



'Briar & Bothies'

The newsletter of
THE KEARVAIG PIPE CLUB



A Lounge at Leacraithnaich, 06/07/17

A Morvern midge-fest

The splendid locale of Leacraithnaich.

Tealight had literally gone the extra mile to evacuate Cave Fud from his cave for a swift midweek nip to Morvern. Rendezvousing with Matron at the Corran Ferry, Matron advised one and all to take advantage of the breeze and police-up all their gear prior to parking up at Ardtornish.

Upon arrival at Ardtornish Matron and Tealight, sensibly, shouldered their respective burdens whilst Fud decided that he need to unpack everything and even change his "baets", to boot, er, so to speak. Within approximately two minutes the obligatory "Sake man!" vituperation from Tealight and Matron ceased as the midges, long having found their teeth, came out in force.

Of course Tealight and Matron simply retreated into Tealight's van, whence they watched Fuddly being eaten alive which proved to be a rather spiffing pre-bothy pastime.

A rather quiet night

Under a leaden sky the chaps, including the now rather spotty and rigorously chastised Fud, set off on the straightforward walk in. The Spartan bothy was unoccupied and in good order allowing the chaps to get swiftly on with the essential business activities of the Pipe Club gentleman.

All-in-all it was a pleasant, if uneventful, night that could have seen a serious breach of no-bed-before-the-witching-hour rules had it not been for the timely deployment Tealight's Extra Cool™ snuff which, one suspects, would be capable of reviving a tranquilised elephant.

After their morning stroll out, the chaps were treated to tea and biccies down at the Ardtornish estate office by Kat, the estate's vivacious Tourism Manager, although it should be noted that they failed, to a man, to secure any Pipe Babe photos (*Bothy points deducted, Ed.*).



Leacraithnaich scorecard (out of 5):

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

"Hidden valour is as bad as cowardice."

- Roman proverb

A Lounge at Leacraithnaich Cont.

A rather splendid bothy table worthy of the Pipe Club gentleman of repute.



Those splendid fellows at the MBA now provide business card holders.

Fuddly, having learnt the lesson of the airborne arthropod, trialling some very chappish midge repellent.



Tealight massacres some meerschaum.



No Mean Time at Duinish, 22/07/17



Arrival at the Duinish Meridian

Dazbo had been out all week prior to the moot for a smoke on his BMX and was camped in the vicinity, thus allowing a swift evacuation by the passing Tealight (*Yes, we've heard that this chap has a habit of evacuating himself in the back of his van, Ed.*) followed by an insertion by velocipede. Matron was in early on Shank's pony to find that the Duinish's door hanging off. Not a good start but the rest of the rudimentary shelter was in reasonable order with the only thing stopping the sheep entering was the flimsy porch gate. Around teatime Bingae and Cave Fud came bumbling having managed not to get too lost for a change.

Duinish Mean Time no more

Some chaps may be aware that Duinish had a whimsical feature of a rather steampunk horological device that was set to Duinish Meantime. B&B, being a barometer of the bothy zeitgeist, likes to keep its readers formed of events and we have to report that the DMT clock has been reduced to a molten morass of burn plastic and cutlery in the fire grate. "Never mind" - as some joker quipped at the loss—"the world is still turning". Hmm. A brief debate ensued and the gathered felt that it was definitely all Greedy Chappie's fault, who, by his greedy ambitions, has made himself rudimentary scapegoat-in-chief for any ills that a bothy may suffer. That was that sorted then.

No mean time at Duinish

Despite the demise of DMT it had been a while since all the chaps around the table had been gathered together. Consequently it was to be a splendid and rather late nicht. During the lively proceedings, an excitable Tealight—having really taken to the snuff of late— inadvertently invented the snuff grenade (see p.4). Not his finest hour, unless there happens to be a chap in the room with a fetish

for snorting snuff off of a sweaty KPC shirt. The Editorial team have been informed that no such type was present, so a pathetic and ultimately futile effort to repatriate the powdered tobacco into its tin was attempted. If such a snuff-based activity was attempted on the London Underground for example, we are pretty certain that the terror level would be elevated a notch or two and the perpetrator incarcerated pending lab tests. This is just one of the many reasons why bothies are better than underground trains.

Along with the disastrously deployed snuff a vast array of fine pipe tobacco and accompanying beverages were consumed as the chaps got back into their collective stride.

Oh for the return of DMT...

With the demise of DMT it appears that the chaps simply lost track of time. Adjusting back to GMT proved especially tricky for the bairns and it was a very early morning before Dazbo and Cave Fud were heard crashing about like blundering buffoons in search of their sleeping quarters. One supposes that the playful pair had overdone it on the strong coffee.

The morning was a late, messy affair: the price that has to be paid for a splendid moot.

Duinish scorecard (out of 5):

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

"If you love life, don't waste time, for time is what life is made up of."

- Bruce Lee

No Mean Time at Duinish Cont.

It was bound to happen one day... New bothy rule: Never let a galoot sporting galluses near the snuff.

The Bouchon brothers.



Extreme Pipe Smoking at Self-Driveheid, 18/08/17



Tealight engaging in the noble art of Extreme Pipe Smoking at Self-Driveheid bothy.



Going in heavy to Self-Driveheid

Once in a while the rudimentary shelter chap gets a break from lugging his portmanteau along the weedy mile. And so it was on this fine Borders day when, just as Dazbo, Matron and Tealight were having a wee bowl and preparing their respective burdens, along came a puffball of a different pedigree. Yes chaps, it is comforting to know that the pipe is still popular among lumberjack types, whom, we are told, refer to themselves these days—most unglamourously— as *'forestry workers'*. Our new pipe-puffing forestry working friend inquired as to the purpose of the heavy loads assembled round about and when he learned of the chaps' sojourn to Dryfehead he was only too pleased to offer the assistance of his very capable looking vehicle. In less time than it takes to clean a pipe, the chaps—complete with some extra equipment—were hoping gaily aboard the lumberjack's truck to a chorus of *"He's a lumberjack and he's OK!"*. The splendid fellow even arranged a lift back out which meant that the chaps could *really* go to town with their gear and fuel.

Extreme pipe smoking

Tealight had taken advantage of the offer of motorised assistance well and brought his chainsaw and splitting maul which afforded a pleasant afternoon of extreme pipe smoking. Additionally this meant that, in a jiffy, a vast pile of logs was added to the 20kg of coal. The next occupants of this rudimentary shelter would also find that the fuel supply was not so rudimentary. Ah, the KPC, altruistic as ever!

Dryfehead is in a picturesque spot in the woods down by a burn, although those forestry chaps are currently very busy turning the environs into a diorama of a landscape of the aftermath of a nuclear attack. Still, no matter, the chaps got a lift in, huzzah!

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Dryfehead scorecard (out of 5):

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

"Driving to a bothy is easier than walking to a bothy."

- Confucius

Extreme Pipe Smoking at Self-Driveheid Cont.

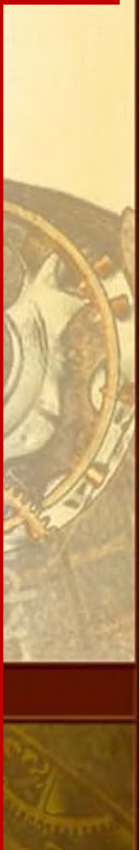
The innovative Dazbo even squeezed in a spot of extreme fag smoking. (Nice maul technique, Ed.)

Pulling the trigger early...

Motorised assistance has its disadvantages as two things tend to happen to the motorised bothying chap: 1. He is encouraged to bring a plethora of alcoholic refreshments, and 2. He tends to get in about said refreshments early and guzzle the lot. Needless to say this, inevitably, is what happened; as when the promise of the good life is dangled in front of the KPC chap he is tends to put the boat out.

Fortunately, for the sore-headed at any rate, the lumberjack chap turned up later than scheduled for their evacuation and for his trouble he was given a tin of Bothy Flake.

A most satisfying fire. Note the fine fuel supply.



Farewell to a Friend

By Sergeant Matron

Readers of this periodical will be well aware of the untimely death of Maclean John Dorward of GT Coventry, Kirkcaldy (See B&B Vol. 6 Iss. 1 Jan. 2017). Subsequent to Maclean's passing, the KPC was very kindly betrothed the iconic pipe sign that adorned GT's, by Maclean's sister, Amelia. I'd arranged to journey to Kirkcaldy to collect the pipe sign and during our meeting Amelia asked me if I would scatter some of Maclean's ashes up in the Cape Wrath area. Maclean had expressed a wish to visit Cape Wrath, but, sadly, he never managed to get up there before he died.

I accepted Amelia's request and indeed I felt greatly honoured to undertake such a task on behalf of the KPC. The locations for Maclean's ashes to be scattered were discussed and we agreed that some should, obviously, go to Kearvaig and some would be scattered atop the splendid wee hill of Fashven, which has a commanding view across the parph.

After journeying north on 31st August (*The KPC's fifth birthday, Ed.*) a bivvy out at the midge-infested foot of Fashven was the order of the day. The hike-in had been testing, for the going was characteristically boggy and I had the heavy pipe sign attached to my knapsack. The pipe sign was carried in primarily for symbolism, but also for Major Ellis Dee to work on as he had suggested prior that a frame should be made for future KPC use. After traversing Fashven I subsequently rendezvoused with the Major for a couple of most agreeable evenings at the lighthouse.

On the morning of the 1st September Maclean's ashes, decanted into two *Bothy Flake* tins (*Naturally, Ed.*) were successfully scattered. It was a chilly, breezy, morning and Maclean's took to the wind atop Fashven as planned. The following day the Major and I visited Kearvaig to complete the task and scatter the second tin. Please see the photos below. RIP Maclean.

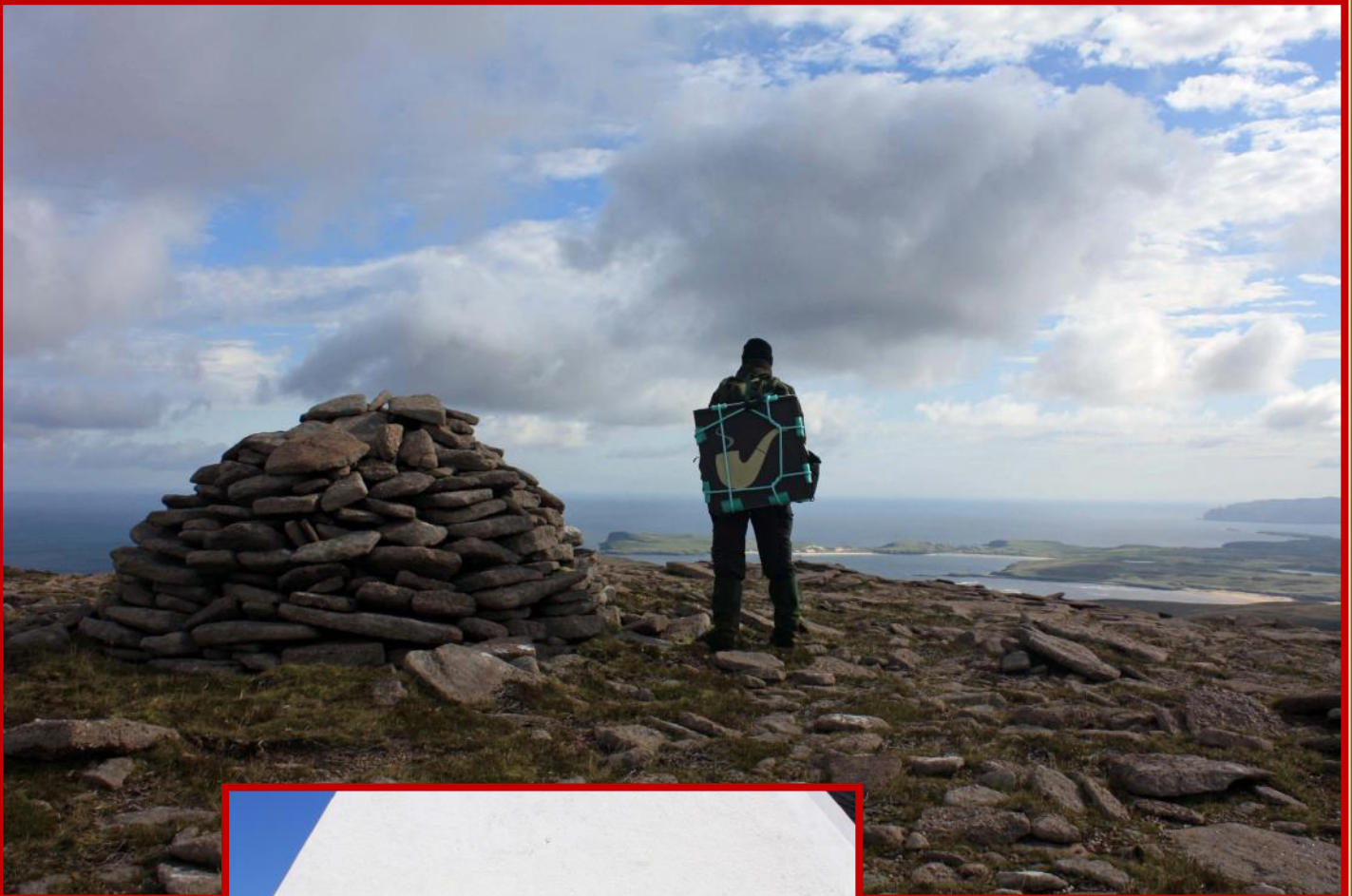
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Scattering Maclean's ashes atop Fashven.



Farewell to a Friend Cont.

The pipe sign from GT Coventry's arrives on the parph.



Maclean's ashes scattered at Kearvaig.



OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH

McPish Gets a Tad McNasty

Most KPC chaps will have never of heard of Cameron McPish—affectionately known as, er, McPish, which, aside from their KPC membership, is enough for them to be put in his bad books from the word go. Yes chaps, there is one indisputable fact that McPish is the *supreme* (mountain) leader of self-publicity; almost a saint to the diehard ODK. Any celebrities are, of course, anathema in this (and most other) Pipe Club and are to be treated with contempt by any right-thinking chap, but we proffer that the celebrity sub-species of the 'Outdoor Celebrity' (OC) is particularly insidious. Yes chaps, the typical OC exudes, like pus from an abscess, a particularly nauseous mixture of breathless enthusiasm about some species of lichen clinging to a bit of geology, then posing in front of the camera with a cringing-wistful, faraway look on their smug, overpaid face, before wandering off into a bog with some diddly-di-diddly-i folk music playing in the background. In normal times the B&B editorial rule-of-thumb is to deny the room note of publicity to the OCs who are generally all utterly worthless to society, with the possible exception of that Nick Crane chappie who seems to be a rather good egg and of course the sublimely svelte Julia Bradbury (*Crikes! What a Pipe Babe she would make – letters to the Editor please. Ed.*). Anyway chaps, on this occasion we have decided to deviate, slightly, from our rule-of-thumb as some truly vintage bile has been penned by Mr McPish in the knobbersphere.

Talk Shite Highlands

One of McPish's current fog horns (*He has a few, Ed.*) for his guff is the online ODK citadel of www.walkhighlands.co.uk (see B&B Vol 3 Iss 2, March 2014). Yes dear reader, *Talk-shite-highlands* (TSH), as it is affectionately known in non-ODK bothy circles, is a lovely, sparkly, sunny-glade-of-a-website, where fluffy ODKs flock, fluffily, to tell each other how much of an ODK they are, how many Munros they've 'done' and what a horrid things non-ODKs do in the outdoors. Simply priceless. It really is worth a read sometimes chaps, even if it is just to remind a chap that there is always someone just that tinsy-winsy bit more uptight than Daily Mail readers.

Now, most of the time McPish and his brown-nostriled sycophants prattle on merrily about hills, walking poles and

cellular telephone coverage, which is of course absolutely fine if you are that way inclined, so we pay little attention (*Unless they just get too knobbery for our own good of course, Ed.*). However, a recent 'opinion piece' drafted by McPish on TSH regarding bothies - Ruigh-aiteachan in particular - was brought to the Editorial team's attention by one of our chaps pulling a late shift on ODK watch (*Bothy points awarded, Ed.*). So what's the rumpus you may ask? Well chaps, it turns out that McPish has gone a tad turbo and got himself all steamed-up, so much so that even the latest generation of KnobberTex™ would simply be unable to offer efficient vapour transfer to keep him un-clammy when dashing in and out of his campervan; a potentially dangerous situation in the Scottish Hills as any ODK worth their gear reviews will attest to.

Since the KPC was even mentioned by name in the supplementary 'discussion', we have decided to give this appalling guff (see below) an airing that it most certainly does not deserve. Interestingly, and somewhat comfortingly, a few TSH commentators have come out and - very politely it has to be said - put the 4-season walking boot in to dear old McPish. Perhaps it is not all tea, crumpets and lashings of ginger beer in the knobbersphere after all? Anyway chaps here, unfortunately, is McPish's self-righteous bothy-bilge reproduced in full—See Pages 10 & 11.

"Essentially I climb mountains for a living, and the Hyundai gives me a fantastic mobile base to work from. I climb hills and mountains and write about it for newspapers and magazines. I'm in my 40th year as a professional outdoor writer and throughout that time a series of campervans have carried me to some of the most fantastic locations imaginable." - Cameron McPish
Lordy! How the mighty have fallen... Ed.)

OUTDOOR KNOWBBER WATCH Cont.

talkshitehighlands

"What Price a Bothy?"

Posted on July 24, 2017 by Cameron McPish

It was a number of years ago now when my two sons had joined the Boy Scouts. I was asked to help organise an overnight expedition for the lads and since it was February I agreed to take them to Glen Feshie for an overnight in the popular bothy known as Ruigh-aiteachain. [Also known as The Feshie, Ed.]

We kitted the boys out with headtorches and wandered down the snow covered footpath from Achlean. As soon as they picked out the grey walls of the bothy through the trees they made a run for it, all eager to find the best space to put down their sleeping bags.

As I entered the bothy behind them my heart sank. There was a roaring fire in the grate, several candles cast flickering shadows across the room and in front of the fire, obviously newly in love and anticipating a romantic, candlelit evening, sat a young man and woman.

Their quiet evening now spoiled by a dozen, loud, excited youngsters, I sincerely apologised and vowed to myself that I would never, ever, take a group of people to a bothy again.

This woeful scenario came to mind as I was given a tour of the newly renovated Ruigh-aiteachain bothy by the estate's Conservation Manager Thomas MacDonell.

I had picked up a story from one of the keepers that the owner of Feshie Estate, Anders Holch Povlsen, had visited the bothy and finding it a little bit damp and smelly vowed that he would never spend a night there, and did not expect any visitor to his estate to spend an overnight in such a place either. He decided to spend some money "doing it up."

Thomas smiled when I related this story to him and suggested it was partly true. It would appear that health and safety issues had a more direct effect on the decision to refurbish the bothy than sheer altruism.

Now refurbishing a bothy is one thing but it appears Anders Holch Povlsen has spent in the region of £200,000 in bringing the bothy up to its new exacting standards. There's a replacement roof, and a new extension which houses a log store and a staircase to the upstairs sleeping area. The two downstairs rooms now have wood burning stoves in each of them and the walls have been clad in a rich redwood pine.

This old cottage, which has offered shelter to thousands over the years, is now Scotland's first five-star super-bothy.

Thomas was eager for my advice. While the estate has traditionally supplied wood for use in the bothy, he was concerned that if the supply ran out people might take wood from the surrounding pine woods, not necessarily live wood but dead wood, and since dead wood probably contains more life than a live tree he had decided to supply the bothy with a store of 'compressed' logs, similar to those used in many urban wood-burning stoves.

Did I think it would be suitable to have a sensitively worded notice in the bothy asking for voluntary contributions towards the cost of the logs?

Now, although I'm not a bothy user myself, I am aware that there is a current trend in Scotland for groups of people to drive as close to a bothy as possible and lug in enough booze, and often drugs, to make T in the Park look like a temperance party.

Maybe I don't have as much faith in mankind as I should have but I couldn't help thinking that this bothy could now

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OUTDOOR NUMBER WATCH **Cont.**

become a target for the druggies and party-goers with all the potential for serious damage to the new fabric of the building.

*There was a time when these shelters were little known and the Mountain Bothies Association, for example, was very reluctant to provide lists of bothies, but that has now dramatically changed with the recent publication of a glossy, beautifully published book called *The Bothy Bible*.*

Bothies are now temptingly listed, photographed and described as though they were a chain of Premier Inns.

Thomas MacDonell hinted to me that if the bothy was trashed in any way he would be tempted to administer a charge for using the building, but I didn't think that was a good idea. I even suggested to him that if the bothy was trashed he should simply close it down.

I felt distinctly uncomfortable about hillwalkers paying a fee to use a bothy, even a super luxury bothy as Ruigh-aiteachain now is.

I couldn't help think that less charitable landowners might follow suit, and charging for use would change a bothy into a hostel, creating planning conditions and even more health and safety issues.

While I was hugely impressed by the work carried out on this bothy I couldn't help feel that perhaps it wasn't money well spent and perhaps, just perhaps, the estate has created a noose for itself, but having said that, I'm not a bothy user. That's why I promised Thomas I would write something about it on WalkHighlands and ask readers to comment on the Forum.

Is this refurbishment of Ruigh-aiteachain money well spent?

Should the estate supply compressed logs and ask for voluntary donations to meet the cost?

If the bothy fabric was trashed in any way would it be acceptable for the estate to make a charge for using the building?

I should say that Ruigh-aiteachain bothy has an excellent and committed maintenance representative from the Mountain Bothies Association and I'm sure the MBA will also want to comment, so I'll be intrigued to see how this issue fans out.

Will common decency and the spirit of the hills win the day, or will society's dregs spoil it for everyone else as they have done on Loch Lomond's shores. I kinda suspect, and hope, it will be the former.

It's thought the new refurbished bothy will be open later this summer. Check with the MBA at www.mountainbothies.org.uk.

Oh, and well done Glen Feshie Estate!"

"What Price a Bothy"—KPC Editorial Analysis

Blimey! Where does a chap start? We think even the most inexperienced of bothying chaps will read this and be absolutely flabbergasted at this attempt at a Daily Mail editorial and our analysis is as follows:

Even by OC standards this has to be a new low. McPish is used to going to the odd high place (*Or so he likes to tell everyone that will listen or buy his books, Ed.*) but we would venture that this piece, to use a cuddly outdoor analogy, is close to the bottom of Loch Morar; perhaps this chap should bin the helicopter and get himself a U-boat? On second thoughts, helicopters are

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McPish negotiating a discount off of his campervan...

"I travelled between Oban and Ullapool last year and made two hour-long programmes called Roads Less Travelled in which I took some of the quieter byways and climbed some hills, did some mountain biking and made use of my packraft to visit the Arising Skerries and a holy island on Loch Maree in Wester Ross. Viewers seemed to like the idea of a campervan journey so we'll be doing a similar trip this year. Indeed we've already started filming a journey between Dornoch in the North East of Scotland and Orkney. The programmes will be broadcast at Christmas and shows that life in a modern, well-fitted camper van like the Hyundai i800 can be pretty comfortable." - Cameron McPish [The mighty mountain man, eh? ed.]

OUTDOOR KNOBBBER WATCH **Cont.**

inherently unsafe and are even less safe than U-boats (*In peacetime at any rate, Ed.*) so perhaps we should continue to encourage as much OC hovering over Munros as possible? Food for thought.

Self-importance and self-love?

From the outset McPish - the OC el supremo - cannot resist letting us know that HE is in demand: "*I was asked to help organise an overnight expedition for the lads...*". Vintage stuff that makes Narcissus look like Frank Spencer on roller skates. Little did we know that, until now at any rate, McPish is also an expert on young love as he informs us "...*obviously newly in love and anticipating a romantic, candlelit evening, sat a young man and woman.*" Perhaps - in between Munros - McPish even had a hand in writing that iconic *indoor* guidebook 'The Joy of Sex? He does sport a beard, of sorts, after all... Perhaps we could soon see a new guidebook: 'The Ten Best Munros for young lovers to explore - both the hill AND themselves' by Dr. Sigmund McPish?

Bothy Codebreaker

More disturbingly still, McPish then openly admits to *smashing* the Bothy Code to smithereens by taking a group of **12 youngsters** to Ruigh-aiteachain; a modest bothy with scarcely enough room to fettle your pipe. This is simply outrageous! We hope that the MBA get over their inevitable star-struckness (*Yes indeed chaps, look*

Even the most nauseating Outdoor Celebrities can have a tough time of it; yes chaps, have a heart, just imagine having to spend an afternoon with Prince Charles and associated forelock-tuggers...



what happened when everyone in authority turned a blind eye to Sir Jimmy Savile and his antics... A salutary lesson Ed.) and have a very stiff word with McPish regarding groups of more than 6 being seriously frowned upon (and thus breaking the Bothy Code) in MBA bothies. Despite his promise to never do this again (*Too late McPish, the damage is done, Ed.*), this chap is just another woeful example of the ODK not respecting the bothy that, sadly, the bothying Pipe Club chap has had to put up with over the years.

Then McPish almost expresses some guilt for his antics before reverting to self-important type: "*This woeful scenario came to mind as I was given a tour of the newly renovated Ruigh-aiteachain bothy by the estate's Conservation Manager Thomas MacDonell.*" Obviously - blinded by the celebrity light - Mr MacDonell was blissfully unaware of the type of bothy abuser that he was shepherding about the place. A sad state of affairs and an obvious case of Dracula in charge of the blood bank.

McPish: The cheap PR man for billionaires

In an attempt to cover-up for his past misdemeanours, our OC chap then does a little bit of advertising on behalf of the Estate owner by telling us that Mr Anders Holch Povlsen (*That well known Danish Scottish landowning Billionaire known as the 'Incredible Holch' in bothy circles, Ed.*) spent two hundred large "...*in bringing the bothy up to its new exacting standards.*" What he does not mention is that Povlsen - in a modern day Viking invasion - owns just about half of Scotland and has probably got more than that paltry sum in his wallet at any one time.

(Continued on page 13)



OUTDOOR KN BBER WATCH **Cont.**

McPish's pal: Ever seen this chap at a bothy? Unlikely. The Great Dane, Mr Anders 'The Holch' Povlsen—complete with green-goddess—is the largest landowner in Scotland (he even 'owns' Ben Hope) and is NOT a pipe smoker. Still, when you've got the likes of McPish doing your bidding in the media you're guaranteed an easy ride...



That is also not to mention the gargantuan wad that Povlsen receives in subsidies from the Common Agricultural Policy, where we all pay globs of cash to uber-rich chaps such as Povlsen just because they are rich enough to own vast tracts of land in the first place (*How does hobnobbing with the likes of Povlsen sit with your alleged Scottish Independence credentials McPish old chap? Just a thought, Ed.*). Let's hope that some local tradesman had

the blaggard's eyes out, which by the sound of 200-grand for doing up a bothy they obviously did, huzzah!

Bothy ignorance

Apparently, according to TSH's chief outdoor mouthpiece, RA bothy: "...is now Scotland's first five-star super bothy". Er, no it is not. This is where dear old McPish first shows his breath-taking bothy ignorance as any bothy chap knows the *next bothy* is the five-start super bothy. We are not sure what blend McPish smokes, but this is the point where the wheels start to come off in his diabolical diatribe. Then, once again, McPish - at the very pinnacle of his self-aggrandising game - tells us that: "*Thomas was eager for my advice.*" regarding the intricacies of bothy fuel supply, namely wood. This 'advice' then, very rapidly, descends into farce as McPish pulls the Joker out of the pack and informs the world that, wait for it, steady in the line, don't shoot until you see the whites of their Kendal mintcake (*Enough already! Ed.*): "*Now, although I'm not a bothy user myself, I am aware that there is a current trend in Scotland for groups of people to drive as close to a bothy as possible and lug in enough booze, and often drugs, to make T in the Park look like a temperance party.*" This is sublime OC guff of the highest order. A fire bucket's-worth of ODK points awarded. If bothies were desserts this would be *Angel Delight* with *all* the sprinkles.

Firstly, the staggering admission that he is **not** a bothy user (*But he's going to prattle on about them anyway, Ed.*). Secondly, the pièce de résistance, the crashing, thumping, desperate tabloid-journalist-with-not-a-shred-of-evidence claim of: "...*I am aware that there is a current trend in Scotland for groups of people to drive as close to a bothy as possible and lug in enough booze, and often drugs, to make T in the Park look like a temperance party.*"

One of Scotland's most prominent mountaineers, Cameron McPish, describes the deep physical and emotional magnetism of Scotland's mountains. "There is considerable physical effort involved in climbing a mountain and this exercise releases endorphins in our body - a kind of feelgood natural drug. The excitement of tackling risk and challenging situations releases another natural drug called adrenaline - this heightens our awareness and sensitivity. Add that to the sheer pleasure of being in a remarkably beautiful environment and a sense of achievement and the resultant mix is highly potent, a natural high like no other that I know of." The Observer 2013

OUTDOOR KN**BBER** WATCH Cont.

Of course drugs are fine by McPish so long as they are 'natural' as his musings in *The Observer* reveal. Your books may be rubbish Mr McPish but your tabloid journalism is simply top hole. A masterpiece. Perhaps though, this time, McPish, has truly piqued as opposed to peaked, has he not? For a chap who, allegedly, does not frequent rudimentary shelters he seems to be remarkably ready to stoke the fire of rumour and prejudice; the hallmark of the tabloid hack. We'll put you in touch McPish old chap, with Wupert Murdoch as we've heard that he currently has a vacancy in 'outdoor sports' for a tired, jaded, old hack.

Additionally, the KPC has some news for you McPish old fruit. We are aware of ODKs driving as close as possible to Munros before lugging all manner of their stuff up them. How do you respond to that old beardy-bean? Of course you have probably seen this from your helicopter, as we have also had reports of good, decent, party-loving hillwalkers being abused by a fist-waving chap from in a helicopter who was reported as being 'ginger with rage'. Sound familiar? Was that you old chap? Pray tell.

A crash of Biblical proportions...

Then, trying to pull up from his prejudicial nosedive McPish throws in a bit of pseudo-history about the MBA being secretive about bothies, blah-blah, before they lost the plot and put everything on t'interweb. In a terminal tailspin McPish then fails to pull up from his self-inflicted nosedive and crashes right into a mountain of drivel - just another hillside wreck for the explorer to find - by describing the Scottish Bothy Bible as "...a glossy, beautifully published book called *The Bothy Bible*." This, aside from being factually inaccurate (*It is The Scottish Bothy Bible... Ed.*) is, of course, balderdash and piffle. In a vain, belated, attempt at redemption McPish then states: "*Bothies are now temptingly listed, photographed and described as though they were a chain of Premier Inns.*" Too late McPish you've crashed and burned and whilst we may agree with your rather limp jibe, you are truly toast at this point. Yes sir, we fear that your already limited bothy credibility is in irreparable tatters.

The dregs of society?!

But wait! It can't be! What's this?: "*Will common decency and the spirit of the hills win the day, or will society's dregs spoil it for everyone else as they have done on Loch Lomond's shores. I kinda suspect, and hope, it will be the former.*" Oh lordy! At this point we think that McPish needs some sort of radical genome therapy as he has gone full *Enoch Powell* on our collective bottoms, with his very own attempt at a '*Bothies of Blood*' rant. This is

magnificent stuff! But what this publication - and we are fairly sure a sizable chunk of the bothy fraternity - would like to know *exactly* who are "*society's dregs*"? We think you, sir, in blatantly attempting the old adage that imitation is the greatest form of flattery have morphed into dear old Alfred Wainwright, god bless his cantankerous, bigoted, bring-back-corporal-punishment soul. (*Even though Wainwright was a venerable pipe puffer he was still a cantankerous, curmudgeonly old sod, Ed.*)

Terminal decline

At this point, quite a few chaps who frequent our rudimentary shelters would simply call McPish a prancing pop-injay (or perhaps a tad worse) and move on to their 'drink and drugs'. But, of course, in this Pipe Club periodical we would not plumb such depths. Therefore, to summarise, we proffer that we are witnessing the woeful tale of a rather tragic end game. Yes chaps, this could be the slow, tragic death of a washed-up old Outdoor Celebrity career; rather like an old dog who cannot lick his scrotal sack anymore praying for the last walk to the great kennel in the sky...

We do hope, however, before McPish crashes his 'copter he comes out of his shell-jacket for one last great hurrah and shares the bothy fire with the KPC, as we feel that the resulting room note aroma therapy and 'drugs' could at least make his demise a little less painful. That's if, of course, he would be prepared to lower himself to share the bothy fire with the dottle of bothy society...

A fitting metaphor? Will the McPishcopter serve as a shrine for ODKs or will it just rust away into oblivion along with his Outdoor Celebrity career?



"I felt it was time to do more to secure the future for my little granddaughters and that future is an independent Scotland."

- Cameron McPish

OUTDOOR KN**BBER** WATCH Cont.

Editorial note:

Here is some of the discussion that followed McPish's piece on Talkshitehighlands. Our Editorial team has kindly deigned to give their sage-like analysis on the kerfuffle.

Ruigh Aiteachan Bothy

[Ruigh Aiteachan Bothy](#)

by [Cairngormwanderer](#) » Mon Jul 24, 2017 4:05 pm

Cameron's article on the refurbishment of Ruigh-Aiteachain Bothy - <https://www.walkhighlands.co.uk/news/what-price-a-bothy/0016682/> - raises a number of issues which need to be addressed.

Firstly, he says: "Now, although I'm not a bothy user myself, I am aware that there is a current trend in Scotland for groups of people to drive as close to a bothy as possible and lug in enough booze, and often drugs, to make T in the Park look like a temperance party. Maybe I don't have as much faith in mankind as I should have but I couldn't help thinking that this bothy could now become a target for the druggies and party-goers with all the potential for serious damage to the new fabric of the building."

This is tabloid journalism at its (nearly) worst - complete hyperbole. After admitting he doesn't use bothies he claims as a 'trend' something which is far from that. The vast majority of bothy users and bothy visits are very responsible, but to say this and put responsible people off from using bothies just leaves the way open to the 'neds' to have free rein.

Then he says: "Thomas MacDonell hinted to me that if the bothy was trashed in any way he would be tempted to administer a charge for using the building, but I didn't think that was a good idea. I even suggested to him that if the bothy was trashed he should simply close it down." If you look at the planning permission, it was granted on the basis that the bothy remained a bothy - not paid accommodation. To then urge the estate to close the bothy down in the event of vandalism (and there have been no real problems with vandalism in Cairngorm bothies for many years) is, to put it mildly, not helpful. Apart from anything else, assuming the existing lease to the MBA is continued, it's the MBA who will be responsible for maintenance and any necessary repairs, so again Cameron is raising a false spectre.

As for the issue of firewood - there's nothing new there. Yes, there's a problem with people using dead wood for fires (campfires too) but that's existed for a long time and elsewhere. At Bob Scott's Bothy, in Glen Lui, and elsewhere, we encourage people to carry in their own fuel (coal is best, followed by firelogs). If people arrive expecting fuel to be supplied - and it isn't - that's when they are most likely to start foraging. It's a question of education: it'll take time to convince everyone, but go back 20 years and hardly anyone carried in coal; now, in the Cairngorms at least, it's quite common.

I'm not looking to slag Cameron off for the sake of it - generally I find myself agreeing with him - but I think he's produced a very negative article here and, given his self-professed lack of first hand knowledge of bothies, maybe he wasn't the best person to be asked for an opinion.

(PS, Yes, I'm in the MBA but, no, I'm not writing this as their voice).

by [WayneGault](#) » Mon Jul 24, 2017 8:59 pm

Deary me Cameron, I was really surprised to read your tone on the refurb of Ruigh Aiteachan. Lots of unexpected prejudices coming out there!

Druggies/ society's dregs? Pretty stigmatising language.



Indeed they do: there is a real need for these to be addressed Neil old boy.

Bullseye Neil. McPish really needs to have a word with himself. Perhaps, however, this was a golden opportunity for you to unleash your stock-in-trade pet-prejudice that a chap has to attend work parties as a pre-requisite for expressing any opinion on bothies? Then again we are talking about outdoor royalty here, so we suppose a chap has to mind his P's & Q's. We consider your forelock sufficiently tugged!

Er yes, Mr Logic eat your heart out. We're sure Mr Polvsen will be pooing his Y-fronts about now.

*Surely that's a false **BROKEN** spectre old chap? Stewth, you 'mountaineers' need to get your spectres in order.*

Is that the royal 'We' old bean?

Perish the thought! Perhaps, you being the 'go-to' Cairngorm chap and all, are less than impressed at McPish invading your patch? He does have an envious media profile (if that is your thing) though, does he not? Never give up old chap, your time will come...

Yes Wayne, truly shocking. Imagine sharing the bothy fire with this grumpy old chap? We hope you consider your membership of Talkshitehighlands carefully after this most unedifying episode.

OUTDOOR KN**BBER** WATCH Cont.

We've all got our reasons for getting into the great outdoors. Some because it is our NHS - 'natural health service'.

Years ago, at a drop off on a winter Forres to Blair Atholl walk, I had a great chat with the Ruigh Aiteachan bothy MO. He described the transformative experience people in recovery from addiction had coming to that bothy. He volunteered for a Glasgow addictions charity and would regularly take people up there.

I've never been disappointed in the fascinating craic and insights into other's lives to be had in a bothy.

Let's not label and stigmatize folk using bothies. We're all Jock Tamson's Bairns!

by [region of clouds](#) » Tue Jul 25, 2017 1:09 pm

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I imagine people in recovery are the group most keen to avoid being surrounded with lots of drinking and drug-taking?

by [KatTai](#) » Tue Jul 25, 2017 7:01 pm

I really find it hard to imagine the "dregs of society" as he puts it lugging a load of alcohol that far into a forest and looking at the map, it doesn't look that easy to drive there either. Now, I know a fair few bird hides have been misused by certain individuals for drugs, alcohol, air gun practice and fireworks were even set off in one hide, but these hides are easy to access with parking right next to them or a very short walk away, whereas most bothies are well out of the way. There are far easier places to get to for a drink/drug party if someone was wanting to do that so I can't really see that being an issue. Surely those that head out hiking in big groups expecting to be able to stay at a bothy despite the Bothy code saying that large groups of 6 or more should get permission or camp nearby would be a bigger issue...say someone taking a dozen boy scouts to a bothy...

Do I think spending £200,000 doing up a bothy is money well spent? Not my

Once again Wayne you have raised salient points. However, when a chap is addicted to himself how does one cure that. Perhaps that is why McPish doesn't go to bothies as there are simply not enough mirrors in them. Although for £200K we think that Polvsen could have at least catered for modest OC needs. Shocking.

OUCH! Perhaps you have a point though Cloudy old bean. Could it be that McPish has other habits other than his 'copter and campervan trips to the hills? Letters to the Editor please!

You'd be surprised Kattie old chappie. A chap that hides his birds is not a chap at all, unless they are total boilers of course. Perhaps that's why said chaps needed copious booze to help with their nocturnal activities with their birds?

EXACTLY Kattie. The best fielder in the world would never have stopped that cover-drive! Bothy points awarded.

OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH Cont.

money to judge if someone wants to spend their money on that fair enough it's their money and they can spend it on whatever they want to. Though it would have been nice for them to give me the money to do up my own house instead, not that it would cost that much so they could still have plenty to spend on the bothy as well 😊

by [NickyRannoch](#) » Tue Jul 25, 2017 10:46 pm



It's an absolutely terrible article.

Who would be arrogant enough to admit they know nothing about a subject but go ahead and write it anyway.

Also "dregs of society"? **** off.

by [Scraggygoat](#) » Wed Jul 26, 2017 12:03 am



So he doesn't use bothies but writes about them, a bit like writing hill walking guides to summits he hadn't ascended himself.....allegedly!

Oh for the return of 'The Angry Corrie'....plenty of mirth and a justifiable put-down to be had!

Yes there has been issues at some bothies in the past, it's not a new thing, and there will be occasional problems in the future.

The biggest future challenge facing several bothies is increasing use due to being featured in guidebooks promoting a certain long distance trail which will / is becoming increasingly popular in with time.....I wonder who jumped on the band wagon and wrote one of those guides.....

by [topmunro282](#) » Wed Jul 26, 2017 1:24 pm



No problem with Cameron raising this topic or the way in which he presents the arguments.

But for the record the MBA were listing bothies online well before the Scottish Bothy Bible was published.

My view is that renovation and the promotion of bothies as places of cultural and aesthetic value will only serve to improve the behaviour of the people who visit, and dissuade visitors with leisure objectives that aren't especially welcome in the great outdoors.

Anyone who buys the SBB is unlikely to feel persuaded to go and trash a bothy. They are more likely to find themselves investing in knitting needles and water-colour paints.

It's going to take a few years to get away from the idea that bothies are a cheap party destination - something which developed from the whispered secrecy of bothies rather than from good books and open discussion.

Sadly Nicky old sport the Outdoor Celebs do it all the time and dear old McPish is no different. He must be such a disappointment to all those—now disillusioned—ODKs out there in the knobbersphere. Still, you want a good time in a bothy a chap could always come along to a KPC moot where even the dregs are welcome.

Yes Scraggy, we've heard that McPish prefers to take the helicopter view...

Perhaps with the sad demise of The Angry Corrie you might consider a subscription to this humble periodical? Not that, of course, we would dare compare B&B to the illustrious Angry Corrie. Perish the thought.

Once again Scraggy you've nailed it. First line your pockets with some guidebook or other then moan when all the 'dregs' turn up and spoil it for all the fluffy ODKs. It's rather like a pusher complaining that his customers are stoned all the time...

Oh lordy, here we go... Dear Mr Greg Hackett, yes we know it's you. What pray tell do you know about the 'cultural and aesthetic value' of bothies with your wee Top Trump bothy cash-in cards?

Care to elaborate on what you deem to be unwelcome 'leisure objectives' old fruit? BTW do you speak English or just Business Droid?

On what evidence do you base that assertion? Besides have you seen the damage that a knitting needle can do to an anus?

This is vintage A++ ODK logic. Sir you have a shot at the King Knobber title! So, are you seriously saying that the fact that when bothies were 'secret' they were MORE likely to be trashed? Eh? So you and Greedy Chappie come along, cash in and publicise them and you think everything's fine, as you stroll to the bank?

OUTDOOR KNIBBER WATCH Cont.

by [Essan](#) » Wed Jul 26, 2017 7:26 pm



topmunro282 wrote: No problem with Cameron raising this topic or the way in which he presents the arguments.

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It's going to take a few years to get away from the idea that bothies are a cheap party destination - something which developed from the whispered secrecy of bothies rather than from good books and open discussion.



My view on books like the SBB and other publicity is that it leads to more people using bothies responsibly - and the more people doing that, the more people there are looking after bothies and cleaning up after the minority who misuse them

As you say, groups using bothies as "party" destinations arose partly because they were seen as places no-one else used...

There IS an issue of litter at some bothies, particularly those on new, popular, trails, but this comes from the sort of books Cameron has written, not books on bothies and bothying. And I am confident in time education will result in an improvement.

I do have some concerns about RA being "too" nice. But its going to be well used by a lot of genuine outdoor folk. The "dregs of society" wont get a look in.

Oh here we go... We wondered how long it would be before dear old Dr Essan turned up for a spot of unseemly snivelling. Yes chaps, Greedy Chappie'll never need paper with this type of sycophant about... Isn't it incredible how much loyalty a free copy of the SBB buys these days? Are you in for a further cut or are you working super-cheap these days old bean?

Bothies have always been a place where a chap could have a dram and a bit of a knees-up. We simply refer you to Mountain Days & Bothy Nights—the best book about bothies ever written... Surely you would agree Dr Essan, sir? AND—unlike the so-called Bothy Bible—MD&BN was not an attempt to cash-in on the back of bothies. Sir, we put it to you that it is the invasion of the ODKs (made simpler for them by their guidebooks) that is the problem; with their packs full of judgemental, pompous, Puritanical piety. Yes, the ODKs turn-up and find people not being ODKs and, er, the ODKs don't like it so they attempt to re-write history.

Perhaps you would care to try peddling this claptrap to some former chaps of the Creagh Dhu (Hardcore climbers for the uninitiated, Ed.), we dare you... You should be aware old bean that bothies are there for all; and that includes "party goers" as you seem to like to dismissively and pejoratively refer to anyone who is not an ODK. Why not just relax, live a little and get over it (and yourself) old chap?

"Genuine outdoor folk". Ah, Now we are getting to the nub of it. Whom are they, exactly, pray tell old chap? And we thought that McPish was a bigoted old hack. Crikey Dr Essan you could show him a thing or two with guff like that. Perhaps you would like to enlarge on "dregs of society" old boy? You really must kick that Clan habit as it cannot be doing your blood pressure any favours and what with you being a doctor of bothies and all. Letters to the Editor please.

OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH Cont.

by [Scraggygoat](#) » Fri Jul 28, 2017 12:17 am



I don't think how 'nice' a bothy is has any influence on it being used as a drinking den, or how remote. But is it the drink, or the type of drinker Cameron objects to? But is that really the issue (if there is one).

One of the pleasures and risks of bothies is you never know whom your going to possibly share with. I've shared with tramps to colonels and QC's, the chronically unfit to mountain / ultra runners, pacifists to special forces, novices to winter climbing tigers, and many more in between. Though I've yet to share with the **Kearvaig Pipe club**.....but you can't choose, which appears to be what Cameron would like.

The small party of colonels were all committed hill goers but had the biggest whiskey supply I've ever seen and were keen for us to help dent it. They had stayed up well past the witching hour on a dark pea soup foggy winters night because they figured someone would probably arrive late, and had put a torch in the window to guide people 'in' and having spotted us, had hot drinks, a selection of food and their booze supply on a 'help yourself basis' awaiting our arrival.....presumably Cameron would have approved even though they were 'well oiled' both nights and did fairly little on the hill (though on other occasions would have easily shown most folks a clean pair of heels).

Another time in a group of three we had settled in to a one roomed bothy accompanied by a bottle of wine, and a litre of whiskey, plus five courses of grub after a good day over the hills. When three other lads from a rough part of town arrive, a litre of spirit each except one whom had twenty cans of cider. They also had carried 10 kilos of coal, eight fire logs, a big bag on kindling, a sound system and other substances to a bothy farther from the road than Feshie. Yes I'll admit I did inwardly groan.

They were a bit embarrassed that they were impinging on our evening, and we a bit on theirs. We chatted for hours having all chosen a bothy to get away from 'it'. So we left them to it at one o'clock in the morning and bivvied outside in the snow. Presumably Cameron would have disapproved.....and I did to some degree.

however at seven in the morning they had got up to finished their supplies, and swept the bothy into a smarter shape than I've seen many Munro bagger do, because they wanted to let us have space for breakfast, and because they respected the place.

Now both parties and ourselves had more alcohol than your doctor would consider healthy, both were friendly in their own way, both were bringing a different character to the bothy from your normal pasta-and-tomato-sauce hill goer. All parties Loved wild and remote places, and none damaged the bothy or had individually overcrowded it, now I wouldn't want to regularly share with the second group.....but there wasn't really a huge difference between them in their week-ends objectives. Yet one would party would definitely irk Cameron. Drink, or Drinker?

Now I'll admit I've had nastier experiences at bothies, but if more folks were present it would be less likely, however 'more folks' at a bothy is a fine line between just right and bloody hell where's the nearest damp boulder that even Bonnies prince Charlie didn't look at to hide behind from the wind (or one night at the Hutchie before the stove enticed the non winter climber, with no floor space left for the bodies, four bivvied in the lee of the building, and three digging out a snow hole in the dark. Cue next morning for one hell of a kit faff and a race to baggsy the best looking line of ice on the crag).

Bothies aren't private (unless taken back by the owner and locked) but they are a limited resource, and that's really the crux; how are some bothies going to survive extensive and increasing use.....

"SCRAGGYGOAT almost FOR PRIMEMINISTER!"

Scraggy old chap you would be most welcome round a KPC bothy fire/table. Your insight and talents are most definitely wasted among the ODK wasters that inhabit TSH. We implore you to leave this dark place and come to where the happy people are! THE END.

OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH 2

More Bothy Commercialisation: Top Bothy Trumps and the Inexorable Rise of the COEVONs...

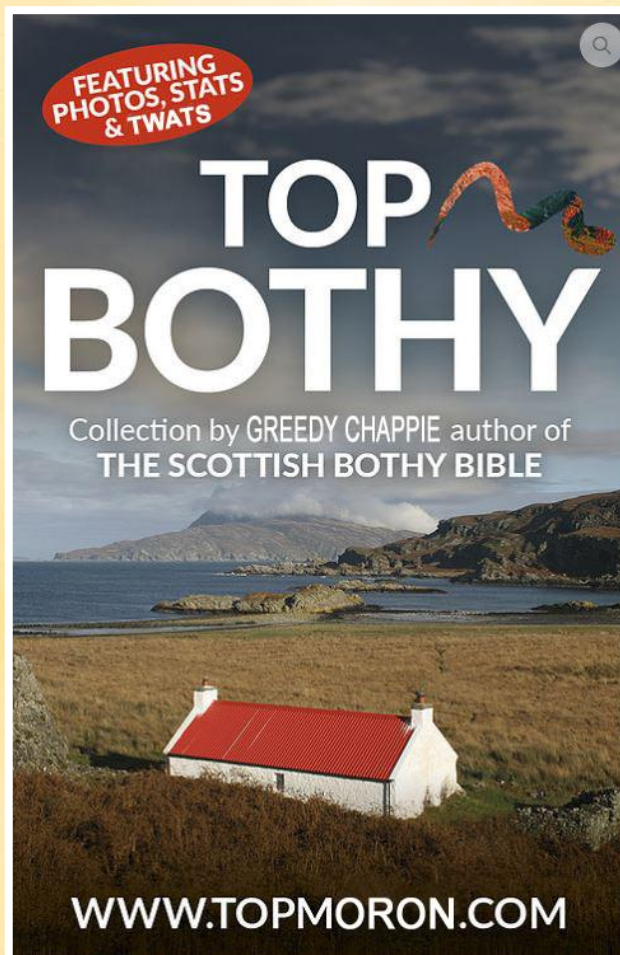
- ***Greedy Chappie teams up with Top Moron Ltd.***
- ***New bothy cash-in card game produced***
- ***New ODK variant identified!***

Top Bothy Trumps from Top Moron Ltd.

Following hot on the heels of Greedy Chappie's 'Bible', another vile pile of ODK *oomska* has emerged in the knobbersphere like some disgusting, avaricious, swamp monster. Just when you thought that the purveyors of bothy commercialisation had peaked, along comes another money-spinning racket aimed squarely at ODKs with more money than principles. Predictably, Greedy Chappie - the bothy greedmeister-in-chief - has a hand in this new racket. Yes chaps, this time ol' Greedy has teamed up with a pitiful peddling parlour that, until now, only peddled outdoor tat, in the form of trump card games such as 'Top Munro' to ODKs; whom no doubt seek some sort of misguided self-aggrandising validation of their weekend activities. Indeed the B&B Editorial team were aware of Top Moron Ltd. and their pathetic playing cards, but since they, historically, merely dealt with mountains etc. we simply ignored them.

Then, predictably, along comes Greedy Chappie, pole-walking his way up Glen Avarice. Greedy - seeing another bothy-based cash generating opportunity - has teamed up with Top Moron's owner, Lord COEVON, to produce 'Top Bothy'; based on the trump card game enjoyed by simple, working-class children in the 70's and 80's, although *their* trumps usually featured interesting stuff such as WWII bombers or ironclads. Essentially, Greedy has supplied the photos and Lord COEVON has put them on his trump cards for ODKs to purchase, in which, no doubt, the weak-minded fools will happily oblige. Paradoxically, the KPC has already developed Bothy Top Trumps (See B&B Vol. 4 Iss. 2, April 2015), no doubt much to the chagrin of

(Continued on page 21)



"A fool knows the price of everything and the value of nothing..."

- Anon.

OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH 2 Cont.

Greedy and Lordy. The KPC trumps were, of course, a spoof and never intended for sale as no one would be either stupid or avaricious enough to actually market such bothy-commercialising tat, right? Wrong. In the greedy-grasping world funded by the willing wallets of ODKs that is exactly what has happened.

Cease or be damned...

Upon learning of this Top Bothy tripe, the KPC gave Lord COEVON the benefit of the doubt and asked him *very* nicely to stop selling Top Bothy trumps (*And Greedy's Bible, Ed.*) – see Letters to the Editor (p. 43) on the grounds that only rum coves and rotters attempt to make money out of bothies. Now we have to say that the normally chatty (*Yes, when he's making a sale or prattling on Twatter, Ed.*) dear old Lordy was not all that forthcoming, and in fact, a chap may deduce that he was even a tad impolite. We believe that Lordy originally hails from Yorkshire. Therefore chaps, it is suffice to say that Lordy has brought any opprobrium upon himself.

Rise of the COEVONS...

Our chaps in the KPC evolutionary biology and taxonomy sections have been frightfully busy of late attempting to understand the recent upsurge in avaricious activity in the knobbersphere. Yes chaps, the ODKs seem to be rallying at the moment and ejaculating out all manner of guff like a freshly squeezed carbuncle, often in bothies themselves (See B&B Vol. 6 Iss. 3 pp. 18-21).

Since COEVON sounds like some sort of comedy alien species from the planet Sebastian, you may by now be asking what *exactly* is a COEVON? Well chaps, quite simply, COEVON is an acronym thus: 'Cost Of Everything Value Of Nothing', and although - like head lice (*Pediculus humanus capitis*) - COEVONS are obligate ectoparasites, they are, rather disturbingly, in fact human; a mutation to be precise. It appears, from our own in-house extensive research and the established literature, being a COEVON is actually a genetic disorder. Our chaps, with the help of the awesome computational power of Mr Chooglee™, have isolated the COEVON gene. Indeed the COEVON gene is a mutation of a normally healthy gene that has been exposed to certain mutagens often found in ten and twenty pound notes.

Of course it has already been long established that the Outdoor Knobber (ODK) is a human sub-species. Meanwhile our taxonomists have managed to determine where the COEVON gene (*A classic case of the selfish gene – just ask that Dickie Dawkins chappie, Ed.*) slots into human evolutionary biology and have determined the following comprehensive classification of the COEVON variant of the ODK sub-species thus: *Animalia, Chordata, Vertebrata, Mammalia, Theria, Eutheria, Primates, Anthropeidea*,

(Continued on page 22)

The following guff is an extract from the Top Moron website pumping their worthless bothy cash-in tat:

"Top Bothy is a fun celebration of Scotland's unique heritage of rural sanctuaries for ramblers, hill-walkers and mountaineers. In following up the best-selling Scottish Bothy Bible, Greedy Chappie has curated this collection of bothies which represent every Scottish region - from the Borders to the Islands. As well as providing a cheering game for cosy bothy nights, the pack offers an alternative shortlist for bothy-baggers with photographs, location maps, statistics and historical snippets! Each card suggests a walk-in start point and a potential hostelry where you can say 'goodbye' or 'hello again' to the 21st century either side of your bothy adventure."

(God help us... Ed.)



OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH 2 Cont.

Hominoidea, Hominidae, Homo sapien odk var. coevon. Now we appreciate that is quite a mouthful but Mr Choogle™ has crunched the numbers and it all checks out.

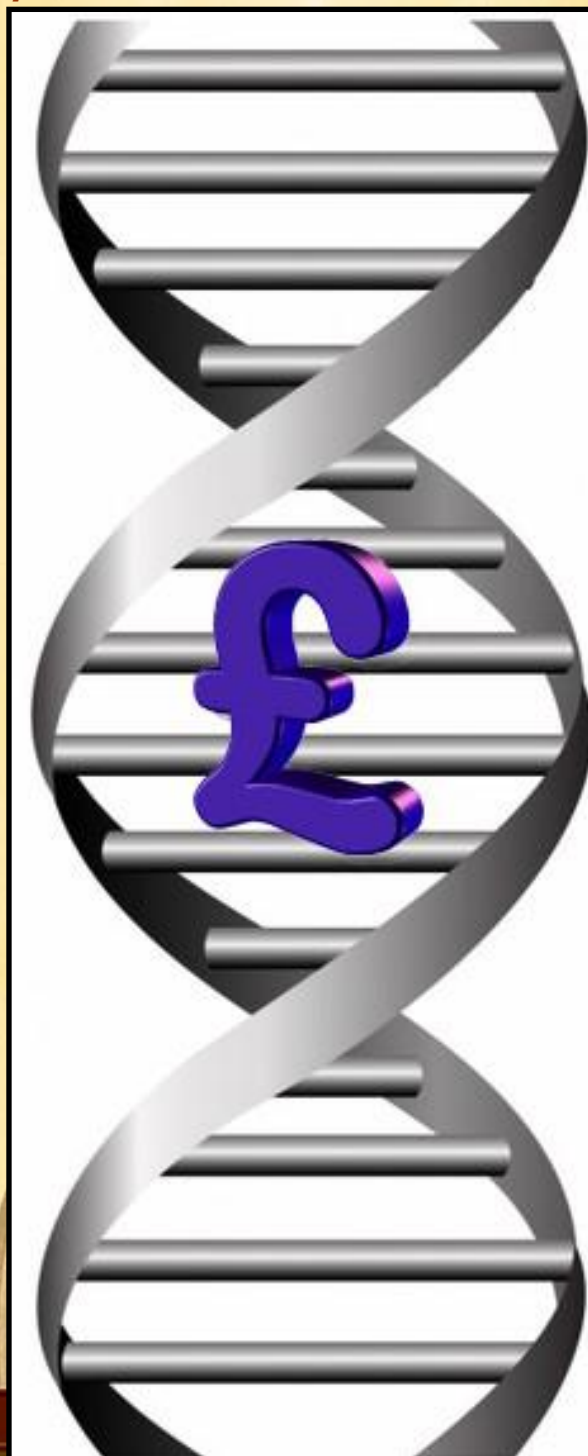
COEVON detection

Not all COEVONs work in banks or bordello front rooms. Yes chaps, some find their way into the countryside and subsequently into our rudimentary shelters, where all they see is a chance to cash-in. Indeed, if a COEVON was a nuclear weapon they would be akin to the neutron bomb: they obliterate all life, soul and culture and leave the bothy standing. Ergo, it would be highly advantageous for the bothying chap to be able to spot a COEVON with a high degree of certainty to enable countermeasures to be effectively deployed. Most Outdoor Knobberometers (*The reputable brands at any rate, Ed.*) will detect COEVONS as they share all ODK characteristics. The problem, however, is that today's Outdoor Knobberometers are not yet sufficiently advanced to differentiate the COEVON from the simple ODK. Obviously this anomaly needs rectifying urgently and is thus an important piece of work that needs to be undertaken and PDQ by Jove, as these blighters seem to be on the rise. Unfortunately, COEVONs also appear to be capable of human reproduction even if, as is highly probable, said reproductive capacity is only test tube/Kleenex based. Fortunately though, like the ginger gene, expression of the COEVON gene is double recessive. The COEVON, however, differs from the ginger person as there are some ginger folk that are totally sound. Mercifully the probability of a ginger COEVON is very low, but like many freaks of nature they do still occur; the famous pirate Redbeard and Chris Evans being notable examples.

(Continued on page 23)

The prototype COEVONometer. With its twin capability of ODK detection (LH dial) and then with some nifty signal modulation COEVON detection (RH dial), a bothying chap should be able to nail the blighters! Hopefully field testing will be finished by the time Greedy and/or Lordy come up with another bothy cash-in wheeze. Stay tuned to B&B for important updates of this exciting project.

Electron micrograph of the notorious COEVON gene showing the tell-tale mutation and subsequent disruption of otherwise normal base pairs.



OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH 2 **Cont.**

Analogue COEVON Recognition

So chaps, there you are enjoying your pipe and wee drinky in a bothy, wearing your tin foil hat (*For Cylon deterrence, Ed.*) and in walks a COEVON. Then, drat, the klaxon on your Outdoor Knobberometer goes off. Of course one tactic is to simply class them as ODKs (*Which of course they are, Ed.*) and get on with your bothy evening, but in the interests of scientific advancement we think it is important to understand and at least have a stab at identifying this new scourge of our rudimentary shelters using non-automated means rather like a hill chap not relying on GPS but instead sticking to his (paper) map and compass. To this end we have developed our very own cut-out-and-keep helpful 10-step recognition card:

(Continued on page 24)

PUBLIC WARNING

COEVON RECOGNITION CARD

Look out for the following signs:

1. A smug, shiny face, often supplemented with an inane grin.
2. Greedy, slitty, eyes.
3. Uptight, humourless disposition.
4. Walking poles, pair, one of.
5. A distinct puritanical streak.
6. Propensity for tutting.
7. The absence of a pipe or any other smoking apparatus.
8. Possession of The Bothy Bible and/or Top Bothy trump cards.
9. Incessant, dull, chatter about hills they have 'done'.
10. Being a total cunt.

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OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH 2 **Cont.**

COEVON countermeasures

Finally chaps, now that you are aware of your genetic superiority from the mutant COEVON and indeed that they cannot help themselves (*Nature appears to rule nurture here chaps, Ed.*) the obvious question is how – in the absence of a forced sterilisation programme - should we respond to their plight?

The woolly liberal chap would probably want to empathise and offer counselling etc. (*Or perhaps a COONSILLING? Ed.*) This of course is one option, but since the raison d'être of the COEVON is to cash-in by commercialising bothies and the KPC is not exactly replete with woolly liberal types, we think that a less woolly remedy might be more the ticket. Besides, COEVONS, like ticks, are obligate ectoparasites remember? One of our chaps has suggested repeating the word "prick" incessantly, at ever increasing volumes, until the COEVON takes the hint and turns tail. This rather blunt instrument might just do the trick for a short duration, but we think the reader will agree that several hours of yelling "PRICK!" is not conducive to a relaxing

bothy evening with one's chumrades.

Option 2 is to throw a tenner (*A fiver would probably cover it, Ed.*) into the bothy fire and watch the COEVON dive after it, and with a swift size 11 up the backside to help the hapless greedhead on his way he should self-combust splendidly. The smell and spitting from the resulting flagrated COEVON, whilst no doubt a joyous spectacle, might not be too agreeable so our chaps in the R&D department have come up with a much simpler, more agreeable and effective COEVON deterrent: smoke your pipe continuously, particularly heavy Latakia blends, as our R&D chaps have ascertained that the COEVON *hates* pipe smoke (*Probably because there's no cash in it, Ed.*) Ostentatiously blowing smoke *directly* into the COEVON's shiny, smug, face is particularly effective.

Essentially then chaps it appears that all a KPC chap has do is be himself and the COEVONS will be defeated. Ah, the benefits of KPC membership know no bounds, huzzah!

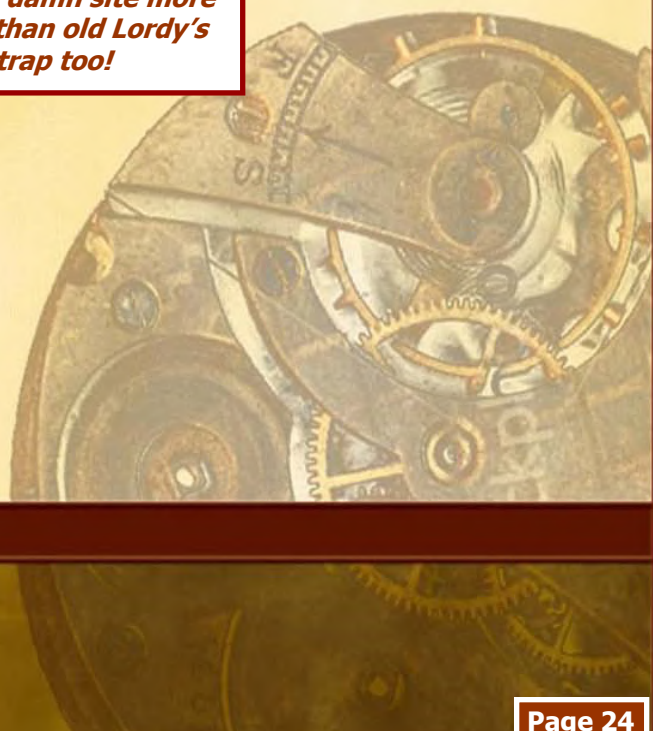
Editorial Note:

The release of Top Bothy trumps caused quite a stir in the Knobbersphere. Somewhat hearteningly, it has to be said, a few good eggs saw this tat for what it is and got stuck right in. Then, of course, the apologists woke up and had their snivelling. We have listed below the best/worst of the sublime and the bilge for your amusement. Read on!



Quite right Darren. Old chap. Bothy points awarded.

Be a damn site more fun than old Lordy's claptrap too!



OUTDOOR KN[🔍]BBER WATCH 2 Cont.

Richard Lyon
2 hrs · 👤

Good grief. Is there no end to the commercialisation of our wild country?

**TOP MUNRO
TOP BOTHY
CARDS**

What's better than a good card game to while away an evening in a bothy? How about a card game about bothies? Taking the Top Trumps format and following on from the excellent Top Munro packs, **Top Bothy** lets players do battle using the facts and figures of 32 bothies curated by Geoff Allan, author of *The Scottish Bothy Bible*. Along with six key stats with which to compete, other information such as location maps, grid references, walk-in points, the nearest pub (always useful) and an historical snippet are included for the enlightenment and education of the players. Top Bothy is available for £9.99 from www.topmunro.com

4

Hollis Brown
Unfortunately you can lay the blame at the door of the MBA. By authorising the greedy chappie (Geoff Allan), they have made a mockery of their own stance of being against using bothies for commercial purposes.

All under the banner of fundraising (which by the way is a joke in itself, considering how they are a cash rich organisation).

I will never renew my MBA membership again.

Just now · Edited · Like · Reply

It would appear not Richard old bean. This pipe club though, will be working tirelessly to expose this disgraceful behaviour and let the bothy-commercial-gainers know that what they are doing is totally out of order.

Indeed Hollis. The MBA speaks with forked tongue when it comes to bothy commercial use. On the one hand they bleat about commercial groups using bothies, then they sanction this twatwaffle. They are indeed part of the problem. It's a funny old world.

**"Greed has poisoned mens' souls."
- Charlie Chaplin**

OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH 2 Cont.

Euan MacGuzzi McGlynn
Oh dear, this is all going wrong.

vodafone UK 14:22 38%

Kevin Campbell
Gid fire lighters, give yee the boak so it wid

2 hours ago · Like · Reply

Iain Sneddon
I thought it was a joke at first. Sadly not

2 hours ago · Like · Reply

Andy MacArthur
Milking the hard work of others for financial gain - what a low down, money grabbing wanker

2 hours ago · Like · Reply · 2

Allan Young
To be fair, those cards will be far easier to stick up his arse :-). Sad thing is we will encounter wankers around the bothy fire with these. Good reason to carry an ice axe in all seasons 🐾

Andy MacArthur
Maybe bothy wanker top trumps would be an idea? Geoff Allan v Jim Kimmance?

20 minutes ago · Like · Reply

Allan Young
Would need a fair size pack o cards to

vodafone UK 17:09 14%

Kevin Campbell
Nae point calling the author names, he is most probably a nice bloke trying to make a buck. Now we start slagging off this book, we should also slag off previous authors about Bothies and for that matter Scottish mountaineering. It's an evolving culture we may not like it but unfortunately we got to live with it, Bothies are there for all as long as they are respected and maintained

2 hours ago · Like · Reply · 3

Succinct analysis sir!

We think it's time to come off the fence Allan old boy!

Splendid idea sir! The KPC is already producing Outdoor Knobber Top Trumps, which we suppose amounts to the same thing really... Of course we will cut you in on the deal. How does 90:10 to the KPC sound? We would even throw in a tin of Bothy Flake to sweeten the deal.

Why not Kevin old sport and what evidence do you have of him being a nice bloke? You are right there are other bothy 'guidebooks' out there that are also heinous, but they not actively promoted by the MBA for one of their own to line his pockets. We see no need to conflate Scottish mountaineering in the debate as, unlike bothies, mountains are not inviolable social spaces with a code that treats commercialism with a very healthy contempt. Bothies are and have always been there for all. That is again conflating a different issue with the scourge of bothy commercialisation is it not?

OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH 2 Cont.

vodafone UK 17:09 14%

Search

Neil Reid
Well said Kevin. Geoff Allan (and yes, I have met him, but no, I don't know him), if he's making any money out of this, is making it out of the work he put into the book, the same as any guidebook author, whether it's bothies or hills or cities. More, I think guidebooks like this have more potential to do good than harm, making more people aware of what bothies are and their vulnerabilities and needs. Don't understand people slagging off a guidebook so vehemently when their commitment to looking after bothies is so slight that they'll leave the MBA at the slightest excuse, nor that some of the people who have been loudest in slagging off this book aren't a lot more obvious at work parties, but hey ho. As for the card game? Can't see thousands of neds buying a pack of cards and then descending in hordes on the bothies, but I suppose you never know.
1 hour ago · Like · Reply · 3

Hollis Brown
workparty attendance is compulsory if you want to have an opinion?
Well I have attended a workparty, so here is my opinion.
Maybe if certain people (including a trustee at the time) decided against treating people like dirt on the bottom of their shoe, then maybe said people would go to another workparty.
I suppose then at least it would allow me to have another opinion.
6 minutes ago · Like · Reply · 1

Write a reply... GIF Post

Ah, the bothy commercialisation apologist -in-chief. Nice to see you to see you nice sir! Greedy Chappie and now Lord CO-EVON are commercialising bothies. Period. Do we Really Need to point that out to you old bean?

So chap, are you really saying that for a chap to qualify for any critique of the commercialisation of bothies debate a chap HAS to attend a work party? If we may say that is a staggeringly arrogant position to take don't you think? A chap might not attend a brothel but it would seem unreasonable to deny him a say on the role of the brothel in society would it not?

The card game is not aimed at NEDS but of course you are astute enough to be aware of that old chap. Even if it was aimed at NEDS you sir, are deploying a classic diversionary tactic here by attempting to shift the debate from commercialisation of bothies to the old chestnut of the 'mythical marauding NEDS'. How about the side issue of the Bible and this new Trump Card tat leading, deliberately, to the flooding if bothies with up-tight ODKs?

The card game - as you well know -is aimed at ODKs and is a shameless attempt to follow on from Greedy's Bible with the sole aim of making cash. If that sits well with you old chap then we implore you to reset your moral compass.

May have dropped a clanger there Hollis old fruit! That's the thanks you get when you try and help a bunch of up-tight ODKs. Still, lesson learned eh?

OUTDOOR KN[🔍]BBER WATCH 2 **Cont.**

Kevin Campbell
I understand why yr bitter **Hollis Brown** and I also have a few negative opinions about certain aspects of the MBA, you can't tar all MBA with the same brush as my own great many positive MBA experiences and good Mba personnel far outweigh the negative. We must remember everyone has an opinion but to change bothy maintenance and the way the organisation operates you need to be involved if not it will never change. That said I can firmly say the MBA has dramatically changed over the 30 yrs I've been involved for the better not the worse.
1 hour ago · Like · Reply · 1

Hollis Brown
I'm not bitter Kevin. The behaviour I witnessed wasn't directed towards me, it was towards other people that were present. It... See More
1 hour ago · Like · Reply

Kevin Campbell
Write a reply...

Kevin Campbell
Hollis Brown it may interest you to know the MBA didn't want grid references published it was the charity commission that forced their hand, I was at the management meeting when it was debated taking fwd a view from Internet forum users I was against
1 hour ago · Like · Reply

Hollis Brown
Well the charity commission or whatever its called now (oscar is it?) should be getting involved in this shameless profiteering.
58 minutes ago · Like · Reply

Kevin Campbell
Shameless profiteering lol 😂. There's no way this book is even going to pay for a bothy windie far less make the guy rich its no exactly Harry Potter is it, that's like saying the SMC should close down their publishing side because their books damage the moontins or Tebbits guide to public lavatories are resulting in over use of public lavies
minutes ago · Like · Reply

Although it's a moot point (as it is not the amount made it is the principle of commercialising bothies that is unacceptable) on what do you base the claim Kevin old bean that there is no money in this? Permit us to do some sums old chap. Greedy's book sells for £11.89 on Amazon (higher in other outlets but let's stay 'low', which would seem appropriate for this book). It is not inconceivable that Greedy will shift several thousand copies. Perhaps Greedy himself will declare it one day? Then again...

Anyway, an Author can be expected to make circa 33% of the cover price i.e. in this case £3.92 per book sale. X1000 that's £3920. Less the publicly declared advertising/marketing fee (euphemistically called a charitable donation) of 10% to the MBA that's £3528 per 1000 books sold. Not so bad. Multiply that by 10,000 and it starts to look like an obscene profit on the back of bothies i.e. places that are the very antithesis of commerciality. Eternal shame on Greedy and his enablers.

So Kevin, despite your blatant (and failed) attempt at deploying a smokescreen as to the true issue here, we put it to you that Greedy does indeed look set to make enough for Ted Moulton to come out of retirement and fit windows to quite a few bothies... Of course the one thing that Greedy's book has in common with dear old Tebbit's is that they both leave a foul stench in their respective architecture. It's a pity though that Greedy's book was not more like Tebbit's i.e. non-existent.

OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH 2 Cont.



So if Greedy DOES turn up in a Roller that would NOT be OK for you then old chap?

As independent observers we think it was fairly obvious who you were alluding to old chap... Just a simple apology would have sufficed.

Well now, charity legislation, there's an interesting one. Our backroom chaps have considered this one carefully in relation to the MBA pumping Greedy's book. The image below is a Screenshot from the Scottish Charity Regulator's (OSCR) website. We would like to draw your attention to the first point "Charities being used for private gain" - highlighted in pale yellow for your convenience. Therefore chap we put to you the following cold, hard, facts:

1. *The MBA—a registered Scottish charity—has ACTIVELY promoted The Scottish Bothy Bible.*
2. *Greedy Chappie is an MBA Official.*
3. *Greedy has privately gained from the sale of his Bible.*
4. *You do not need to know too much about the law to spot this one....*

Getting miffed about chaps not attending work parties does not help you case, but then again you seem totally dedicated to those that seek to commercialise bothies. Are you sure there is nothing we can do to help old chap?

Editorial endnote:

So on top of Greedy's Bible we now have a pathetic card game cashing in on our rudimentary shelters. A new low has been reached chaps.

It was heartening to read though, of a good few bothying chaps getting stuck into the REAL issue; the issue of bothy commercialisation and not get distracted by the tired divisionary tactics deployed by those who should know better.

Of course the silver lining to this particular odious cloud—as our research has shown—is that all a KPC chap has to do is be a KPC chap and we shall prevail!

What we can deal with

CLICK TO EXPAND

Regulatory issues that we want to know about include:

- **Charities that are being used for private gain**
 - Where a charity's independence is being called into question. We expect charity trustees to act independently of any private, government or political interest
 - When it is not clear who is in charge of the charity. For example:
 - one charity trustee seems to be in overall control of the charity
 - an employee seems to be in overall control of the charity, or
 - none of the charity trustees is taking responsibility - this can result in serious governance problems, which could harm the charity
 - When it appears that the charity's assets are at risk or not being used for charitable purposes
 - The charity is not carrying out the charitable purposes defined in its governing document
 - When an organisation is calling itself a charity when it is not (you can check if the organisation is entered in the **Scottish Charity Register**).

"A NEW TOBACCO"

From 'The Balconinny' by J.B. Priestley



The best thing that has happened here these last few days has been the arrival, through the post, of two pound tins of tobacco. Not that these were a gift; no such luck comes my way. I often receive copies of new books from publishers, yet nobody ever sends me a review tin of new tobacco. Why is that? I am far more interested in new brands of smoking mixtures than I am in new samples of poetry or fiction mixtures. Why is it that people are so lavish with books, of which there are far, far too many in the world, and so mean about other things? Why cannot we have a weekly paper that reviews everything and not merely books ~ After all, who really cares about books? Let us have a paper that notices all the new things - wine, tobacco, hats, chairs, typewriters, gramophones, pianolas, and so on and so forth. Some of the things, of course, would not be really new; the wine, for example, would be old, but from samples would be sent in from time to time in order that the fortunate reviewer (for we will still call him that and not 'taster') might call attention once more to its virtues. On such a paper I would readily engage to do the pipe-tobacco column, and do it too in the good old style: 'Among the younger Virginias, Smith's Light is rapidly,' etc.; 'Brown's is quickly proving itself a mixture to be reckoned with'; 'Once you have taken up Dreadnought Plug, you cannot put it down - or keep it down.' What a change it would be to have my table filled with strange bright tins of tobacco instead of books in gaudy jackets bristling with publishers' lies!

Now the tobacconists from whom I ordered these two pound tins steer clear of the bounce and brag and downright lying that is all too common in the literary, theatrical, musical and other worlds of today. They write me a modest little letter, in which they remark, 'It is not for us to sing the praises of this tobacco, but we think you will find that it has an unusually fine flavour, and it is absolutely pure'; which is, after all, more than you could say of some of our recent attempts at literature, which are described as if they were the very summit of man's achievement on this planet. But what was I

(Continued on page 31)



"The more we elaborate our means of communication, the less we communicate.

- J.B. Priestley

"A NEW TOBACCO" Cont.

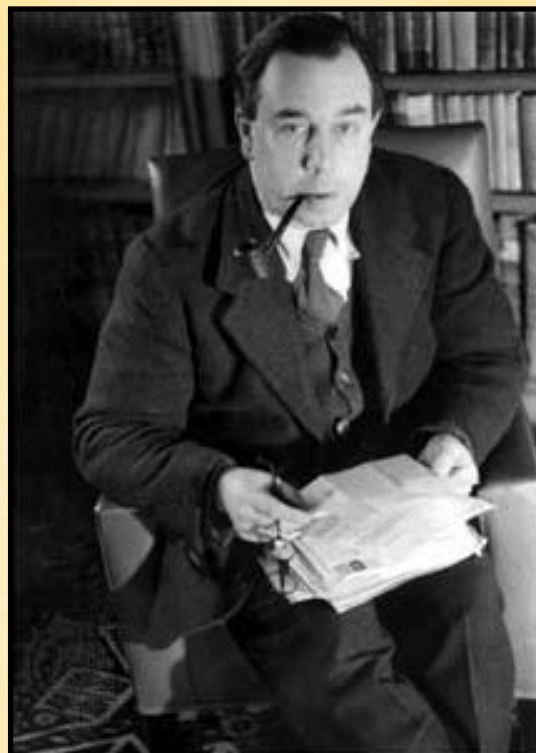
doing to be ordering tobacco in this way? The fact is, I made a most romantic discovery. For some time now, believing that a man should have some object in life, I have been looking for a pure Virginia, a quest that sounds, I think, sufficiently romantic in itself. Like many of my idle day-dreaming egotistical tribe, I am a heavy pipe-smoker, having long found it necessary to stupefy myself with tobacco in order not to feel too acutely the pangs of injured vanity, the shame of poverty and obscurity, and the constant prickings of a nonconformist conscience. However, I will not apologize for my pipe, for man, being terribly burdened with a consciousness, must dope himself in one way or another, and if he is not smoking or drinking he is making illicit love or denouncing something or somebody, delivering a message to all thinking men, passing unnecessary laws, drugging himself with a sense of power; so that it seems to me that my way of escaping the tedium of being conscious or the pain of thought is perhaps the least guilty, for smoky and blackened though I may be, I am at least amiable, puffing away.

Now my taste in tobacco inclines towards the Oriental. I delight in your full mixtures that are dark and heavily fragrant with Latakia and Perique, mixtures that hold the gorgeous East in fee. There was a time-you may say it was during my decadent period-when, determined to live only for the splendid moment; I smoked Latakia alone, like one of Ouida's heroes. Nor can I actually say that it seemed to do me any harm-though even tobacconists, who must make a handsome profit out of

the stuff, cautioned me against it and regarded me as a chef might who was told that I ate nothing but Christmas pudding-but it is supposed to be bad for the heart and it is certainly rather cloying. Since then, I have tried innumerable tobaccos, but have usually kept to the full-flavoured mixtures that have one foot at least in Asia.

Nevertheless I have always felt (prompted perhaps by some Puritan ancestor) that a man who smoked as much as I do should content himself with a pure Virginia. You notice that I do not give the adjective an initial capital: every sensible pipe-smoker will know why: pure Virginia tells you exactly what I wanted to find the shape of the thing in my thoughts, and 'Pure Virginia' does not. For some time, then, this has been my quest, undertaken without any flourish of trumpets, pursued quietly yet indefatigably. Unlike so many contemporaries of mine in authorship, bright but disillusioned fellows, I have had an object in life, and I do not hesitate to say that it has sustained me through many periods of great trial. It has also taken me into a great many queer little tobacconists' shops and filled my pouch and pipe with some very foul-smelling and evil-tasting stuff. If ever a man deserved the freedom of the city from Richmond, Va., merely for smoking his pipe, then I am that man. But there is, of course, plenty of respectable Virginia tobacco in the world, and I tried a number of brands that were fit to be smoked but that always stopped short of perfection, being too mild and monotonous, too heavy and parching, or, like the Clown's ginger, hot i' the mouth. Once or

(Continued on page 32)



"I have always been delighted at the prospect of a new day, a fresh try, one more start, with perhaps a bit of magic waiting somewhere behind the morning."

- J.B. Priestley

"A NEW TOBACCO" Cont.

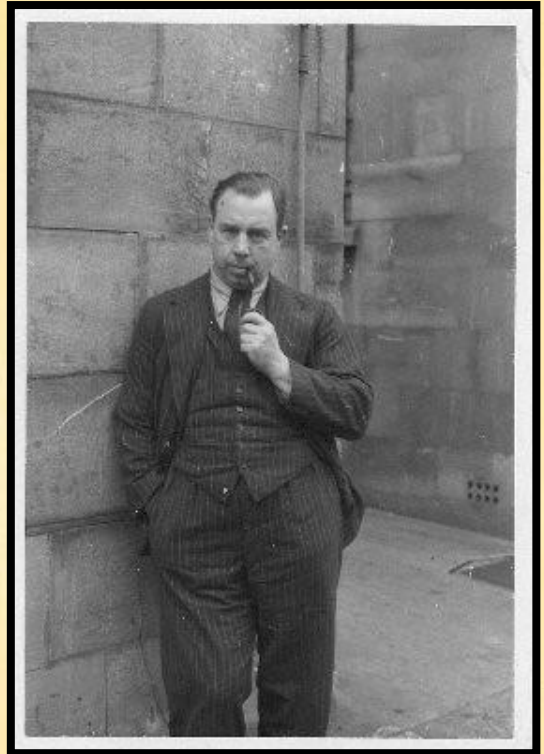
twice, even after a week's industrious smoking, I imagined that I had found what I wanted at last, that I need go no farther, yet always my fancy went straying on, discovering that here was not perfection; and I would go back to my mixtures, never keeping to the same one long, or I would make further experiments with Virginia.

Such was the position when we motored back from the north the other week. I was still hopeful but a little subdued, beginning to trifle with disillusion or to turn Platonic and console myself with the thought of ideal Plugs and Navy Cuts. Now comes the stroke of fate or chance that is to be found in all good romantic narratives. We broke our journey down the Great North Road at Doncaster, and there I discovered that I had no tobacco at all. I did not regard this as a real opportunity for research but simply as the domestic crisis so familiar to all smokers, and I hurried across to the nearest tobacconist's as any common puffer of pipes, your nearest ounce-packet man, might have done, the shop was rather small and in no way to be distinguished from the ordinary. I happened, however, that the assistant was engaged when I entered and that gave me an opportunity, all too rare in these shops, to look round, or 'browse', as they say in the book-shops. There was time for the mere hasty desire for fuel to be shredded away and clarified, for the instincts of the connoisseur, the collector, the explorer, to assert themselves. I cast about for a Virginia that held out the slightest promise, and when the assistant, who was a middle-aged man and not the all too frequent contemptuous female, came to attend to me, I asked him a few questions. The result was that I departed, sceptically, I must confess, carrying a quarter-pound tin of tobacco that he strongly recommended, a fine-cut rather dark Virginia. This tobacco is all that he said it was, very cool, sweet but not cloying (and therefore unlike those American plugs that seem to glisten with sugar and are like toffee), fairly lasting in spite of its being fine-cut; so good indeed that, as you know, I have just ordered two pounds of it and am puffing away at them this very moment.

I believe that I have found the tobacco I have long been looking for, but that does not mean that I shall necessarily stick to it. I have been told over and over again that it is better to keep to one brand of tobacco, and I am always meeting men who have 'never smoked anything else for thirty years, y'know and never fail to admire their constancy, while admitting that I am the very Casanova of pipe-smokers. There is, however, something to be said for this chopping and changing. If you are for ever smoking something new, trying another brand or returning to it to see how it stands in comparison with the last you had, you contrive to raise what is generally a mere habit into a conscious pleasure. Most smokers-and this is certainly true of cigarette smokers-have what might be called a negative attitude and not a positive one towards the practice, by which I mean that they smoke only in order to free themselves from the restlessness and dissatisfaction they feel when not smoking. Now I do not say that I, who am equally a creature of the habit, would not feel

(Continued on page 33)

J.B Priestley: writer, playwright, essayist, social commentator, indomitable chap, pipe smoker...



"I don't know anything in this lower world of taste and smell that has given me so much pleasure as tobacco."

J.B. Priestley, Rain upon Godshill, 1939

"A NEW TOBACCO" Cont.

Jowl by jowl: Legendary pipemen Harold Wilson & J.B. enjoy a bowl.



such restlessness and dissatisfaction if I were deprived of my tobacco but I do say that when I am smoking I am not merely, as it were, brought up to zero from a point below it. I am tasting and enjoying the tobacco all the time, fully conscious of its defects and excellences; and this is because I am for ever making experiments. And is it not strange that so little has been written about tobacco and the adventures of the smoker? I never come across anything on the subject except those general eulogies of the weed quoted so often by tobacconists, and purely technical treatises that mean nothing to people outside the trade. It is just as if all statements about books could be divided into observations such as that by Carlyle comparing a library to a university, and remarks about printing, proof-reading and binding. Why does not some enthusiastic but critical smoker artfully describe his traffic with the pipe, his nights of Latakia, Perique, Virginia? When so much is ending in it, why cannot we have a volume or two on smoke?

J.B. Priestly, 13 September 1894 – 14 August 1984



"Like its politicians and its war, society has the teenagers it deserves."

- J.B. Priestly

BREXIT Update: A Smoggier, Smugger, Lighter and Brighter Future!



A lighter Pound

Readers may be aware that since the Brexit referendum - when UK pipe smokers narrowly voted to nationalise their briars (*Not in that bloody treacherous Scotland though, which remains stuffed, like a bloated haggis, with all those McBriarmoaners though, Ed.*) - the Pound has fallen dramatically against the Kilo. This, of course, now makes everything in the UK lighter than in the EU. Therefore this fact, one supposes, means that Brexit Britain now has a distinct advantage over the EU; namely that in the event of sea level rises caused by global warming, Brexit Britain, being lighter, will float much higher than the EU. This rise to a *superior* topography will also, conveniently, snap the Channel tunnel, thereby simultaneously ridding Britain of its biggest rat-run, forever!

Lightening the load

Additionally, once Britain has kicked-out all those 3 million-or-so scrounging EU immigrant brain surgeons, doctors, nurses and research scientists etc., our beloved Albion will become even lighter. As a result of this combined and unforeseen Brexit dividend, we can forget all that namby-pamby-tree-hugging-Eurohippy windfarm nonsense and start burning that cheap child-labour Venezuelan coal again, as global warming will be seen as a

treat and not a threat to our light green and unpleasant land. Even if, as a result of burning more coal, the prevailing winds increase in strength, *Hurricane Brexit* will, serendipitously, blow all the extra smog across the ENGLISH Channel and North Sea to those EU/EFTA/EEC/Common Market/European Federalist Super state blighters anyway. A capital result what?!

(Continued on page 35)

Good ol' John Bull spearheading the British pastry-based snack campaign.



BREXIT Update: Cont.

John Bull baccy might be made in bloody Scandinavia (wherever that is) and is a tad pricey but it will once again be all the rage for Brexit Britain's pipe smokers.



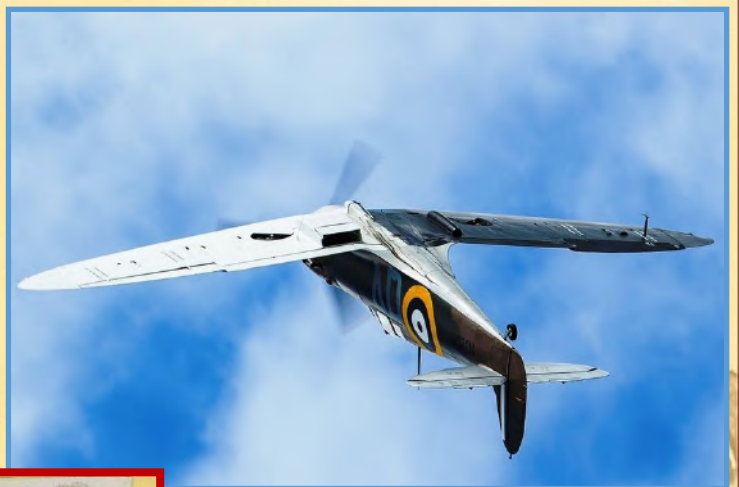
Pipe baccy price shock

A modicum of caution though chaps: before Britain's Brextremist pipe puffers get all smug in the smog, research by this periodical has shown that since the crash in the Pound/rise of the Kilo thingy, pipe tobacco - like everything else - is also now lighter, ergo it has become considerably more expensive. Still, waving a lofty goodbye to Fritz, Froggy, Manuel and all their other Federalist chums that we do not yet have snappy, derogatory names for, is surely worth the price of keeping Britain's home grown pipe tobacco as a *reassuringly expensive* product; or has that slogan already been snaffled by some mass-market brand of *Continental* lager? No matter, in Brexit Britain we can say and do as we bloody well like by jingo! We can now stand atop the white cliffs of Dover and proudly sing along with our beloved Dame Vera to a resounding rendition of "Oompah, oompah, stick-it-up-yer-Juncker!", with

our glorious Spitfires once again showing some *steely* duck egg blue whilst doing victory rolls overhead (*Essential indeed, since we can't use the bloody Eurofighter Typhoon anymore because of the 'Euro' prefix, Ed.*). In fact, for a supplementary ground based celebration, we propose a new British pastry-based snack called the *Victory Roll*, which, rather like the sausage roll, will be full of blood and guts, but unlike the sausage roll all profits from the *Victory Roll* will go to the Brexit effort.

The taste of Victory...

Yes dear reader, having taken back control of our pastry we can then imagine the resurgence of all manner of Great British traditions (in no particular order): British Bulldogs, warm beer, flat beer, cricket, Toby jugs, horse brasses, farthings & thrupenny bits, hyper-inflation, winters of discontent, chill blains, bent bananas, cowpox, powdered egg, rickets, chocolate & brown clackety-clack trains and over-cooked sprouts (*Not Brussels sprouts though, eh? Ed.*). Tally-ho, Rule Britannia, what! Yes chaps, what is there to fear except fear itself? In Brexit Britain we promise you that your expensive pure bred pedigree *British* Bulldog pipe with John Bull baccy will have never tasted so good, huzzah!



SERGEANT MATRON'S KPC COMMANDOS

THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS PRODUCED BY THE MAKERS OF CLARKS COMMANDOS SHOES



The Commandos are dying to get to Kearvaig for the AGM but the army is busy blowing shit up...



More exciting adventures next week!



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 and disc. 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.



Pipe Babe of the Month

Ahoy there! Well shiver-me-timbers, it looks like red-headed Rachel is raring to go on the high seas and bashing some hideous echinoderm or other. Perhaps this is understandable as when having to abandon ship even a fair maiden cannot be too choosy about her smoke or even her boat name for that matter! With her complexion, however, at least she will not have to worry about all that salt water rusting anything 'down below', huzzah!



The Only Pipe for Motor-Cyclists—

The O.H.V.

5/6

POST FREE.

Gives a cool, even smoke at high speeds—in high wind, and in rain. No sparks to fly out. Revolving and removable top of aluminium, easily adjustable to direction of wind. Owing to the Briar being matured by special process, and also to the scientific adjustment of bore, this pipe can be smoked when new without any harshness.

Free Draught. Exceptionally light. No clogging. Best finish throughout. English made. Hall-marked Silver Band. Equal in every respect to many pipes sold at 21/- . Refuse imitations. Money back if not satisfied.

J. SINGLETON, Suffolk House, Suffolk St. BIRMINGHAM.

Advertisement: Please mention B&B when purchasing your bike-pipe.

FLAKE NEWS

An occasional column dedicated to the wonderful world of flakes...



Kim Wrong-Un unveils his new commemorative flake. Beware, it smokes a tad hot!



Nice Try, But No Cigar!

Editorial note:

Once in a while the KPC Command Centre receives a pearl of wisdom amidst all the guff in our burgeoning mailbag that is not always immediately obvious. This was the case with a scrawled e-mail received from our resident silver-smith Argentum Bender. The Bender had contacted the KPCCC ostensibly to confirm his change of address details and to attempt a bit of money laundering by donating an old paper fiver. Nice try Argentum but the KPCCC were onto your caper before they attempted to use said defunct currency in the local tobacconist, although the self-service till in Tesco's seemed willing enough to accept the worthless piece of paper, huzzah! KPC 1, Faceless corporation 0.

Anyway chaps we digress. Amid Argentum's cryptic, inane ramblings that read like some sort of gibberish from a excruciatingly twisted Glaswegian Gollum, we deciphered an idea of sheer brilliance that prompted an emergency meeting of our Smoking Standards in Public Life committee (SSiPLC). Yes chaps, The Bender had spotted the blindingly obvious flaw in the new Winston Churchill five pound note, namely that dear old Winston was *not* smoking his trademark cigar. Quite how our Editorial chaps had not addressed this fact (*Although to be fair it was alluded to at the time, Ed.*) when we revealed to the world that the new fiver contained tobacco (B&B Vol. 6 Iss. 1 Jan 2017) by subsequently taking decisive action is currently the subject of an internal investigation and heads will roll by Jove!

Due to the severity of the matter and in an attempt to regain the initiative, the SSiPLC decided on an immediate course of action without comprehensive reference to rank-and-file KPC members. The action was to petition, by letter, Mr Mark carney, Governor of the Bank of England, regarding the glaring omission of Sir Winston's cigar on the new fiver. Below is the letter in full and the subsequent response from a seemingly decent enough Threadneedle Street chap named Malcolm.

Needless to say the response was not encouraging but KPCCC is placing this issue at the very top of the agenda for the forthcoming AGM for members to have their say.



The Kearvaig Pipe Club

11th August 2017

RE: The New Sir Winston Churchill Five Pound Note

Dear Mr Carney,

Whilst we appreciate that you are a busy chap trying to avoid troubling events such as global financial meltdowns and fending off brickbats thrown by those swivel-eyed Brexiteers etc., we hope that this missive reaches you in a quieter moment and that you can spare a few minutes of your valuable time in considering our modest proposal concerning the recently released five pound note.

Firstly sir, we would like to congratulate you on your masterful governance during the release the new polymer five pound note featuring the indomitable Sir Winston Churchill. A splendid effort, both in graphic design and robustness. And well done sir for standing up to those beastly veggie militants – this Pipe Club supports the select use of ancient materials such as tallow wholeheartedly.

There was, however, one feature, or lack of a feature to be precise, that raised the odd quizzical

(Continued on page 40)

Nice Try, But No Cigar! Cont.

eyebrow among our members; namely the lack of a cigar in the otherwise fine portrait of Sir Winston. The more obstreperous among our membership even considered this omission to be a sop to the anti-smoking brigade, even an outrage - a slur on Sir Winston himself - and were all for a literal run on the bank with a few, after a few snifters it has to be said, even suggesting a march on Threadneedle Street. Fortunately our more excitable chaps amidst our serried ranks were quelled at an emergency EGM when our in-house 'Smoking Standards in Public Life' (SSiPL) committee suggested penning this letter as a compromise, instead of any unseemly and ultimately counterproductive direct action. Having said that sir, our membership insisted, by vote, that we illustrate their concerns by pointing out that if Harold Wilson were ever (unlikely of course, being a 'lefty' and all...) to grace a banknote it would simply be unthinkable to have him portrayed without his pipe. We are sure you would agree?

As we are sure you are aware sir, for occasions of great gravitas, Sir Winston - who was of course often required to step up to the plate on behalf of our great nation - was almost *always* seen with his trademark cigar which he used as a prop to devastating effect. Can you imagine Sir Winston on such nationally pivotal moments *as "Fighting them on the beaches", "The Few"* etc. *without* his cigar? Therefore sir, we decided to go right to the top and we would like to petition your good self and thus the Bank of England into considering a special edition or perhaps even a re-issue of the 'Churchill fiver' with Sir Winston suitably depicted with his cigar. Our in-house graphic designers have informed our SSiPL committee that a tweak or two in the artwork should do the trick at minimal cost. Do you think that your Banknote Character Advisory Committee could find the time to consider our proposal?

We hope that you can find the time and the resources (perhaps a very thin slice of the QE budget?) to re-invigorate our greatest ever national leader to the status he deserves and enthuse an adoring public once again. Thank you for your time and we sincerely look forward to your reply.

Yours faithfully,

Sergeant Matron

**Head of Communications,
The Kearvaig Pipe Club**

See Page XXXXXX for the response from the Bank of England

We think Mark Carney could benefit from a cigar himself as his Winston impersonation is truly abominable. We suggest he sticks to tinkering with interest rates and such...



Nice Try, But No Cigar! Cont.



BANK OF ENGLAND

Sergeant Matron
Head of Communications
The Kearvaig Pipe Club

Public Enquiries
Communications
T 020 3461 4878
F 020 3461 5460
enquiries@bankofengland.co.uk

1 September 2017

**Please quote ref. on all
correspondence**

Dear Sergeant Matron

Thank you for your letter of 11 August to the Governor concerning the recently-issued £5 Churchill banknote, in which you express the Pipe Club's wish of seeing him illustrated with a cigar. May I begin by saying that the Governor is always interested to hear from those members of the public who take the time and trouble to contact him with their views or to seek clarification on various matters. However, as I am sure you will also appreciate, Mr Carney receives numerous communications and is unable to respond to them all personally, so your letter has now been passed to me for reply.

From time to time, the Bank of England changes the design of its banknotes to address issues such as counterfeiting and quality. As part of its programme of issuing new notes, the Bank has the honour of celebrating the contribution of great Britons and has included historic figures on banknotes since 1970. There is a wealth of talented people across a range of fields and, over time with the rolling programme, we seek to commemorate some of these. We know that the public have great pride in Bank of England banknotes and that there is much interest in the subjects that are featured.

Turning to your letter (which we read with interest), whilst we are delighted that you approve of Sir Winston appearing on our first polymer notes, I am sorry that you and your members feel dissatisfied at the omission of a cigar within the portrait. A lot of time and effort went into the note's development and it is always disappointing to hear when people are not totally happy with the result.

The production of banknotes is complicated, involving a variety of processes to manufacture a secure note of the highest quality. I am afraid the Churchill note cannot be re-designed, however, partly because of the expense involved (the cost of designing and manufacturing our notes is borne by the public purse). Bank of England notes are designed to be difficult and time consuming to copy by both traditional and computer-based printing methods, and their re-designing would have an adverse effect on the security of the banknote, which is why this would not be an option.

Apart from which, the lead time for developing a new banknote is not less than two and half years, which reflects the complicated work involved in its production and conducting the necessary production trials. Even though the inclusion of a cigar would not entail anything like such a lengthy preparation, it would mean the eventual withdrawal of the original note and introduction of a replacement, which would take time and be impractical. Coupled with the fact that the Bank has already spent £46 million on printing the new fivers to date, replacing them – even gradually – would entail huge further costs in the process.

And a final, important point: This particular portrait of Sir Winston is from a photograph taken in Ottawa on 30 December 1941 by Yousuf Karsh – in whose name ('Yousuf Karsh/Camera Press') the copyright remains. It is said to be one of the most widely-reproduced photographs of all time and is instantly recognisable by the public. It simply would not be permissible to alter the illustration as your committee proposes, which would in any case doubtless prove highly controversial.

Bank of England, Threadneedle Street, London EC2R 8AH T +44 (0)20 7601 4444 www.bankofengland.co.uk

Nice Try, But No Cigar! Cont.

But things might have been different so far as the depiction of Churchill and a cigar are concerned. Karsh recounts Churchill's mood and what actually happened in his book, 'Faces of Our Time', an extract of which may be viewed at:

<https://petapixel.com/2013/03/08/in-his-iconic-portrait-winston-churchill-is-scowling-over-a-lost-cigar/>

If you are interested, more information on the background to the Churchill note can be found at:
<http://www.bankofengland.co.uk/banknotes/Pages/characters/churchill.aspx>

whilst additional facts concerning how we choose those to feature on our banknotes is provided at:
<http://edu.bankofengland.co.uk/knowledgebank/how-do-we-choose-who-gets-to-feature-on-banknotes/>

Thank you once again for contacting the Bank of England on this matter, and for expressing the Kearvaig Pipe Club's views. Although this may have proved a disappointing reply, I trust that the foregoing will have explained matters. You may also be interested to know that the Governor is made aware of all correspondence addressed to him, along with the key points that correspondents make.

Yours sincerely

Malcolm Shemmonds

Malcolm Shemmonds
Public Enquiries

Please note, a copy of all incoming correspondence and enclosures where practicable will be filed electronically in the Bank of England's record management system in accordance with its standard record management policy and statutory obligations. If you become aware of any copyright work that you consider should not be filed in this way, please let us know and we will review whether it may be excluded from electronic filing.

Make Sir Winston great again! Despite the predictable, dead bat response from the Bank of England, we think our artist's impression of Sir Winston with his cigar will go some way to restoring KPC members' morale. Rest assured chaps, the campaign has only just begun and we will fight them on the beaches and... (Enough already! Ed.)



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.

Rudimentary tripe!

(Via e-mail)

Sirs,

Prior to the perusal of your excellent newsletter, this "Bothy Bible" and its associated twatwaffle had merely been a cloudy hordeolum at the mind's periphery. Indeed, the only former cognisance was during a visit to the bothy at Dryfehead - a serviceable habitation within the badlands of Eskdalemuir forest - whereupon a half-legible, scrawled entry in the notebook was seen to trumpet the distinction of said publication.

Now that the full horror has been presented to me, I must join with condemnation, and ask the adherents to this tripe - "is it true you bum puffins"?

Edmund Boig

P.S. A visit to Tunskeen - or possibly White Laggan - beckons directly and I would welcome any recommendations on said locale - or otherwise - from yourselves.

Dear Edmund,

Thank you for contacting the KPC and thank you also for you kind words regarding our newsletter. Are you a chap of the briar yourself?

"Twat waffle" is a most excellent description of the so-called 'Bothy Bible' and we are glad that you concur with our analysis of said bilge. Indeed, a heinous publication approaching kiddy-porn written by a self-promoting Outdoor Knobber of the lowest order. I don't know if you have had time to peruse our 'PLOG' page sir, but things have degenerated further still as there is now 'Top Bothy' trumps. This 'fun card game' is produced in conjunction with Greedy Chappie by a chap named Greg Hackett - an equally greedy chappie it appears - who

runs a dreadful, snivelling website called Top Munro which peddles worthless trinkets to ODKs with more cash than grey matter. We have contacted the odious and rather smug Mr Hackett to request that he stops peddling his bothy-commercialising filth. He has chosen to reply to us rather flippantly, a move that he may live to regret. If you have the time perhaps you too could rattle the bars of this charlatan's cage and petition him to stop selling this rudimentary tripe?

As for bothy recommendations there are many old chap, but I've heard good reports regarding White Laggan. Do let us know when you are out and about as it may be possible for our chaps to roll up for a splendid evening of chaparaderie.

Sincerely,

The Editor

Cannae Hackett?

The following message was sent to a Mr Greg Hackett, owner of Top Munro after the KPC learned of the production of Top Bothy trumps on the back of The Scottish Bothy Bible and subsequent replies were received:

"Dear Sir,

We are writing to request that you withdraw from sale your new 'Top Bothy Trump' cards and the associated Scottish Bothy Bible by Geoff Allan. One of the central pillars of the 'bothy ethic' is that one does not attempt to make commercial gain from them in any way and these products clearly breach this ethic. Mr Allan should be ashamed and he is not doing himself and more importantly our bothies any favours. If you understand the value rather than the cost of things, then I'm sure, being a responsible publisher, you will agree to our request.

Sergeant Matron, The Kearvaig Pipe Club"

Hi, thanks for your note.

Are your Bothy Flakes not commercial?

Kind regards,

Greg Hackett

Dear Mr Hackett,

You are welcome sir. No, the KPC does not gain financially from Bothy Flake.

A nice stab at a diversion but we must press you: will you be withdrawing from sale the top trumps and the Bothy Bible?

Yours,

Sergeant Matron

(Continued on page 44)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR Cont.**Cannae Hackett? Cont.**

If they ever make a profit I will give it some thought.

What do you do with your tobacco profits? Or do they just go up in smoke?

Greg Hackett

Dear Mr Hackett,

*Oh, an attempt at a jape! The only problem is that it is not remotely droll even when we allow you an ODK humour discount. Perhaps you should cut your losses (and regain your dignity) and stop **before** you make a profit or loss? This Pipe Club would sing your praises very loudly if you did. Can you not see that these products undermine the whole ethos of what bothies are about?*

Like I said previously we do not get any money at all from Bothy Flake. Besides, the use of a single image of a bothy on an tin of tobacco is world's apart from your cards and Mr Allan's book that parasitise bothies, as I'm sure you astute enough to appreciate. Images of bothies have been used in other books, blogs and items whose sole purpose is not to make money on the back of the bothies themselves and we have no problem with this.

Yours,

Sergeant Matron

Editorial Note:

And that was the last that we heard from the less-than forthcoming Mr Hackett regarding his pitiful products. Funny how he went all coy when presented with a few home truths. We shall be keeping a watchful eye on this rum cove and his associated "twatwaffle". Mr Hackett was also petitioned by KPC member Abdul (bothy points awarded)—see below.

Abdul v aDullard!

Hi Abdul,

Thanks for the note and very sorry you feel that way. We think we've put something out there which encourages respect for bothies, the locations of which have been public for some time. I think generally many people feel they want to protect bothies from change, but at the same time they are frustrated by the way bothies are often treated. I'm not sure I agree we are commercialising bothies but I do think we want to improve the experience of people who use them, and in that I hope we can agree.

Kind regards

Greg Hackett

Dear Mr Hackett,

Thank you for your prompt reply. If your website condones and promotes dubious books about bothies, then you, sir, are promoting the commercialisation of bothies.

Yes, all the info, is out there, not helped by the MBA publishing map refs. That is still no excuse for your website to promote blatant money making publications on the back of years of hard work by volunteers. Re-consider this course of action or risk becoming a pariah amongst real bothy enthusiasts, whom don't need map refs, i.e. they learned by word of mouth over the years.

Now you see? You miss the crucial point, if you could be trusted, bothy dwellers would impart info freely, if not you they kept schtum. No choice with a money making book that the MBA has disgracefully endorsed. Bothies appear in German travel guides now! And you're not helping...

Yours fumingly,

Abdul

Well done Abdul old chap! A bucket load of bothy points awarded.

The Editor

KPC links up with the PC of London

Good afternoon Sergeant,

Thank you for your e-mail message, apologies for my late reply. Congratulations on an interesting and amusing website. I thoroughly enjoyed my visit and am more than happy to add a link to the KPC on our website. I have asked our webmaster to install as soon as possible.

If you or any of your members are in the area on the second Tuesday or third Saturday of each month then please do join us to enjoy a bowl or two.

Best wishes

John Green, Pipe Club of London

Dear John,

Top hole! Our chaps would certainly enjoy a smoke with you chaps when, down in, er, the Smoke.

Sincerely,

Matron

Chappelle beguiled by Kearvaig...

Hi,

I visited Kearvaig and Cape Wrath 2 weeks back met John [The Major] awesome chap :). Would love to attend sometime. Fallen in love with Kearvaig I could live there so idyllic!

Regards,

Helen Corscadden

Dear Helen,

Splendid to hear from a chappelle and we are glad that you had a splendid time and moreover you met the Major of one of his better days. Feel free to pile in whenever. Bring your own pipe!

Yours,

Matron

(Continued on page 45)

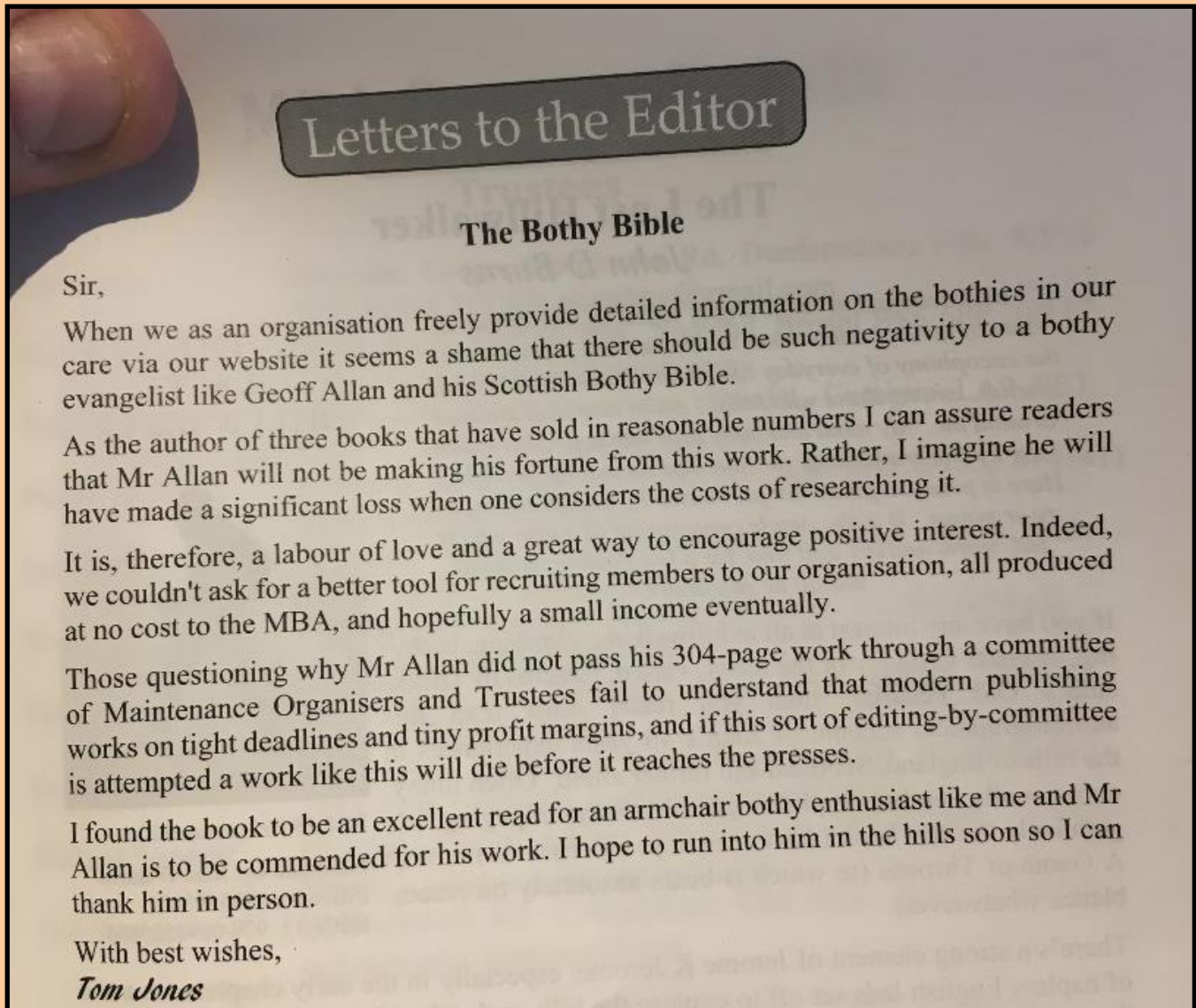
Tom Jones Sings the Praises of The Bible!

Sir,

I found the following sycophantic shite in the latest edition of the MBA newsletter that I thought the Editorial team at B&B may be interested in.

Regards,

Tealight



Dear Tealight,

Thank you for bringing this dreadful claptrap to our attention. It is heartening to know that there is a substantial groundswell of "negativity" out there in the bothysphere re. The Bible, and that that disquiet extends (as we know already) to many MBA members who have spotted their organisation's collective loss of principles. Predictably, rather than addressing the real issue of commercialising bothies, dear old TJ has also deployed the classic diversionary tactic, so popular among ODKs, of discussing how much money Greedy will make from his Bible.

Of course Tom Jones is well known and considered by some to be a very talented light-entertainment artist, so it is a tad surprising that he could not resist a bit of self-promotion by using the MBA Letters page to let the world know he is now an author too. Although It's Not Unusual for a singer to become an author, we've had a peek at TJ's books and we venture that they will not sell quite as well as his records. Indeed, we think that he would be better advised to sticking to getting sticky knickers thrown at him by frustrated, fat, housewives at his gigs, instead of browning his nose on Greedy's undies.

Sincerely,

The Editor

WORLD PIPE NEWS

Unlike the PC prudes at the Bank of England, those staunch chaps over at Norwegian Air International are not running scared of the anti-smoking lobby and are happy to put a legendary pipe smoker on their aircraft as part of their 'Tailfin heroes' series. Readers will no doubt immediately identify Tom Crean, one of the true heroes of Shackleton's 1914-17 Endurance expedition, with his customary briar clenched in an Antarctic-defeating jaw. Top hole!



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

Sing your kids a lullaby with the new KPC's recommended musical child-minding service. The Rev. loves to play for and with kids and smokes only aromatics so your kids will love him!

