



'Briar & Bothies'

The newsletter of
THE KEARVAIG PIPE CLUB



The Hotel & Popcorn Cottage, 20-21/04/17

Advance guard

Dazbo had been out most of the previous week on his BMX with a couple of other chaps in the vicinity of the Hotel (*Following a notice placed in the rudimentary shelter by the owners this bothy has been anonymised and will be referred to as 'The Hotel'. Members wishing to know the identity of this bothy should contact the KPC Command Centre, Ed.*). Therefore he was ideally located to do several trips into said rudimentary shelter with copious coal and logs. A fine effort for our advanced guardsman—bothy points awarded.

Tealight—the master of midweek time off—had journeyed north to meet Matron but had got all excited and gone in early (*A more likely explanation is that he knew that the Hotel only has two comfy chairs, Ed.*). Matron therefore, set off to join the chaps in the Hotel but was met halfway in as the good fellows had gone for a stroll back out which was very sporting indeed since Matron had simply packed way too much baccy, even for the short perambulation into the Hotel and their assistance was gratefully received.

Steady as she goes

The cavernous space of the Hotel is notoriously difficult to heat up to a temperature approaching chapquilibrium, but the gathered gave it a fair crack, aided by Dazbo's fine fuel hauling efforts and improvised tarpaulin dividing wall. Being the start of a twa nichter, the evening was a rather steady affair due to Dazbo having burned the candle at both ends all week and Matron and Tealight piling in straight from their day jobs.

Nevertheless, a few new blends were on the table as were a few fine cigars to accompany the now obligatory port and cheese-board that helped the chaps beyond the witching hour.

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Hotel scorecard (out of 5):

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

"Never look back unless you are intending to go that way."

- Henry David Thoreau

The Hotel & Popcorn Cottage Cont.

Popcorn Cottage

Whilst waiting for the morning rain to subside the chaps planned their next move. The delightfully obscure and little frequented Popcorn Cottage was selected for the second evening. After a re-supply at a nearby Co-Op, the trio of wannabe hillbillies headed up to ol' Popcorn's shack; for shack is a much more accurate descriptor for this most rudimentary of rudimentary shelters that, judging by the guano inside, is home more often to avian species than humans.

Popcorn Cottage (*Named in honour of the famous, late Tennessee moonshiner Popcorn Sutton, Ed.*) is essentially a small tin shed with no insulation and an earth floor. Dazbo and Matron had been to Popcorn back in 2012 and little had changed since. A curious feature of Popcorn is the stone fireplace built into a corner with a metal stove pipe for the lum that works surprisingly well, although on this occasion, since the chaps were sporting coal, Matron had to fettle—amid some considerable chumly mocking of his finger slicing efforts—a fire grate out of some heavy gauge chicken wire that was laying about.

A livelier evening

For some unknown reason, an evening at Popcorn seems to encourage the expression of a chaps' sing along and air guitar genes, if that is not an oxymoron for a chap, ahem. Whatever the biochemistry and/or the environmental influences on the gathered, the trio of sing-a-long chaps simply roared through Matron's 80's cheese and a selection of ultimate cheese from Tealight's gargantuan collection of tunes

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The quirky but surprisingly efficacious fireplace of Popcorn Cottage.



Popcorn Cottage scorecard (out of 5):

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

"I have the name for the best likker from here to hell and back."

- Popcorn Sutton

The Hotel & Popcorn Cottage Cont.

on his gramophone. This of course was supplemented by some fine live guitar from Tealight until the imbrication of Brewdog's Elvis Juice usurped his natural abilities making his air guitar an infinitely preferable sound...

Corrugated slumber?

Another little known quirky tradition of Popcorn's is that a chap should sleep on the gently sloping corrugated tin roof. Tealight looked aghast at such a suggestion, thereby calling into question his manhood and Dazbo was simply too knackered to climb the ladder. Somewhat surprisingly, however, corrugated iron makes for a decent mattress and Matron did his best to honour this practice, but after half an hour or so he was awoken by rain and shouts from below. A hasty, soggy retreat was required to find a space amidst the dirt and sniggering. Subsequently his manhood was called into question thus it was a score draw in the man-full-time stakes...

The Popcorn Pipe Pus Practitioners getting into the spirit of things with their Missouri Meerschaum corn cobs—simply de rigueur at this Highland hillbilly Howff.



Popcorn Cottage sports a unique fire and fine bothy table for the sturdy chap.



Chaps' Corner

Jolly Roger ascends to Double-O-Heaven: A tribute to the late, great, Roger Moore



Roger Moore, the best James Bond by far (*Yes, yes, all you Connery apologists may shurely write in if you must, Ed.*) has died aged 89 after a short battle with cancer. Of course Moore would have none of this praise and he maintained that he was only the fourth best Bond which although characteristic of this splendid self-deprecating chap was poppycock and balderdash.

If Connery was a killer, and a would be lady-killer, Moore was a *lover* and to a lesser extent a *biffer*, a chap who took great care of the ladies when garnering access to their beds, but when push came to shove could biff a baddie with style, in between martinis, of course.

The name's Pattern, Knitting Pattern...

It is a little known fact that our Rog' began his lucrative career of being the archetypal chap modelling cardigans and a range of knits and was known in knitting circles as 'The Big Knit'.

Knit one purl one to 007

With true chappish class Moore moved seamlessly from the ruthlessly rough world of knitting pattern modelling to the long-liquid-lunch world of show business. Of course some of the steel wool he picked up in his knitting pattern career would serve him well as everyone's favourite and successful secret agent, even if, oddly, all the arch villains all seemed to know him by name. This of course shows just how superior a crisp double-breasted pinstripe suit can be when, say, compared to that ridiculous mask that Batman had to wear to foil his foes. Besides, in an immaculately tailored suit there is always a snug hiding place for a Walther PPK unlike those ridiculous superhero tights where even a compact semi-automatic such as the PPK would be simply impossible to conceal. Of course the downside to the PPK is that it was German (*Yes chaps, just imaging Bond driving a bloody Porsche instead of an Aston Martin or Lotus – simply outrageous! Ed.*) but since the British small arms industry seemed more intent on developing hand-cannon such as the .455 Webley or perhaps the .476

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Never shying away from the toughest of roles: Chunky hunk Roger Moore, the quintessential professional amid the spires in his knitting pattern heyday.



"My acting range has always been something between the two extremes of "raises left eyebrow" and "raises right eyebrow."

- Roger Moore

Chaps' Corner Cont.

Enfield Mk I or Mk II, it was thus inevitable that Bond had to look further afield to Europe (*Will the PPK be yet another unforeseen casualty of Brexit? Ed.*) for his trademark 9mm sidearm. Although in the hands of that super-beefy lump Craig chappie, the PPK looks more like a water pistol than a lethal weapon so perhaps the superior firepower of the .455 Webley could be accommodated after all? Perhaps the small arms advisor department to the Bond franchise could benefit from a perusal of this periodical?

Anyway chaps we digress. Moore made seven Bond films (*Naturally, Ed.*) *Live and Let Die* (1973), *The Man With The Golden Gun* (1974), *The Spy Who Loved Me* (1977), *Moonraker* (1979), *For Your Eyes Only* (1981), *Octopussy* (1983) and *A View To a Kill* (1985). Arguably, Moore also had the best of the Bond girls, except perhaps when that cad Connery got his hairy mitts on Ursula Andress in *Dr. No* (1962), whose needs Moore would have undoubtedly have catered for in a much more Gentlemanly manner.

In *Live and Let Die* Moore came into his own. If Connery, the brute, was still playing Bond in 1973 he would have jumped in and wrestled all those alligators to death whilst Moore simply tap-danced across them with some sublime foot work that would have left Fred Astaire looking like a crippled Ed Balls. Bedding Grace Jones in *A View to a Kill*, however, went well beyond the call of duty; a frightful task akin to cuddling a stramash of wire coat hangers in a blackthorn bush, with not so much as a crisp cravat for protection. It is little wonder that this was Moore's last Bond film.

When metering out a biffing or a deft karate chop with aplomb, even politeness, you knew that the bouncer on the receiving end unquestionably deserved whatever our dear Rog' metered out to the blighter. In fact we would go so far as proselytising that Moore would hold the world record for delivering the most polite karate chop, if such a record existed. Of course Moore's most potent weapons were his laser-like eyebrows: one up one down, with both left and right deployed equally effectively or both up or both down; simply devastating for the recipient. Although, sadly, it was never put to the test (*Except on Spitting Image*

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No chap, and we mean no chap, carries off the impeccable safari suit like our Rog'. He makes a pretty decent fist of German small arms and exquisite European fluff too, huzzah!



Neither shaken nor stirred: Rog' in his devastating Spitting Image years. We just know that He would not give a fluck for the law...



"You can either grow old gracefully or begrudgingly. I chose both."

- Roger Moore

Chaps' Corner Cont.

where Moore's eyebrow repertoire was mercilessly parodied, Ed.) - one suspects that a well-focused movement of Rog's eyebrow could deflect a large asteroid's trajectory just enough to save the Earth (*Stitch that Bruce Willis, Ed.*). He was obviously under-employed.

Other notable film & TV roles

When Moore was not sorting out super-villains as Bond, he frequently found himself mixing it up with the likes of Richard Harris and Richard Burton in *The Wild Geese* (1978). If Harris and Burton were classed as Hell raisers than Moore could be classed as a Heaven raiser. In fact Moore was so suave that his sortie into darkest Africa as a mercenary could have just as easily been pulled off in a double-breasted pin stripe as opposed to the obligatory camo.

In *Sea Wolves* (1980) Moore teamed up with Gregory Peck and uber-scoundrel David Niven to sort out some business with the Calcutta Light Horse (*Now there's a bunch of chaps to behold, Ed.*) by giving Gerry a bit of a biffing for transmitting naughty signals to their U-boats from neutral Goa. Moore's panache once again shone through as he strutted his stuff in a crisp safari suit; and outfit that even the most diehard chap can find challenging (*Oh to have the ear of Moore's tailor... Ed.*).

Of course Moore had other famous TV roles as Simon Templar in *The Saint* (1962 - 1969) and as a roguish playboy (alongside that Tony Curtis oaf) in *The Persuaders!* (1971 - 1972) dashing across Europe on their implausible adventures. At least Moore was reputed to have trousered a million quid for his role and, no doubt, for putting up with the incorrigible Curtis rum cove.

Roger by name, roger by nature (and all round good egg)

Moore went through the ladies like the average KPC chap uses pipe cleaners or perhaps pipes, since at least half of our number seem to smoke charred, filthy lumps of wood. No matter, Moore was married four times and sired three children with his third wife Luisa Mattoli, thus his Bond persona proved to be fitting training for his real life love life. What a top chap!

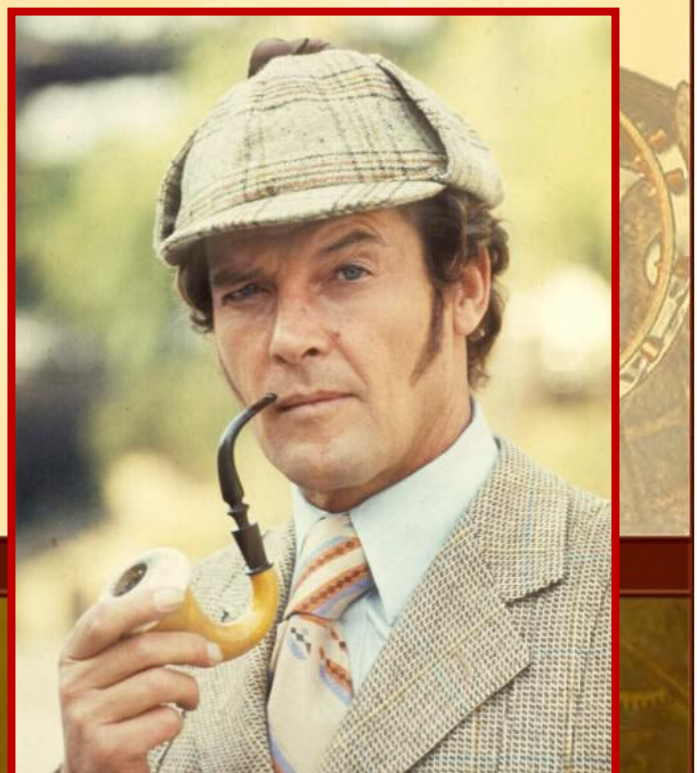
Despite all those marriages Moore managed to find time to do loads of good stuff for UNICEF and

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Pinstripe or cammo our Rog' just takes it all in his stride. Note the scrim neckerchief tied cravat-style. Effortless!



Although struggling to master the notoriously tricky calabash, Rog' parries with a masterful eyebrow. The mark of a genius.



"I enjoy being a highly overpaid actor."
- Roger Moore

Chaps' Corner Cont.

Voodoo schmodoo! Moore shows us the awesome power of an exquisitely cut blazer both in defeating the bad chaps and enticing the ladies.



received all manner of gibberish-entitled gongs such as the CBE, KBE which we just know that he would have accepted with a raised eyebrow before seeking out the drinks cabinet in short order.

Smoking career

Last but not least our Rog' was never far from the leaf and accompanying drinky. He, sadly, departed company with the briar shortly after his cardie-modelling days and become a cigar aficionado. Presumably the cigar was a tad more convenient for a fast moving chap and more appropriate for the filming of *Wild Geese* where all mercenaries simply *have* to smoke and/or chew cigars. Besides, all that dosh he garnered for *The Persuaders!* meant that he would not need the economies offered by the briar, one supposes.

Finally, let's hope that dear old Rog' is as happy as a dandy in a snuff parlour up there somewhere with a large one (*Shaken not stirred, naturally, Ed.*) and a 53+ ring gauge cigar to match and we sincerely he is not haunting himself. Wherever dear old Rog' is we simply know that he will be dashing about in his trademark debonair fashion. Indeed, someone once said that since Lemmy died there would be no more virgins left in hell. Well chaps, we proffer that it is a fairly safe bet that there are now no more virgins left in heaven either...

Roger Moore, 14th October 1927 – 23rd May 2017. RIP.

Despite the slight inconvenience of a car fire (Yes, the Lotus—'Lots Of Trouble Usually Serious'—has splendid lines, but is a tad unreliable, Ed.) dear old Rog' makes waiting for the AA look effortless.



A Briar at Kettleton Byre, 13/05/17

Central Belt travails...

Matron had journeyed south to pick up Cave Fud for a wee dander down to the Borders. Stage 2 of the plan was then to motor across the Central Belt to liberate Tealight from the clutches of a weekend in Hamilton.

Matron's first blunder was to give Cave Fud the AA Routeplanner directions that he had diligently downloaded to assist in unfamiliar territory, where, unlike the Highlands, there is more than one road to a place. It was rather like giving the Rosetta stone to the PG Tips chimps—who had just discovered acid—to decipher... Ergo, shortly after crossing the Forth road bridge, they were lost.

Eventually, due to some blind luck and expletives they arrived in Hamilton, but could not find Tealight's abode for love nor baccy. Matron—a notorious stickler for time keeping—decided that in addition to love and baccy some money needed to be thrown at their navigational problems and thus a crisp *Lady Godiva* donated to a bemused peroxide-blonde ("*ere yer go Treacle, treat yourself to a fresh tub of H₂O₂*") taxi driveress saw her guide them through the streets of Hamilton with a grumpy and slightly poorer Matron in hot pursuit. This desperate strategy saved face however, as just as they arrived at Tealight Towers said gentlemen stumbled out of his good lady's car after a long liquid luncheon.

Tealight then proceeded to stuff random objects into his new cavernous Crusader rucksack before the trio set off for an uneventful journey to Durisdeer.

A short, steep and damp stroll

Kettleton Briar is only a short walk in, but it is relentlessly steep and two thirds the way in the heavens opened in a beastly fashion thereby ensuring that the chaps were a tad soggy upon arrival at this wee bothy.

Matron quickly fettled up the tiny stove and established 'Fire Control' much to the chargin of Cave Fud and Tealight. Matron's fervour turned out to be a grave error however, as sitting next to the wee fur-



Kettleton Briar is what an 80's estate agent would have described as 'bijou'. Which would of course be ridiculous as every chap worth his laboratory glass-ware would know that a bijou is a small screw-capped glass bottle, typically 7ml in volume and kettleton Briar is a rudimentary shelter. (At least that's cleared up... Ed.)



nance meant the shedding of tweeds was essential to prevent heat-stroke (*Winter is an infinitely more preferable time of year for the sartorially fastidious bothying chap, Ed.*). Not that Tealight and Fuddly

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Kettleton Briar scorecard (out of 5):

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

Q. "What's the difference between the Scottish Bothy Bible and a bucket of shite?"

A. "The bucket."

A Briar at Kettleton Byre Cont.

Uke got to be kidding? Tealight on his ukulele accompanies Cave Fud in a wee session up at Kettleton Briar.

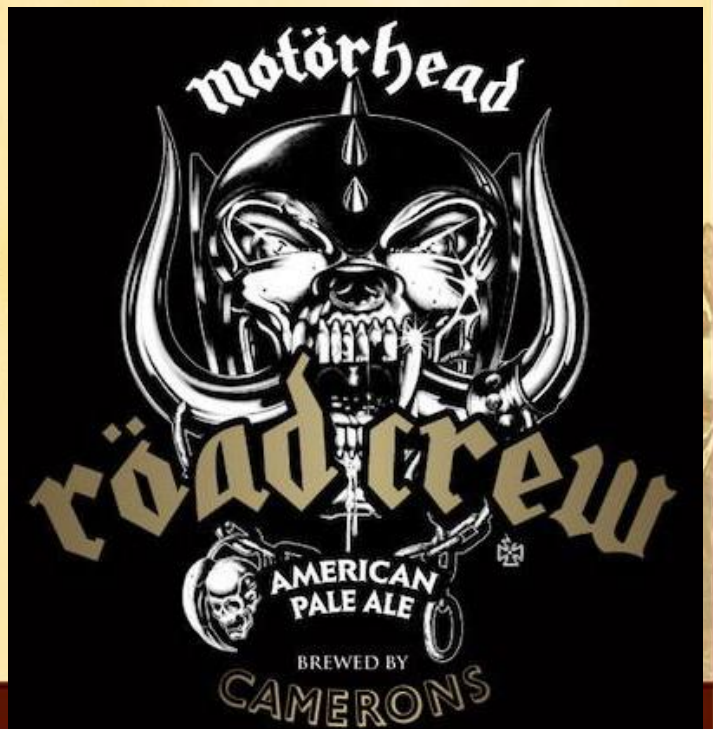


seemed to care much as they were toasty with a beer and bowl in hand. In point of fact the particular beer that these chaps were sampling was none other than very quaffable *röad crew*—an American style pale ale (*Complete with delightfully pointless rock cliché umlaut, Ed*) brewed by Camerons brewery in collaboration with the surviving members of Motörhead—that Matron had altruistically lugged in for them. At least it kept the bairns quiet during the establishment of Fire Control although there were some gripes about the lack of straws.

Bothy roadie

As it turned out Matron was to rather appropriately end up being on the road crew for the KPC's fledgling Bothy Band as Tealight and Fuddly strutted their stuff. In addition to his well-travelled guitar Fuddly had lugged in his mandolin for a notable rendition of the soon-to-be bothy classic *Bothyheid Road*, based on the Steve Earle classic *Copperhead Road*. A good effort but let's just say chaps, room for improvement both in terms of the music and

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***"Disobedience is the true foundation of liberty. The obedient must be slaves."
- Henry David Thoreau***

A Briar at Kettleton Byre Cont.

Matron's 'vocals'. Yes chaps, let's just say that if vocals were to be regarded like virginal daughters then they should be kept well away from Matron...

For a very small bothy Kettleton Briar—rather like Sheilin o' Mark—definitely had something about it for the pipe chap seeking a jolly evening with his chumrades and that is exactly what ensued.

Red kite in the morning...

Matron was up early boot-camping around (*As usual, Ed.*) wuppin' bitch-ass as our American cousins are fond of saying as he allegedly needed an early getaway. One advantage with an early start is that a chap sees things that are often not seen. All chaps present reported seeing a brace of red kites as they took their turn with the bothy spade (the chaps, not the kites that is). There must be few places in the world where a chap can see such a marvellous spectacle when evacuating himself into a shallow hole on a chilly morning. One wonders if that splendid wildlife guru David Attenborough has ever had the unique pleasure of a 'kite shite'?

Cave Fud & Tealight displaying some fine pipe skills with their new weapons up at 'The Briar'.



Kettleton Briar? Not a straight line in the place.



The Merchant's Guide to Happy Pipe Smoking

by The Merchant

Editorial note:

Although our Peal Delta correspondent has been busy manning the capitalist barricades against China's Xi Jinpingpong in Hong Kong of late, he is such a staunch trooper that he has still found time to knock up a quick pipe smokers' guide. One can only assume that since reading accounts of KPC bothy moots and seeing hideous examples of pipe technique he felt it necessary to offer some much needed altruistic advice that stems from his illustrious 30-odd years of bashing the briar. Ergo we expect to see a drastic improvement in standards at future moots.

Ladies, Gents and KPC vagabonds, I've had a few messages recently asking for tips on the noble art of pipe-smoking, so after my 30-odd years of being a chap of the briar here's a few thoughts:

1. Always clean your pipe well after every use. I've never had to ream a pipe and I've only ever had to use alcohol (*In his pipe at any rate, Ed.*) a handful of times to clean out a stem or shank. A stitch in time saves 9....clean it and it will serve you well. Have loads of pipe cleaners handy....loads!

2. Pipe tobacco does improve if you jar it, (don't know about aromatics as I don't tend to smoke them). I've never had a tobacco taste worse for having 6 months in an airtight jar. I

think after 5 years it makes no difference, but that's just me.

3. If you don't take to a blend in the first or second smoke. Jar it and leave it for 6 months or a year and come back it. Taste changes as does the tobacco. I've only found a few blends that are "love at first sight".... For example I hated *JFG Plum cake* when I first had it and came back much later and now it's one on the "good" list. *Night Cap* another, sacrilege I know...but now I love it....I didn't when I was 30!

4. Expensive pipe does not mean great smoker. I believe the quality and aging/curing of the briar determines this most of all. Plus a good draft hole! Loads of stuff written on this topic, but I have £30 pipes and some crazy priced pipes. Not all the crazy priced ones smoke as good as my £30 one! BUT, go for a maker that takes care of the briar well before it's carved and it will repay you. I've never sold or traded a pipe. I'm pretty discerning on what I buy, so take your time before you buy....you are buying something that will last a lifetime of you look after it..... The pipe in the picture (right) cost me £28 in the 80s.

5. Let the pipe rest. 24hrs between smokes dries it out. I only ever smoke the same pipe once a day. I have one pipe that I have smoked nearly every day for 30 yrs. And yes, it is a Dunhill.

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KPC PEARL DELTA CORRESPONDENT

*"Because the ladies
love a pipe smoker"*



Sometimes cheap pipes can be good smokers but they can often play havoc with a chap's coiffeur.



"Never slap a chap while he's chewing tobacco."

- Anon.

The Merchant's Guide to Happy Pipe Smoking Cont.

No doubt some will disagree and say their Grandma only had one pipe and smoked it all day, everyday for 20 years until it just burnt away, but hey-ho I bet it didn't taste as good as it should. Would you drink out of the same mug without washing it, tea, then coffee, then beer, then orange juice....? I doubt it would taste good! Pipes are the same IMO. Look after the pipe and the pipe will look after you!

6. Pack light. Resist the temptation to pack the bowl too tight. I've found a lightly packed pipe smokes best. You can always have another bowl if it smokes too quickly. It's easy to over pack flakes. It's easy to over pack! So start again if you do...

7. Smoke slow and long. You need time. If stressed I smoke too fast and it's rubbish. Resist! The best smokes are slow, getting in tune with nature or music or just the pipe breathing lightly and letting the smoke just occur. Not easy sometimes and if I find I'm smoking too fast I put the pipe down and do something else....

8. Trust your own taste not others. Explore different blends and find what you like. We are all different. *Bothy Flake (Wise words, Ed.)* is the exception to the rule....a must try blend!

9. *Lizzy mix (Dunhill Elizabethan Mixture)* does keep mosquitoes away...proven scientific fact! After my extensive research in the Middle East deserts, North African mountains, jungles of South America, Asia, Iceland (lol it was - 25).... it does work. They don't like this blend and it keeps them at bay. Try it! Caveat.....it will not work on Scottish midges, only a flame thrower and Semtex works for those beauties!!! (*Smidge™ is rather efficacious against the Culicoides impunctatus but it is indeed a lousy smoke, Ed.*).

10. Drinks and smokes go together like food and wine. But we are all different....some basic rules though, you would not drink Port with Fish! (*This chap has obviously not been to a bothy lately, Ed.*) So I think a smoky malt whisky with a Virginia is the same.... A Calvados or Brandy with Virginia blends goes great. Lagavulin or Ardbeg and Night Cap/Latakia, a joy beyond words! (*Indeed sir! Ed.*) As do various teas work well....I could bore for England or Scotland on this topic.....but as always find what you like and do it! Don't try Port and fish though, it's just wrong!

11. Enjoy the journey as you will always learn. There is usually no real black and white answer as we each smoke differently, enjoy different blends and drinks and pipe shapes or even brands. The joy is in the exploration....:)

12. There will always be just one more pipe...accept it and help your loved ones accept it. I only have around 30 pipes maybe a couple more, but it will never stop me looking.

13. Cellar your favourite tobacco it WILL only get more expensive. I've put together some time capsules in my cellar for a bit of fun. How great it is to open a box from 5 or 10 years ago and you don't know what's in it! Thankfully I never liked *Glen Piper*, so there's none of that going to come back to me after the mists of time have cleared!!!! Plan ahead. You will not regret it. I've done this with wines and can now drink a £1000 bottle knowing I paid £30 for them. PS: I will only drink them and smoke them or what's the point....life should be fun. But plan a bit and it will reward a lot.

Phew enough typing.....I know a lot is common sense, but then it usually is.....happy bothy smokes to one and ALL....

The Merchant



"I am easily satisfied with the very best."

- Winston Churchill

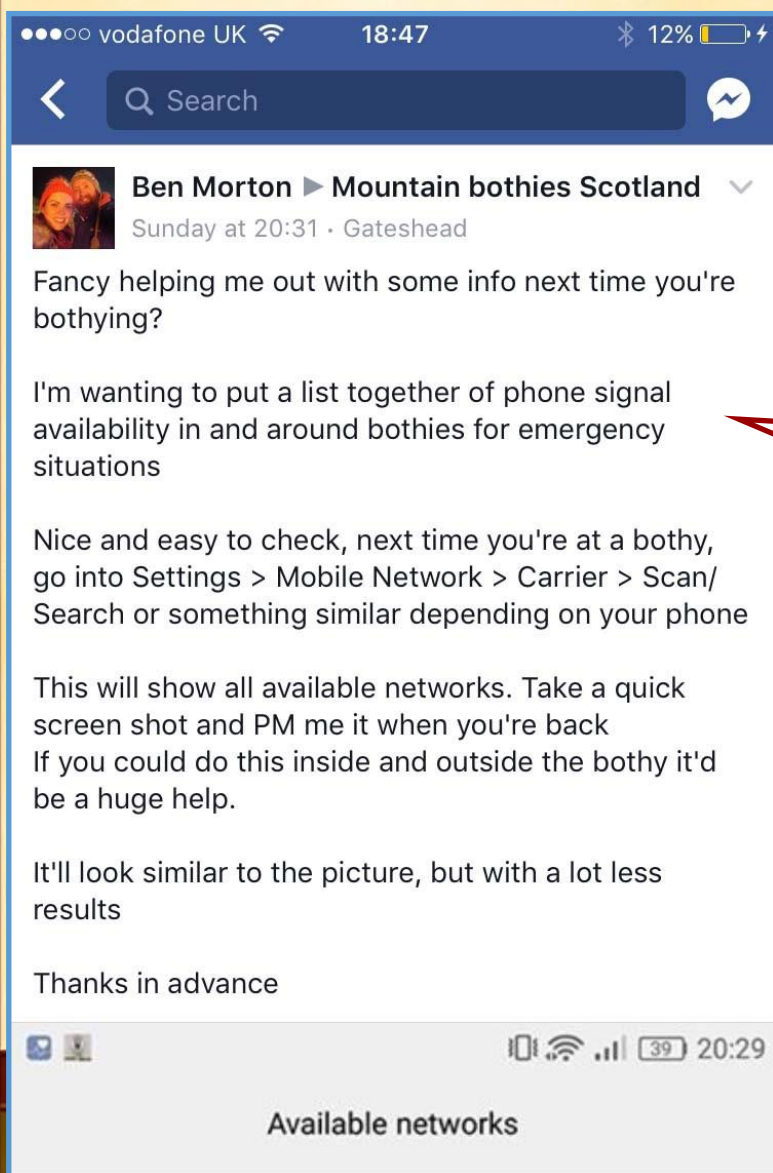
OUTDOOR BBER WATCH

Q: When is a bothy not a bothy?

A: When it's a phone box, you blithering idiot!

Editorial Note:

It looks like the warm weather has triggered the odd sweat in the Knobbersphere. What's the caper this time we hear you ask? Well chaps, it appears that in our modern age of new-fangled mobile communications a few bothying chaps have expressed concerns that their cellular telephonic devices may not be catered for in quite a number of our rudimentary shelters. Subsequent to this, a list of all bothies that 'benefit' from access to a cellular telephone signal - either inside or out - has been suggested in the Knobbersphere. At first the Editorial team thought that this was heresy as, surely, many a chap goes to a bothy to escape the scourge of modern communications? However, we pride ourselves on being a cutting edge periodical, so the Editorial team in this instance deferred to the boffins in our Science department. They have come up with a stunning idea to sooth the tortured mind of the phone-addicted ODK. Therefore chaps we had second thoughts and in a bid to 'get cool with the kids', er, so to speak, we decided to give this topic an airing that it probably does not deserve. Read on!



Of course old Piratey chap the KPC is always here to lend assistance to the needy bothier or even the Real Needy bothier...

By 'emergency situations' do you mean such disasters as running out of beer, baccy or whisky old chap? If so this could indeed be a boon. Perhaps a chap could order pizza too? It would save lugging in a stove etc. A splendid wheeze what?

Is the YUBBIE (Young Upwardly mobile Bothy Bagger) the future of bothying?



OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH Cont.



Come on Marc old bean get with the program. A chap would have more luck polishing a turd than calling the boys with blue lights especially when he's out of that well know brand of tooth-paste.

Quite right Tel old chap. However, a less idle chap may have nipped up Bynack More or Beann Mheadhoin to summon the chaps from the Midland Railway.

Good point Finlay sir. Yes, our chaps in the science block have confirmed the bleeding obvious, though as any halfwit knows that voice is a 'vibrational sound wave' and text requires paper which is a notoriously difficult medium for voice recording.

Well look at you old boy! A good plan though as when a chap is caught short in the wilds a portable lavatory bowl is indeed a life saver.

vodafone UK 18:47 12%

Search

Marc Banks
Even if you have no signal you can still dial the emergency services
Yesterday at 05:32 · Like · Reply

Terry Davidson
Not true. You need to piggy back onto another carrier which it does for emergency services but if you some where like fords of Avon it don't work. I had to bail to inverry to the phone box to call MR for a lads broken ankle
Yesterday at 06:03 · Like · 1 · Reply

Finlay McGuire
It's worth registering for the emergency SMS service though. A text will often go where a voice call won't, sometimes long after you tried to send it.
Yesterday at 06:51 · Edited · Like · 1 · Reply

Write a reply...

John Rushworth
I carry a Kannad Solo PLB, a better solution for safety than a mobile.
Yesterday at 06:58 · Like · Reply

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OUTDOOR KN**BBER** WATCH Cont.



Aha, 'emergency situations' have now morphed into work parties. The plot thickens...

Nice one Dave. The force is indeed strong with Voda but EE has always been more adroit at phoning home.

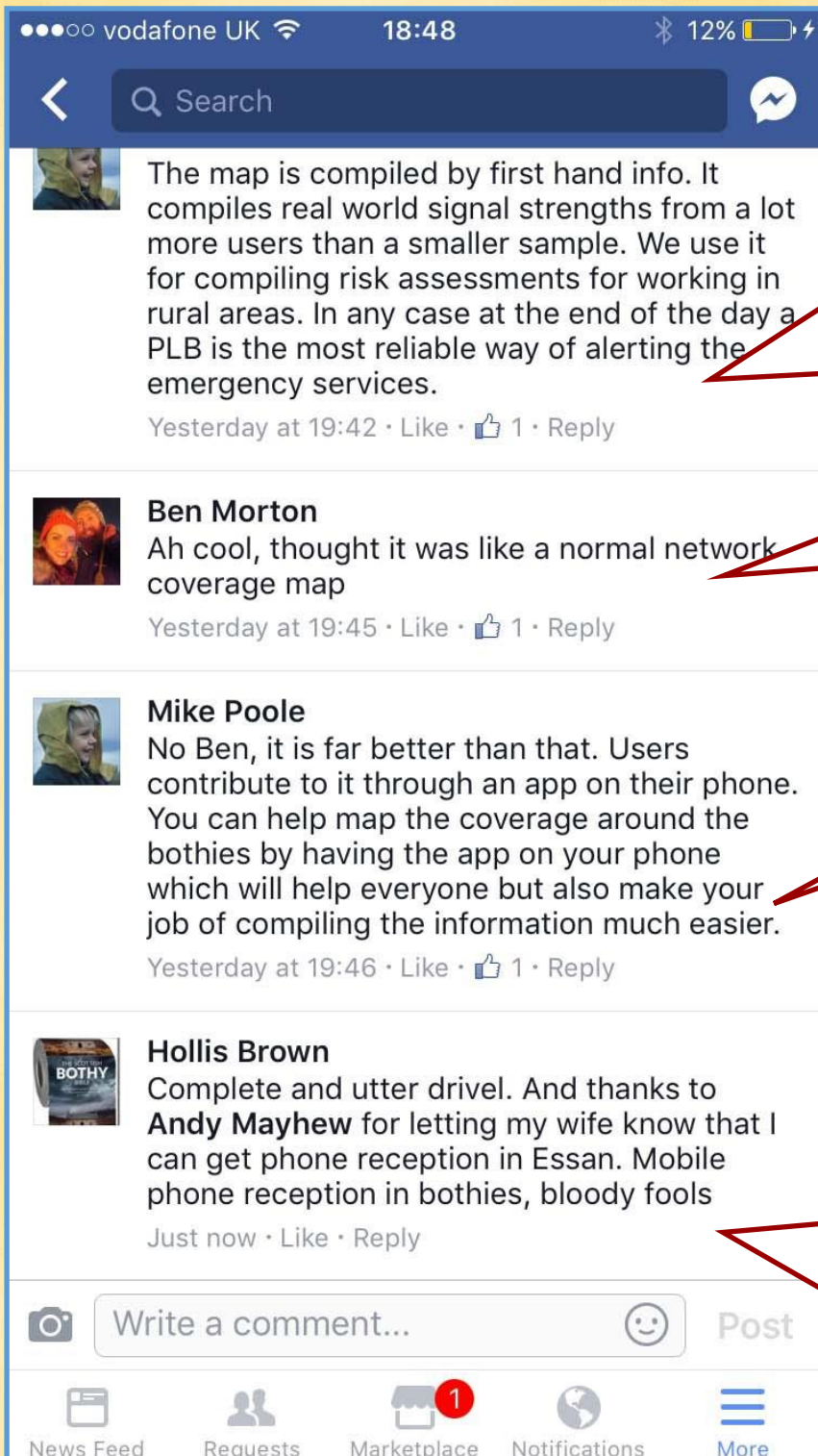
Ah Dr. Essan we presume? Unfortunately your assertion of a 100% signal runs up against the laws of physics old chap. Er yes, cellular telephone signal strengths are typically measured using the SI unit of the Decibel and, as we're sure you are aware, Decibels conform to a logarithmic scale i.e. an infinite range. Ergo, attaining 100% of infinity is simply impossible, even for a pipe chap of your considerable standing. Letters to the Editor please!





Er, perhaps we would not Mikey young fellow...


Now then Piratey chap, first hand bothy info may well be a boon, but we would like to point out that in the UK we have those splendid fellows at the Ordnance Survey who pride themselves on the accuracy of their cartography. Indeed, our chaps have never found the location of bothies to have EVER been inaccurately marked on the splendid 1:50,000 Landranger series. AND they don't need chemical fuel cells to operate them. AND having a simple visual interface they work both inside and outside of bothies. Like one's bac-cy pouch though, they do not like getting wet.

OUTDOOR BBER WATCH Cont.






Post 1:
The map is compiled by first hand info. It compiles real world signal strengths from a lot more users than a smaller sample. We use it for compiling risk assessments for working in rural areas. In any case at the end of the day a PLB is the most reliable way of alerting the emergency services.
Yesterday at 19:42 · Like ·  1 · Reply

Ben Morton:
Ah cool, thought it was like a normal network coverage map
Yesterday at 19:45 · Like ·  1 · Reply

Mike Poole:
No Ben, it is far better than that. Users contribute to it through an app on their phone. You can help map the coverage around the bothies by having the app on your phone which will help everyone but also make your job of compiling the information much easier.
Yesterday at 19:46 · Like ·  1 · Reply

Hollis Brown:
Complete and utter drivel. And thanks to **Andy Mayhew** for letting my wife know that I can get phone reception in Essan. Mobile phone reception in bothies, bloody fools
Just now · Like · Reply

Comment box: Write a comment...   Post

Navigation bar: News Feed Requests Marketplace  Notifications More

Ah, 'real world signal', 'risk assessments', now we are getting somewhere! Yes chaps, when it is raining cats and dogs outside the rudimentary shelter (or should we say: 'former disused abode frequented by all manner of oddballs, misfits and phone addicts?') groups of chums could do a lot worse than a spiffing game of BULLSHIT BINGO! Does one need digital loo roll for one's PLB though? Just a thought...

That's the nub of your problem Ben old bean, you just have to get your bothy face on and get up to speed with the digital age. It's no fun in the slow lane on the Information Superhighway you know!

Alright Mikey, sake, you've made your appy-listy-coveragey-phoney, bloody point already...

Now, now Hollis old boy play nicely. This thread has thrown-up some almost useful information. You should treat it with the appropriate amount of plaudits that it deserves.

Fair point about Essan though: Fancy that Dr. Essan chappie dropping you in some proper domestic strife. Still there is always the off switch though, er, for your cellular telephone and not Dr Essan that is.

Conclusions:

As you can see chaps the KPC, altruistic and considerate as ever, has indulged the bothy phone buffs to a commendable degree. We, of course, can hear the howls of protest amidst our more old school members, but the Editorial team think that it is time that some of our diehard dinosaurs chaps need to get with the program and embrace modern technology and welcome the opportunity to phone the Missus from your favourite rudimentary shelter.

With this new-fangled approach in mind, the KPC has commissioned the services of that sterling fellow Sir Giles Gilbert Scott for our new rudimentary shelter communications programme. See p.17 for some fine examples.

OUTDOOR BBER WATCH **Cont.**

Where better to start than KPC HQ. Yes chaps, never feel away from home with the new telephone box at Kearvaig; now an ODKs paradise!



Even up at the snowy wastes at the Sheilin o' Mark a chap can now telephone for a take out or perhaps put in a bothy report to the chaps at the MBA thereby saving all those card thingies. The opportunities are limitless and all thanks to a little ol' north-west pipe club every rudimentary shelter user can sleep that bit easier from now on. Who'd of ever of thought? Just make sure you have plenty of tuppenny bits though. Huzzah!



OUTDOOR BBER WATCH 2

Exclusive: MBA bothies are now bookshops!

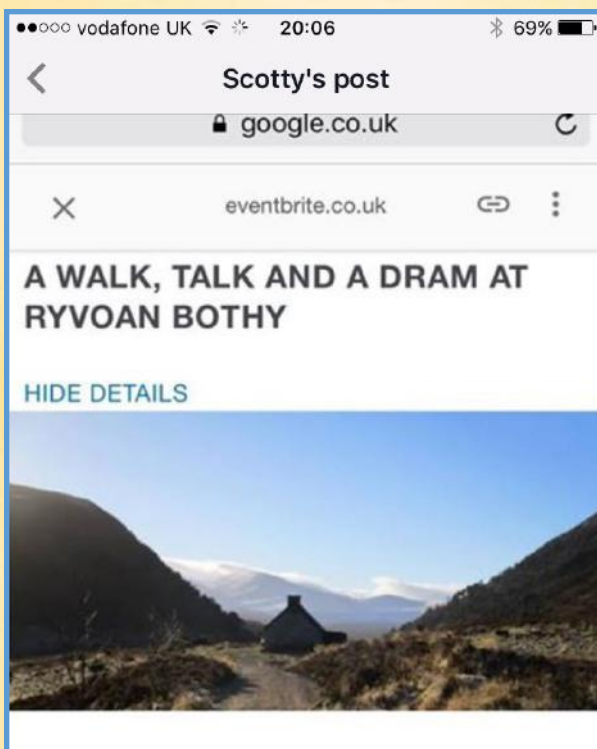
- ***The peddling Parson rakes it in at Ryvoan!***
- ***The MBA branches out into a chain of bookshops.***
- ***Drunken scenes at rudimentary shelter book signing.***

Editorial Note:

Christ on a bike! Just when you thought it was safe to venture out into the wilds for a quiet night with your chums it now turns out the MBA has turned over its entire portfolio of real estate to the Parson - aka Greedy Chappie - to flog more copies of his *Bible* to his misguided flock. Not only that, our favourite man of the elæth dosh is also plying the bothy kids with whisky to boost sales! This shameless episode makes the Vatican look like a branch of Barnado's.

Where will this conspicuous commercialisation of bothies end? Are there depths that the Parson and his MBA vergers will not stoop to? Christ, they would probably sell petroleum jelly to toilet traders loitering outside bothies if there was a buck in it. Besides, the good book says turn the other bloody cheek not another bloody profit. The KPC is praying for some good ol' Hell fire and damnation on the Parson and his apostles. The campaign to de-frock the chief bothy-greed-head has begun! With that in mind, the following egregious bilge that appeared in the Knobbersphere recently was brought to our attention:

The Parson, aka Greedy Chappie sets out his odious stall. Bring your own loo roll and sick bucket...



DATE AND TIME
Sun 14 May 2017
14:00 – 17:00 BST

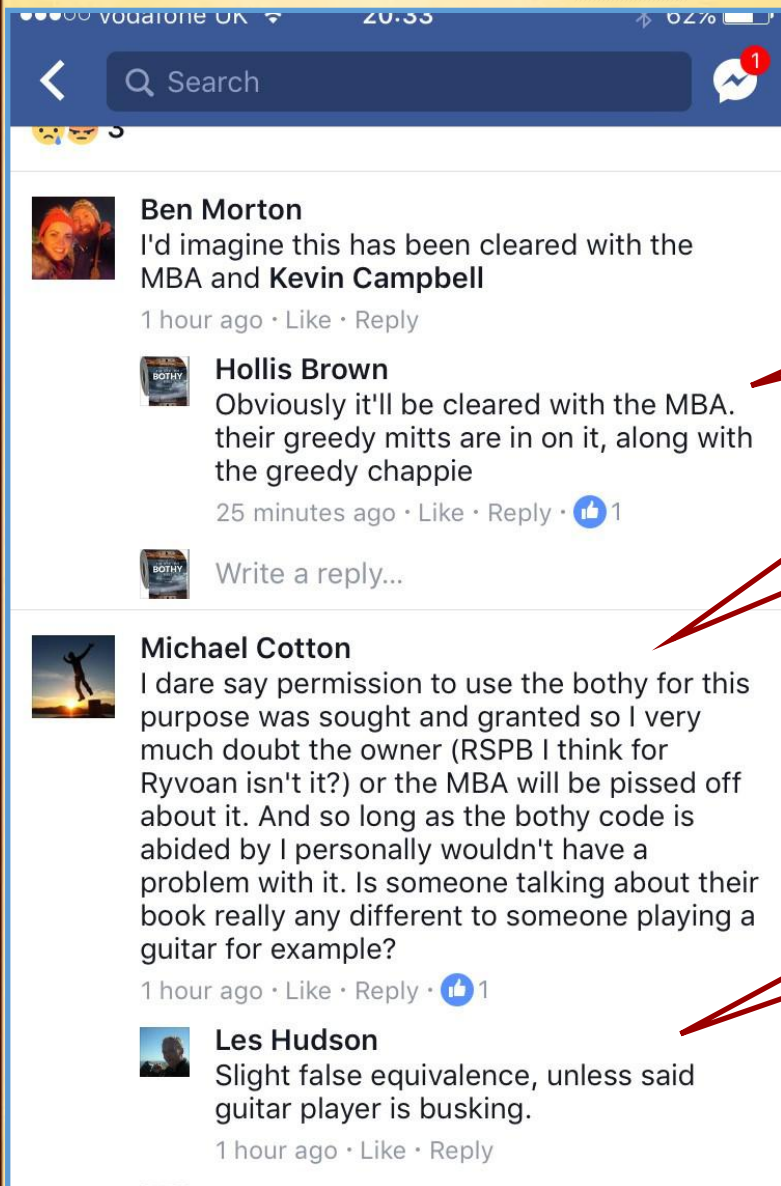
LOCATION
Ryvoan Bothy
Glenmore Lodge
PH22 1QZ
United Kingdom
[View Map](#)

DESCRIPTION
Meet at Ryvoan Bothy at 2pm and join author of Scottish Bothy Bible, Geoff Allan for a dram and talk at the bothy, then return to Glenmore lodge for coffee and book signing

"Money never changes anyone. It just magnifies who they are."

- Anon.

OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH 2 Cont.

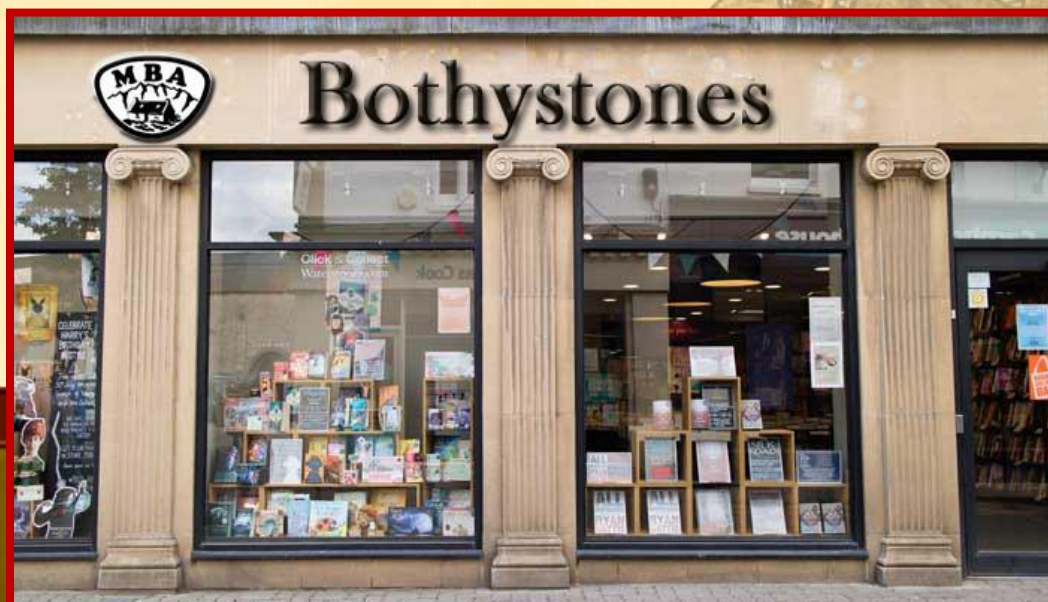


Indeed sir. It looks suspiciously like the MBA—a charity and all—are assisting Greedy Chappie in his heinous crimes of commercialising bothies and thereby lining his cassock. Do these chaps have no concept of shame?

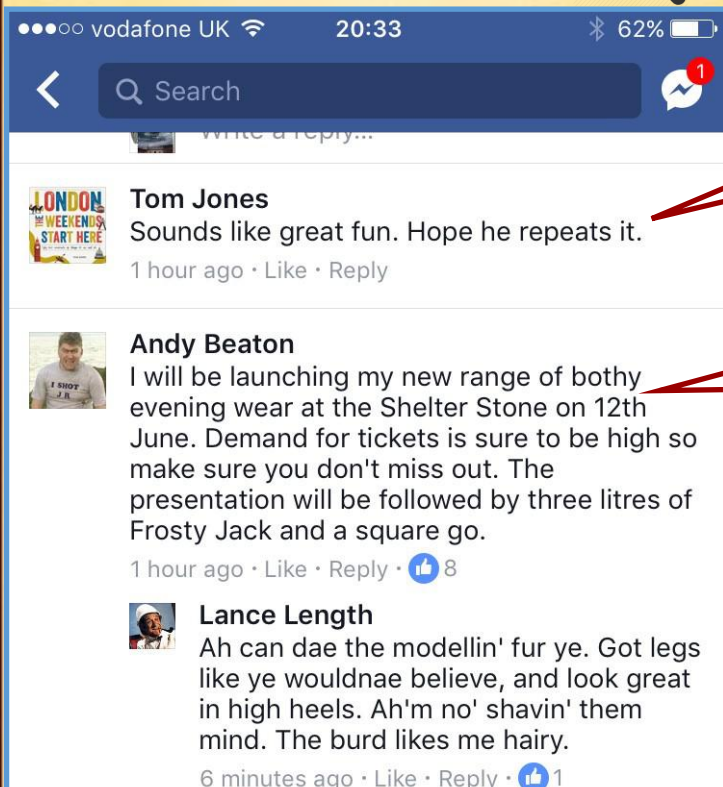
Forget the irrelevant bothy code for a second old chap and what about the unwritten code - the code of honour and dignity - that one NEVER attempts to make money out of bothies?

Middle stump sir! Bothy points awarded. At least a few chaps on Pusbook understand that it is NOT alright to cash in on rudimentary shelters.

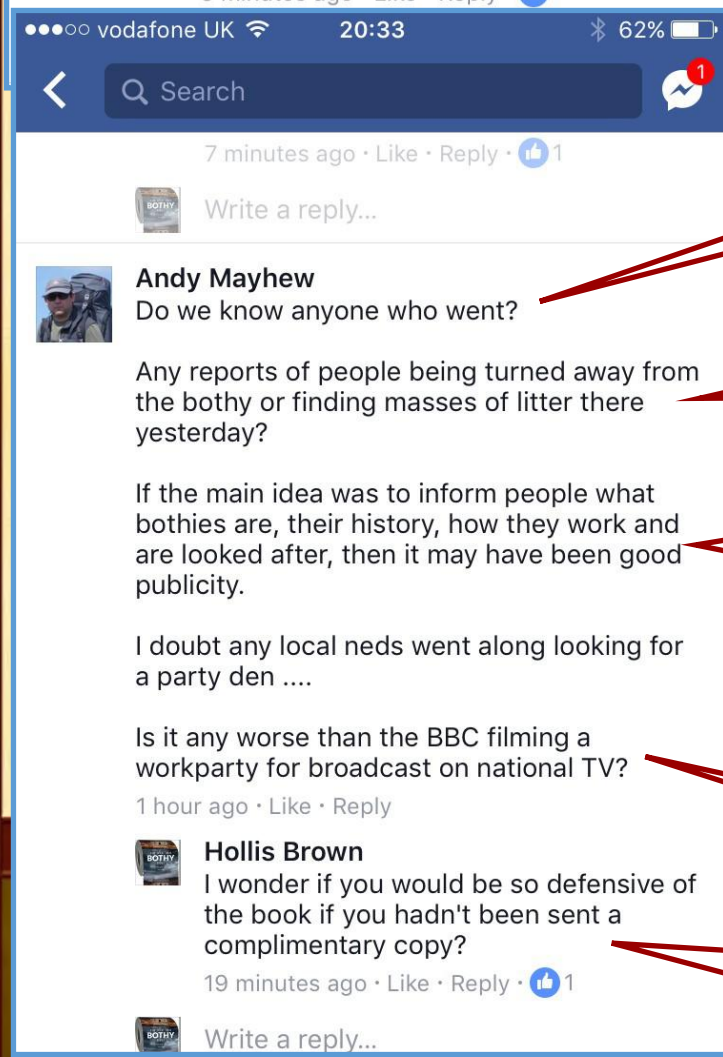
The shape of things to come..?



OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH 2 Cont.



So do we old chap, so do we... The Parson may find that his next congregation to be a little less willing to put some cash in the plate though.



Splendid idea Andy old bean. Unfortunately The Parson will probably be too busy counting his dosh to attend. Then again you never know what vile creature may come crawling out from under the stone.

Is that the Royal 'we' Andy old chap?

Yes, the place reeked of bullshit and there were whisky bottles everywhere. Only people who bought the bible and kissed The Parson's arse were allowed in.

You are far too charitable Andy old sport or do you have an interest do declare here? The main, no ONLY, reason for this gig was to line Greedy Chappie's pockets. If that sits easily with you sir - a bothy pipe smoker and all - then, sadly, we fear that puffing all that Clan has dulled your faculties.

Two wrongs don't make a right old bean.

Aha! Even Judas drove a harder bargain than that for Christ's sake, or not, ahem, as the case may be...

OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH 2 Cont.



A second whisky? What the blazes is all this plying the punters with firewater at an MBA bothy? Off message?! How about off with your cassock for a dip in the tar and feathering pit of doom you bothy-abusing blaggard!

Do let the KPC know of future ~~meets~~ cash-ins though Greedy old chap, as we simply love to come along for a nice little fire-side chat and some fire starting practice... Perhaps you would bring the firefighters though. There's a good chap.

Conclusion:
So there we have it chaps: not satisfied with lining his pockets on the back of bothies using conventional means, Greedy Chappie has now stooped to using bothies for drink-fuelled orgies of bothy commercialising. Almost worse than that though is the MBA's tacit approval of such skulduggery. Is nothing sacred?
Let us hope, therefore, that the MBA never again make public proclamations about being against the commercialisation of bothies. The foul stench of the lucre may never be purged from our rudimentary shelters. At least dear reader, you now which rotters are to blame.



Well said, nuff said sir!



SERGEANT MATRON'S KPC COMMANDOS

THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS PRODUCED BY THE MAKERS OF CLARKS COMMANDOS SHOES



The KPC Commandos are hot on the trail of a truck load of Bothy Bibles. Can they stop Greedy Chappie and his Bible Bashers before they cash in up at the bothy?



Sorry Sarge, I'm 'kin knackered!

Unfuck yer shit Bingae! We've got to stop Greedy an' his chums...



Look Sarge! The mark of the Commandos

I can think of another thing that 'C' stands for, numbnuts!



INSIDE THE TRUCK... Christ Fud, there must be hundreds back here!

Ah ken Tealicht. What are we gonnae dae?



If only we can signal Sarge and Bingae...



Meanwhile up at the bothy...

Right Greedy, sell books and no fuck up's!

Don't worry Dr. Essan, sir, this time those pesky KPC Commandos won't stop us!



GRRRR! What the fuck was that?



I thought I heard something

Calm down Greedy!



Where's that bloody truck Greedy? I want my fuckin' cash you useless twat!

It should be here by now



Nearly there. Greedy'll be in the shit if we don't hurry



For fuck's sake Tommy, it's those pesky KPC Commandos!

Ha! I'll run the wee fuckers over NO ONE will stop our profits...

More exciting adventures next month



Commandos are a new range of boys' shoes from Clarks, built strong for really tough going. They come in a special ammunition box - with a free Commando identity card. You can recognise Commandos by the special, secret recognition symbol on the inside of the heel. Commandos are in your nearest Clarks shoe shop, now.



New member welcome

Aaron Matta

Aaron is originally from Madrid, Spain but he currently resides in The Hague, The Netherlands.

He got in touch with KPC Command after hiking up to The Cape for 12 days from Skye where he was then press-ganged into the KPC by the Major using the tried and tested toolkit of Old Pulteney and Bothy Flake. Luckily for our young Spanish chap, he was already a self-confessed pipe smoking aficionado, so at least the Major didn't have to get out the thumbscrews etc. With pugnacious audacity Aaron even managed to hike down to Kearvaig for his photo op. (*Since verified by the membership committee, 4 to 1, Ed.*) to claim his KPC full member status. This *chappo* will go *mucho* far.

Aaron tells us that he has a very mixed heritage: a Guatemalan father, Colombian mother (with her family derived from the Basque country) and his grand parents include Lebanese and German, among others. By jings, one suspects that would make for an interesting conversation around the Sunday lunch table. Additionally, his old chap is a diplomat so Aaron has travelled widely and has lived in Latin America, Eastern and Western Europe.

Aaron is currently working as an international lawyer (*Suppose someone has to, Ed.*) and he tells us that did his studies behind the iron curtain in Moscow and behind the pink fluffy curtain in Brighton. Aside from pipe smoking (although he admits that he has a bit to learn on the tobacco front) (*Better join a different pipe club then, Ed.*) he says he enjoys a malt (*the smokier the better*), playing poker, hiking, diving and surfing. Not a bad mix of pastimes although we suspect that attempting them simultaneously could be a tad tricky.

His favourite outdoor pastime is hiking with his pipe and this young blade has even bagged Kilimanjaro whilst looking for a high altitude puff, although he tells us that traipsing around Tanzania was crap compared to hiking the Highlands. Fortunately his day job has not made him at all namby-pamby and he intends on re-visiting Bonnie Scotland after his memorable bothy experience at Kearvaig. In the meantime we suggest that he gets in touch with the KPC's Dutch section on the [PiperokersForum](#) if he wants a wee puff on home turf.

We would like to give a *Muy cálida bienvenida* to Aaron and we hope that he can get across for an AGM sometime.

Bothy name: El Chappo

Despite having busted his arse for 12 days to get there, El Chappo makes getting his KPC full membership look easy. Full marks sir!



Tealight's Tobacco Travels

Editorial note:

Our intrepid member Tealight has been out and about furthering the cause of the great pipe smoking revolution. Here are the results of his latest escapades around and about the Central Belt.

Shortly after calling at Oxfam back-to-school for a bargain blazer, our chap went for some male grooming at an aptly named Glasgow barbers. With his new clobber he could probably set up his own 'grooming' business.

It's quite amazing what a chap is able to spot from the window of his Transit these days. Check out this Devil-may-care meer-schaum marauding chap haunting the throbbing streets of Hamilton: an example to us all.



Men of tomorrow use
BRYLCREEM
 today

Brylcreem is the first step to smartness, the step that makes all the difference on the road to success. It gives you that well-groomed, confident look that famous men all over the world have found so valuable. Yes, Brylcreem is the perfect hairdressing. Ask for Brylcreem, in tubs 1/6, 2/3 and 4/1, or handy tubes 2/3.

SMARTNESS COUNTS . . . BRYLCREEM YOUR HAIR

Advertisement: Please mention the KPC when purchasing your hair cream.



Tealight's Tobacco Travels Cont.

After bagging a wee solo trip up to White Laggan, Tealight met a chap from Kilmarnock in the bothy who was soon convinced that he needed snuff in his life. In a marvellously serendipitous episode said chap informed our Tealight as to the whereabouts of a fine tobacconist in Kilmarnock, namely Sinforiani Bros. Off they toddled to said emporium and Tealight reports that not only is Sinforiani's a splendid tobacconist/off licence it is run by an equally splendid chap named Marco.



Why not stock up on your favourite baccy and tipple at Sinforiani Bros.? It is also ideally situated to spend your low brow working class gambling winnings. (Any letters to the Editor if you must).

16 West George Street

Kilmarnock

KA1 1DG

Tel. 01563 523 659

(Full review to follow in the next edition of B&B, Ed.)



Marco, the proprietor of Sinforiani's, could be forgiven for looking a tad surprised after Tealight produced his super sharp KPC business card (bothy points awarded). Splendid to see a chappie of the baccy sporting a cracking special forc-es moustache too!

Cigar Babe of the Month

The Cigar Vixen is well known on the internet for her expert cigar reviews. She simply adores jetting around the world and having her picture taken whilst puffing away on a stupendous cigar. What the Vixen is less known for is that she is also a keen mariner who gets sponsored to endorse all manner of marine products. The chaps at B & B were lucky enough to catch up with Her Babeness whilst she was on location doing a life jacket inflation test, which produced, we think you'll agree, splendid results. And remember chaps: life jackets save lives and make sure you always grab a hold of one or two before you set sail!



Pipe tobacco that is pipe tobacco!



GRANGER **ROUGH CUT**

cHappenings in Hubermont, The Ardennes, Belgium 22-24/06/17

Since their visit to Bonnie Scotland last May (B&B Vol. 5 Iss. 3) The Fuming Four very graciously offered a return trip to Belgium. This splendid plan was well received on the hilly side of the North Sea, but unfortunately only two chaps – Bingae and Matron – were able to make the crossing for this notable gathering.

Since the bothy that Baldrick had masterfully secured was capable of sleeping eight, the numbers were made up by a couple of stalwarts of the PRF, namely Wilfred and Jan. With the octet formed the circle was unbroken for a spiffing smokefest in the Belgian region of Ardennes.

Baron Baldrick van de Ardennen

Baldrick had a cunning plan, as is his nature, and this means that when he arranges something he arranges *everything*. In fact his outlandish claims extended to the superb weather and, in a bid to make the Scottish contingent feel at home, he had even booked a few hills, well hillocks (*For the pillocks? Ed.*) at any rate. Yes chaps, the Ardennes is both splendidly hilly and spectacularly forested, resembling parts of Scotland before much of the denuded uplands of the *Auld country* got a shave to form our glorious green desert beloved of the view addicts and biodiversity naysayers. The Ardennes is also stuffed full of old stuff and is a geological and fertile paradise where – to this day – tobacco is still grown as we shall see later.

The journeymen get their ears nibbled by rabbits...

Bingae and Matron had opted for the leisurely and chappish route to the Low Countries via the ferry from North Shields, Englandshire to IJmuiden, The Netherlands. Prior to boarding they had mumbled something about a sensible couple of pints and an early nicht. Famous last words... As the chaps sunned themselves on the Sky Bar deck enjoying a bowl and a staggeringly priced beverage (*Circa £6 a pint, Ed.*) or two, they fell in with some musician types from Holland who were returning home after a tour of Scotland. Before they could say "whose round is it?" (*That is probably not a good yardstick for a short period of time, Ed.*) The Shoe Eating Rabbits had unleashed their weapons (accordion, guitar and a homemade bass guitar) and were merrily gigging in the Sky Bar. The bonus to this

(Continued on page 28)

The Shoe Eating Rabbits destroying the dreadful piped music aboard the DFDS King Seaways.



The plan of attack.



"The first quality that is needed is audacity."

- Winston Churchill

cHappenings in Hubermont Cont.

manoeuvre was that the truly dreadful piped music was canned.

The Shoe Eating Rabbits are normally a four piece band but on this occasion they were a three piece as they fiddle player was MIA after, mysteriously and inexplicably, being dropped on her head. At least it was not a case of myxomatosis as noted by Matron at the time somewhat confusingly to those present. TSER are essentially a folk band and they ripped through a set of shanties and folk ditties from as far afield as Romania and Greece. Although they were not – much to their credit – gigging for money a goodly few punters were contributing to the Rabbit's coffers. Masters of blag, Matron and Bingae even let them by them a drink... Splendid fellows.

Late got even later, as some rather tipsy Czech chaps got stuck-in and started playing some folky tunes accompanied by some rather odd Cossackesque dancing. Whilst Matron and Bingae benefitted from the gift of music, the Rabbits benefitted from the gift of pipe tobacco; *Bothy Flake* to be precise, and at least one rabbit announced that from this day forward he was to be a brother of the briar (*Would that be Briar Rabbit perchance, ahem? Ed.*). Ah splendid, the KPC once again acting as international ambassadors for pipe smoking and falling about the place.

A ride with Robdalf

It was a tad on the hot side when Bingae and Matron disembarked at Ijmuiden. They were met by a wizard in short trousers who, true to his wizardly skills, had stuffed

his car with all manner of spells such as cold beer, cigars and baccy to sooth the weary wayfarer. What was not quite so wizardly was the fact that Robdalf's car air conditioning system was on the blink; not good news when temperatures were hitting 37°C+ with veritable curtains of humidity. Robdalf's solution was simply to go into super-cool mode with shades on and a fine cigar permanently lit. In some ways having to have the windows down due to the aircon travails was perhaps a good thing as the fug from three cigar puffing chaps was indeed astounding but erring on the potent side. Aside from Robdalf saluting Rotterdam with a finger or two, the 4 ½ hour journey south was uneventful if a little sweaty, despite Bingae breaking out the shorts.

The Gathering: big beards, baldies & Bingae

Baldrick had arrived early in his trusty Toyota Starlet that sported the timeless colour of 'old man red'. He hopes to achieve 500,000km in his trusty motor. A chap may argue that this was not much of a target since it looked, to Matron at any rate, that it'd already completed at least twice that already. We'll just have to conclude that dear old Baldrick prefers to spend his cash on pipes and bauwkly rather than motors. Shrobbit Teabaggins who drives a black Opel at warp speed had also showed up early to secure his cosy wee Shrobbit's palace in the bowels of the chateau. Wilfred and Jan had journeyed in a sensible silver family estate, which is odd as they look a fair distance away from the citadel of sensibility. That left young Henri,

(Continued on page 29)



cHappenings in Hubermont Cont.

who easily scooped second prize for the best ride as he turned up on his new Harley Davidson motorcycle. First prize, however, went to Baldrick and his Starlet for sheer foolhardiness and to the fact that Henri was certain that he had it in the bag with his magnificent machine.

The bothy was a truly magnificent lodge with a fair dollop of 70's kitsch. Bothy points awarded to Baldrick for securing such a chateau. The incredible bonus was that a chap could smoke inside this substantial gaff, although the fine weather saw the chaps mainly puffing away outside. Further bothy points went to the Lowlanders for the contents of the 3 fridges. They must have had flashbacks to The Fuming Four's trip to Scotland as there was enough beer crammed in there to sink the Belgian navy in a oner, which come to think of it is not *that* much beer after all, but there was still quite enough to go round. Whatever, the home team had gone to great lengths to welcome the Scottish Hill-billies and they were eternally grateful.

After unpacking their portmanteaux, the chaps assembled in the wonderfully shaded garden/patio area. It was a hot afternoon, but a slight breeze and shade offered by the trees made the almost cold beers taste good. Presently, Robdalf and Wilfred set about cooking the Indonesian evening meal consisting of Wilfred's famous Nasi goreng and Robdalf's equally famous chicken satay that was skilfully finished off on the BBQ by Shrobbit Teabaggins. A splendid feast for 8 disciples of the briar.

The evening was a soporific, steady affair due to the heat of the day taking some time to dissipate. Although it ended up as a late night no one was Coon-silled and nothing too silly was undertaken. One could even say that there was an outbreak of extreme Gentlemanliness; most unusual for a first night of a moot where the lid usually gets blown off.

A castle, a tobacco genius and a Major Disaster
Matron was up early doing his usual boot-camp tidying up routine that, whilst appreciated by most chaps, is usually accompanied with a *'why-does-boot-camp-have-to-start-so-bloody-early'* look. One supposes that we all have our foibles. During his morning stomping, Matron had decided to do a bit of laundry and in doing so managed to wash both his and Bingae's passports that were left in his trousers pocket. The wonderful irony here was that Bingae had given Matron his passport for

(Continued on page 30)

Life is good in The Shire: Shrobbit, the BBQologist, finishes of the satays whilst Jan prepares the banquet table.



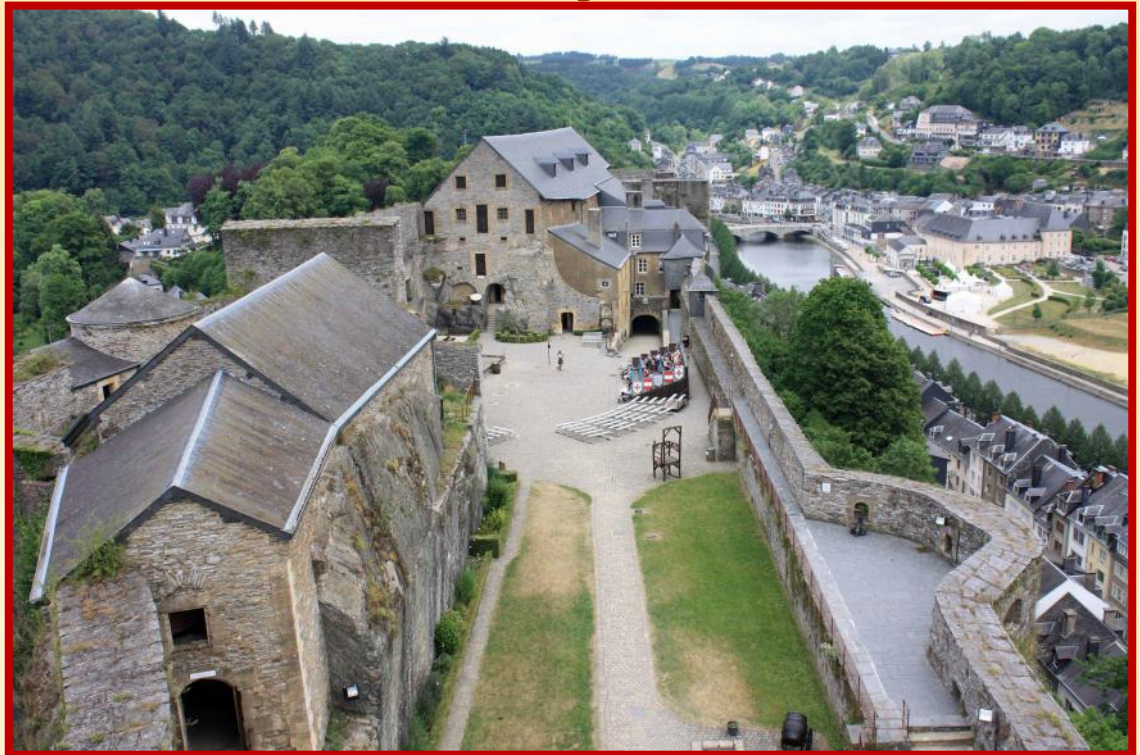
"Barbecue: the only sport where a fat bald man can be God."

- Anon.

chappenings in Hubermont Cont.

The Château de Bouillon overlooking the Semois River.

safe-keeping i.e. to stop it getting 'Bingaed'. This major disaster, predictably, led to a short-lived campaign to give Matron a new bothy handle of *Major Disaster* which, whilst apt, fortunately (*For Matron at any rate, Ed.*) failed to gain sufficient traction. The soggy passport pages had to be very carefully separated with kichen roll and left to dry. They were damaged but in the end were in good enough condition to get the chaps back into Blighty.



Once the passport fiasco had been dealt with Baldrick rallied the troops for an assault on one of the Ardennes many castles. This hill fort in question was Château de Bouillon - so named was it because it re-

Robdalf enjoying the most agreeable café at the Château de Bouillon.

(Continued on page 31)

Henri, aboard his new Hog gets some Extreme Pipe Smoking tips from Robdalf.



chappenings in Hubermont Cont.

sembled one of those cubey thingies that you make soup with, quipped Matron; the passport disaster obviously having adversely affected his sense of humour. Château de Bouillon, however, boasts a magnificent view over a hairpin bend in the Semois River and is stuffed full of old relics. Talking of old relics, castles are a lot easier to get into these days, however, as they seem to let anyone in if they simply pay a small ransom, which is probably just, as well as the chaps, despite their stunning collective *charmour*, would probably not have fared too well against boiling oil and arrows.

Once inside, Robdalf and Matron wandered off to seek a higher plain whilst the rest of the chaps were enthralled by some birds of prey flying about. Robdalf and Matron's higher plain was merely the long way round to the exit and the delightful café that would have no doubt provided splendid catering for an invading army in days of yore.

Semois tobacco

After a beer the chaps were once more ably mustered by Baldrick for a trip to one of the regions legendary Semois tobacco producers: Vincent Manil of Corbion. Semois tobacco has been grown in the Semois valley (hence its name) since the 16th century and is still grown to this day, albeit on a much smaller scale.

Vincent Manil's small shop in Corbion is also a museum to Semois tobacco. The chaps were welcomed in by Vincent himself and were guided downstairs into the museum and workshop that is stuffed full of Semois tobacco related artefacts and old machinery that remains in use for this hand-made tobacco. After a short video, in which Vincent makes a wonderful cameo appearance as Diego Maradona complete with shiny shorts, the chaps were shown the manufacturing equipment including a drying oven and packing machine. The tobacco is, typically, packed into 100g packets of special shiny paper (that has changed very little over the years) with delightful labels applied by hand. 250g and 500g packs are also available. Semois tobacco is produced to be dry. It is a unique and earthy smoke, cigar-like with a reasonable amount of vitamin N.

An exclusive speciality product of the house Manil is *Le Bouchon de Semois*, which is a small conical-shaped rolled tobacco cigar for the pipe. Although Vincent explained to the chaps how these things were made he keeps his special machine and his process a strictly guarded secret. This man is obviously a genius as with 'the Bouchon' he has successfully bridged the tricky chasm between the pipe and the cigar. *Le Bouchon* will no doubt be making an appearance in a bothy sometime soon; once again the KPC leading the way in our rudimentary shelters by being the first to smoke such a prod-

(Continued on page 32)

An indomitable Bingae prepare himself to enter Vincent Manils Semois tobacco oasis.



Where else in the world can a chap see road signs for a tobacco trail?



chappenings in Hubermont Cont.



Robdalf pretending to eat la Semois when his real caper is that he is just smuggling some out in his beard.



A very friendly Vincent Manil shows the chaps the mysteries of Semois tobacco.

uct in the glens, huzzah!

After the demonstration and museum tour, Monsieur Manil decided to torture the chaps with his snuff injection machine that injects snuff up a chap's hooter at something approaching the speed of sound, turning common-or-garden snuff into a decent impersonator of crack. God only knows what would happen if 'the kids' on the street discovered this contraption... All that was left was for the chaps to purchase a range of local cigars and Bouchons – at very reasonable prices - and they went away as very happy smoking campers indeed.



The wood fired drying oven.

Battle of the Bulge 2?

Apart from being stuffed full of castles, tobacco fields and wonderful scenery, the Ardennes is also famous for being the place where a defining tank battle, 'The battle of The Bulge', took place in WWII. To commemorate such a titanic struggle the chaps were shepherded to a frituur/restaurant in the small village of Rochehaut where the chips are celebrated due to the fact

(Continued on page 33)



Chappenings in Hubermont Cont.

Monsieur Manil injects some snuff up Noisy's nose.

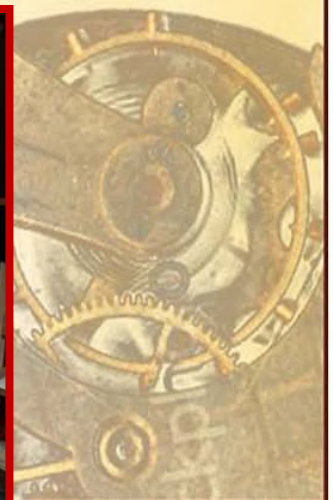
that they are traditionally fried in beef dripping. During the battle meal, Baldrick was aghast at Matron's salad and feeling sorry for him (and the fact that he only smokes plants and does not eat them) donated anything containing chlorophyll and/or roughage onto Matron's plate. The fine outdoor feast was complimented with some splendid Belgian beers to ensure victory in the second Battle of The Bulge, as the chaps seemed that bit stouter when they got up to leave...

After a long day the chaps returned to the bothy in Hubermont for an evening of drinking and smoking pipes, newly acquired cigars and Bouchons. Although the weather was still fine, an evening chill descended allowing the lighting of the fire basket which allowed the time-honoured art of fire-bickering to commence. A few chaps took a while to get used to this phenomenon, but they soon warmed when they discovered that the only rule being whatever anyone else does is wrong, with points being awarded for the most creative criticism. As the evening wore on Wilfred was awarded his bothy name (that was, after extensive debate eventually settled on) of *Nazi Goreng* due to his penchant for heavy rock and his culinary skills.

(Continued on page 34)



Bingae secures some magnificent Vincent Manil cigars.



chappenings in Hubermont Cont.

Battle of the Bulge 2: some fine dining in the picturesque village of Rochehaut.



A pipe artisan, a brewery and more chips

The Lowlanders once again rallied in fine form to produce a stunning egg & bacon breakfast complete with mayo and red sauce. Bingae and Matron looked quizzically about for the brown sauce only to be informed that none was available. Of course this was not a problem but they did wonder if this was a mere oversight or a deliberate policy to avoid the great red and brown sauce conundrum. Rather disparagingly it transpired that the uber-organised Baldrick had overlooked the brown sauce in his battle plans, thus revealing - to a crestfallen Bingae and Matron - that the lesson of the red and the brown had still not been learnt. Quite a three pipe problem. Bothy points will not be deducted though as Baldrick *had* remembered the magnificent gift to Matron of 250g of Germain's RDF, not that bribery has ever anything to do with how bothy points are allocated, er yes, ahem.

The first operation of the day was a trip to artisan pipe maker François Dal of Namur, a town a little further north. François has his compact pipe workshop set up in his garage. After graciously greeting the chaps, he demonstrated a few of his pipes and pipe making techniques, including the use of an evil looking unguarded band saw that one would be well advised to keep away from after a Belgian beer or three.

François started out as a pipe restorer before moving into finish-

(Continued on page 35)

François Dal demonstrating cutting some briar in his workshop.



cHappenings in Hubermont Cont.

ing pre-made bowls until finally making his very own handmade pipes. His craftsmanship is stunning and this chap's passion is only matched by his modesty. As much as pipe manufacture is interesting, however, the chaps seemed to perk up a notch or two when François suggested that they drank a beer. Gathered around the large garden table François brought out some serious looking brews, one in a spectacular looking flagon that had 'be careful, fool' written all over it. During the session Jan bought a cracking nose-warmer and Robdalf ordered himself a new churchwarden complete with Prussian blue mouthpiece. This purchase meant that Robdalf now has more churchwardens than the Vatican. Matron opted to get two new mouthpieces made for his badly mangled Stanwell 207 and thus a very productive afternoon was concluded. Monsieur Dal has a website that readers may be interested in: <http://francoisdalpipes.com/?lang=en#accueil>

The chaps left the pipe maestro and headed for the ancient Brasserie (brewery) du Bocq in Purnode, where the indomitable Baldrick had booked us on a guided tour. The brewery has been going since 1858 and produces a bewil-

Incorrigible bounders!

dering range of beers. The tour was vaguely interesting but what held the chaps attention far more than was decent was the tour guide herself. To a man, the shameless crew held utterly inappropriate thoughts of this heaven-sent, svelte, uber easy-on-the-eye (*But not the mind eh? Ed.*) potential Pipe Babe. She danced gracefully through the tour in three languages answering all manner of dumb questions about beer, vessels and yeast when all the KPC scoundrels really wanted to know was did she, ahem, smoke a bloody pipe? After a few days on the road a chap can get an itch that needs a good scratch or some other more personal remedy, so it was a relief when a sly Baldrick plucked up some Dutch courage (yet more bothy points awarded) and persuaded the somewhat bemused Brewery Babe to pose (*sans pipe*, unfortunately) for a photo with the despicable, lecherous, middle-aged bounders... Bothy points awarded to all present!

From the sublime summer meadow pinnacle of the Brewery Babe, the day could only go downhill as no doubt all present were reliving their youthful fumbings, both real

(Continued on page 36)



"Brewery tour? What brewery tour?"

- Shrobbit Teabaggins—when asked by Bingae if he'd enjoyed the Bocq tour...

cHappenings in Hubermont Cont.

and mainly imagined, as they set off to the town of Dinant—birthplace of Adolphe Sax, the inventor of the saxophone—in search of sustenance. With all the quality establishments fully occupied in the pretty riverside town, the chaps piled into a Frituur offering a vast array of fried food that made Macdonald's look like a chain of vegan cafés. Once vast quantities of more chips and mayo had been consumed, washed down with either beer or pop the furred-artery chaps headed back to base for their final night of drinking, smoking and talking shite around the fire. During the evening it was noted that Jan had not been allocated a bothy name. This was put down to the fact that he had not done anything dumb or notorious enough to warrant said allocation, as tradition dictates a chap's bothy moniker has to be *earned*, often in the most convoluted of ways. We suppose *The Man With No Bothy Name* will just have to wait for a future occasion for his chumrades to pounce...

Fond farewells

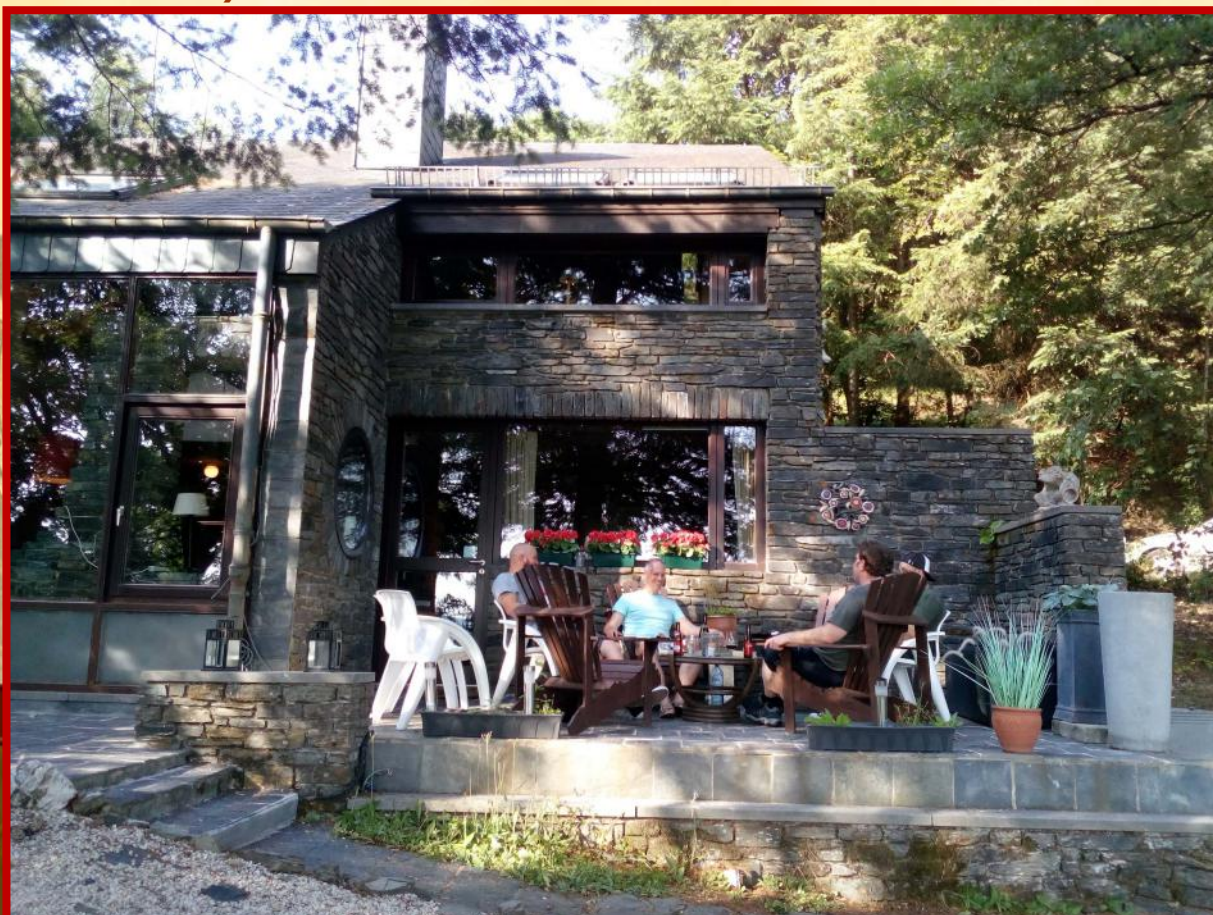
Matron aka Major Disaster was up early, for a change, on the last morning having heard a loud bang. Whilst brewing some coffee he noted some brown liquid emanating from one of the fridges. Upon inspection it appeared that a 2L bottle of Diet Coke had exploded after being frozen due to an over-zealous Henri turning all the fridges down to sub-arctic temperatures in a valiant, if misguided (with hindsight), attempt at getting the beers cold during the

heatwave. During the inevitable fridge cleaning operation, Matron took out the other frozen bottles of Coke into the garden. Foolishly and inexplicable, he unscrewed the cap of one bottle and it literally exploded – mostly over himself - as the cryogenically partitioned carbon dioxide gas rushed out. With his scientific background he should have foreseen the obvious consequence of freezing carbonated beverages. Unluckily for Matron, Baldrick witnessed this avoidable calamity and rebooted the 'Major Disaster' campaign immediately. A hapless Matron took solace in the fact that said beverage was 'diet' (i.e. merely carcinogenic) and that at least he would not be dealing with any sticky residue for the rest of the day; well not a bottle derived sticky residue at any rate noted some wag at the time... The fantastic irony was that Matron doesn't even drink Coke.

After yet another fine breakfast sans brown sauce, the chaps gave the bothy a good tidy, failing miserably to separate out the rubbish into about a dozen separate bins, before saying their fond farewells. It had indeed been a most splendid moot and a special thanks to our Dutch and Belgian chaps is extended from Bingae and Matron for all their superb hospitality.

There was also talk about the Lowlanders heading to The Highlands in 2018 for the AGM. Of course this is a splendid idea and the Scottish chapter will do whatever is required to help their chumrades in their endeavours.

The fine bothy at Hubermont.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



A forum for KPC members to share their thoughts, or fulminations regarding all things briar, rudimentary shelter, or anything else of pressing import.

A breech too far!

(Via c-mail)

Sir,

What a bummer!

Upon viewing the image displayed in this prestige periodical (Vol.6 Iss.1 p.37) RE 'The Full Dazbo' it would appear that the KPC has adopted the dubious ritual of fully nude Coonsilling. Should we ascertain from this deviation from normal practice that we are now affiliated to the Bullingdon Boys, The Masons, Al Qaeda, The House of Lords or some other 'Trousers down' organisation.

Upon viewing the image and contemplating the prevailing room note during 'The Full Dazbo' and as one knows with every action another reaction will occur and in this case my reaction was the immediate and comprehensive regurgitation of my recently consumed beef bourguignon all over the white shag pile carpet in the lounge.

After exhaustive attempts to remove the offending stains on said carpet without success I was left with no alternative other than to consult Mr. Choogle™ for a remedy. Mr. Choogle™ responded very promptly in Morse code after only 6 weeks recommending that a solution may be found on the Chimps' Corner site thus:

1. Burn down the house and claim insurance and move. Also burn down the neighbouring properties to allay suspicion.
2. Remove entire carpet and replace with a new one at an outrageously vicious expense.
3. Stain the rest of the carpet to match.

Option 3 seemed a very plausible solution and was chosen and implemented.

Chimps' Corner then offered a further 3 options for a dying medium to consider:

Beef bourguignon matching dyes:

1. Mix 10kg of dog shit in 25 litres of cat's piss and apply liberally. Vacate the property for 6 months to allow the toxic fumes to disperse.
2. Mix 10kg of dog shit in 25 litres of cat's piss and apply liberally. Vacate the property permanently.
3. Use a quality brand of gravy granules (These are not just gravy granules these are M&S gravy granules). Mix with boiling water and lash the mixture onto the carpet like a fucking mad man.

After much soul-searching, sleepless nights, astrology consultation, endless sessions eeny-meeny-miney-mo and 15 consultations with the Dalai Lama (He told me to fuck off on the last one...) Option 2 was chosen.

Unfortunately the raw ingredients for Option 2 were, to say the least, a bloody nightmare to acquire as cats are nasty scratchy bastards on a good day. Option 3 was therefore selected.

The end result was without a doubt most satisfactory. The vigorous application recommended resulted in the walls, ceiling and everything else receiving a goodly application. Ce'st la vie...

Regards to Dazbo for his most exuberant of Coonsillings, but might I humbly suggest that this version is perhaps best left for special occasions such as a Papal visit?

Yours in beefy bewilderment,

Judge Mental

Dear Major (Yes, we know it's you...)

Well now, it does appear that you have been having a torrid time up at The Cape of late. Whilst we accept that deployment of vigorous Coonsilling can indeed be shocking, we must point out the obvious inaccuracy in your assessment, namely Dazbo was not at all nude as he was sporting a headtorch and had a pair of ski goggles strapped to his derriere. Besides, in Dazbo's defence it was Xmas and the bothy-vibe was clipping along at a fair clip. Additionally, Fuddly got his just deserves for the heinous crime of falling asleep just after teatime.

We do appreciate, however, that the resulting images may be upsetting for readers of a more fragile disposition or those who are sometimes prone to pious pomposity.

What we are not sure about though, is how a stiff Coonsilling cold help with one's secure online financial transactions?

Yours,

The Editor

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR Cont.

Harvies Tobacconist

Dear Kearvaig Pipe Club,

My name is Bob Macfarlane and I am the owner of Harvies tobacconist in Paisley. I was given your details by G.T. Coventry, the tobacconist in Kirkcaldy that has now shut down. I understand that you were a customer of theirs's. I would be happy to take over the supply of your tobacco needs if you would like to pop in [address enclosed], alternatively I offer a mail order service.

Yours sincerely,

Bob Macfarlane

Harvies Tobacconist
20 Moss Street,
Paisley
PA1 1BL
Tel: 0141 889 5046

Dear Bob,

Many thanks for contacting the KPC and making us aware of your emporium. It is indeed very sad that GT Coventry has shut down after the untimely death of Maclean John Dorward—he was a true friend to this pipe club and always a joy to chat to in his wonderful emporium.

We have a few members in your neck of the woods and a I know that a few of our members are happy to travel to a decent tobacconist. Perhaps we could send a delegation to your shop for a short interview and take some photos so that we can write a piece in a later edition of this periodical?

Sincerely,

Sergeant Matron

Photo opportunity?

Dear KPC,

Nice to meet up with Sergeant Matron, Cave Fud and Tealight at Leacraithnaich on Friday [7th July] lunch. Pity it hadn't been the Thursday night as we had originally planned as I suspect a few good war stories could have been swapped. Have a butchers (*Cockney rhyming slang for 'look' as in 'butchers hook', 'look', Ed.*) at <http://www.chrisreidphotography.co.uk/blog/another-bothy-trip-with-tents-thrown-in> for a few photos of our trip if that kind of thing takes your fancy. Nice meeting you gents - maybe next time we'll do things 'properly'.

Yours,

Chris Reid

Dear Chris,

Many thanks for getting in touch and it was good to meet you chaps too. Your photos are rather spiffing and Morven is indeed a splendid part of the world for a wan-

der. We hope to see you bashing the briar and perhaps the odd cigar in addition to your fags at a rudimentary shelter sometime soon.

Sincerely,

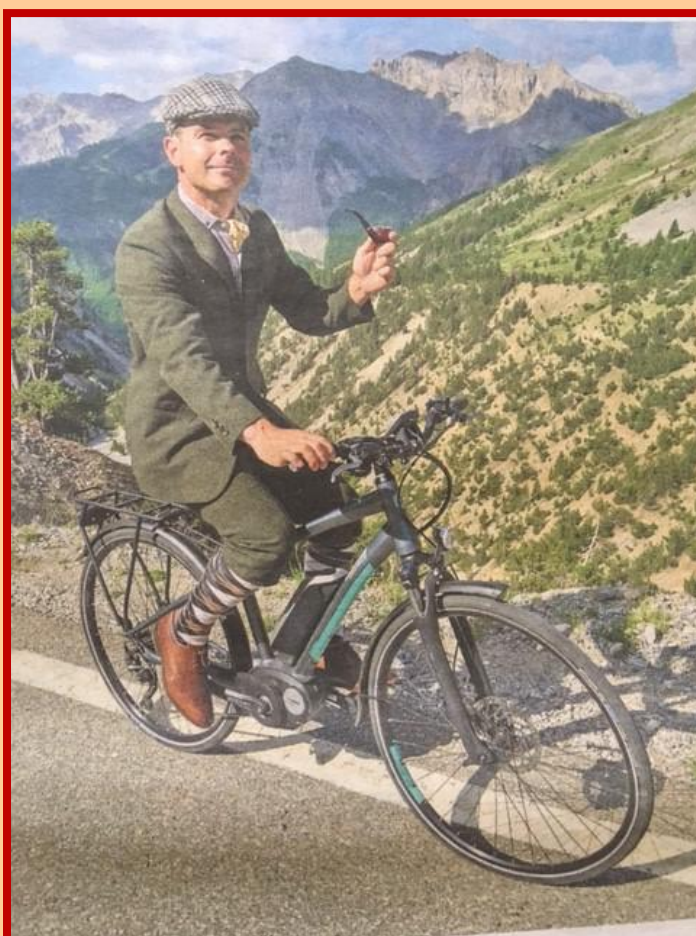
Matron

Tour de Class?

Dear Editor,

I found this rather splendid image of a chap competing in this year's Tour de France:

"This splendid chap shows the young blades in lycra the way to do the Tour de France in style, he even has time for a bowl ascending Col Ferret, please note the race leaders yellow cravat, top man."



Yours sincerely,

Abdul

Dear Abdul,

Whilst it is usually splendid to see a chap sporting tweeds—the ultimate performance fabric—topping the Tour de France, it is never splendid to see that Tory toady William Hague in any garb or situation, athletic or otherwise. In fact he looks equally ridiculous in a tweed cap or his catastrophically ill-fated baseball cap. Sir, he will never be regarded as a chap in this publication!

Yours fumingly,

The Editor

BREXIT UPDATE

SMOKE ON FOR VICTORY

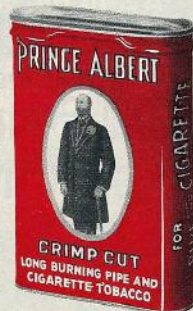


Current UK Government advice is to keep calm, grow vegetables and stock pile your favourite pipe tobaccos. Oh, and dress like a yokel when doing so.

The proof is in the puffing!



- TASTES FRESH
- SMOKES COOL
- BURNS STEADY



The flavor most favored in the U.S.A.
PRINCE ALBERT

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

New KPC street art campaign launched.



Advertisement: If yer wannae pus like ol' Jock, get yersel' smerkin' Black Watch!



"Aye lassie, a fine aroma."

Bein' the Brenner that sells the Black Watch. It's less an' his, more an' all. And a stunner new smoking enjoyment that comes from the better blending of pipe tobaccos. Your man can buy it Regular or Aromatic, and inside the box there's a new custom pouch. Black Watch, Regular or Aromatic.

