



'*Briar & Bothies*'

The newsletter of
THE KEARVAIG PIPE CLUB



An Evening With Mallory, Strabeg Bothy, 05th March 2016

by *Sergeant Matron*

John D. Burns - formerly a pipe smoker, presently a vaping chap (*Need to get that sorted out PDQ, Ed.*) - will be known to some B&B readers for his excellent satirical piece about the KPC entitled: "*You can't be too careful*" (B&B Vol. 4 Iss. 3, July 2015) on his entertaining blog:

<https://johndburns.wordpress.com/>

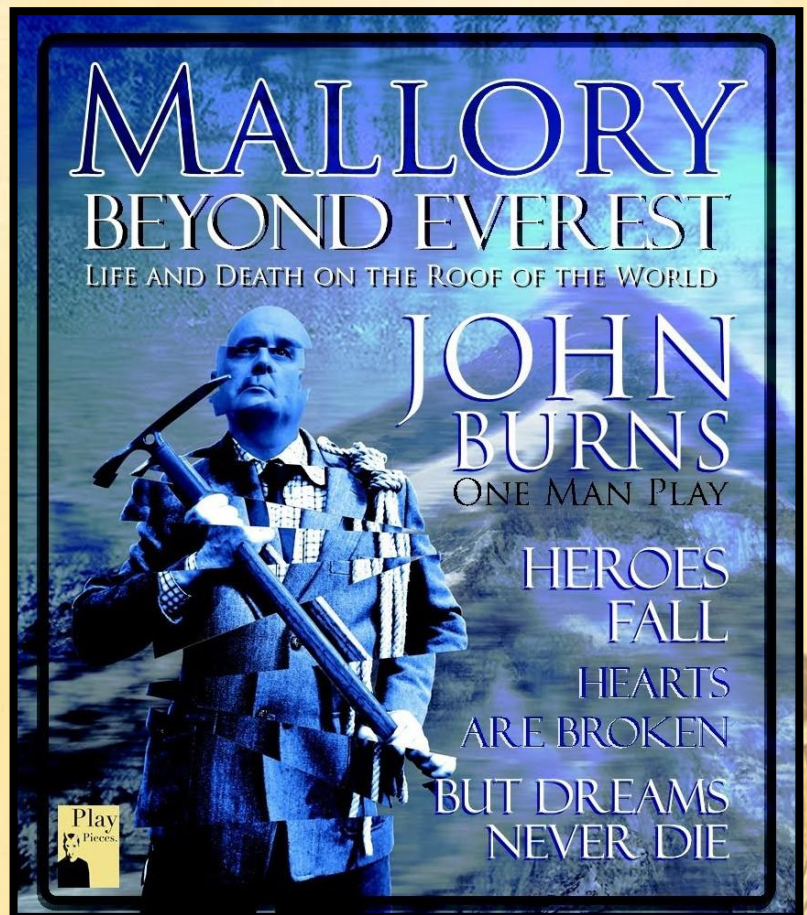
Thespian tendencies

What may be less well known to readers, is the fact that John is a roving thespian, who stalks obscure venues across the Highlands with his one man shows scaring bairns and adults alike.

Currently John's repertoire includes plays about Aleister Crowley - *A Passion for Evil* - the well known occultist, mountaineer and nut-job. The story of George Mallory and Sandy Irvine will also be well known to many readers as the greatest Everest mountaineering mystery: did they make the summit or not? John's splendid play - *Mallory Beyond Everest* - turns this great mystery into a 'what if' and is highly recommended.

Prior to a performance of *Mallory* at Durness village hall, John had invited the KPC to attend, with the play to be followed by a wee puff in a nearby bothy; with Strabeg being the preferred venue for this unusual moot. In the end, it was only myself that could make the journey to the magical NW (*Any excuse, Ed.*) as assorted lightweights fell by the wayside like cut doner kebab 'meat' in a take-away after chucking out time (*Remember that? Ed.*).

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"Because it's there."

- *George Mallory [When asked why he wanted to climb Everest.]*

An Evening With Mallory Cont.

The seldom visited Suileag bothy.



Suileag bothy




Having some time on my hands and wanting to get to get to the NW as soon as possible, I set off a day early to bag Suileag bothy and possibly have a crack at the magnificent Suilven in the process. In the end, due to the tail end of an upper respiratory tract infection, it was to be only the bothy that was bagged. (*Lightweight!—bothy points deducted, Ed.*)

Suileag is a little-visited bothy of three sizable (two open) rooms with a fire only in the middle room. Even by MBA standards it is Spartan in the extreme and with only a tin roof between the wayfaring chap and the Milky Way, a chap could burn a ton of coal in the small fireplace and still not banish the cold. Therefore my 10kg did little to diminish the chill and what with it threatening snow it was a case of a bowl and a couple of ales before an early night.

The redeeming feature of this bothy, however, is the magnificent view. From the door a chap is rewarded with a stunning vantage of the mighty Suilven; that iconic inselberg of the magical NW, which when snow-capped can be an intimidating beastly for the hill chap. In fact I would wager that Suileag must be a

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Suileag scorecard (out of 5):

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

"My mind is in a state of constant rebellion. I believe it will always be so."

- George Mallory

An Evening With Mallory cont.

contender for the best view from the bothy door of any bothy in Scotland. (*Quite an accolade, Ed.*)

Heading north

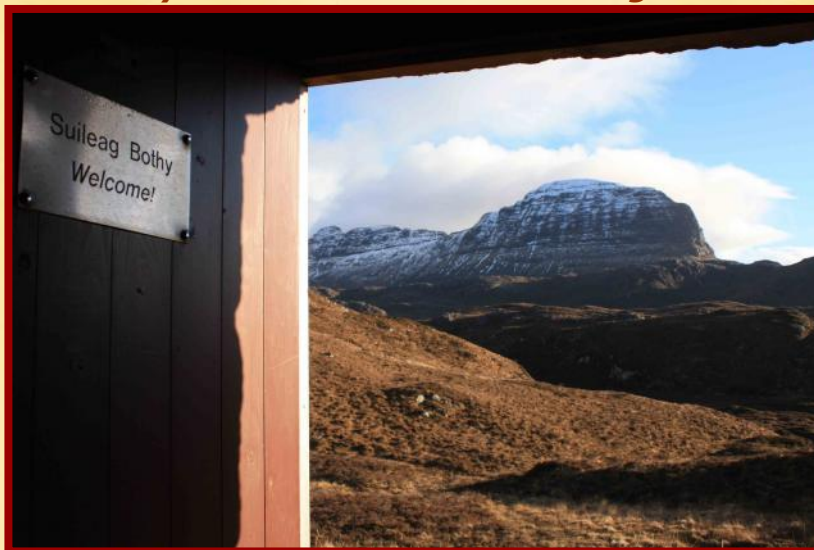
It had snowed a tad overnight and after a comfortable(ish) night I yomped back out to Lochinver for a substantial breakfast at the Bunkhouse Café.

After meandering north I arrived in downtown Durness early. The outlook was clear, so a bracing walk to Faraid Head accompanied by a veritable, biting, NE topsail gale seemed in order. Due to the wind it was simply impossible to get my pipe lit - even with a trusty Zippo™ - in the dunes, so I had to return to my motor before a revitalising bowl of Bothy Flake could be secured. Indeed, there are substantial bothy points to be had for the chap who invents a gale proof lighter that does not incinerate a chap's bowl in the process methinks.

An evening with Mallory

Having seen *Mallory Beyond Everest* once before, I have to say that I was looking forward to another viewing. It is an unusual and splendid show and John gives a *tour de force* as George Mallory. Without giving too much away

The mighty Suilven as seen from Suileag.



the play deals with obsession, with a delightful 'what if' twist and the vast crowd of twenty-or-so Durnessians were most appreciative, even with a local soak offering occasional anecdotes during the performance between bouts of sleep apnoea...

After the show a tweed-bedecked Mallory (*Bothy points awarded, Ed.*) approached me with a casual inquiry thus: "Do we have a plan Matron?" Well, after bagging Everest a late evening saunter into

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An Evening With Mallory cont.

Strabeg seemed rather tame, but Mallory was game and having been before would be my guide. Splendid fellow.

After assisting Mallory with loading his props, we set off for the Strabeg track. The wind had dropped but it was below zero on a beautifully clear night. The first half of the walk-in is simple along a good track that ends abruptly in a bog. Mallory had a spiffing new head-torch which, no doubt, could replace a blown bulb at Cape Wrath at a push. Even with all this candlepower at our disposal, navigating the interminable bog with heavy sacks (10kg coal a piece) was challenging as the Everest conqueror noted drily at the time. Even Mallory is only human after all I reasoned.

We kicked the bothy door open at 22:30 and within minutes a roaring fire (aided by a strategic Cracklelog) was staving off the chill in the cosy panelled room.

Strabeg is a well-appointed bothy and although close to the road it does not seem to suffer from NEDs no doubt

due to its geographical location. In fact Strabeg seemed like an old house that had been abandoned in a hurry, perhaps due to some virulent pestilence, as the old cast iron bath remained in-situ along with a still operational toilet, flushed manually by buckets of river water.

Once the blaze had banished the chill from a long-empty room, Mallory set-about drying his bog-sodden boots before assembling something that looked like Dr Who's sonic screwdriver. I'd spotted his vaping kit straight away and I fear that my quizzical eyebrow had given away my position too early. I was saved however when Mallory's e-vaping-gizmo-gadget thingy malfunctioned to the point of complete hopelessness. At first I suspected it to be some Cylon devilment but a swift peak outside revealed just the dark and cold with nary a sign of a base star. It appeared that Mallory had run out of puff! I've been around bothies long enough to know a fallen pipe chap when I see one and passing a freshly popped tin of Skiff

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Mallory may have been a tad rusty on his pipe skills but just look at his pipe face!



"What we get from this adventure is just sheer joy. And joy is, after all, the end of life. We do not live to eat and make money."

- George Mallory

An Evening With Mallory cont.

Mixture from my arsenal to Mallory I saw the distinctive glint akin to summit fever in this chaps longing eyes: "Ahhh, that smell..." cooed Mallory. "Tin note old bean" I corrected in a comforting tone. "Care for a bowl, now that your sonic screwdriver is, er, screwed" I continued. "Rather!" was the inevitable response. Filling one of my pipes quickly with Skiff and passing it, with some reverence, to Mallory it was a joy to see him take his first draw on a pipe since returning from the slopes of the mighty Chomolungma. I suspect that his days of electronically heated flavoured vitamin N solutions were over and we would soon have a thespian and writer in KPC ranks...

Admittedly Mallory's pipe skills were a tad rusty, but I was happy to take him under my wing after watching him use the tamper like a ramrod in a six pounder. One suspects that this chaps could be a vigorous Romeo given the opportunity... Once the tamping problem had been addressed there was no stopping this old hand and he bashed on with the Skiff with a gusto more akin to a chap on death row having his last bowl. A fine sight on a fine bothy night. During our very pleasant discourse Mallory accepted my offer of KPC membership: see p.25.

Fortunately when it comes to his beverages Mallory was not in the least bit corroded and he tanned his whisky in short order. After a snifter or two myself I stayed on a

few tins and we had a roaring fireside blether until 03:00 when Mallory literally fell off his chair: "Well Matron, it's been a while since I've had that much whisky". "Yes old chap, it must be the altitude or am I just a bad influence?" A fine effort, as was noted at the time.

Dull heads on a bright morning...

Overnight there had been a half-decent covering of snow deposited in the glen. The morning was wonderfully bright but the bothy occupants less so. It was tea, IRN-bruprofen and porridge for breakfast as we sought to re-establish our humanity.

The walk out proved to be a much simpler affair and I left Mallory to his next summit, namely the splendid Strathchailleach as I headed home for some sleep.

Strabeg scorecard (out of 5):

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

A fine morning at Strabeg bothy.



World Famous Events When a Pipe Could Have Made All the Difference

Part 6: The Assassination of JFK

JFK was well known for his penchant for the finer things in life, including beautiful women and fine cigars. According to our research team he appears, however, *not* to have taken up the briar before his untimely death. Perhaps he was saving this pleasure for later life? A potential pleasure that was to be cruelly taken away from him as a result of his November 1963 trip to Dallas. There is one theory about JFK's assassination that has not yet been considered by the crackpots however: What if the man on the grassy knoll (*As everyone knows the fatal shot came from there, Ed.*) was a pipe smoker (*On the day smoke was spotted there after all, Ed.*) and JFK had indeed sought the pleasure of the briar instead of the contents of Marilyn Monroe's bloomers? Surely a pipe smoker would *never* have shot a fellow pipe smoker? We shall probably never know...

JFK was also well respected for his oratory skills, so we have tweaked his inaugural address as a wee tribute for readers to enjoy. Read on!

***Inaugural Address of President John F. Kennedy
Washington DC,
January 20, 1961***

We observe today not a victory of a pipe club but a celebration of freedom - symbolizing an end as well as a beginning - signifying renewal as well as change. For I have sworn before you and the almighty Dark Lord the same solemn oath our forebears prescribed nearly a century and three-quarters ago.

The world is very different now. For man holds in his mortal hands the power to abolish all forms of smoking and all forms of human enjoyment. And yet the same revolutionary beliefs for which our forebears fought are still at issue around the globe - the belief that the rights of pipe smokers come not from the generosity of the state but from the pipe club.

We dare not forget today that we are the heirs of that first revolution. Let the word go forth from this time and place, to friend and foe alike, that the briar has been passed to a new generation of pipe smokers - born in this century, tempered by war, disciplined by a hard and bitter peace, proud of our ancient heritage - and unwilling to witness or permit the slow undoing of those pipe smokers' rights to which this pipe club has always been committed, and to which we are committed today at home and around the world.

Let every pipe club know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and the success of pipe smoking.

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Pipe smoker on the grassy knoll?



JFK enjoying a cigar .



"We choose to go to the bothy in this decade and do the other things, not because they are easy, but because they are hard."

- (With apologies to) President John Fitzgerald Kennedy, 1962

World Famous Events When a Pipe Could Have Made All the Difference cont.

This much we pledge - and more.

To those old allies whose cultural and spiritual origins we share, we pledge the loyalty of faithful friends. United there is little we cannot do in a host of cooperative ventures. Divided there is little we can do - for we dare not meet a powerful challenge at odds and split asunder.

To those new pipe clubs whom we welcome to the ranks of the free, we pledge our word that one form of colonial control shall not have passed away merely to be replaced by a far more iron tyranny. We shall not always expect to find them supporting our view. But we shall always hope to find them strongly supporting their own freedom - and to remember that, in the past, those who foolishly sought power by riding the back of the tiger ended up inside.

To those people in the bothies and villages of half the globe struggling to break the bonds of mass anti-pipe smoking, we pledge our best efforts to help them help themselves, for whatever period is required - not because the Mountain Bothies Association may be doing it, not because we seek their votes, but because it is right. If a free society cannot help the many who are pipe smokers, it cannot save the few who are non-pipe smokers.

The iconic Pipe magazine from 1961.



To our sister pipe clubs south of our border, we offer a special pledge - to convert our good words into good deeds - in a new alliance for progress - to assist free pipe smokers and free pipe clubs in casting off the chains of legislation. But this peaceful revolution of hope cannot become the prey of hostile powers. Let all our neighbours know that we shall join with them to oppose aggression or subversion anywhere in the bothies. And let every other power know that this Hemisphere intends to remain the master of its own bothy.

To that world assembly of sovereign pipe clubs, the CIPC, our last
(Continued on page 8)

"Change is the law of life. And those who look only to the past or present are certain to miss the future."

- President John Fitzgerald Kennedy

World Famous Events When a Pipe Could Have Made All the Difference Cont.

best hope in an age where the instruments of pipe club oppression have far outpaced the instruments of freedom, we renew our pledge of support - to prevent it from becoming merely a forum for invective - to strengthen its shield of the new and the weak - and to enlarge the area in which its writ may run.

Finally, to those uptight bothy associations who would make themselves our adversary, we offer not a pledge but a request: that both sides begin anew the quest for peace, before the dark powers of destruction unleashed by e-pipes engulf all humanity in planned or accidental self-destruction.

We dare not tempt them with weakness. For only when our pipes are sufficient beyond doubt can we be certain beyond doubt that they will never be empty.

But neither can two great and powerful groups of pipe clubs take comfort from our present course - both sides overburdened by the cost of modern tobacco, both rightly alarmed by the steady spread of the deadly e-pipe, yet both racing to alter that uncertain balance of terror that stays the hand of the pipe smoker's final war.

So let us begin anew - remembering on both sides that civility is not a sign of weakness, and sincerity is always subject to proof. Let us never negotiate out of fear. But let us never fear to negotiate.

Let both sides explore what problems unite us instead of belabouring those problems which divide us.

Let both sides, for the first time, formulate serious and precise proposals for the inspection and control of bothies - and bring the absolute power to destroy other pipe clubs under the absolute control of all pipe clubs.

Let both sides seek to invoke the wonders of pipe smoking instead of its errors. Together let us explore the bothies, conquer the glens, eradicate outdoor knobbers, tap the ale cask and encourage the pipe clubs and tobacco trade.

Let both sides unite to heed in all corners of the earth the command of the KPC - to "undo the heavy rucksacks . . . (and let the pipe smoker go free."

And if a beachhead of cooperation may push back the jungle of suspicion, let both sides join in creating a new endeavour, not a new balance of power, but a new world of pipe smoking, where the strong are just and the weak secure and the peace preserved.

All this will not be finished in the first one hundred days. Nor will it be finished in the first one thousand days, nor in the life of this pipe club, nor even perhaps in our lifetime on this planet. But let us begin.

In your hands, my fellow pipe smokers, more than mine, will rest the final success or failure of our course. Since this pipe

club was founded, each generation of pipe smokers has been summoned to give testimony to its bothy loyalty. The graves of young pipe smokers who answered the call to service surround the globe.

Now the briar summons us again - not as a call to bear briars, though briars we need - not as a call to battle, though embattled we are - but a call to bear the burden of a long twilight struggle, year in and year out, "rejoicing in smoke, patient in tribulation" - a struggle against the common enemies of the pipe smoker: tobacco taxes, pipe smoker poverty, uptight disease and war itself.

Can we forge against these enemies a grand and global alliance, North and South, East and West, that can assure a more fruitful life for all pipe smokers? Will you join in that historic effort?

In the long history of the world, only a few generations have been granted the role of defending freedom in its hour of maximum danger. I do not shrink from this responsibility - I welcome it. I do not believe that any of us would exchange places with any other people or any other generation. The energy, the faith, the devotion which we bring to this endeavour will light up the pipes of our pipe club and all who smoke in it - and the glow from that bothy fire can truly light the world.

And so, my fellow pipe smokers: ask not what your pipe club can do for you - ask what you can do for your pipe club...

My fellow pipe smokers of the world: ask not what the KPC will do for you, but what together we can do for the freedom of pipe smokers.

Finally, whether you are members of the KPC or pipe smokers of the world, ask of us here the same high standards of strength and sacrifice which we ask of you. With a good conscience our only sure reward, with history the final judge of our deeds, let us go forth to lead the pipe club we love, asking His blessing and His help, but knowing that here on earth the Dark Lord's work must truly be our own..."

JFK



"Efforts and courage are not enough without purpose and direction."

- President JFK

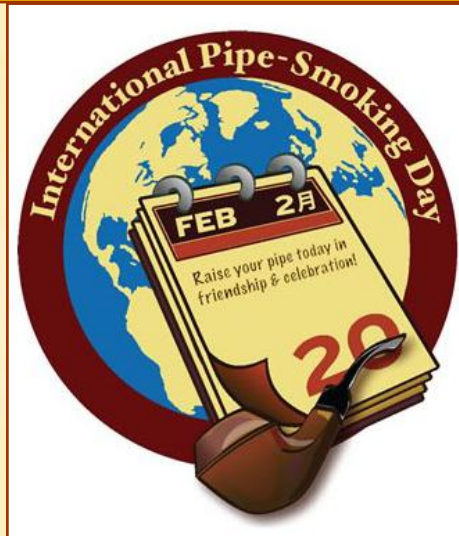
International Pipe Smoking Day 20th February

Editorial note:

For this year's IPSD we asked members to submit a pipe-face photograph of themselves having a celebratory bowl with the Editorial team issuing the following guidelines:

"As a trend setting pipe club cutting a dash in the 'briarsphere', we should always be trying to maintain and improve standards, so please avoid low quality 'selfies' taken on some children's telephone as if you arm has been stretched in a mangle. Suitable quality images to appear in the next edition of B&B."

Of course this low-bar request was, inevitably, a challenge for some members and even a whiff of rebellion by some *malcontents* was detected. We have, however, deigned to reproduce all entries and we encourage readers to give us *their* verdict. Letters to the Editor please!



First up is our Canadian member Jagsdriver who responded to our clarion call with some gusto by sporting an official IPSD t-shirt—bothy points awarded. Of course it is a pity that our chap had to trek out into the Canadian winter wilderness with his snowshoes for a wee puff, but needs must as the anti-smoking fascists in Canada are now reported to be using drones to hunt down Canada's remaining puffballs ... Doug, we salute you!



International Pipe Smoking Day 20th February Cont.

Colorado-based Gatorwrestler's dashing good looks are only enhanced by his magnificent anti-Cylon helmet... Substantial kudos is added to this composition by sporting his trusty KPC t-shirt and tin of Bothy Flake—bothy points awarded. Of course readers could have expected that he had washed that beastly green paint from his right arm, but judging by this shot it looks like the gators have had the better part of his left arm making this simple task trickier than usual!



Cave Fud sent us this, er, enigmatic still life of his guitar and briar. Readers are invited to try and spot any other still life in this astounding composition. Oh well, we suppose there'll be other IPSDs...



International Pipe Smoking Day 20th February Cont.

What the blazes! These appalling 'selfies' have more uneven grain than a mashed basket pipe. Is nothing sacred to the 'youf' of today. We detect a whiff of mutiny!

We can only surmise that this truly shocking image of Dazbo is a result of his penchant for weekend bothying being substituted on IPSD for a spot of cottaging, as he appears to have been reduced to having a bowl in his local public convenience whilst waiting for some more rough shag to come along...

Meanwhile, we have this 'effort' from The Hackney Hobo. Despite the exotic location of Manila with it's impressive skyline, he cannot hide the fact that it was International PIPE Smoking Day we were celebrating and no amount of sucking on a kiddy's fake cigar-cum-laser-pointer will make up for this heinous error of judgement. Of course as learned chaps will no doubt be aware, the Filipino for 'pipe' is 'tubo', and the Scottish for 'tubo' is 'tube' but we will simply leave it to readers to draw their own conclusions...



International Pipe Smoking Day 20th February Cont.

Prospective member Martin Goddard, splendid chap, pulls out the stops by sporting his spiffing fore & aft for IPSD. Readers/members will, however, no doubt be relieved to learn that we don't currently have a vacancy for a Sherlock Holmes impersonator...



Last, but by no means least, we have this cracker of our chum Arno - The Dutch Pipesmoker, taken by his 'friend', The Undertaker, from the Dutch/Belgian Pipe Rokers Forum (PRF). Of course bashing the briar (But not the Bishop, Ed.) in one's undergarments is to be encouraged, especially when accompanied by adoring prospective buxom pipe babes, but we think that pipe-hunk Arno maybe ahead of his time (Could it be a Dutch thing? Ed.). Therefore the B&B Editorial team continues to recommend crisp (Not crispy, Ed.) white y-fronts over the fluorescent green mankini for such auspicious occasions as IPSD.



OUTDOOR KNOBBBER WATCH

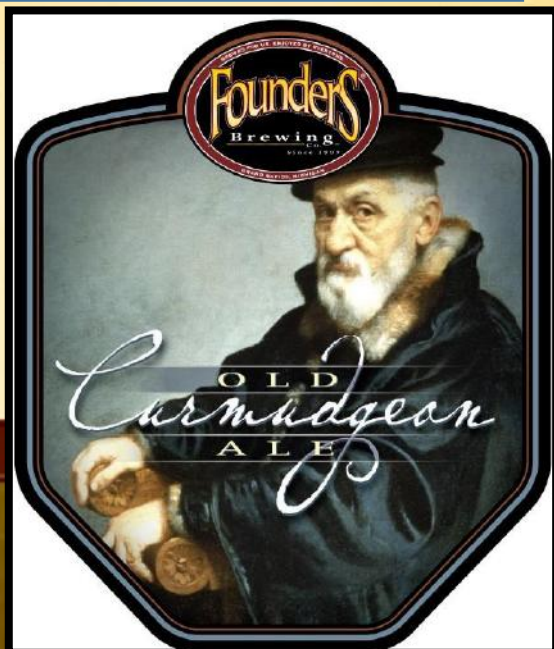
Editorial Note:

Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear... It's spring and it appears that a few ODKs have come out of hibernation and are a tad miffed after their winter slumber. The cause of all this harrumphing? None other than two *heinous* KPC/Bothy Flake posters placed in Strathchailleach bothy by one of our chaps in December 2015. The fit of pique was kicked-off by the (former?) MO of Strathchailleach 'Cheerful' Bob Tateson on Pusbook after being told about said posters in 'his' bothy.

We have reprinted the Pusbook posts, unedited, below. Interestingly, there are a few (non-KPC) chaps on Pusbook who seem to 'get' what the KPC is all about, which is heartening and we thank them for their sterling contributions. We have responded to this nonsense below and we're sure members/readers will form their own opinions from this self-righteous guff. Letters to the Editor please!



Advertisement:
"Eat, drink and be miserable..."



The new KPC mascot..?



The KPC says:

Cool your boots Bob old chap, we have not "spread south" like some pestilence, although some KPC members have mooted forming a sister club, namely the 'Strathchailleach Cigar Club'. We'll keep you posted on any progress.

Please feel free to tear down the posters old bean, that is your prerogative. Our members have sometimes burnt other folks' propaganda left in bothies - the odd Bible, for example - over the years. Of course you will be aware that dear old Sandy McRory-Smith was a smoker of some repute, so one could argue that we are merely continuing a rich tradition, or adding to the proud heritage of Strathchailleach. As for "minding", well now, we thought that 'Bob's' bothy was in the Cairngorms..?

Since you obviously did not spot our posters yourself we'll bring you up to speed: What you're informant failed to mention, was that the fire was left set with coal/firelighters, kindling/candles were left, other people's trash was packed out and a friendly entry was made in the bothy book praising your appearance on the telly in 'Game of Bothies' and offering you a wee dram when our paths cross... Who knows you might even enjoy an evening with the KPC or the fledgling SCC? Then again...

OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH **Cont.**

3G+ 16:43
1 Like



Andy Mayhew

Aye, getting a bit silly isnt it. Anyone would think they were deliberately antagonising those of us who actually look after bothies Maybe if they are serious and not just the bunch of wee kiddies they pretend to be they will turn up at a few workparties this year?

14 Mar 07:54 · Like



Kevin Campbell

Thinking of starting the southern Scotland chapter of the pipe club 😊
come on guys there's a lot worse could be happening in yer bothies, at least yer not having to cairt oot lots of arseholes rubbish every time you visit. Ryvoan has new posters advertising various guides and trips I just tear them down and use them as

3G+ 16:43



Hollis Brown

Don't see the problem myself. Seems to me there's a danger of fuddy duddyness rearing its head.

14 Mar 09:01 · Unlike · 1



Andy MacArthur

Looks like the work of Strathcailleach WRI?

14 Mar 09:21 · Like



Bob Tateson

As I say, I don't mind them using Strathcailleach for their pipe smoking club. But I dislike their need to draw attention to themselves. Are any of them members of this forum? If so could you please explain why you feel the need to advertise yourselves.

14 Mar 09:32 · Like · 1

I say old chap that's quite a leap from two posters left in a bothy to "antagonising those .. who look after bothies", is it not?

Rest assured Sir, we are quite serious and our membership is drawn from far and wide, but we must move quickly to assure you that we have no underage chaps in our ranks; we leave that sort of thing to the Catholic church et al. Funnily enough, as a pipe club, we make no claim to be a bothy maintenance organisation, so why on earth should we attend an MBA work party? Do you make similar suggestions to other bothy users or are your WP selection criteria simply a function of your personal prejudices?

No need for a "Southern Chapter" there Kevin old sport, as the KPC covers the whole of bonnie Scotland, but thanks for the sentiment! Do get in touch if you wish to join our happy band as an Associate Member.

Our members have also reported finding similarly disgusting, vile, guiding and trips posters in bothies. Of course, like your good self, we just use them as firelighters and desist from whining in the Knobbersphere about such petty trivialities.

Some splendid and succinct analysis, bravo Hollis!

We think that the ladies of the Women's Royal Institute would more likely have left cupcakes, er, Cupcake.

Hello again Bob! Excellent, that's more the spirit, but you should be aware that whether you "mind" or not is immaterial, as, thankfully, you have no jurisdiction over behaviour in bothies. Best stick to your good works maintaining bothies, there's a good chap.

Our members do not 'do' social media as it tends to be full of rum coves, cads and bounders, not to mention ODKs... Anyway since you ask, we leave the odd poster in a bothy as our contribution to the quirky counterculture space that bothies are. Additionally, they help free-thinking, like-minded folk to get in touch with the KPC and they indeed have been a very successful recruiting tool, which you may not be too thrilled to hear about. Besides, do you not have "Join the MBA" leaflets in MBA bothies?

OUTDOOR KN**B**BER WATCH Cont.


3G+ 16:44

 **Hollis Brown** ✓

Is it not just the case that it's a laugh? From what I've heard, most of the posters were in response to no smoking signs being put up in kearvaig.

Having never met the pipe club, I shouldn't really comment. But I've read the newsletters they produce, and they are bloody hilarious.

14 Mar 09:38 · Unlike · 2

 **Iain Kaye** ✓

Found the same stuff in Strabeg bothy at the weekend too. I get the point about it not being a major problem but if everyone starts leaving their calling cards then its just going to ruin the experience for all. Bothy life is all about escaping from it all and having advertising like that just reminds me of people that love to hear the sound of their own voice and ram their opinions down everyone elses throat. I dont really give two hoots if they smoke whilst there (providing it does not affect others staying) but why be so childish and antagonistic about it.

14 Mar 12:32 · Like · 2

Dear Hollis the KPC thinks you rock and we would like to share the bothy fire with you! A tin of Bothy Flake and associate membership awaits.

Of course it's a bit of craic and indeed you are quite correct; the "STRICTLY KNOW SMOKING" poster was a direct response to the MO (the legendary Mrs MOo) of Kearvaig acting WAY beyond her remit by placing "STRICTLY NO SMOKING" posters in Kearvaig some time ago. Funnily enough they are no longer there...

Thank you also for your kind words about our newsletter. The KPC simply goes about its business not trying upset anyone and our newsletters are our way of spreading a little joy in the bothysphere. However, when we get a whiff of the foul stench of ODK uptightness we will respond robustly but always with good humour, as you have astutely observed.

That's because we had a moot at Strabeg recently old chap, huzzah! (See pp.1-5)


How on earth is "leaving their calling cards going to ruin the experience for all" pray tell? It is hardly in the same league as vandalising the bothy or defecating on the bothy floor now is it old boy? If that is all you have to worry about then you must have a splendid little life my good man. Relax and enjoy.


We think you'll find that our posters contain little or no "opinion" and we really are flabbergasted at your assertion that we are ramming opinions down everyone else's throat or being antagonistic in any way. This is simply judgemental piffle and says a tad more about the width of your mind than the KPC. Additionally, whether you, in your self-appointed role as the Bothy-Behaviour Police, give "two hoots" or not about KPC activities is utterly irrelevant, as you will no doubt be aware that the KPC is doing nothing wrong or illegal. Live a little old fruit!

Failing that, we sometimes have to be altruistic and save people from themselves, so we have a suggestion that may ease your obviously heavy burden: Perhaps it is time that you stopped going to bothies, just in case you stumble across any similar beastliness in the future and risk have your evening simply ruined? Just a thought.

How's *this* for a bothy poster chaps?

RESIST THE MBA





Join the KPC TODAY!
www.kearvaigpipeclub.co.uk

*"The higher a monkey climbs, the more you see of its behind."
-Joseph Stilwell*

OUTDOOR KNOBBBER WATCH Cont.

I say Andrew old chap accusations like that are below the belt. The KPC DEMANDS satisfaction! NOW SHOW US YOUR REAL PIPE FACE!



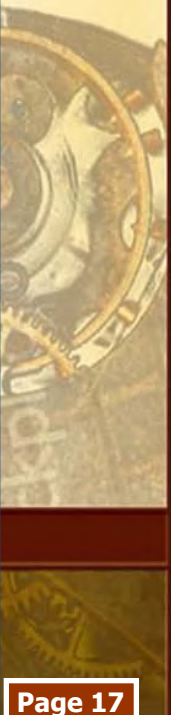
The perfect blend for a night up at Strathchailleach?



Ignore the ODKs: New Bothy Flake poster launched!



www.kearvaigpipeclub.co.uk



Pipe Babe of the Month

Cor blimey Guvnor! Don't smoke until you see the whites on her thighs! Blanca-bikini clad Belinda on the beach bashing her briar is surely enough to warm the cockles of any chap's heart. Such scorching briar-babe action will surely get a chap searching his trouser pockets for his pipe and summer blends. Let's just hope that the results from Belinda's urine sample prove OK so that she can continue to bestow her buxom frills to your favourite pipe club newsletter!



"Apart from more bikinis what's better than a bikini?"

A: "No bikinis " (Anon.)

A KPC MRS MOO SKA TRIBUTE

- SHE'S GONNA BUST A BLOOD VESSEL FOR SURE!

- KPC CHAPS ENCOURAGED TO SKANK IN THE BOTHY!

'BOTHY BREW'

by *Mad Banners*

(To the tune of 'Special Brew', 1980, by (and apologies to) Bad Manners)

*I love you, Mrs MOo
Cause I know that you love me too
I love you, Mrs MOo
Gonna smoke all my baccy with you*

*Every day when I say, that I'm not gonna smoke anymore
It's ok, don't go away, I feel bad when you're closing the bothy door*

I love you Mrs MOo

*Need some more, to restore all the feelings that I get from you
I want more, give me more, all I want is a bowl with you*

*I love you, Mrs MOo
Cause I know that you love me too
I love you, Mrs MOo
Gona smoke all my baccy with you
Woh woh woh woh*

*I don't care, when they stare, at the way that I'm always smoking
with you
We're a pair, it's not fair when they say we're a bothy brew!
Woh woh woh woh*

*I love you Mrs MOo
Cause I know that you love me too*

*Hey... Hey... Hey... Hey...
Hey... Hey... Hey... Hey...
Hey... Hey... Hey... Hey...
Hey... Hey... Hey... Hey...*

*Everyday, when I say, that I'm not gonna smoke anymore
It's ok, don't go away, I feel bad when you're closing the bothy door*

*Need some more, to restore all the feelings that I get from you
I want more, give me more, all I want is a bowl with you
Woh woh woh woh woh woh woh*



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"The greatness of a man is not how much wealth he acquires but in his integrity and his ability to affect those around him positively."

- Bob Marley

Belgians, Beer, Briars and Bauwkies (and Dutch)... ***A (nother) weekend in Belgium***

18/03/16 – 21/03/16

by The Count



Every year the members of the Dutch-Belgian pipe smokers forum, the 'Pijprokersforum', in short *PRF*, meet at least three times in various places over Belgium and The Netherlands in the following order: Wuustwezel (B), Zutphen (NL) and Heukelum (NL) [*Vehicle emissions aside, why do these Germans have to be always so accurate? Ed.*]. Last year the KPC had been invited to join the meeting in Wuustwezel which takes place every year in March. Messrs. Matron and The Count heard the call and followed [*Please see the April 2015 issue of Briar and Bothies for details. Ed.*]. Our readers and readerettes might make an educated guess on what happened this year. Yes, you are right: The unlikely happened and the KPC was invited again. There's an old Earth saying. A phrase of great power and wisdom and consolation to the soul in times of need which our Commander-in-Chief Sergeant Matron and my humble self, used in answer of this invitation: "Allons-y!" [*A phrase well known by Dr. Who geeks, Ed.*].

Thursday, March 17th 2016 respectively Friday, March 18th 2016

All tweeded and brogued-up the journey started, well to be exact [*He does it again, Ed.*], my journey started on March, 18th 2016 at 6.45 o'clock CET. Sergeant Matron, living on the (very) remote West-Scottish Ardnamurchan peninsula already had to leave Scotland the prior evening, taking the Caledonian Sleeper (*1st class of course as standards have to be maintained*) from Fort William to London followed by a ride or possibly a swim over the English Channel to Brussels (Well, he rode by Eurostar) and a final trip to Antwerp Centraal in front of which we were supposed to meet on Friday, about 15.00 hours CET.

My journey from Bamberg to Antwerp Centraal via Frankfurt am Main, Cologne and Brussels went even more ticky-tock than a
(Continued on page 21)

The Count shows us the way with his new Western Isles waistcoat - buttoned correctly - but he obviously had his trousers stolen and had to purchase some 'denims' for the meet as Belgian tailors obviously don't cut cloth at the weekend...



"Dignity, and even holiness too, sometimes, are more questions of coat and waistcoat than some people imagine."

- Charles Dickens

Belgians, Beer, Briars and Bauwkies (and Dutch)... Cont.

clock, since I arrived so early in Bruxelles Nord Station I was able to get an earlier train to arrive at Antwerp Centraal at 14.08 CET. Plenty of time to check out the surroundings for a decent bar. Since we were and still are chaps, I was not looking for a bar to offer 'Cocktails and Clownerie' but a decent pint [*Bothy points awarded, Ed.*]. After my arrival I soon learnt that it was bloody *essential*, since Antwerp welcomed me with a cloudy sky at 7°C and a strong wind from the zee as well as heavily armed soldiers (*We later learnt that this afternoon the operation to catch Salah Abdeslaam of Daesh in Brussels took place*). Luckily there are some bars around Antwerp Centraal, but unfortunately without an indoor smoking area. Round about 15:00 CET the Sergeant arrived fully clad in wonderful western isles' wool ('tweed' as it is known for the outsiders). After a heartfelt hug [*Hopefully not on CCTV as a couple of 'Irons' embracing in public could bring the KPC into disrepute, Ed.*] we quickly decided to visit the 'Bier Central', for the environment was not very welcoming with the cold guns and the cold weather. After the first refreshing sip of *De Konick* the Sergeant presented a bottle of 10 year Talisker, a pack of Glynn Quelch's 'BurPer Kake' (*I wanted to try for so long*) and a scarf handmade by his wife Ruth for my beloved mistress (Thank both of you so much! Infinite bothy points awarded). Absolutely flabbergasted, I at least paid for the beer. Well, the 'Bier Central', being a shelter not so rudimentary for it at least offered a decent assortment of booze it lacked the other big 'b' a chap is looking for, 'bauwky'. We decided to give the bar that welcomed us so perfectly fine last year a try, the 'Café de Geuzenhof'. Why so? Because it offered a smoking room. Not only for this reason the 'De Geuzenhof' was a perfect choice but also for the fact that it is situated next to the bus station that we needed for our trip later to the hotel in Brasschaat.

fresh *Leffe Blonde* in front of us while choosing our bauwkies to fire up our first bowls of the weekend. The choice was particularly difficult because in addition to the vast tobacco collection the Sergeant brought with him in his bottomless satchel, I brought a variety of sealed tins of G.L. Pease blends which I always wanted to try. The Sergeant went for a bowl of *G.L. Pease's 'Westminster'* breaking in his wonderful *Savinelli Tundra Lisica* full bent which he received as a gift from KPC-member Puff Puff Lyall (*Top chap*) while I gave my all-day smoke a go, namely *Samuel Gawith's 'Full Virginia Flake'*. Copious beers and bowls later the sky had already turned quite dark we saw the necessity to leave our beloved 'Café' for we needed to check in our hotel in Brasschaat. Quickly we found our omnibus and off we went for a trip through the pitch dark Flemish night relying on the driver's knowledge and our experiences concerning the bus stop next to which our hotel was situated. Blimey, this Flemish night was dark. In addition, the motorway on which the bus drove, the so called 'Bredabaan' was long. Very long. In total it is 73 km long, the distance we had to cover was only about 20 km long (*He's at it again! Ed.*). To cut a long story short we did not remember where to get off the bus. But we had the driver! So I went there to ask her but she told me that this was the first time she drove this route. Well, it surely does not matter I thought as there were plenty of passengers left to ask. Two gentlemen sitting next to us were our victims. They were very friendly discussing our problem, trying to help us out but you could tell from their views that they did not really know either. Finally they gave us some advice and we got off at the stop they mentioned. But what did we find? You might have guessed it: Everything but a hotel. At least we remembered which way to go and that we got off the bus only some stops past our hotel. After a walk of a good half an hour we

(Continued on page 22)

Fifteen minutes later we were sitting there, two glasses of

Arno attempting to explain his St Patrick's Day outfit to Matron.



Belgians, Beer, Briars and Bauwkies (and Dutch)... Cont.

found our hotel, checked in and decided just to have dinner at the hotel and leave the visit to the *Roode Leeuw* for the following evenings. This was a very sensible decision since I nearly dozed off twice during the consumption of my burger and chips. A long day was closing and we parted for a good night's sleep [*No more hugs? Thank the Lord! Ed.*].

Saturday, March 19th 2016

A cloudy sky welcomed us in the morning in Brasschaat but at least it was not raining. After a hearty breakfast we still had plenty of time until we were supposed to be picked up at 12.15 by Herwig, a very witty PRF-member who kindly offered to give us a lift to a *frituur* (*Belgian Chip Shop*) in the first place and then to the '*Bellekeshoeve*' the farm building where the meeting was taking place. So we decided to have a nice Franconian *Frühschoppen* (an old Franconian tradition according to which friends mostly of the male gender gather together at a local pub or brewery before noon to chat and have some 'Seidla', the Franconian equivalent of a pint of ale). In our case it was not pints but half pints of *Maes Pils* along with some nice bowls. Being a proper Englishman by birth, Matron really got into his *Westminster* so I gave him the tin as a present along with some *McClelland's Black Shag* he always wanted to try [*Bothy points awarded, Ed.*].

At 12.15 Herwig picked us up and off we went to the *frituur*. Unfortunately the '*Frituur Zodiac*', the chip shop we met last year now was permanently closed, but forum-member Jan who organized the whole meeting with his

lovely wife Sas and their friends Miep and Dirk (*Thank you very, very much for all of you efforts*) quickly found a new one to attend. Nearly an estimated quarter of the PRF was already at the *frituur* and gave us a warm welcome. After having finished our normal portion of Belgian fries [*In Belgium 'normal' means 'big', so we made the 'normal' mistake again, Ed.*] with mayonnaise it was time to attend the meeting. Good Herwig quickly found the route to the '*Bellekeshoeve*' and swoosh we were inside. First of all we needed a drink. At the bar we meet Arno who offered us one of his newest acquisitions, *John Cotton's Smyrna*. A splendid deep English mixture with which the Sergeant quickly filled a bowl. I had promised some forum-members to bring some tobaccos with me they liked but I did not. In exchange I got a nice *Butz Choquin Lovat* from Nick, a lovely box of Dutch snuff from Rob and an unopened tin of *Samuel Gawith's 'Cabbie's Mixture'* from Paul. Thank you all very much, top chaps you are!

So many people to meet and talk to... Johnny ('The Undertaker') was absolutely right when he said to me at the *Frituur*: "*You think you have plenty of time but you do not have it*". PRF member Rudi brought along Per Jensen - master blender of *MacBaren* - and his lovely German wife. They offered samples of nearly all of their blends, so I was able try the '*HH Vintage Syrian*' and the '*HH Latakia Flake*'.

One of the true highlights of the meeting was when Arno came to us while we were chatting away with various people to join Matron for their own personal reverence to the late, great *Ian Fraser 'Lemmy' Kilmister* but please let the picture do the talking:

Continued on Page 23

We are Pipeheads! Matron & Arno raise a Lemmy to Lemmy.



Belgians, Beer, Briars and Bauwkies (and Dutch)... Cont.

After the usual group photo it was time for the sausage rolls and apple pastries which were absolutely delicious. Then it got a little calmer and there was time to sit down and chat about tobaccos, pipes and life in general with Jorg, Wilfred, Maarten, Ruben, Thierry, L.deJong, Jan and Rob (*and everybody I might have forgotten*). It turned out that Maarten smoked eight tins of our club blend in 2015! Top chap! What was left in the bottle of Jack Daniels that Arno brought with him disappeared in the course of the discussion miraculously. Jorg brought one of his larger-than-life pipe cases and supplied the Sergeant and I with all kinds of samples (*Thanks my friend*). Matron plucked up the courage to fill his bowl with *Gawith and Hoggarth's Boson Cut Plug*. I took one draw and the conclusion was at hand that this role model of a Lakeland tobacco if it had a liquid state could have been the predecessor of 'Toilet Duck'. No doubt about that. As the evening gave way to the night more and more people left and our esteemed pipe club Sergeant and I became aware that it was already way past 9 o'clock. We definitely wanted to end the evening in the *Roode Leeuw*. Without hesitating Rob declared to take us back to Brasschaat on his way back home to the Netherlands [*Big thank you, Ed.*]. We bade a hearty farewell to the rest and before you can say 'knife' we were sitting in the smoker's lounge of the *Roode Leeuw* contemplating the evening. Without any discussion we agreed that the whole meeting was '*totally pash in a feckin' midden*' (*Dear fuming 4, you will soon learn what this means...*). Shortly past the witching hour we decided to head back to the hotel and for each of us to have a good night.

Sunday, 20th 2016

As usual we met for breakfast at 9 o'clock. Although not standing on a corner in Winslow, Arizona (*Oh lordy, what is it with Germans and bloody Eagles? Ed.*), but sitting at the breakfast table in a Belgian hotel we decided to '*take it easy*' by visiting Antwerp, again by bus. Walking to the bus stop and finally being very, very near to it, seeing the bus coming, being tempted to say that the driver might have seen us too, we learnt a lesson: On a Sunday in Belgium when near to a bus stop thumb the bus or you will stay where you are standing... So we decided to go back to the hotel for another *Frühschoppen* and a bowl to wait for the next bus. On our way back we passed some old Porsche cars. There must have been some kind of tour, race or round trip taking place. Well, '*Porsch-holes*' anyway... [*What the blazes! A German criticising some Belgian assholes driving some high class German engineering? It's a funny old world, Ed.*]

One hour later we were off to Antwerp each one with his

'*Dagpass*'. When we arrived in Antwerp the sun was even shining so we decided to look for a bar to sit outside and quickly found '*Hulstkamp*' where they served *Pilsener Urquell*. We sat down, filled our pipes and fired up when the waiter came. We ordered two *Pilsener Urquell* and in a very polite way the waiter asked us if we wanted big or small ones. Perfectly sensible for Belgium maybe, but if you order a beer where I come from you get a big one until you ask for a small one [*Sounds like we need a trip to Franconia, Ed.*]

Dear reader and readerette, you might ask what we were doing the whole afternoon in Antwerp? For an answer: Imagine a bothy night in the middle of Antwerp and you might get the picture.

With the passing of the afternoon it started to rain and we decided head back to Brasschaat for dinner at the splendid *Roode Leeuw*. This time we went back in daylight and guess what, we found the stop where we had to get off! We had fantastic *Gambas à la Plancha* and *Rumpsteak with Fries* for dinner. Afterwards we decided to close the evening in our smoking room contemplating the weekend. Back at the hotel we wanted to pay our bills and order a taxi for the next morning because I had to leave very early the next morning to catch my trains back to Germany. This will to pay was not easily put in practice because the two lads at the reception desk not only had technical issues getting the bill done, but wanted to charge us thrice the price we agreed on in the first place. The original plan for an early night's sleep was again crossed. After some (friendly) discussions and the presentation of the original contract we got along and even were paid some money back the next morning. [*What skullduggery; a chap could be forgiven for thinking that our members were in the Belgian Congo rather than that colony's parent country! It just shows that the pipe chap always has to safeguard his wallet when 'on the Continent', Ed.*]



Belgians, Beer, Briars and Bauwkies (and Dutch)... Cont.

Monday 21st 2016

The day we both had to leave we met for an early breakfast at 7 o'clock. At the train from Kapellen to Brussels we parted at Antwerp Centraal as even greater friends. Again we agreed that the weekend was all too short. But we also agreed that this was not our last meeting in 2016...

Low Country Invasion? Low Country Invasion!

The weekend from 29/04/2016 – 02/05/2016 four members of the PRF, the so called 'fuming four' will visit the KPC for their first bothy experience. Have a 'pash weekend' and good luck (for you will need it).

Special Thanks

On behalf of the KPC we thank Arno, Arjen, Dirk, Ed, Herwig, Jan, Jorg, L.deJong, Maarten, Marc, Miep, Peter, Rob, Sas, Thierry, Wilfred and everybody we forgot to mention for your splendid hospitality. We will be back! My special thank goes to the Sergeant Matron and Ruth for those great presents.

Let me see your pipe face!



The slaphead, beard and briar section strutting their stuff at Wuustwezel.



New Member Welcome

John D. Burns

Mallory is Dead. Long Live The Beast!

Obituary – John ‘Diablo’ Burns

Our reporter interviews Arthur Hornblower about the life of mountaineer, playwright, author and actor John Burns.

‘What, you want to talk to me about John Burns?’ the old man exclaims as he leads me, unsteadily, into his wood lined study. ‘Why, does he owe you money?’

He motions to me to sit in one of the large leather armchairs. ‘Oh well you see, I’ve been asked to write his obituary.’ I tell him.

‘What?’ cries the old man, half rising from his seat in surprise. ‘You mean he’s dead?’

‘Oh, didn’t you know.’

The old man collapses his body wracked by sobs and plunges his face into a vast handkerchief.

‘Let me get you a drink Arthur. I’m so sorry for your loss,’ I say, touching his shoulder to comfort him.

Arthur takes my arm in a vice like grip. ‘He’s dead, you’re sure?’ He peers at me intently, his eyes rimmed with tears.

‘Yes, I’m so sorry, but he’s definitely dead.’

The old man leaps from the armchair and jigs around the room. ‘He’s dead. Oh wonderful news. John Burns is dead! That’s the best news I’ve had for years. That scheming, thieving, wasting bastard is dead,’ at last, breathless from his dance Arthur comes wheezing to a halt. ‘How did it happen?’

‘He was blown up in a bothy,’ I explain. ‘There was a gas leak and he lit his pipe. The whole place went up.’

‘Blown up in a bothy,’ Arthur laughs. ‘There is a God, there really is a God after all.’

‘But weren’t you friends?’ I ask him tentatively.

‘Friends? That miserable arsehole didn’t have any friends,’ he yells in surprise. ‘Just some people hated him more than others that was all.’

The old man pushes his wizened hands up to my eyes, ‘I’d have strangled him with my bare hands if I thought I’d get away with it.’

‘But I thought he did some good things, like he was in the Cairngorm Mountain Rescue team wasn’t he?’

‘Oh yes he was, he joined so he could help people in distress in the hills.’ Arthur’s eyes bulge with rage, ‘Rubbish! He never did anything for anyone else in his life. The selfish bugger. Joined for the free equipment and the helicopter rides. Bastard probably robbed anyone he found.’

‘But people liked his plays. Performed as George Mallory didn’t he?’ I interject.

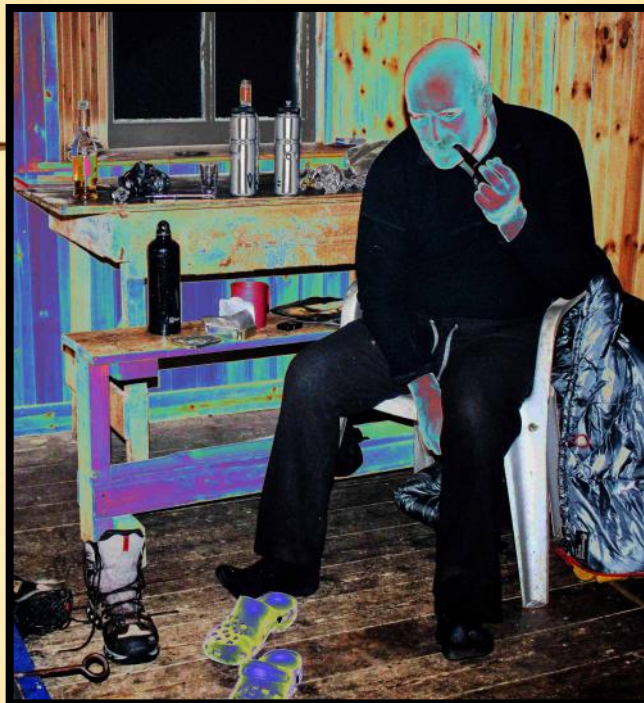
‘Ponced about on stage you mean. “Oh look at a me I’m George Mallory. I just climbed Everest, don’t you know. It ain’t half cold up here.” Man couldn’t act to save his life.’

We both fall into an uncomfortable silence. I try a different tack. ‘But he was good as Aleister Crowley I hear.’

‘Oh yes he was, yes very good indeed.’ Arthur leans forward and whispers in a conspiratorial huddle. ‘Of Course he could play Crowley. Aleister Crowley was the Beast, he was unspeakably evil, the anti-Christ. Burns didn’t have to act, he just played himself.’

‘I see,’ I am beginning to wonder if Arthur is the best person to interview about Burns. ‘Ah but there is his mountaineering life, you were involved in that weren’t you? He did

Don’t be fooled by the comfortable trousers, John is a sound chap who died for his pipe club, so we only expect to see him after the witching hour...



some notable climbs didn’t he?’

‘Ah yes. But he had an amazing ability to get other people to do the dangerous bits. He was a sort of climbing parasite. And then we had the avalanche,’ he stares into the middle distance, as though remembering something far away.

‘Avalanche?’ I probe.

‘Canada, 1000ft up on an ice fall. We both should have been killed. My rib cage was crushed, I spent weeks in agony. He’d seen it coming you see. He says to me, “Just you pop up this bit I’ll follow you.” I went round the corner and boom! Months of pain, I think he broke a finger nail. Left me up there and went to the pub. The fat, drunken git.’

I close my note book, thinking there isn’t much more to ask.

Suddenly Arthur continues. ‘He was always lucky, I’ll give him that. If he fell in a bucket of shite he’d come out with sixpence.’

I stand up to leave, ‘He’d joined the Kearvaig Pipe club you see.’

Arthur looks up and laughs, ‘That shower of scoundrels! I’m surprised they’d have him. Even *they* must have standards.’

I turn away and walk towards the door but Arthur draws me back towards him and asks, ‘Tell me. Did he suffer when the bothy blew up?’

‘Oh no they were all killed instantly. Him and the rest of the club. He didn’t suffer.’

Arthur takes my hand and presses in a surprisingly strong grip, ‘He didn’t suffer. What a pity. Oh well, at least he’s dead. Let’s just be grateful for that.’

Bothy name: The Beast

New Member Welcome

Steve Taylor

Steve, 34, is a self-confessed IT geek (*An International Tobacco geek—whatever next? Ed.*) from the former oil town of Aberdeen who describes himself as a "bothy newbie", which we assume means that he has not got his Boy Scouts bothy badge just yet. Steve's opening gambit was to petition the KPC to let him join by meeting up with a few of the chaps at a bothy other than Kearvaig, as he would need to seek the permission of his "other half" to head out to the far NW. This was accepted by the membership committee with the proviso that he read the popular KPC field guide entitled: *'Trousers: A Practical Guide for the Chap in Purchasing and Wearing Them'*, which he has agreed to do, after getting permission from *her indoors* of course...

Since becoming a father to a daughter 5 years ago, Steve says that he has been living the good life "a little too much" and needs to get out in the hills "to burn off some excess ballast" (*Haul 10kg of coal + the usual bothy tat into The Tarf or Sron Garbh and he'll soon resemble an emaciated pipe cleaner, Ed.*).

A former cigarette smoker for 10 years, he gave up and then realised that he missed smoking (*Bothy points awarded, Ed.*) so he took up cigars which he had to stop in 2011 as reality bit thus: "being a dad is more expensive and cigars". In 2014 he took to the briar as a cheaper alternative to the whole leaf and he now reports that he also prefers the pipe with the odd cigar now and again (*Sensible chap, Ed.*). Interestingly and hearteningly, Steve also felt that the culture around pipe smoking was less pretentious than cigar smoking (*Yes, it's a shame that the wannabe Porsche drivers of the world have given the whole leaf a tarnished reputation, Ed.*). Having learned of the KPC after the release of *Bothy Flake* he felt that he had come to the right place for a down to earth puff in a rudimentary shelter.

Like a goodly number of our chaps Steve is a self-confessed tobacco-tart and is high on the VaPer trail (*Enough already! Ed.*) at the moment, citing the sublime *SG Cabbie's Mixture* and *McClelland's Beacon Extra* as current favourites, usually smoked in corn cobs.

When not smoking his pipe or doing the washing-up, ironing, housework etc. Steve says he plays the guitar "badly" (*That's just what we bloody need, another tuneless strummer in the bothy... Ed.*) and enjoys the odd computer game (*Hmmm, yes, that tired old euphemism for watching adult movies when the missus is out, Ed.*).

Whatever this chap's eccentricities, we would like to extend a warm KPC welcome and look forward to seeing him and sharing a bowl or three in a rudimentary shelter sometime soon.

Bothy name: The CobbIT

Steve says that he prefers being behind the lens, but we think that apart from the NHS shades (Never knew they did sunglasses, Ed.), unforgivable Xmas present jersey and the IBM beard, readers will have seen worse at 07:00 on a bothy morning. Besides, the colourful and elegant cob provides a modicum of mitigation...



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Corvette *shaves you better*

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.

Letter to High Command

Dear Brigadier & Co.,

Please rest assured, it is with a stiff upper lip that I accept the somewhat draconian measures imposed on myself for coming last in the KPC raffle, whereby receiving a 50g tin of SG *Christmas Mixture* pipe tobacco. I am aware that lesser measures were considered thus:

1. Life without parole in the United States Terre Haute Penitentiary, Indiana.
2. Being parachuted into Islamic State held territory with an 'Allah is a Bampot' tattooed on the forehead and a 'Cut here' tattoo round the neck.
3. Given a jolly good kicking by the 1st Battalion The Parachute Regiment every other day for a fortnight and by the 2nd battalion 1st Battalion is puffed out.

Due to the gravity of the offence and to standards being maintained, I can appreciate no leniency whatsoever was exercised in this matter. I can assure your good selves that I harbour no ill feelings beyond revenge, slander, libel and deformation of character.

Yours in a figgy cinnamon fog,

Major Ellis Dee

Merry Figgin Christmas!

Dear Major,

Yes, last place in such a competition as the KPC raffle is a very poor show indeed and maintaining standards is and remains the KPC's top priority. If you survive smoking the whole tin of that aromatic filth High Command will consider your debt to the club and society in general repaid in full. However, as a precaution we think that is

only fitting that we inform you that the punishment for any further such misdemeanours will be a one-way helicopter trip to An Garbh-eilean with:

1. *Clan, pipe tobacco, pouch, 2 of, (And he thinks SG Chrimbo mixture was bad, tee-hee, Ed.)*
2. *Underpants, y-fronts, white, pair, 1 of,*

Note: There is no pipe in your kit list so you will have to either eat the Clan (Probably better than smoking the bloody stuff, Ed.) or make a pipe out of puffin plop-plops or some such. Your banishment will be overseen and maintained by the local MO who, as you will be aware, is not celebrated for her overtly charitable spirit.

Yours,

Brigadier Matron (That's got a NICE ring to it, Ed.)

Poster Roaster!

Just got back from a sc sb [Strathchailleach and Strathan bothies] wilderness trip and saw your adverts [...] bob [Sic] is my dad please think about these old people who work to maintain these places without pay[...] they [Sic] need your help and will give you their gratitude [Sic] please respect what Bernard and Betty started.

Tom Tateson (via the KPC website)

Dear Mr Tateson,

I hope you enjoyed the far NW on your trip as much as our chaps do although we think "wilderness" is a tad grandiose. We consider the description of 'wild land' for the area in question to be more accurate.

I am not really sure what point you are making in your e-mail as we are a responsible pipe club and bothy users, whom appreciate and respect what MBA volunteers do. Therefore, I fail to see why leaving a poster or two in a bothy denigrates the work of MOs etc. and Bernard and Betty in any way?

You will no doubt be aware that people of all persuasions leave all manner of artefacts in bothies for all sorts of reasons and the KPC reserves the right to leave messages, posters etc. as our contribution to the melting-pot that bothies are, and also so that like minded chaps can get in touch with us.

Yours,

Sergeant Matron,

The Kearvaig Pipe Club

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR *cont.*

Smoking Out The MBA

The following enquiry was submitted by one of our SBS undercover chaps to the MBA website.

Dear Sir and/or Madam,

I recently watched your program called Bothy Life and found it rather interesting. With the kids now all grown up I have been looking for a new and different interest and what could be more different than heading to a bothy. Since I'm new to the bothy experience do I have to get permission to cross certain areas and what are the laws on smoking in bothies as I am a smoker myself and am not sure if its allowed? I look forward to your reply and who knows I may end up joining the MBA and sharing some stories round a warm fire.

Colin de' Vous

And here is the response 'Colin' got from the MBA's head honcho:

Hello Colin

Thanks for your message.

No, you don't have to get permission to cross certain areas in Scotland - the access laws say that you can go anywhere (except in people's gardens) as long as you behave responsi-

bly. In England and Wales you will have to be careful not to enter land with restrictions on access. The bothies we look after generally have straightforward (but not necessarily effort-less) access routes.

Smoking is not permitted in enclosed public spaces. Bothies are not specifically mentioned in the Scottish legislation - either to be smoking free - or to be exempt from regulations. The advice we give to bothy users is to be respectful to the wishes of other people in the bothy. If they would prefer you not to smoke, then it is polite to step outside.

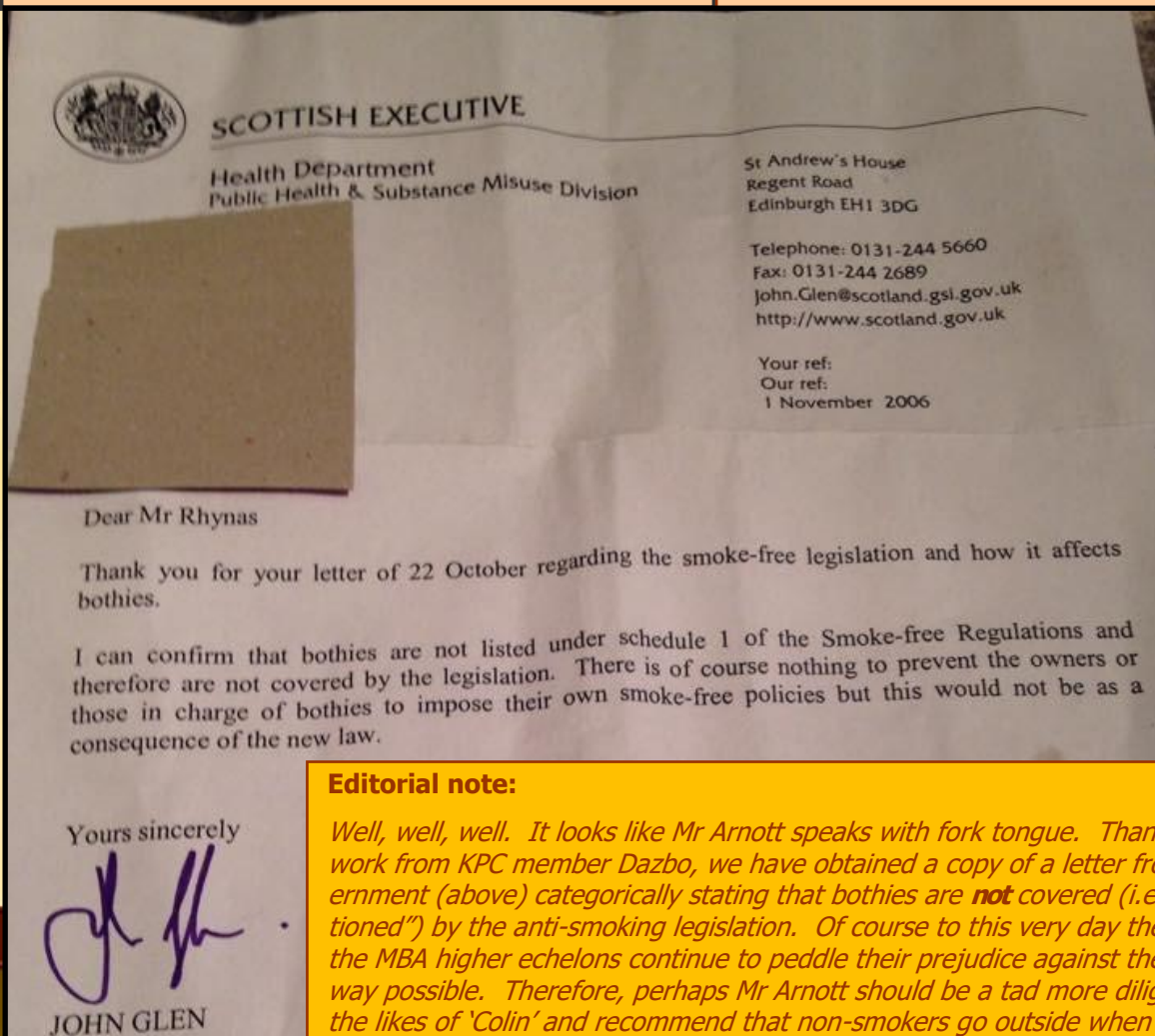
There are a set of frequently asked questions on our website (www.mountainbothies.org.uk/faq.asp) which you might find useful.

You are probably aware that the MBA is a bothy maintenance organisation. If you would like to support our work then I would encourage you to join. Your support either as a volunteer at our maintenance work parties, or providing us with the money to buy wood and nails through your subscription, would be very welcome. You do not need to be a member of the MBA to use the bothies we maintain - they are there for anyone to use.

Hope this helps.

Best wishes.

John Arnott [MBA]



Editorial note:

*Well, well, well. It looks like Mr Arnott speaks with fork tongue. Thanks to some sterling work from KPC member Dazbo, we have obtained a copy of a letter from the Scottish Government (above) categorically stating that bothies are **not** covered (i.e. not just "not mentioned") by the anti-smoking legislation. Of course to this very day the uptight element in the MBA higher echelons continue to peddle their prejudice against the pipe chap in any way possible. Therefore, perhaps Mr Arnott should be a tad more diligent when advising the likes of 'Colin' and recommend that non-smokers go outside when a chap has a perfectly legal bowl? We suspect that dear old 'Colin' won't be rushing to join the MBA any-time soon...*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR cont.

Letter from B.C.

Hi Sarge,

Here's a contribution for the next addition. I took my "mobile Bothy" aka Winnebago up the BC coast. Pipe pointing at the most prized club pin.

All the best,

Doug



Dear Doug,

Splendid to see you sporting your well-earned KPC raffle booty. Our esteemed member Argentum Bender is indeed a genius when it comes to all things silver and I know he will be thrilled to see some of his work across the pond. Being from Scotland we are unfamiliar with mobile bothies, unless some chump has put a gas canister up the lum, or ignited a beer/curry generated bout of flatulence of course! We do hope, however, that your horse's back problems get better soon.

Sincerely,

Matron

Tamper Tantrums Part 1...

Dear Sgt. Matron,

I hope to be helpful sending you a photo of my tampers collection. Try to guess which one is my favourite! I bought eight of these to put them in every room in my house, in my car and in the pockets of my trousers and jackets.

I'm sorry but I can't come to the next meeting in the bothy, because my English isn't already perfect (also because you listen to Motörhead and I listen to blues and jazz music). I'll be with you smoking Bothy Flake and Squadron.

Many greetings to "The Blender".

Franco, (The General)



Dear General,

Thank you Sir, er, we think, for your 'interesting' still life of tamping devices. At first we thought it was your roadside repair kit for your Fiat 500 until we spotted a pipe logo in there somewhere. It would appear that your dictatorial penchant for oppressing all and sundry even extends to fine pipe tobaccos. Some chaps say such crushing consistency is a virtue, whilst other might say that it is simply an ailment that needs urgent professional help. Whatever, may we suggest that when journeying to Scotland for your bothy trip that you dispense with all but one tamping device to avoid a lengthy and justifiable detention at the border, where we believe that they torture 'jazzy chaps' with heavy rock and death metal. After all, we would not want you to miss your seat around the bothy fire old chap, now would we!

The Blender will undoubtedly be pleased of your greeting, but we must inform you that he has some strident views about correct tamping procedure for Samuel Gawith tobaccos.

Yours,

Matron

Tamper Tantrums Part 2...

Dear Sir,

Last purchase made at Alpascia, Milano. In my opinion more beautiful than a pipe. Too bad you cannot smoke it.

The General

Continued (unfortunately, Ed.) on P.31

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR cont.

Tamper Tantrums Part 2 Cont...



Dear General,

Thank you so much for the picture of your ceremonial dagger. All we can say is that the chaps at that Alpacscia emporium must have seen you coming with that one!

Yours,

Matron

Thanks From an MBA MO!

Dear Chaps,

Thank you for recently visiting the Shielin of Mark Bothy in the Southern Cairngorms.

Kenny Ferguson,

Joint MO SoM

Dear Kenny,

Thanks very much for getting in touch. The chaps and I had a splendid time and our thanks to you for doing what you do up at SoM. I'll pass on your regards to the chaps forthwith. Are you a chap of the briar yourself?

Yours,

Matron

A Flake's Flakes!

Dear KPC Pipe Smokers,

What do you use to crumble your favourite flake? Personally I use wooden bowls.

The General



Dear General,

I'm sure each and every one of our chaps will have an opinion on the crucial process of flake preparation, or maybe not. At least, Sir, you have a window and are allowed to smoke in your secure accommodation.

Yours,

Matron

PM Caught Not Exactly *Panatelling* the Truth!

B&B readers will no doubt have read about the recent skulduggery going on over in Panama with our avaricious PM David 'Call me Dave' Cameron getting smoked out by his own duplicity, mendacity, sophistry, hypocrisy etc.. Our hapless Dave, when questioned about his late old chap's - and thereby his - Panamanian tax dodging by B&B, glibly replied: "*We're all in this together, so don't tax it, er, I mean don't Brexit!*" Who said the days of the great political orator are dead?

Meanwhile, in an attempt to capitalise on their newfound notoriety, the organisers of Dave's Don't Tax It Scam-campaign, namely the legal firm *Bawsack¹ Fonseca* have dipped a tax free toe into the world of Panama cigars. Readers will of course be familiar with the world famous Panama Slim Panatellas. In a masterstroke of marketing, reflecting their highly successful business model, B&B has learned that *Bawsack* will be launching a new brand of cigar called: Panama Slim *Panaliars*. Could this mean that *Bawsack* has turned a new leaf (*Oh lordy, Ed.*) and decided, *for once* at least, to tell the truth? Time will tell, but for now the B&B Editorial team are advising chaps not to buy these new cigars, so as to avoid giving any succour to Dave and his *Bawsack* lick-spittle chums.

¹*That's Scots for 'ball sack' (or scrotum) for our English speakers and overseas readers, Ed.*

6 TAX FREE CIGARS

PANAMA
SLIM PANALIARS

INDIVIDUALLY FOIL WRAPPED

BAWSACK X FONSECA

Warning:
Smoking these
wee bastards will not be
taxing. You can (offshore)
trust us!

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

KPC Future Moots

29th/30th 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 20th August 2016 at Achnanlach bothy.

"The fragrance of pipe tobacco makes me wish I were a man"..... *W. Danieles*

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