



# 'Briar & Bothies'

The newsletter of  
**THE KEARVAIG PIPE CLUB**



## ***Lighthouse Stories: Pipes 'n' Stuff Smoked at Scotland's Furthest North-Western Point. Cape Wrath, 02<sup>nd</sup> – 04<sup>th</sup> May, by Sergeant Matron***

### **Journeymen**

Cape Wrath, like many places that are at the extremes of geography and topography, has long attracted all manner of wayfarers. Today, the majority of visitors are either walkers 'doing' the Cape Wrath Trail or the lardy summer tourists that ooze off of the bus looking delightfully bewildered - to a chap with a sceptical eye - at the fact that: "There's nothing here! Where are the toilets?" Of course being a location of extremes and not exactly high on the list of locations for a new Butlins, the Cape also attracts its fair share of more interesting types: adventurers, artists, hippies, weirdoes, oddballs, misfits, vagabonds, waifs & strays, assorted flotsam & jetsam and pipe smokers.

**Cont. p.2**

***More light than heat: Cape Wrath, ever an inspirational spot for a bowl.***



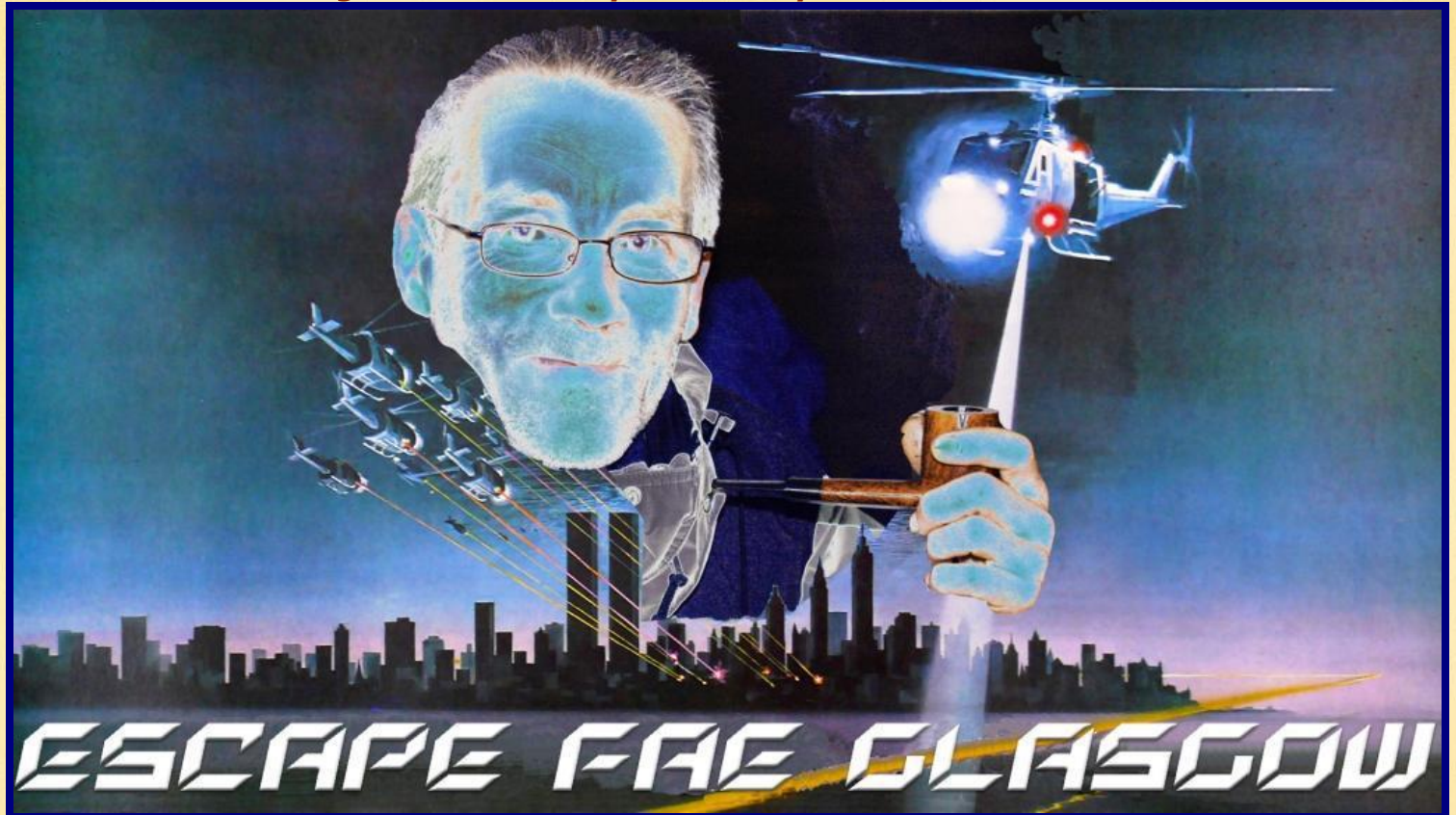
***Inside my empty bottle I was constructing a lighthouse while all the others were making ships.***

***- Charles Simic***



## Lighthouse Stories Cont.

*Unlike his Hollywood alter-ego, Snake Plissken, our very own Argentum Bender opted for the omnibus instead of a glider for his escape to the Cape.*



So when I heard that our resident silversmith, Argentum Bender (*Known as 'the Bender' to his close pipe club associates but not, of course, to be confused with the Blender, Ed.*) was making a pilgrimage to KPC member (Keeper of the Bothy) Major Ellis Dee's unique abode, I immediately cleared my - admittedly rather Spartan - calendar and invited myself along. As readers will be aware, the Bender resides in Glasgow and has to take extreme measures to make his escape to the Cape. What readers may not be so aware of is that despite his residential travails, he aspires to the principles espoused by Ned Ludd and his acolytes, and consequently shuns private motorised transport. Luddism, of course, is to be encouraged, but the Bender's admirable, selfless, some may say slavish, devotion to such lofty principles means that to get a decent smoke at Cape Wrath requires a full two days of travel. A trek that includes an overnight stop at an inexpensive Inverness flophouse (*Bothy points awarded, Ed.*).

After inviting myself along to The Bender's Cape Wrath caper (*Which, of course, was subsequently upgraded to a full KPC moot, Ed.*), I motored to a pleasant spot just east of Ullapool on a chilly Friday evening where a night under canvas (*Well ripstop nylon anyway, Ed.*) was required to break the long journey to the far north.

### The Crossing

A bright but breezy morning greeted my arrival at Keodale pier, which, for a chap of the KPC, roughly equates to Holy Communion for Catholic types. Yes chaps, after occupying the small shelter and firing up a large bowl of MacBaren Vintage Syrian (*If one believes the papers there will not be much Vintage Syria left presently, so better make the most of it whilst one can, Ed.*) and watching the Arctic terns flitting about, I felt the familiar contentment that comes with being *in the zone*, so to speak. A splendid bonus came when a couple of poles-at-the-ready ODKs arrived at the slipway and minced about, dumbly, before joining me in the shelter for about three seconds; such is the awesome power of a Latakia-laden briar! **Cont. p.3**

**"Society is like a stew. If you don't stir it up once in a while then a layer of scum floats to the top."**

**- Edward Abbey**



## *Lighthouse Stories Cont.*

John-the-Ferry arrived fashionably late and cursed the merest ripple on the Kyle in time-honoured fashion. It turned out that his *proper* ferryboat did not currently have its safety ticket, so I was piloted over the Kyle in what could be best described as a grey plastic bathtub with an outboard attached. In fact it took three trips to transfer all passengers across the Kyle on that bright May morn.

Stuart-the-minibus kept some of the less discerning folk entertained with his patter on the evermore bouncy ride along the U70 to the Cape. In fact his banter is to be applauded, (it was word perfect from last year's trip) particularly if a chap has a portable audio device that goes to 11 that can be stuffed in his pinnae...

### **Sanctuary**

I was greeted at the Cape by the Major with a cheery: "Sake Matron, what've you got in there?", as he helpfully, but some may wager, foolishly, lugged my knapsack into his quarters. "*Essential* supplies my good man; after all standards *must* be maintained!" was my obvious, if rather flippant, reply. A smile and a bowl of the Major's famous Cape Wrath puffin soup was the reward for my insolence.

After the bus had departed and quiet had returned, the Major sallied forth to collect the Bender. A stiff SE breeze had got up but after a swift bowl round the fire I set forth to the Lloyd's building remains and beyond, for a lung-cleansing afternoon stroll. It should be noted that upon the wee hill above the buildings it is actually possible to see Kearvaig Bay and the bothy; a splendid sight for a KPC chap.

### **The moot begins...**

After returning from my invigorating constitutional, I had to fight for chair space with the Major's canine companions namely: Pip, Merlin, Ptarmigan and Bracken. Time was pushing on and I wondered if the chaps were having an adventure of their own. It turns out that they had – at the Bender's insistence – gone "skip-ratting" in Durness and as I welcomed them back they were gleefully unloading an antique table that with a "bit of cleaning" would shine like a chap's pipe collection on a Sunday afternoon. The Bender obviously has an eye for such things, as to my ignorant eye, it just looked like some half-decent bothy-telly fuel...

I had never met the Bender before, so it was a pleasure to shake the chap's hand as he shed a fulsome haversack. With the fire well-stoked the utilitarian table began a fitting transmogrification into the moot's bothy table. Both the Major and Bender admired my new bauwky bag; a Swiss Army instruments pouch gifted to me for my birthday from The Count (*What a splendid chap, Ed.*). "Officer's kit. Seems like a decent sort that Count chappie. He needs to pay us a visit", surmised the Major. And I defer absolutely to the Major's boundless knowledge of all things militaria. **Cont. p.4**

### ***The Bender unwinding at the bothy table, literally...***





## *Lighthouse Stories Cont.*

After conjuring some substantial pizzas for our supper, the Major added his fine collection of unusual pipes and 'tobaccos', mostly derived from North Africa, onto the bothy table. The Bender responded by planting a bottle of monk's juice (*That could lead to some very unfortunate misunderstandings, Ed.*) from the county of Devon firmly on the table. As if rehearsed, mine and the Major's eyebrow rose in a quizzical fashion and our unsuppressed horror could not be disguised as the Bender laid waste, in short order, to his Glasgae-marching-lotion. Yes chaps, I have now witnessed a bottle of 'Bucky' being consumed at a KPC moot. A new low was scaled. After my and the Count's recent splendid sojourn to Belgium, where a chap was spoilt for choice with fine Belgian beers brewed by Trappist monks, I was confronted with an alarming juxtaposition: Why could those Buckfast Abbey blighters not take a leaf out of those Belgian Trappist chappies' bible and brew some miraculous beer instead of a distinctly un-miraculous 'tonic wine'? (*If ever there was a mislabeled beverage then this is it, Ed.*)

Whatever his choice in lubricants, the Bender more than proved a worthy member of the KPC and both the Major and I let him have the floor as he obviously needed to purge the Clydeside metropolis' necrotic ills from his system. It was like watching some ancient shaman of yore exorcise a hell's-worth of demons by vomiting bluebottles. As a part of the Bender's self-confessed psychological resetting process, we learned that his workplace is full of utter rotters (or words to that effect) and that his flat is a one-man-fortress against an impending ISIS attack... It was an exercise in futility, such was the force of nature we were witnessing, when the Major and I attempted an intervention or two to the effect that ISIS may have a few *slightly* more high-profile targets than a third-storey flat in Shawlands. In fact, it became good sport to shout out: "Glasgow airport", "The SECC" or "The Falkirk Wheel" for our denunciations. Alas with his extra ration of grog sipped and being at least 3-sheets to the wind, the Bender was having none of it, and I have to say that his front door defenses sounded very impressive; if one accepts that ISIS don't have ladders or enough C4 to blow up the whole bloody building! Anyway, security is mostly a matter of perception and it was a relief to see our pipe club pal on top form. Gratifyingly, the Major and I were able to get a *phenomenal* amount of smoking done during the Bender's tirade, huzzah! A splendid, and very late night was guaranteed...

### *The Major merrily bashing away at the bothy table.*



***"Men with a sharpness of mind are to found only among those with a penchant for thought."***

***- Shiba Yoshimasa, The Chikubasho, 1380***



## Lighthouse Stories Cont.

### A full member Bender!

After a substantial breakfast courtesy of the Major, it was obvious that the weather had taken a turn for the worse overnight as I walked the dogs to clear the fog that for some disconcerting reason appeared to be lodged behind the eyes. Whilst the gale was a welcome rejuvenation, a bowl simply could not be lit, even with my fully charged SG Zippo™ lighter.

A few walkers wandered in and the Major, cheery as ever - "I came to live here for some peace and quiet!" - listened to their stories and ensured that they were OK. One young rucksack-bedecked chap seemed a tad wasted-on-the-way and expressed a wish to vacate the parph for, er, a hot bath as soon as possible. When the young chap learned that John-the-ferry's boat was not sailing due to the weather (*And the fact that it was a glorified bathtub., Ed.*) the Major offered him a lift to the jetty. It should be mentioned that as well as running the Ozone Café and anchoring the KPC in these precarious parts, the Major provides a vital public service to the trail-weary chap, thus ensuring that negative outdoor-related statistics of the sort that has the Daily Mail headline writers frothing at the mouth thus: "**ALL SELFISH WALKERS SHOULD HAVE INSURANCE!**", are kept to a minimum. For this fact alone he deserves a medal.

Prior to the moot, the Bender had expressed a wish to attain full KPC membership by having a bowl at Kearvaig bothy in accordance with the KPC's constitution. Of course I was only too happy to assist in this most noble of endeavours. After ensuring that the Bender had not squirreled away a bottle of tonic wine about his person, we joined the Major, the wasted young walker and the dogs in the Major's 4x4. The Major dropped us off at the top of the Kearvaig track. The SE wind had ratcheted up the Beaufort scale and we were buffeted on our starboard side as we headed down the track. The dogs, however, loved every minute of it.

The best room in the bothy was full of gear from three absent persons. The middle room had a couple of cycling ODKs in superhero tights huddled round a piss-poor smouldering thing that they described rather optimistically as "a fire", when challenged with the question of "I say chaps, what on *earth* is in the *hearth*!". Thereafter we retired to the best room. The Bender pulled out his new weapon (*Oh no, not the empty from the night previous? Ed.*); a fine large-bowled Canadian and I offered him a tin of GLP Haddo's Delight as ammunition. It should be noted that the Bender's smoking experience to date has largely been confined to the roll-up and small stainless steel pipe departments, so a little coaching was required to help him on his way; rather like stabilisers on a child's new bicycle. Taking to his new briar like a rat-up-a-drainpipe, he took a deep breath and literally insoufflated the entire contents of the bowl in a one-er; an impressive if foolhardy feat. Looking a little green he exhaled and narrowly avoided a 'whitey' as I congratulated him on a fine effort in attaining full KPC membership status. A significant rite-of-passage was completed, his stabilisers were cast-off after one bowl and he looked liked the pipe-pro that I knew he would be. Ah, living the dream eh chaps! **Cont. p.6**

### Proud moment: Argentum Bender attains full KPC membership status.





## *Lighthouse Stories Cont.*

Before we left the bothy I scouted about to find any trace of previous KPC moots: business cards, posters or copies of B&B etc. All had been removed. The Major and Mossman had informed me that the Maintenance Officer (MO) of the bothy is disconcerted, to put it mildly, at the formation of the KPC and makes a point of purging all trace of us when she visits. Well Mrs MO, we are not numbers and you can never kill an idea, so we think a few more fixtures may well be in order... After scattering a goodly number of business cards about the bothy for good measure, we headed back up the track with the boisterous dogs running amok.

On our return trip, under a bruising sky, we saw the Major barreling along the road with three more walkers aboard. It turned out that they were the three whom were occupying the best room at Kearvaig. Since the KPC occasionally aims to please, at least their room would smell a lot more pleasantly aromatic for them upon their return I pondered.

### **The moot continues**

The weather had turned "proper Cape wrath" by the time we returned. The ever-present fire was stoked and the moot was re-convened round the bothy table. That evening the Major was hosting four walkers in the Ozone Café whom were finishing the Cape Wrath Trail, so he busied himself by conjuring up an amazing and gargantuan walrus (*Aka Cape Wrath chicken, Ed.*) curry for them and us (*Bothy points awarded, Ed.*).

Once the walkers were fed and watered, the moot resumed apace. The copious smoking-related hardware placed on the table became a topic of discussion which inevitably lead to an interesting chat about the pocket knife; essential kit for any chap, naturally. Of course KPC members will fully appreciate that a pocket knife and pipe tool are *de rigueur* for any pipe club moot as well as part of a chap's daily existence. With some trepidation (The Major is *well* tooled-up) I displayed my wares that included my trusty locking Swiss Army knife. This met approval and provoked discussion about Scout knives with that spiky thingy for taking things out of horses' hooves; although none of us could remember when we had last taken anything out of a horse's hoof or even seen a horse for that matter. Oh how times have changed since young chaps spent weekends cleaning horses' hooves with their pocket knives; if only as a cunning ruse to pursue a jodhpur-clad stable wench... Anyway, ahem, I digress. After my paltry effort the Major proffered the moot a few of his 'tools'. Chief among them was his grandfather's bayonet that had "seen two world wars". Although this magnificent bit of cold steel could undoubtedly remove things from horses' hooves, it looked more suited to taking off the whole leg if it fell into the hands of some twisted equine malcontent, for example. Even this solid piece of Sheffield's finest was trumped by the cavalry sword that adorned the fire place. It has been a while since the last cavalry charge at Cape Wrath, but I think a chap should be prepared for all eventualities and as the Bender pointed out it could come in very handy if ISIS ever turned up (*After laying waste to Shawlands perhaps? Ed.*) at the Cape to which I countered: "Don't worry old chap, the bloody ferry would most likely be off!". Little does John-the-ferry know how important he could become to the Home Guard if some would-be jihadists were to turn up at Keodale one sunny day...

Talking of all things metal, the Bender was determined to bash bits of silver during his week at the Cape. Many ideas for KPC-related trinkets were discussed as the fug became ever more spectacular and I await results with significant interest. After one brief interlude the Major returned to the gathering and exclaimed that the 'bothy fug' would be the death of us, as he assembled another roll-up with the dexterity more commonly associated with a watchmaker. Three cases of 'bothy lung' were pretty much guaranteed the following morning.

I don't mind admitting that the pace of the previous, rather raucous night, (*That's known in bothy parlance as "pulling the trigger too early", Ed.*) had taken its toll on me. Combine that with some of the Major's more exotic brands of tobacco and this chap felt decidedly wearisome, so much so that I do believe that a brief siesta before the witching hour *may* have occurred (*Bothy points deducted, Ed.*). If indeed this was the case, I was spared on this occasion by the lack of Coonsilling experience from my two erstwhile colleagues (*A Coonsilling training session should be organised as a matter of urgency for these fellows, as traditions, like standards, MUST be maintained! Ed.*).

### ***Our resident silversmith genius, Argentum Bender, creates a solid silver pipe!***





## *Lighthouse Stories Cont.*

### **Ancestors of the KPC?**

During our most pleasant second evening amidst 'the craic' and numerous splendid yarns, another artefact from the Major's treasure trove was displayed on the bothy table. The Major, whilst on his weekly trip to Kearvaig, had unearthed a small clay pipe bowl outside the bothy. This small piece is indeed a significant find. The Major suggested some research into the age and location of manufacture of said pipe and tasked me with the project. Regardless of these important facts the mere fact of this item's discovery is of supreme significance. Perhaps former inhabitants of Kearvaig just smoked pipes? Perhaps the Kearvaig Pipe Club actually predates August 2012 and we are just a modern re-incarnation? Whatever the case this splendid news will (pleasingly) proffer little succour to the current bothy Gestapo; so stick that in your pipe and smoke it Mrs MO!

***The clay pipe bowl unearthed at Kearvaig. Research continues as to the origin of this important artefact, but if readers have any information do get in touch.***



### ***The Cape Wrath foundry: The Bender melts some Argentum.***



### **Farewell, until next time**

Monday morning came around all too soon and we learned via the telegraph that the ferry was again not running to schedule as someone had broken wind in Nova Scotia or some such, and combined with John-the-Ferry's Sunday evening frolics this created a perfect storm in the Kyle of Durness consisting of a ripple or three.

After presenting me with an 81mm mortar shell as a rather unusual farewell gift, (*Good chap the Major; no namby-pamby rounds of sandwiches for the road, just a round of unexploded ordnance, Ed.*) the Major gave me a lift to the Kyle and was fully prepared to take me across in his boat. To our surprise we found John-the-Ferry dressed in a spacesuit liberally sloshing the slipway from a drum of something nasty. John was just finishing up and he agreed to take me across so all I had to worry about was trying to ensure that the soles of my new boots did not get dissolved. Something tells me that the fishing in the Kyle this year may not be as good as could be expected.



***"Make new friends but keep the old.  
One is silver and the other gold."***

***- Lyrics of traditional girl scout song by Joseph Parry***



## Internet Round-up

Readers will be pleased to learn that Bothy Flake has finally made it through US customs as is on sale at Smokingpipes.com. Below is an extract from the Pipesmagazine.com forum under a post entitled: 'A few words about Bothy Flake', by 'Orley'.

*I recently ordered a few new tobaccos to try, and went for some that were a little different from what I've been smoking. This isn't going to be a review as such, because I'm not real good at putting into words what I taste in tobaccos.*

*Bothy Flake has become one of my new favorite smokes though. I believe it's rather new, and after reading a little about it I decided that it would be one I would like. It's made by Samuel Gawith, and is a result of the "chaps" from the Kearvaig Pipe Club in Scotland. They have their "moots" or meetings in these Bothies, which are rudimentary shelters in out of the way remote spots around Scotland. The reason being that they are not policed as places that smoking is prohibited. You really have to read their news letters to fully understand the wonderful craziness of this club.*

*Anyway, this is a really nice flake tobacco comprised of Virginias and Latakia leaf topped with a little Scotch flavor. I wouldn't call it an aromatic tobacco necessarily, but you can detect the nice peaty flavor of the Scotch in the background. I love the way the flavors of the tobaccos and Scotch meld together for a wonderful rich smoke. Pair it with you favorite whisky and it becomes one of those aha moments. I've smoked a few bowls of this and I seem to want to keep coming back to it more and more. I've tried many flake tobaccos, but this is something quite different. I would recommend this to anyone who likes the delicate sweetness of Virginia and the smokey flavor of Latakia and of course Scotch whisky. Needless to say this will not be to everyone's liking.*

*I found it went well in my old 30 year old Sasieni Supurb Six Dublin that I have recently started smoking more and more. Kind of an oddball pipe, but I guess I forgot how great it smokes. Hopefully you'll find some pleasure in this unique smoke.*





## Internet Round-up cont.

Some readers will remember a previous piece (B&B Vol. 4 Iss. 1 p.25) mentioning the KPC on the blog of John D. Burns. Well chaps, this time John has done a full and very entertaining blog post – ["You Can't be Too Careful"](#) - about the KPC. See below for the full text.

### YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL

April 26, 2015, by johndburns, in Hill Walking.

The helicopter lurches violently as it swings round the end of ridge and into the head wind coming down the glen.

"Good of you to come," gasps the Man from the Ministry, as he struggles to get the zip to closed on his white protective suit.

"As soon as we read your blog, we knew you'd be the man for the job," he grins replacing his bifocals on his aquiline nose.

"You're welcome," I smile back. He proffers me a similar suit to his and seems perplexed when I brush it away.

"The building in question is just down there by the river," he says, pointing through the glass.

"Oh yes, I've been to this bothy before."

"Bothy?"

"An open shelter in wild country. Anyone can use them," I explain.

"Anyone!" he responds aghast. "But what about security? What about health and safety? Who pays the council tax?"

I shake my head slowly, he rolls his eyes to the heavens. "Bothy, you say. How odd. You can see why it needs controlling," he pauses seeking a more appropriate word. "Regulating," he explodes in triumph.

I lean forward and whisper conspiratorially against the roar of the chopper engine, "Stamping out."

He nods sagely, "Oh yes, quite right. We can't have this sort of thing you know."

The Man from the Ministry hesitates outside the door of the low stone building. He fiddles with his clip board for a moment, runs his fingers around the elastic collar of his white suit. Finally he turns to me, "You see the thing is," he implores, "There's no procedures for this. It's terribly irregular. Do you think..."

"Of course, not a problem." He steps aside with evident relief and I draw back the heavy iron bolt on the door and enter into the gloom. As my eyes adjust to the darkness I make out a familiar scene. A wood lined room, a few rough chairs, a table and an ash filled fire place. I turn to my companion, "They've been here all right." He writes furiously on his note book. I place my hand on the ashes of the fire. They are cool but not cold.

"Last night I'd say," I declare taking a pinch of ash and holding it to my nose. I know the smell at once.

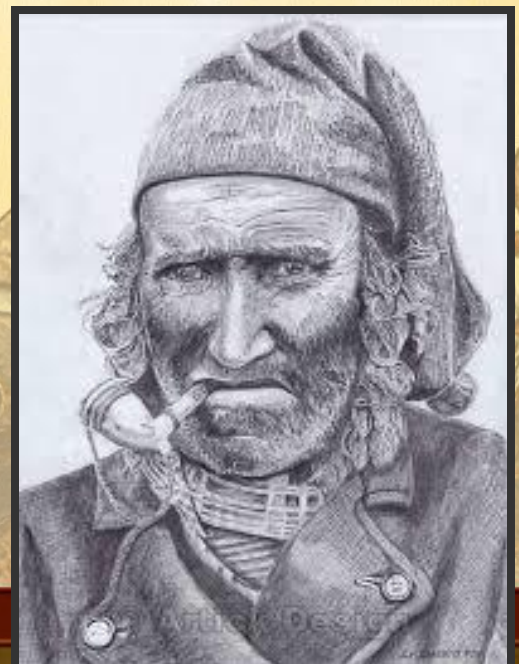
I offer the sooty finger tips to the Man from the Ministry, he shrinks back in horror. "Do you know what that is?" I ask.

"Ash?"

"Ah yes but what kind? He shakes his head mystified.

"This is tobacco ash," I announce.

"Tobacco!" he exclaims, taking two backward steps towards the door. **Cont. p.10**



***"Do not pray for an easy life, pray for the strength to endure a difficult one."***  
- Bruce Lee



# Internet Round-up cont.

## YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL cont.

"Pipe tobacco!"

I take another sniff and this time I am certain, "It's a special brand. Bothy Bumbler's Twist. And look here." I bend and examine the fire ash carefully, closely watched by the bearer of the clip board. "Whoever knocked out this pipe was left handed."

"You mean they've been smoking in here?" he asks incredulously.

"Oh yes, and drinking too," I hold up an empty can of beer from the corner of the hearth.

"But smoking has been outlawed everywhere. No one is allowed to smoke apart from prisoners on death row. Don't they know the dangers?" He writes on his clipboard mumbling something indecipherable. Finally he looks up, "Why would they drink alcohol, why don't they drink sterilised water like everyone else?" I shake my head sadly.

Incensed the Man from the Ministry begins to hunt around the bothy. He stoops and then holds up his biro, dangling from it there is plastic packaging. "Sausages!" he announces, the veins in his neck bulging. "For pity's sake they've been eating sausages! Have they no sense. I've eaten only lavender flavoured couscous for the past ten years and look at me!" Now his eyes are standing out of their sockets and sweat is beading on his forehead. "Can you find them?" he demands, his voice almost cracking with panic.

"It won't be easy," I let my eyes wander looking for more clues but the bothy is bare. "The Ministry must understand these are desperate men. They cling to a way of life that has been ruled politically incorrect and against the laws of health and safety. These men are forced to lurk in furthest remote corners of the kingdom where they can enjoy their vile pleasures beyond the reach of the Thought Police."

Now the Man from the Ministry is chewing the corner of his clip board. He looks up and fixes me with a steely stare, "You must find them blogger, the nation is counting on you. Do you know who they are?"

"Yes I'm afraid I do. These...these men are the Kearvaig Pipe Club."

"There's a club of them?"

"Yes, they travel to remote places, smoke pipes, drink beer and tell each other stories. They even have ceremonial dress...blue dungarees"

"You don't mean," stammers the Man from the Ministry unable to form the words, "They actually ... enjoy themselves?"

"I'm afraid so."

"But that was outlawed years ago under the government's You Can't be Too Careful initiative. It's worse than I thought," he grabs the back of a chair to steady himself. Overcome he announces, "I'll need to use the bathroom, do you know where it is?" I hand him a spade, he looks puzzled for a moment and then the colour drains from his face. The Man from the Ministry stabs the air with his biro, recovering his composure, "They must be stopped,"

I can do it, but you'll have to leave me here for a few days. I need to conduct a thorough search." He argues, of course, points out the dangers of being alone in such a remote place but in the end he sees sense and heads back to the chopper. Four days should do it.

I turn towards the fire place and examine the wall above it in great detail. There is a candle holder fixed to the wood lined wall. I count the boards to the left, one, two, three. The fourth board is loose, a moments work and it is free. Behind it is a handle. I turn it, a door in the wall slides open and a few wisps of pipe smoke drift into the room.

A moment later a man in blue dungarees steps through the door. Silently he hands me a lit pipe and a glass of whisky. We stand for a moment by the window watching the Man from the Ministry climb into the helicopter. I take a couple of pulls on the pipe and savour the whisky.

The man in dungarees speaks, "What the hell is couscous?"

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<http://kearvaigpipeclub.co.uk/>

### Editorial note:

***Hopefully we'll see John at a KPC moot sometime soon. Who knows, we might be very naughty and stay up all night smoking and drinking.***



# Internet Round-up cont.

## Achtung! Bothy Flake ist in Deutschland angekommen.

The following is a direct translation from a German chap, '48Runkel', (pictured below) reviewing Bothy Flake on the 4<sup>th</sup> April 2015 on his YouTube channel. Special thanks go to our very own German member Count Blofeld von Bamberg for the translation. (*I knew that chap would be an asset, Ed.*)



### Editorial note:

*Whilst we welcome Continental chaps' opinions, we feel that a bright orange hooded top is a sartorial faux pas that cannot go unchallenged. Whilst we are not demanding, say, a morning suit, we feel that when reviewing a high quality tobacco, a few rungs above 'street sportswear' should be aimed for. Besides, we doubt if our German friend here would appreciate being mistaken for a Dutch association football fan, or even a Guantanamo detainee. If so, he only has himself to blame.*

"Hello, piping friends out there. Here is my newest video. Today's video is about a new tobacco by Samuel Gawith. People knowing me are aware that I am a huge fan of Samuel Gawith and therefore I wanted to review the new SG 'Bothy Flake' which looks like this [showing tin]. 'Bothy Flake' is a new tobacco and according to some opinions 'Bracken Flake' is not produced any longer. If this is correct, I do not know. But I assume this is correct. It is a sad thing. But for some people 'Bracken Flake' might be too strong. But today's video is about this guy [showing tin]. Just a short explanation: 'Bothies' – which is explained on a nice card inside the tin – are rudimentary shelters open to everyone in Scotland that give protection from the weather to: hunters, hikers, climbers and everybody who is looking for shelter. They stay open and can not only be found in the Highlands but as well in especially sparsely populated areas in the Lowlands. In them you may find shelter from bad weather or you may camp there for a few days. As already mentioned this is briefly explained on the card inside the tin.

This is something refreshingly new, not a prosaic description of the tobacco, but a plain explanation what 'bothies' are. Unfortunately only in English. Might be a problem for those among you who do not speak English well. Just a brief translation: "You can seek refuge in one of these bothies, enjoy the tobacco along with a Single Malt Whisky". And Single Malt Whisky is the keyword. This is a Virginia-Flake – I am opening the tin right now – which looks like this [showing the flake inside the tin]. There are relatively thick flake pieces smelling like the inside of a bakery. Peaty, like a mixture of dough and peat. The flake pieces are quite dark. According to the description they are supposed to contain Latakia. Personally I neither smell nor tasted any Latakia. If it should really contain Latakia it might be just a very small amount of it. I honestly like this, although I am a fan of Latakia. People seeking a true Latakia flake might be disappointed because you hardly detect any Latakia in this tobacco. What you can strongly detect is a sticky, dough-like consistency of the flake pieces. The pieces are not as moist as it is typical for SG flakes. The tobacco is more on the 'sticky side' as the English would say. You have a sticky substance on your fingers which is discomforting to put in your pipe. This is the only disadvantage of this tobacco. No, there are two disadvantages and this is one of them. It is uncomfortable to fill your pipe with this tobacco. The 'fold-and-stuff-method' was impossible to apply. I tried to form a ball with the flake pieces and it was as well impossible to smoke [remark by translator: Stop playing with bauwkies!]. Then I rubbed it out as well as cutting it to cubes according to the method of Lars Hermanns and it worked. But the smoke you get from this tobacco is truly worth it.

The second disadvantage is that the tobacco is somewhat one-dimensional. It is a little bit boring. The Single Malt aroma is prominent. Of course when it comes to SG tobaccos you do not have to worry about any tobacco being an 'aromatic-bomb'. The tobacco is boring and one-dimensional. When you taste the tobacco with your tongue for the first time, there will be nothing new to discover further on. But the taste is really great. For a SG tobacco it smokes fairly easy. Once it took the flame you can smoke it through to the end without the need of relighting. I have been smoking four pipes of it and no relighting was necessary. It has a great room note. Again no Latakia can be detected. My better half was delighted and remarked that it smelt like you were at the bakers. Fans of aromatics may indubitably give it a try. You get an 'English blend' with an aromatic topping. Friends of aromatics might like this as well. This tobacco tastes a little bit like cookies, bakery, like W.O. Larsen's No. 32. [remark by translator: Who or what is the latter one?] I think it is delicious. A friend of mine prefers 'Navy Flake'. Yes 'Navy Flake' is similar, but 'Navy Flake' is a bit more multi-dimensional. The one-dimensionality of 'Bothy Flake' is quite prominent. Apart from this it is really worth trying this tobacco, not only for the friends of English blend but as well for friends of aromatics. Especially I recommend this to my friend 'JakobsMartin1'. You will like it. I thought the flake would unfold while being smoked but this was not the case. It is easy to smoke and surprisingly smokes very cool. First I thought that it would burn hot because of the stickiness but that did not happen. Bothy Flake is a marvelous smoke. It is of middle strength but you do not get a 'nicotine-flash' although the flake pieces are quite dark. Some might say this the new generation of aroma designs for new smokers. Maybe but it is worth trying. It is delicious. It is not really a 'nerd-tobacco' or a 'hipster-tobacco'. It is something for true connoisseurs. You should try this definitely."



## News: Offline Social Network Service Called 'Pipe Club' Launched

- **Facebook shares plummet**
- **Mark Zuckerberg in suicide hopes**
- **Twitter losing Twitterers by the score**
- **Instagram et al were always shit anyway**
- **Re-cycling centres taking on new staff and working 24-7 (or 24-6 in odd areas still observing the Sabbath) struggling with demand as digital devices pile up like dottle at a pipe tobacco happy hour**



A Middle-aged visionary has launched an offline - totally analogue - service called 'Pipe Club' (sometimes combined and abbreviated to 'Pub' as is the common if slightly uncouth practice these days) which enables friends and acquaintances to interact in a *building*.

Portly, balding, 49-year-old, Norman Woodbine sees 'pipe club', known locally as 'The King's Head', as a place where people can verbally communicate whilst drinking beer and smoking pipes.

He said: "There's curry night on Tuesdays and a bluegrass band every other Friday. Hopefully we're getting the toilets sorted next month because they're a bit whiffy at the moment."

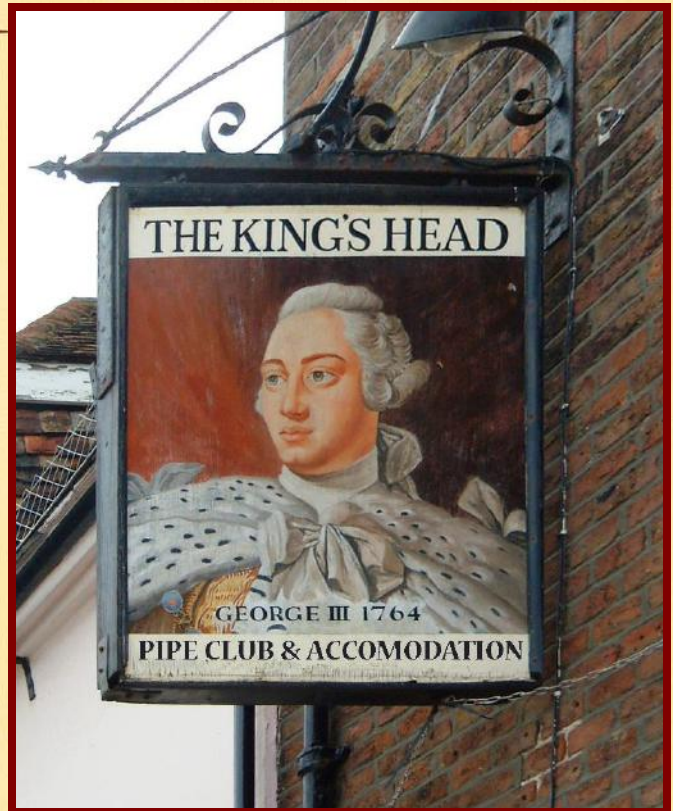
In the pipe club, 24-year old recovering ex-blogger Sandra Vacuous, commented: "I love going to the pub because it's so interactive and exciting. For example, my friend will say something about her life, and then I comment, and then she comments back, and then I comment, and so on. It's great, you don't even need batteries or mains power to smoke and drink. Phoning for a taxi is a bit of a pain though."

She continued: "It's an amazing platform for trumpeting my half-baked politics and making vague statements about being unhappy so my friends feel obliged to pay me some attention. Often I'll say something and a total stranger will chime in with a comment like 'Why don't you crawl under a rock and die, you ugly, fat, bitch?' So it's not *too* scarily different to being online all the time!"

Norman added: "Yeah, we get a lot of ex-Facebookaholics in on a lunchtime. Sad lot. They're doing their best, but it's tough for them not to be a boring bastard and resist telling the world about their pitiful package holiday or what they've had for their tea. I kind of see the place as a kind of re-hab with beer, crisps and pipes."

However, killjoy local bobby, Brian Fascist (*Probably getting a wedge from big digital, Ed.*) warned about the potential dangers of 'pipe club': "People in the pipe club aren't always who they seem to be. A middle-aged man could claim to be a small or big girl for example. Stay alert, don't talk to strangers and remember: you can't be raped or be slipped a Micky Finn on Facebook." (*No, just get your brain turned into mince instead, Ed.*)

**Why not write in and tell us about your pipe club experiences?**



**Norman, pulling pints not punches behind what is known as 'the bar' at the King's Head Pipe Club.**



**"The real problem is not whether machines think but whether men do."  
- B.F. Skinner**



# PIPE BADASS OF THE MONTH

## Lieutenant General Sir Adrian Paul Ghislain Carton de Wiart VC, KBE, CB, CMG, DSO

### Not so humble beginnings

This chap is arguably the *ultimate* legendary pipe smoking badass that you've never heard off. ACdW was born into a Belgian aristocratic family. "Not a good start!" we hear you cry, but we can assure any reader who thinks those Belgian chaps are a tad dull or lack mettle will be eating a significant quantity of dottle by the time they've finished reading this article by Jingo! We also forecast that eye patch sales are set to soar and no doubt the odd one will appear at a bothy sometime soon.

### Army career

Although a Belgian, he served in three wars (2<sup>nd</sup> Boer War, WWI and WWII) with the British Army and was wounded no less than 11 times, including losing a hand, an eye and a lung. He even got shot in the groin but, fortunately, no losses down there were incurred (*Which is incredible considering the size of this chap's cojones, Ed.*) and being a chap with a roving eye he subsequently went on to marry a woman 20-odd years his junior. Besides, no one dared accuse Carton de Wiart of firing blanks, ever...

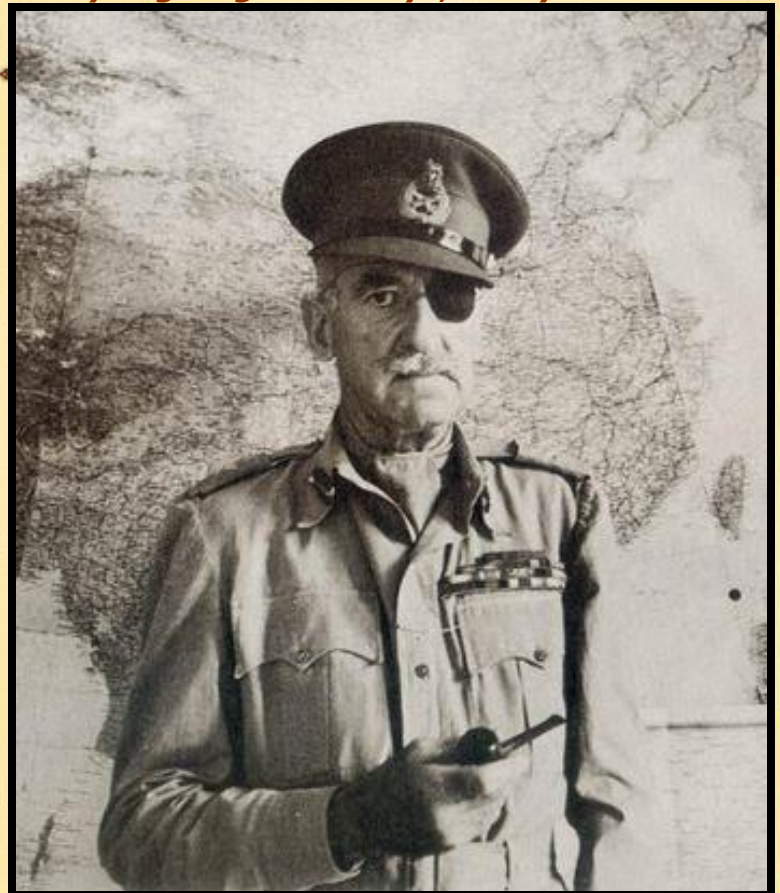
### WWI

He was awarded the Victoria Cross for pulling pins out of grenades with his teeth at the battle of the Somme after getting his left hand blown off. Legend has it that after tossing all the grenades he lit his pipe (without even pausing to consider how this would be done with one hand; *and* he was a flake smoker!) and started throwing rocks at the enemy... When asked about his experience being shot and/or blown up eight separate times while leading infantry in the bloodiest military conflict in human history, Carton de Wiart remarked: "Frankly I enjoyed the war." Crikey chaps, *how* bad-bottomed is that?

### WWII and PoW, Italy, 1941-43

Whilst on a Wellington bomber bound for to Cairo in 1941 both engines failed (*Naturally – the 'Welly' had a marvellous geodesic Barnes Wallace designed fuselage but the engines were a trifle dicky, Ed.*) and it went down in the sea off the coast of Italian-controlled Libya. He was knocked out in the crash but woke up due to the cold water and was reportedly seriously unhappy that his baccy was soaked. He and a few other crewmen simply swam ashore only to be captured by the Italians. **Cont. p.14**

*"Are you giving me the eye, sonny?"*



***"Governments may think and say as they like, but force cannot be eliminated, and it is the only real and unanswerable power. We are told that the pen is mightier than the sword, but I know which of these weapons I would choose."***

***– Sir Adrian Carton de Wiart***



# PIPE BADASS OF THE MONTH Cont.

This is surprising, as form would dictate that when faced with such a total badass, those Italian chaps would usually turn tail. Perhaps it was the lack of his pipe clenched in a determined jaw that gave his captors some faux courage? We will probably never know.

Then, in an unusual twist, ACdW was taken from his prison in August 1943, and driven to Rome, where the Italian government secretly planned to leave the war. They wanted ACdW to send the message to the British Army about a peace treaty with the UK. He was to accompany an Italian negotiator, General Giacomo Zanussi, (*Of domestic appliance fame, Ed.*) to Lisbon to meet Allied contacts to facilitate the surrender.

But to keep his cover, he was told he needed civilian clothes. Distrusting Italian tailors (*Understandable, Ed.*) he stated that: "[he] had no objection provided [he] did not resemble a gigolo." He later commented that the suit that was tailored for him: "was as good as anything that came out of Savile Row." When also offered a new handmade Italian pipe, however, he steadfastly refused: "You might grow briar but you cannot carve the bloody stuff!" Thus he insisted on keeping his Dunhill. What a top chap! If ACdW was alive today he could hold easily down two jobs: Prime Minister and James Bond. He then escaped back to England in 1943.

After the war ACdW spent a lot of time with lots of important people round the globe including being sent to China by Winston Churchill. Notably, he and Churchill – former bayonet charging comrades in the Boer War – became close drinking and smoking pals (*And we bet they had a few evenings to remember, Ed.*).

## ACdW at a glance:

**Born:** Brussels, Belgium, 5<sup>th</sup> May 1880

**Favourite smoke:** 50:50 Player's Navy Flake and cordite.

**Favourite pipe:** "Any straight Dunhill as long as it would fit in my BDU top pocket."

**Favourite pastimes:** Pipe smoking and bayonet charging, often at the same time.

**Favourite command:** "Fix bayonets!"

**What he never said:** "I surrender."

**Died:** 5<sup>th</sup> June 1963, aged 83.

*Cutting a dash in timeless, yet ruthless, style. ACdW having a well-earned bowl, Cairo, 1943.*



*"Courage, above all things, is the first quality of a warrior."  
- Carl von Clausewitz*



# TOBACCO OF THE MONTH

## G. L. Pease Sixpence

*Review by Count Blofeld von Bamberg*



**From the manufacturer:**

*"After nearly a year of working on this, I'm happy to say that Sixpence, my newest addition in the Old London Series, is scheduled to be released in early to mid-November [2014]. I've been smoking production samples for several weeks, and am really happy with the final product. It's a bold broken flake of Virginia tobaccos, richly spiced with condimental leaf (Latakia phobes, fear not - there's not even a whisper of the smoky stuff in the mix), and a little touch of something special to bring greater dimension to the smoking experience. As with all of my blends, it has been created to smoke wonderfully when young, but will continue to evolve beautifully over the years to come. It's been an exciting and challenging project, with dozens of prototypes being produced before zeroing in on the final formulation, but I think the results are well worth the effort. A few friends who have served as voluntary lab rats during the development not only survived the ordeal, but are as excited as I am with the results. I'll reveal more details when we're closer to the final release date, but I just couldn't contain my enthusiasm any longer."*

**Tin notes:** *You enter the dark paneled room, its walls lined with ancient books. An antique table stands beside a leather club chair. Upon it, next to a small silver coin, an open tobacco tin entices you with an aroma deep, rich, authentic. You fill your bowl, strike a match. The first puff stops time as the smoky magic weaves its spell... Sixpence. The mystery continues.*

I've just had a very satisfying bowl of G.L. Pease's Sixpence, so I might do a review about it, I thought. Why another review of the Dark Lord's newest blend? Not because there is not a single piece of Latakia in it. But for the following reason: Some months ago I talked to Sergeant Matron about it. He had acquired some and could not decide what to think of it. When we met in Belgium our honorable Sergeant provided me with a tin and I packed a bowl and smoked it right away. I could not make up my mind as well. A fine balanced blend of Virginias, Perique and maybe some Kentucky. Aye, alright, fine, nothing new.

But during the last bowl I read what the 'Dark Lord' wrote about Sixpence on his homepage:

*'(...) It's been a long journey. I had something special in mind when I began this project, something that would hold the smoker's interest throughout the bowl, developing increasing nuances with each puff, while not fatiguing the palate or building too much intensity. The leaf has been carefully selected and composed to perfect harmony from first light to the wonderful crescendo of the last puff. Virginia lovers craving a tobacco that is bold and robust, as well as devotees of Latakia mixtures who enjoy Virginias as a change of pace will find their reward in every bowl of Sixpence. (...)'*

This description is less a description than an instruction. I was puffing right away while taking my time to wait for something to happen. That was when the very fine nuances of the Virginias and the Perique did evolve. Very subtle, but rich and satisfying.

When it comes to Va/Pers they all have to compete with Samuel Gawith's St. James Flake and Glynn Quelch's Askwith Kake according in my opinion, for I like bold and deep blends. No baccy has outnumbered them yet. Sixpence does not as well, but it is an excellent subtle Va/Per to discover if you take your time.

<b>Strength:</b>	
<b>Flavour:</b>	
<b>Room note:</b>	

***"Emotional excitement reaches men through tea, tobacco, opium, whisky and religion."***

***- George Bernard Shaw***



# Country Boy's Corner

## **Editorial note:**

Dutch member, Country Boy, splendid chap, has kindly offered to do a new column in B&B consisting of the odd fire side tale and a brief update as to what is going in the Dutch Pipe smoking and bothy scene.



## **A Barrel of laughs?**

Several years ago a friend of mine bought a very old farmhouse whose owner had simply disappeared. During the renovations, he went with his mother and father to clean-up the basement. During their big clean-up they found a few large barrels. The barrels were so beautiful that the mother wanted to put them at home in the garden, as with a bit of work they would make perfect flower boxes.

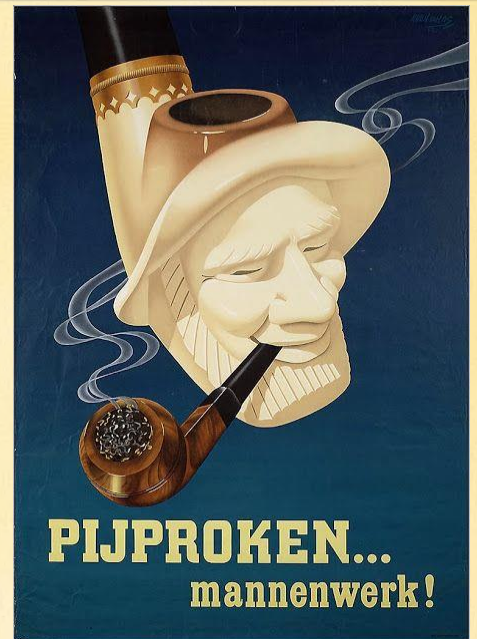
As they inspected the barrels they found an unopened one. It was heavy but decided to take it home in the car thinking "what could possibly be wrong". Before loading it up my friend opened the barrel with a crowbar and found it was full. It was a liquid and his father recognized it and exclaimed: "That's rum!" A pleasant surprise indeed, as they had just found 200 liters of rum.

Because it was too much to consume by themselves, they decided to sell it. After about a year of doing business in the village the barrel was empty. The mother then wanted to put the empty barrel in her garden as a flower box. When she began to cut the barrel open, she suddenly found a corpse inside; the corpse of the farmhouse owner. The whole village had been drinking rum in which the deceased owner was afloat...

## **PRF meeting**

The Dutch/Belgian Pipe Smokers Forum (PRF) have had their annual Zutphen bash at the legendary (*To a Dutch chap at any rate, Ed.*) tobacconist of Willem Schimmel. For full details of the meet go to my good friend and PRF stalwart Arno's blog: <https://dutchpipesmoker.wordpress.com/>

## **W. Schimmel, Zutphen**



*"The pipe, with solemn interposing puff,  
Makes half a sentence at a time enough;  
The dozing sages drop the drowsy strain,  
Then pause, and puff—and speak, and pause again."  
- William Cowper, Conversation (1782), line 245.*



# ***World Famous Events When a Pipe Could Have Made All the Difference... Part 5: The Charge of The Light Brigade***

Apart from all the infamous carnage metered out during the charge of the Light Brigade at the Battle of Balaclava during the Crimean war, there are of course other more agreeable things to be remembered, such as providing the inspiration for some fine and practical men's woollens; namely the Balaclava and the Cardigan - mainstays of any sensible chap's winter wardrobe.

What if, however, those brave Hussars had been issued with some sturdy briars that fateful day? Could the infamous blunder been turned into a famous victory? We leave it to Alfred Lord Tennyson to pick up the story:

## **The Charge of The Pipe Brigade**

**1**  
Half a bowl, half a bowl,  
Half a bowl onward,  
All with the baccy of Death  
Rode the six hundred.  
"Forward, the Pipe Brigade!  
"Charge for the guns!" he said:  
With the baccy of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

**2**  
"Forward, the Pipe Brigade!"  
Was there a man dismay'd?  
Not tho' the pipe smoker knew  
Someone had blunder'd:  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to smoke and never die:  
With the baccy of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

**3**  
Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
Volley'd and thunder'd;  
Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well,  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of Hell  
Rode the six hundred.

**Modern art representation of: 'The Charge of The Pipe Brigade'.**

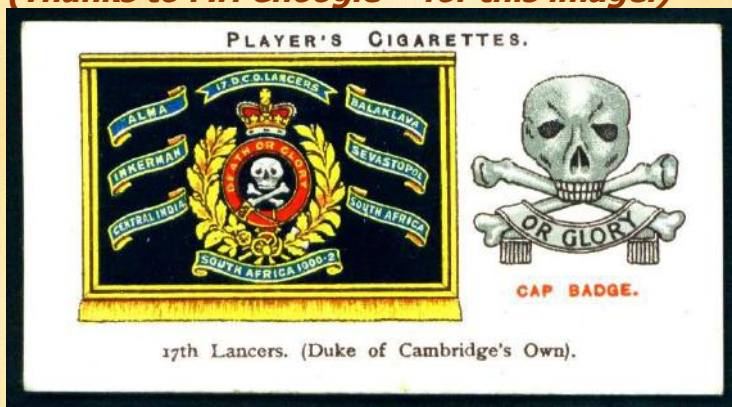


**4**  
Flash'd all their briars bare,  
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,  
Smoking the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while  
All the world wonder'd:  
Plunged in the battery-smoke  
Right thro' the line they broke;  
Cossack and Russian  
Reel'd from the pipe smoke  
Shatter'd and sunder'd.  
Then they rode back, all  
All the six hundred.

**5**  
Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them  
Volley'd and thunder'd;  
Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero never fell,  
They that had fought so well  
Came thro' the jaws of Death  
Back from the mouth of Hell,  
All that baccy was left for them,  
Left for the six hundred.

**6**  
When can their glory fade?  
O the wild charge they made!  
All the world wondered.  
Honour the charge they made,  
Honour the Pipe Brigade,  
Noble six hundred.

***The famous cap badge of the 17<sup>th</sup> Lancers (Duke of Cambridge's own), who took part in the charge. Says it all really... (Thanks to Mr. Choogle™ for this image.)***



***"The smoke of glory is not worth the smoke of a pipe."  
- George Sand***



# EXTREME PIPE SMOKING

*Backwoods (or backwards? Ed.) hillbilly chap, Big Bad John-Boy, aka 'The Beard' sets about some mighty fine pine with his rustic chunky pot, his man-full-time-18-inch-bar-shod 'Husky' badass saw and his pipe, in some breathtaking EPS action. The Beard says: "The pipe, an' ol' Gauntley's Deliverance mixture sure as hell keeps those darn skeeters off. Be a nice spot for a 'shine still when it's cleared too, yessirreee!"*



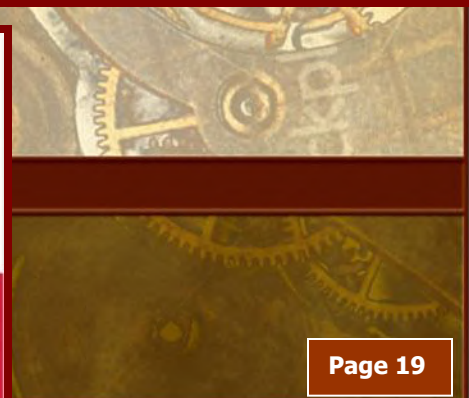
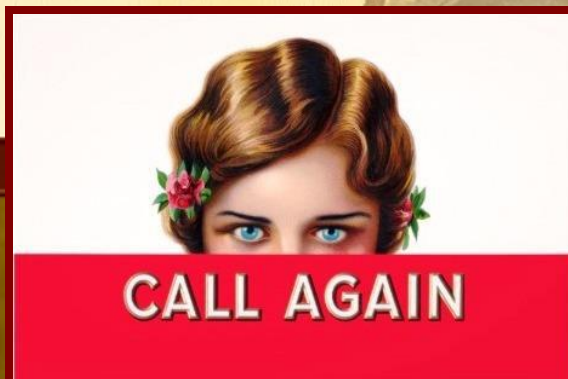


## Pipe Babe of the Month

*New member - and wannabe Bond villain - 'Dud' (see p.21), was so desperate to join the KPC that the incorrigible bounder shamelessly offered up his daughter (and Blofeld's cat...) as tribute. With such a stunning prize dangled in front of them, however, the B&B Editorial team simply had to ditch the decorum; solely for the benefit of B&B readers, of course, ahem. We think that readers will agree that classical Katie doesn't need one of those funny Aussie-hats to be a wee corker; and any chap would surely relish getting down under for bowl and perhaps a XXXX with this luscious long-haired lovely!*



### Advertisements:





## New Member Welcome

### Kane Smith

Kane, 20, an able chap, hails from Glasgow and is part of KPC member Hon. Reverend Puffin's chumeregation. He tells us that he has been bashing the briar since he was fifteen years old and *"prefers aromatics but will smoke anything"* (*Ah the enthusiastic errors of youth! Ed.*).

Our new member is currently studying some scientific guff at Glasgow Poly. or some such inferior *house of learning* and is apparently living in sin with his mistress (*Have a word Reverend, Ed.*), but unless she comes up with the Pipe Babe goods that factoid will obviously be of little interest to the chaps round the bothy fire. We are also told that this chap has a few pipes including a Mr Brog "Lumberjack", his newest acquisition, although he assures us that this monster has nothing whatsoever to do with any compensatory behaviour on his part (*Perhaps we need a word with his mistress after all, Ed.*).

What is likely to be of more interest to KPC members is the fact the Kane is a practising Thelemite and member of Ordo Templi Orientis, whatever that is, and subsequently is a big fan of that well known pipe-smoking-occultist-mountaineer and fruitcake, Aleister Crowley. Whatever his dabbings with the occult, sartorially this chap sets a high bar and is a dedicated member of the Glasgow Steampunk scene (*Bothy points awarded, Ed.*) who is never seen *sans suit*. Cap that with a fine pair of mutton chop whiskers and we think readers will agree that this young blade would cut a fine dash at any rudimentary shelter of repute. Working part-time at a virology lab in Glasgow, this chap is currently working on a strain of Ebola virus lethal to only Lacoste wearing types (*Suggest adding Barbour to that strain's DNA so that we can do the Toffs at the same time, Ed.*) in a valiant attempt at ridding the streets of Glasgow, possibly the world, of the dreaded NED. For a young chap he certainly has some heady ambitions!

Talking of lofty ambitions, not only did this whipper-snapper leap directly to *full* KPC membership by having a bowl at Kearvaig, said bowl was filled with Bothy Flake! Simply breathtaking audacity. Of course we all need to brought down to Earth once in a while and every chap has his foibles. So if this chap's precociousness ever get's the better of him we have found his Achilles' heel: he is *very* partial to Jaffa cakes (*Good remedy for tongue bite, Ed.*) and him being rather brand sensitive, all a correctional officer has to do is to feed him *non-McVitie's* 'Jaffa cakes' (*Such as the Happy Shopper filth peddled at the Durness Spar Shoppe, Ed.*) and he will crumple like Superman licking a bar of Kryptonite.

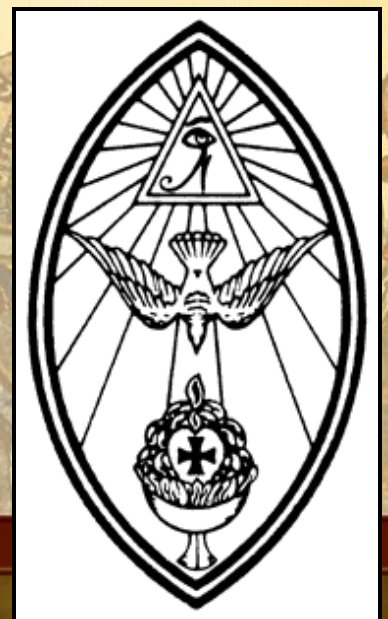
We would like to take this opportunity in welcoming this young chap to our ranks and we look forward to seeing him at a rudimentary shelter sometime soon.

**Bothy name: Citizen Jaffa Kane**

**Mutton chops and briar: CJK having a bowl of Bothy Flake, no less, at Kearvaig.**



**CJK's favourite treat and official biscuit of the Ordo Templi Orientis.**





## New Member Welcome

### Dave Atkins

This chap took some tracking down. Initially KPC Command received the following telegram: "*Gentlemen.*" Whilst brevity can be the master of wit, this was definitely no joke and must be a record in the realm of précis pipe club applications. After some serious detective work, we found that this snippet was not some random binary code bounced off of Cassini or some such, but a hapless voice in the wilderness seeking sanctuary for a puff. Once correct channels had been opened, it was confirmed that a combination of technophobia and a penchant for Aussie lager was to blame for the glitch... Anyway, a warm KPC welcome to Dave Atkins was eventually realised.

Dave resides in the former colonies, in a suburb of Melbourne, Australia, to be precise. He carefully neglected to tell us his exact age, but he's smoked a pipe for 47 years, and, like his pipes, he looks well rusticated so we'll just have to ponder this great conundrum with the evidence available. Dave, although "*unsure about Lakeland tobaccos*" enjoys a range of tobaccos but favours "*mild English*" blends from European manufacturers extending to "*hillbilly burleys*", from our other former colony. Large Canadians are the mainstay of his substantial pipe collection.

Apart from throwing his daughter to the wolves (see the lovely Katie on p.19 – *The wonders of genetics never cease to amaze.*, Ed.) Dave claims Scottish heritage, listing a host of Mc's and Macs, in his enthusiastic application for KPC membership. He is a self-confessed "*bullshit artiste of some repute*", "*iconoclast and heretic*" who enjoys the "*irresponsible consumption of beer and having a good larf [sic]*". (*Splendid: a foul-mouthed, heathen, drunkard; he'll fit right in*, Ed.) When sober, Dave rides a Motto Guzzi (*That means he's got one in the garage that he polishes a lot then*, Ed.) and when not sober enjoys getting chased by the local constabulary for smoking his pipe whilst rollerblading (*Whatever that is*, Ed.).

An eyebrow raising point of interest in this chap's CV is the fact that he is a silversmith who makes the "*World's finest cufflinks*". Now this is definitely more the ticket and members are directed to Dave's website: <http://www.davidatkins.com.au/> where, judging by the splendid content, his boast looks to be a statement of fact (*Or are we only saying that as there is are a couple of pairs in the post to KPC Command as the other part of his dowry*, Ed.). This fact must surely mean that the KPC is now the only pipe club in Scotland, nay THE WORLD, which can claim *two* silversmiths in their ranks?

As Dave admits that, living about 10,500 miles away, attending the AGM might be a tad difficult, but we would like to take this opportunity in inviting him anyway. (*Just imagine coming all the way from Oz just to fine the bloody ferry cancelled!* Ed.)

**Bothy name: DUD**  
**(Down Under Dave)**



***Man at Work: DUD, comfortably clad (Yes sadly, must be colonial thing... Ed.), enjoying a magnificent magnum bowl in his comfortable smoking cell. He is not allowed to smoke that beast outside due to local clean air regulations and the ever-present risk of wild fires.***







## 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.*

### A Puff in Kendal?

Morning Matron,

On Monday I was visiting Pipe Mecca, more commonly known as Samuel Gawith, down in the Lakes. Weather was typically moist for the Lake District, or as we would say - pissing wet! Still this didn't dampen my spirits. The property on Lowther Street has now closed and appears empty so I traipsed over to Canal Head and found their new quarters The Brown House. Woo Hoo! Unfortunately this was closed. Bigger! Even found a listing for a proper a tobacconist in Kendal but it turned out to be a small newsagent with a bigger tobacco stock than usual but still nothing of particular interest and left empty handed. Double Bigger!

Anyway heading back home at end of week and looking forward to a wee bowl on my return (should have packed the pipe). Trip also reminded me I was supposed to send you an extreme pipe smoking pic weeks ago, so I have enclosed this for you. Speak to you soon.

Cheers,

John

*Dear Sir,*

*Thank you for contacting the KPC regarding your recent trip detailing the prevailing climactic conditions of the county of Cumbria. However, we think that 'Pipe mecca' should read: 'Pipe Tobacco Mecca', as Samuel Gawith, whilst producing some of the world's finest blends have never dabbled in the art of the briar.*

*Yes my dear fellow, since the merger of Samuel Gawith and Gawith & Hoggarth Ltd. things have changed but not quite in the way you assert. The Brown House is the old HQ of SG and has been in use since 1792 so the use of the adjective 'new' is probably understating things a trifle.*

*It is our understanding that the merged companies have been forced out of town onto some dreadful industrial estate, a fact that is will only be overlooked by our members so long as they keep knocking out top-end tobacco.*

*Whilst we shall overlook the low quality of the attached image on this occasion, (probably snapped on a 'smartphone' that may be suitable for the likes of Facebook but not a prestigious pipe club) thank you anyway for your photograph of some 'chap' doing a bit of extreme pipe smoking – see p.18. We note, with interest, that the high quality chainsaw manufacturer Husqvarna (The SG of the chainsaw world, Ed.) now produce matching orange face guards; de rigueur for gentlemen of the hillbilly persuasion who enjoy their pipe whilst preparing the ground for an illicit still.*

*Sincerely,*

*Matron*

### Hello from Essex!

Hello KPC!

What a lovely tobacco you have! I'm really enjoying this!

I hope my selfie is enough to get membership of your club? :)

Best wishes,

Marco Bonnington-Carter



*Dear Marco,*

*Firstly my good man, please accept our apologies for the tardiness of our reply.*

*Thank you for contacting the KPC and we are very glad that you are enjoying our club blend. We are rather proud of it. Those chaps at Samuel Gawith really know their stuff, and er, snuff.*

**With regard to your membership application:**

*Our initial assessment is that the most agreeable aspect of your 'selfie' is the quality of the pipe you are smoking and that fact has been duly noted in the ledger. The KPC, however, are the vanguard of the analogue revolution (see our newsletter *Briar & Bothies Feb 2015 et. al*) and as such we generally frown upon such unseemly symptoms of the modern zeitgeist. **Cont. p.23***



## Hello from Essex cont.

*Besides, a 'selfie' implies being alone or perhaps living with one's digitally incompetent Mother in middle age, which does not bode well for your application... Additionally, the 'photograph' in question does not appear to be taken in a bothy as we are unaware of a remote rudimentary shelter with UVPVC glazing or indeed any bothies in the county of Essex, wherever that is. The quality of the image is also grainy and lacks the composition becoming of a chap and whilst that may be of some benefit in mitigating any visible chest hairs, we are also concerned at the display of an open necked shirt. Would a chap attend an interview in such garb? A tie or preferably a crisp cravat would be more appropriate when applying for membership of a prestigious pipe club don't you think Sir? Of course a double-barreled surname could garner you a few bothy points in some circles, however without wanting to defer too heavily to regional stereotypes, we think that any advantage-de-nom is offset by the handicap of residing in Essex, wherever that is.*

*The KPC, however, are generally an altruistic bunch and are usually forgiving of the odd faux pas so if you could: a) send us a higher quality image - preferably taken on a real camera... b) achieve a significant sartorial improvement and c) tell us a bit more about yourself; your age, favourite blends/pipes, how long you have smoked a pipe and any plans for visiting a Scottish bothy etc. then we will consider your application against the normal KPC rules of having a bowl at Kearvaig bothy or a bowl with another KPC member at a bothy, as exceptions can be made for chaps who are able to display attributes of note.*

*Yours,*

*Sergeant Matron*

## Pilgrimage to Kearvaig

Salutations Matron,

It has been quite a while since our last communiqué and as such there is much to talk about! But first of all, I am delighted to tell you that your brief lodging with our dear Argentum Bender at Major Dee's Residence upon the great turning point of Cape Wrath has been relayed to us in depth. Given our Argentum Bender's favourite choice of Liqueur, this retelling lasted to the wee hours in the morning. He commends his time spent during his pilgrimage to Kearvaig and Cape Wrath and commends you as being a chap of the highest regards.

But towards more resent affairs; during the end of May, I have yet again completed another pilgrimage to the white walls of Kearvaig and lodged with the keeper of the bothy, the ubiquitous Major Dee. Also in tow was one of my parishioners who during a ceremony conducted at Kearvaig, I am putting forward for full membership of the KPC. I will forward you his credentials soon. May I add that during this ceremony, I used the ceremonial Bothy Flake as the tobacco of choice for bringing my acolyte into the arms of the holy smoke.

To compound this, one of my technologically savvy parishioners has managed to record the ceremony in full to provide our dear members a brief sight into this happy occasion. I have also provided a brief message highlighting the use of Bothy Flake as the tobacco of the angelic Kearvaig and its endearment to the acolytes of bothying. These brief addresses, I hope, will make their way to our humble internet page for the congregation to see and ponder upon.

As for the ceremony, I was unable to secure a choir for the ending section of the service. As such I decided to impart my own baritone vocals and musical knowledge to do a rendition of Hymn 13:64 "What'd I Say" which was also recorded for your pleasure. This in contrast to Major Dee's Suggestion of Hymn 2:34 "Faith Healer".

As for my attire during this ceremony, I must apologise for my slightly rugged appearance as those who know the pilgrimage to Kearvaig well, know that to carry large amounts of equipment down the hill of Kearvaig is an exhausting feat in itself. However this makes the prospect of smoking a bowl at Kearvaig even more enticing.

As for the remainder of the journey, the weather was very trying. It was as if Beelzebub set his sight upon Cape Wrath and attempted to wash away the prospect of any travellers making their way towards the lighthouse of the great turning point. However with a firm resolve, Major Dee braved high winds to ferry us across the cape. It was during this time that I encountered travellers from across the Atlantic who were delighted to discover the KPC before setting foot to Kearvaig. I subsequently gave them my blessing and a Flake of Bothy Flake for them to partake of the holy smoke.

As for more tales regarding my escapade, I will endeavour to tell you more during our next communiqué when I send you my parishioner's information.

Also before I forget, a very happy 50<sup>th</sup> birthday to you sir! Apologies it is a bit late.

Best Regards,

"Tobacco to Bacco, Smoke to Smoke."

Hon. Rev. Puffin

**Cont. p.24**

***Who needs Glastonbury? – The Hon. Reverend Puffin plays Kearvaig.***





*Heartfelt greetings to you too Reverend,*

*Thank you kindly for your birthday wishes. Yes, some time has passed indeed since our last chat but a small penance of a couple of Our Fathers and a few Hail Mary's should suffice. I was, however, beginning to wonder if perhaps you and/or the verger had perhaps fallen foul of the police investigations into those pesky choir boys forcing the good clergy to give them 'bottom prayers' or some such; so I am relieved to learn that all is well at St. Puffin's.*

*Such a lofty accolade from A Bender is most gratifying indeed, ahem... Definitely an excitable chap when tackling a bottle of Devon's finest after evensong, but having the ability to peer into a chap's inner self is one of my talents and I found him to be a staunch fellow indeed. Coupled with the Major's famous hospitality we did indeed have a splendid time, despite the weather being a tad 'Cape Wrath'. It was also very gratifying to assist the Bender in his elevation to full KPC member status. Humble chap that he is, I do believe he was overawed at the occasion and a noticeable spring in his step was pleasing to me as we sallied forth up the track.*

*What splendid news of your most recent pilgrimage and indeed many thanks for your photo-documentary of what was obviously an important occasion for all concerned. Some KPC chaps may be gob-smacked at the precociousness of deploying our club blend during your most eloquent service, but I say: dismiss the laggardly naysayers and keep up the good work Reverend! Bothy points awarded to both you and that Mutton Chop chappie. It was comforting, however, to see the Major keeping a close eye on proceedings as it does help to have a responsible adult on hand at such important events. I shall endeavour to embroider our website thingy with your fine offerings presently. Your choice of the eulogy was spiffing but I can see the locus of the Major's suggestion. Anyway, FULL marks Sir!*

*Although it is absolutely fitting (after all, standards must be maintained...) that you mention your 'rugged' appearance at the service; given the arduous nature of your task and the climactic conditions encountered, I think a blind eye may be proffered on this occasion and after a steward's inquiry bothy points will not be deducted. Perhaps enlisting the assistance of an additional Sherpa on your next sojourn could avoid a repeat of this sartorial faux pas and concomitantly avoid the loss of hard earned bothy points? Food for thought.*

*Travellers from the former colonies across the Atlantic can be tiresome but I commend your generosity with the Holy Flake. Perhaps you should be quartered with some KPC business cards to assist when communication with said types is unavoidable? I have found them most useful when spreading the word of our modern day pipe smoking revolution. I shall see what I can do regarding this matter.*

*Yours,*

*Matron*

***At the hop: Top hat and trackies – The Hon. Reverend Puffin and Citizen Jaffa Kane during the latter's attainment of full KPC membership at Kearvaig.***

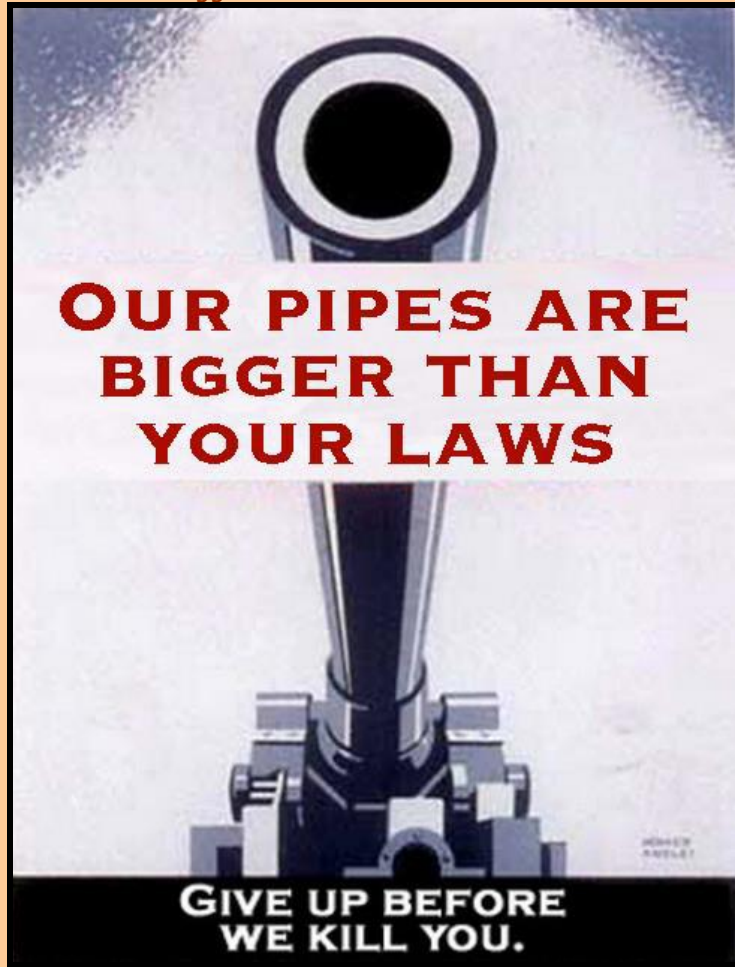




**Club News**

**BPSC 2015 cancelled**

Due to some namby-pamby H&S bilge, this year's BPSC has been cancelled. There were a few rumours circulating that a friendly sort with a field and a big tent would allow chaps in for a pipe rave, but alas, this oasis of pipe smoke did not materialise. The B&B Editorial Team has been working on some propoganda material in protest aimed at the faceless bureaucratic blaggards:



*Unlikely retail emporia part 2:*



**motherbriar**  
cigars, pipes,  
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**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](http://www.kearvaigpipeclub.co.uk)**

**KPC Future Moots**

The **KPC 2015 AGM will be held 26<sup>th</sup> September 2015 at Kearvaig Bothy.** Details from, and agenda items to: Sergeant Matron.

***New commemorative KPC/Adrian Carton de Wiart t-shirt now available.***



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