



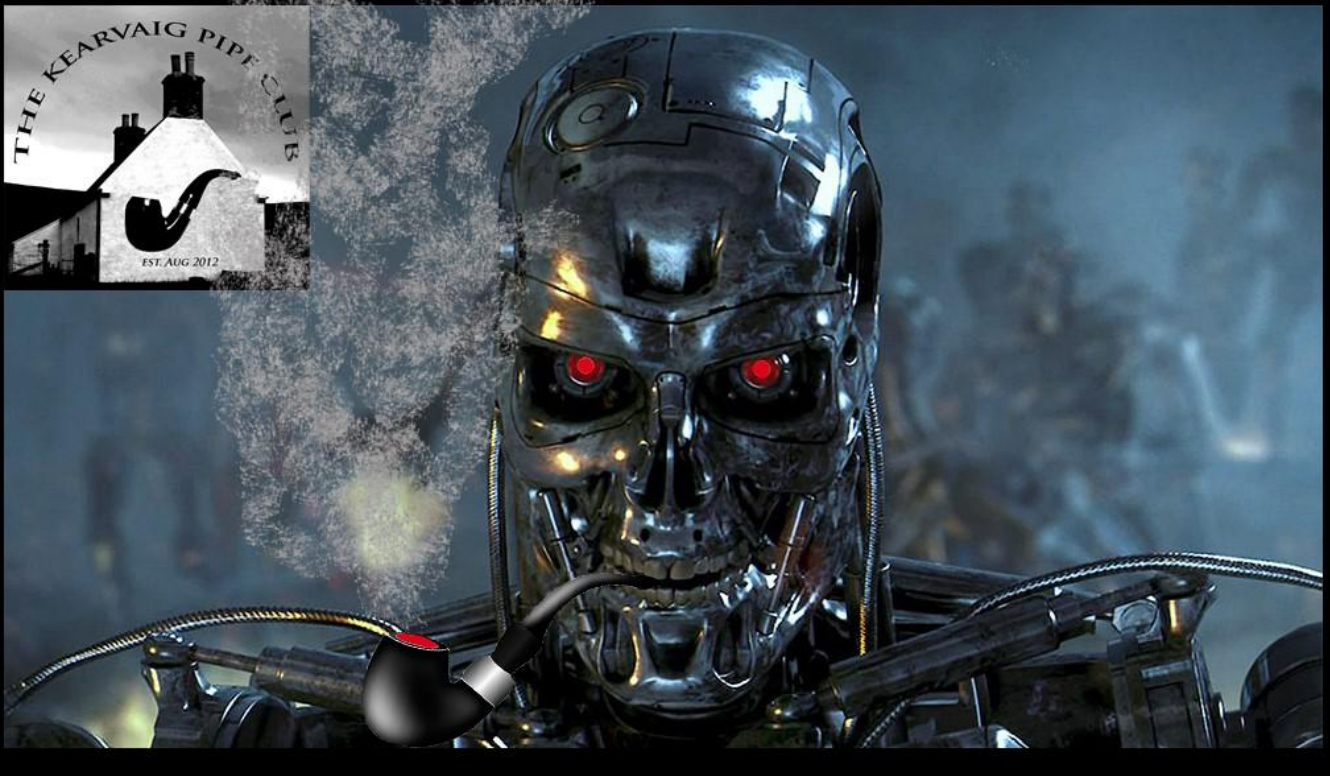
# 'Briar & Bothies'

The newsletter of  
THE KEARVAIG PIPE CLUB



## The 2016 AGM

**WELCOME TO THE 2016 KPC AGM  
01ST OCTOBER 2016, ARNABOLL**



### A bothy too far...

**D**ue to the Army running 'Operation Make Stuff Dead', or some such, over the weekend of the AGM, the KPC was forced into an early retreat (*Or simply attacking in another direction, Ed.*) as Kearvaig was, for the far-NW pipe club chap at any rate, to be a bothy too far. Mossman, however, having journeyed northwards early, had managed to beat the blockade to get a few days in at our shrine before being captured, interrogated and evacuated like some bedraggled pipe club refugee by the Army in some foul weather at the end of September. According to leaked documents obtained by the KPC

*(Continued on page 2)*

***Arnabollic steroids:  
Every gig needs its  
advance publicity  
and the 2016 AGM  
was no exception.***

***"Anyway, no drug, not even alcohol, causes the fundamental ills of society. If we're looking for the source of our troubles, we shouldn't test people for drugs, we should test them for stupidity, ignorance, greed and love of power."  
- P.J. O'Rourke***

# The 2016 AGM Cont.

## Sunrise over Arnaboll and Ben Hope.



Command Centre (KPCCC), the intrepid Mossman used his journalistic training to devastating effect and deployed so much verbal chaff that his Army interrogators (*Mrs MOO's patsies more like, Ed.*) simply gave up in the resulting confusion, thereby letting our cunning agent slip through their fingers with all his secrets intact. We believe it was his tale of service with No.303 Polish Fighter Squadron during the summer of 1940 or possibly a detailed description of his favoured anal cleansing strategy which made a mockery of British Army latrine procedures that scuppered his adversaries' mettle and thereby secured his freedom. Who would have thought that a mere

mention of a handful of soggy, adsorbent, vegetation would have thwarted chaps with access to laser-guided munitions? Either that or they simply concluded that our diminutive chumrade was quite mad. What a top chap!

All this military manoeuvring did have a notable deleterious effect on proceedings, however, as it meant that Argentum Bender and Major Ellis Dee would be confined to Cape Wrath barracks polishing their pipes, bayonets and Lewis guns, for the duration. They are of course good chaps under fire, but missing the AGM would no doubt be a devastating blow to their morale; or would it..?

In fact, regardless of NATO interference, operation KPC AGM 2016 had started to unravel a few days prior as the KPCCC was informed by the Hackney Hobo (HH) that the secret RV location, namely Scourie campsite (*Now de-classified, Ed.*), was closed for the season. Of course the observant reader may inquire why it takes a journeyman from Suffolk to inform the KPCCC that a campsite in the far north of Scotland is closed. Being a resourceful chap, HH headed even further north into the tundral wastes to establish a basecamp among the wildlings at Sango Sands – bothy points awarded. Well almost. Our intrepid wild rover from south of the wall *would have* set up a basecamp if he had remembered his roll mat and sleeping bag, so he had to fall back on the time-honoured survival technique of smoking profusely and drinking himself to oblivion (*Eat sloppy walrus faeces Bear Grylls! Ed.*) in the back of his Hackney carriage – bothy points deducted.

*(Continued on page 3)*

### Arnaboll scorecard (out of 5):

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

**"The thing in any organisation is the creation of a soul."**

**- General George S. Patton, July 1941**

## The 2016 AGM Cont.

### The Gathering

Thus on a bright but chilly afternoon Matron convened with a slightly jaded but jolly HH who was just drumming -up in the back of said Hackney carriage. To stave off the chill, HH had adulterated the tea with some unbranded 'Islay Malt' which was deemed, after extensive olfactory analysis, (*Naturally, Ed.*) to be none other than Laphroaig. This after-market additive turned regular Tetley's into a potent, smoky and rather agreeable *Lapsang Souchong* substitute. With Dunfy Hillbillies, namely Messrs Bingae, Cave Fud and Dazbo still a goodly few hours away from the RV site, HH and Matron were left with little choice other than to retire to the warmth of the Sango Sands Oasis for chips and a beverage or three.

Whilst the bar was filling up with some beefy, short-haired survivors of Op. Make Stuff Dead, the Dunfy Hillbillies piled in to the fray in raucous form, as they had some catching up to do as HH and Matron were already 3 sheets to the wind. The AGM weekend, or so they thought, had started.

### Alternative venue

A stiff morning sou'easter ripping across Sango Sands greeted some groggy pipe club chaps, as, true to form, the trigger was once again pulled early. Due to closure of the Cape of Good Smoke some prior debate had been initiated about an alternative venue for the AGM. Current INTEL from KPC member 'The Beast' put the non-MBA bothy of Arnaboll in the frame for the AGM. This turned out to be a wise choice as Arnaboll is indeed a cracking wee bothy in a dramatic location on the shore of Loch Hope. One disadvantage, as was noted at the time, however, was that there was no jolly omnibus trip to this particular rudimentary shelter. But to counter this fact, it was also noted by some sage, that was also one distinct *advantage*, namely that there was *no* jolly omnibus trip to Arnaboll... Equilibria, like standards, must be maintained one supposes.

### Loch Hope hopefuls

There was one advantage to Arnaboll that all present could agree on though: Arnaboll is a lochside bothy meaning that an amphibious assault was *de rigueur*. Cue Matron's 2.4m inflatable with the awesome power of a 3.5hp outboard. At first a few chaps proffered scepticism as to the efficacy of this aqueous amalgam, but when the penny dropped the 275kg capacity of Matron's inflatable

*(Continued on page 4)*

***The Monocled Mutineer? Fetching and fashionable eyewear aside, this chap still fails to conceal his true troglodytic origins at The Gathering.***



***Matron, complete with Tweed flotation jacket, prepares for the amphibious assault on Arnaboll.***



## The 2016 AGM Cont.

suddenly seemed woefully under-resourced as willing 'helpers' piled beer, coal, wood and anything else that they could offload before their gargantuan 2km trek in. Thus Matron set off across the loch from the east shore with precious little freeboard to play with in the event of a sudden tempest, although the remaining light-sacked vagabonds seemed, unremarkably, not too bothered about this potential threat. One suspects fretting would have only occurred if their beer had ended up at the bottom of the loch.

Matron crossed the loch without incident and was greeted by a beaming Mossman (*The KPC's official bothy-warmer-in-chief, Ed.*) with an almost witty: "*Mister Stanley I presume.*" Fluffing his lines somewhat, Matron could only manage a rather limp: "*Mossman my old fruit, how the devil are you, er, I mean, Dr Livingstone?*" With the inflatable tied up outside the bothy, offloading the vessel was a simple procedure since the laggardly vagabonds had not yet arrived to secure their booty and the Dockers were not on strike that day.

Shortly, after a stiff bout of stevedoring, a couple of familiar faces turned up, namely Thornton McLacey and Bertie. In some splendid afternoon sunshine Thornton's Tizwas jersey (*That had no doubt not emerged from his knapsack since last year, Ed.*) looked even brighter than usual but at least he had come equipped with his new hill-running pipe – bothy points awarded. Bertie had obviously been to his barbers recently as a precaution against any throw away jibes involving Stan Laurel's coiffeur. Of course this precaution was doomed from the start as it was dryly noted by Matron that said coiffeur just looked like Mr Laurel had merely had a haircut. No one does a quizzical grimace quite like our Bertie! Such is the brutal regime of the KPC AGM... Whatever their sartorial and follicular travails it was indeed good to see these chaps and catch up on events.

Presently Bingae, Cave Fud, Dazbo and HH came rolling in in high spirits and once again the blue touch paper of the AGM was lit.

### In the shadow of Ben Hope

Despite needing some TLC on the roof, Arnaboll really is a splendid bothy that is looked after by a local school. The sizeable mass of Ben Hope watching over it adds considerable drama to an already picturesque location. Arnaboll had a feel of a house that had been recently abandoned as it was very well appointed, particularly the kitchen room, with its solid fuel range and sink area.

It would be fair to say that this year's AGM was a change of pace from 2015 which was probably just as well as a few of the protagonists looked as if they'd only just caught up on their sleep. The moot started gently with the chaps lounging

*(Continued on page 5)*

***It is unusual to see a rainbow on such a dry, sunny day, but the Bumbershoot Boys found a way to charge the Cost of el Sol to their pipe club chums alright...***



***"Some days you just have to create your own sunshine."***

***- Anon.***

## The 2016 AGM cont.

about outside in the glorious sunshine that was to prove to be an omen for the fine month that October turned out to be. As the sun dipped, the cliffs of Ben Hope adopted a vermillion hue for just a few minutes. A distinct chill accompanied this fine spectacle so the chaps convened around the kitchen table where pipes, cigars and candles were lit alongside a vast array of snacks that were not. Mossman held court with tales of yore from his days with the Polish Press Agency where he once skewered the world's political leaders with a few well-chosen questions. His wonderful story about interviewing Maggie Thatcher ("HHGGEERR!") - now a bothy classic - where his astute probing managed to rile her into explosive, if confected, indignation on air (and almost reaching for her legendary handbag) was a gem. At this point Matron proffered that dear old Mossman did not seem to have too much luck with women named Margaret... Mossman's face, after the merest delay - no doubt down to combination of translation and instinctive disdain (*For Mrs T. that is, Ed.*) - burst into a massive, subversive, grin of satisfaction. Funnily enough, since allying himself with the KPC (*And the fact that the witch is dead, Ed.*) Mossman seems to have the upper hand these days with the Margaret's of this world, huzzah!

The moot then settled into a similar vein to last year where the kitchen became just like a proper old pub, full of old blokes drinking, smoking and talking utter twaddle. Heaven. The only significant interruption to the conviviality was when Mossman decided to try an experiment with the kitchen range. Our chumrade had informed us previ-

ously of an Icelandic friend of his who once sent him some smoked salmon. Not an event of note you might think, but this particular smoked salmon had been smoked over sheep dung. In the advancement of science, (*Perhaps he should stick to journalism, Ed.*) Mossman had been gathering up dry or semi-dry sheep dung from round about the bothy with the intention of an attempt at an ovine faecal conflagration. This he did by opening the range door and piling in said droppings. They ignited alright and the resulting aroma was just the prod that the chaps needed to retire - rather more hastily than a Gentleman might desire - with port and cigars to the lounge. From now on one suspects that the chaps would be reading the small print on the labels of smoked salmon...

### Cave Fud's finest (¼) hour...

Once ensconced in the lounge the partially lubricated chaps were in for an experience that they may never forget. Yes dear reader, this year there would be a splendid addition to events: live music, as our dear old Cave Fud had brought his geetar! Cave Fud may indeed be a Fud of the Cave, but he's *our* Fud and as such garners the total lack of respect that any staunch KPC member deserves. Most members will be aware that whilst our very own *cut-dly Fuddly* may lack a certain grace in quite a few aspects of bothy etiquette (*One just has to take a random dip into the ever thickening ledger, Ed.*), he does have a certain *je ne sais quoi* with a stringed acoustic device. Additionally, our soon to be not-so-unsung-hero had spent the quiet summer months in the coolness of his cave composing his

(Continued on page 6)

### Yer kin tack the chaps oot ae Fife, but...



## The 2016 AGM cont.

own lyrics set to some well-known foot-tapping tunes. Thus the sheep-shit-refugees (*Good name for a backing group, Ed.*) gathered round the open fire of Arnaboll's fine smoking lounge, complete with double bed, which had already been colonised by a comfort seeking Mossman. Cave Fud took his place on the sofa and tuned his weapon. There was a palpable frisson (*Or was it merely a wistful hope? Ed.*) that his guitar would malfunction, but this was not to be the case as Cave Fud burst into a fine set of 2 ½ tunes or thereabouts. Whilst Bruce Springsteen, Ry Cooder or perhaps Slash may not have too much to worry about if one was to get all competitive, we think that dear old Fuddly fully deserved the rapturous applause and a chumly sing-a-long that ensued as a result of his fine efforts. His place in bothy legend is now secured. A standing ovation was only prevented due to the act of standing being a tricky manoeuvre at such a late hour. 'Go join the KPC' and 'KPC Blues'

were quite possibly firm favourites with a chorus that the chaps were able to latch onto like tag-nuts on a spring-time sheep's hindquarters. The sound was about the same too. We have the pleasure in reproducing the insightful and poignant lyrics below for readers' enjoyment.

(Continued on page 7)

### Cave Fud: Still not too white to get down!



#### GO JOIN THE KPC (To the tune of Johnny B. Goode) By Cave Fud

*Ah woke up just this morning with a voice in ma head  
Listen up son cause this what it said  
Your better arff goin tae join the KPC  
Al put ye on tae Matron he's the man tae see*

*Go, go join the KPC  
Go, join the KPC  
Go, join the KPC  
Get yer sel' a briar and go join the KPC*

*It's ten past nine on a Saturday night  
Every one's relaxed and talking shite  
Matrons taking foties, dazbo's by the fire  
Bingae's in his bag having a rake about  
Five minutes later were on the broon toot*

*Go, go join the KPC  
Go, join the KPC  
Go, join the KPC  
Get yer sel' a briar and go join the KPC*

*Well a woke up just this morning and the voice was gone  
Wasn't sure of where I was or what I'd done  
Can't really see through the hazy fuzz  
That's appeared through the nite  
One things for sure my briar's still alight*

*Dazbo's daen the bacon, Bingai the rolls  
Matrons got the spade tae go dig a hole  
Cave fuds sittin' looking a wee bit worse fir ware  
Looking fir the pills cause his heid is sare  
That last wee dram sure done the trick  
Where's ma pills cos am goni be sick*

*Go, go join the KPC  
Go, join the KPC  
Go, join the KPC  
Get yersel' a briar and go join the KPC*

#### KPC BLUES

By Cave Fud

*I hear that Maggie coming a-round the bend  
And I ain't seen her pipe puss since way back when*

*Yeah were going to a bothy for a day or two  
Well there's Matron ,Dazbo, Bingae and the Cave Fud too*

*Well Maggie she has got the blues she heard the chaps and me  
Heading up to Kearvaig with the KPC  
Yeah were going to smoke our briars maybe two or three  
Well Maggie you have got the blues you got the KPC blues.*

*She sticks her around the door so she can get a look around  
Her chin it does hit the floor when she see's the KPC are in town*

*She shake's her head and turns around  
Walks back up that track  
Maggie just keep walking and don't you ever look back*

*Maggie maggie, you got the blue ooo's  
Maggie maggie, you got the blue ooo's  
Maggie you got the blue ooooooo's*

# The 2016 AGM Cont.



After Cave Fud's tour-de-force the AGM stayed in the cosy lounge. Although the witching hour was long past, the chaps were still buzzing from Cave Fud's efforts. Slowly but surely, however, night began to fall and despite the racket Mossman curled up early on his double bed. Bertie and Thornton made their excuses (*Which ones? Ed.*) and Matron sidled off to his cubby hole under the stairs and the room was left to the bairns and their it-made-sense-at-the-time 'cocktails' until daft o'clock. As long as we did not have to dredge the loch for bodies in the morning, no harm done.

### Another day another squalour

The morning after the AGM tends to be a strange time in

a pipe club chap's routine. It is a sort of an in-between time, perhaps even a sort of purgatory, where befuddlement has the upper hand and normally stout chaps with their various strict regimens adopt a more, albeit enforced, casual approach to proceedings. Clumsy attempts at boiling water are common and it is a miracle that, to date, not a single KPC member has scalded themselves. There is still time, one supposes. Mercifully, the kitchen range's aromatic properties had subsided enough to allow a comfortable re-colonisation. After a few spade strolls breakfast began to be assembled albeit, it would be fair to say, with less than military precision.

*(Continued on page 8)*

### HH & Bingae get down to some important business.



## The 2016 AGM Cont.



HH had ended the AGM with his first ever bivvy-out, such was the splendid weather. Apart from forming a human trip hazard, it was a fine effort by a chap whom has taken to bothy life with some gusto, or was it merely a result of some perfunctory staggering about out-with the bothy environs at some un-earthly hour? Dazbo had also made it out to his wee tent without wrecking it, although it still sported some scars from some previous moot mayhem.

During breakfast, that seemed to last for at least three hours, Bingae - remembering the horror show delivered to us by our Dutch and Belgian members at the Cabin earlier in the year (see B&B Vol.5 Iss.3) - decided to experiment with a brown and red sauce combination that never fails to put a chap of Alba on edge. Although, again, nothing of foreboding happened, it is attention to detail that counts in these situations. Bingae, like Fleming before him, *stumbled* upon his vital discovery. Whilst live-saving drugs did not form a part of Bingae's Eureka moment, he did find the reason that brown and red sauces are never infused this side of the North Sea: quite simply a *vastly* inferior bacon roll is the result. As an easy going pipe club the KPC has few rules. A new rule was, however, unanimously agreed at the AGM: It was decided that when we have our Dutch and Belgian brethren present, only *one* sauce will ever be available at any one time using a system of tokens akin to running locomotives on a single-track line. Thus the AGM did indeed prove not to be merely a waste of time.

The chaps bid Bertie and Thornton farewell in some glorious sunshine after our colourful couple made some equally colourful excuses about not being able to attend another evening. There was some big talk about bagging Ben Hope by the odd remainder which soon evapo-

(Continued on page 9)

**Unless you are Dutch or Belgian  
DO NOT try this at home...**





## The 2016 AGM Cont.

rated with the first hiss of an afternoon ring-pull. It was a fine day for doing just about nothing and apart from an amphibious re-supply run by Cave Fud and Matron to fetch coal, this noble aim was achieved with remarkable ease.

The stunning weather continued and luncheon was essentially a picnic in the sun; a real tonic for the busy pipe club chap. At about the time of the dew point, the second evening was one of port and fine cigars around the kitchen table but not before Mossman was frisked for ovine excrement. HH had brought to the table the remarkably good 'Oriental' Dunhill's (*Well, Scandanavian Tobacco at any rate, Ed.*) *London Mixture*. The enjoyable edge of this blend was slightly denuded as Bingae explained that 'London mixture' was a phrase applied to the contents of sewage barges that used to leave London via the Thames to dump their contents out in the North Sea. Unfortunately, at this juncture memories of the previous evening's experiments with the analogous *Arnaboll Mixture* came flood-

ing back...

The AGM came to a rather abrupt end when the drink ran out. Then, foolishly, Matron informed the moot that during the fossil fuel re-supply run he neglected to retrieve a bottle of Old Pulteney. The obvious question on the attendees' minds was: Was this heinous dereliction of duty down to avarice or lightweightism? Either way, Matron was doomed and his bothy points fell faster than the post-Brexit Pound. Secretly, however, there was a reluctant admission that this fact was probably a blessing in disguise, but publicly there was no let up as empties were scrutinised with the attention of a microbiologist studying creatures that swarm and multiply in a drop of water. This fruitless quest yielded predictable results and there was not even enough recovered to fill Thornton's whisky thimble.

(Continued on page 10)

### The Special Bothy Service?



# The 2016 AGM Cont.

## Epilogue: The 'Real' AGM?

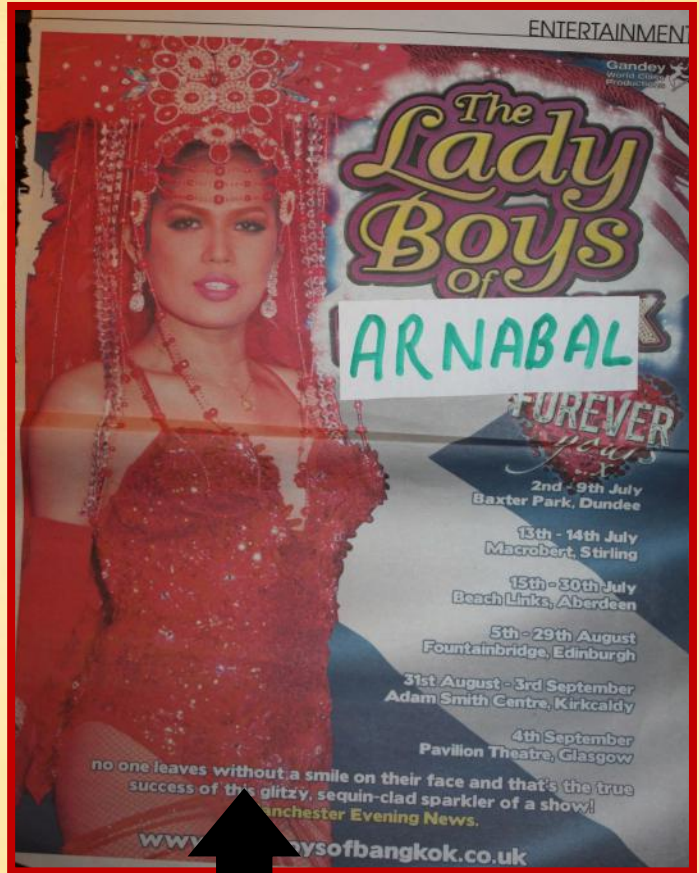
Whilst the chaps were getting all pumped-up on their Amabollic steroids they remained blissfully unaware of some mysterious and some may say mutinous skulduggery going on up on the Parph. After the Amaboll 'AGM' Matron journeyed to The Cape of Good Smoke to visit The Major and The Bender after the Army had finished blowing a few million of taxpayers' cash. Matron reports that these chaps seemed more chipper and sly than usual and an unsuspecting Matron walked straight into their carefully laid trap... This will confirm to readers of this periodical that when the ferry stops running up at the Kyle, *El Diablo* does indeed make work for idlers' hands.

Just as Matron was settling down to a convivial bowl, the trap was sprung as he was presented with some rather shocking photos by the plotters. It turns out that The Major had dusted off a copy of the KPC Constitution (*We'd always suspected that he'd be a bit of a constitutional pedant, Ed.*) in which its states that: "4. Although the KPC is a travelling pipe club, the AGM will always be held at *Kearvaig until such time that said venue does not exist.*" Point 4 appears to be so clearly defined that even OJ's lawyers would have trouble finding some wiggle-room before concocting some bamboozling sophistry.

It is just as well that tweed is a remarkably forgiving fabric when it comes to malodourous oxters, as one can only imagine the sweat that Matron must have put on under the smug, inquisitorial glare of the pedants. There was only one thing for it: literally put up a smokescreen i.e. switch to GH&Co. *Balkan Flake* in a house pipe and fill the

(Continued on page 11)

*Spelling aside, perhaps The Bender and The Major have a valid point?*



**The blaggards!**



## The 2016 AGM Cont.

gaff with a dense Latakia smog in a desperate attempt to buy time and prepare a rear-guard action. There was no place to hide and Matron simply *had* to confront the evidence of The Bender and The Major's 'AGM'. Sure enough there were some, mediocre quality, photographs of these unquestionably staunch KPC members at Kearvaig. Matron's lame "~~But where were the invites for other members? The KPCCC knew nothing of this~~" was met with some determined and mocking pointing at The Constitution, point 4. (*This is a microcosmic example of why the powerful in the UK doggedly resist a written constitution so that those in power can ladle some lucre to their lawyers and thus avoid being accountable, for anything, ever. Bastards! Ed.*) In this kangaroo court of rough justice there was even an accusation (*That may hold some water, Ed.*) that the Arnaboll-AGM chaps were actually *Ladyboys!*

With no facility for an adjournment things were looking desperate for Matron. But, after much flailing, Matron then - falling back on his analytical training with undisguised glee - happened on firmer ground: a merciful technicality! It transpired that the Cape Wrath Crusaders had even placed an entry celebrating—and berating their

chumrades—in Kearvaig's bothy book, but it was dated 28<sup>th</sup> September. It was Matron's turn for some succinct smugness as he informed them that the date for this year's AGM was "*01<sup>st</sup> October*" and this could be the *only* reason that no one else turned up. Even the late, great W.G. Grace would have appreciated the lack of gap twixt bat 'n' pad with that one by Jingo!

Constitutional law is often a fraught and bitterly fought over area and although The Bender and The Major looked slightly crestfallen, after the clash of some cold constitutional steel, the outcome could be best described as a stalemate. It was agreed that Point 4 remains the bedrock of the KPC's AGM arrangements, but, crucially for Matron, the AGM has to be held on the agreed pre-publicised date. Each side was left with their own costs and scars...

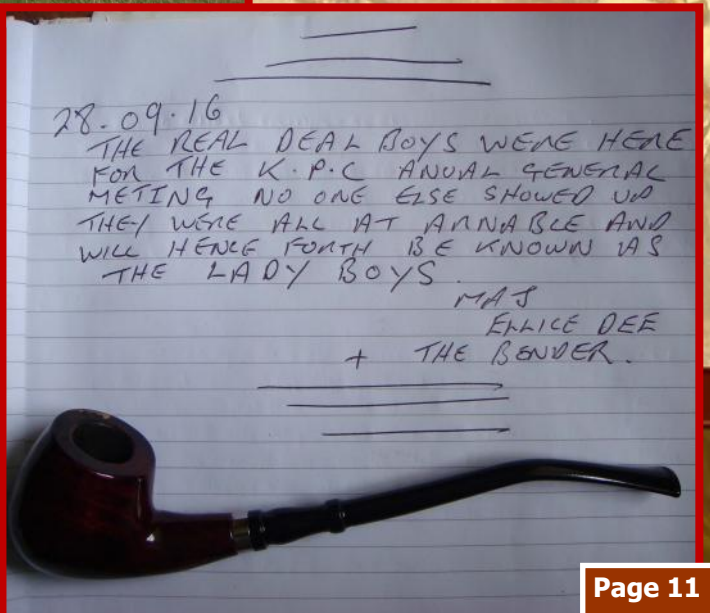
It was therefore agreed, when the Latakia fug had subsided, that it was better concentrating on more agreeable matters, namely the port and cigars. And so, a damaging splintering of the far NW's premier pipe club involving the formation of the *Kearvaig Pipe Club Pedants' Popular Front*, for example, was narrowly averted, for this year at any rate.

### ***Fugtastic! REAL chaps, puffing up a REAL fug at the 'REAL' AGM...***



***...But luckily the local bobby was on hand to keep these ruffians under control (below left).***

***Just like some other misguided fools who believe in old scripts, Matron's salvation lay in the ancient tome that is the sacred book of Kearvaig. (below)***



# Chaps' Corner

## Tank Command, Take Command!

**The Tank Top: not merely semantics, we assure you...**

**I**n the interests of clarity we need to get one thing ironed out from the start. For the purposes of this sartorial study of a crucial, if often overlooked, chaps' garment, a *tank top* is a: close-fitting, knitted, woollen, sleeveless, sweater and *not* a sleeveless cotton undergarment worn by *Americans* or modern day celeb-strumpets (American or otherwise). That is of course a *vest*. We felt it important to get that off our chest, so to speak, and our readers/members in the former colonies will just have to accept that we are correct and they are simply incorrect. It is rather like referring to a motor car as an 'automobile', which of course it is, but it is still simply not correct for the chap and therefore incorrect. We hope, gentlemen, therefore, that we have made ourselves clear on this important point, so that there shall be no misunderstandings. Do read on or dip your quill for a letter to the Editor, if you must.

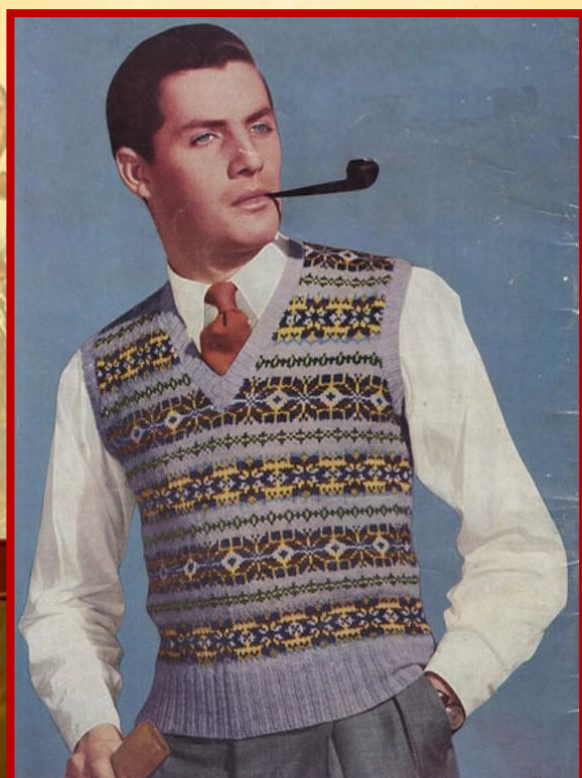
### The origins of the tank top

It is safe to assume that the tank top predates the tank or the top by a few millennia at least. In fact, as our research has shown, the term 'tank top' has little to do with tanks and is believed to have originated when sleeveless garments were used by swimmers in 'swimming tanks' now known as lidos, but, ahem, 'lido top' just sounds silly. The fossil record is not exactly replete when it comes to tank tops, so it is safe to say that garments, fabricated from mammoth, mastodon or sabretoothed tiger hides, for example, by our cave-dwelling ancestors had sleeves. Additionally, v-necks for wearing with a tie or cravat were also notably absent. The earliest records of the tank top appear to be associated with Roman soldiers. Further

*(Continued on page 13)*



***NO! This is what happens when it all goes wrong chaps... Mr. John here is trying so hard to be a chap, but fails miserably with this sartorial abomination. Such a crass manifestation of a fine garment runs a very real risk of bringing the tank top into disrepute. Nasty little man.***



***That's more the ticket: A dashing young blade shows us the way with a fine Fair Isle tank top.***

# Chaps' Corner Cont.

research, however, has revealed that these Roman chaps were actually *Americans* as their sleeveless garments made from god-knows-what abrasive fabric were actually undergarments and therefore not tank tops at all. It is all very perplexing, but we happened on firmer ground when the woven tank top began to appear in the middle ages, often worn by lower class labourer types who needed to swing their arms about a tad in some sort of physical labour that we don't need to concern ourselves with here.

## The emergence of the true tank top

Our research has led us to conclude that with the advent of the spinning jenny and the loom in the 18<sup>th</sup> century (before they got all bashed up by those Luddite chappies) came the first true tank top. Initially, it appears that the traditional sweater held sway until sporting types demanded a bit less restriction for their arms and hey presto the tank top that we know and love was born. It is a delicious irony to think that even those hammer-wielding Luddite chaps would have, perhaps, benefitted from the ergonomic edge of the tank top. Of course it was simply a matter of time before - with a modicum of modern styling - that young blades latched on to this stylish garment, that, to this very day, forms the backbone of a discerning chap's spring, autumn, winter and chilly summer evening wardrobe.

## Today's tank top

Oddly, one does not see too many tank tops in a rudimentary shelter these days, which we take as just another

***A topper tank top in timeless burgundy. Handy for the chap who occasionally overdoes his Port.***

sign that the world has become a little bit more horrid and is ultimately going to the dogs. Yes chaps, it appears that petrochemical clothing (*Fortunately it burns well though, Ed.*) is all the rage amongst the amorphous clones that frequent our remoter parts. All that outdoor-magazine-reading-type talk of 'layering', 'breathability' and 'performance fabrics' is just a load of tosh spouted by today's outdoor accoutrement manufacturers for the *badge brigade* to buy their expensive, beastly, brand-oozing copolymer outdoor knobber-clobber. Do these ingrates not recognise that a dear old woollen tank top satisfies all these *performance* characteristics - in an understated way of course - and that it is still perfectly possible to sport a fashionable Fair Isle pattern and accommodate a tie befitting of the modern gentleman? No chaps, all we get these days is incessant chatter about '*gillets*' and such like which are nothing more than polymer-plastic waistcoats, without leather buttons. This simply won't do.

## Take command!

We believe it is high time to take command once again chaps and what better way than to sport your tank top and become a topper top-hole tip-top tank top commander of repute. To this end - and to educate the unfashionable out there in the bothysphere - we have brought you some fine examples (see below and beyond) of breath-taking tank top suavity for all you young blades out there wanting to cut a dash in your local rudimentary shelter. To all top chaps we wish you some very happy tank-topping.

***One for the ladies (and the chaps). Yes chaps, you've guessed it: Tank top babe of the month!***



# Chaps' Corner Cont.

*A splendid variation on the tank top. With the winning combination of waistcoat and tank top in a fetching roseate it is no wonder this chap's having such a gay old time.*

*We proffer that when dressed as sharply as these sporting young blades a chap would never be on the back foot.*



GOOD HOUSEKEEPING'S  
**FORCES' KNITTING BOOK**

**6<sup>d</sup>**

Full Instructions for Knitting Many Useful Garments for Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen

*If our forces' chaps sartorial needs were properly cared for as they once were by mothers and sweethearts, we think our readers would agree that there would never be a problem with low morale.*

N° 6699  
 SERVICE WOOLLIES  
 FOR  
 AIR, LAND & SEA

BEEHIVE, or CYCLE, DOUBLE KNITTING,  
 PATONS SUPER WHEELING, 3-PLY,  
 PATONS ROSE, or WHITE HEATHER,  
 FINGERING, 4-PLY

PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>  
This price only applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland

PATONS & BALDWIN'S

# Layabouts at Luib Chonnal, 15/10/16

## Crash, bang, bothy...

Since new KPC member Tealight (see p.40) and his chumrade the Bothy Pirate could not attend the AGM for all manner of lame reasons, that space and lack of interest prohibit us from printing, Matron had - out of the goodness of his heart - agreed to meet these chaps so that they could cut some KPC teeth and not feel left out.

In fact these chaps have gone a bit 'bothy bonkers' this year and were meant to be off bagging another couple of rudimentary shelters before hooking up with Matron at the MBA's rather splendid Luib Chonnal. In his excitement to get away Tealight ended up crashing his van into the back of some poor woman's car.

## The fine and sturdy structure of Luib Chonnal.



Of course it was entirely her fault or so a rather fraught Tealight (he loves his van) tried to maintain under the laser like scrutiny of his Pirate chum. This highway bish meant a swift trip back home in a tow truck to re-group for the next day. In the event they were only marginally late, but late is still late and a note would have to be entered in the ledger as Matron somewhat sardistically pointed out. Whatever their tales of woe from the windy road Tealight and the Pirate were happy to park their velocipedes in a pre-warmed bothy.

## NEDs in the shed?

Being a tad late was one thing, but turning up at a bothy dressed like a couple of NEDs in shorts and associated *shabby* sportswear, no doubt manufactured by some far-east Asian 3-year olds, was indeed an unexpected shock. At the time of writing Matron's eyebrow has yet to regain an horizontal aspect. Never having met these chaps before, Matron had indeed made some effort in ensuring that the bottom button of his weskit was properly undone when he greeted them on the bothy's lower quarters. Fortunately, being surprisingly perceptive for youthful chaps, they had realised their dress code debacle would not stand them in good stead and apologies were fortunately forthcoming. After firm handshakes all round, the chaps got down (*Or up in the case of Luib Chonnal, Ed.*) to business.

## Bothy curry *par excellence*...

Prior to the moot Tealight had indicated that he would make a curry for one and all. It was now Matron's turn to be put on the

*(Continued on page 16)*

## Luib Chonnal scorecard (out of 5):

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

**"I drink to make other people more interesting."**

**- Ernest Hemingway**

## *Luib Chonnal cont.*

bothy back foot as his paltry offering of a bag of crisps was to prove a costly misjudgement that was only partially offset by some port and fine cigars.

In a deft manner, after downing a couple of cold ones to rid himself of the road, Tealight quickly unpacked all manner of fragrant bags and boxes which contained the base ingredients for a tikka dish. The Pirate was also on galley duty that evening and he took care of the accompanying rice and unleavened breads. Before long a pleasing silence fell as the chaps were munching on some fine authentic food from the Raj - bothy points awarded. In fact Matron proclaimed this to be the best bothy meal that he had ever had.

### **A splendid evening**

The fine stove of Chonnal was well stocked, as between them the chaps had hauled in 20kg of coal. They needn't have bothered though as the bothy was stashed with a veritable forest of wood stacked downstairs. A brief round of sawing and splitting yielded a fine wood smoke supplement to the stove.

The Bothy Pirate downed his grog rather hastily and barely made the Witching hour before collapsing in his sack. A coonsilling on his first encounter with the KPC could indeed have been a broadside that many-a-chap may never recover.

Matron gifted a cob and some Bothy Flake to our newest member and whilst he set about bashing his briar with youthful gusto it is safe to say that his pipe face had some way to go, as the attached photos attest. Perhaps, however, 10 cans of ale plus stronger supplements had impeded the efficacy of his pipe pus? Whatever the case we invite readers to support Tealight as of course we've all been there with our youthful fumbings and we're all well aware that practice makes perfect.

Bizarrely the Pirate re-surfaced ready to get back to the fray at about 04:00 just as Matron and Tealight, wandering aimlessly to their respective quarters, were starting to dim... Let's hope that we see a little more of these chaps at future moots soon.





# Four Men in a Boat: Essan, 22/10/16

## A boating we shall go

Having had a taste of boating to a bothy up at the AGM, the chaps, making good use of the continually splendid autumn weather, opted for another boat-based mission. This time the venue was dear old Andy Mayhew's Essan. Essan is one of those odd bothies that, whilst perfectly visible from the road, and although the walk in is not that far it still proves to be an awkward place to get to due to the railway line and the going underfoot being a tad damp. A chap with a small craft, however, can be across the loch in minutes with as much bothy booty as he wants to carry.



Matron had zipped across the loch to

drop off 20kg of the black stuff prior to the Fifers arrival at beer o'clock. In residence was a canoeist chap named Sandy whom had never had the (mis)fortune of a moot with the KPC. After a cautious start, and once he realised that the chaps had a few delights that they were only too happy to share, he came out of his shell and had rather a beezee evening.

## The crossing

The wonderfully calm weather meant that four lumps plus gear were across in only two trips, which was rather pleasing given the fading daylight. In fact, the north fac-

ing aspect and the position of Essan being tight up against the hill, means that for most of the winter there is no direct sunlight here giving the locale a touch of Mordor about it allowing Cave Fud to feel right at home.

## Down to business

It was rather pleasing to be out again so soon after the AGM. The obligatory gear explosion occurred as soon as the chaps were inside, much to the bemusement of Sandy. The bothy was in good order but is rather a dark place and since it is Andy's gaff it only seemed appropriate to brighten the place up with a few choice posters and

*(Continued on page 18)*

## What could possibly go wrong..?



## Essan scorecard (out of 5):

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

*"There are enough no smoking places now."*  
- David Hockney

## Four Men in a Boat cont.

*Sandy was re-united with his old chum tobacco, so some good came of the moot.*



carefully placed business cards whilst simultaneously burning some commercial guiding leaflets to keep in line with the current, eminently sensible, MBA policy.

**Want some snuff old chap? Then: "Mack shure ye git tha 'Richt Kind' son..."**

In addition to the usual plethora of consumable comforts, this moot was notable for its vast array and amount of broon toot on offer, making it a sort of broon-toot-moot, one supposes.

Bingae had brought his everlasting tin of super-strong menthol 'Hedges' whilst Matron had been shopping recently and had procured a range of ground tobacco products that included: Wilson's 'Dynamite' (*Just had to have that one didn't he, Ed.*) and 'Natural' plus Samuel Gawith's, 'Toffee', and the wonderfully named 'Richt Kind'. The chaps concluded not only was this latter toot rather splendid, it was, more importantly, "richt" for one's hooter. The chaps also concluded that an enquiry to Samuel Gawith, as a matter of urgency, as to the derivation of this fine snuff's name was in order. It's probably just as well that the Hackney Hobo could not make this moot, however, as his new found taste for the broon means that we might well have run out before the Witching hour.

The extra coal lugged in helped warm up a chilly morning after a hard overnight frost. The chaps still managed to leave 10kg plus firelighters for the next visitors to this curious place. All-in-all it was another splendid moot that capped off a rather merry month of October.



# *Four Men in a Boat cont.*



# GANGSTAGRASS



**THEKLA, BRISTOL, 25/11/16**

**Absolutely BADASS! Gangstagrass are (L to R): Landry McMeans, Dolio The Sleuth, Dan Whitener, Rench, R-Son The Voice of Reason & Melody Berger.**



Once in a while the KPC goes urban. The excuse to come down from the hills was the opportunity to see the greatest Bluegrass/Hip-Hop band in the world; since they have yet to be persuaded to get there asses up to Kearvaig, although there's still time.

**Gangstagrass a Bluegrass/Hip-Hop band**

This unique band have been around since 2006 when main man *Rench* came up with the idea of fusing Bluegrass and Hip-Hop. Combining moderately miffed white-boy music with slightly more miffed black-boy music may seem a tad odd on this side of the pond, but a cursory listen will reveal the musical genius that *Rench* is. Probably their most famous track to date is "Long Hard Times to Come" as it was used on the hit US TV show *Justified* to great acclaim. The line-up of Gangstagrass has changed since 2006 and *Rench* continues to pull in a diverse range of MCs (*Which we understand stands for 'Mic Controller' in that rather odd Hip-Hop speak, Ed.*) to sing on their diverse range of tunes.

Gangstagrass have four official album releases to date. They are all rather splendid and definitely worth a listen. Another wonderful feature of their unusual sound is that they obviously have a great sense of humour. They might not, however, be aware that they've been rocking the Glens for a few years now as there is never a KPC moot where these chaps have not had an airing.

Therefore, can you imagine chaps the excitement when we got

*(Continued on page 21)*



**"It seems like bluegrass people have more great stories to tell than other musicians."**

**- Dan Fogelberg**

# GANGSTAGRASS

wind that this outfit were heading across the pond to treat us to their wonderful, unique sound.

## Ticket twitcher

When the UK tour dates were announced, they were not all announced at the same time. This led an over-excited Matron booking tickets for the Bristol gig faster than he could stuff a small cob with Skiff Mixture. Latterly, the Scottish dates were announced, but the chaps had already planned their road trip. Dazbo had secured some fine digs 10 minutes from the gig using that new fangled Air BnB thingy (*Air Briar & Bothies, whatever next, Ed.*) and Bingae had the motor running so the die was cast.

## Road trip

Breaking the journey at a miserable—albeit cheap—Premier Inn bed-factory in Carlisle was a necessity that was only enlivened by the fact of a late night knock at the door telling us all to keep the noise down, please. Carlisle needs more bothies, obviously.

Driving like an amphetamine-soaked demon, Bingae got us to Bristol in 4.5 hours with the only stop being a depressing trans-fat-soaked service station, the air thick with airborne lipids, where it was nigh on impossible not to eat over-priced synthetic 'food' manufactured in some corporate fast food chain factory, let alone have a bowl in agreeable surroundings. Even the serving wenches looked miserable beyond belief.

For the same price as the Carlisle bed factory Dazbo had secured a whole apartment for the night complete with private parking and a smoking balcony (*Bothy points awarded, Ed.*) After the predictable gear explosion and a few snifters, the chaps were *oot on the toon* for some swift scran and a couple of pre-gig pints in a rather splendid public house.

## The gig

The gig venue was the 'Thekla', moored in Bristol's rejuvenated Mud Dock area. Thekla is an former timber cargo ship completely renovated as a night spot—complete with smoking deck—which has a fantastic dungeon feel about it as the stage is down in the bowels of this sturdy old craft. It had been a while since this once fine vessel had seen any dead wood so...

(Continued on page 22)

## All aboard for the gig of a lifetime.



*Oh dear... One supposes such disturbing images are inevitable when Hillbillies reach civilisation for a hoe-down.*



**"Got time to breathe. Got time for music."**

**- Briscoe Darling**

# GANGSTAGRASS

The warm-up act was a solo guitarist named Rodney Branigan who originally hailed from Texas and was fond of doing odd things with his guitar and, er, telling the crowd that he was from Texas (*Surely not something to brag about? Ed.*). Not a bad chap nonetheless.

Matron was despatched to the bar for a round but he came back empty handed as Gangstagrass had the temerity to emerge on time. This was a blessing in disguise however, as trying to drink and *get down* (*If one must, Ed.*) is simply an impossible combination. Besides, consumable liquids tend to be a tad expensive at such outings so washing the dance floor with them is ill advised.

The crowd were about 150 strong, but they for some inexplicable reason held back like livestock outside an abattoir. Therefore, it was up to the KPC to pile in at the front. Even then it took a while for the livestock to get the idea (*Must be a south of the border thing, Ed.*) but once they were warmed-up they joined in heartily.

Dazbo, being the progeny of the techno-dance-rave era can actually dance in a rhythmic fashion. Matron, however, resembles a matt C3PO at a school disco and this despite his best efforts at some of his *best* wigger moves. Bingae, for a big chap, moves surprisingly well, if one can imagine a space-hopper on speed or a rapidly pulsating dirigible just before crash landing on terra firma. Whatever their collective grace deficit may have been, the chaps more than compensated with exuberance and enthusiasm.

The gig was a marvellous mixture of old and new as the band crashed through their set like a Bluegrass/Hip-Hop

freight train. The speed at which the MCs delivered their lyrics was breath-taking. Apart from being a unique outfit, Gangstagrass are very talented musicians. The combination of fiddle, guitar, banjo and dobro with rap is nothing short of amazing. The chaps all agreed that it was their best ever gig.

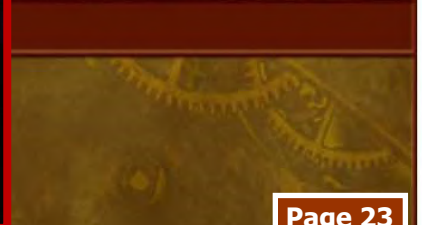
## A bowl with the band

After the gig, the vast majority of the crowd dispersed very quickly, no doubt they had important stuff to do on Facebook or something. The KPC, however, hung about like total fan boys, which was a bonus as the band were only too pleased to chat and have a bowl. Rench personally thanked the chaps for their "enthusiasm" (*Yes, meaning that your dancing was awful but 9/10 for effort, Ed.*) and Matron got his rather sweaty bandana signed that will never be washed again. Melody, the fiddle player, showed the chaps what a true pipe babe was all about with some breath-taking results—see p.25. The giant rapping gentleman known as R-Son—whilst doing the rounds of the room—gave Bingae and Matron a bear hug that allowed him to dry his shirt on the unsuspecting recipients. Dan Whitener (banjo) was also game for a blether with the madmen from the north. The KPC offers a sincere thank you to Gangstagrass for an unforgettable gig and for putting up with our nonsense. Come back soon.

The only slight complication was the fact that the chaps had to be on the road for 09:00 to head north to hook up with Tealight and the Bothy Pirate for the rarest of rarities: an English rudimentary shelter—see p.31.

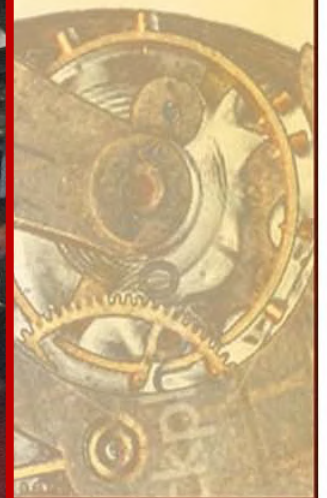


# GANGSTAGRASS



# GANGSTAGRASS

*It is not often that the KPC chap can have a bowl with his favourite Blue-grass/Hip-Hop band so when the opportunity arises it must be seized with gusto!*





## *Pipe Babe of the Month*

*Going hard! After the cracking Gangstagrass gig down in Bristol town, Bingae, Dazbo & Matron got chatting to the band about life, the blue-grass/hip-hop interface and pipe smoking. During this pleasant and informative discourse, Gangstagrass's fantastic fiddle player Melody Berger showed the chaps that not only is she the high priestess of the fiddle, but she also knows how to fiddle with a chap's pipe by going head-to-head in a pipe-face competition. Readers will doubtless agree that Matron was simply blown away and reduced to plucky second fiddle status by a voluptuous, well-rounded performance by the majestic Melody who revealed herself to be a magnificent Missouri Meerschaum packing Mamma!*



**Q:** "What's the difference between a Harley and a banjo?"

**A:** "You can tune a Harley."

## ***Dutchmen - and women - in Düsseldorf – A pre-Saturnalian Pow-wow at Tabak Linzbach, 26<sup>th</sup> November 2016***



***by The Count***

**W**hen nights are getting longer, days are getting shorter and you see footprints, not on the moon but in the snow, what do you do? You arrange a meeting with your Belgian and Dutch friends at 'Linzbach Tobacco' in Düsseldorf, Germany (No, the name of the city has nothing to do with 'röck döts'). Like most events this has a previous history.

### **Prologue:**

During the last meeting of the Pijprokersforum (PRF) in Wuustwezel, our Pipe-Club-Sergeant and I were happy to attend (Remember: 'Allons-y?') Wilfred (nickname 'Wowbagger'; if you do not know the meaning like me before, look it up) and I were debating a small meeting in Winter in Germany because we were and still are of the opinion that meeting once a year is not enough. We instantly thought of meeting someplace in between the Netherlands and Germany and therefore came up with the place of 'Pfeifen Linzbach' or 'Linzbach Tobacco' in Düsseldorf. Not only because it is not too far from the Dutch border but it is Düsseldorf's oldest tobacconist *and* you still are allowed to smoke in it. We exchanged e-mails later but as the year ran its course we did not talk about it anymore. On 8<sup>th</sup> November 2016 an e-mail from PRF and KPC member Arno (bothy-name: Baldrick) arrived, suggesting a 'rencontre' at 'Pfeifen Linzbach' on 26<sup>th</sup> November at high noon. The answer indubitably was: 'Geronimo!'. Attending as well were 'The Deventer Pipe Club' (a vivid subsection of the PRF, of which I knew practically nothing), the 'Fuming Four' minus One (Unfortunately Shaun (bothy-name: Shrobbit Teabaggins) was not able to attend) plus PRF members Paul aka 'Cipke' and Martin Romijn, a stonecutter who makes fantastic ashtrays and tampers. Trains and a hotel-room for one night were quickly booked and from thereon I joyfully anticipated 26<sup>th</sup> November, but not without doing some thinking along with Baldrick.

'Linzbach' is only open to the public until 4 o'clock pm, so what to do afterwards? We quickly decided to attend one

*(Continued on page 27)*



***"Trample the weak. Hurdle the dead."***

***- Attila the Hun***

## ***Tabak Linzbach cont.***

of the Christmas markets and have dinner at one of the various breweries. Being German (*Sometimes comes in handy, Ed.*), I offered to take care of the reservation which was accepted by everybody. I called the following breweries not far from Linzbach: Schumacher's with its four restaurants, Frankenheim, Fuechschen, Uerige and Schiffchen. None of them was able to reserve a table for eleven people because of the Christmas markets and the upcoming private and business Christmas Parties. Sadly I informed the PRF members. About three days later Baldrick informed me that he was able to get a reservation for a table for eleven people at Düsseldorf's oldest brewery 'Schumacher's Alt' and forwarded me the following e-mail-exchange:

***Baldrick wrote:***

*"Dear Sir or Madam,*

*My name is Arno van Goor, Baron of Aldengoor from the Netherlands. I would like to make a reservation at your original restaurant for eleven persons on Saturday, November 26<sup>th</sup> 2016, 18 o'clock pm.*

*This is a surprise for my good friend Florian, Count Blofeld von Bamberg. I hope for your cooperation and discretion.*

*Yours sincerely,*

*Arno van Goor."*

*The brewery responded quickly:*

*"Dear Mr van Goor,*

*Thank you very much for enquiry. We regret to inform you that we are not able to offer you a reservation at our original restaurant. Is it worth for you to consider a reservation at our restaurant 'The Golden Kettle' same day and time? 'The Golden Kettle' is placed in the old part of town at Bolkerstr. 44.*

*Yours sincerely,*

*Schumacher's Alt"*

We instantly agreed that we had to play our roles very well. Kudos, dear chap and a whole lot of bothy points awarded.

*(Continued on page 28)*

***The Dutch-German Gentry:***

***The Count Blofeld von Bamberg and Arno van Goor Freiherr von Aldengoor.***



## *Tabak Linzbach cont.*

### **The meeting**

Arriving at Tobacco Linzbach, I was greeted by Christina Lütke (*A Röck Döt Chick? Ed.*) and Werner Schmitz, the owners of Linzbach tobacco. I bought some SG Full Virginia Flake and Cabbie's Mixture and was shown around the store and guided to the smokers lounge. A fantastic tobacconist, with a huge range of pipes, tobaccos and cigars. I do not have to write about Linzbach because Baldrick has already written a brilliant article on his blog:

<https://dutchpipesmoker.wordpress.com/2013/12/24/christmas-time-in-dusseldorf/>

After a five hour journey I was able to fire up a bowl of Cabbie's inside a building in Germany (!!!) along with an Alt-beer offered by Mr Schmitz. Fantastic! At this stage of the journey I already can say that I have hardly ever been welcomed that heartily anywhere else in Germany.

### **Linzbach Tobacco... A paradise!**



Soon, Baldrick, Robdalf, Janno, Marielle, Wilfred with his wife Wendy, Paul, Thierry and Martin arrived. Mr Schmitz, being a top chap, instantly took care of our beverage orders. We fired-up and toasted to a lovely day in Düsseldorf. From time-to-time Mr Schmitz provided us with samples of Whisky and Gin distilled in Düsseldorf and for the ladies the infamous 'Killepitsch', a herbal liquor of 42% ABV originating from Düsseldorf. Time flew so fast chatting, smoking and laughing and doing a little bit of shopping. When the clock struck four we left as Linzbach closes at this time on Saturdays and we said goodbye to Mrs Lütke and Mr Schmitz. Mr Schmitz even gave us an advice for a special bar where you could smoke in the old part of Düsseldorf. Thank you very much, we will be back.

### **Not yet a bothy table but making progress...**

*(Continued on page 29)*



## *Tabak Linzbach Cont.*

### *A remarkable bar!*



We still had two hours to spend before our dinner at Schumacher's Alt so we decided to split.

Marielle needed to do some shopping at diverse drug-stores and I accompanied her because I needed to check in at the hotel while the rest wanted to see the various Christmas markets.

At 6 o'clock p.m. we met again at 'The Golden Kettle'.

Unfortunately we did not have to play any roles. We just sat down and the Köbes (idiom for waiter) took our orders. I learnt that for Dutchmen and women German food is mainly about 'Schweinshaxe' and 'Schnitzel'. Luckily I was able to convince Marielle and Janno to go for the typical marinated pot roast with dumplings and stewed apples. All in all it was a friends' feast of pork and beef along with some fine beers. A noble and dignified end to a great day... Fantastic!

### *The moot is swinging.*



*"A good speech should be like a woman's skirt; long enough to cover the subject and short enough to create interest."*

*- Winston Churchill*

## *Tabak Linzbach Cont.*

*KPF?... PRC?... KPRFC!*



*Goodbye and thank you very much Mrs Lüttke and Mr Schmitz!*



# White stuff up at Black Burn, 26/11/16

## Rendezvous

Aside from recovering from a late night with the Behemoths of Bluegrass/Hip-Hop, Bingae, Dazbo and Matron's compass was rather awry due to the fact that they were heading *north* to a rudimentary shelter in Englandshire. All very confusing. The RV with Tealight and the Bothy Pirate was a lay-by on the eastern side of Hartside pass. Rather amazingly the three parties convened within an acceptable margin of error of ± 5 minutes.

Never having met the Pirate or Tealight before, Bingae thought a good way of establishing his beta-male credentials was to blag a spade off of bemused looking Tealight before clambering over the fence and defecating in a woefully shallow excavation, in full view of the road. No doubt this episode was not solely down to this chap's foibles as it was entirely feasible that the rigours of the road and motorway services 'food' had caught up leaving the hapless Bingae caught short.

Left speechless, the Pirate and Tealight paused for a moment. Between these chaps there was a delightful, almost visible, brain churning thought process: *"Are we really going to spend the night in a tiny bothy with this crew?"*. Since they are both parents with young bairns one supposes that it would have taken more than Bingae's faecal antics to prevent them heading into the hills; or maybe they are simply dafter than the average KPC chap...

## A trudge in the snow

The Pirate was the only member of the party to have stayed at this particular rudimentary shelter previously and he assured the chaps that it was a straightforward walk in. Whilst he could not have been held responsible for the copious snow on the ground, the chaps only arrived just before a splendid sunset gave way to the gloaming. Perhaps the young Pirate's optimism was a feature of the less-than-man-size knapsack that he was carrying? It point of fact, it was more of a cosmetics bag (*Full of helium no doubt, Ed.*) than a rucksack and despite feeble protestations such as: *"Lipstick may be small but it is rather dense yer nar"*, he was eyed with some suspicion and questions were indeed raised regarding his manhood and a note has since been made in the ledger. Of course the chaps' grumblings could merely have been a result of simple pack envy, as they struggled like donkey's under their respective loads...

## The splendid wee Shepherd's Hut at Black Burn






The Pennines do a special kind of 'bleak' that even the bleakest bit of Rannoch Moor would be pushed to out-bleak. The landscape, although steeply folded in places, looked as if it had been blasted flat by some infernal death-ray where all life had been vaporised. Such are the sad travails of our uplands which have been denuded by the extremes of grouse moor 'management' one supposes.

The track, initially downhill, from the lay-by was easy going to the ford which could be a tad tricky when swollen by snowmelt or a downpour. From the beck the track climbed steadily and steeply in places to the substantial rudimentary shelter of Melmerby Shop,

*(Continued on page 32)*

### Black Burn scorecard (out of 5):

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

## ***White stuff up at Black Burn, 26/11/16***

***A splendid Pennine sunset and a super-lightweight Pirate showing the chaps his heels.***



above the snowline, where a brief stop for a recce was undertaken. Melmerby Shop is a spacious place and all agreed that it would be a capital spot for a future moot.

### **An evening at the Shepherd's Hut**

The Pirate and Matron arrived first to find a surprisingly well-equipped bothy in good order. Due to the very small main room the mattresses had to be moved to the anteroom to give enough space for the inevitable 5-chap gear explosion.

The bothy had been occupied the night previous by some wayfarers that had been seen on the track—that were vaguely known by the Pirate—so it was not long before the fire made inroads into dispelling the cold.

Shortly after arrival Tealight organised a fireworks display outside the bothy for no apparent reason other than the fact that he had some fireworks on his person. With acutely angled rockets going hither and thither, as is the time honoured tradition of schoolboy antics, it was a miracle that no one lost an eye. The injuries came later, however, as deciding to let off *all* the sparklers inside was guaranteed to give all present a serious case of bothy lung. The fug was even thicker than all five chaps smoking the darkest Lat-bomb in their evening pipes simultaneously.

Once the acrid sparkler fug had been replaced by a much more agreeable pipe fug, Tealight set about his now legendary curry, this time cooked in a large bothy pot. It was indeed a fine feast that brought a silence on proceedings. When followed up with red wine, port and the Pirate's cheeseboard with chilli sauce it became a bothy banquet par excellence.

It was to be a late one, fuelled by high spirits and Highland Park. Having adopted to *'the old ways'* remarkable quickly, young Tealight administered a well-deserved and devastating coonsilling on the even younger Pirate—a bothy first for both chaps. One suspects that the gathered had just witnessed the birth a rivalry that would make Celtic v Glasgow Rangers look like hug between long lost friends...

*(Continued on page 33)*



### ***Tealight's legendary bothy curry.***





# White stuff up at Black Burn, 26/11/16

*The Pirate awakes! But it's too late, even a retaliatory red wine riposte failed to dampen Tealight's text book effort (Note the use of the stool, so to speak, Ed.) Full marks sir!*

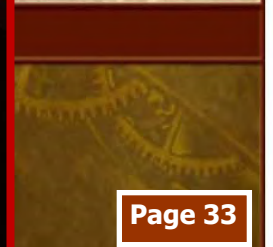
*There's never a bad time for a spot of pipe pus practice.*



Only time will tell, but as long as both the agent of the coonsilling and the coonsilled abide by the clearly defined and historic rules, only mirth (*And perhaps the odd transmissible enteric illness, Ed.*) can be the product of such splendid bottom-in-face bothy shenanigans. Bed-time was a tricky affair as Dazbo and Tealight in their new found role as Funk-Soul brothers commenced crashing about

the place making mattress deployment a major exercise. Just like the sparklers, however, these chaps went out very suddenly leaving only a murderous fug that, come daylight, would make a brain tumour seem like a birthday present, to purloin a choice line from a certain mythical drug dealer beloved of the bothy chap.

***Rudimentary shelters don't come much more cosy that this.***



## Five Go Pipe Smoking at Clashgour, 23/12/16

*A splendid wee hut with TARDIS like qualities.*

**W**ith all that tiresome Pago-Christian nonsense about to round off a thoroughly miserable, if momentous year, a few chaps decided that a tonic in the form of a spiffing pipe adventure would be in order.

The venue for this particular beano was not actually a bothy but the bijou mountaineering hut known as Clashgour, run by Glasgow University Mountaineering Club. Diligent readers may remember that the KPC visited said hut in 2012 (B&B, Vol.1, Iss. 5) but there have been a few welcome modifications since then. Clashgour is small, but the addition and relocation of a new stove has given the place a superior layout for superior layabouts to enjoy. Once the table leaves are extended it is a relatively comfortable space for a splendid bothy night.

### Barbara comes to Clashgour

No chaps, unfortunately, not the Captain of the Swedish netball team, but a named Atlantic storm that hit Scotland on 23/24<sup>th</sup> December bringing torrential rain and high winds. In fact Barbara turned the river outside the hut into a boiling torrent of Biblical proportions, so much so that a chap would be ill-advised to wander off for a spot of Y-front washing in that torrent we can tell you! What a chap has to deal with these days to get away for a bowl with his chums... That said, surely few chaps would disagree that there is nothing quite so cosy as listening to the rain battering off of a tin roof when you are inside warm and dry with candles and paraffin lamp illuminating a most agreeable evening with one's brothers of the briar?

### An evening at Clashgour

Matron had arrived early to get the place warmed and fettled-up. Clashgour is equipped with two gas hobs and even gas lighting (*Nice touch, Ed.*) although spare mantles for these wondrous devices were only notable by their absence. Supplemented with pots & pans galore, a chap can go light for the short walk in.

It was an early kick-off as all were present and correct before dark, which is usually a recipe for a sudden and steep decline in standards and this evening was to no exception, as dear reader, you will soon be made aware.

Once again Tealight was on catering duty and yet another of his superlative authentic curries was the order of the day. One minor criticism though: The chaps have since discovered that young Tealight may have caught a



case of Bothy-Pirate-lightweightitis as he simply refuses to lug a tandoor into a bothy for that *truly* authentic dish (*If he carried tealights instead of bloody candles into the bothy he might have a modicum of space for a tandoor, Ed.*). Anyway, that minor if notable criticism aside, Tealight's buttered chicken curry was indeed a feast for bothy kings and pipe club vagabonds alike.

### Turkey Baws comes out of retirement

It may be a little known fact to some readers that our hon-  
*(Continued on page 35)*

### Clashgour scorecard (out of 5):

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

***"Santa Claus wears a red suit, he must be a Communist. And a beard and long hair, he must be a pacifist. What's in that pipe he's smoking?"***

***- Arlo Guthrie***

## Clashgour Cont.

*It is heartening to see Tealight's Pipe Face maturing magnificently after only a few moots. This chap will go far. Let's hope his taste in music matures at a similarly stratospheric rate!*



*A decent Fud-fug...*



ourable and stalwart member Dazbo also has another bothy nickname that is associated with his Coonsilling antics. Yes chaps, Dazbo—the heavy bomber of Coonsilling—is sometimes referred to as 'Turkey Baws' due to a certain anatomical feature that gets deployed either accidentally or by design during the act of Coonsilling. For a good few moots now when Dazbo's services have been called upon to deliver a perfectly legal Coonsilling he has refrained from unleashing the full contents of his underpants. When questioned as to why this was the case he said that his extra tackle should be saved for special occasions or for particularly heinous crimes requiring a Coonsilling.

Thus, on this particularly dark and stormy night our dear old Cave Fud (*Who else? Ed.*) had got himself in a bit of a pickle with the copious fruits of Clashgour's fine bothy table. Even though proceedings had started early and briskly, he crashed and burned in record time and was—legally and reasonably—subjected to multiple and sustained Coonsilling events including, we are pleased to report, the welcome return of Turkey Baws himself. We think that the attached pictures convey the brutality of the evening magnificently.

All-in-all a splendid evening and a perfect antidote to the festive season.

*"I once bought my kids a set of batteries for Christmas with a note on it saying: Toys not included."*

*- Bernard Manning*

## *Clashgour Cont.*



*Now that's a Pipe Face capable of taking command of any Battlecruiser!*

*This is what is technically referred to as a chap's 'pre-Coonsilling face'. Readers will not be at all surprised that Cave Fud received a sustained and brutal Coonsilling for this travesty...*



## ***Clashgour Cont.***

***The onslaught begins: Bingae & Tealight move swiftly to deploy a substantial bi-Coonsilling, supplemented by a cheeky salutation from Dazbo.***



***In a word: BRUTAL! What with Turkey Baws—the Master of Coonsilling— out of retirement, a chap of the rudimentary shelter had better be on his guard if he over imbibes before the Witching hour.***



## PIPE REALPOLITIK: Bank of England Admits that the New 'Polymer' £5-note Contains Tobacco

- **Anti-smoking lobby calls for a ban on the new fiver**
- **Smokers say Bank of England should pay tobacco excise duty like the rest of us**
- **Supermarkets putting fivers behind closed shutters with other tobacco products**
- **Ridiculous passive handling concern for kids**

**No doubt dear old Winston would be turning in his grave. After all, imagine using a portrait of him without his trademark cigar...**

Readers may be aware that the Bank of England launched a new 'polymer' five pound note on 13<sup>th</sup> September 2016. Almost immediately, Mark Carnivore, the Governor of the Bank of England, was forced on the defensive by having to admit that the new fiver contains tobacco. Following complaints from the hypersensitive anti-smoking brigade, Mr Carnivore, at a packed press conference at *The Old Lady* of Threadneedle Street, said: "The new five pound note is a stronger, safer, more durable, more hygienic alternative to the traditional fiver. However, the biaxiallaly oriented polypropylene polymer used in the

new fiver has been modified very slightly by the addition of an extract of *Nicotiana* species more commonly known as 'tobacco'. The reason for this is that the excellent antimicrobial and flexible properties of tobacco offers a high degree of hygiene and pliability for the new fag paper, I mean fiver." He added: "We think that the pliability of the new fiver is key to its survival and is synonymous with that of cockroaches, so it should cope well with life in *The City*." When asked whether the decision to put the well-known cigar puffer Sir Winston Churchill on the back of the new fiver had anything to do with choosing tobacco as the additive, Mr Carnivore said: "No. The inclusion of Sir Winston was simply to honour the great man and NOT his smoking habits and was merely a coincidence. Besides, Fiver users will note that Sir Winston is not actually smoking in the portrait."

### Anti matters

The antis, unsurprisingly, have gone apoplectic. A spokesman for the frequently derided anti-smoking group ASH (Anally-retentive Smoker Haters): "Just as we thought we'd finally banished tobacco and smoking from all public places, the Bank of England is putting tobacco right into people's pockets and even exposing kids to tobacco in their pocket money."

(Continued on page 39)



**LOADSABACCY? Sadly, even the uncouth among the youth have latched on to the new polymer cash. At least this 'chap' is not on the Bucky, one supposes...**



## PIPE REALPOLITIK Cont.

***It's always heartening to see a young chap getting a taste for the leaf so early and the new fiver makes the perfect kid's dummy and it only costs five pounds.***



*This is an outrage! We are calling for an immediate recall of the new filth-fiver as a matter of urgency and we are also calling for new tobacco-free fivers to be issued, with Sir Winston to be replaced by Adolf Hitler; a well-known anti-smoker." These misguided ASH fools have even launched an e-petition thus: "All fivers must be recalled this instant to protect our kids from the tobacco filth contaminated polymer five pound notes." We wish them all the best with that one.*

### **Polymer cool**

Being made of polypropylene, a polymer commonly used in rope manufacturer, the obvious question has been asked in the tabloids: *"Is this LITERALLY money for old rope!?"* Meanwhile the street-credibility of the new *Lady Godiva* has soared, with all manner of street slang terms being used such as: *"New Blue Rizla", "Flaker", "Five Skin", "A Winston", "Baccy Note" etc.*

Establishment figures have expressed concern that people are not taking the new fiver seriously and are running the risk of bringing the currency into disrepute, not to mention the memory of Sir Winston. The

Queen, who shares the new fiver with Sir Winston, has made no public comment, but is said to be privately seething at the prospect of people using her portrait as a royal roll-up.

In response to the unfolding crisis, the governments' emergency COBBLERs committee has suggested new emergency legislation to detain for up to 42 days anyone caught in a public place lighting up the new fiver or committing preparatory acts for fiver flagration. The Smoking community has been urged by the PM, Mrs Maytcher, to report any of their community who they think may have been polymerised to the police and are therefore *likely* to smoke a fiver, although she says she will not give a running commentary on plans for exiting the new fiver fiasco. This move has already branded the 'Smokers Charter' by the left-wing press i.e. The Guardian. They have also questioned why it has been OK for bankers to burn fivers for years and therefore why should people on minimum wage not be allowed the same luxury?

B&B, with the aid of the boffins over at Chemistry World magazine, has done some research regarding the exact tobacco content of the new plastic fiver. According to Professor Plug at Chemistry World, a new fiver weighs 0.7g and the tobacco content is approximately 0.00007g or 0.01%w/w. Now that might not seem a lot, but since the Brexit referendum (*Where, ironically, the English voted to give up their briars, Ed.*) the value of the pound, and therefore the fiver, has plummeted. Combine this fact with the extortionate excise duty on tobacco these days and B&B has calculated that a chap might just as well stuff his pipe with chopped up fivers as it could actually be cheaper than pure pipe tobacco, well almost. It would certainly make economic sense to use the new fiver as a blending baccy. Anyway, fivers still cost only a fiver and a tin of pipe tobacco is getting on three times that if one includes p&p.

### **Aromatic concerns**

One possible drawback is that, as a smoke, the new fiver is considered by 'experts' on pipe forums, to be an 'aromatic', so that would probably rule out a lot of traditional pipe smokers. Regardless of the new fiver's tobacco classification the chaps on the pipe forums (notably those in Germany) will probably be arguing the merits of rubbing out v fold 'n' stuff v roll 'n' stuff before they even get to smoke the damn thing.

Whilst traditionalist pipe smokers may cock-a-snook at the new fiver, today's new generation of 'hipsters' however, are known to favour the crowd pleasing (i.e. prospective girlfriends) aspects of aromatics and the thought of torching a crusty old Tory for a smoke would also play to their anarchist pretensions; although torching dear old Winston Churchill might be pushing things a tad too far, even by hipster-type standards.

Is it little wonder, therefore, that the establishment are rattled, as the resultant drop in tobacco excise duty - if enough chaps switch to fivers for their everyday smoke - could put the deficit into the stratosphere, huzzah! Remember chaps, you read it hear first.

## New Member Welcome

### Hollis Brown

Hollis, 33, hails from Hamilton, South Lanarkshire. Uninterestingly, Hamilton was once known as *Cadzow* before it was shifted from Poland by plate tectonics. According to the *Daily Mail* the occupants of Poland took a few more years to follow, but they are all here now. Apart from a curiously named association football team, there is absolutely nothing of note about Hamilton and Hollis, not being all that academically oriented himself, cites this as one reason that he likes to escape to a bothy on a weekend to spend time with like-weak-minded vagabonds. The other reason is that he like beer and smoking his pipe.

Observant readers (*If such a thing exists, Ed.*) of this periodical will have spotted that this chap went into bat on *Pusbook* on behalf of the KPC—even before he became a member—by taking on some uptight types (bothy points awarded) who were whining in cyberspace that bothies were being simply *destroyed* by the odd KPC poster etc. To this end, Hollis has accepted the honorary title of KPC '*Sultan of Social Media*' who's job it is to keep an eye out for any anti-pipe club gibberish in the (non-pipe smoke) *cloud*. Rather pleasingly, this title also chimes with his penchant for *supremely* middle-of-the-road 'rock' but which tends to leave his bothy chums in somewhat dire straits (*Oh lordy! Ed.*), so much so that a few chaps have attested to preferring a walk with the spade for a shite rather than having to listen to it... His other great musical love is dear old Robert Zimmerframe; only our Hollis has a better singing voice. Until the Nobel committee decree a laureate for pipe smoking in a bothy, however, we surmise that that is where our Hollis's chances of similar fame and glory are likely to remain.

Being, historically, more of a green aromatic chap, Hollis failed, spectacularly, to secure his full membership status during a recent trip to Kearvaig since he did not have a pipe with him for the obligatory pipe-pus shot. During his visit however, he did encounter some rather uptight types (*Top tip: don't go to Kearvaig in the summer, Ed.*) culminating in an clandestine episode with a particularly miffed German chap who left a not-so-wee *brown* aromatic gift in his haversack, details of which, dear reader, you will have to sit round the bothy fire with Hollis to attain... Perhaps this particular German chap was, understandably, a little tired of listening to Mark Knopfler and the chaps or some funk nonsense at full volume at 04:00, or perhaps he was actually Austrian. We shall probably never know. Another of Hollis's foibles is his self-confessed *pathological* hatred of stubby cylindrical wicked-hydrocarbon illumination devices, sometimes referred to as '*tealights*'. Yes chaps, with an opprobrium usually reserved for child molesters and outdoor knobbers, Hollis *detests* tealights and subsequently is a staunch, un-flickering candle chap (*No doubt due to their myriad of other uses, quite possibly involving sphincters., Ed.*).

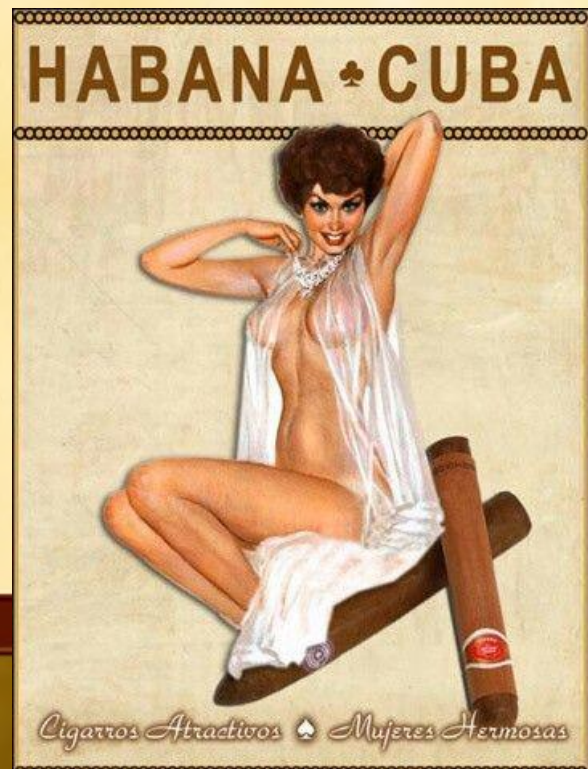
Since his Kearvaig travails we have seen Hollis on a couple of moots and apart from bashing the briar with gusto he has shown himself to be, arguably, the greatest bothy chef of all time, as dear reader, his authentic dishes—made from scratch— from the Indian sub-continent are something to behold. Therefore, we would like to extend a warm KPC welcome to Hollis and look forward to his MP3 batteries becoming rapidly depleted at a rudimentary shelter some-time soon.

**Bothy name: Tealight**

***For this chap the chimes of freedom may be calling, but ask yourself this chaps: how many roads must a man walk down (smoking his pipe) before you can call him a pipe smoker? The answer my friend is blowing in the, er, bothy...***



### **Advertisement:**





## New Member Welcome

### Steve Worthington

Steve, 61, is from south of the wall in Warrington. He got in touch with the KPC after enjoying a few back issues of B&B and thus enquired about joining us at the AGM. Sadly, Steve could not make it this year as he is a dedicated railway chap (*Bothy points awarded, Ed.*) and the far NW corner of Scotland is not all that well served by this most noble means of human conveyance. However, a late summer trip to GDL with Matron was arranged, as a poor second, (after Steve journeyed by rail to Glenfinnan) where his associate membership was secured during a convivial evening.

In point of fact Steve is a seasoned bothy chap having stayed in a few splendid rudimentary shelters over the years, primarily during his more youthful Highland wanderings of hill and glen with rope, walking boots and ashtray. Like a lot of chaps from his neck-of-the-woods, pragmatism trumps panache, so his primary tobacco delivery device since he was about 7 has been the ciggie. As he has matured, however, Steve's tastes in tobacco products have also aged, but in the right direction. He tells us that he wants to explore the art of the briar with some like-minded chaps. Therefore, with his complimentary habits of Irish stout and Scotch whisky we think that the KPC will be this chap's newfound natural habitat from now on.

When he is not bashing the rails or puffing away Steve drives a Hackney carriage and will soon be lecturing in electrical engineering (*Whatever that is, Ed.*) at a so-called university. Therefore, his sandal habit only needs the addition of a tweed jacket with leather elbow patches, a Guardian subscription and he'll be fettered-up in fine style for this new venture. Of course a sturdy billiard is also *de-rigueur* in this role, so it is most gratifying to see - the often overlooked - benefits of KPC membership coming to the fore once again and helping a chap in unimaginable ways. Splendid.

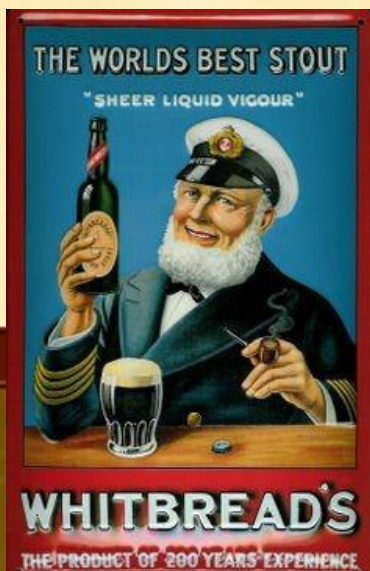
We would like to give Steve a warm welcome and we hope to see him at a rudimentary shelter sometime soon.

**Bothy name: Abdul**

*Abdul enjoying the fine environs of GDL. Readers will note that he has some way to go with his pipe face, but of course this can always be improved with practice. However, there is no excuse for stockinged feet with one's open-toed footwear and we expect, nay, demand, a significant sartorial improvement by the time of his next moot...*



*Abdul (left) with a few pals at a bothy in his younger days.*



## New Member Welcome

### Adrian Flowers

Adrian, who hails from Oxford, has been a puff-ball since he was 18. Although he neglected to tell us his exact age he admits to being a dedicated pipe smoker for a "good few decades". His all-day smokes are chiefly English blends, VaPers and *Bothy Flake*; which was his chappish conduit to membership of the KPC. Despite a recent trip to The Shetlands for a bowl or two, Adrian is still a bothy virgin, a fact which gave the membership committee a furrowed brow or two, but some fine photos of his pipe and accoutrement collection plus his admission to being an avid fan (*That may change now, Ed.*) of B&B tipped the decision in his favour. Besides, we're certain that Adrian would bring a better class of decadence to the bothy, even if we have to show him how to use the spade as an adjunct to his superior pipe tool, but we're sure he will be tip-top-baggy bothy bagging chap.

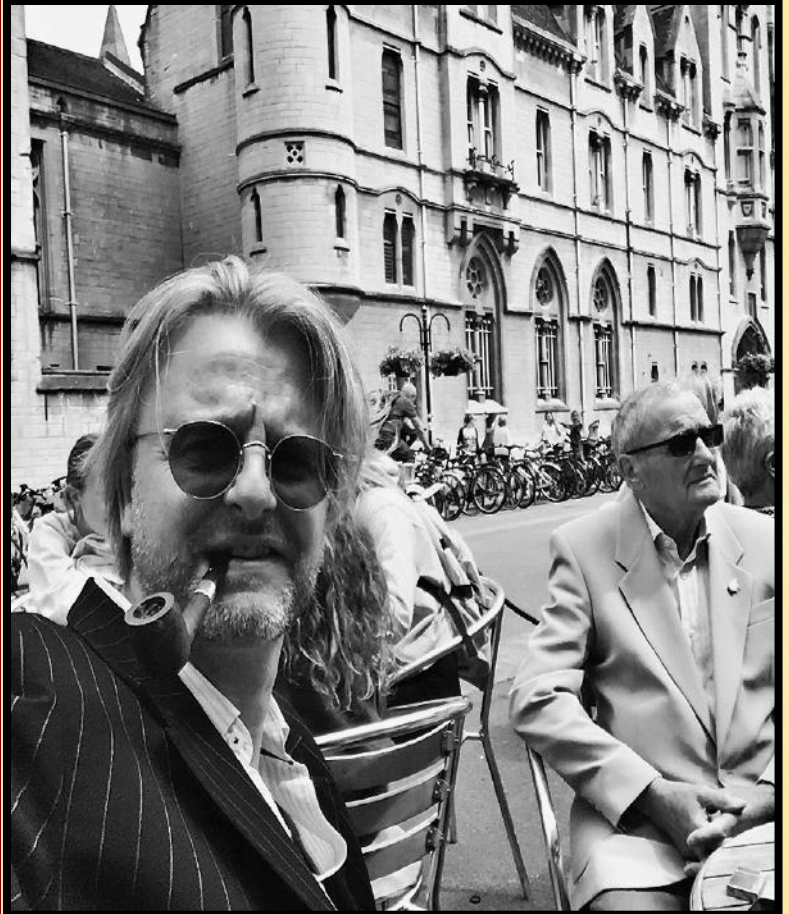
Presently, Adrian is residing in Hong Kong at the behest of his employer, which he revealed rather coyly - under some rigorous questioning from the membership committee - is a *bank*. Although we suspect that MI6 is a more plausible explanation this is still definitely a first for the KPC. Yes indeed chaps, whilst we may have a few *merchant bankers* in our ranks we have never had a member who a) owns a decent suit or b) resides in an (allegedly) autonomous territory of the PRC or c) regards Lady Godiva's as firefighters. Perhaps standards are seeking a higher plain, at last?

However, readers will no doubt be aware that bankers have had a bit of a bashing of late in the popular press due to them mucking things up a tad and robbing the taxpayer blind a few years back. The poor old bankers have even been labelled as: gamblers, rogues, glorified barrow boys, fat cats, etc. by the media types that have happily preened bankers' pin-striped-feathers for years before turning on them when they themselves lost a few shillings. Of course we don't blame our Adrian entirely for the collapse of capitalism, we just hope that he put a few decent shifts to help it along the way!

When Adrian is not smoking his pipe or selling PPI to little old ladies, (*Or sending vital PRC secrets back to Smiley's chaps at the Circus, wink, wink, Ed.*) he tells us he likes to snowboard, surf and pose outside trendy cafés amid the spires with his Dunhill and retired mafia types. He also tells us that he is partial to a whisky with his pipe, with his preference erring toward Islay. Now, this is more comprehensible territory for the average KPC chap and we would like to extend a warm, interest-free welcome to Adrian. We also look forward to hearing more snippets from our very own *Pearl Delta Correspondent* in due course.

**Bothy name: The Merchant**

*Despite that carefully cultivated Jerry Garcia-cum-john Lennon look, Adrian is a dapper pipe smoking chap; well at least when he remembers to don his tie on a morning...*



## New Member Welcome

### Robert Pryor

There is not much good news coming out of The Bolivarian Republic of Venezuela these days, but one ray of hope amid all the beastliness, is our first member from South America, who got in touch via the website after he popped his first tin of Bothy Flake. Apparently it smokes well at altitude which is fortuitous as Robert farms cattle up in the Andes, producing milk, cheese and beef.

Robert, 57, originally from Cambridge, fled the UK for the more stable environs of Venezuela as a pipe smoking refugee after the demise of the legendary *Balkan Sobranie*. Some chaps may think that was an over reaction, but just look at the state of Blighty today and most chaps would revere his sage-like foresight. Although the pound is only worth marginally less than the Venezuelan Bolivar (usually dispensed by wheelbarrow) these days, who would not want to live in a country that has a currency named after a famous brand of cigars; as opposed to a country where the currency is named after a chain of high street tat shops where everything costs a single unit of said currency?

Additionally, Robert's exodus was also motivated by the love of a good *senorita*, as after all, a chap of the briar has a range of needs and we salute a chap who follows his heart as well as a baccy pouch. In fact, Robert admitted that Venezuela is actually *not* a pipe smoking country which suggests he perhaps should have done his research a bit more thoroughly after the *Balkan Sobranie* thingy. Apparently the indigenous population are fond of sucking a type of tobacco paste called '*Chimo*' that is unique to Venezuela. Although the KPC chaps have only just got to grips with snuff it sounds like it could be an interesting adjunct to a bothy night, but Robert cautions: "*we would not thank him for it...*" Hmm, sounds ominous, but we do have Fifers as members and they are reputed to suck coal, although not that Venezuelan stuff.

Luckily the internet has enabled Robert to get tobacco from The Pipe Shop and he is presently working his way through the re-launched Dunhills. He also cites Samuel Gawith, GH&Co. and Germain's as his favoured manufacturers.

When not farming, avoiding chimo, or puffing his pipe, Robert is the only full member of the Venezuelan Alpine Club but somewhat enigmatically he neglected to give us any further details of this shadowy organisation.

We are not sure when Robert can make it to a bothy, but we are pleased to have another corner of the globe covered and would like to extend a warm welcome to our new *Bolivarian Republic Correspondent*.

**Bothy name: Bothy Vaquero**



***As outside loos go that's rather a splendid affair, what with that view and all and we presume a hearty bowl helps keep the flies off.***



SOUTHERN

## EXCLUSIVE! SOUTHERN FAIL: THE TRUTH BEHIND THE DISPUTE



### Background

Some readers may be wondering what on earth a squabble between a semi-private railway company (*Yes, GoSlowvia being the hybrid private/public parent company of Southern Railways that has the ingenious business plan of robbing both the taxpayer and passenger blind simultaneously, Ed.*) based in the Home Counties and the rail unions has, to do with a pipe club based in the NW of Scotland where there are no railways north of Kyle of Lochalsh. Well chaps, like most nonsense reported in the mainstream media, it takes a truly independent publication to wheedle out the facts that the protagonists don't want you to hear about. Yes dear reader, once again the backroom boys in the B&B Editorial Office have unearthed the stark reality that has brought the south of London commuter belt to a standstill. Read on.

### It's all about who is opening and closing the bloody doors, is it not?

Whilst it may be hard for readers of this publication to drum up any sympathy whatsoever with the whining, perfume and after-shave soaked, mortgage-slave-commuters in south-east Englandshire, the short answer to this question is a resounding: "Not exactly". Of course *The Daily Hate Mail* - ever desperate for a new "WINTER OF DISCONTENT!" - insists that our cherished railwaymen are on strike because they are a bunch of workshy, Bolshie, non-zero-hours-contract, ungrateful bastards who do not know their place and Mrs Maytcher should bring in the army to

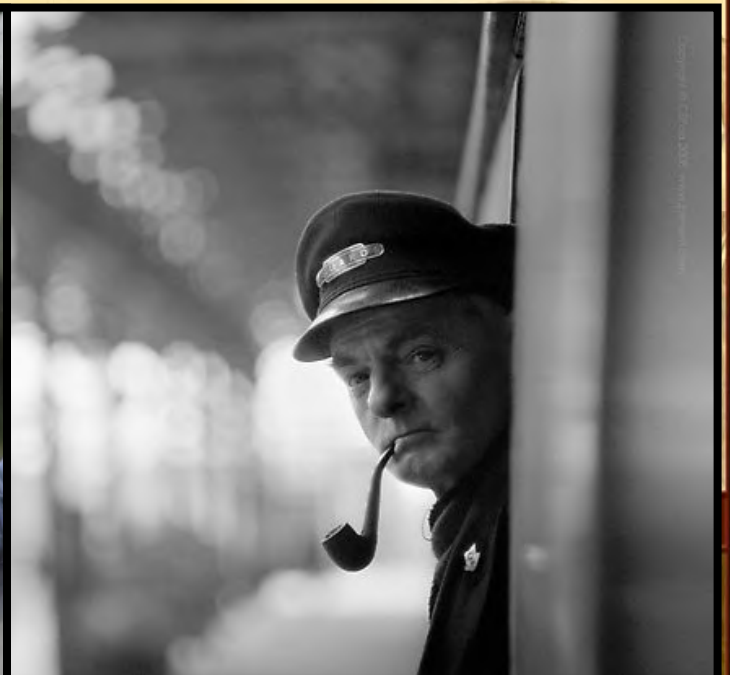
sort them out. Meanwhile, *The Morning Star* says that since the death of Fidel Castro our railwaymen are the only hope for running the railways and therefore society, on utopian Marxist and/or Leninist principles and the Tories are utter scum who wrecked our railway by giving it away to their spiv pals in the first place. Hmmm, not much common ground there the casual reader may deduce, so once again, it is up to B&B to shed some much needed light rather than heat regarding this debacle.

Whilst the question of door opening/closing is indeed part of the mix, according to industry sources we can reveal that things are a tad more complex than who controls passenger access/egress orifices (*There's a thought, Ed.*). Yes you've guessed it chaps, the briar plays a central role in this spat that is turning the economy of London and the south east into something akin to Zimbabwe without the sunshine. Our inside sources at the Rail Marijuana and Tobacco (RMT) union have confirmed to B&B that Southern wants the driver to be responsible for opening and closing the doors and thereby stop him using the time that the train is stopped at a station for filling, tamping or re-lighting his bowl (i.e. the time-honoured smoke break), as it is a well known fact that all engine drivers smoke and mostly pipes at that.

At the same time the poor old guard's only chance of a puff these days is when he gets to open and close the doors. Therefore, the RMT are insisting, privately, that it

*(Continued on page 45)*

**Do we want to see such staunch fellows such as these banished from our railways?**



## SOUTHERN FAIL *Cont.*

is Southern Railways wish to snuff out our guards (*Now often referred to by the suits in the privatised train operating companies as "Train Manager's", which is of course nothing more than meaningless, obnoxious, company-speak, Ed.*) and drivers smoke breaks, whilst the RMT public position is that door opening/closing by the driver is inherently unsafe (*Ah, the old 'elf 'n' safety card, Ed.*).

Meanwhile, Southern's slimy suits state publicly that it is all about "efficiency" and "a better customer experience" and other such irritating gibberish (*Christ-on-a-bike they'll be wanting the driver to shovel the bloody coal next! Ed.*) when in fact they, according to company sources, all they really want to achieve is the extinguishing the guards' and drivers' pipes once and for all and crush the RMT in the process.

### Piss-poor punctuality

Another black twist to this saga is that Southern's punctuality figures - as measured by the nerds at Network Fail - have been so bad for ages that they have also struck upon the wheeze of blaming the RMT for all their woes, when in

point of fact all the RMT have done is made a terrible situation more terrible. In fact things have got so bad that even the train-spotters have abandoned the whole of the Southern region and it is rumoured that the resulting revenue dip in platform ticket sales could shunt Southern into the longest, darkest tunnel of their miserable franchise.

### Conclusion

It is, as ever, a pity that the PC brigade in both the union and the management cannot discuss smoke breaks openly in public, rather than resorting to the acceptable smoke screens (*Oh, dear, Ed.*) of "Health & Safety" and "Efficiency". Whilst we suspect that our railwaymen do enjoy a cup of tea with their bowl, this pipe club will always put the rights of the smoker, and pipe smoker in particular, above anything else, so on balance we support our railwaymen in their heroic struggle to maintain their smoke breaks and we wish them all the very best. To this end we've started a new KPC 'subvertising' campaign (see below) in support of our railway chaps in bringing to heel the incompetent fat cats at Southern Railways and nincompoop Transport Secretary Gray Chrisling to heel ASAP.

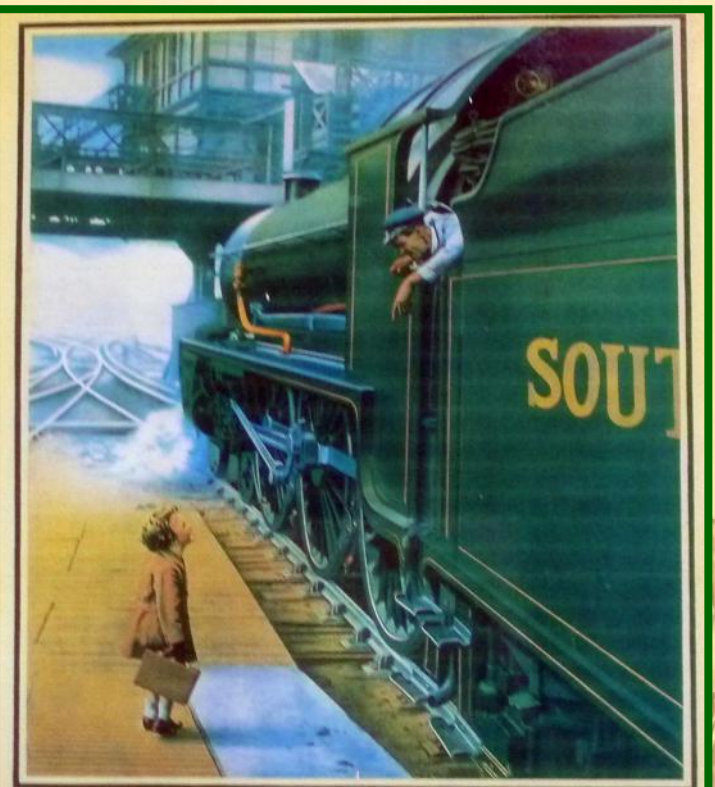
**OPEN & SHUT ON THE SOUTHERN**

Some of the trains calling at this station will have sliding doors which passengers can open and close – at the push of a button.

|                                  |  |
|----------------------------------|--|
| Doors<br>●<br>Open               | <b>TOGETHIN</b><br>Just offer the workshy but friendly guard a fag.  |
| Open<br>●<br>Doors<br>●<br>Close | <b>ONCE INSIDE</b><br>Stop your whining about the train being late.<br><b>TOGET OUT</b><br>Speak nicely to your guard. |

**NOTE** The sliding doors are **not** automatic and do **not** work in unison. **You** open the doors you wish to use. The Guard does not open the doors (not even at terminal stations) though he does ensure that all doors are closed and locked before the train moves.

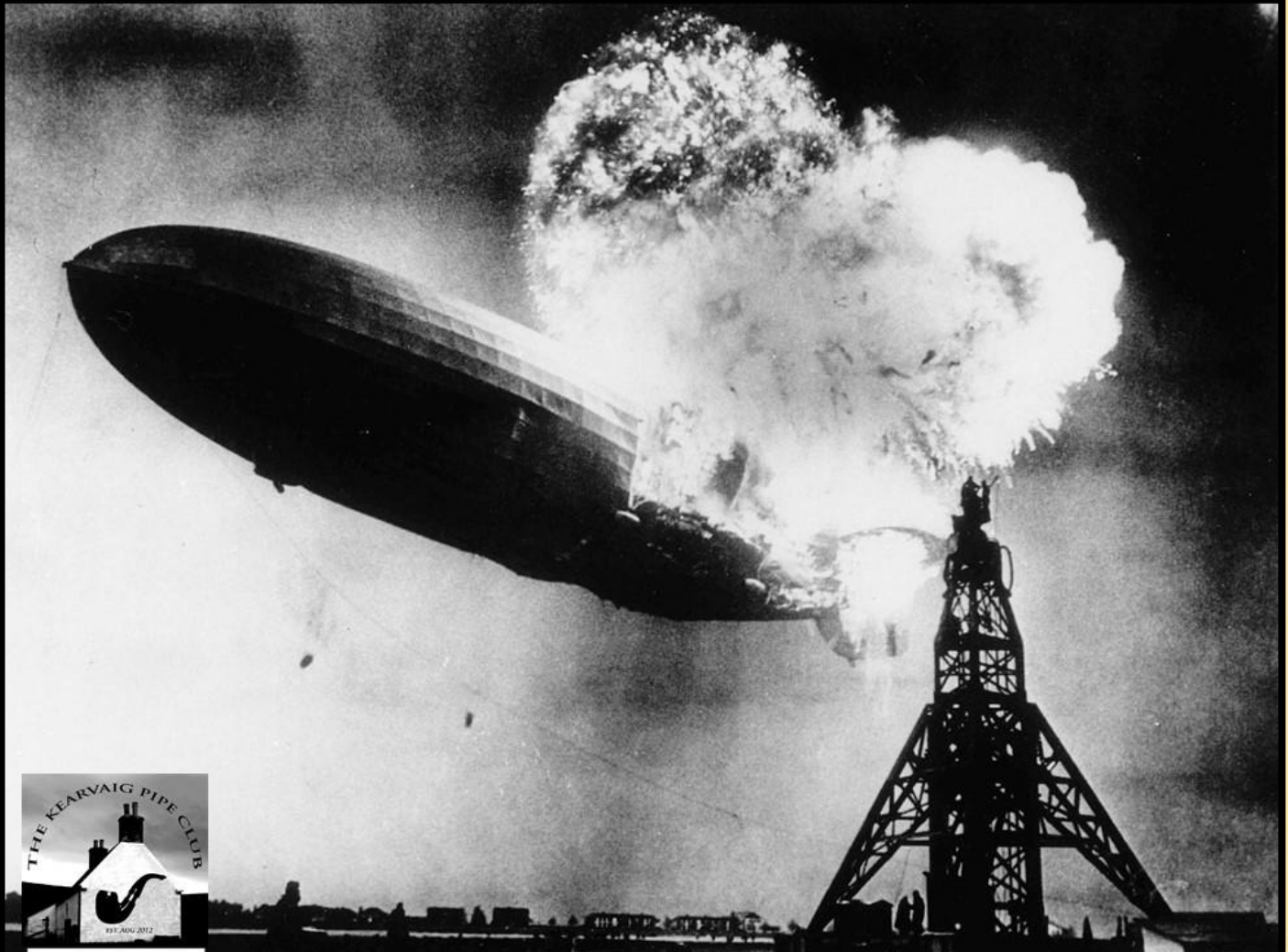
Southern



"My Mummy says you lot are all a bunch of lazy bastards. But she's a fucking Tory."

**SOUTHERN RAILWAY**

# THE CASE FOR SNUFF...



**USE THE *RIGHT* TOBACCO  
PRODUCT IN YOUR WORKPLACE**

*Editorial note: The KPC had recently been contacted by the Health & safety Executive to assist with a new poster campaign about Tobacco use in the workplace. Of course we were only too pleased to do our bit. Readers are invited to send in suggestions for further posters in the campaign.*



*"The use of silly and meaningless safety language matters, it creates a distraction and delusion that safety and risk are being addressed. We may feel good about speaking such words but they dumb down culture and distract people from taking safety seriously."*

*- Dr Rob Long*

# Obituary: Maclean John Dorward

*By Sergeant Matron*



**Maclean Dorward, of GT Coventry Specialist Tobacconist & Booksellers has died, aged 60.**

Maclean was well known to many KPC members after the article about him and his shop, GT Coventry, in this publication (B&B Vol. 2 Iss. 1, Jan 2013). That was the first time I met Maclean and as a result of that visit we became friends. A trip to GT's was not only good for stocking up on one's smoker's requisites, but a great day out in the fact that one could spend some time talking to Maclean, who was a wonderful and witty raconteur with many stories to tell.

After working in the catering/pub industry, Maclean bought GT Coventry in 2002 and he spent the last 14 years serving his worldwide customers with great personal warmth, in his wonderfully old fashioned shop. Being a rigorous critic of many new-fangled things, Maclean refused to embrace the internet, insisting that *talking* to his customers was paramount, even it meant limiting his income.

Being a highly articulate, intelligent and well read man, Maclean was a font of knowledge about many things, not least pipes and tobacco. He was also a great advocate of Scottish Independence and he used his sharp intellect to study current affairs and formulate a suitably withering analysis of what was really going on.

Maclean was admitted to the Vitoria Hospice, Kirkcaldy, where he died in October 2016, after a short battle with cancer. He is survived by his sister Amelia and his beloved nieces Olivia and Snowie.

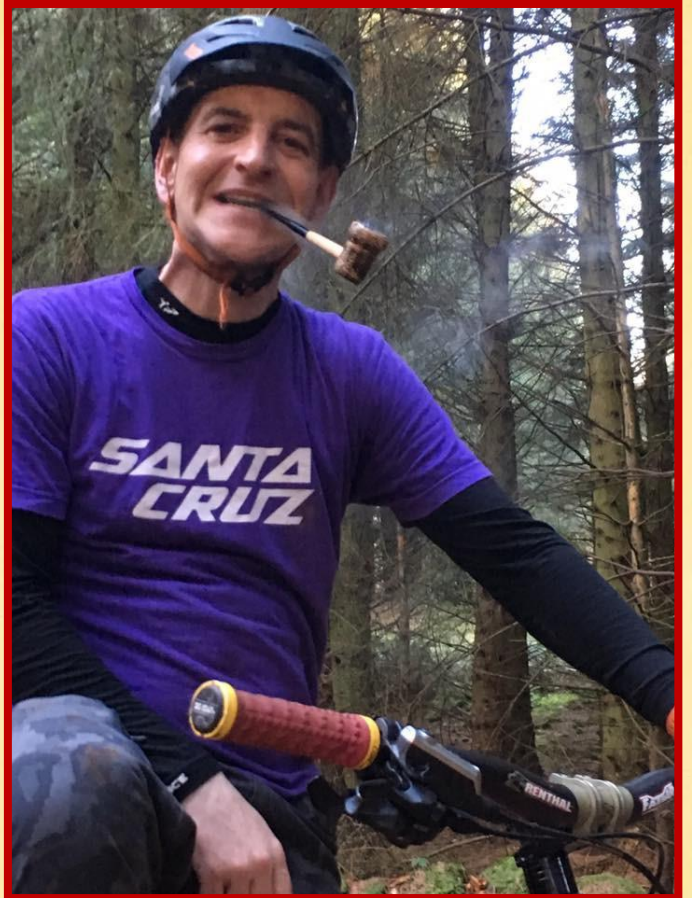
***"If Hitler had smoked a pipe he would never have invaded Poland."***

***- Maclean John Dorward***

# KPC Chaps: Out & About

*The Hercules of Heukulem? No, just Baldrick attempting a metal riff on a Ukulele at the recent PRF Heukulem moot.*

*Dazbo of the KPC Doonhillbilly Section doing something or other with a BMX bicycle.*



*It looks like Robdalf has also been out and about on his bicycle. This time to his barbers—'Swenney van der Todd'. Odd bit of bicycle parking though. (Must be a Dutch thing. Ed.) We do hope that next time he remembers his pipe. And his First Aid kit...*





## 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.*

### The essence of Bothy Flake?

Hello! I recently received a tin of Bothy Flake and I find it to be a really interesting blend. Not sure if I can wrap my senses around it and wanted to ask a question. I'm getting a strong floral component . . . is this "Lakeland essence," or is it from the Scotch? Many thanks!

Max Cooper

*Dear Mr Cooper,*

*May we take it from your syntax and punctuation that you are an American? Anyway sir, in answer to your rather low brow enquiry, we would just like to assure you that Bothy Flake is supplemented solely with a whisky topping and NOT a Lakeland essence. If your problems persist and in an attempt to allow you to enjoy Bothy Flake properly, we suggest booking yourself into a nasopharyngeal clinic for a full check-up.*

*Sincerely,*

*The Editor*

### Compliments from the Spires of Oxford

Excellent "plog" and have really had a laugh and enjoyed reading your mags. Well done Chaps. All the best, from a fellow Pipe smoker. Adrian Flowers, Oxford UK.

*Dear Adrian,*

*Many thanks and welcome to the KPC (See New Member Welcome p. 42).*

*Sincerely, The Editor*

## MBA Smoke Screen?

Hello Fellow pipe smokers!

Let me first introduce myself. I am Richard, a Dutch PRF member and Scotland aficionado and a bit of a misfit myself. I read the article about the 'Fuming Four' and regained my interest in Bothies.. So, I checked out the MBA site and looked up their entry for the Kearvaig bothy... It says it's a "Non-smoking bothy". So, now I'm confused: was it always a non-smoking bothy; and is KPC suggesting that people who want to become members break the MBA rules by smoking a pipe in one of their bothies, or did they change it to Non-smoking bothy because everybody wants to be part of this esteemed gentleman's club? Just curious; maybe they didn't inform you of this change...

Best regards from the Netherlands!

Richard Luys

*Dear Richard,*

*Always splendid to hear from a PRF chap.*

*The story of Kearvaig is rather a long one so please fill a bowl and sit back and relax sir!*

*Firstly, it still is perfectly legal to smoke in ALL bothies in Scotland and do not let anyone tell you otherwise. Kearvaig is actually owned by the 'Ministry of Defence' (MOD) i.e. the British Government and it is maintained by the MBA, which is a registered charity. The MBA maintains about 100 bothies and Kearvaig is one of them.*

*The KPC was formed in August 2012 and since then we have managed to (inadvertently) upset a few chaps in the MBA, not because we do anything wrong or illegal but because they DO NOT LIKE smoking. Some chaps in the MBA are simply rather uptight about such things and they are subsequently fond of attempting to act beyond their remit of a bothy maintenance organisation by attempting to arbitrate on what a chap does in a bothy, which, of course, is simply not on. Each MBA bothy has a 'Maintenance Organiser' (MO) and it just so happens that the MO for Kearvaig is a tad miffed with the KPC, as we are naughty boys who like to play with our pipes. This causes a problem for MBA as they have, fortunately, no jurisdiction whatsoever over what a chap (KPC or otherwise) does in a bothy (including smoking), as long as there is no damage caused. Although things have quietened down of late, the MO for Kearvaig has waged a rather unreasonable, if unsuccessful, hate-campaign against the KPC for some time now. Part of this ridiculous campaign is putting such nonsense on the MBA website about the MOD saying that Kearvaig is a 'strictly non-smoking bothy'. Take it from us: the MOD do not give a hoot about anyone smoking in Kearvaig.*

*I hope that explains the situation for you Sir? Therefore when you come over for a visit you can sit round the fire, have a wee dram AND smoke your pipe as much as you like.*

*Sincerely, The Editor*

*(Continued on page 50)*

**Bothy Flake Going Dutch?**

Hello Matron,

I hope you are doing fine! Just dropping off a small e-mail to tell you that from now on Bothy Flake is also available in The Netherlands from Dutch importer Elbert Gubbels. Hope it sells over here!

Greetings,

Baldrick

*Dear Baldrick,*

*That is indeed great news. We hope that the PRF members will keep puffing their way through copious quantities of our club blend. Keep spreading the word!*

*Sincerely,*

*Matron*

**Bothy Flake at the MBA AGM!**

Dear Editor,

I was recently at the MBA AGM and I took this picture of my tin of Bothy Flake:



Yours,

Secret Squirrel, MO, Gorton

*Dear Mr Squirrel,*

*Thank you for this breath-taking still life of the MBA AGM—bothy points awarded. Could this level of infiltration be synonymous with Luke Skywalker’s famous trench run just prior to the destruction of the Death Star?*

*May the flake be with you, always...*

*The Editor*

**Happy New Year from Pavia, Italy**

Dear Sir,

Best wishes and Happy New year. It may be cold here but I can’t stop my walks with my pipe and my whisky.

The pictures I have submitted were taken in a park in Pavia that extends for about 300 hectares where the battle of Pavia took place in 1525. Spanish and French armies fought there. The local citizens didn’t like invaders that much.

Your chap,

The General



*Dear General,*

*Splendid to hear from you as ever old chap and a Happy New Year to you too sir. At least you managed to find a hat from one of Pavia’s fallen warriors to keep your head warm on your walk. Pity you could not have found a matching jacket too. Nevertheless well done sir!*

*Sincerely,*

*The Editor*

### CLUB NEWS

#### Solid Silver KPC Badges In Stock



Due to popular demand, our hard working silversmith, Argentum Bender, spent his summer holidays making a new batch of the iconic solid silver KPC badges and bashing his fingers with a large lump hammer, such is his devotion to his pipe club duty. The result of his labours is that we have 3 remaining KPC badges - all fully hallmarked - in stock and on sale for the bargain price of **£35 + p&p** each. Due to the time involved in manufacture and the fact that dear old Argentum is fast running out of digits, this could be the last batch of KPC badges ever made so get yours now. Contact Matron to buy your badge.

**Advertisement: Never let your bothy night be dark or cold again! Every lamp comes with a free strumpet.**



### 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**

#### Advertisement:

**Whilst it might not be a tank top we think that all KPC cycling chaps would benefit from the new, stunning KPC cycling set.**

