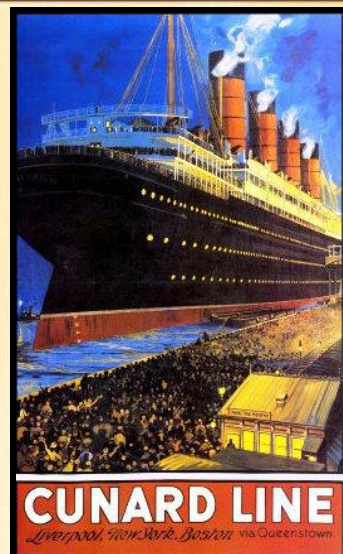




'Briar & Bothies'

The newsletter of
THE KEARVAIG PIPE CLUB



Matron's 50th Birthday Bash, Barisdale, 3-6/4/15

Barisdale

For readers unfamiliar with Scotland's north-west coast geography, Barisdale is located on the north coast of the Knoydart peninsular on the south shore of fjord-like Loch Hourn opposite the Isle of Skye. It is a beautiful but remote location involving a tough 6 1/2 mile walk or a paddle down the loch. The digs were 'The Stables' – a luxury bothy that can be rented from the Barisdale Estate which proved to be a most agreeable venue for the moot.

50 not out...

The last occasion that Matron secured a half-century was when he made 52 not out for the school under 13's; albeit on a slow wicket against mediocre opposition. On this occasion, sadly, greater glory was not forthcoming as he was let down by the tail-ender - Smithers – who ran himself out trying to sneak a quick single off of a full-toss, and thus the game was lost. So Matron did wonder if his second half-century would be another case of tail-enders and full tosses... Cue Messrs. Bingae, Dazbo and Hydrocarbon.

Pirate raid

The walk-in to Barisdale is a tad challenging and with the chaps heading in for three nights it would simply not have been possible to carry in adequate supplies (*i.e. beer, Ed.*) so an advance guard of pipe club pirates, namely Dazbo and Matron, paddled the treacherous waters of Loch Hourn in Matron's canoe. The 'gear /beer mountain' was so substantial that 50kg of coal had to be left ashore. With a disconcertingly low freeboard, the pirates set sail against a still rising tide, but with a rising glass the loch was as flat as a mermaid's tail. Loch Hourn is known for its strong currents and it was only with some extreme effort (*Bothy points awarded, Ed.*) that our plucky pirates navigated the infamous Caolas Mor narrows where it is also rumoured that the fabled monster of the deep, The Kraken, awaits the unwary mariner... **Cont. p.2**

The majestic Barisdale Bay and The Stables bothy.



Matron's 50th Birthday Bash Cont.

The circle is unbroken

With the amphibious landing complete and booty secured in the stockade, a noticeably sweaty, perambulatory, Bingae rendezvoused with Dazbo and Matron. Due to work commitments Colonel Hydrocarbon was unable to join the festivities until the Saturday evening and Friday evening was spent warming the solid stone walls of the Stables with a sometimes temperamental stove. The only event of note was a predictable Coonsilling of Bingae, no doubt afforded as a result of the combined Titanic forces of his exertions along the loch side path and the soothing balm of the green aromatic...

Saturday morning was a dreich affair, so Matron decided to postpone his crack at the mighty Ladhar Bheinn (1020m) until Sunday. To stave off cabin fever (*And attempt to eek out the beers more like, Ed.*) the chaps set-off for a wee saunter up the glen for a bowl or two and a healthy snifter from Bingae's hipflask.

After the chaps enjoyed a leisurely afternoon and some tiffin back at the Stables, Colonel Hydrocarbon arrived at about 19:30. With the party now properly convened the circle was once again unbroken and the moot continued apace. Although he reached the witching hour, a much maligned Matron retired with a series of derogatory terms ringing in his ears. This was the price to pay for his determination to have a crack at Knoydart's highest peak...

Of Mountains and Men

The forecast for Sunday was splendid with low cloud due to break under a dome of high pressure. The mighty peak of Ladhar Bheinn appeared to have miraculously increased in stature overnight to such an extent that the previously enthusiastic Dazbo now yielded to its omnipotence. In his defence, however, Dazbo had already bagged his peak whilst Matron was snoring his heid off; namely the mighty Lager Bheinn... (*Bothy points awarded, Ed.*)

Obviously suffering from a bad case of 'summit fever' Matron was geared-up for snow, loaded for bear, and leaving only the smell of burning boot-sole-rubber for his KPC chumrades, he strode off into the towering chasms of Coire Dhorrcail; the magnificent approach to the NE ridge of Ladhar Bheinn.

Party on!

At around 17:15 as Matron was approaching the environs of base Bingae and Dazbo, slightly swaying with inanely grinning pusses, appeared to greet his return from the wilds. Tales of mountains bagged and substances consumed were swapped before the top on a cold one was popped. Even more pleasing to the weary wayfarer was the sight of Hydrocarbon swaying over a hot stove (*Bothy points awarded, Ed.*). After cold beer and a hot bath, Matron, resembling a Swan vesta due to the fine weather and snow amplified UV, rejoined the chaps at the bothy table. **Cont. p.3**

KPC members Bingae, Matron and Dazbo enjoy an invigorating bowl 'up the glen'.



Matron's 50th Birthday Bash Cont.

Extreme Pipe Smoking par excellence: Loch Hourn and Barisdale from the slopes of Ladhar Bheinn.



The meal - sausage/veggie sausage and green aromatic casseroles - so ably prepared by the Deipnosophistae, namely Hydrocarbon and Dazbo was a veritable banquet that was splendidly accompanied by red wine, port, cigars (Honduran wrapped Maduro, 5" 50 ring gauge). Surprisingly the majority of the Highland firewater stayed encapsulated in their bottles (*what is the world coming too, muchas bothy points deducted, Ed.*) except for the valiant Dazbo who, with more foolhardiness than decorum, took a slug or two out of the bottle only to pay the price of a severe Coonsilling later on.

During the moot Matron got to proudly sport his birthday t-shirt, gifted from the Colonel, that reflected a tale that has become bothy lore. Hours of fun (*Such is the extreme pace of bothy life., Ed.*) was had making anagrams from the birthday cake that consisted of individual letters: H.A.P.P.Y. B.I.R.T.H.D.A.Y and as individual letters were consumed the results became ever more puerile. All-in-all the chaps reported that a cracking weekend was had and Matron's latest half century was infinitely more rewarding than his previous efforts. And as Dazbo so succinctly and eloquently summed up proceedings: "*Braw weekend.*"

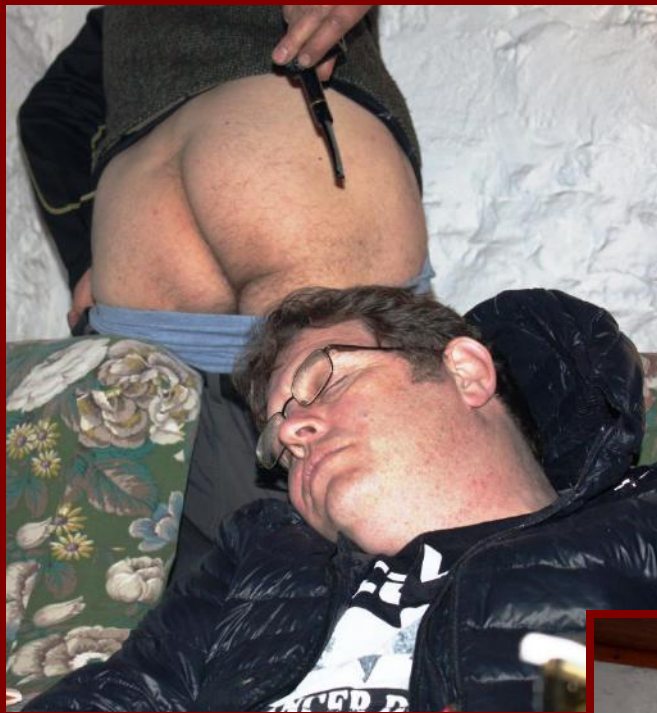
**Extreme Pipe Pirate Smoking:
Boatswain Dazbo takes a breather
during the paddle into Barisdale.**



Matron's 50th Birthday Bash Cont.

Ouch! The walk-in and green aromatic gets the better of a hapless Bingae who suffers a perfectly executed and withering pipe-pointing Coonsilling.

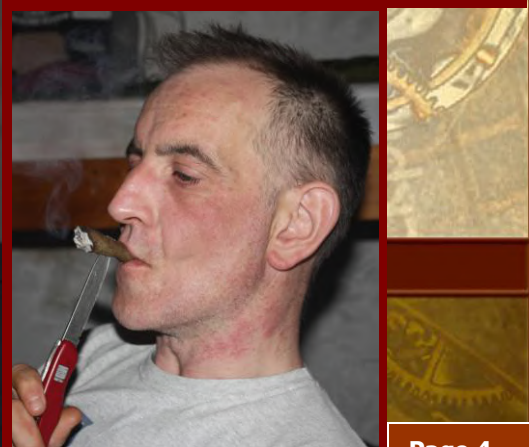
Note to self: don't mess with the whisky with this crew about. A double colour co-ordinated Coonsilling of the highest order – full marks chaps!



Birthday dinner with Matron as 'Swan vesta heid'...



Anagram cake...



Chaps' Corner

Carry-on Cruising!

The airport anathema...

With the entire horrendous security semiotics afflicting air travel these days, like a persistent stain on one's dinner jacket that a chap simply cannot ignore, not to mention the total absence of a smoking lounge, what is the aspiring transatlantic wayfaring Gentleman to do? Just imagine dear chap, being asked to remove one's brogues in front of all-and-sundry, so a surly security oink (*Whom is inevitably overly fond of the power that his uniform allegedly facilitates, Ed.*) can deploy some sort of sniffing machine on your Argylls, no doubt checking for residue of illegal immigrant or some such. We can picture the scene at the typical soulless air terminus now:

Security goon: "Take of your shoes please Sir."

Well-shod chap: "Why? And anyway can you not see that these are *brogues* and not mere *shoes* my good man?"

SG: "It's airport policy Sir. I have to check your *shoes* for explosives."

WSC: "Explosives! I'll have you know that these are custom made Church's - Northampton's finest - and I'll be *damned* if you'll contaminate them or impede their fastidious care regime with that *device*. Besides *chummy*, if I wanted to blow-up an airliner do you think I would be sitting on the bloody thing whilst sporting the finest quality brogues?!"

SG: "I'll have to call security Sir if you fail to comply with my request."

WSC: "Security? I thought *you* were security you ignorant oaf!"

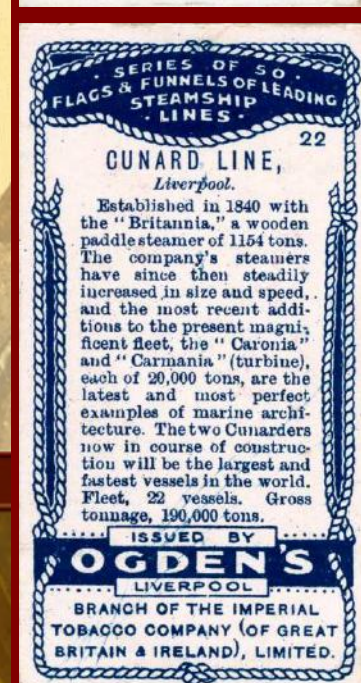
And so it goes; as various intrusive, unseemly klaxons sound, and blue lights flash a perfectly well-mannered and well-shod chap is brusquely led away for interrogation for simply asserting his rights as the other gathered amorphous-faced, tracksuit-clad *passengers* look on, slack-jawed but sniggering nonetheless, at our intrepid hero's gross maltreatment...

Yes dear reader, airports are now simply another place of oppression for the chap; another place where decorum and associated fine footwear simply have no traction with those twitchy, self-important *securocrats*. God damn it, they might as well insist on all prospective air passengers being clad in orange jumpsuits and cheap sandals with every flight plan routed via Guantanamo Bay where connection times can be filled with a spot of water-boarding!

So you see chaps, comfortable conveyance by airliner, unless is it by private-charter Learjet of course, is now simply out of the question for the chap who wishes to maintain his dignity and enjoy his pipe whilst journeying. As a result of this ghastly situation that we find ourselves in, you will no doubt be concerned regarding how one is to proceed where, for example, a crossing of the Atlantic is required. Of course the first choice for the chap would be to defer to the romance of the airship or dirigible. Sadly, however, these magnificent machines have been reduced to Steampunk fantasies and bloated barrage balloons for advertising some gargantuan shed that is peddling abominations such as chipboard-based furniture (*Yes, 'cheapboard' - arguably Man's worst ever invention in the world of 'furniture', Ed.*) on some depressing, characterless, *industrial estate*, squashed between the edge of an equally depressing town and a motorway that is nose-to-tail with dull family saloons overloaded with chipboard furniture... **Cont. p.6**



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answers!**



Chaps' Corner Cont.

How to cross the Atlantic with your pipe, in style and your dignity intact

Before you hurl down your pipe club periodical in despair, fear not! We can reassure you, *chumrades*, that salvation is at hand, as once again your pipe club officials have been working tirelessly behind the scenes and have found a splendid solution to your transatlantic travails. Yes chaps, we can report that it is still possible to cross the ocean on an *ocean liner* in fitting style, without some bounder insisting that you take off your brogues (*In fact there will be a uniform or two insisting that you keep them on! Ed.*). Moreover, we have ascertained that a chap can have a bowl on the go for the entire seven-day voyage.

As part of our research into this problem we initially sent Pluggy to investigate, and he succeeded in completing the crossing from New York to Southampton on Cunard's flagship 'Queen Mary 2'(QM2). Having completely plundered the KPC's petty cash - with an efficacy more commonly associated with a Viking raiding party - for this 'investigation', Pluggy, however, simply failed to yield sufficient, concise, information for us to impart to our readers, but apparently the smoking lounge on QM2 was, quote:

"Really rather splendid what! And their wine cellar, well now, love-a-duck, one simply had no choice but to get three sheets for the duration! It all seemed a bit of a blur but when we docked in Southampton I did remember some fine filly of a stewardess enjoying me patting her pert botty as she put a cosy rug across my lap. I've never been so comfortable in a wheelchair. Did have a bit of a sore head and a dashed bad case of tongue bite though!"

From Pluggy's valiant efforts we did glean one snippet of useful information, however, in that passengers who *insist* on ensconcing themselves in the ship's smoking lounge for the entire seven day voyage can, for a very reasonable 'faecal supplement', arrange commode facilities (*At which point he insisted on renaming the QM2 smoking lounge 'Pluggy's Poop Deck' and then shouting it out loud ad nauseam..., Ed.*) which is of course what our intrepid wino correspondent did. We think that such dedication to one's hobbies is above and beyond the call of duty; well-done Sir! **Cont. p.7**

Advertisement: Please mention the KPC when booking your cruise.



Chaps' Corner Cont.

An alternative tack...

Upon reflection, however, we felt that despite Pluggy's best efforts in attaining useful information for B&B readers, there remained quite a few gaps. Therefore, the B&B team decided that an alternative strategy was required. To that effect we affected the drafting of a c-mail to the chaps at Cunard, seeking some rather precise details about their pipe smoking accommodation/arrangements aboard their dear old flagship QM2. See below for the full text of our c-mail. **Cont. p.8**

Text of c-mail sent to Cunard regarding facilities for pipe smokers aboard QM2.

17th December 2014

Dear Sir,

Enquiry: Pipe smoking provision aboard Cunard vessels, particularly Queen Mary 2

I represent a small but active pipe club based in Scotland.

Recently, one of our members has benefited from the will of a favourite late auntie and has offered to share some of his good fortune with his fellow pipe club members, in the form of an oceanic sojourn.

From reputation, Cunard appears to be the gold-standard for such things, and, after some debate, common consensus within our ranks was for a crack at a transatlantic crossing on your ship Queen Mary 2 (QM2) departing New York for Blighty, at some point in 2015.

Being a pipe smoking club we would of course need comfortable smoking quarters for the voyage and the purpose of this letter is to seek related information thus:

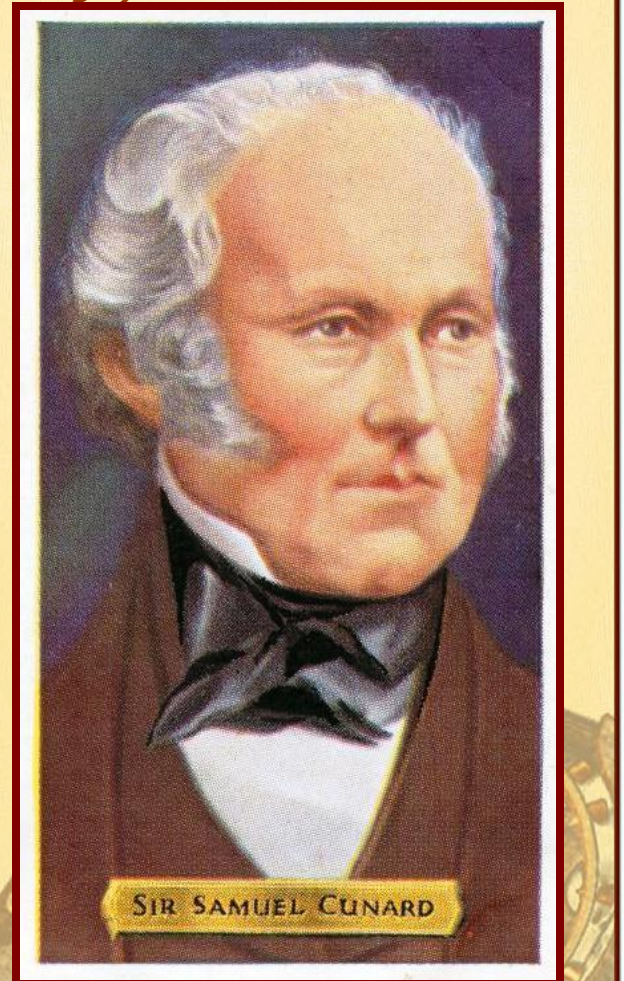
- I. What indoor and outdoor facilities does the QM2 have aboard for the pipe smoking chap?
- II. Assuming some kind of indoor smoking lounge is available what is said lounge's seating capacity and opening hours?
- III. Are alcoholic beverages served in the smoking lounge? If not, can a chap bring his own supply?
- IV. What pipe tobacco is stocked on board?
- V. If the pipe tobacco aboard does not meet members' requirements, are there any restrictions to bringing pipe tobacco aboard or any fees such as 'pipeage' that require settlement?
- VI. It is rumoured that some shipping companies specify types of tobacco that cannot be smoked (due to alleged malodorous properties associated with some blends); therefore does Cunard have any such policy and specifically does Cunard have a *Latakia* tobacco ban in place?

Concise answers to the above will greatly help our cruise committee when deciding what voyage and company to set sail with and I would like to take this opportunity to thank you in advance for your written consideration of these matters.

Yours faithfully,

Sergeant Matron,
The Kearvaig Pipe Club

It's thanks to this Gentleman that a chap can still cross the Atlantic in fine style with a bowl on the go. (Thanks to Mr Choogle™ for this image.)



Chaps' Corner Cont.

The initial - less than satisfactory - response from Cunard to our enquiries...



Sergeant Matron
The Kearvaig Pipe Club

22 January 2015

Case Ref: CAS-272291-Y0W7

Dear Sergeant Matron

Queen Mary 2- Provision for Pipe Smoking

Thank you for your letter and for taking the time to contact us.

A Customer Services Executive will now carry out any investigations required and respond to you directly, in the meantime please accept this letter as receipt of your correspondence.

Yours sincerely

Anna Elliott
Customer Services Assistant

Switchboard Telephone: (Within UK) 0845 3 585 585 (Outside UK) +44 (0)23 8065 5000 Fax: +44 (0)23 8022 7920 Web: cunard.co.uk

Cunard Line is a business name of Carnival plc, a company incorporated in England under registration number 04039524
Registered Office: Carnival House, 100 Harbour Parade, Southampton, SO15 1ST, United Kingdom. VAT Reg. No: GB 761 4300 58 ATOL 6294 ABTA V8764

QUEEN ELIZABETH

QUEEN MARY 2

QUEEN VICTORIA

Chaps' Corner Cont.

The final - and it has to be said - much more agreeable response from Cunard.



Sergeant Matron
The Kearvaig Pipe Club

11 February 2015

Case Ref: CAS-272291-Y0W7

Dear Sergeant Matron

Thank you for your letter dated 17 December 2014 and please accept my sincere apologies for the delay in responding. I appreciate you taking the time to write to us and I am delighted to learn that you and your pipe smoking club are considering travelling with Cunard Line.

I do note that you have some queries with regards to the smoking policy onboard Queen Mary 2 and please find the following information I have obtained for you;

There are dedicated areas on each ship where you are permitted to smoke*. Smoking is not permitted in any public room (with the exception of Churchill's Cigar Lounge, which is reserved for cigar and pipe smokers only), inside your stateroom or on your stateroom balcony

*Due to weather and/or cleaning process, these locations may change from time to time.

Smoking onboard Queen Mary 2 is only in designated areas of the open deck on the aft of Deck 7, the starboard aft side of Deck 8 and the inside of G32 (nightclub) Deck 3L on the port side upper level from 6pm each evening or when the weather is inclement.

I can advise that there is a limited number of seating provided in Churchill's Cigar Lounge and approximately 10-20 seats are located within this area. Furthermore, a bar waiter will visit the lounge during the bar opening times or drinks can be taken into the lounge from other areas. I can also advise that Churchill's Cigar Lounge does not have opening times as such, but will be closed when cleaning is required.

With regards to purchasing tobacco onboard, we stock the following range of tobacco brands across all ships and prices available onboard*:

Cont. p.10

Switchboard Telephone: (Within UK) 0845 3 585 585 (Outside UK) +44 (0)23 8065 5000 Fax +44 (0)23 8022 7920 Web: cunard.co.uk

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QUEEN ELIZABETH

QUEEN MARY 2

QUEEN VICTORIA

Chaps' Corner Cont.

- Golden Virginia (250gm)
- Drum (250gm)
- Amber Leaf (5x50gm)
- *subject to availability

Our guests are welcome to bring tobacco onboard and no restriction does apply, but the amount brought onboard will be at the discretion of our security team. Furthermore, tobacco being brought home will be subject to the duty free restrictions.

Furthermore, I am not aware of a policy being enforced of which pipe tobacco we allow onboard our ships, but if a policy is introduced all guests will be made aware.

I truly hope the above has assisted with your comments and we will have the pleasure of welcoming you all onboard soon.

Yours sincerely



Emily Clark
Customer Services Executive

Even allowing for all the tiresome Xmas shenanigans, KPC Command felt a sense of foreboding in that the speed of response from Cunard to our earnest enquiries was somewhat on the glacial side. In fact, the number of days between our c-mail and their response was 37 days; enough for five-and-a-bit transatlantic crossings aboard QM2...

To compound matters, when a response was finally received at the KPC Command Centre, it consisted of a classic dead-bat from a mere 'Customer Services Assistant' (surely a prestigious company such as Cunard could entitle their staff with superior job titles rather than this paltry effort? How about: 'Prospective Pipe Smoking Passenger Liaison Concierge' or some such? Ed.) Obviously out-foxed by the complexity of our enquiries, the hapless young thing, bless her cotton panties, had to elevate our enquiry, to a 'Customer Services Executive'. Of course this could just be clever marketing on behalf of Cunard by making us feel a tad more cosseted and cared for, but on this occasion we gave them the benefit of the doubt. As a result of Cunard's tardiness however, obvious questions did begin to arise: did the chaps at Cunard think we were not being serious in our endeavours of securing suitable accommodation for the pipe club chap? Had they not heard of the KPC at all? Perhaps some pompous puffball from the Pipe Club of London had 'done the dirty' on us? Or, more chillingly, perhaps Pluggy had left a copy of B&B aboard ship when he was scooped-up by the security team in Southampton? If that was indeed the case, then dear reader, things for the KPC may have been as bleak as an Atlantic storm on the QM2's proper poop deck...

Cont. p.11

"Oh yesss no..." A depressing sign of the times as it appears that even the fabulous smoking lounge aboard the Cunard flagship has cow-towed to an alarmingly populist, anthropomorphic idol...



Chaps' Corner Cont.

Faith in Cunard restored, with reservations...

In the end our fears were allayed and our faith in Cunard largely restored, when a (admittedly delayed) supplementary response penned by a Customer Services Executive dated 11 February 2015 was forthcoming as promised. See pp.9 & 10.

Let's cast a quizzical eye over that response in more detail chaps:

1. The KPC did receive "*sincere apologies*" for the delay in responding. Apology accepted, but future correspondence had better not be so delayed otherwise Cunard could be blacklisted in the Pipe Club world. Standards must be maintained and *you*, Cunard chappies, have been warned!
2. A fitting expression of delight thus: "*...I am delighted to learn that you and your pipe smoking club are considering travelling with Cunard Line.*" (*Or is that simply patronising customer relations bilge? Ed.*)
3. "*There are dedicated areas on each ship where you are permitted to smoke.*" This is indeed excellent news. We are also told that a chap can smoke in his "*stateroom or on your stateroom balcony.*" This is also splendid news and just as well that the QM2 already has pre-configured staterooms, as it has become a KPC maxim that accommodation frequented by KPC chaps usually ends up in some *state* as a matter of course. Huzzah!
4. "*...Churchill's Cigar Lounge, which is reserved for cigar and pipe smokers only.*" This information, Gentlemen, is nothing short of a modern day elixir to the eyes; a bulwark of hope in our namby-pamby world of PC piffle! Yes chaps, not only is there smoking *permitted* but cigarette smokers are *actively discriminated against* on the high seas. One presumes that *fag-smokers* just have to huddle round the funnel for a puff; but who cares about those steerage blighters when a chap is snuggled up in the Churchill's Cigar Lounge (*aka Pluggy's Poop Deck, Ed.*) with a bowl and a large one on the go! Emily Clark, Customer Services Executive, Cunard, the KPC salutes you and invites you to put in (*Or should that be put out..? Ed.*) an application for KPC Pipe Babe of the Year 2015! Of course the only slightly perplexing fact about this fine smoking accommodation is that it has been sponsored using some nodding dog mascot that is apparently used to assist in the tawdry process of peddling of insurance policies to the hoi polloi, "ohh yes". (*Enough already, Ed.*) We are sure, however, that those clever marketing chaps at Cunard know what they are about so we will, er, give them the nod, so to speak, ahem...
5. There are various other places listed on QM2 where smoking is permitted at certain times, but they do not, at first glance, appear to be befitting of the pipe club chap worth his baccy e.g. the G32 *nightclub*... Perhaps when flitting between one's stateroom and that of any *acquaintances* that a chap may encounter aboard ship, they may prove a useful emergency haven for a swift bowl?
6. It is with regards to Cunard's tobacco policy where we have some fairly stern reservations. Cunard state that: "*...we stock the following range of tobacco brands across all ships and prices available (sic) onboard**:"

Golden Virginia (250gm)

Drum (250gm)

Amber Leaf (5 x 50gm)

Being a chap you will obviously find this information deeply discouraging. (*Although the pack size of said leaf could induce a quizzical eyebrow or three, Ed.*) For starters we would assert that Ms. Emily Clark needs to go on a customer-services-pipe-tobacco refresher course as a matter of urgency. Secondly, the correct abbreviation for the unit of mass 'gram' is 'g', according to the nomenclature prescribed in the International System of Units (SI), (*Although the base unit of mass in the SI system is, of course, the kilogram (kg), Ed.*) A further confusion could be that these blends are now **genetically modified** which simply wouldn't do. (*These are clear examples as to why getting one's unit abbreviations correct is crucial, Ed.*)

Problems with nomenclature and staff training aside, are Cunard really saying that they stock *NO* pipe tobacco aboard, not even a *Navy Flake* on their magnificent flagship?! It is also noteworthy that Cunard's otherwise commendable and enthusiastic discrimination against cigarette smokers is not reflected in their retail policy. This could move a chap to think that they are simply after one's cash whatever their smoking credentials... In Cunard's defence, however, at least they're not punting *Condor*, *Clan* or *St. Bruno*. Perhaps there is even a gap in the market here for the chaps at SG to fill? Just imagine a choice of fine flakes from Kendal adorning the shelves Churchill's Cigar Lounge? Perhaps they could ditch the nodding dog nonsense and rename this pipe and cigar oasis *The Brown Lounge?* (*But not named to commemorate Pluggy's trip of course... Ed.*) Food for thought... **Cont. p.12**

Chaps' Corner Cont.

7. *"Our guests are welcome to bring tobacco aboard and no restriction does apply, but the amount brought onboard will be at the discretion of our security team. Furthermore, tobacco being brought home will be subject to the duty free restrictions."*

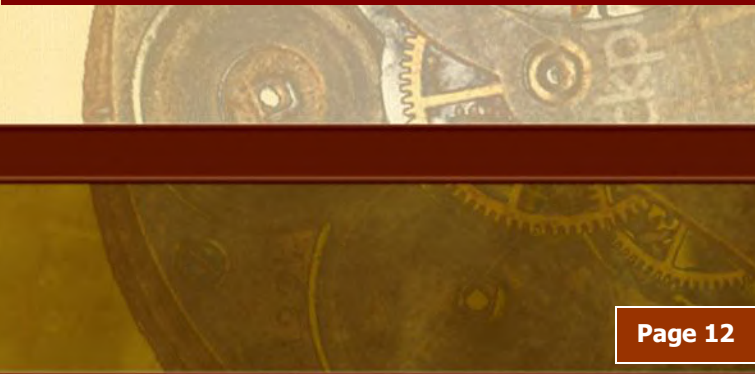
This could be tricky for some of our members as their baccy case is often significantly larger than their portmanteau. We advise members to be judicious in their approach to their stash and liaise with one's fellow pipe club members to minimise duplication of blends and thus reduce the risk of any unwelcome scrutiny from 'the security team'. Of course a selection of hard currencies could be used to tip a decision in a chap's favour if a member of said team turned out to be a jobsworth, or dare we say it, a *Burley* security guard... *(Although it is highly unlikely aboard a reputable cruise liner on the high seas, we all know from our airport experience that a uniform can have an inflationary effect on some uniformed fellows' egos, Ed.)*. Of course any KPC member leaving the QM2 after seven days of smoking, will not have more than half a tin of *Bothy Flake* to his name, so there is no need to be concerned with all that duty free gibberish.

8. The Lat-heads within our ranks will be relieved that: *"Furthermore, I am not aware of a policy being enforced of which pipe tobacco we allow onboard our ships, but if a policy is introduced guests will be made aware."* Wouldn't it be something, however, if, after a seven day KPC moot aboard the QM2, that this policy is re-written as the result of a Latakia broadside of such intensity being unleashed that the whole ship had to be re-decorated? After all, we at the KPC like a challenge!

Stern notes

Well now chaps, we think it is safe to say that some diligent, ground-breaking research by the team at B&B has once again paid dividends, which have subsequently led to a spiffing solution to the malaise of modern day airports. Additionally, judging by the delays we experienced in our correspondence with Cunard, we think we can also claim a small victory in the fact that *the major*, cruise line company in the world was forced to, at the very least, re-examine its smoking arrangements and training requirements of its customer relations department. Happy sailing! Now perhaps for a crack at P&O etc...

With the Captain of the QM2 at the helm, the transatlantic chap will never have to be concerned about a visit to Davy Jones' locker... Sleazy Jet or Cunard's Churchill's Cigar Lounge (below)? We think this 'choice' is a no-brainer for the wayfaring chap!!



World Famous Events When a Pipe Could Have Made All the Difference... Part 4: The Battle of Hastings

The Battle of Hastings was fought on the 14th October 1066; a date that every schoolboy - even the dunces - knows off by heart. The (poorly named) Battle of Hastings proved to be an event of great infamy that changed these islands forever. The outnumbered and tired (*They had just come down from a match at Stamford Bridge where there was a bit of a bundle with some Norwegian fans, Ed.*) English barmy-army of Harold II had taken up a decent defensive position on the edge of the picturesque East Sussex town of Battle. After crossing the Channel (*An early example of a reverse booze-cruise, Ed.*) before landing at Pevensey Bay, the invading army of stormin' Normans, led by William II-the-Bastard-of-Normandy toddled off inland for a clash that would ultimately mean the demise of the last true English king. In fact those ruthless Norman blighters saw to it that dear old Harold was chopped-up smaller than the finest shag cut.

As legend has it, King Harold was shot in the eye by and arrow and killed. What if, however, Harold and his loyal Housecarls had had their briars fired up in the shield-wall on Senlac hill that day? Surely with the resulting fug it would have been impossible for any Norman archer to pick out Harold and shoot him in the eye? If Harold had not been killed the resolve of the Housecarls would never have broken and the Normans would have been routed and pushed back to the *English* Channel! Yes chaps, if only Harold and his Housecarls had paid a tad more attention to their briars that fateful day we would not have been put under the - continuing - yoke of Norman feudalism with all its Domesday Book beastliness and today's bothying chaps would all have much better bothy names such as: BRIÁRWULF, DÁZBRIC, PIPEFRIC, BOTHYDAN, ÆTELPULE, STÁNEDWULF, PUFFRIC, MÆTRON and BINGÆ etc.

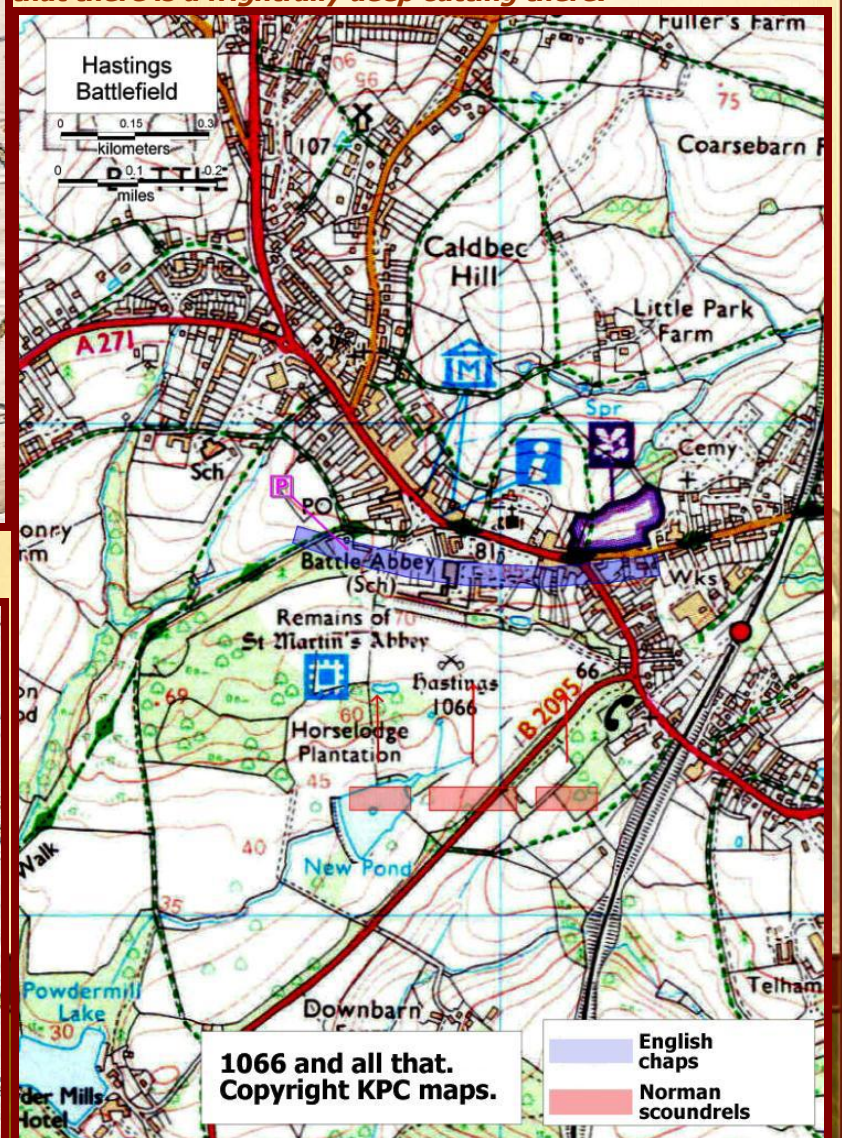
Extract from the famous Bayeux Tapestry showing the death of King Harold II.



Extract from our very own Briaryeux tapestry showing Harold still alive and enjoying his pipe...



Our map showing the positions of the English army and the Norman brigands. One has to give credit to the Normans, however, as getting an army across the line just south of Battle would indeed be a challenge, as any chap will tell you that there is a frightfully deep cutting there!



1066 and all that.
Copyright KPC maps.

English chaps
Norman scoundrels

EXTREME BITE (NOT) SMOKING

Once again, our Colorado based member Gator Wrestler (GW) has been up to his antics down at the gator farm. He has sent us a splendid, but rather disturbing, set of photos that most chaps would rather not have as holiday *snaps!* (*Oh dear... Ed.*)

Yes chaps, one sunny afternoon GW was mixing it up with the beasties, whilst sporting his trusty KPC/SG t-shirt, when things took a turn for the worse and our intrepid member almost ended up as a herpetologist Hershey bar! Of course the KPC always applauds risky tom-foolery, particularly whilst sporting a KPC/SG t-shirt, of all kinds (*Bothy points awarded, Ed.*), but our investigators (*Enough already! Ed.*) have raised questions as to why GW was *not* smoking his pipe during this incident. Even if GW's pipe had not prevented the incident, we feel that he did miss out an opportunity to display some extra panache to this already rather colourful episode.

We are pleased to report, however, that GW's t-shirt was not damaged during this incident, oh, and GW himself is also still packing his briar with eight fingers and two thumbs. **Cont. p.15**

A KPC/GATOR WRESTLER FIELD GUIDE: HOW TO GET BITTEN BY A GATOR IN STYLE!

Step 1: Turn up at the gator farm in your pipe club colours and put your hand in a gator's mouth.

Step 2: Wait patiently until the gator slams his mouth shut on your hand. If the beasty does not oblige in a timely manner poke it with your pipe or a stick.

Step 3: Ask the gator nicely to let you go. If the beasty does not comply light your pipe (if you can reach it) and seek the assistance of your chums.



Q: "What do you call a dead alligator?"
A: "Anything you like, it's dead."

EXTREME BITE (NOT) SMOKING

Step 4: Ask your chums to open the gator's mouth using a bastard-sized metal fence post.



Step 5: Remove hand from the gator's mouth and count your digits.



Step 6: Seek medical attention.



Step 7: Payback...



*Editorial note and disclaimer:
No briar, tobacco or pipe club apparel was harmed in anyway whatsoever during the making of this guide. Readers undertake gator hand biting at their own risk and the KPC will not be held responsible for any injury, either physical or mental caused by anyone following our helpful guide.*

Pluggy's "Plug o' the Month"

Editorial note:

It is with great pleasure that we welcome Pluggy in a new role for the KPC as 'Plug ambassador' with his "Plug o' the Month" column. Readers of yore will know Pluggy from his previous ravings about wine, but he is definitely on more solid ground with his beloved form of tobacco and has happily agreed to impart his wisdom to KPC members and B&B readers. He will also talk about plugs.

In the beginning was the Plug...

"Pluggy" is of course an abbreviation of Plugugly, the name given him by his mother, an intellectual and avid reader of the iconic "Beano" and "Dandy" comics that have only recently been laid to rest. She was horrified to witness what she had brought into the world and thought that he would turn out to be just as ugly as the iconic "Plug" himself. The infant Pluggy was resistant to being drowned in the toilet and seemed to have fire retardants in his genes. His mother died young under mysterious circumstances, but she was right. He passed through a troubled pubescence to become a man, a very ugly man.

Of Plugs and Men

Some are leg men, some are bottom men, but Pluggy is unashamedly a plug man. Readers will be relieved to learn that this has nothing to do with his butt or that of any other person. He lost his plug tobacco virginity many years ago and has since smoked most plugs that are known to the pipe-smoking world.

These days Pluggy sits with his mother's ashes in a Kilner jar before him as he makes model aeroplanes or downloads internet images while smoking his pipe.

Pluggy would say that ribbon-cut mixtures are for lazy retarded children and sissies, flakes are for adolescents, but plugs.....plugs are for **real** men - plugs are the **best!** Why so? Partly because, hard-pressed, they concentrate and retain the flavour of the particular tobacco blend. But they are not for the lazy piper - they require special attention.

There are two physical types of plugs: the 'right' plugs that are very hard-compressed (e.g. McQuaid, Warrior) and the less compressed types that are often termed 'crumble cakes'. Both need to go under the knife, a **very sharp blade**. But be careful! Pluggy made the mistake of starting on Warrior Plug, and his left hand now resembles that of a frost-bitten Arctic explorer... **Cont. p.17**

Readers of a certain vintage will fondly remember the legendary Reg Prescott. Not the sort of chap who should be dealing with plugs... (Or even re-wiring them for that matter, Ed.)



Admirers of "Our Pluggy" can now even get personal memorabilia.



Pluggy's "Plug o' the Month"

Preparation is the key

Pluggy's plug-prepping policy is to use a wooden chopping board, anchored to the work surface. If the board slides finger tips will be lost. He holds the plug firmly in the left hand and shaves off fine parings of baccy. These he rubs out and leaves them to dry, if drying is required, and then loads up and fires up the bowl.

Today he will review his absolute favourite - Revor Plug

Revor is an ancient blend, so popular was it that it used to be sold 'over the counter' - but those old codgers knew a thing or two about quality baccy. Revor was originally crafted by "Manchester Tobaccos" in England, but is now made (?) and distributed under the Gawith Hoggarth & Co banner. So, like many other famous old blends that are no longer manufactured by the original craftsmen, a question arises: has this resulted in a deterioration in quality of the majestic Revor?

Pluggy has an interesting answer to this important question. By some strange quirk of fate – a disastrous clerical error – he was admitted to medical school, and by engaging in carnal relations with the faculty secretary qualified in medicine and still flirts with the extreme disfavour of the General Medical Council. It turns out that one of Pluggy's patients has been smoking **only** Revor at the rate of four packs a week (!) for the past four decades. This fine old codger, with only one mahogany-brown tooth in his head, swears that the flavour of his beloved baccy has not changed one jot, despite its production by other companies over the intervening years.

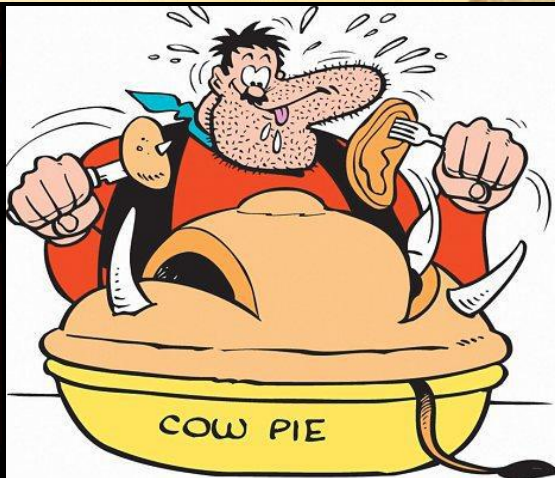
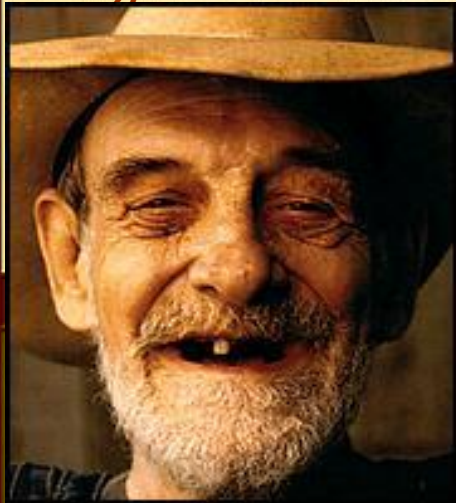
Revor Plug

Revor is not really a "right" (highly compressed) plug at all. It is more of a loosely-compressed 'crumble cake'. It is easy to cut and rub out, and it requires little drying time. It takes to the flame easily; relights are rarely necessary and it really is one of those blends that usually burns to a silvery ash at the bowl bottom.

The taste is remarkably complex and satisfying – Pluggy would say unique. There seems to be flavouring of some sort, but it is mild. Some say that they can detect a hint of "Lakeland Essence", but Pluggy would dispute this, and indeed the original blend was fashioned in Manchester which is NOT in the Lake District. He describes the light flavouring as "Olde British", akin to Ogden "Walnut Flake" or (now) Peter Stokkebye "Irish Slices" and, as a result of the inclusion of some flue-fired tobaccos, he believes there is a whiff of the smoky Black Rope in there too. The Va's and Kentucky baccies are perfectly melded, giving deep, earthy, dark chocolate and smoky notes, such that you might think there is Latakia in there somewhere. But there isn't. Like Rabbie Burns' description of haggis, Revor is "Warm, Reekin'.....RICH", aye it is!

Many might regard this as a nicotine-strong blend, but Pluggy rates it as medium/medium/strong at most. It is however is a 'real man's' smoke. Pluggy's mum might have called it "Desperate Dan" baccy or at least the blend he might have smoked after polishing off his cow pie! Once graduating to Revor Plug there is no going back – *nothing* else hits that spot.

Archetypal Revor smokers..?



Pluggy says:
This shit ROCKS!



A Few Bowls 'n' Beers with Some Interesting Belgians (and Dutch...) from the Pijprokersforum, Wuustwezel, Belgium, 14/03/15 by Sergeant Matron



Meeting of the journeymen

On a bright sunny spring day, at precisely 15:44 on 13th March, I alighted from a Belgian Rail IC service at the delightful halt of Kalmthout (opened June 1854) in northern Belgium. Prior to entraining with Belgian Rail, the overnight sleeper from Fort William to London provided the usual slow, almost Edwardian elegance that a rail-chap desires. This comfortable trip was followed by the splendidly modern, dizzying blur of the Eurostar to Brussels. Our intrepid German member, The Count, had journeyed from Bamberg requiring eight hours and four trains to reach the sleepy hamlet of Kalmthout and was waiting on the station platform with a welcoming smile and fragrant roll-up on the go. This was our first meeting. Being a resourceful chap, The Count had already reconnoitred the splendid Café Pullman situated right outside Kalmthout station, and he quickly suggested another visit; and who was I to argue with such rapidly attained local knowledge?

A few beers and bowls followed as we sat outside the Pullman and as the chill air heralded the gloaming we turned our attention to finding our hotel in nearby Brasschaat. This was to prove a little trickier than we would have preferred, but after another short rail trip to Kapellen and a taxi we were suitably ensconced. First impressions count, and it must be mentioned that the landlady at the Pullman had sought the services of her husband to give us a lift to Brasschaat only to report that he was, sadly, elsewhere. This impressive friendliness was to mark the start of a splendid and very special weekend peppered with similar hospitalities.

Belgium: An outpost of civilisation

Although our hotel largely met the somnolent needs of the chap, we felt a bite elsewhere was preferable and *De Rode Leeuw* (*The Red Lion, Ed.*) in Brasschaat proved to be just the ticket: fine food, copious fine Belgian beers and an indoor smoking room. Belgium was proving to be a damn civilised country for the pipe-chap, what!

Any imbecile, however, will inform you that Belgian beer errs towards the strong side; typically 5.5-10% abv. Indeed, some of the Trappist beers (*Beer that is brewed by or at least overseen by Trappist monks in monasteries, Ed.*) for example can be rather, shall we say, fierce, which of course may well explain why those monk chappies tend to be tad on the taciturn side. After all, if the hangovers we had on Saturday morning were anything to go by, life in a cool, quiet, monastery mumbling a few prayers in could be soothing embrocation for such a hellish 'hoofdpijn'... Of course after a skin-full of strong Belgian beer what should a chap do? The crazy Count's solution to this conundrum was two substantial snifters of *Caol Ila*, (*Gratifyingly 'schlepped' all the way from Germany by The Count, Ed.*) which at the time made perfect sense... **Cont. p.19**

No Belgian pipe forum meet would be complete without Cap'n Haddock. Wuustwezel was no exception...



Wuustwezel 2015 Cont.

Wuustwezel 2015

After I had met Arno and Fred at Inter Tabac in Dortmund last year (*B&B Vol. 3 Iss. 5 pp. 11-16, Ed.*), readers will know, that the Belgian/Dutch 'Pipe Smoker's Forum' (*Pijprokersforum or 'PRF', Ed.*) had very kindly invited the KPC to attend their spring moot at Wuustwezel (*Pronounced Vurst-vay~zel, Ed.*). In the event it was left to The Count and I to represent the KPC at this fine gathering of low-country puffballs.

Prior to the moot, The Count had been advised by Arno to look out for "A big bald chap with a beard named Wilfred". As we waited excitedly, if rather jadedly, outside our hotel for a lift the perfectly described 'big beard' duly arrived, and was accompanied by a dapper, clean-shaven chap named Jan. Wilfred's beard was indeed a magnificent example of the art and it should be noted a much more substantial affair than, say, a Vandyke. In point of fact, as we were introduced, Wilfred was just twizzling his magnificent handlebar moustache with copious wax, making a handshake a slightly sticky introduction or was that just trepidation at meeting the wild chaps of the KPC..? Very appropriately and to our great joy, Wilfred informed us that his 'all-day-smoke' was Squadron Leader. However, with his beard-moustache combination he could have equally been at ease in the cockpit of a Spitfire or on the bridge commanding a Dreadnought.

First stop was a Belgian beer shop (*Reminiscent of a fine UK off license before the supermarkets snuffed them all out, Ed.*) where a bewildering choice left the uninitiated floundering somewhat. Next stop was a Frituur - 'Frituur Zodiac' - a classic Belgian chip shop where *everything* is deep-fried (*Should be pretty easy for the average KPC member to picture, Ed.*) and the fries are typically served with mayonnaise. Fortunately the Belgians have not yet discovered the process of deep-frying confectionery... PRF members were already present when we arrived, no doubt readying themselves with some ballast for the Belgian beer-barrage to come. The Frituur was the first hurdle of the day where both The Count and I discovered that that *Caol Ila* nightcap was, with hindsight, not a good idea after all... After pathetically shuffling a few fries about the plate we embarked for the main event.

This PRF event was organised by Jan and was held at a splendid little venue called 'Bellekes Hoeve' that was once upon a time a farmhouse. Apparently however, sizeable indoor venues in Belgium where a chap can both drink and smoke, are as rare - if a chap may be permitted to use sweeping negative national stereotypes as a comparator - altruistic Dutchmen, famous Belgians, disorganised Germans and sober Scots. Therefore *serious* kudos is due to the PRF chaps for finding this wonderful oasis (*'Krot' points awarded, Ed.*)

Arno had told me that the meeting was to be attended by 80 people which would be a squeeze in such a venue. As we entered we were given our 'Wuustwezel 2015' name badges which featured the Flanders lion whose tongue was cleverly adjusted to become a pipe. The Count had brought some Schappys with him as gifts for Arno and Wilfred and I donated 500g of SG Golden Glow to the PRF on behalf of the KPC. Arno has since divvied this up into 100g portions and organised a lottery for PRF members. Some new PRF t-shirt designs were available and I had pre-ordered mine (*Damned organised these Belgian chappies, Ed.*) from 'Peter' so I picked it up soon after arrival.

The day was on the chilly side but the venue was kitted-out with cast iron stoves. The small bar was well-stocked with cheap but fine Belgian beers and The Count and I both sought recommendations from PRF members on what beers to try. A particular favourite was the *Vlaamsche Leeuw Tripel Blond* in bottles. I seem to remember Fred buying me a Chimay which was also another cracking, if strong, beer. Fred, of Country Pipes, had a stall set up selling a range of Big Ben and Mr Brog (from Poland) pipes. During our chat Fred asked if he could join the KPC; so we now have a Dutch member in our ranks! (See p.23) **Cont. p.20**

'The Beard' aka Wilfred



Wuustwezel 2015 Cont.

Arno, The Count, Massis and Fred.

As the afternoon wore on The Count could not resist getting stuck into some cask-strength scotch and we both mingled with many PRF members. It was simply a great experience to be in a room full of colourful characters, chatting, drinking, enjoying bowls and swapping stories and tobaccos with such lovely people. Belgian sausage rolls and apple pastries from a local bakery suddenly appeared which helped steady a chap not used to the punchy Belgian beer!

It was nine o'clock before we knew it and the meting was drawing to a close. Wilfred very kindly gave The Count and I a lift back to Brasschaat where, predictably, we rounded off the evening back at The Red Lion. Over a couple more beers we relived the day and agreed that the meeting had exceeded our expectations.

Antwerp

The Sunday was a spare day so The Count and I took the bus into the ancient city of Antwerp where old-style trams still run and the Central Station is a massive architectural masterpiece. We decided to cut short the cultural tour of Antwerp and got ourselves ensconced into a real 'local's bar' staffed by a large, friendly but rather frenetic Czech woman who spoke all manner of languages, all at the same time. She had obviously had a hard life before settling in Belgium, but she ran a tight ship. The bar had a separate smoking room so we spent a very pleasant afternoon relaxing sipping some draught Leffe Blonde and smoking our pipes.

It was back again to The Red Lion for the evening where we met a young Belgian Tony Curtis lookalike who wanted to practice his English. Tony reminded me of an 80's YUPPY (*Remember them? Ed.*) as he told us how his life was, is and will be or more accurately how much money he had and was going to make. Fortunately he did not talk to us for too long...

Farewell

The Monday morning came round all too quickly and we went back into Antwerp where The Count had to get an early train for his long journey home. It had been a fantastic weekend. We parted as great friends.

Low Country Invasion?

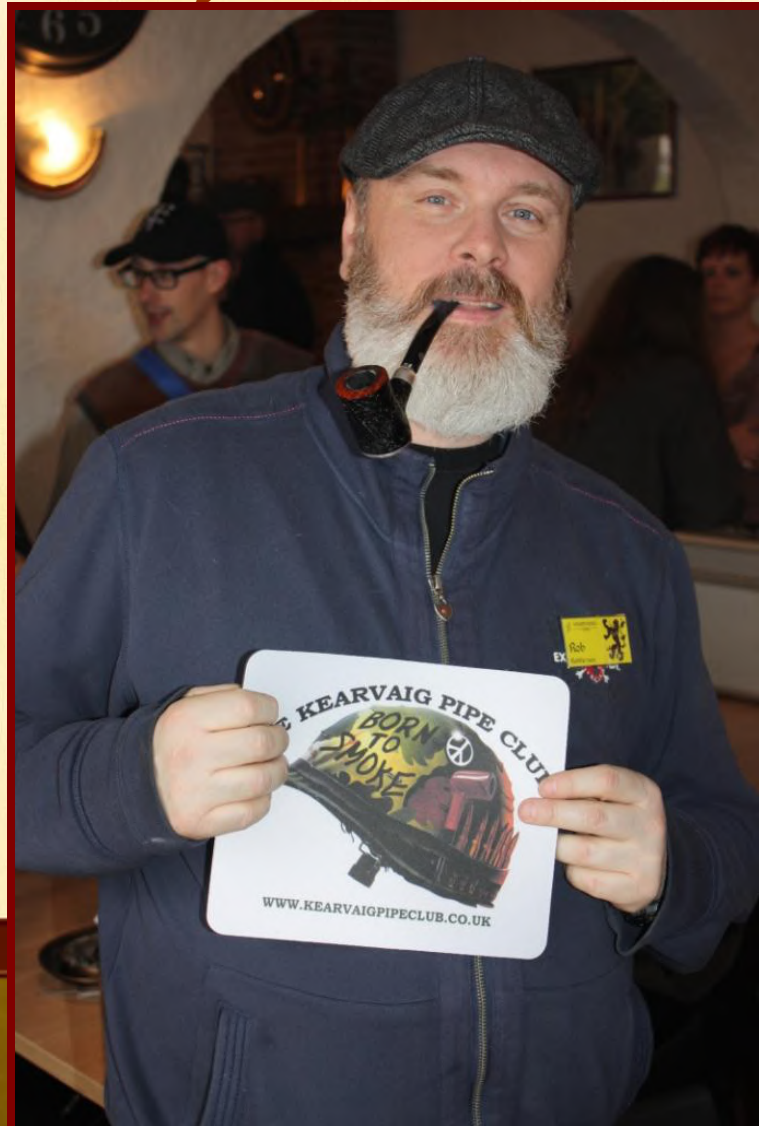
Quite a few PRF chaps that we spoke to expressed a wish to come to Scotland for a bothy night, probably in Spring 2016. They are of course more than welcome and a joint meet at Kearvaig would be something special. If you come chaps, just bring some bevvy, bauwky and of course your pants!

Special Thanks

On behalf of the KPC I would like to thank Arno, Fred, Jan, Jan, Johnny, Jorg Marielle, Robbin, Wilfred and all PRF members that proved so hospitable to both The Count and myself. We will be back...



Rob showing-off his KPC mousemat.



Wuustwezel 2015 Cont.

Robbin opens an approximately 100-year old 'knife-cutter' tin of Capstans Navy Cut.

The opened tin. The tobacco was still moist and Robbin let a few chaps, including Matron, smoke a bowl of this fantastic piece of tobacco history.



Wuustwezel 2015 Cont.

'The Undertaker' (aka Johnny) and The Count. (No wonder The Count looks a little edgy as a bowl with a chap called The Undertaker is a daunting proposition... Ed.)



In their colours: Matron and The Count enjoy a bowl at an Antwerp bar.



New Member Welcome: Fred Wekx, from Venlo, The Netherlands

We would like to give a very warm welcome to our latest Euro member.

Fred, 55 years young, is from Venlo in The Netherlands and is the owner of the online pipe & tobacco shop 'Country Pipes' (<http://country-pipes.webnode.nl/>) that sells the only remaining Dutch brand of pipes, namely Big Ben and Hilson made by Gubbels Royal Pipe factory. He is also the main man for the Polish Mr. Brog Pipes in The Netherlands. When not selling pipes, Fred works as the Belgium & Germany branch manager for a large glass company, Saint Gobain.

Fred was first introduced to the KPC by Matron in Dortmund at the Inter-Tabac trade fair last year. Over a beer with Matron in Wuustwezel Fred inquired about KPC membership and since Fred had bought the beer Matron looked upon his request very favourably. Indeed, Fred was not at all daunted by the thought of a trip to Kearvaig at some point to get his full colours and he is already the proud owner of a KPC/SG t-shirt. Top Chap!

Fred says that for the last 15 years he has only really smoked US and *real* UK brands of tobacco. Among his favourite blends are SG Best Brown Flake, GH&Co. Grasmere Flake *"and of course Bothy Flake!"*. This chap obviously knows his bauwky... On the US side of things Fred enjoys Boswell's Raspberry Cream (*Presumably for pudding... Ed.*) and Molto Dolce from Sutliff Tobacco. His only other blend is Vanilla Flake by Planta of Germany. He says: *"In my opinion the best tobacco in the world is produced by SG and GH&Co. They put soul and love in their products, unlike the large companies such as Scandanavian Tobacco."* (*Not many KPC chaps would argue with that Fred young chap, Ed.*). As for his weapons of choice Fred lists: Winslow, Petersons and Ser Jacopo pipes.

Fred and his family have had many holidays in Scotland, England and Ireland, so he has the lay of the land pretty well sorted. In fact Fred and his wife would like to emigrate to our shores if they could find a way to make a living.

Fred passes his greetings to all other KPC members and if any members want a pipe or some other stuff from him just get in touch via the Country Pipes website.

Bothy name: Country Boy



Internet Round-up



Samuel Gawith Bothy Flake

Ein echter Highlander!

Aroma: Highland Malt Whisky
Schnittart: Flake

Typ: schottisch
Aromatisierung: ● ● ○ ○ ○
Stärke: ● ● ● ○ ○
Raumnote: ● ● ● ● ○

50 g Dose | 12,85 €

> Entdecken Sie
den »Bothy Flake«

The rather splendid image above of a tin of Bothy Flake super-imposed onto The Devil's Point in The Cairngorms, with Corrour bothy in the foreground was spotted on the Kohlhase & Kopp (a German tobacco producer and distributor) March e-newsletter. The accompanying blurb about our club blend was kindly translated by KPC member The Count thus:

*Samuel Gawith
Bothy Flake
A true Highlander!
Aroma: Highland Malt Whisky
Cut: Flake
Aroma: 2 points out of 5
Strength: 3 points out of 5
Room note: 4 points out of 5
50 g tin – 12,85 EUR
Discover 'Bothy Flake' (Link to homepage)*

Kohlhase & Kopp Homepage: Discover 'Bothy Flake':

'Bob Gregory does not know how many 'Bothies' (small huts) exist in the Highlands, he guesses round about 40. The good thing about these huts is that you are still allowed to smoke in them. In such a hut you can do everything: light a fire to keep you warm, eat the food left over and drink the beverage that has been left over given that you restock for the next wanderers. "These small huts once saved my life" Bob tells. "Many years ago I spent two nights with my father in the Cairngorms in coldness, wind and rain. My father had sprained his ankle and was barely able to walk. We were lucky to find Corar (sic) Bothy to shelter from the weather."

'Bothy Flake' is an acknowledgement to these small huts. It consists of a full Virginia tobacco along with a small amount of Cyprian Latakia. The Flake gets his smoky-peaty undertone by adding a typical Highland malt whisky essence that is cleverly emphasized by the Latakia. A medium strong aromatic with a full of room note. A true Highlander.'

Internet Round-up cont.

Our very own Count Blofeld has been out and about poking his pipe in some pokey corners of t'interweb once again. On a well known pipe forum Freak Show, he found what can only be described as a truly shocking posting from a pipe smoker. Read and weep, with laughter...



Surfing the world embracing web's various pipe-smoking-related pages, as I do from time to time, some time ago I found this masterpiece of classical drama literature:

"I usually can tell an individual's personality by how he treats his pipes. Sometimes I see people smoking in damaged pipes with burnt rims, partially broken, dirty, scratched, etc. These are individuals who will, for example, empty their pipes hitting the rim against a wall, light their pipes at an angle, stuff more tobacco in their bowls without emptying them properly, blow into their bowls to keep the tobacco burning, tamper with their clipper lighters or people that will smoke in the same pipe over and over again without letting it dry properly. I regard these practices as barbaric and proper of brutes and ignoramuses. He who treats his pipes in this manner should not be allowed to live in society. Of course I am only joking, but I'd rather steer well clear of such individuals as it is quite apparent to me they have nothing worthy to share. When I encounter people like that in life, I can only wonder how they treat their wives, offspring, pets, etc. This is wanton violence, whether against a human being or an inanimate object, and should not be tolerated. Of course, every individual has an inherent right to treat his inanimate objects how he pleases, but on the other hand, I have an inalienable right too not to mix with that kind of individuals and choose my own friends more wisely. The fact you smoke in a pipe does not necessarily mean you are going to be my friend for the sake of it. Please be mindful with the world around you and treat others how you'd like to be treated yourself."

The rest is silence. Followed by roaring laughter...

"What you have been obliged to discover by yourself leaves a path in your mind which you can use again when the need arises."

- G.C. Lichtenberg

**“For those about to smoke,
(The black smoky leaf)
WE SALUTE YOU!”**

Latakia Now



**"You smell that? Do you smell that?
Latakia son.
Nothing else in the world smells like that.
I love the smell of Latakia in the morning."**

"He was one of those guys who had that weird light around him. You just knew he wasn't going to get as much as a scratch here."

- Willard describing Col. Kilgore, from Apocalypse Now

Pipe Babe of the Month

PRF member, Marielle, was spotted at Wuustwezel by Matron whilst she was bashing away at some wonderfully fragrant aromatic. What with a beautiful green pipe and eyes to match, we just know that any chap would relish the chance of 'going Dutch' with this Benelux briar beauty!



The KPC 2015 UK Election Round-up

Oh lordy, it is that time of the political cycle when the average chap takes the batteries out of his crystal set and retires to his smoking room for the duration. Yes chaps, it is the nauseating spectacle of the UK general election campaign, which makes watching the nicotine gather on your lucubatory ceiling seem like a thrilling pastime. Indeed, one of the downsides to being a highly influential pipe club periodical is that we are forced to cover the banalities of this five-yearly festival of claptrap. "Why?!" we hear you cry. Well chaps, despite our misgivings, and however tiresome a chore it is, we feel that the KPC member and UK pipe smoker alike, deserves to have the facts at their fingertips when it comes to which of the parties is most hell-bent on eroding our rights.

This time, to ease the pain, we have decided that the KPC office junior-YOP-scheme-skivvy should cease his usual duties of making the tea and cleaning the ashtrays. Yes chaps, the hapless subsidised-dole-queue-massaging 'staff member' was tasked with covering the 2015 UK general election, as no one else in the B&B Editorial team could be arsed to wade through such odious drivel.

'Yoppy', as we in the editorial office like to call him, was set the task of reviewing the manifestos of most of the parties with respect to their lies about the leaf. He even had to review the bilge from the crackpot parties such as the Lib Dems, Labour and the Tories. Of course as learned Gentlemen readers will know, the etymology of 'manifesto' is a conglomeration of the Latin *manifestum* - meaning clear or conspicuous - and 'Oh' as in a declaration of surprise thus: "Oh, you appear to have broken all your promises."

As manifestosser-in-chief, Yoppy searched the various party manifestos using key words such as: 'Briar', 'Tobacco', 'Smoking' and 'Downright lies'. We have summarised the results below. In fact the B&B Editorial team were rather impressed at Yoppy's efforts and he has even been given a cloth to clean the ashtrays with as a reward (*His tongue was looking a little grey, Ed.*).

The 2015 KPC Manifest-nonsense At-a-Glance Guide

The Conservatives: *...We are helping people to stay healthy by ending the open display of tobacco in shops, introducing plain-packaged cigarettes and funding local authority public health budgets.*

Labour: *...We will build up our NHS so that it has time to care, funding 8,000 more GPs, 20,000 more nurses and 3,000 more midwives, paid for by a Mansion Tax on properties worth over £2 million, a levy on tobacco firms, and by tackling tax avoidance.*

Liberal Democrats: *...In government we have taken significant steps, taking tobacco off display in shops and introducing standardised packaging, for example. ...Reduce smoking rates, including by completing the introduction of standardised packaging for tobacco products. We will introduce a tax levy on tobacco companies so they fairly contribute to the costs of health care and smoking cessation services, subject to consultation on the detailed design and practicalities. Carefully monitor the growing evidence base around electronic cigarettes, which appear to be a route by which many people are quitting tobacco, and ensure restrictions on marketing and use are proportionate and evidence-based. For example, we support restrictions on advertising which risks promoting tobacco or targets under 18s, such as those introduced in 2014, but would rule out a statutory ban on 'vaping' in public places.*

The Green Party: *...So the first purpose of taxation is to pay for the things we do in common, and to redistribute income and wealth between us. But there is a second purpose. Taxing something discourages us from buying or doing it. Tax on tobacco reduces smoking. ...Increase alcohol and tobacco duties by a successive £1.4 billion every year in the Parliament.*

UKIP: *STAR MANIFESTO*****

UKIP'S SAVE THE PUB CAMPAIGN

We are very proud of our 'Save the Pub' Campaign!

The UK has lost 21,000 pubs since 1980, mostly as a result of taxation, regulation, the recent decline in disposable incomes and long-term cultural changes. The smoking ban and the alcohol duty escalator are estimated to be responsible for some 6,000 pub closures.

To reverse this trend we will:

- Offer tax breaks to smaller breweries to encourage micro-breweries.
- Keep the current excise duty scheme that exempts from duty cider and perry made by small domestic producers.
- Amend the smoking ban to give pubs and clubs the choice to open smoking rooms provided they are properly ventilated and physically separated from nonsmoking areas. Workers must not be required to enter smoking areas except for cleaning and other essential purposes when they are not in use.
- Oppose minimum pricing of alcohol and reverse plain paper packaging legislation for tobacco products.

SNP:

No manifesto was written at the time of writing but we know that The Sturge will abolish taxes on Clan pipe tobacco and shaft everyone else.

Editorial note: Oh God does that mean that the pipe smoker should be voting UKIP...



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.

BIG NEWS: Samuel Gawith and Gawith Hoggarth & Co. to merge

By C-mail 24th February 2015:

Hello Matron,

I promised you some BIG news for the tiffelydoodle page in the great and almighty Bothy comic.....DAMN!! Bloody age has got to me again, forgot it! Aaaahh the cells are rejuvenated after a quick slurp of some splendid ale courtesy of my good friend atbugger, forgot that now!! See here Matron, I need treatment for this tiresome habit of..... Bloody hell, forgot that as well. I really need some crisp Bothy air instead of this continual inhalation of the weed at the Brown House. Aaaahh, it is returned at last: Splendid news regarding the excellent Brown House in Kendal!

Yesterday, after months of tortuous negotiations over a multitude of bevies and lungfuls of splendid Kendal 'N', agreement was reached to re-unite the good, splendid and more than excellent Houses of Gawith.

In the year 1865, the two brothers Gawith, Samuel and John, decided in an amicable manner to part company. After a shake of the hand, and no doubt a pint of Westmorland Ale, they went on their way and proceeded to invigorate the local tobacco trade by setting up their own individual tobacco manufacturing establishments. Both parties were trading within the town of Kendal.

Today the two companies, Samuel Gawith and Gawith Hoggarth, peacefully trade their products and, as you know, are still in existence and have gained a reputation for the finest of English tobacco blends. After 150 years the two Companies are to be re-united in business.

The premises of Samuel Gawith - The Kendal Brown House - will be temporarily closed and the occupants will de-camp and move across the river, with their machinery, to the larger premises of Gawith Hoggarth.

There, production of the Samuel Gawith brands will continue with the same bodies and the same machinery. The Samuel Gawith brand name will remain in place, the blends will be the same and yes, Bothy Flake will continue to be brewed. The Kendal Brown House will re-open as a world centre of snuff and its function will be that of a Snuff Museum.

This is good news for us, for Kendal and for the smoker and followers of our Brand.

Matron, I am sure that you will have questions and I can assure you that, if contacted, answers will be provided. For now I must say cheerio as I have blends to conjure up for our good friends at the Danish Pipe Shop in Copenhagen and Careys but to mention two.

Yours,

Bob The Blender

Dear Blender,

The assassination of JFK, man walks on the moon, splitting the atom, the double helix, Watergate; all minor stories. BUT, Gawith Hoggarth & Co re-uniting with Samuel Gawith!? You have my and a major pipe club periodicals undivided attention Sir! Perhaps a new blend '150 flake' to celebrate or some such is in order? I'm sure questions will come to mind but thanks very much for letting us know so soon, and whatever your plans I wish you and the SG/GH chaps all the very best.

Sincerely,

Matron

When is tobacco *not* tobacco?

Hope this finds you well? I suppose you've heard about Gawith & Gawith! Anyway I thought I'd advise you of an interesting development in the world of tobacco control within the UK.

You'll know that as of 5th April all tobacco retailers have to go dark. i.e. yer corner shop will have to do what the big supermarkets have done. However yer 'Specialist Tobacconist' (as defined in law) had the alternative option of hiding the shop i.e., if you could prevent people seeing any tobacco products from outside then they could be displayed inside. To this end I am putting up a net curtain over the glass door (allows light in but stops people seeing what is inside). I thought that a warning to the general public prior to entering would be suitable therefore I have devised a notice which is affixed to door (alongside the one relating to age restriction) which states:-

'Anyone entering said premises are advised that tobacco products are on open display'. After all I don't want anybody getting frightened by being caught unawares, do I!

Last week the GH rep came round to take orders for tin jars (blue for h/r & green for pipe) so you can't see the tobacco. It seems that in Scotland (only) it has been decreed that h/r is so dangerous that it can not be seen EVEN IN A TOBACCONISTS!! Therefore, by default, it has been decided that h/r will no longer be classed as 'a tobacco product', in Scotland, after the 5th April. Are you sure this isn't happening on the 1st??

What it has now been classed as, who knows...

Regards,

Maclea, GT Coventry

Thanks for that interesting update Maclea old chap. Of course another answer to this riddle is: when it is CLAN. Cheers! Matron

Club News

Who's not dealing with a full deck?

The demographics of KPC members pretty much guarantees that all will remember playing the card game of 'Top Trumps' during their misspent youth. Yes chaps, do you remember when being a geek was cool; when knowing the displacement of the *Bismarck* versus *The Hood*, for example, was knowledge that could win you both admiration from your pals and a few extra Black Jacks or Fruit Salads from the tuck shop when you scooped up all the cards? Well, in a splendid trip down memory lane the KPC now has its very own set of Top Trumps. And yes, you've guessed it the subject is:

BOTHIES!

Now you can sit round the bothy fire and rely on your depth of knowledge about legendary rudimentary shelters: *Stag v Corrou* or the *Secret Howff v The Tarf Hotel* to impress your pipe club pals. Indeed, you can even be King of Kearvaig with our fabulous new Top trumps. Bothy nights need never be dull affairs of smoking, drinking and eating ever again! See below right for a couple of example cards.

The image shows a promotional graphic for 'KPC TOP TRUMPS'. At the top, 'KPC' is written in large white letters on a blue background. Below it, 'TOP TRUMPS' is written in a stylized, overlapping font. The central image is a camouflage-patterned helmet with 'THE KEARVAIG PIPE CLUB' written in an arc above it and 'BORN TO SMOKE' written on the side. A red pipe is tucked into the helmet. Below the helmet is the website 'WWW.KEARVAIGPIPECLUB.CO.UK'. At the bottom, 'BOTHIES' is written in large white letters on a blue background.

Want a deck? Contact Matron and he'll get you trumped-up.

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

The BPSC 2015 will be held on 26th July 2015 at the Castle Rock brewery, Nottingham. Details to follow or check the KPC website.

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.

A couple of examples of our new BOTHIES Top Trumps.

The image shows two photographs of bothies. The left one is 'The Hutchy Hut' in a snowy landscape. The right one is 'The Secret Howff' built into a rocky hillside.

The Hutchy Hut		The Secret Howff	
Walk in	18	Walk in	15
Fireplace	20	Fireplace	0
Cosiness	15	Cosiness	28
ODK Factor	56	ODK Factor	1
Location	48	Location	15