



'Briar & Bothies'

The newsletter of
THE KEARVAIG PIPE CLUB



Dazbo's Birthday Bash: Insane in Dulnain, 04/02/17 *The asylum at Dulnain.*

Long walk to a heidroom...

As chaps and mice say: best laid plans often go awry and all that. And so it was the case for Dazbo's birthday beano that was, admittedly, organised at rather short notice. The original plan was for a trip to Stag, but a poorly reeking chimney betrayed some occupants desperately trying to coax some heat out of wet wood. Since the chaps didn't like the cut of their jib, another hasty plan was hatched to make for the hills and head for Dulnain.

A groaning in the gloaming

Amid much chuntering, the chaps set off over heidcase pass or some such amid snow flurries with the gloaming already well advanced. In fact, half an hour out of Stag it was already dark with occasional relief from a crescent moon amid scudding clouds. During the brief stop at Stag, Tealight discovered that he had lost two beers to pack abrasion (*Tut, tut, schoolboy error. Bothy points deducted, Ed.*) and his curry base gravy had also made a bid for freedom amid his spare kecks. At least he would not have to worry about hiding his skid marks on this trip... Not an auspicious start.

For those chaps whom have visited this particular rudimentary shelter before, they will be aware of some aqueous devilment in the form of a river crossing just before the bothy is reached. A splendid false sense of security is delivered by a rickety suspension bridge over a tributary that on this occasion was iced over for some extra spice. Then the real river is quickly reached. River crossings in the pitch black with ice and snow covered rocks are a rare treat for the vagabond dying of thirst at a late hour. The gait-

(Continued on page 2)



Dulnain scorecard (out of 5):

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

"This grand show is eternal. It is always sunrise somewhere; the dew is never dried all at once; a shower is forever falling; vapor is ever rising. Eternal sunrise, eternal dawn and gloaming, on sea and continents and islands, each in its turn, as the round earth rolls."

- John Muir

Insane in Dulnain cont.

erwise chap fared well, but the rest simply could not be comforted after a freezing "SAKE MIN!" dash across the river that would presently see the mantelpiece resembling a low-to-mid quality boot museum.

Negative Thermal Index

Due to that little-understood phenomenon of the NTI (*Just ask Bingae, he'll 'explain' it to you, for a goodly while... Ed.*) the bothy was colder on the inside than it was outside. The fireplace also showed signs of general neglect and lack of use as it was filled with soaking wet cement-like ash that had to be carefully excavated by Matron prior to successful flagration. With 25kg of coal supplemented with copious dry wood that was gallantly retrieved by a resourceful Dazbo (*What, being a bothy-bitch on his birthday weekend?! Shame on the oafly blaggards, Ed.*) the NTI was soon to be reversed with a most agreeable civilising cosiness arriving in time for some well deserved scran. Once again, Tealight - once he'd stopped whingeing about the walk in - was on curry duty. His tantrums were most enjoyable and only ceased when Matron thrust a beer in his general direction as compensation for 50% of his earlier schoolboy error.

With a chumly smile returned to his tired pus equilibrium was, once again, almost restored.

Bothy Life (no, not the telly programme)

After dinner and port, Tealight pulled out his guitar and rather splendidly he had a wee surprise in store for the chaps. No, not the fact that he can actually play guitar (*In a rudimentary busker fashion if one was to be charitable, Ed.*) but the fact that he had composed his own tune called 'Bothy Life' (*See page 4 for the lyrics, Ed.*). The first rendition was a storming success but the later attempts less so as Tealight, rather like onions, is a lot stronger before pickling.

The evening wore on in fine fashion and there was nary a sign of a knobber (*Well the outdoor variety at least, Ed.*) or more importantly the Cylons as it is well known that Dulnain is a hot spot for Cylon activity. This could have been a drastic problem since no one had brought the essential tin foil, so the chaps would have been defenceless if the Toasters had turned up. In fact, despite the grumbling about the walk, everyone made it out intact after a rather splendid moot.

(Continued on page 3)

Insane in the Dulnain: the inmates get down to some serious bothy business.

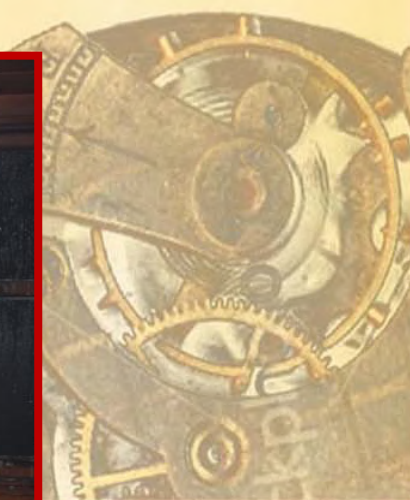


Insane in Dulnain cont.

The lunatics have taken over the asylum: A Dulnain Pipe Face special.



We wouldn't trust this chap with matches let alone fine pipes or stringed instruments...



BOTHY LIFE

A wee bothy ballad by Tealight (check the KPC website PLOG for audio)

*When the weekend comes ah'm a'ways ready
Gonna head to a bothy for a bevvy
Aw that's left is tae pack up ma big rucksack
Bag ae coal, plenty beer, and stick it oan ma back*

*That's the van aw packed, it's nearly burstin'
Ah need tae hurry up ah've goat a thirst oan
Key in the Transit, gie it yaldy
Headin' north, efter vistin' the Aldi*

*Stockin' up wae some beer and some Rioja
Nae Tempranillo, ah only drink Reserva
Parma ham and a lovely bit ae Wensleydale
Glass of Port, pack of crackers, it'll never fail*

*Now the snacks are sorted, let's get dinner
Seems to me the chicken curry is a winner
Plenty chillies and mind and make it spicy
Two pun ae chicken, this trip is getting' pricey*

*And now ah'm headin' up the A9
Ah've got a rendezvous wi' some friends ae mine
When ah reach Perth, ah start tae get excited
The bothy trip is about to get ignited*

*Since ah've telt ye where ah'm gaun tae
Ah suppose ah'll need tae tell ye who ah'm gaun wi'
Grab a seat, it's going to be scary
We're gonna start with a face that is hairy*

*The Bothy Pirate has a lovely big ginger beard
His reputation means all the kids get scared
He's got a problem, but he is workin' through it
Anyway the Polis couldnae prove it*

*That brings us on to Sergeant Matron
And of course the KPC, of which he is a patron
Bothy bashing, mental hi jinx by the fire
Always puffin' on a splendid little briar*

*And if ye ken the postie Dazbo
You'll find out that funk can land ye wae an ASBO
Always sittin' in the corner lookin' shifty
With the tuneage in his hawn, playin' Shooglenifty*

*And when we meet up at the car park
We grab Bingae and Gregor, and get off our mark
Soon we'll be sittin' in a rudimentary shelter
Wae the fire blazin', it'll surely be a belter*

*And then o'er the hill, ah see a chimney
Another coupla miles, it's no a gimme
We'll get a wee bit closer, we can sneak a peek
Keepin' fingers crossed, we dinnae see nae reek*

*But when we arrive, it's such a scunner
There's no 5 or 6, there's about a hunner
Aw sittin' in a circle eatin' muesli
Just like a meetin', with minutes taken duly*

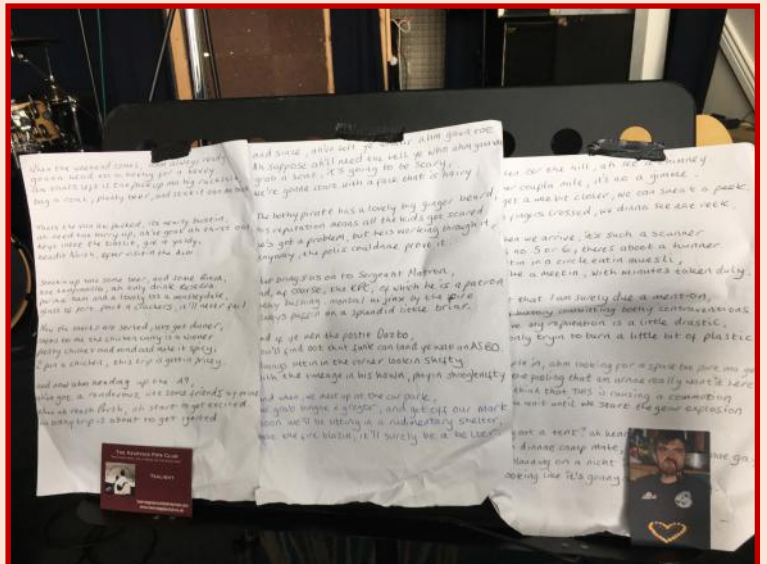
*I'll bet that I'm surely due a mention
For my history committing bothy contraventions
I believe my reputation to be drastic
I was only tryin' to burn a bit of plastic*

*Ah traipse in, ah'm lookin' for a space tae park ma gear
Ah get the feelin' that ah'm urnae want-it here
If they think that THIS is causing a commotion
Just wait until we start the massive gear explosion*

*"Huv ye goat a tent?" ah hear someb'dy say
Naw ah dinnae camp mate, because ah'm irnae gay
I was planning on a night in the bothy
It's looking like it'll certainly be cosy...*



The Bothy Life lyrics in the studio.



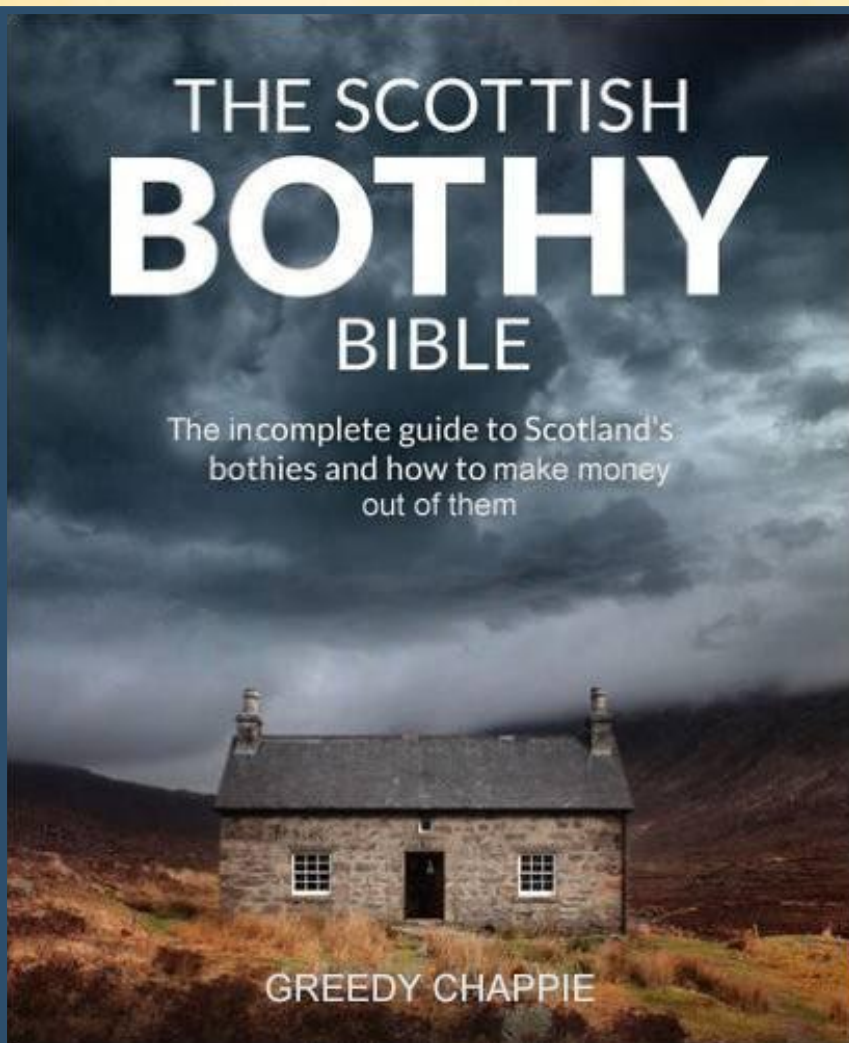
OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH

THE COMMERCIALISATION OF BOTHIES

Editorial Note:

This moderately doctored image (below) appeared recently on Facebook and, our sources tell us, caused a bit of a stir in the Knobbersphere. Since the KPC were falsely accused of creating this rather splendid piece of work during the 'debate', we felt that we needed to set the record straight and, more importantly, set out our position on the commercialisation of bothies in slightly more than the goldfish-attention-span-140-characters that seems to be so fashionable these days. If you are more advanced life form than a goldfish, you are therefore invited to fill your glass and/or bowl (*Briar not goldfish that is, Ed.*) and read on.

Just say: "OI, GREEDY, NO!"



Unique social spaces

Bothly folk whom truly appreciate the unique social space and resultant ethos that the bothy offers, instinctively understand that one of their most magnificent facets is their complete lack of commercial *anything*. Yes chaps, our bothies are sacred social spaces (*Except perhaps Camban which is simply a ghastly hovel, Ed.*), free from the tyranny of the commercial world; a bolt hole from banality; a place where all that capitalist *oomska* is firmly kept at bay by the bothy door. Where else in today's materialistic world can a chap find such an unregulated sanctuary, where simple pleasures may be enjoyed free from the megalithic money monster? Because bothies are, mercifully, free of the influence of the filthy lucre, surely it must follow that *anyone* who tries to use them - in any way - for commercial gain will not be looked upon at all kindly, if one was to put it mildly? The old school, right-minded bothier, would surely regard such greed with utter contempt that could only be topped by an act such as deliberately burning the bothy down.

The MBA takes a stand

Recently, the MBA took a strong and principled stand regarding the use of bothies by commercial groups, such as outdoor guiding companies i.e. companies that are making money out of using bothies. As a result of this the following piece appeared on the MBA website in August 2016:

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"Greed has taken the whole universe, and nobody is worried about their soul."

- Little Richard

OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH **Cont.**

"16/08/16

Use of bothies by commercial organisations

We are concerned about an increasing number of commercial businesses (guided tours, adventure holidays etc.) using or intending to use bothies that we maintain. There are a number of reasons why such use could be damaging to our interests and to legitimate bothy users and we believe that it could affect the sustainability of the bothy network. These are: Our Bothy Code states that "Bothies are not available for commercial groups" and bothy owners expect us to operate in accordance with the Code. There have been occasions when an owner has threatened to close a bothy if we fail to act to prevent further use in this way. There have been incidents when legitimate bothy users have been made to feel unwelcome, inconvenienced or even refused entry when commercial groups have been in residence. Our volunteers who maintain the bothies, not unreasonably, feel aggrieved to know that their hard work is contributing to the profits of a business that probably does not support our organisation in any way. There could be a financial downside too. Local Authorities, who levy business rates on bothies, provide 100% relief of payment, which could be withdrawn if the buildings are used for commercial purposes. Daytime visits to bothies for lunch etc. are not a problem nor is seeking shelter in the event of a genuine emergency. It is planned overnight stays by commercial groups that are not permitted. We therefore hope that, by providing proprietors and employees of outdoor activity businesses with a better understanding of the difficulties that can arise when they stay in MBA maintained bothies, they will in future make alternative arrangements for overnight accommodation." END.

And subsequently on the BBC website (Accompanied with the now obligatory photo of Kearvaig, Ed.):

"17/08/16

Mountain bothies 'threatened' by commercial use

The sustainability of Scotland's mountain bothies is being threatened by commercial groups, the organisation that maintains the network has warned.

The Mountain Bothies Association (MBA) said it was concerned about the increasing number of businesses using the shelters.

Bothies are found throughout the Highlands, with most of them maintained by the MBA

They are free, but users are asked to follow a "bothy code".

The code prohibits the use of the buildings by commercial groups.

Many bothies were estate buildings originally built for stalking parties or gamekeepers, but are now popular with hillwalkers and climbers. The MBA was formed in 1965 and looks after about 100 bothies throughout the UK.

Most of the shelters are found in Scotland. They provide basic accommodation, but are generally wind and water-tight.

Emergency use

The charity said there were a "number of reasons" why commercial use of bothies - for example by guided tours or adventure holidays - could damage the interests of other bothy users.

In a statement, the MBA said: "There have been occasions when an owner has threatened to close a bothy if we fail to act to prevent further use in this way.

"There have been incidents when legitimate bothy users have been made to feel unwelcome, inconvenienced or even refused entry when commercial groups have been in residence."

"Our volunteers who maintain the bothies, not unreasonably, feel aggrieved to know that their hard work is contributing to the profits of a business that probably does not support our organisation in any way."

But the MBA said it was happy with commercial groups using bothies as a lunch shelter or "in the event of a genuine emergency"." END.

(continued on page 7)



"Greed is so destructive. It destroys everything."

- Eartha Kitt

OUTDOOR BBER WATCH **Cont.**

The KPC firmly supported this announcement and even offered the MBA our support, although, funnily enough, we never heard anything back from them. Of course KPC members have, by their very nature, been using any such associated commercial literature left in bothies (*And the odd Holy Bible of course, Ed.*) as firelighters for years and will continue to do so, but it was refreshing for the MBA to lend its considerable weight (*And we're not just talking about the odd portly here MO, Ed.*) and influence to highlight the argument.

The bothy genie has long gone up the lum...

A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away, the dear old MBA decided to put details of all MBA bothies – including grid references – on their website. The KPC, like many other bothying chaps, maintain that this was a mistake. However, in defence of the MBA, this misguided policy was at least not in any way an attempt to commercialise 'their' bothies. Besides, nowadays there is a plethora of other places on that t'interweb thingy where the exact location of bothies, MBA or otherwise, may be found (*Yes chaps, we've even spotted a woefully hypocritical trend where some oafs moan about this geo-locatory fact and then frequent said bothies after learning of their whereabouts on social media before ranting some more on social media in the bothy they've just 'found' on social media. "Go figure", as an American chap might say, Ed.*). In other words, the bothy location genie is out of the bottle and is well and truly up the lum.

There are also numerous blogs that tell stories of peoples' bothy adventures (some very good, many very dull) and of course there is wonderful book: *'Mountain Days and Bothy Nights'* (MD&BN) by Ian Mitchell and Dave Brown (*Yes, the only truly great book about bothy culture that is head, shoulders and baws above anything else, Ed.*) that is a true classic of mountain/bothy literature. So, does the likes of MD&BN fall under the unseemly category of commercialising bothies you may be moved to ask? "No" is the short and resounding answer to this postulation. Why? Well chaps, the inspiring stories in MD&BN capture the atmosphere and ethos of what going to a bothy is all about and, of course, part of that ethos is that bothy locations, stories, tips etc. were passed on by word-of-mouth by folk *in the bothy*. In other words, this is a book about bothy culture and not bothies themselves.

Of course technology has changed immeasurably since MD&BN was penned, so our beef is not at all about going online and telling your bothy tales or even putting a photo or two up (*Although publishing bothy grid references is*

still anathema in this pipe club, Ed.) from your travels. No chaps, our issue is with those individuals who use bothies to line their own pockets with the most obvious and egregious form of this commercialisation plague being the recent emergence of the 'bothy guidebook'.

The Joy of Bothies Making Money?

Regardless of content, we assert that, a guidebook to bothies is like a guidebook to coitus: quite simply unnecessary, for a chap with cojones at any rate. (*Chaps of a certain vintage will recall a controversial guidebook from 1972 that caused a bit of a stir featuring a bearded bloke and a contorted, equally hairy strumpet, but at least there was no mention of our precious rudimentary shelters during their hand drawn nocturnal sorties, Ed.*) It is also offensive to the old school time-honoured bothy ethic of discovering by adventure i.e. getting one's podgy derriere off of the sofa and out into the glens. Besides, we intrinsically believe that in addition to bothies there are just some things that guidebooks should not be written about. Incest and self-abuse spring to mind.

(continued on page 8)

Serving suggestion: Brighten up your morning stroll with the bothy spade with the new KPC 'Bog-Stroll-Roll'. Made from 100% recycled pulp non-fiction.

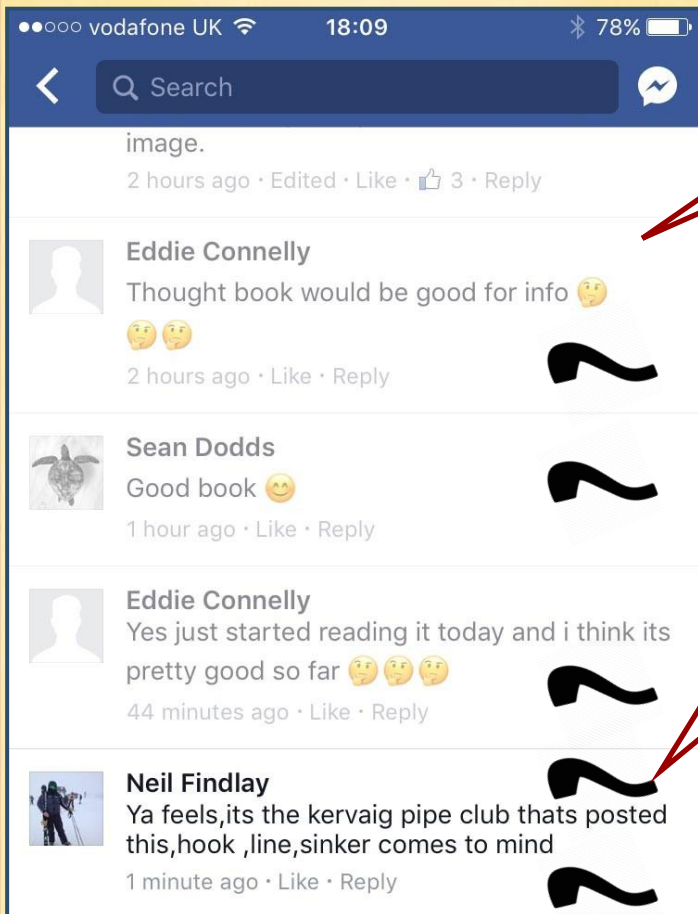


"Price is what you pay and value is what you get."

- Warren Buffett

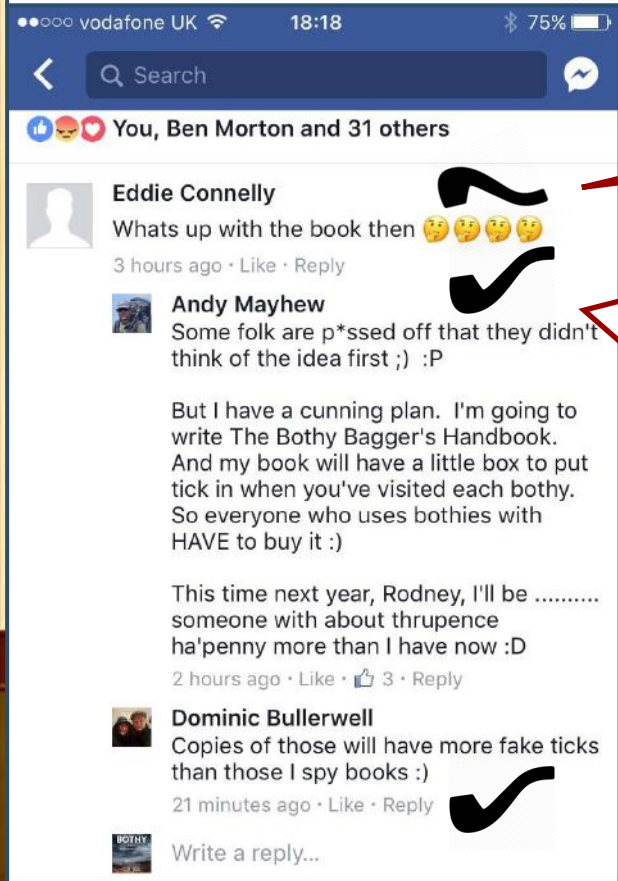
OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH Cont.

Tealight (*Bothy points awarded, Ed.*) – the KPC’s Sultan of Social Media – and Dazbo (*Bothy points awarded, Ed.*) recently reported the following fracas on Pusbook:



**The KPC says:
So was Mein Kampf.**

"NO BALL!" We are not sure where you are getting you INTEL old chap, but you are well wide of the crease on this one. Having said that, the KPC Editorial team wishes that they had indeed had a hand in this obvious masterpiece.

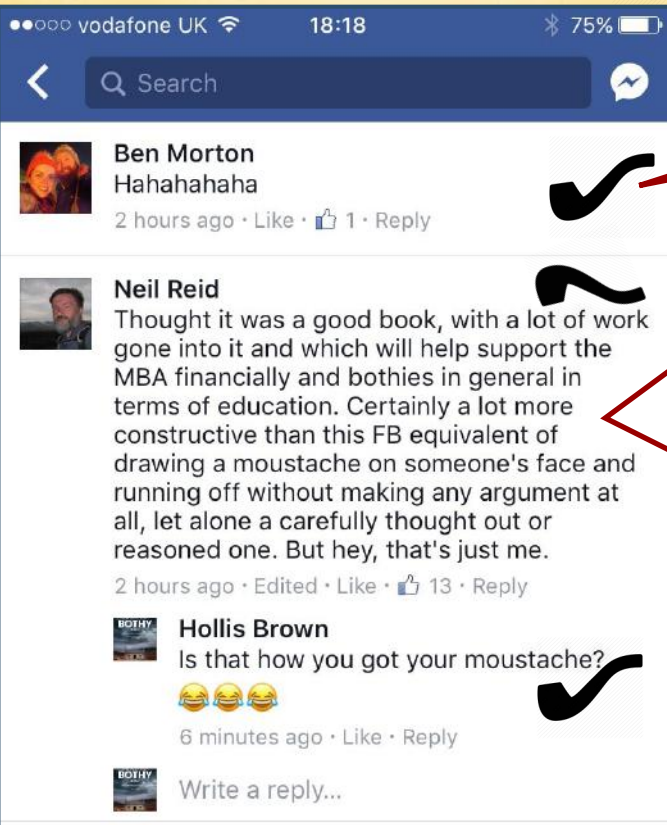


We thought it was fairly obvious from the 'adjusted' book cover old fruit...

May we suggest the word 'miffed' old chap as it avoids those embarrassing asterisks and would still suitably convey your thoughts on the issue. However, we think that many chaps will have considered the concept of a bothy guidebook and then dismissed it in a heartbeat as a truly bad idea as it would be akin to writing the Anne Frank guide to percussion instruments would it not?
Perhaps The 'Bothy Baggers Handbook' is best left as a jape as we suspect that it will not only be boxes that would get ticked off...

**"Avarice and happiness never saw each other."
- Benjamin Franklin**

OUTDOOR KN**B**BER WATCH Cont.

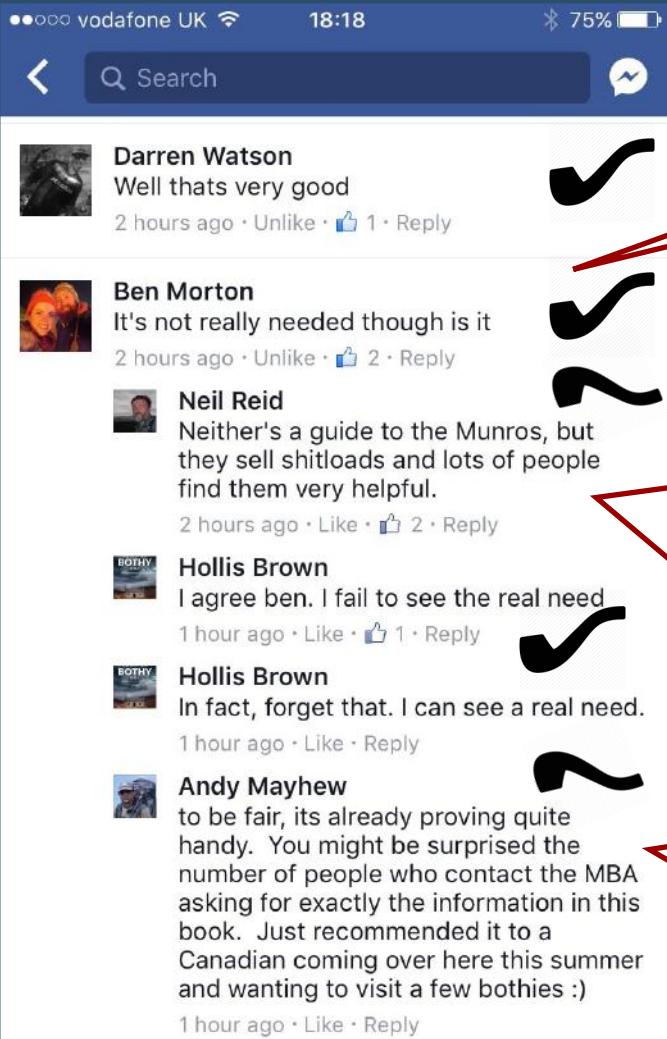


Surely that should be HAHA-HAARRRGGGHHH old piratey chap?

Well really Neil old bean, how on earth is this bilge going to educate anyone and for what purpose? For decades now, chaps have been going to bothies without the need for 'education' by a guidebook and that situation seems to have been and remains satisfactory.

As for moustaches we do not discriminate against chaps with facial hair, but we think that the argument was made VERY clearly indeed in the adjusted book cover. As they say: a picture speaks a thousand words and this fine effort spoke at least that. Therefore sir, as you've obviously missed the crux of the issue: it is about someone cashing in on bothies when of course bothies are the antithesis of commercial gain.

The MBA's contradictory stance on commercial use of bothies had also been exposed here (see main text of this article). Ergo, we see no real need to make the case, but how's that for a reasoned argument old chap?



Spot on sir. Bothy points awarded.

That may be true sir, but comparing Munros to bothies is like comparing Minis to space shuttles i.e. really rather pointless. Munros are not inviolable social spaces where chaps gather to escape such commerciality. The 'Bible' may indeed sell a shitload, but that does not mean it isn't a load of...

Could we press you sir to dust off up your briar as we honestly think it will help you to a more contemplative plain, where the inherent value of the bothy becomes crystal clear, even in the concomitant fug?

It's Handy Andy! Agreed, but that shiny paper is a buggger though. Whilst Canadians are not American some are almost French, therefore do you think that's wise Andy old bean?

OUTDOOR KN**BBER** WATCH Cont.



vodafone UK 18:18 75%

Search

Anne Butler

 56 minutes ago · Like · 1 · Reply

Neil Findlay
 Oh ben,bend over 😊
 13 minutes ago · Like · Reply

Ben Morton
 The white cliffs of my arse
 10 minutes ago · Like · Reply

Write a reply...

Exactly Anne. Fancy a shot at Pipe Babe of the Month? No cash incentives though, naturally.

Well the MBA are getting a bung so we suppose, logically, a bit more advertising would not go amiss. At the same time we could all go around and tip the sand out of the bothy FIRE buckets and replace it with petroleum spirit too...

vodafone UK 19:26 74%

Search

Friday at 18:34 · Like · 3 · Reply

Write a reply...

Neil Findlay
 Oh and by the way my pal was up to culags in september and the bothy was closed,never heard that it closed for the stalking season 😞
 Friday at 18:36 · Like · 1 · Reply

Darren Watson
 Think i might go down the Auld Troll the night for a pint
 Friday at 18:59 · Edited · Unlike · 3 · Reply

Philip Addyman
 Nice one Darren Watson.
 Friday at 20:24 · Like · 1 · Reply

Tom Cameron
 Baaaawwhahahahaha. Well done. That's amazing.
 Friday at 20:49 · Like · Reply

vodafone UK 19:26 73%

Search

Kenny Smith
 The M.B.A. should put some of the information in there own websites
 Friday at 21:08 · Like · 1 · Reply

Neil Mcintosh
 Great book grow up
 Friday at 22:44 · Like · 3 · Reply

Darren Watson

 Friday at 22:51 · Unlike · 1 · Reply

Hollis Brown
 He started it
 Friday at 23:01 · Like · Reply

Neil Mcintosh
 Aye but his dad's bigger than your dad
 Friday at 23:16 · Like · 1 · Reply

Hollis Brown
 Ooooohhhhhhh matron
 Saturday at 01:04 · Like · 1 · Reply

Darren Watson
 Oh just grow up would you please!
 Saturday at 13:30 · Like · Reply

Hollis Brown
 He started it
 Saturday at 14:08 · Like · Reply

Now now, children, play nicely!

"Under the ideal measure of values there lurks the hard cash."

- Karl Marx, Das Kapital

OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH Cont.



An apposite question Gill that deserves a succinct answer.

There we have it chaps from the 'orses marff, er, so to speak, ahem. So, the MBA whines about commercial groups using bothies and then makes a cut from a chap gaining commercially by writing about them. Ah, so, that's all right then. It's a funny old world!

Bullseye!

Your book (Of Big Hills and Wee Men for the hoi polloi out there, Ed.) is a splendid read Peter and we're sure that any hill and/or bothy chap would be proud to share the bothy fire with your good self. Sadly, times have changed and sadly so have values in certain quarters. We would like to offer you Honorary KPC membership sir.

Keep up Eddie old sport, it's about polluting the glens with filthy lucre and nothing whatsoever to do with getting out and about; surely a chap can get out and about without any biblical aid?

During the above 'debate', the KPC was rather rapidly accused of creating the 'adjusted' cover picture of the 'Scottish Bothy Bible' (*The latest offering in the disgusting genre of the bothy guidebook, Ed.*) that caused all the fuss. Whilst we would dearly love to claim credit for this fine bit of *subvertising*, (*A proud tradition, Ed.*) we have to confess to our dear readers both KPC, ODK, and anyone else, that, in this instance, for the record, the KPC was not responsible for this image. However, we urge the chap (or chapette) who did this sterling work to get in touch (*Confidentiality assured, Ed.*) to claim a free tin of *Bothy Flake*, Honorary Life KPC membership and a barrow load of bothy points. For you, sir (or madam), have done the world of bothies a great service in pushing back against this heinous crime of commercialising bothies. You may have even inadvertently started the 'War of The Bothies'...

There are of course others, but the so-called 'Scottish Bothy Bible' seems to neatly encapsulate all that is so sin-

ister with this unforgiveable bothy guidebook genre, so we'll use this example to make our case.

First up is the minor irritant of the reference to a religious story book as if somehow connecting a guidebook with an ancient text of Christian myths gives it some extra credibility. Yes, yes, we know that the term 'Bible' is used by unimaginative types as a figure of speech for anything that purports to be an authoritative study, but similarly: "It stinks like a tart's dresser" is also a figure of speech. Secondly, the subtitle says that the 'Bible' is: 'The complete guide to Scotland's bothies and how to reach them'. Fortunately, this statement is utter twaddle, as many bothies do not feature in this self-aggrandising-bilge-of-a-book; although an extra dollop of shame on the author for listing other non-MBA bothies. One wonders what the owner/keepers of these other rudimentary shelters may

(Continued on page 12)

OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH **Cont.**

feel about being publicised for someone else's financial gain? Perhaps they should be informed of this book and seek financial recompense accordingly? Food for thought.

The principal problem with this book (and others like it), however, is that it *exists*. Yes chaps, this tome is nothing more than a dispiriting, shameful, exercise in using bothies for personal gain, i.e. the very epitome of the cardinal sin of commercialising bothies. Now at this point one might have expected to hear an official squeal or two from the MBA, since it was they who have taken a robust stance against commercial use of bothies by groups, as stated above. But no. Instead we noted the following advertisement, masquerading as news, for the '*Scottish Bothy Bible*' on the BBC website dated 12th March 2017 (*Accompanied by the obligatory photo of Kearvaig, Ed.*):

"Bothy-bagging: Scotland's best-kept secrets

...The Mountain Bothy Association (MBA), which does not own the buildings it maintains, said it had no input into Mr Allan's book but that the author was acting as an "ambassador" for the movement.

Neil Stewart, a trustee of the MBA, said it had published the grid references of the bothies online in 2009 so the "genie was out of the bottle".

He said he was happy for Mr Allan to promote the work of the bothy movement as long as people who used the shelters stuck to the strict code of "respect for the buildings, for the environment and other people using the bothy". ..." END.

But what's this? *The MBA supporting someone making money out of bothies?* Surely not? During the above BBC piece and the aforementioned *Pusbook* prattle readers will, depressingly, note that it has emerged that not only is there no criticism of the '*Bible*' from the MBA, but the MBA is actually condoning Mr Allan as an 'ambassador' and **getting a cut** from the profits of the '*Bible*'.

To continue (*Irritatingly, Ed.*) with the god-squad metaphors for a tad longer, this unsavoury situation sort of makes a chap to want to throw over the bothy table and scatter the filthy lucre accumulated by the *commercial gainers* into the fire. The author (*'The Pastor' for short, Ed.*) of the '*Bible*' appears to be *one of theirs* or at least connected enough to get a shameless MBA-facilitated plug by the BBC (*British Bothy Corporation? Ed.*) where he even tells the world that he never has really had any money and that's why he went to bothies in the first place. Perhaps a cynical chap could be forgiven for drawing the conclusion that the subtext here is: *"I've never*

really had any cash but thanks to my book about bothies I do now, ching-ching, yippee!"? Our conclusion, sadly, is that this is just another all too familiar case of knowing the cost of everything and the value of nothing. Most disagreeable.

Another obvious conclusion, it has to be said, is that, regrettably, the bothy establishment, i.e. the MBA, is now part of the commercialising bothies problem; firmly in co-hoots financially, to a chap whom is unashamedly profiteering from bothies. And before anyone suggests that there is not much money involved, that is simply not the point: it's the principle. The KPC thinks that this is a message that bothy-commercial-gain-greedheads need to hear very loud, very clear and very often.

At this point some may also say: "So what? The MBA is a charity!" Indeed it is, but where pray tell in the MBA's remit is supporting the commercialisation of bothies, particularly since it has been so critical of other commercial pressures in the recent past? Taken to its logical conclusion, perhaps if the commercial guiding companies that the MBA were so (rightly) critical of were to offer the MBA a bung, then they too would be welcomed, or at least a blind eye turned? We are also aware that some MBA chaps, quite reasonably, air private disquiet about more and more folk using bothies, so that begs the obvious question of what will tacitly supporting bothy guidebooks do to this little conundrum? Is it just the KPC, or does anyone else sniff the reek of hypocrisy here? Yes chaps, it would appear that if double standards were a combustible product a chap would never need to lug 10kg of coal to the rudimentary shelter again to keep his tootsees warm and dry his socks...

(continued on page 13)



"Only loss teaches us about the value of things."

- Arthur Schopenhauer

OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH **Cont.**

451: the number that smokes the sinister

"So what are you going to do about it?" Upon reading this polemic, this inevitable, smug, refrain will no doubt emanate from the odd bothy greed enabler and ODK et al. If we are honest, this pipe club realises that, practically at any rate, not a lot can be done to prevent sales of the 'Bible' and other bothy guidebooks. Of course step one would be simply not to buy the 'Bible' or any other bothy guidebook for that matter.

Symbolically though, merciless scorn of the bothy guidebook, may be shown in a variety of ways. Perhaps there is the odd reader out there whom - having read this piece - will have felt a certain queasy feeling about their copy of the 'Bible' or one of the other bothy-commercial-gain-guidebooks? If so, redemption is at hand, praise the Dark Lord! Yes dear reader, the KPC is here to help you on your road to enlightenment. You must cast off the evil filth of the *gainers* into the bothy fire. (*Hell, it worked for Frodo Baggins after all, Ed.*) If you undertake this eminently sensible act, then please take a photograph of your redemptive ceremony and send it to the KPC for celebratory publication. You will have cleansed yourself (*You*

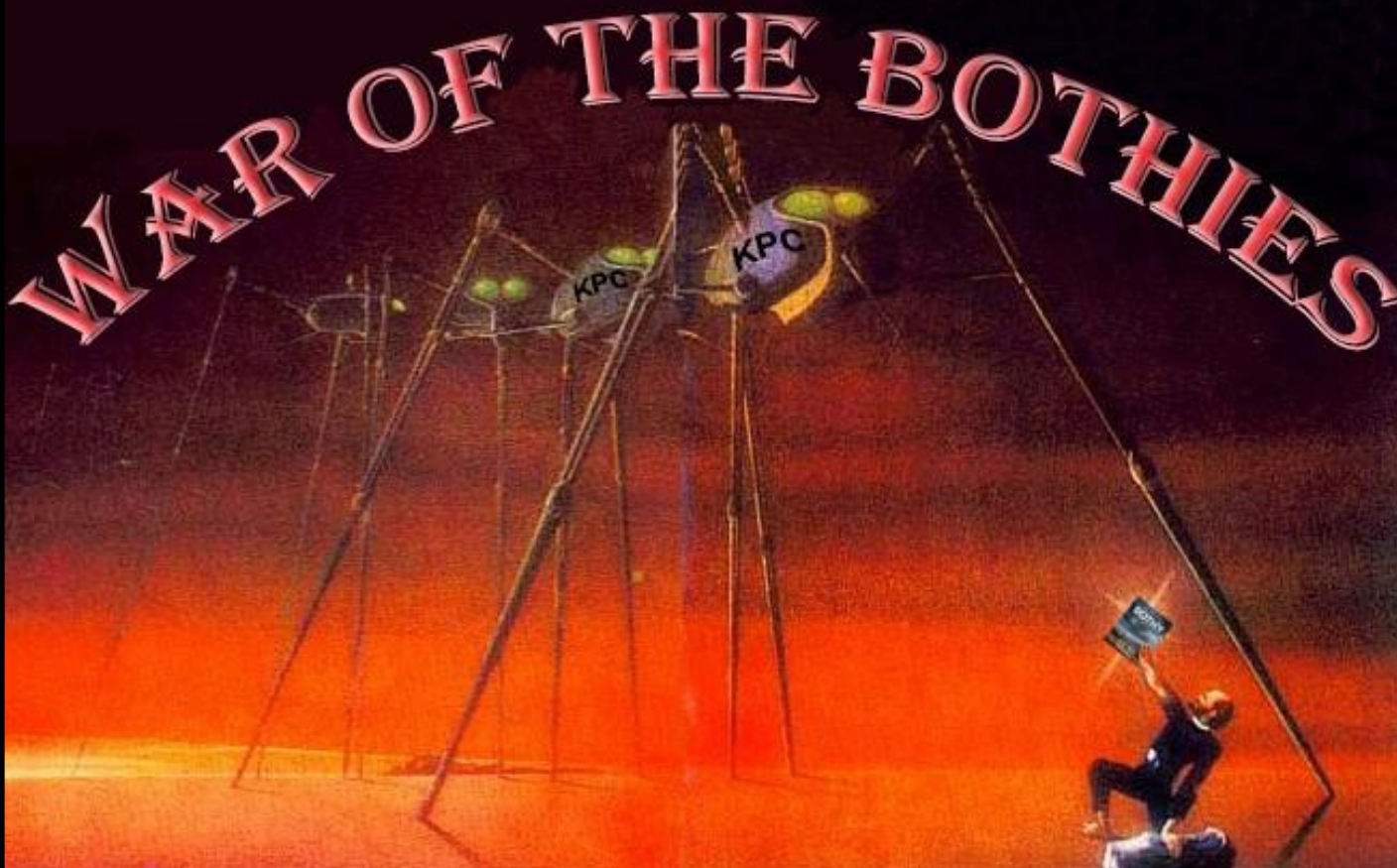
misguided sinners! Ed.) and done the bothy world a favour in the process. 'Adjusting' the cover or contents of said bothy guidebooks is also encouraged and we willingly offer copy space to showcase your best subversive efforts.

Finally, although the KPC would rather stick to its own remit of burning fine pipe tobacco, we have come up with a wee wheeze. Yes chaps, whilst usually agreeing with Bradbury when it comes to book burning, exceptions in extreme circumstances can be made. With this in mind the KPC will be organising a bothy guidebook burning moot where the magical temperature of 451 °F (*Or 232.8 °C for SI fascists, Ed.*) will be reached and recorded with glee. If readers think that they themselves cannot bring themselves to incinerate their sinful purchases we remain on standby to help. All you have to do is send us in your grubby little secrets and we'll do the rest, huzzah!

Finally, a plea to the many good eggs in the MBA: Please stand up, be counted, push back against the commercialisation of bothies and question the direction your organisation is taking.

(Continued on page 14)

Ha! Cosy spells against the evils of chance... Will 'The Parson' be saved from Hellish flagration by his 'Bible'? We think not.



WAR OF THE BOTHIES

(With apologies to Jeff Wayne)

THE COMING OF THE GREEDIANS

"No one would have believed that in the early years of the 21st century that bothy affairs were being watched from the shameless worlds of cyberspace.

No one could have dreamed that they were being scrutinized, as someone with a microscope studies creatures, that swarm and multiply, in a drop of water.

Few chaps even considered the possibility of lucre in remote places.

And yet, across the gulf of cyberspace, minds immeasurably greedier than ours, regarded our bothies with envious eyes.

And slowly and surely, they drew there plans against them...

At midnight on the 31st of January a huge mass of luminous text erupted from Amazon and sped towards the glens. Across two-hundred-million pixels of void, invisibly hurtling towards us, came the first of the books that were bring so much calamity to our bothies.

As I watched, there was another jet of cash.

It was another guidebook starting on its way.

And that how it was for the next ten nights a flare spurting out from Amazon.

Bright green drawing a filthy green lucre behind it.

A beautiful, but somehow disturbing sight.

Ogilvy, the bothier, assured me they were in no danger.

He was convinced there could be no avaricious thing in that remote, greedy, association.

"The chances of anyone making money from bothies are a million to one" he said. But still they try...

Then came the night the first book approached the hills.

It was thought to be an ordinary guidebook, but next day there was a huge profit in the middle of the glen.

And Ogilvy came to examine what lay there:

A book, 304 pages long, glowing hot....

And with faint sounds of counting coming from within.

Suddenly, the cover moving, flapping, unfolding.

And Ogilvy feared there was a bothier inside trying to escape.

He rushed to the book but the intense greed stopped him before he could sell his soul to the Devil.

It seems totally incredible to me now that everyone spent that bothy night as though it were just like any other.

From the bothy came the sound of laughter and music, ringing and rumbling softened almost into melody by the distance.

It all seemed so safe and tranquil.

KEARVAIG BOTHY AND THE GREED RAY

Next morning a crowd gathered outside the bothy.

Hypnotized by the unfolding of the book.

Two feet of shining lucre projected, when suddenly the cover fell open.

Two, luminous, disc-like eyes appeared above the cover.

A huge rounded wad larger than a bear rose up slowly, glistening like wet leather.

Its lipless mouth quivered and slavered and snake like tentacles writhed as the body heaved and pulsated.

A few younger chaps crept closer to the book.

A tall funnel rose then an invisible ray of greed leaped from man to man and there was a bright glare as each was instantly turned into fire.

Every tree and bush became a mass of flames at the touch of his savage, unearthly, greed ray.

Bothiers clawed their way off the beach and I ran too; I felt I was being toyed with that when I was on the very verge of safety this mysterious death would leap after me and strike me down.

At last I reached the lighthouse hill and in the dim coolness of the Major's home I wrote an account for my pipe club newsletter before I sank into a restless, haunted, sleep..."

PIPE BADASS OF THE MONTH

Lieutenant General Lewis Burwell "Chesty" Puller, US Marine Corps.

More metal than the Eiffel Tower...

Chesty Puller remains the most decorated and famous US Marine in history, since John Wayne in the Longest Day at any rate. This seems fitting as the barrel-chested Fuller - from whence his nickname originated - was probably the only chap who had space on his chest to pin all those medals in a row. Other mere mortals would need to push round a wheelbarrow or require the services of Geoff Capes just to lift all that metal off of the deck, let alone sport it next to a lapel.

WWII

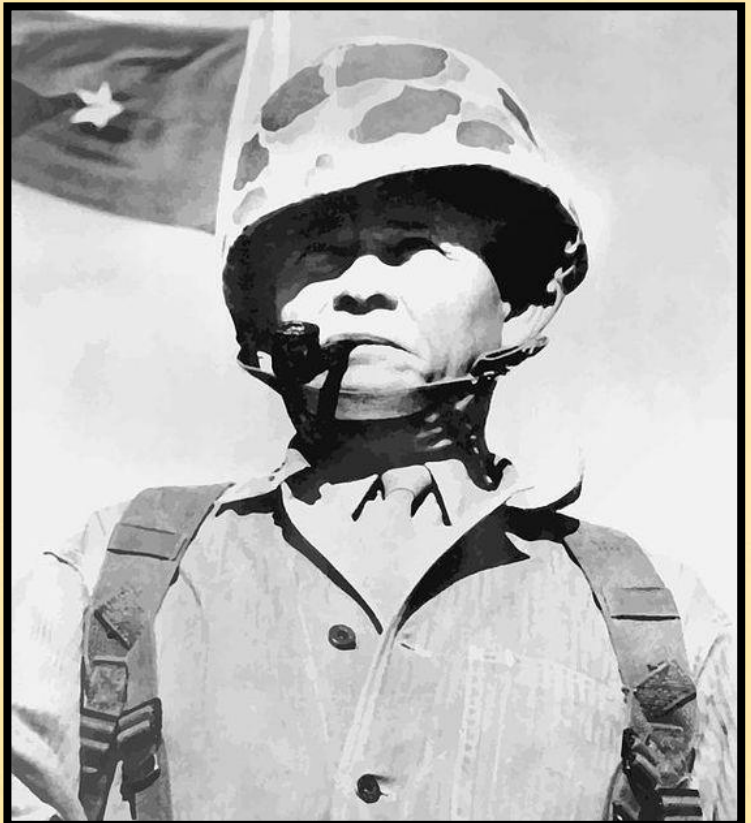
Chesty, whilst working for Uncle Sam as a Marine smoked his pipe and booted bottom all over the world. It was, however, during WWII made his reputation as a *total* badass. His finest hour or two was on the Pacific island of Guadalcanal where Chesty tore those Japanese chappies a new bottom before sticking his pipe in it.

He was commanding the 1st battalion, 7th Marines, when they made an amphibious assault near the Matanikau River. They came up against a much larger force of Japanese infantry which ended up surrounding Chesty and his men. This led Chesty to summarise the situation thus: *"Right men, were surrounded by these Japanese blighters. That simplifies the problem as we can now attack in all directions"*, or words to that effect. During the ensuing battle, Chesty's men were running low on ammo and worse still, on tobacco. Chesty tried signalling a passing destroyer using the smoke from his pipe, but when they did not see it he just swam out to the tub and organised not only more bullets and baccy but another amphibious assault from the ship. How's that for stiff-upper bottom chaps? Not bad, for a Yank.

The destroyer fired all kinds of stuff at the Japanese defenders whilst Chesty counter-attacked on the ground. Chesty was shot twice and hit with shrapnel, but he just dug the bullets out with his pipe whilst proclaiming that: *"Bullets are for pussies, and besides a*

(Continued on page 16)

We forgive Chesty the fact that his top buttons are undone as he simply could not get them fastened over his barrel-chest.



"Son, when the Marine Corps wants you to have a wife, you will be issued one."
- Chesty Puller

PIPE BADASS OF THE MONTH CONT.

Marine does not die until he is ordered to. Yes chaps, the only thing that slowed Chesty-Badass-Puller down was the size of his wedding tackle.

Korea

Once Chesty had won the Pacific war he headed home for a well-earned smoke break. Then what would you know, those lousy Commies decided to get all Commie with the democracy on the Korean peninsula. This was too much for ol' Chesty so he just picked up his M1 Garand, a few clips and his pipe and headed off with a few of the boys to Korea to boot some more bottom. Although Korea was not such a success story, Chesty once again smoked his enemies as if it were his last bowl and if it hadn't have been for the lily-livered politicians back home Chesty would have squared away Korea as if was his pipe cabinet. Luckily, for the Vietnamese, Chesty was in retirement by 1965...

After the wars

Chesty retired in 1955 to spend more time with his massive collection of well-clenched pipes after 37 years' service in the USMC. He was born in Virginia where he grew up next to his beloved leaf and because he loved his baccy so much he retired to Virginia to smoke himself daft. It fact, it is said that when driving through his home state, ol' Chesty would simply pull over near a field of ripening Virginias rip a hunk off and stuff it straight in his pipe and smoke that critter right there. No wacky Hillbilly *tobackee* farmer ever dared to stop Chesty when he fancied a smoke, no sirree! Yes chaps, Chesty took the honourable practice of many-a-schoolboy, namely 'scrumping', to a whole new level. If Chesty had been in the KPC he'd have probably just eaten his *Bothy Flake* and smoked the goddamned tin...

Chesty Puller at a glance:

Born: West Point, Virginia, USA, 26th June 1898

Favourite smoke: Full Virginia Flake.

Favourite pipe: *"The one I'm smoking, bitch."*

Favourite pastimes: Lighting his flamethrower with his pipe and then using the fingers of toasted enemy soldiers as pipe tampers.

Favourite command: *"Make smoke!"*

Favourite metal band: Helmet

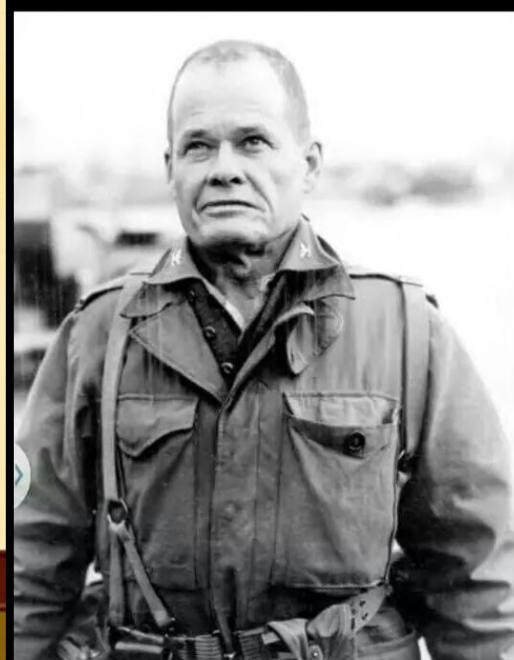
What he never said: *"I say chaps that surprise attack was not very sporting."*

Died: 11th October 1971



**“CHUCK NORRIS?”
“NEVER HEARD OF HER”**

EBOLA?



YOU MEAN THE SNIFFLES

"The mail service has been excellent out here, and in my opinion this is all that the Air Force has accomplished during the war."

- Chesty Puller

Matron's Birthday Bash: Dalnacahnt, 01/04/17

The KPC visits the splendid wee shack at Dalnacahnt.

New turf

The venue for Matron's birthday moot was a new rudimentary shelter for all in attendance.

What with five chaps and a Cave Fud, it also meant that it would be cosy in this wee shack come Horlicks time.

RV

Matron and Tealight had met early at The Moulin for a fine luncheon. Of course by the time the main force of Bingae, Cave Fud, Dazbo and MC 50 Shades turned up almost on time, Matron and Tealight were three sheets to the wind. Worse than that was the fact that all six had to fit into the new, recently downsized, Bingae-mobile for the final push to the Dalnacahnt track.



Blessed with some fine weather, the uphill, but short walk-in, was rather splendid with the odd spring lamb cavorting despite a bunch of grisly old muttonheads walking by.

Emergency

Upon arrival in the small porch the chaps were greeted by a hand scrawled note - with notably poor grammar - approximately informing them that this shed was only for use by the estate workers blah, blah, except for emergencies when other *Hominids* were permitted to take shelter. After a remarkably short confab, it was agreed by all present that the short but rather stiff walk up hill created a thirst that *definitely* constituted an emergency. Satisfied that they had fulfilled the estate's primary occupancy criterion the chaps relaxed and got down to some important bothy business.

Happy birthday to all...

Rather promptly a bottle of fine malt, *Laphroaig* to be exact, was produced by Cave Fud and presented to Matron for completing his latest orbit of the Sun. Of course the mock cries of "*Dinnae open it, take it hame wi yer Sahn*" meant the exact opposite and Matron's birthday present was consumed at a fitting if unseemly rate. He conceded that if he didn't have to carry out the empty than that would be birthday present enough.

Cave fud had also been shopping for himself and he produced a fine new briar that doubled his complement of pipes. The downside to this was that he had also been tobacco shopping without expert guidance and he produced a pouch of Clan. Now, as readers of this periodical will be aware this might well be The Sturge's favourite blend (B&B Vol. 3 Iss. 6) but it is also just about the

worst OTC blend on Earth. It did produce a great room note though when tossed into the fire after Matron had furnished a decent blend or two on a befuddled Cave Fud.

Tealight had brought his guitar and we were treated to a fine rendition of his hit single *Bothy Life* (p.4). If he'd have stopped there he would have finished in fine style on the summit, but a rapid descent into the glens was assured as he

(Continued on page 18)

Dalnacahnt scorecard (out of 5):

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

"Why is it the one who snores always goes to sleep first?"

- Anon.

Dalnacahnt, Cont.

It's quite a feat in itself that Cave Fud can have a bowl in his sleep, but it becomes nothing short of astonishing if one considers all that racket from the bairns.



continued his *tour de farce* with some nonsense about a cat or something before his plectrum was prized from his fingers by a determined and malevolent looking mutiny.

With some sort of decorum restored the tiny shed filled with a fine fug as cigars were deployed to accompany the port (*Always a good move, Ed.*).

Dalnacahnt has a small moderately efficacious stove and it soon became apparent that the 25kg of coal lugged up the hill was a little over-enthusiastic, but it was surmised that perhaps those estate chaps would appreciate some fuelage from a moderately grateful pipe club?

Glove Shack

At some point in the haze of the evening a bright green rubber glove was deployed. Now most chaps would do almost anything to avoid donning rubber devices, but a bouncing bothy night can sometimes engender all manner of odd fetishes and this evening at Dalnacahnt was no exception. Of course a raucous rendition of

(Continued on page 19)

Oh dear, oh dear, MC 50 in the GLOVE SHACK...



"The cat with gloves catches no mice."

- Navjoy Singh Sidhu

Dalnacahnt, Cont.

the B-52's classice 'Glove Shack' helped proceedings along a at a pace, unfortunately. Anyway, it was a bit of harmless fun if one ignored the ever present danger of asphyxiation. One can just see the Daily Mail headline now: **"PERVERTED PIPE CLUB POOFS WIPED OUT IN RUDIMENTARY SHELTER BY GAY GLOVE SUICIDE ROMP!"**

Snuff to the rescue, sort of

It is not often that ground tobacco could be regarded as a treatment for much at all, but Bingae deploying his infinity tin of super strong Hedges snuff in the nick of time saved the chaps from their glove-in before things got too silly.

MC 50 just made the Witching hour without a Coonsilling and was soon followed by Cave Fud as the evening roared on in fine style with infinitely forgettable highlights such as Tealight doing his trademark cover of the Meatloaf classic *Bat Out of Hell* and Matron's rendition of Stan Ridgeway's nearly classic *Camouflage*.

Since it was his birthday Matron had to sleep outside. This option, however, turned out to be a blessing as the combined cacophony of snoring and Tealight's tooth grinding was a far worse option than sleeping among tick-infested heather. *(Continued on page 20)*

Dr. Bingae Hedging his bets with the snuff miracle cure.



Thankfully, Cave Fud wrestled the guitar off of Tealight. He seemed happy enough with a fine wrapped Maduro though.



Dalnacahnt, Cont.



Once a Lambert & Butler chap always a Lambert & butler chap one supposes...

'Prat Out of Hell' by Meatheid?

Bairns, whisky and rubber gloves; rarely a sensible mixture...



Tobaccos of the Month by Adrian Flowers our dashing...

**KPC PEARL DELTA
CORRESPONDENT**

*"Because the ladies
love a pipe smoker"*



On the 25th of December a jolly old fellow with a long white beard and large sack dropped off a present for me, having called in at the Danish Pipe Shop....and grabbed a bottle to go with it!

The New Dunhill blends, 221b, Dark Flake and Ye Olde Signe....I've been a very good Chap in 2016, so this package made a change from my usual bag of coal or a walnut!

I then "volunteered" to our esteemed leader that I would write up a short tobacco review of these "new" blends as they are as of this moment unavailable in the UK....here goes.

First produced in 1970 and discontinued by the end of '70s I believe. This is a new iteration by the Danish blenders.

Dark Flake: a Virginia/Perique Flake

Crack the tin and you are met with a delicious aroma of raisins, fresh baked bread, brown Sugar and molasses, the flakes cut as you would expect, faultlessly. The smell like *Deluxe Navy Rolls* and *Full Virginia Flake* combined....delightful!

The flakes in my tin, slightly over moist, but still broke easily in to nice even strands (easy to fold and stuff if that's your preferred approach). I let it dry for around 1/2hr and it lit first go.

(Continued on page 22)



Tobaccos of the Month Cont.

The flavour....rich, cool, steamed fruit (plums and damsons), hint of spice from the Perique, but just a touch. Malty chocolate, dried figs and toast. Awesome! Two lights and I'd smoked the whole thing with just a tad of ash at the bottom of the bowl and as cool as a cucumber. The darker and deeper flavour comes through as you go through the bowl, but it is lovely all the way through in my opinion.

What else can I say, this is a delicious medium strength smoke and one of the top flakes of this genre that I've tasted in 30-odd years of pipe smoking. A true Flake fans desire! The Perique is a condiment, so if you like your Perique that way it really adds to the overall blend. If you want a Perique bomb this is not it.

Top tips: Crack the tin as soon as you get it. Put it in an air tight jar and leave it for a few weeks. It really does bring on the flavour. The smokes I had after I'd jarred it a while were even more superb. I found it smokes beautifully rubbed out and didn't fold and stuff for subsequent bowls. I think a few years in the cellar will work wonders with this blend, I've stashed a few deep in the Flowers Cellar, guarded by my old retainer!

Overall a delightful addition to the Dunhill stable. If you like *FVF*, *Marlin Flake*, *Elizabethan Mix*, *DNR*, you will like this for sure. Is it perfect? Well no, but for my palette it comes close (when I fancy something that does not have Latakia in it). Smoke it slow, great with Rum or Brandy and slip into a comfy chair and loose an hour with *Dunhill Dark Flake*.

I'd give it 4.5 out of 5 on the Flowers scale and I'm not one to be won over easily!

221b Baker St: another re-release from the distant past

I can't compare to the Original as I've never had the pleasure.



So apart from its mythical name, what is it??? A Virginia/Burley mix with the familiar and lovely Dunhill ribbon cut.

To be honest when I opened the tin and gave it a good whiff I was left wondering if this was just a Weaker version of *Royal Yacht*, quite similar aroma and look even. A scent of light plums, a hint of a dark chocolate smell, turned damp earth, fresh hazelnuts, quite a complex meld of scents....alcohol maybe?

As in all Dunhill ribbon cuts it's easy to pack and light and very well behaved in the pipe. The moisture content from tin was perfect.

So, taste, well if you like *Royal Yacht* you will see it as a close relative. They could have called it *Royal Dinghy* or *Royal Punt*....it is *Royal Yacht* "light".... I have to say I was not over impressed on the first bowl, as I like *Royal Yacht*, so why bother with this? I had a couple more bowls over the next few days and whilst OK it just did not hit the mark.

I jarred it and left it for about a month, if not more. Then tried again.....ha, the flavouring more subtle, the Virgin-

(Continued on page 23)



Tobaccos of the Month cont.

ia's a little richer. The Burley a little deeper, slight hint of toast or digestive biscuit coming through. Alcohol, but not overly. I could start to see the point of the blend. More subtle that RY, lighter in vitamin N and could I see a little more delicate/refined. Left for a few months made this even better....the flavours subtle but weaving their way out. You should not smoke this from the tin.....open, jar and leave it, the reward comes tenfold.

Top Tips: If you buy a tin, crack it open, let it have a few hours of air time and then forget it for a few months, maybe even 6 months. Then try it out.....I recommend a smaller pipe, Group 2 size. I loved this blend in my Rattray's Old Perth Cutty, for some reason a smaller bowl and less surface area of the bowl worked better to bring out the nuance of the flavours.

Overall I gave it 3 out of 5 at the start but the more I've smoked it the closer it's got to 4. This blend IS a faff as it needs time to open up and don't smoke it out of the tin.....A blend to really take your time over, great with a black tea or Oolong tea, tea brings out more flavour to the smoke. Sip it, savour it. If you puff on this fast, outside and in a large bowl it will taste of nothing much. I can now see the point of *221b*....sometimes you want a strong cup of "Builders Tea" i.e. *Royal Yacht*.....Sometimes you fancy Green Tea or something light like a Camomile tea...or *221b*.

It has a place, not every day or every week even, but a place in the spectrum of blends today.

A clever blend and it makes you work to get the best from it.

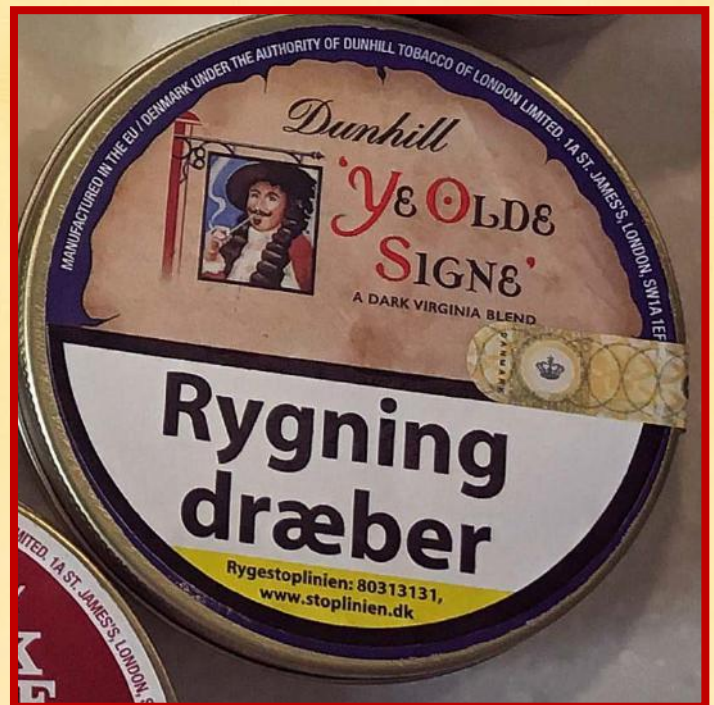
Ye Olde Signe.....a re-release of a blend that was revered in the dim dark past

A blend that should have been reintroduced years ago....?

It's a straight Virginia, fermented and in the usual perfect Dunhill ribbon cut. So is it as good as the original, I have no idea as I have never had the Original YOS, so on its own merits I give you my view.

Tin note, smells of Tea, mown grass, damp hay, dark sweet fruits, sprinkle of lime, grandmas bread from the Aga, damp earth....similar to Dark Flake but not spicy. There's a lot of aromas hidden through this blend.

Packs and lights very easily as you would expect. Perfect moisture out of Tin and straight into the bowl. I liked it best in a nice wide bowl bent Rhodesian the air across the wider bowl just works so well with this blend, brings out



the aromas.

It burns slow and cool. The flavours come through in layers, sometimes a puff more citrus, the next a bit bread like, the next darker fruit. The flavours seem to come in layers to start then meld as you get to about halfway through the bowl. It's *Elizabethan Mixture*, with no *Pe-ri-que*.

(continued on page 24)



Tobaccos of the Month Cont.

I love Lizzy Mix, it's one of my top 5. I love Perique. However, I have to say I loved this blend. Post Breakfast, post Lunch, with afternoon tea or post supper, this blend works anytime of the day. I do not care what the Original tastes like, this one just tastes great in its own right. They could have called it the Bloody Mary mixture (actually tastes great with a spicy Bloody Mary with some Tabasco and Worcester sauce and Pepper....)

Serving suggestion:



Ye Olde Signe and the above "salad".....works a treat and all part of the 5 a day!!! Bonus!

I highly recommend this blend. I'm sure it will age a dream, stash some away. I'd give it 3.75 out of 5, as I think with more age this will push this up a notch and we have not yet tasted this blend at its best. The Ingredients are first class, it's only natural this pure Virginia blend will age perfectly.

So overall I think the Danish blenders have done a wonderful job. Three different blends all bring something to the table to today's pipe-smokers and the future generations. They should be available or so I'm told in the UK late summer, but if you can't wait they can be purchased in Europe. The Danish Pipe Shop and the great team there sure will be happy to oblige.

Happy smokes to you all and enjoy the journey.

Cheers and happy piping chaps!

From the KPC Pearl Delta correspondent.

The next Generation of the Fellowship of the Briar, my 5yr Old daughter, Saffron. A keen copycat! Here with my very first pipe, purchased back when we last had a woman Prime Minister and the Falklands were being won back.... (Excellent work sir. And we are glad to see that some chaps are maintaining standards and giving their offspring a proper education— Bothy points awarded, Ed.)



Pipe (& Snuff) Babe of the Month

As Pipe Babes go, Marielle is simply a scorching all rounder. Her elphin-like bauwky skills were spotted at the March PRF moot at Wuustwezel by Matron. Not only does Her Babeness love bashing Bothy Flake in her majestic meerschaum, this magnificent minx's snuff skills would surely leave all the chaps in a tizzy if they had even a sniff of a bit of spooning action!



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Pipe tobacco that is pipe tobacco!

GRANGER ROUGH CUT

New Member Welcome

Richard Baxter

Richard, 50, was born in the Garden of England (*That's Kent for our northern readers, Ed.*) that is now merely the car park for the Chunnel. Currently though, Richard resides in Bedfordshire which must be a much better car park since it is north of London.

Richard got in touch with the KPC after enjoying a tin of *Bothy Flake* (*See Letters to the Editor, Ed.*) and is champing at the bit to for a wee smoke up at Kearvaig to secure his full member status, naturally. Richard also tells us that he was a late comer to smoking after he started pretentiously puffing *Dunhill Internationals* at the ripe old age of 17. This early foray then soared to *Senior Service* and *Player's No.1s* before plummeting to an all-time career low with *Gauloises* and *Gitaine Internationals* before a valiant recovery with *Sobranie Black Russians*.

Richard spent the 80's dabbling with the army, then running pubs under the Whitbread banner before moving on to becoming a Landlord himself (*Good effort chap, as if there was ever a decade to spend entirely ensconced in one's local the 80's must have definitely been it, Ed.*) where he then switched to smoking Macanudo's (*Whatever Voodoo nonsense they are, Ed.*).

At some point in the 80's Richard also bought a pipe from Harrison & Simmonds of Bedford (*We've heard good things about this outfit from Maurice at the BPC, Ed.*). This was a life-changing experience as it, inevitably, led him to the railways where he became a train driver (*Where smoking a pipe was of course de rigueur, Ed.*) before scaling the lofty heights of Station Master. Now having a railway chap in the KPC is of course always welcome but a former Station Master is simply just the ticket!

Like many pipe chaps of his vintage Richard was a *Balkan Sobranie* devotee. This is of course totally understandable as this legendary blend had fans worldwide. At some point between bowls Richard got hitched, gave up smoking and then gave up getting hitched (*Cause and effect..? Ed.*) to take up the briar again. Sir we salute you!

During his re-discovery of the briar, Richard came across that young blade Chris Askwith and his wonderful, if a tad pricey, creations. This led him to the splendid but now sadly defunct (*Under Glynn Quelch anyway, Ed.*) GQ Tobaccos where he then found *Bothy Flake* that led him to the KPC; checkmate. His favourite smokes are *Bothy Flake*, *Marlin Flake* and recently Dunhill's reiteration of *Durbar*, although Richard tells us that he has to have a pound of bacon before he can even consider opening a tin of this stuff.

Being a bit of a japester, Richard has led a colourful life and has a spiffing yarn or two to tell. Among Richard's many hobbies he enjoys placing Clingfilm over toilet bowls (*Presumably so he can eat them later, Ed.*), and ogling obliging strumpets on the London Underground whom enjoy flashing their wares from under a fur coat as he tear-arses about the Metropolitan Line etc. in his driver's cab.

Whatever our new chap's foibles and fetishes may be we look forward to hearing a ripping yarn or two round the bothy fire sometime soon.

Bothy name: Tricky Dicky

Take note chaps: this is fine example of how to dress for an AGM or indeed any other pipe club moot for that matter.



Tricky sticks it to 'The Man'.



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.

Uags environmental concerns?

Dear Sergeant Matron!

I keep an unofficial eye on Uags bothy here on the Applecross peninsula. I came across some abuse of our local Atlantic woodland recently. I am sure it wasn't any of your members but out of interest what is the Kervraig [Sic] Pipe Club's environmental policy for my information? Particularly with regard to trees?

Gregor

Dear Gregor,

Thank you for contacting the Kervraig Pipe Club (KPC).

Firstly, well done you sir for looking after a splendid bothy in a splendid location. Are you a chap of the briar yourself?

I did note the scribbles of some ranting fool in the bothy book whom, judging by his/her fruity language, appeared rather miffed regarding the taking care of the Atlantic woodlands. I suspect that your query regarding the KPC may stem from some rumours spread about the KPC by a few types (who should know better and simply be less uptight) whom like to spread unfounded mischief based on their own petty agendas and prejudices. Therefore, let me move rapidly to assure you that you are absolutely spot on sir: none of our members would abuse wood/woodland of any kind, unless one stretches abuse to include the Mediterranean briar (*Erica arborea*) as a few of our chaps are simply slovenly when it comes to care of their pipes. Of course that is their prerogative, but they do take some (wooden) stick from our more diligent members.

The KPC's environmental policy is currently up for review after some discussion at our recent AGM. In a nutshell

though, I think it could be best summarised as 'tread lightly, take only photos, leave only footprints and the aroma of some fine pipe tobacco'. In practice this means that our chaps haul in all their fuel, enjoy the camaraderie of a fine bothy night and take everything out whilst ensuring that any rudimentary shelter is left in a better condition that it was found. I'm not seeking a medal (Aye, right, he's more medal hungry than Mutley, although the last medal he got from The Major was not exactly the Victoria Cross., Ed.) but in point of fact it should be noted that I packed out some other bounder's rubbish during my recent trip to Uags.

Sincerely,

Sergeant Matron

The rather splendid Uags.



"Gimme, gimme, gimme!" ...And the not so splendid Uags medal seeker...



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR Cont.**Bothy Flake beats Balkan Sobranie!**

Dear KPC,

Just a thank you really. Thank you for the joint enterprise SG/GH that produced Bothy Flake! At last, since the demise of Balkan Sorbranie, I've managed to find a proper "go to" pipe tobacco... Better even than the Balkan Sorbranie ever was, as I derive a deeper pleasure from this concoction of tastes and aromas. I sincerely hope that one day, I shall make the journey to Kearvaig and smoke it there, possibly for some time, with a good stew, beer, wine and whisky... What a blow that'll be! [Emoticon removed to maintain decorum, Ed.] Thanks again though. A very happy pipe smoker here!

Richard Baxter

Dear Richard,

That sir, is quite an accolade for our club blend. We will direct this to our esteemed member Bob The Blender as he was the wizard who crafted said Flake of the Bothy. In fact it is the first time that we have had BF compared to BS, although some chaps accuse us of pushing rather a lot of BS in this periodical...

A pilgrimage to Kearvaig with your tin of BF will be an unforgettable experience, particularly if you turned up at an AGM. If you do venture to the far NW we also recommend crisp white Y-fronts for the occasion.

Yours, Matron

Top Of The Pipes?

After Bothy Life was released (see p. 4) a few of our chaps wrote in to give dear old Tealight the odd accolade:

Dear Sarge,

Thanks for this, it's a great tune! Any chance of sending the lyrics to follow along with?

Cheers

Doug Gavin, Jagsdriver

Excellent. [Bothy Life] Thank you.

Hope all's well back in the UK.

Regards, Adrian [The Merchant]

Dear Doug & Adrian,

Yes, for a chap with a highly questionable taste in bothy music and infernal Lithium Ion batteries that seem to last an eternity in his MP3 player, our chap Tealight surprised us all with this splendid ditty. The quality of the live version, however, does seem to be entirely dependent on the imbrication of 'Elvis Juice' from those chaps at Brewdog. Therefore, we suggest sticking with the recording to avoid disappointment.

Yours,

Matron

Pitiful excuses for AGM non-attendance...

The KPC Command Centre mailbag has been brimming with ~~correspondence~~ bilge detailing the total apathy and piss-poor, if colourful, excuses of a few laggards amidst our esteemed membership. Do they not realise that popping ones clogs is the only valid excuse for non-attendance, and then maybe? We've picked the most feeble, so chaps, feast your eyes on these little gems:

Dear Editor,

It's with a heavy heart that I will be unable to attend the AGM. I will be in one of UK's previously leased Islands, Hong Kong.

I "Brexit" the UK early and will be deep under cover observing the Asian peninsular... I have my Tin hat and Anderson shelter ready, just in case the Glorious Leader of North Korea decides to fire one his rockets this way.

So, chocks away and I trust the AGM goes swimmingly well. I will however be partaking in a rather large bowl of Bothy Flake with glass or 3 of Lagavulin on the said AGM date.

Yours most sincerely,

Your Pearl Delta Correspondent.

AJ Flowers Esq. [The Merchant]

Sent from my iPipe (*Whatever Devilment that is, Ed.*)

Accompanying Adrian's woeful excuses was this enigmatic study of one of his admittedly fine pipes. It would appear that he has adopted some local customs of the region with vigour and subsequently his poor old dog (A Rhodesian Ridgeback perchance? Ed.) has paid a heavy price for his new pipe stand...



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR Cont.

Dear Adrian,

Since you are obviously not deceased this simply won't do! It is obvious, even to the casual observer, that since Blighty withdrew her gunboats from this particular former colony that standards have simply plummeted. Most unfortunate. Events are obviously moving at a pace, but we hear that the Mayor of Trumpton has deployed some of his chaps off of the Korean peninsula. Therefore, we think that that Dim Dung Wrong-un chap is now the least of your concerns as the Mayor's penchant for big bombs—of which a goodly few go astray—knows no bounds. We are not sure if an Anderson is specified to deal with a MOAB strike, but if you are safely tucked up in there with some Bothy Flake at least you will be happy as you are blown to smithereens. This could indeed be a heavy price for missing the AGM!

Yours,

Matron

Adrian also sent us this fine view from his Anderson shelter of the soon to be levelled environs of Hong Kong.



Hi Sarge,

Regrettably I cannot attend [The AGM]. I recently was called into the hospital for a colonoscopy. Unfortunately there was some confusion in regards to my anatomy and I received some trauma to my facial area. I'm expected to make a full recovery however it will take some time to recover my speech.

All the best to the brethren.

Jagsdriver

Dear Jaggie,

This brings a whole new slant on the expression "It's all arse about face", what, old chap. You will be sorely missed sir, but spending a few days in the bothy with a Burka over one's head could be trying for your good self and off putting for your chumrades, so we hope that you make a speedy recovery in time for the 2018 AGM.

Yours, Sarge

GT Coventry Pipe Sign to be Donated to the KPC

By a **proper** postcard to the KPC Command centre.

Dear Matron,

The girls [Olivia & Snowy] and myself have decided that the KPC must have the GT Coventry pipe sign as long as all of us can become honorary members of the KPC and we can come up to see it.

Yours sincerely,

Amelia Dorward [Sister of our friend he late Maclean Dorward of GT Coventry, Kirkcaldy]

Dear Amelia,

This is a wonderful gesture from you and your girls. The KPC will be proud to put Maclean's wonderful piece of pipe ephemera to good use. It will take pride of place at each and every AGM and of course you may come and see the sign and honorary membership is granted even without recourse to the membership committee.

Sincerely,

Matron



BREXIT UPDATE



Help Her Fill a Pipe for a Fighting Man in France
SEND YOUR MONEY TO
THE MORNING TELEGRAPH
OUR BOYS IN FRANCE TOBACCO FUND

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: Vauen is offering a free, but very odd pipe and tin of Bavarian Blend with each purchase of their new super-stacked pipe rack. We think that these beauties will not be on the shelves for very long!

PURE LEBENSLUST. ENZIAN.



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STILECHTER GENUSS MIT EINER „BIERIGEN“
NOTE AUS HOPFEN, MALZ UND VANILLE