



# 'Briar & Bothies'

The newsletter of  
**THE KEARVAIG PIPE CLUB**



## The Filthy Inn and Glen Dubh-lighe (GDL), A splendid twa nichter, 22<sup>nd</sup>-23<sup>rd</sup> November 2015

*First snows of the winter up at The Filthy Inn.*

### Desert storm

After the storming success of the AGM, the chaps were champing-at-the-bit to get out and about for some fresh, smoky mountain air. November heralded a change of season, with the sharp cold-snap giving a picturesque covering of snow on the Monadhliaths. In fact, as was noted at the time, the scarred, and forlorn green desert that the intensively manipulated 'Monads' have sadly become, were mercifully soothed by a covering of the white stuff. The shepherds – warmly ensconced in their 4x4 - moving their taxpayer-funded ovine quadrupeds off of the hills gleefully informed us that there was a storm coming. "Aye, that'll be the KPC then", noted some philosopher at the time...



Getting into the Filthy when hauling a ridiculous rucksack on a track that breaches the 600m contour is no mean feat for the pipe club chap. Pile a bit of soft snow on top of this challenge and it was 'game-on' as the chaps found to their cost. It was a case of short days and long walks as Dazbo and Matron arrived in the rapidly fading daylight with Bingae and Cave Fud sliding not-so-elegantly down the steep incline to the bothy. Previous KPC sojourns to the Filthy have been summer affairs and the gathering were about to learn that the Filthy's fire was not a sufficient bulwark against sub-zero temperatures, even when stoked with 20kg of coal and copious logs that the Filthy is renowned for. It was to be an evening of smoke and Dragon's breath for one-and-all.

### Buried treasure

With the fire going well and the chill starting to abate a tad, Dazbo and Matron were dispatched to retrieve the cans of beer that had been stashed under the bothy in August 2013. **Cont. p.2**

### The Filthy Review Scorecard (out of 5):

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

**"Born to lose. Live to win."**  
- Lemmy



## The Filthy and GDL cont.

The Filthy pirates returned with 12 mud-encrusted cans of treasure, one of which was punctured (fortunately it was Tennents) making 11 potable beers, if one reluctantly included the remaining Tennents. Interestingly, the recovered Red Stripe seemed not only to have retained its zest, it was noted that it had actually improved with age, whereas the Tennents was as flat as a witches tit (*And about as tasty too no doubt, Ed.*). The Old Speckled Hen seemed just a little more speckled than usual.

Along with a fine selection of bauwky, Matron had brought the remainder of the cigars leftover from the AGM that added about as much heat to the room as the fire. With a cold wind blowing the Filthy's draughty side was also revealed and vain attempts at draft exclusion were attempted. Interestingly, as was revealed rather poetically (as is Thornton's trademark) in the bothy book, both Bertie and Thornton Lacey had stopped by for luncheon before heading back to the infinitely warmer Stag for the evening. Sensible move chaps!

What with Matron suffering a mysterious ailment and the bothy barely creeping up the Celsius scale it was to be a relatively early night and thus in the morning the brethren had a dozen or so cans leftover (*Lightweights! Bothy points deducted, Ed.*) that had to be re-interred... Oh well, it's a funny old world in the realm of stashed beers.

The morning was a brighter affair, although still on the chilly side and the chaps enjoyed an invigorating saunter back out passing the rather sad, gralloched, remains of the badly wounded red deer that they encountered on the way in. **Cont. p.3**

### ***Bingae, Dazbo and Cave Fud huddled round the Filthy's fire with their briars.***



***"I don't care you know. Religion is stupid anyway. I mean, a virgin gets pregnant by a ghost! You would never get away with that in a divorce court, would you?"***

***- Lemmy***



## The Filthy and GDL cont.

### GDL – all new, bright and very shiny

GDL is an MBA bothy that was burned down in 2011 by a chap – so the story goes – changing a gas canister on his stove by candlelight, when the canister’s seal failed setting fire to the pressurized gas and subsequently torching the entire bothy, with only the stone walls remaining. Of course the lesson of this episode is a simple one: use a paraffin stove. (*Please mark the inevitable, tiresome correspondence to the Editor regarding the great ‘gas v paraffin’ debate thus: “Gas stoves are inferior”. This will help our mailroom staff and your queries will eventually be corrected and, Gentlemen, please keep the debate civil, Ed.*) Internal combustion of GDL aside, the bothy was completely re-built by the MBA in 2013, and we have to report that those chaps did a splendid job, if one likes high-gloss varnish finishes that is. In fact it is so shiny in there that it is entirely possible that on a sunny day it is not beyond the realms of imagination that the sun’s rays could be focused by the varnish and burn the bothy down... We’re sure, however, that the MBA has done all the appropriate risk assessments so perhaps we are fretting needlessly.

As it was a Sunday night the bothy was empty and it has to be said very ship-shape. Rather bizarrely the previous visitors had left a small tower of 6 beer cans on the windowsill consisting of Carling (*No wonder they left it, Ed.*) and Wife-beater (*That’s Stella Artois to those unfamiliar with this brew’s malign properties, Ed.*) that was labelled with the rather kindly, if pointless, invitation: “*Help yourselves!*” This just confirms that bothies are indeed visited by all manner of weirdos.

Not only had the MBA done a first class job on the building they should also be commended on the fireplace as it had the chaps scuttling back from the inferno in short order and created a thirst that made even the Carling look quaffable.

### Early nights...

Given the previous day’s excursions Cave Fud went for a “wee lie doon” at around 21:30 after pleading for Coonsilling rules to be suspended for the evening. Matron was only too ready to acquiesce to this wheeze as he was actually going straight into his place of work the following morning (*The crazy fool! Ed.*).

Although it was not a late night it was *great night*, with the chaps reporting a convivial chat round a fire that was actually warm. Besides, any bothying chap worth his flake will tell you that a wild party is not mandatory for an agreeable evening with one’s chumrades.

### GDL sporting its new roof.



### A cosy glow at GDL.



### GDL Review Scorecard (out of 5):

Building fabric = 

Fireplace = 

Facilities = 

Cosiness = 

Pipe friendliness = 

# OBITUARY: LEMMY, 1945 - 2015

# motörhead

***"...EASY, EASY, THE ONLY TIME I'M GONNA BE EASY'S  
WHEN I'M, KILLED BY DEATH..."***



***"We're Motörhead, and we play rock 'n' roll."  
- Lemmy's standard opening to a Motörhead gig.***



# OBITUARY: LEMMY, 1945 - 2015

## CONT.

**Ian Fraser 'Lemmy' Kilmister, of Motörhead, died of cancer, aged 70, at his home in Los Angeles on 28<sup>th</sup> December 2015.**

Why is there an obituary to a famous rock star in a pipe club newsletter some readers may be asking? Well, if you need to ask that question then the Editorial Team politely suggest that you may possibly be reading the wrong pipe club periodical. Outside of his music Lemmy stood for things that any pipe club (and any free-thinking person) should aspire to: integrity, freedom, free-thinking, respect to your fellow man, vehemently anti-establishment/organised religion and taking no nonsense from those petty bureaucrats that want to tell you how to live your life (*Or even how to behave in a bothy perhaps? Ed.*). End of. Besides, it could be speculated that the only reason that Lemmy did not smoke a pipe was that he was simply too busy smoking full-fat Marlboro Red's, washed down with enough Jack Daniels to wash your boots in. He also simply strapped on his bass guitar to attract the ladies, so he had even less need of a pipe than your average chap. Whilst there is also no doubt that Lemmy would have taken pipe-smoking to a new level, he would have been welcome round the bothy fire whatever he smoked, especially if he brought a few 'friends'...

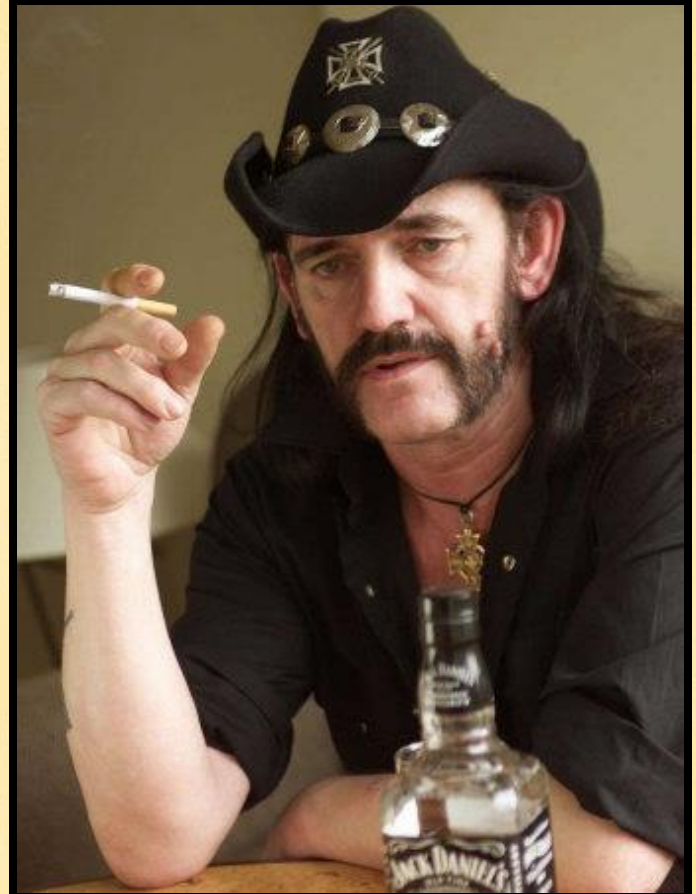
Lemmy was rock incarnate; the dictionary definition of 'old school' who did everything at '11': his music, his women, his fags, his drink, his drugs (especially Speed), his Nazi memorabilia, but also his *manners*. Yes chaps, for all his one-fingered-salute-stage-persona, Lemmy was a Gentleman; essentially a chap in cowboy boots and hat who also sported a black shirt and the odd Iron Cross. Some people often queried Lemmy's fascination with Nazi memorabilia but he just shrugged (and we paraphrase): "...It's beautiful for all the wrong reasons, but it's still beautiful. I'm not a Nazi or a racist at all, they just had the best clobber and I like a good uniform, besides my black girlfriend doesn't mind it so why should you?" Fair point.

Of course Lemmy is most famous for his role as bass player and vocals in the rock 'n' roll band Motörhead (1975 – 2015). Lemmy was the only consistent member of Motörhead and it is safe to say that he *was* Motörhead; a fact confirmed by current members Phil Campbell's (guitar) and Mikkey Dee's (drums) announcement that there will be no more Motörhead now that Lemmy is gone. Anyone who has seen Motörhead live (especially at an indoor venue) will know what they are all about: *very* fast, *very* loud and *very* rock. It is very sad that Motörhead are no more, but it is the right decision and the world will be a less enriched, if quieter place as a result.

Lemmy would not like a fuss and so we will not eulogize him here (too much), but if you want to read more about him look no further than his excellent and aptly named autobiography *'White Line Fever'*. Lemmy simply lived the life *he* wanted to live and took no shit from *anyone*. How many people can *honestly* say that?

It is also rumoured that Shares in Phillip Morris and Jack Daniels have plummeted. If they want salvation we guess they'll just have to set-up-shop in hell...

Lemmy old chap, the KPC raises a glass and a bowl to you Sir, and you will be heard in the Glens forevermore. R.I.P.



*"If you like to gamble, I tell you I'm your man,  
You win some, lose some, all the same to me,  
The pleasure is to play, makes no difference what you say,  
I don't share your greed, the only card I need is  
The Ace Of Spades"*

*Playing for the high one, dancing with the devil,  
Going with the flow, it's all the game to me,  
Seven or Eleven, snake eyes watching you,  
Double up or quit, double stake or split,  
The Ace Of Spades"*

*You know I'm born to lose, and gambling's for fools,  
But that's the way I like it baby,  
I don't wanna live for-ever,  
And don't forget the joker!*

*Pushing up the ante, I know you wanna see me,  
Read 'em and weep, the dead man's hand again,  
I see it in your eyes, take one look and die,  
The only thing you see, you know it's gonna be,  
The Ace Of Spades"*

*Motörhead, 'Ace of Spades', Title track from the album Ace of Spades, 1980*



# Chaps' Corner

## The Great Pipe Revival of 1962!

### Editorial note

Over the years it seems that the PC brigade have asserted - in their clean-living fantasies - that pipe smoking is on the wane or even extinct. Yes, you know the type chaps: the tutting smug parents as you reach for your briar in the kiddies play area outside your local, or the half-dead, rolling-eyed 'jogger' that sweats past your bench in the park. Of course these types' theories are just poppycock and balderdash. However, as a chap we would think you'll agree that, like most forces of nature, pipe smoking, on an individual level as well as a global phenomenon, does have a certain cyclical rhythm with associated peaks and troughs therein. Therefore, it follows that it may be a reasonable assertion that the modern day pipe smoking revolution, of which this pipe club plays a small (but we would hope a vital) part, is a splendid example of one of those peaks. And long may it remain so. Perhaps we are even contributing to a new high *plateau*?

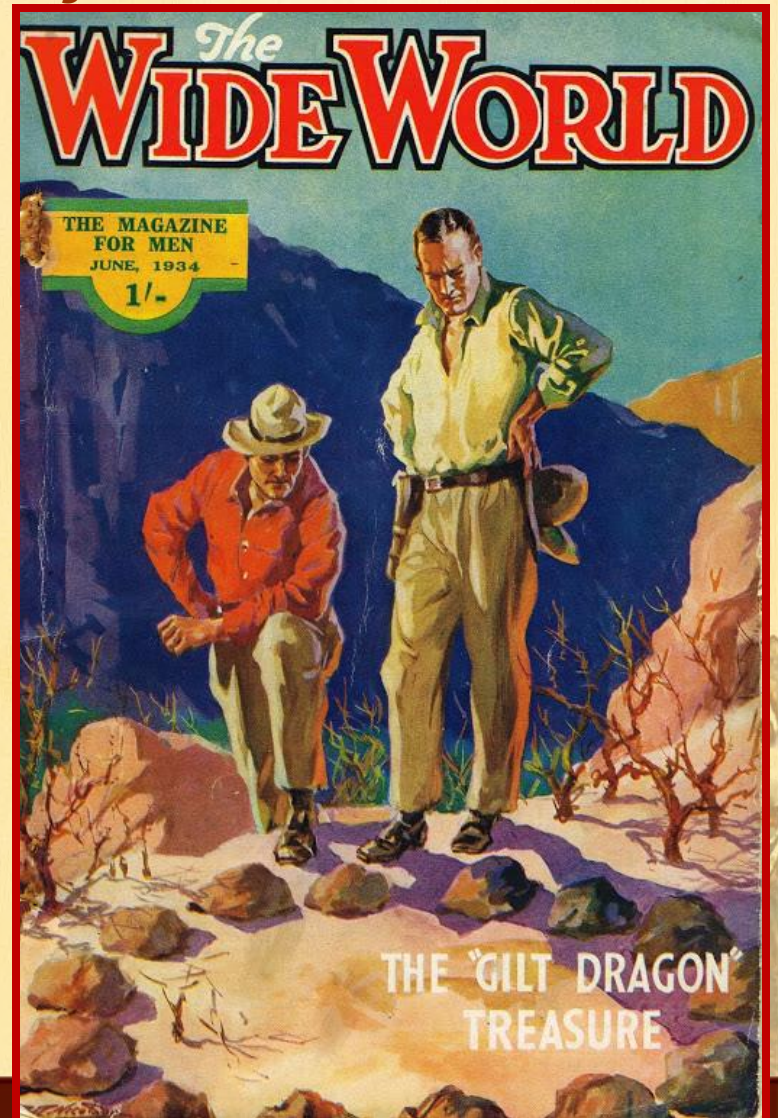
With this in mind, our chaps in the - reassuringly smoke-filled - Editorial Office (EO) have decided to have a look back for similar events of note in the history of pipe smoking. From their extensive research, undertaken largely in some charity shops' book sections, a vital, if musty document dating from 1962 has been unearthed for a few pennies, which details a similar revival-peak in our favourite pastime, thereby confirming what we instinctively knew.

The document in question is an article from the splendid swashbuckling Gentleman's adventure magazine, *'The Wide World'* which was published from April 1898 to December 1965, and whose tagline was, for a time: "*Truth is stranger than fiction*". This splendid title will, of course, be known to chaps of a certain vintage and was packed to the gunwales of "*brave chaps with large moustaches on stiff upper lips, who did stupid and dangerous things*" as some nincompoop at The Times once, rather disparagingly, if accurately, quipped. (*Of course The Times used to be a newspaper of repute whereas nowadays it is beneath chip-wrapper status thanks to the Dirty Digger and his overpaid sycophants, Ed.*) *Wide World* was renowned for its photography; it's wonderfully colourful artwork and its casual sexism and imperialism. We will no doubt be reading more from this esteemed publication in future editions of B&B, as if you wish standards to be maintained then *Wide World* is a pretty damned good place to take a sounding!

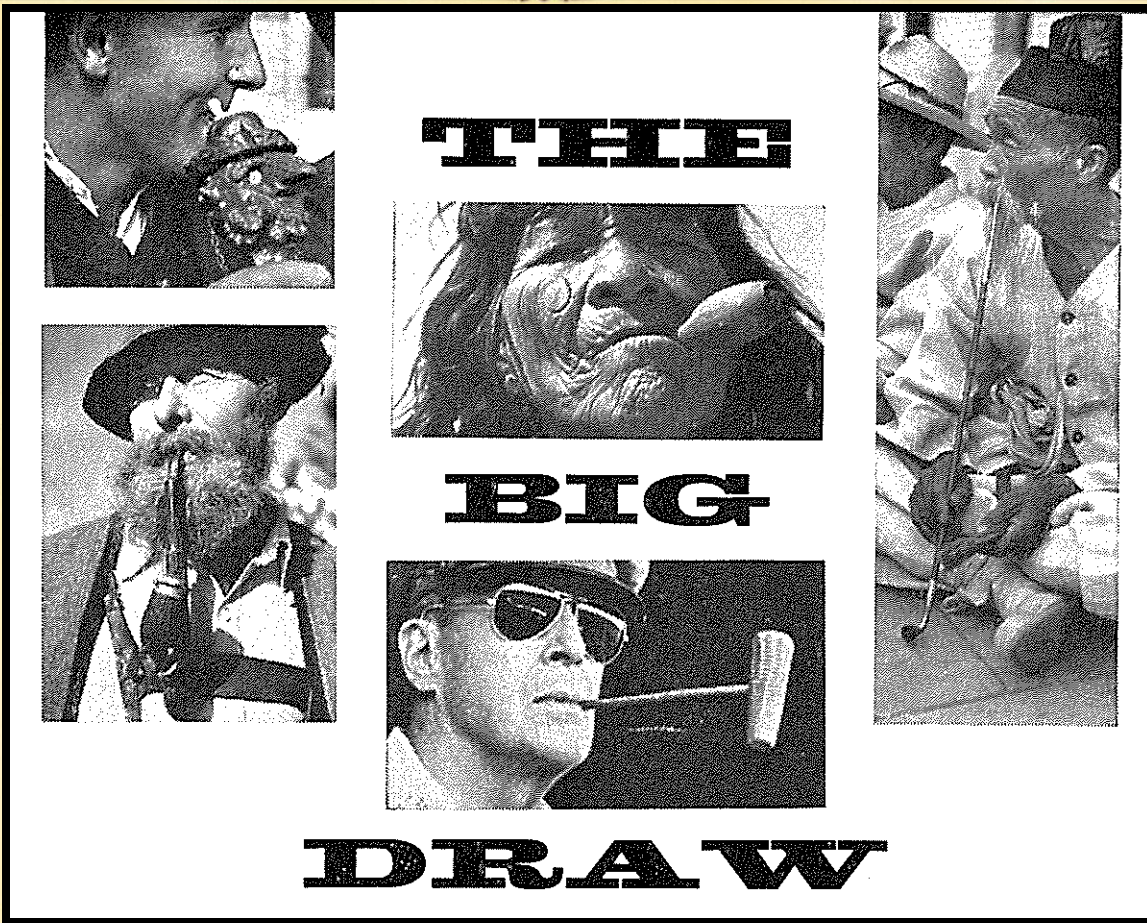
Anyway, we digress. Thanks to our EO chaps, we have decided to reprint an article entitled '*THE BIG DRAW*' in-full - including advertisements - which details the great 1962 pipe smoking revival with some surprising statistics and refreshing gusto. So chaps, fill your bowl and your tumbler, feel the comforting creak of leather and enjoy the musings from an earlier, agreeable chap-epoch. **Cont. p.7**



*They don't write them like that anymore! A fine example of a brace of lantern-jawed chaps on the cover of The Wide World magazine.*







***If you neither grouse nor gripe,  
It's odds on that you smoke a pipe...***

This verse by that prolific poet, *Anon*, may explain why pipe-smokers usually make good husbands – and why many harassed men wish some more women would form the habit!

In any case, a recent poll by the Pipe and Tobacco Council of New York discloses that pipe-smoking males are preferred by 64% of all American womanhood.

There must be something about these contented, firm-jawed types (the heavier the pipe, the stronger the jaw) which appeals to the feminine instinct to find a reliable mate.

Perhaps this is because the trials and tribulations the novice pipe-smoker often has to undergo in keeping the thing alight, help him to face those of marriage with equanimity.

For, although the reward is well worth the effort, patience is an essential virtue if you are to learn to enjoy a pipe of tobacco.

In this country, pipe-smoking is showing a steady revival. It has not yet attained the peak of popularity of 1918, (*Ah, the famous post-WWI Pipe peak, beloved of any chap of the briar. Perhaps we need another war..? Ed.*) but in the past year pipe sales went up 3%. (*Such accurate and vital statistics are, sadly, lacking today since the ministry of briar was disbanded in 1979: another casualty of 'The Iron Lady's cuts – may she rust in peace – along with school milk, Ed.*) **Cont. p.8**

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE ix

**Tobacco that won't be hurried**  
There's almost an hour's cool leisurely enjoyment in a pipeful of St. Bruno.

**A man takes to**  
**ST BRUNO**  
the most popular flake of all

©SNC



# THE BIG DRAW Cont.

Today, 69% of all Cambridge University students who smoke, prefer a pipe!

The habit was first introduced into England by either Ralph Lane, a Governor of Virginia, or sea-dog Sir John Hawkins – the historians let you take your pick – in about 1586. Sir Walter Raleigh (*He of the Chopper fame, Ed.*) was, however, the man who made pipe-smoking very fashionable at court.

It is even said that he took a pipe-full before going to the scaffold...which may have helped establish its reputation for soothing the nerves at awkward moments!

Those first tobacco addicts, the Red Indians, wisely called it the "pipe of peace". They passed on the boon to the White Man, who practically wiped them out in return. (*Yes, bit of a bad show that bish with those tribal chaps, what, Ed.*)

While this was by no means an anti-smoking campaign, it is odd that none of those old Wild West gunmen, whom we see daily depicted on our T.V. screens, ever seem to have taken to the pipe. It might have made them less trigger happy. (*It is important for the reader to note that this article was scribed in 1962 i.e. before Lee Van Cleef appeared in 'For a Few Dollars More' (1965) and 'The Good, the Bad and the Ugly' (1966) where he seen sporting his now iconic pipes. Perhaps the legendary Sergio Leone had read this article and set out to put things right? Ed.*)

The oldest pipes smoked by man were of stone or bone, and have been unearthed in the Mississippi Valley. They are three to four inches long, and an inch broad, with a hole in the centre to which a tube led from one end.

They must have been pretty hard on the teeth; but so were the clay variety which first swept Britain. Englishmen went in for the long, churchwarden kind. The Irish liked to clench short, hot clays, known as cutties, in their obstinate jaws. (*Ouch! Ed.*)

Pipe-smoking spread so rapidly, that by 1619 the Pipe-Makers of London were incorporated under the motto "*Let brotherly love continue*", and this country soon became – as it is today – the main centre of manufacture. **Cont. p.9**

x THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE



Only a

## FALCON

SMOKES BONE DRY!

- 1 No goo in the briar bowl
- 2 Trap condenses goo below stem
- 3 Spiral stem further chills smoke

A Falcon gives you a *Cooler, Sweeter, Bone Dry* smoke! The unique, patented Humi-dome plug traps *all* tars and moisture *below* the stem-line and, in conjunction with the spiral stem, cools the hot smoke. A Falcon also saves up to 25% in tobacco costs because there's no waste. Interchangeable Bowls 12/3 each—6 shapes to choose from!

25'-

All prices subject to purchase tax surcharge



MADE IN ENGLAND BY **FALCON PIPES LIMITED** · LONDON W1

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## The NAME'S the SAME!

FOR A *Guaranteed*  
QUALITY BRIAR



FOR A *Genuine*  
BLOCK  
MEERSCHAUM

From **39/6** each  
at all good tobacconists

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REGD. TRADE MARK

THE PARKER PIPE CO. LTD.

MANUFACTURERS OF THE FINEST BRIAR PIPES  
THE NATION'S LARGEST DISTRIBUTORS OF MEERSCHAUM PIPES



# THE BIG DRAW Cont.

In those early days, pipes were of all kinds of material: ivory, amber, cane, horn, metals, porcelain, even glass.

The Persian bubbled succulently through his water-cooled hookah. The Laplander puffed happily at a carved walrus tooth; then, sometime in the 18<sup>th</sup> century, a peasant in the Jura Mountains dug up a heather-like plant which had a particularly tough and dense root.

And so briar was born...

The root must be at least fifty years old before it is of use for pipe-making. It also has to be boiled for twenty-four hours; then the wood is cut roughly to size, the bowl bored, the pipe sanded to smoothness and a vulcanite mouthpiece fitted.

## "Sea Foam Trend

The best (pre-carbonized, highly-polished and with exquisite grain) require some seventy or eighty processes – many are closely-guarded trade secrets – before manufacture is complete. A pipe with a famous name on it, such as Dunhill, Barling, Comoy or Dadson, has to be free of all flaws. Indeed, only about ten in a gross make the grade. (*Er yes, that's an incredible 6.9444...%, Ed.*)

There is, however, a modern trend back to the meerschaum, which was almost extinct as a pipe five years ago. The Tanganyika rights to this rare mineral (*Hydrated magnesium silicate, er yes, Ed.*) have been acquired by Parker of London. By "calcination", they can now make the light and porous material glossy-hard and virtually scratchproof.

The Parker meerschaum – German for "sea foam" – not only provides a cool, dry smoke, but the white bowl soon takes on a golden hue which, after years of puffing, can be deepened by the proud owner to an attractive shade of brown.

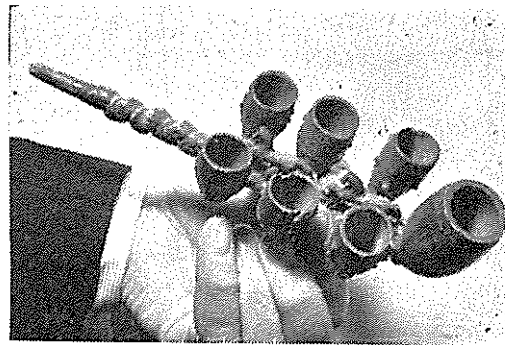
Another pipe, which smokes cool and dry, is the Dadson. It is made in two parts, of finest briar. The bowl screws into the base, which contains an absorbent. Any moisture or nicotine is drawn through a small hole and absorbed so that every shred of tobacco can be enjoyed.

The Dadson, sold in many shapes, the lightest weighing only  $\frac{3}{4}$ oz, is an ideal pipe for wet smokers.

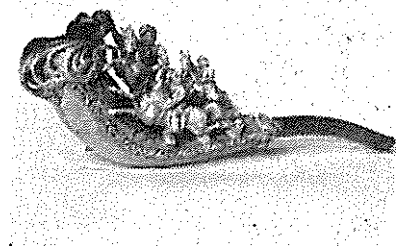
For well over a century, Comoy's of London have been turning out fine pipes. The Blue Riband is their collector's piece – perhaps *one* may be found in every thousand bowls with figured grain turned out in Comoy's factories!

A very popular line is Comoy's Grand Slam, which has a fluid-tight washer and a duralumin filter, acting as a cooling chamber in the tough, ebonite mouthpiece.

This ensures that only pure, cool smoke is extracted. All moisture is efficiently trapped. **Cont. p.10**



The most-hardened smoker would have difficulty in exhausting the supply of tobacco of the above multi-bowled pipe, at one sitting, while the pipe shown on left presents a maze-like problem in tracing the course of the smoke.



The ornately-carved meerschaum, above, depicts a cavalry charge, while the clay pipe on left also sports a military theme.



# THE BIG DRAW Cont.

## RATTRAY'S 7 RESERVE TOBACCO

has many of the characteristics that make for perfect companionship. It is a Mixture of constant quality yet infinite versatility. Constant because it is skilfully blended and patiently matured by old-time methods. Versatile because the rich resources of its Red Virginia and rare Oriental leaf enable it to soothe, to stimulate, to match your every mood. Instantly responsive, never aggressive, your very good companion whenever you fill your pipe.

*If you want to make friends with your pipe why not read Charles Rattray's booklet on tobacco blending. A complimentary copy will gladly be sent on request.*

To be obtained ONLY from  
**CHARLES RATTRAY**  
Tobacco Blender  
PERTH, SCOTLAND  
Price 104/6 per lb. Send 26/9 for  
sample quarter lb. tin.

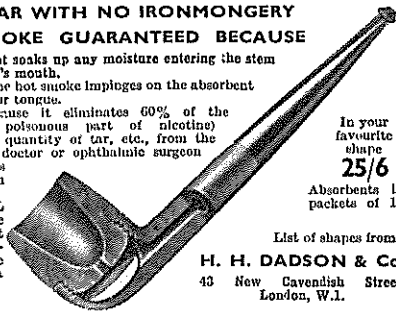


GUARD YOUR HEALTH WITH A...

## DADSON BRIAR

ALL BRIAR WITH NO IRONMONGERY  
A DRY SMOKE GUARANTEED BECAUSE

... the absorbent soaks up any moisture entering the stem from the smoker's mouth.  
**COOL**, because the hot smoke impinges on the absorbent instead of on your tongue.  
**HEALTHY**, because it eliminates 60% of the pyrrhine (the poisonous part of nicotine) together with a quantity of tar, etc., from the smoke. Ask a doctor or ophthalmic surgeon what this means to your health and eyesight.  
**NEVER TOUN** because when the absorbent becomes saturated it should be replaced with a new one.



In your  
favourite  
shape  
**25/6**

Absorbents in  
packets of 12

List of shapes from :

**H. H. DADSON & Co.**  
43 New Cavendish Street,  
London, W.1.

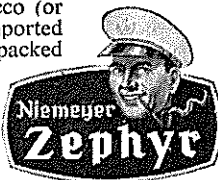
## Zephyr

**POSSIBLY THE  
FINEST  
TOBACCO IN THE WORLD**

Blended from 16 different tobaccos, the patented process reduces the nicotine content and enhances the natural flavour.

This Golden Flake cut tobacco (or ready rubbed) is specially imported from Holland by Gales and is packed in flavour sealing pouches.

11/7 From good Tobacconists  
everywhere.  
Per Sole Importers  
50 gm. **ALFRED GALE & Co. Ltd.**  
pouch / Dundas St. Glasgow C.1

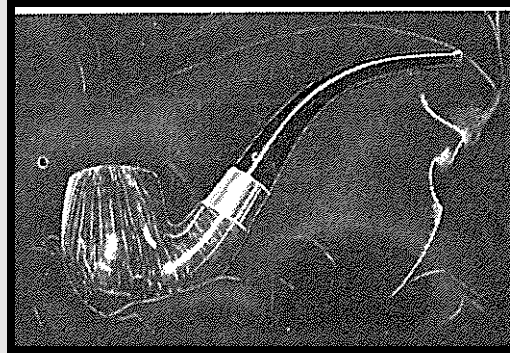


As with cigarette smokers, pipe-users are also becoming "filter conscious". Hardcastle's, who have made high-quality pipes for many years, give customers the option, in twenty-one different shapes, of an absorbent filter to be replaced when saturated, or of a metal nicotine trap enclosed in the stem.

This firm has, after years of research, produced a mouthpiece ideal for gripping with dentures in comfort. In addition, there is the Telebriar (*A mobile telephone/pipe hybrid? Whatever next! Ed.*) and the Phitu. Both have a curved stem which rest on the chin, taking weight off the teeth.

The one to smoke while "looking in" has a slightly smaller bowl than that favoured by motorists.

***A Comoy pipe, valued at five-hundred guineas,  
Is straight-grained throughout, lined with  
Meerschaum, and featuring a 22-carat mount***



Also catching on these days is the new Falcon Pipe, which has an aluminium stem and a detachable briar bowl, allowing a rap for moisture and tobacco tar.

Aluminium absorbs and quickly dispense heat, so that a cool smoke enters the mouth through the stem. More than a million of these pipes have been sold in this country since Falcon was introduced into the English market in November, 1958.

Britain exports a very large number of pipes of all varieties, from clay and corn-cob to cherrywood and the ever-popular briar. I once had one with the bowl fixed in the middle of a wooden raft. You smoked it through a long rubber tube, while relaxing in your bath!

Americans concur with the Red Indians in a liking for large and curiously-shaped bowls – no doubt encouraged by the fact that, for them, tobacco is cheap and plentiful. (*What the blazes! Even in 1962 the Yanks were beneficiaries of cheap pipe tobacco relative to Blighty, Ed.*)

At the recent world pipe-smoking championships (*Ah, those were the days, Ed.*) in the United States, the twenty-three finalists were each given 3.3 grams of the same tobacco – and one matchstick. **Cont. p.11**



# THE BIG DRAW **Cont.**

**HARDCASTLE'S**  
 Royal Windsor Briar  
**THE NEW SANDHEWN PROCESS**



Craftsman made. Natural Root and Dark Root. Hand finished. Absorbent filter ensures dry, clean smoking. Re-inforced push. 18 Exquisite shapes. Individually boxed and gloved. London made. **25/-** Fully guaranteed. From all good tobacconists.

In case of difficulty write for nearest stockist to  
**HARDCASTLE PIPES LTD., 276 Forest Rd., London, E.17**

**UN HOMME MODERNE DOIT SAVOIR DEUX LANGUES : LA SIENNE ET L'ESPERANTO MODERNA HOMO DEVAS SCII DU LINGVOJN: SIAN KAJ ESPERANTON**

**THE MODERN MAN SHOULD KNOW TWO LANGUAGES: HIS OWN AND ESPERANTO**

Send stamp for information about Esperanto, or twenty shillings for "Popular Esperanto Course" (including textbook, two-way dictionary, lesson notes, and help of voluntary expert tutor) to:

Dept. W.W.11  
**The British Esperanto Association, Inc.**  
 140 Holland Park Avenue, London, W.11

**GENUINE NATURAL BRIARS**

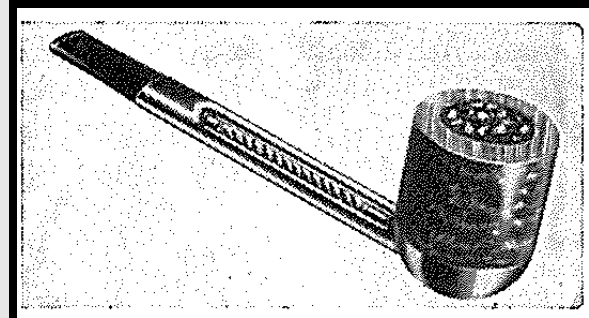
Full of character—the colour matures to a rich mahogany. Specially made by a famous pipemaker for Peter Ross. **ALL SHAPES.** Billiards (as illustrated), light, medium, long, Pot, Lovat, Bent, Military medium and large. 41/- for 6

**7/6 EACH**  
 21/- for three

**SUPER QUALITY.** Fully Guaranteed. 12/6 each, 35/- for 3, 67/6 for 6. All post free. Shapes Leaflet on request.

**PETER ROSS & Co. (Dept. W.W.)**  
**ARUNDEL, SUSSEX**  
 Master Tobacco Blenders





*The Falcon pipe, which features an Aluminium stem and a detachable briar bowl.*

The winner, Richard Austin from Flint, Michigan, managed to make his pipeful last 85 minutes and 10 seconds. The hope of New York's Ann Busselle, one of the three women who qualified, were dashed right at the start – she broke her match!

Understandably, the competition proved a very "big draw". I wonder how it would go down at the next Olympic Games?

Young males often like to try the feel of a new pipe (*That would depend on the circumstances... Ed.*) before a shop mirror to see, I suppose, how it suits the cut of their jibs. Older men, however – and it is usually these who smoke a pipe only – will often cling obstinately to ancient, highly-seasoned, gurgling favourites, seared and split and possibly bound up with bits of string or tape (*Not chaps in THIS pipe club! Perish the thought, Ed.*)

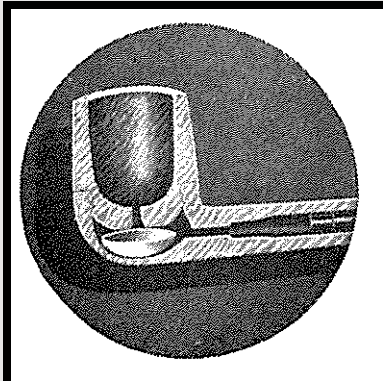
What a blessing it must have been for them when pipe stems were specially constructed to be clutched firmly between false choppers!

Despite the availability of a tremendous range of lighters, most pipe smokers still prefer to use the match, claiming that this does not adversely flavour their first draws of the ignited tobacco.

That is probably why a firm like Bryant & May, who make Swan Vestas especially for smokers, use 30,000 tons of poplar logs every year. One log, incidentally, makes half-a-million matchsticks.

This firm, which was visited on the occasion of its centenary last year by The Queen and Prince Phillip, (*That well known pipe-puffing duo, Ed.*) delivers ninety-million matches a month.

**B.B.**



*A cutaway diagram of a Dadson pipe, the bowl of which screws into its base, which contains an absorbent.*



# The 2015 KPC Raffle (The *other* Big Draw), Ivor's Bothy 26<sup>th</sup> December 2015

*A bright morning at Ivor's.*

## Schoolboy errors on a fair chunter in...

In a bid to escape some of the Xmas nonsense and, more importantly, undertake the 2015 raffle draw, Dazbo and Matron opted to visit a little known rudimentary shelter up on the scenic NW coast not far from Gairloch.

For rudimentary shelter pedants, Ivor's bothy is more of a howff than a bothy, so the label on the door could be considered a tad grandiose by said pedants. Whatever it's taxonomy, Ivor's has a lot of unique character for a small howff and it sits in a cracking location overlooking the sea and snow-capped hills to the north.

After arriving a little later than planned, the chaps set off in the gloaming on the tricky cliff-top path that was to prove trickier with heavy rucksacks and rapidly falling darkness. Rather than do the sensible thing and stop to break-out head-torches, the chaps blundered on, eager for that first beer 'n' bowl. This schoolboy error led to three significant tumbles (Matron 2, Dazbo 1) before torches were deployed to reveal the ever-present treachery that was the sometimes steep cliff-top path.

Ivor's was empty, cold and damp and prior INTEL had indicated a leaky roof which was indeed the case. The fireplace was soggy indicating that no fire had been lit for some time and unfortunately there was also no grate. After fashioning a rudimentary grate out of bits of wire the chaps got a reasonable fire going but it would have been stretching the truth to say that it was ever toasty in there that evening!

**Cont. p. 13**



*Dazbo & Matron enjoying a bowl at the 2015 KPC raffle draw.*



*"In my life so far, I have discovered that there are really only two kinds of people: those who are for you and those who are against you. Learn to recognize them, for they are often and easily mistaken for each other."*

- Lemmy



# The 2015 KPC Raffle (The *other* Big Draw), Ivor's Bothy 26<sup>th</sup> December 2015 *Cont.*

### Raffle stats

We think it is safe to say that our first ever raffle was a complete success. There were nine entrants, who between them purchased 125 tickets (i.e. £125 for club funds, less expenses) for 15 prizes. Everyone who entered had at least one number drawn and thus won a prize, which was most gratifying.

### The draw

Of course being a bothy-based pipe club it seemed only proper that the draw took place in a bothy.

The tickets had been pre-folded by Matron and stored in an empty Bothy Flake tin (*Naturally, Ed.*) but upon assessment this was not deemed a suitable receptacle for the draw itself. Fortunately, Ivor's is one of those howffs that resembles The Old Curiosity Shop, in that it has all manner of curios and tat adorning its rustic shelves.

An old-fashioned sweetie jar was purloined and was deemed to be just the tool for the job, once covered in copious aluminium foil to ensure total anonymity and thwart any Cylon activity.

The tickets were carefully decanted from the Bothy Flake tin into the jar and then agitated vigorously. The draw was made with Dazbo and Matron taking alternate tickets with enthusiastic and stylish agitation in between draws. Pauses were few - with the jar lid firmly in-situ - and only for imbibing refreshments and tamping one's bowl.

As each ticket was drawn a note of the number and position in the draw was made in the ledger. The drawn tickets were also replaced in the Bothy Flake tin in case of a steward's enquiry. We can report that the draw passed off without incident and all winners were contacted in order of the draw to choose their prizes.

### Thanks

Thanks to all those who entered the raffle this year. Special thanks must go to our very generous prize donors: Argentum Bender, DUD, Maclean Dorward of GT Coventry, Major Ellis Dee and The Blender of Samuel Gawith, who made this year's raffle a reality. Well done chaps!

### The 2015 KPC raffle results.

Draw placing	Ticket number	Prize Winner
1 <sup>st</sup>	83	Paul Wilson
2 <sup>nd</sup>	36	Doug Gavin
3 <sup>rd</sup>	84	Paul Wilson
4 <sup>th</sup>	91	The Count
5 <sup>th</sup>	94	The Count
6 <sup>th</sup>	20	The Hackney Hobo
7 <sup>th</sup>	30	The Blender
8 <sup>th</sup>	53	Puff Puff
9 <sup>th</sup>	115	The Count
10 <sup>th</sup>	5	Dutch Pipesmoker
11 <sup>th</sup>	8	The Hackney Hobo
12 <sup>th</sup>	65	Dazbo
13 <sup>th</sup>	99	The Count
14 <sup>th</sup>	3	Dutch Pipesmoker
15 <sup>th</sup>	124	Major Ellis Dee

### Shake 'n' baked – Dazbo gets all agitated for the raffle draw.



### Ivor's Review Scorecard (out of 5):

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



## New Member Welcome

### Paul Wilson

Paul, 44, hails from Aberdeen. He got in touch via the KPC website (after researching defunct Scottish pipe clubs on the internet) expressing a keen interest in joining the KPC whilst at the same time making excuses that Kearvaig was too far to visit on his lunch break, or something like that. Of course whilst insisting that standards must be maintained, a closer look at this chap's pleadings revealed that a) his grandfather won an award at the 1975 Scottish Pipe Smoking Championships and b) he sports a beard. The membership committee voted 1 to 0 that his application be accepted citing the rationale that the KPC could benefit from some time-served experience and associated kudos of a former champion puffball and, importantly, we simply need more beards; especially since Bingae has de-foliated his fine mutton chops recently.

Whilst lunching-out on his Grandfather's exemplary credentials Paul then went on to explain that *"he is a relative newcomer to pipe smoking."* Of course by this time it was too late to rescind his offer of membership as he'd already purchased his 2015 raffle tickets... To make a further mockery of the membership committee, he only then went and one first bloody prize! Let this be a lesson to us all: this is what happens when a reputable pipe club fails to maintain standards!

Anyway, Paul started life as a cigar smoker but grew tired of the snobbishness associated with the folded leaf and he says now that he simply enjoys his pipe more. His current favourite pipe is a Peterson's Shamrock. He also has a Mr Brog No. 51 'Amigo' and a Dr. Plumb of unknown heritage in his arsenal.

He is currently on a significant exploration of pipe tobaccos (*Like the rest of us then, Ed.*) and cites Ogden's Walnut Flake as his current favourite tobacco. Residing in Aberdeen means that Paul does have the distinct advantage of a local tobacconist nearby, namely Herbert Love's (*Bothy points awarded for supporting his local emporium, Ed.*) that has a decent selection and offers 12g sampler bags for the explorer.

When not smoking his pipe Paul is dad to three girls and likes to do a spot of cycle touring to get out of the city. His 'local' rudimentary shelter is Charr; an MBA affair that has no fireplace (due to some odd policy dictated by the estate owners) and nasty plastic patio chairs that would no doubt end up in the fire if there was one.

We would like to take this opportunity in giving our new chap a warm welcome and we hope to see him at a rudimentary shelter soon.

**Bothy name: Raffles**

*Paul says he likes to dress down, walk off to the wilds on his own to old buildings and smoke his pipe in empty rooms before putting his camera in a fish bowl and taking photos of himself smoking his pipe. We think he'll fit right in!*



### **Advertisement:**

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**FLAKE OR RUBBED OUT**



## New Member Welcome

### Francesco Oliverio

Francesco who likes to be called 'Franco' (*Probably doesn't holiday much on the Iberian Peninsula then, Ed.*), 55, is from Pavia, a picturesque and historic town in Italy not far from Milan.

Franco learned of the KPC after trying some Bothy Flake following a recommendation on an Italian pipe forum and was impressed enough to contact us seeking membership; good effort *Signore* old chap! Having smoked a pipe for 25 years and sporting a fine beard we skipped the usual membership formalities (*And just in case he had any pals in Sicily.., Ed.*) and let him join with immediate effect with the only proviso that he knocks up some authentic Italian pizza when he eventually gets to a bothy.

Another mark in this chap's favour was that he says that he mostly smokes Samuel Gawith tobaccos listing: Balkan, Perfection, Squadron Leader as his preferred blends. Complaining of high prices in Italy for tobacco, Franco says that he nips across the border to Switzerland to pick up a few tins, although the limit is 250g per person. To circumvent this he takes his wife with him on tobacco shopping trips; which has to be one of the best reasons that this pipe club periodical has ever heard of to get hitched! (*Also confirms the stereotype that those Italian chaps wear the pantaloons and are smooth operators, Ed.*)

When he was 19, Franco served a year in the Italian military as an anti-aircraft artilleryman where he informs us that: "*I never shot down a Squadron Leader as I preferred to smoke it!*" Hmmmm, could be something missing in the translation there so we'll just move onto Franco's other great passions... He enjoys a lot of music including the blues, 70's & 80's stuff, Miles Davis, Bruce Springsteen and The Rolling Stones. Well chaps, there's a lineup that rarely gets heard in a bothy but it is unlikely that Franco will get to Scotland in the near future so not to worry just now. (*He better make a dashed good pizza then, Ed.*)

A staunch member of the '*Fiat 500 Club Italia*' Franco says that being a pipe smoker is a real boon when he has to wait for the breakdown truck for his 1967 Fiat 500 (*Just as well he doesn't smoke top end Havanas as he'd be destitute by now, Ed.*).

Franco also says that his 13-year old daughter acts as his English teacher but he does want to learn a bit more Anglo-Saxon himself so that one day he'll be able to keep up with the bothy banter.

It is comforting to see that the KPC's 'Europipe' outreach programme is working rather well, despite the piss-poor Westminster Government's worst efforts in irritating our Continental brothers of the briar, so we would like to extend a warm KPC welcome to Franco.

**Bothy name: The General** (*Obviously, Ed.*)



***Franco with his Bothy Flake and impressive pipe collection.***



***He cites Charatan, Dunhill, Ashton, BBB, Orlik, Castello and Peterson as his favourite pipes.***





## Internet Round-up

### The Bothy and the Flake



**Editorial note:** This short article about Bothy Flake is from a blog from the website of Romanian pipe maker Rolando Negoita: <http://www.atelierrolando.com/> who now lives and works in the US. He makes some very high end pipes and his website is worth a look.

December 21, 2015

By Warren Wigutow.

I have recently discovered a new flake tobacco that has me all fired up. I do want to tell you what it is and why I'm prepared to go on about it excessively, but (you knew there would be one of those) first I must share with you an anecdote that does not particularly make me look stalwart, wise or even competent. At my expense, the tale goes something like this:

A few years ago I was visiting a wonderful tobacco shop in Fairfax, Virginia called John B. Hayes Tobacconist. I was perusing their pipe offerings and ended up purchasing a rather large Castello that had caught my eye. The store manager complimented me on my selection and asked if I would like to try his favourite tobacco. "Sure" I said, "That's very kind of you." I was presented with Samuel Gawith's 1792 Flake, then unknown to me, and I proceed to load up the Castello's commodious bowl with this pungent pressed tobacco. Saying my thanks and goodbyes I headed out to my car to begin the 40 minute drive home delighted with my purchase and eager to try this new tobacco. Pipe burning nicely, I pulled out onto a highway I had travelled numerous times before and puffing away contentedly I drove towards home.

Things get a little sketchy after this. The next thing I remember is driving down a very nice residential neighbourhood that I did not recognize. Not sure why or how I got there I thought it might be a good idea to pull over and try to reconnoitre. Seeing no obvious threat from any quarter it occurred to me that perhaps I should close my eyes for a moment and then devise a route home that took into account this unfamiliar terrain. Depending on what my objective was at that moment, this was either experimentally cavalier or profoundly stupid. As I closed my eyes, the humble Corolla in which I sat suddenly transformed into a multi-million dollar NASA flight simulator. As the G forces pressed me into my seat I frantically grabbed the steering wheel to anchor me in place and braced my feet against the protesting floorboards intent on riding out this training mission for which I now felt I had signed up in error. A very long hour followed.

I can report that the earth settled back into its proper orbit and that there was no permanent damage done to me, the car or the neighbourhood and I did get home eventually.

Fast forward (not too fast) to about a week ago. Samuel Gawith has recently released a new tobacco in partnership with the Kearvaig Pipe Club of Scotland. It is called Bothy Flake. A Bothy is a small structure that can be found in remote areas of Scotland, Ireland, Wales and the north of England. It is a cost free shelter for hikers and wilderness adventurers who need a place to rest and to seek cover. I was intrigued by the name of this blend and drawn to the story of the spirited and eccentric members of the Kearvaig Pipe Club who travel many miles through the wild hills of Scotland to meet at the Bothy on Kearvaig Bay to enjoy a dram and to avoid the disapproving eye of the tobacco police and other self-appointed custodians of the public good. The blend is Virginia based with a bit of Latakia and a subtle splash of peaty Highland malt whisky. I was so fascinated at the prospect of trying this tobacco that I set aside the memories of trauma and disgrace (many perfectly normal people smoke 1792 Flake without incident) and dove in.

What a lovely tobacco! The sweetness of the Virginias paired with a hint of Latakia smokiness just shines through the top note of faint peat and maltiness. This is a cool weather smoke that comes alive in the crisp air. The burn is great with a bit of drying and its medium strength makes it an all-day delight. The members of the Kearvaig Pipe club, who most certainly are stalwart, wise and competent, have given us a fine blend that Samuel Gawith has made widely available. I still avoid the 1792 but the same can be said for tequila as well. That story is for another time.....



## Internet Round-up cont.

**Editorial note:** The following is a translation of a review about Bothy Flake from a German pipe forum 'Pfeifen & Mehr' (Pipes & More).

The Head Honcho of this forum is a chap called Bodo Falkenried from Munich, and from what we can gather is a self-appointed 'expert' on posh pipes and other luxury goods. His review on the German 'Pipes & More' forum of Bothy Flake is disparaging, as one can judge from the first picture in his piece. This, of course, is absolutely fine as anyone is entitled to critique our club blend in any way they choose.

What was, however, not quite so fine, was his judgmental criticism of the KPC thus: "...one does not presume that the club is really interested in passionate indulgence in tobacco and elegant smoking equipment." Well Mr. Falkenried, old bean, we think that your *uber*-narrow interpretation how to enjoy pipe smoking is, if we are to remain polite, pompous in the extreme. You, Sir, are welcome to smoke your pipe in any manner you choose, and no one, least of all the KPC, is forcing you to sit clad only in your y-fronts in a shed in the middle of nowhere for a wee puff. Therefore, may we ask simply that you stick to reviewing pipe tobaccos rather than the activities of less-than-moribund pipe clubs? There's a good chap.

Revenge was ours, however, as after realizing that Mr. Falkenried had put a link up on his forum to our website (to the 2014 AGM 'Pants People' page no less) we decided to leave a wee message for his audience:



We think that even the most *British* of linguists will be able to gather a rough understanding of our 'red message' above...

### Samuel Gawith, Bothy Flake



Since 1792 Samuel Gawith has been presenting outstanding tobaccos and together with Gawith & Hoggarth created the classification 'Lakeland Tobaccos'. Various Samuel Gawith and Gawith & Hoggarth tobaccos are described in our Forum Reviews. **Cont. p.18**



## Internet Round-up cont.

Our one and only Forum tobacco, the Epikur, a pure Virginia Plug is manufactured by Samuel Gawith.



Bothy-Flake was introduced in autumn of 2014 and is described as 'A *Kearvaig Pipe Club Tobacco*'. Bothy means a hut in remote areas, usually minimally equipped. From time to time the Messrs. of the Kearvaig Pipe Club retreat for their illustrious moots, which unfortunately are very aesthetically and honorably documented on their website. I will not talk more about this, the photos on their website do the talking and one does not presume that the club is really interested in passionate indulgence in tobacco and elegant smoking equipment. But as always: Each to their own taste.



The flake pieces in the tin are quite evenly and thinly cut. SG is not known to do so and the tobacco looks good. But you cannot compare it to MacBaren, Orlik, or Dunhill and how much they take care of the cut; the SG flake pieces simply remain carelessly and neglectfully cut.



A typical SG Virginia with a little bit of Latakia and allegedly 'typical Highland Malt Whisky' (ESSENCE!!!). The only one who smells it is who read the description before. They could have used turpentine ore some varnish remover. You already see where this is leading to. **Cont. p. 19**



## Internet Round-up cont.

The flake is not exceptionally wet but can be used for 'instant consumption'. It is easy to light and burns evenly. And that is it.

I do not know how to achieve a non-aroma when it is burning down. An appreciated member of our forum and known tobacco expert often talks about a 'one-dimensionality' of certain tobaccos. I always regarded this as a nice but not really applicable criterion. But by smoking 'Bothy Flake' I have been enlightened. There also is the none-dimensionality.

I am not able to describe the Flake in a more subtle way because there is nothing to report. Neither something negative, nor something positive. There is absolutely nothing. After three attempts I gave up.

Why do I review it at all? Well, there is a nice label on the tin.

There are a lot of much better Virginia flakes, as well from SG. If you take 'Dunhill Flake' for example it seems to come from a different planet.

*By Bodo Falkenried (Bothy name: Frodo Balkanheid, Ed.)*



The Editorial Team is very grateful to KPC member Count Blofeld for taking the time and translating this guff.

### Review of Samuel Gawith Bothy Flake (the Kearvaig Pipe Club) from the Straight Razor Place: Chris3Hoog, West Flanders, Belgium, 30/07/2015

Some say they smell peaty whisky, more specific Lagavulin!? I missed the peat, perhaps a lack of imagination, but there's a scent to it that reminds me of whisky, that's for sure. Perhaps that's just a +1 for SG. As always with Samuel Gawith it's too moist fresh out of the tin, so I let it dry for a couple of hours before I cube cut the flake and loaded the pipe.

It needs a couple of relights but it burns well and delivers a cool smoke with no bite at all. The Virginia plays the first fiddle with the Latakia playing in the background. Certainly not a Latakia bomb. Compare it a bit to Squadron Leader for the latakia. I taste the whole bowl something sweet, but not the same thing as with their Celtic Talisman or worse Grousemoor. Not that typical Lakeland smell/taste, something I don't like. Therefore the +1. Good quality Virginia as usual with SG, a bit more Latakia would not hurt but I can live with that. Fine tobacco, glad I bought me 2 tins.

For a moment in my thoughts I was in a bothy somewhere in the Highlands of Scotland after a day backpack-hiking enjoying a good dram of Laphroaig with my mates.



Thank you Sergeant Matron, thumbs up.

Friendly greetings,

Chris

P.S. If you really appreciate Whisky don't smoke it, taste it out of a nosing glass.

**Editorial note:** Nice use of a Leatherman tool as a pipe rack. Not so sure about the flake in the whisky glass though; must be a Belgian thing.



## ***Pipe Realpolitik: What do English, Balkans and now Russians have in common? Answer: Latakia, of course!***

- ***B&B uncovers the real reason for the Russian intervention in Syria***
- ***Global threat to Syrian Latakia uncovered***

### **Background**

As even the most ill-informed brother-of-the-briar will know, Syrian Latakia has, for some time and for a multitude of reasons, been rather scarce, with the majority of 'Latakia' now produced in Cyprus these days. This situation, of course, has created a problem. No offence to those Cypriot chaps who knock out some splendid leaf, but the puffball-purist often simply *demands* Syrian Latakia; rather like a wine buff preferring Champagne over Cava or Tennents lager for example.

Then that springy-Arab-thingy happened which promptly turned into a bit of a bish and the proles in Syria got a tad miffed with their dictator 'President' Bash-Alan-Asshead and subsequently everything in Syria has ended up in a bit of a pickle that, sadly, continues to this day. Of course this had grave effects for all manner of things and the already scarce smoky leaf became even scarcer as a result, but until recently enough supplies were still getting through to keep the pipes of the world's Lat-heads reeking appropriately.

Your favourite pipe club periodical, however, has - despite the risk of the KGB popping round for a chat and a pot of tea and Polonium (*One lump or two, Ed.*) - uncovered some skulduggery regarding the hallowed smoky Syrian leaf that makes the Cuban missile crisis look like mix-up in the firework box on bonfire night. Read on.

### **The Great Bear awakes...**

On 30<sup>th</sup> September 2015 the Great Bear of Russia came out of hibernation and formally commenced military operations in Syria at the 'invitation' of that besieged barrel-bombing Asshead rum cove. (*Or perhaps they just felt left out as everyone else seemed to be playing with their new toys in Syria and Russia has lots of new toys to play with too? Ed.*) What the blazes has this unremarkable fact got to do with the world of pipe smoking we hear you cry? Well, all pipe smokers, especially you English and Balkan (*Poor nomenclature for styles of pipe tobacco admittedly, but in this context we'll let it go, Ed.*) loving chaps out there had better be paying attention as the information in this article affects YOU!

**Cont. p.22**

### **Map of Syria showing Latakia**



***Russia's President Putin-the-Bootin hatching his evil plans for the domination of the Latakia fields of Syria (Translates as: "The tobacco is MINE!" Ed.)***





## Pipe Realpolitik Cont.

The Syrian cover-story for the actions of *the gremlin from the Kremlin*, namely Russia's President Putin-the-Bootin himself, is that he has very kindly swooped in to give those pesky Jihadi fellows a good duffing on behalf of Asshead. Of course, the reality is very different and once again our award-winning investigative journalists have unearthed the truth behind the propaganda with its potentially catastrophic consequences for the Syrian smoky leaf. Yes chaps, Bootin's adventures in Syria are nothing more than another war over resources (*Although, for once, it's not's the Yanks cutting-up rough as the pipe smoking lobby has been enfeebled in the US these days, Ed.*) and this time it's not the liquid black-gold but the leafy black-gold he's after. Yes chaps, that blaggard Bootin wants your, er, Syria's Latakia all to himself!

### Tobacco adventurism

Fresh from invading Crimea and Ukraine, Bootin (*Having found no decent baccy worth plundering there, Ed.*) has sought to extend his adventurous behaviour, this time in Syria, as, after these incursions, he learned that NATO (North Atlantic Tobacco Organisation) is essentially a talking shop who stood-by and mumbled a few platitudes about Bootin being a bounder etc.. This time, however, there is a clear and present danger to NATO (and all innocent pipe smokers in the free world) in that Syria produces vast amounts of fine tobacco including, of course, Latakia; the smoky elixir of life. Now before all you lubberly Lat-haters out there get all smug about such threats to the Lat-heads leaf, you should consider what designs that Bootin will have on Virginia for example, if his expansionist ways are not checked and soon by Jingo! Yes *straight-Virginia* chaps, (*And of course not forgetting LGBT-Virginia chaps, Ed.*) you'd better banish any smugness as it could be your beloved leaf next...

### Lat-bombers

The biggest clue as to the real intentions of the well-known pipe-smoking Russian President is, of course, the location of the now (thanks to B&B) not-so-secret Russian airbase: the port city of Latakia. Setting up shop in the heart of smoky-leaf country was breath-taking in its audacity and thus far has left NATO reeling once again. Doesn't *anyone* in NATO high command smoke a Latakia laden pipe anymore? As if playing with depleted uranium - when it suits them - is any bloody safer than having a wee puff in the Officer's mess of an evening! **Cont. p.23**

***Our investigative journalists have secured this satellite image of the Russian airbase at Latakia that clearly shows Bootin's tobacco plundering facilities.***





## Pipe Realpolitik Cont.

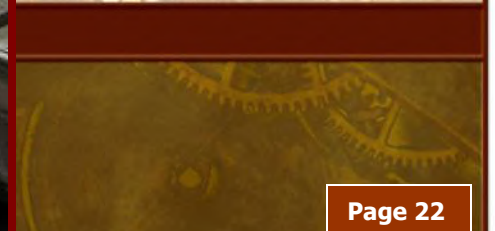
**Bootin's fiendish propaganda even promises the kids cheap baccy...**



This brazen move gives a whole new meaning to the phrase 'Lat-Bomb' as Russian Sukhois and Migs, bristling with armaments, line the Latakia airbase runway this very day. Meanwhile the Russian navy sits off shore guarding the convoys as the entire crop of Syrian smoky-leaf is spirited away to be stored in defunct Russian salt mines no doubt. These are indeed dark days for the dark leaf and Lat-lovers worldwide who are suffering whilst all the mainstream media can do is regurgitate press releases from the main players as if this is some twisted modern day War & Peace tragedy.

Additionally, B&B has uncovered another ploy that reveals the raw cunning of the Great Bear's Bootin. With the former Russian disastrous misadventure in 80's Afghanistan now beyond the memory of today's young recruits (*And the fact that that particular mess was eventually sorted out by Sly Stallone with his fancy bow and arrows in Rambo III, Ed.*) Bootin is good to go. Combine this fact with the well-known fact that *all* Russian soldiers smoke, er, like troopers, the ever-canny Bootin will have no trouble with morale among his troops as he hands out tons of free Syrian baccy to the boys in the Red Army. This is a simple, cheap and very effective way of keeping any Bolshies on side. **Cont. p.24**

**Russian troops sunning themselves at Latakia. (Maybe they're not so bad after all? Ed.)**





## Pipe Realpolitik Cont.

### A call to armchairs!

Now that you are aware of the *real* reason for the Russian intervention into Syria dear reader, we think it is high time that the pipe chap got out of his armchair and not just to pour another large one or relieve himself. We think you'll agree that standards are not being maintained and therefore something *must* be done about this vile threat to our beloved Syrian Latakia.

To start the ball rolling B&B has covertly contacted the well-known Russian feminist punk band 'Pipe Babe Riot' about this threat. Clearly recognising the staunch punk-feminist stance of this publication, these colourful pipe babes welcomed our approaches and wasted no time in getting stuck in. Indeed, *Pipe Babe Riot* is already well known for their high-profile public displays of punky civil disobedience in furthering the cause of Russian Pipe Babe rights in Russia. For a few tins of Bothy Flake, smuggled behind the Iron Curtain as a morale booster, these colourful pipe babes have responded magnificently by releasing a single: "*Bootin Lights up the Briars*" which includes withering lyrics such as "*Bootin lights the briars of revolution*". We think that with such cutting lyrics combined with some three-chord punk riffs, the battle on the home front is already a forgone conclusion!

Meanwhile B&B have petitioned our contacts in the monolithic MOD for a spot of old-fashioned gunboat diplomacy, followed by an invasion of Russia to capture that Bootin blighter and bring him to General Hague for trial, but they glibly declined and informed us (*Only after enclosing a SAE with our request, Ed.*) that: "... *We only do deserts these days and then only when the Americans say it's alright. Besides we are presently out of musket balls due to Government austerity and them raiding the piggybank for renewing submersible Cold War relics*" (*Perhaps if there was oil in Latakia and Tony BLIAR was still President we'd be in there like a flash! Ed.*). We think that this is definitely bad form and the fulminating pipe-chap could be forgiven for wondering what his pipe tobacco taxes, now in excess of £100/kg, (*Yes, a chap could purchase about ten BARRELS of oil for that these days, Ed.*) are being spent on these days. Besides, what does Bootin have to do to get NATO to intervene; invade St James parish for pity's sake!? These are indeed desperate days for the Lat-loving pipe smoker. **Cont. p.25**

*Free or not these babes are worth a listen.*



*The feisty young fillies of Pipe Babe Riot sticking the boot in to Bootin.*



**"If you think you're too old to rock 'n' roll, then you are."  
- Lemmy**



## Pipe Realpolitik Cont.

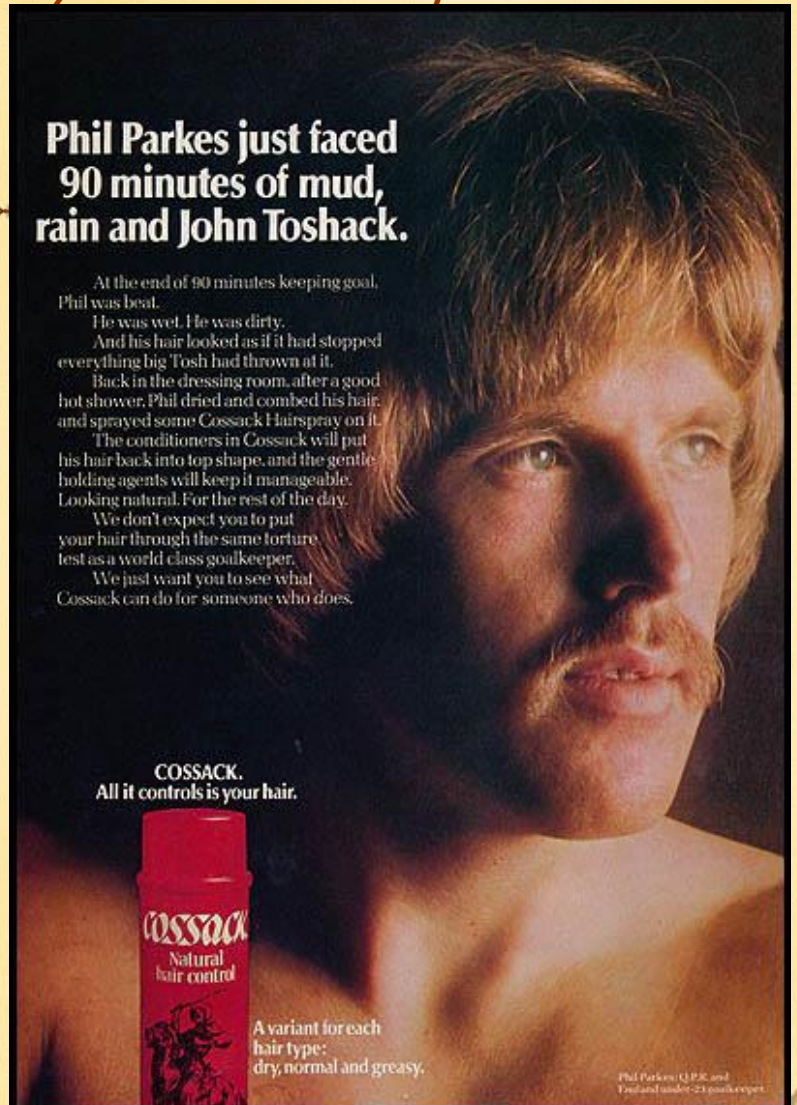
Now that you are aware of the gravity of the situation facing our beloved leaf and that NATO is as about as useful as an ashtray on a motorcycle, it falls to us pick up the fallen baccy-banner of freedom and sally-forth, huzzah! Yes chaps, along with our unlikely allies in *Pipe Babe Riot*, it's down to us stick the stout brogue into Messrs. Bootin, Asshead and their chums and we don't even need a 'dodgy dossier' to make them rue the day!

To this end we have put together a ten-point action plan, including biting sanctions, that you can adopt to help us win the war on the eastern front and ultimately force Bootin to pull out of Syria and save our leaf:

1. Ease off on the canapes and in particular stop munching Russian caviar. Of course for the chap this is a toughie, but this should throttle a significant Russian export industry enough for questions to be asked at the highest level in the politburo of Bootin's misadventures.
2. Stockpile your favourite Syrian Latakia containing blends. This may sound selfish and it is, but it could be a long campaign! We suggest going online on the pipe forums to seek advice on how to do this successfully from our American puffball pals, as they are world leaders in personal baccy-mountains. Most of them are also only too pleased to tell you just how many cwt of baccy they have in their cellars...
3. Sell your shares in MacBaren, just in case things get a tad rough and they cannot produce their *HH Vintage Syrian* anymore.
4. Don't by a Lada. (*Not that any discerning chap would anyway, but perhaps persuading a few rougher types down at your local to desist from such a purchase would be useful, Ed.*)
5. Don't use 'Cossack' hairspray for men. (*Not that any discerning chap would anyway, but perhaps persuading a few rougher types down at your local to desist from such a purchase would be useful, Ed.*)
6. Don't drink Vodka. (*Not that any discerning chap would anyway, but perhaps persuading a few rougher types down at your local to desist from such a purchase would be useful, Ed.*)
7. Even though it is winter, keep a stiff-upper-lip and stick to your fedora instead of your Ushanka.
8. Don't sport a walrus style moustache.
9. Sign our online petition:  
<https://petition.parliament.uk/>"Save Syrian Latakia from Russian Aggression". If we get 100,000 signatures Parliament will be forced to chat about it for a while and then dismiss it out of hand.
10. Don't wear Russian underpants. (*Because Chernobyl fallout, obviously, Ed.*)

Cont. p.26

**NO! Ignore the gibberish of Parkesey and stick to your favourite brand of pomade.**



**Phil Parkes just faced 90 minutes of mud, rain and John Toshack.**

At the end of 90 minutes keeping goal, Phil was beat.  
He was wet. He was dirty.  
And his hair looked as if it had stopped everything big Tosh had thrown at it.  
Back in the dressing room, after a good hot shower, Phil dried and combed his hair, and sprayed some Cossack Hairspray on it.  
The conditioners in Cossack will put his hair back into top shape, and the gentle holding agents will keep it manageable. Looking natural. For the rest of the day.  
We don't expect you to put your hair through the same torture test as a world class goalkeeper.  
We just want you to see what Cossack can do for someone who does.

**COSSACK.**  
All it controls is your hair.

**COSSACK**  
Natural hair control

A variant for each hair type:  
dry, normal and greasy.

Phil Parkes: © P&G and Unilever London 24 month expiry





## Pipe Realpolitik Cont.

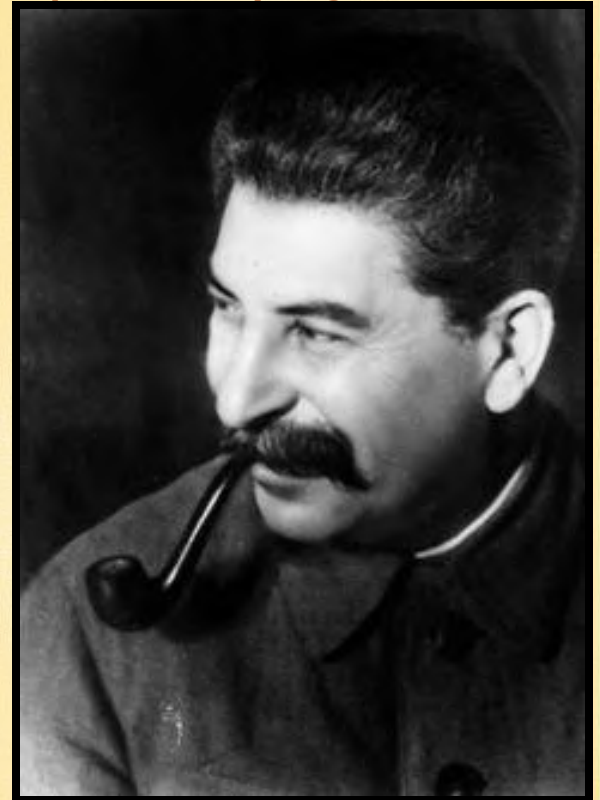
Although we recognise your sacrifice, we think following the above list could be our only hope for saving the smoky leaf. The B&B Editorial Team will, of course, keep you updated with progress of the campaign. KPC members are encouraged to write in and tell us of their sacrifices. We are also in the midst of setting up a Lat-heads support group called *Latakia Anonymous* just in case things get bogged-down on the eastern front.

But the Editorial Team at B&B like to look on the bright side and with some grit and luck it should all be over by Xmas and we can go back to the caviar and warm ears etc. with a clear conscience.

**Yes chaps, the proles are going to get a rocket when they're forced back onto the sub-standard ciggies!**



**Ha! Bootin won't be grinning and stuffing his briar with stolen Latakia when our 10-point plan has been implemented by Jingo!**



**Chaps, simply say "NO!" to vodka.**



**"Vodka goes well with just about anything, except decisions."**  
- Anon.



# A Feelin' for the Sheilin: Pipes Smoked at Sheilin of Mark Bothy, 20<sup>th</sup> January

*A long way to come for a smoke: a snowy Sheilin of Mark awaited the chaps, eventually...*

### A Happy New Year

Aside from the fact that it was the weekend before the night of that bard Burns fellow – the time, along with Hogmanay, when folk that don't go to bothies, go to bothies – and the weather was shaping up to be rather dirty, it seemed a perfectly sound idea to sally forth to explore a new midwinter bothy for all the chaps present.

Giving the career laggards, namely Bingae, Cave Fud and Dazbo, a taste of their own snake-oil for once, Matron arrived fashionably late at the Loch Muick car park to the inevitable chorus of faux groans. No attempt at Gentlemanly placation was offered, however, other than to cite the decommissioning of his hyperdrive by Imperial Stormtroopers for his unusual tardiness. The ne'er-do-wells, for some reason, did not seem to take this explanation at face value...

Presently, amid the jocular pre-moot shenanigans that so often prophetically sets the tone for the evening, a challenging 30kg of coal was decanted into subsidiary bags to be hauled in by the chaps. The 10kg overage from the normal bothy fuel carriage procedure would prove a real boon later in the day, although at the time of shouldering rucksacks that was not realised and only expletives could be heard.

### Wasters lost in the wastes


The merry band set-off from Spittal of Glen Muick up a steep, v-shaped glen with the Allt Darrarie in a roaring spate from snow melt. The sign of things to come began around 500m elevation where deep, soft snow was encountered, obliterating all signs of the path. At the head of the glen the land changed to bleak, rugged snow-covered moorland - with bear-pit sized holes for the unwary - that proved tough going for the chaps. As any outdoorsman will tell you, navigating in such places under the snow can be a tad tricky and it is often best to refer to and then trust in one's prismatic compass; that is of course if one can be bothered to get it out of one's pocket. Cue Matron's: *"It's this way chaps"* whilst casually leaving the prismatic firmly in his pocket. After about a mile of excruciating trudging through the snow under a leaden sky Matron had to admit to *"Being a tad off course"* (Bothy points deducted, Ed.). Dazbo, being the most stoic of top-hole chaps graciously refrained from any criticism with an undeserved: *"Naebor neebz, we'll jist hae tae bash on"*, whilst Bingae and cave Fud were simply too distant and fried to be aware of their inherited predicament. **Cont. p.28**



*Which way now? The desolate snowy wastes of the 'Mark await the unwary.*




### Sheilin of Mark Review Scorecard (out of 5):

Building fabric = 

Fireplace =  \*

Facilities = 

Cosiness = 

Pipe friendliness = 

\* Only when supplemented with a tin foil baffle.





## A Feelin' for the Sheilin, Cont.

This time, however, Matron made no mention of a problematic hyperdrive... (*Wise move, Ed.*)

After about three-quarters of an hour of slogging and cursing the white stuff, the chaps arrived at a burn, still unsure of their exact position. With the wind getting up and threatening sleet, Matron was dispatched on a swift reccy. Luckily (for him especially) the bothy was spotted at a grossly under-estimated *"About 400 metres chaps!"* About 700m and 15 minutes later the welcoming green door of the tiny stone-built Sheilin-of-Mark (SoM) bothy was shoved open by Dazbo and Matron at 16:30; 3 hours since leaving Glen Muick.

### Sheilin-of-Mark

With its single square window it was very gloomy inside the small, single-roomed hut. The INTEL-predicted stove was gone leaving just the open fire, but the place was in good order for a *very* rudimentary, rudimentary-shelter. Wasting no time the fire grate was adjusted and the fire ignited as it was deathly cold inside. Presently, the tail-end Charlies stumbled in with a less than eloquent chorus of *"I'm knackered, where's my beer?!"* and worse. SoM is reputedly not a well-used bothy and the lack of tracks outside appeared to support this status. In fact, the cold stone walls were glistening with condensation indicating a severe *"Negative thermal index"*, according to Bingae, our erstwhile apprentice physicist... (*Not knackered enough to stop talking pish then? Ed.*) Most chaps would simply refer to this scenario as being a tad chilly. With the fire lit, bowls lit, gramophone on, furniture re-arranged, door shut and beer open, the place was soon fit for the first KPC moot of the New Year.

Cave Fud, having walked in with nae gaiters (*Could that unfortunate condition be known as naeters perhaps? Ed.*) had a job on to extricate himself from his frozen boots and socks in a special trench-foot quarantine area at the back of the bothy. Judging by the grunting and *"Sake Min's"* emanating from the back of the bothy his fellow pipe club pals began to wonder if he had smuggled in something inflatable that was not a sleeping mat... An interrogational head-torch or two shone in his direction, however, merely revealed an exhausted madman struggling to don dry trooz 'n' socks, accompanied with 'beathian curses before making it safely back to the cosy environs of the body of the kirk.

**Cont p.29**

**Lang may yer lum reek: Bingae, Cave Fud & Dazbo huddle round the SoM fire.**





## A Feelin' for the Sheilin, Cont.

*A fine example of Bothyus mensa.*

The gable end seemed to be sucking the heat out of the fire and it took sometime before 'bunnets and doon jaikets' could be dispensed with. Early briars proved to be just the ticket for cold digits. The bothy telly soon reached autonomy (*An event of note on a winter bothy night, Ed.*) but this revealed another challenge in that too much coal placed upon the established base in a oner simply filled the room with noxious colloid. Dazbo was elected as fire marshal since he was closest to the coal-fire axis. His dexterity and dedication to duty was enhanced by the time-honored sheet of tin-foil above the fireplace trick to improve the draw. Results were moderately successful until an old coal sack was ambitiously placed on the fire thus reeking out the room once again requiring the bloody door to be opened and thereby sending Bingae's *negative thermal index* into a nosedive. The fire, like a fickle pipe babe, proved to be a high maintenance affair!



*Bingae's devastating pipe pus is only enhanced by a crazy hat/headtorch combo.*



Despite being what would be charitably described as a very basic shelter, the chaps agreed that SoM had "*something about it*" and if a fire had been lit constantly for 72 hours would no doubt be rather cosy in there. The weather had deteriorated markedly to driven sleet illuminated by a not quite full, eerie and milky moon, but with the small room warming-up steadily attention was shifted to the finer things in life. After a substantial supper, a brace of splendid Havanas appeared and were shared to the approval of all present. A suggestion of forming a KPC off-shoot '*The Sheilin of Mark Cigar Club*' was proffered but fortunately soon dissipated in the unique bothy-fug created by the amalgamation of fine pipe/cigar smoke and cask-strength whisky (*Besides, 'Briar & Cigars' has a distinct lack of alliterative advantage, Ed.*). Combined with a leaky fireplace the chance of a case or two of bothy-lung were odds on for the morning.

**Cont. p.30**

**"Ye kin tak a man oot ae tha bothy, but ye cannae tak tha bothy oot ae tha man."**  
- Cave Fud's New Year message

**"You can take the Fud out of the cave, but you can't take the cave out of the Fud."**  
- Matron's New Year message to Cave Fud



## A Feelin' for the Sheilin, Cont.

### A poignant commemoration but no dancin' in the Sheilin...

Readers will be already be aware of the death of Lemmy and a commemorative toast to the great man was dutifully proposed by Matron and honored enthusiastically by all present, with the following half an hour of Motörhead classics less so! Nevertheless, the Marlboro-induced gravelly tones of Lemmy Kilmister rocked the walls of the Sheilin in a fitting manner and were infinitely preferable to some limp bastardised KPC rendition of the 1986 Lionel Ritchie 'classic' "Dancin' in the Sheilin" (*Ohohoh! What a feeling... To forget! Ed.*) for example, ahem. Perhaps this was the first time that such sounds were echoed in this wee space out in the snowy wastes? We shall probably never know but if you are reading this account and you have visited SoM and cranked-up 'The Heid' then please write in.

Interestingly, other heroes were evident in this enigmatic shack as Bingae pointed-out - amidst all the usual tasteless name-and-association-football-based-graffiti - the splendid and humorous epitaph: "BROOKS WAS HERE", desperately scrawled on one of the beams which cued the chaps up for some recitals of memorable moments from 'The Shawshank Redemption'; a film that a chap should see at least twenty times before entering the sewage outfall of his life.

Due to the arduous nature of the walk-in, amplified magnificently by Matron's navigational blunder, it was a fine sight to see the Cave Fud sitting more-or-less upright at the witching hour, not least because his comrades were similarly worn-out by the exertions of the day to make a decent fist of a coordinated coonsilling. Shortly after being suitably sated with a range of substances, our dear Fud then retired to his cave-like corner for some blissful snoring. After re-arranging the furniture once more, the remaining chaps bedded down an agreeable hour-or-so later seeking their own recuperation from a rather splendid if challenging day.

### A misty moorland morning

The fire had burned down leaving no embers to aid a rapid re-ignition. The dry log that was ear-marked the night before came into its own as it was expertly split by Matron using the bothy spade, although said expertise was only forthcoming after some gruff supervision/instruction from the gloom of Cave Fud corner. With the gable end pre-warmed, life was soon breathed into the grate once more thus encouraging assorted imagoes to emerge into the pale light.

The sleet had changed to a misty dreich overnight, which, accompanied by a stiff breeze, made essential excursions with the bothy spade rather tiresome. With stoves on, mugs of tea and coffee plus bacon buns were on the go in short order so that aching limbs were soon forgotten. **Cont. p.31**

*Despite getting everybody lost Matron was still allowed in for a bowl or twa.*



*Er yes, the short-lived Sheilin of Mark cigar club.*



*"That was a great time, the summer of '71 – I can't remember it, but I'll never forget it!"*

*- Lemmy*



## A Feelin' for the Sheilin, Cont.

Over morning pipes, breakfast conversation meandered onto the recent BBC telly programme *'Bothy Life'* featuring none other than the Queen of Kearvaig, Mrs MOo herself. Apart from her brazen admission that Kearvaig was just a cheap holiday home for her, (*Not exactly a shining example of what the spirit of bothying is all about, ho-hum, Ed.*) her family and chums, the chaps all agreed that the programme was pretty decent even to a chap with a sceptical eye for the MBA. However, Mrs MOo remains *our* MO and to honour her role it was mooted that *'The Pipe On the Wall Gang'* adopt 'Mrs MOo masks' for future antics (*They are already in production and will no doubt appear at a bothy shortly. Who says going to a bothy is a waste of time! Ed.*).

After a leisurely morning the fire grate was emptied hissing into the snow before the vagabonds departed at midday in poor visibility on a bearing of 300°, rigidly adhered to by Matron, who was determined to make amends for the previous day's navigational blip. Although the ground remained challenging underfoot, the temperature had risen markedly accelerating the thaw, thereby turning the Allt Darrarie into an angry looking peaty cataract. The bearing proved spot-on and the *'Pipe On the Wall Gang'* slipped away into the canyon thus enabling them to further the cause of pipe smoking in bothies another day.

### ***So Solid Crew: The Sheilin shilly-shalliers.***



***"Do not judge by appearances. A rich heart may be under a poor coat."***  
 - Scottish proverb



## Club News: The Perfect Blend!

*It is with great pleasure that we announce the marriage of Carol and Bob who became Mr & Mrs Blender on the island of Mauritius on 07<sup>th</sup> January. KPC Honorary Life Member Bob 'The Blender' is of course renowned for his exquisite taste in tobacco and judging by his lovely bride we think readers will agree that his expertise extend well beyond blending fine pipe tobaccos and snuffs – well done Sir! We wish Carol & Bob all the very best for the future.*



*Editorial note: Whilst a crisp white suit is not recommended as 'bothy-wear', it is of course de-rigueur for a chap wishing to cut a dash in the tropics. Our sartorial consultant, however, has recommended that a chap's chemise should remain inside of his waistband at all times and the cut of his suit should be such that any unfortunate associations with 1980's Florida-based TV show detectives can be avoided.*





## 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.

### Kearvaig Benefits & Snuff Review

Dear Matron,

I learned a thing or two at Kearvaig and am now a fan of snuff. I had, as far as I know, never tried it before then. So with the 'broon toot', and of course the peat, I think that my visit to the highlands has helped to equip me for my journey into adulthood. I hope that you are getting out and about in the hills, and enjoying life. I am certainly looking forward to getting back to Scotland and the KPC for some pipe smoking adventures.

Whilst realizing that I'm strictly an amateur may I be presumptuous enough to offer my first snuff review? It goes like this: "Of course snuff does benefit from being very cheap and you can take it anywhere and if you like large, crusty, brown bogies then you are definitely on to a winner!"

Yours,

Hackney Hobo

Dear Hackney,

Splendid to hear from you old chap. Yes, it's safe to say that a chap's first encounter with powdered tobacco is indeed a rite-of-passage moment in his life and we at the KPC are very active in helping our young whipper-snappers along. Just imagine how much better the world would be if our future generations concentrated on such activities as snuff taking and pipe smoking instead of those beastly computer games and (anti)social media gibberish?

Er, thank you for your snuff 'review'. Fortunately we already have a nasopharyngeal tobacco consultant that will be covering snuff, so please do not trouble yourself any further.

Yours, Matron

## Dutch Lemmy Tribute

Our friend Arno of <https://dutchpipesmoker.wordpress.com/> fame has been in touch regarding the sad death of Lemmy and has sent us a fitting picture (minus his head) and has promised a toast to Lemmy with Matron and The Count at the Dutch PRF meeting in Wuustwezel, Belgium in March.



Thanks Arno, you are a Gentleman and we look forward to seeing you in Belgium and honouring your toast.

Matron

## NOETRY!

It was not with gratitude and thanks, That the poetry [B&B Vol. 4 Iss. 4 Nov 2015] was received by the ordinary ranks, In fact it was as much use as a drum kit to Anne Franks, Try showing us some pictures of tanks blowing up banks!

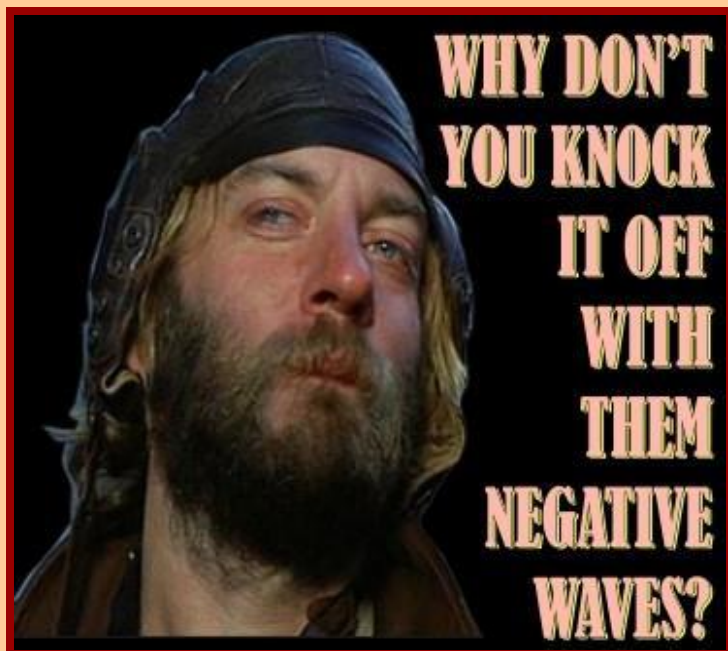
Major Ellis Dee (with nausea)

Dear Major,

Thank you for taking the time to write as ever. It is always splendid to receive your fulminations regarding back issues of our humble periodical. After all the Editorial team must be kept on their toes and as I'm sure you are more aware than most, standards must be maintained! Of course Cape Wrath rhyming slang may be a new dialect to some KPC members but we feel we should point out that the sans-drum kit lassie's surname is actually 'Frank', so it would appear that you have created a grammatical Frankenstein's monster, er, so to speak. Nevertheless we have decided, on this occasion, to indulge your WWII movie passions: see p.34.

Cont. p.34



**NOetry cont.**

*Sincerely, Matron*

**2015 AGM – OUTSTANDING!**

Outstanding - the decibel level achieved during the rendition of the KPC anthem which appeared to be a cross between Meat Loaf falling down 12 flights of stairs with a garden rake stuck up his arse and Bob Dylan falling into a bath full of electric eels. The said anthem will henceforth be used by The Wild Puffins as a shock tactic in close quarter combat. Suggestions for a new anthem are: "You'll never boke alone" and "Take a boke on the wild side".

Major Ellis Dee (with tinnitus)

*Dear Major,*

*Yes, the 2015 AGM did get 'rather lively', to coin a phrase, but we feel that a small explanation for those laggardly KPC members not present at said AGM is in order. The impromptu 'KPC Anthem' was a splendid rendition of the 1982 classic 'Electric Avenue' by the under-rated reggae supremo Eddy Grant. The key bastardised lyric pilfered from said ditty and sung (ad nauseam, Ed.) was: "We're gonna rock down to Electric Avenue and then we'll smoke our briars". Of course this enthusiastic rendition, principally led by Dazbo and Matron, was accompanied by the splendid mimed twisting of a motorcycle throttle grip and an accompanying "RRRRRRGGGHHHH" at ear-splitting volume...*

*Of course it all made perfect sense at the time but we concede that your description of rocking rakes and folky eel baths is probably apposite. As for your suggestions of new anthems, however, I shall put them to the KPC Anthems Committee but don't worry about writing in again as they will be in no doubt be in touch before the next ice age.*

*Sincerely, Matron*

**OUTRAGEOUS!**

Outrageous! – the sheer audacity with which you, Sergeant Matron, assaulted the hapless Mr Furlong without first informing the said Mr Hapless that your good self had completed the Special Bothy Service (SBS) selection course, pissing out with honours and achieving black belts 20<sup>th</sup> Dan in sarcasm, ridicule and bloody-mindedness.

The sustained and relentless assault was without doubt in contravention of the Marquis of Queensbury rules of literary engagement. A Court Martial will not be forthcoming, although a steward's inquiry will ensue. This as you will be aware may have a bearing on your recent nomination for promotion to Sergeant-Major Matron. Factors arising in your favour are the outstanding success of the 2015 AGM and the possibility that Mrs MOo may be put out to pasture. The fact that you have been studying tactics used at Guantanamo and have recently had an overwhelming and unrelenting desire to listen to Radio 4 will also be taken into consideration. The outcome of the steward's inquiry will be forthcoming in due course.

Yours in umpire mode,

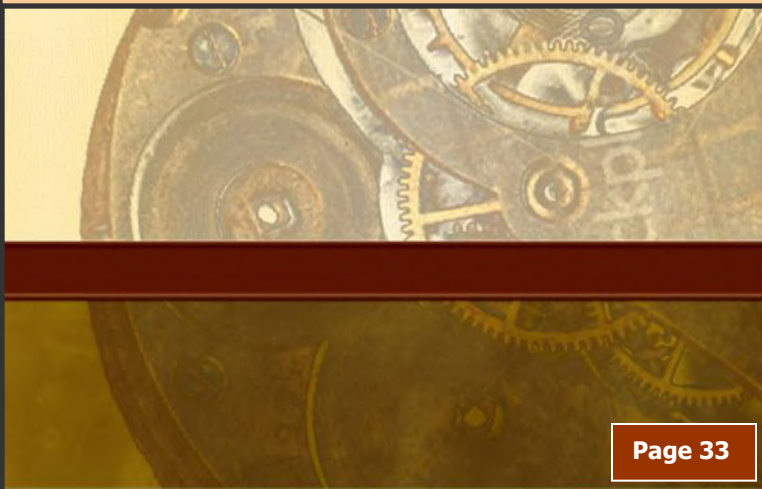
Major Ellis Dee

*Dear Major,*

*It looks like it has been quieter than usual up at Cape Wrath towers! Nevertheless, your timely intervention is probably welcome by some KPC chaps of a more fragile constitution other than the regular bothy vagabonds who demand a feast of literary red meat with their pipes. In my defence of the literary 'shock and awe' tactics deployed against that Hapless chappie, all I can say is: He was a prancing popinjay and his lass were a strumpet! I do, however, look forward to the steward's inquiry and I am very confident that I shall be exonerated on all counts, but that Guantanamo accusation just got me to thinking....*

*Yours,*

*Matron*





### Mauritius Bothy

Dear Matron,

Please find enclosed a couple of pictures, including me smoking my new Northern Briars weed burner at midnight at the Mauritius bothy that I stayed at just before getting wed.

Yours,

Blender



Dear Blender,

Thanks you Sir for taking the time out of your nuptials to drop us a line.

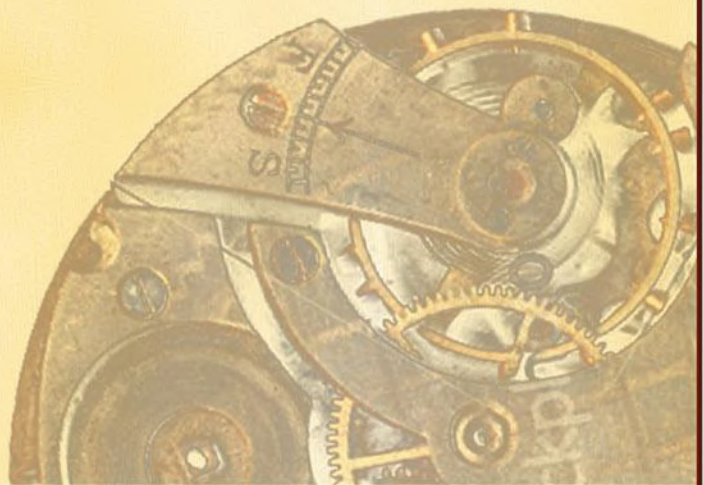
That looks like a splendid seaside bothy old chap! Does one have to carry in one's own coal and beverages? As I sit here with my Icelandic sweater and bobble hat on, I have to say that those Mauritius bothies do look a tad warmer than some of the hovels the KPC frequents.

Our sartorial consultant has asked me to say that what a fine dash your Panama adds to the bothy. He was, however, slightly less impressed with the caveman in pajamas look though and has – to protect your reputation - kindly offered his services gratis upon your return to colder climes.

Yours,

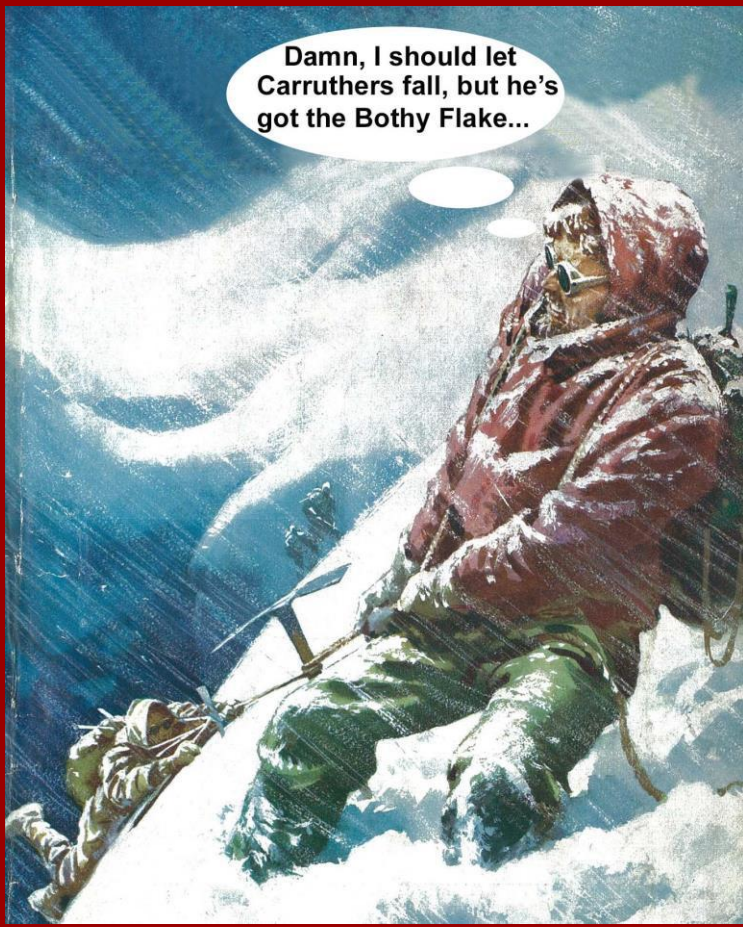
Matron

***The Blender gives his pipe face and new Northern Briars weapon a work out even whilst on holiday. That's dedication to duty!***





**What would YOU do for your Bothy Flake?**



**KPC Notices**

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

KPC Mouse mats 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**

29<sup>th</sup>/30<sup>th</sup> April 2016 – joint moot with the Dutch PRF at 'The Cabin'. Spaces limited contact Matron for details.

The 2016 KPC AGM will be held on Saturday 20<sup>th</sup> August 2016 at Achnanlach bothy.

***New Year's Message: The KPC will NEVER bow to oppression. We are legion!***

