend you seek advice from the Civil Aviation Authority in the first instance.

Yours,

Matron

Club News

KPC mouse mats (233mm x 197mm) now available! Price £5.20 + p&p. Contact Matron if you want this essential addition to your smoking lounge.



KPC Notices

KPC t-shirts/polo shirts available from the Editor at the bargain price of £15 - £20 + p&p.

KPC Mousemats available from the Editor – only £5.20 + 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

Ian Walker's '**Towpath smoke off**' will be held on **02nd August 2015**. KPC members are invited for a spot of canalside puffery. Details to follow.

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 and B&B when ordering your pants.

