



'*Briar & Bothies*'

The newsletter of
THE KEARVAIG PIPE CLUB

BINGAE
FIXED IT
FOR ME

A Crap-Chap Flap: The 2017 AGM, Kearvaig, 30th Sept. - 01st Oct.

High Chapparel! It's not often that a rudimentary shelter will host such a sartorially eclectic collection of sharp-dressed chaps: just look at those young KPC blades go with an almost awe-inspiring display of Crap-Chappery at the 2017 AGM.



Securing the perimeter

Unlike the last couple of years there had been no advance reports of any MOoves to thwart the deployment of the KPC AGM troops up at Kearvaig. The army, however, *had* deployed their red flags, but the chaps decided that they would just plead collective colour-blindness if Colonel Blimp happened to turn up with a brigade or two. Considering their sartorial efforts, this explanation was considered to be entirely plausible by the said gathered KPC stalwarts.

In time-honoured fashion, however, taking no chances the Major and the Special Bothy Service (aka The Puffins) had decided to undertake a pre-emptive strike and secure the perimeter, and this year they made use of some unusual recruits from a decidedly rag-head-an-bob-tail unit that had lately been hiding out up at the Cape. See p.2 for the Major's full mission report.

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"The wise man doesn't give the right answers, he poses the right questions."

- Claude Lévi-Strauss

The 2017 AGM Cont.

2017 PRE-AGM MISSION REPORT

**CODENAME: FLATWAH FIVE GO APESHIT AT KEARVAIG
23:00 HOURS, ZULU TIME, 20TH SEPTEMBER 2017**

SARGE,

IN AN ATTEMPT TO IMPROVE MILITARY PROWESS WHICH WAS OBVIOUSLY TOTALLY LACKING DUE TO THE PREVIOUS INVOLVEMENT WITH LOCAL PARTISANS AND THE T.A. NOT TO MENTION THE 'DONKEY DEBACLE' LAST YEAR, I ENLISTED THE ASSISTANCE OF MR CHOOGLE™ AND CHIMP'S CORNER TO ENLIST THE RENOWNED MILITARY STRATEGIST MR BEAN. THINGS BEING AS THEY ARE WITH THE SPHINCTERNET AN INTERFUCK-UP ENSUED AND CHIMP'S CORNER ENLISTED THE ASSISTANCE OF THE MOOHAJADEEN. FORTUNATELY, ASSIMLA BIN LADEN AND HIS BOYS HAVE BEEN HOLIDAYING AT CAPE WRATH SINCE 2011. ON FIRST CONTACT WITH ASSIMLA, HE RE-ITERATED THAT THE CAPE WAS JUST LIKE HOME: SHIT WEATHER, INDISCRIMINATE BOMBING AND A GREAT ABUNDANCE OF FUCK ALL.



ON CATCHING A GLIMPSE OF ASSIMLA AND THE BOYS, THE BLACK OPS YANK SPECIAL FORCES GENERAL WHO WAS OVER HERE TEACHING US HOW TO BE A BAS ASS MUTHA, AND POP A CAP IN SOMEONE'S ASS, AND SHOW THEM WHO'S BOSS, AND DON'T TAKE NO SHIT BOY, AND UNCLE SAM, AND OLD GLORY, AND GOD BLESS AMERICA, AND ON AND ON AND ON, THREW AWAY HIS GUNS, GRENADES (SMOKE, PHOSPHORUS, FRAGMENTATION) KNIVES, GARROTING WIRE, CS SPRAY, NERVE AGENTS, DEPLETED URANIUM AMMO, STEALTH CROSSBOW, HARPOON AND BOOMERANG, AND TOOK TO THE HILLS. HE WAS NOT SEEN AGAIN. CONGRESS HAS NOMINATED HIM FOR THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE; LUCKY BASTARD.

IN AN EFFORT TO KEEP THE CONVERSATION LIGHT, AIRY AND JOVIAL, I PROFFERED THE QUESTION: "I THOUGHT THAT YOU HAD BEEN BRUTALLY MURDERED BY BEING SHOT IN THE STOMACH AND FACE BY US SPECIAL FORCES." IN REPLY ASSIMLA SAID DUE TO ZERO AVAILABILITY OF COMMUNICATIONS ON THE CAPE HE WAS NOT UP TO DATE ON CURRENT AMERICAN MURDERS, BUT BY COINCIDENCE HE HAD NOT RECEIVED A LETTER FROM HIS COUSIN IN OVER A YEAR, AND IF THERE HAD BEEN A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY AND THE US HAD INDEED BUMPED-OFF HIS COUSIN 'RASHEID' - WHO IRONICALLY HAD THE WORST CASE OF ACNE IN THE MIDDLE EAST - THEY WOULD HAVE TO BE "SINKING HIS POOR BODY TO THE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN" TO COVER THEIR INEPTITUDE.

ON HEARING MY REQUEST OF ENLISTMENT TO ATTACK AND SECURE THE BOTHY FOR 4 WEEKS TO ENSURE A SATISFACTORY, AGM ASSIMLA REPLIED: "INSHALLAH, ARE WE INVITED AS WE HAVEN'T HAD A PISS-UP IN AGES?" I REPLIED: "MBA CASA SU CASA" OLD CHAP.

TO THIS END, I SUGGEST THAT PRIOR TO THE AGM THE KPC TROOPS BRUSH UP ON THEIR ALLAHU AKBAR'S AND KEEP THE JOKES RELATING TO A CHAP'S MIDDLE-EASTERN ORIGINS TO A MINIMUM (3 AN HOUR).

MAJOR ELLIS DEE AND THE PUFFINS

MISSION FOOTAGE ON P.3

**"UBIQUE! QUO FAS ET GLORIA DUCUNT"
(Everywhere! Where Right and Glory Lead, ya cunt)
- The Royal Regiment of Artillery**

OPERATION FLATWAH FIVE GO APESHIT AT KEARVAIG: Although they might not look cut-out for such a tough operation, Assimla and the ISIK (Infidel Smokers In Kearvaig) MOohajadeen pull a daring raid to target and secure the bothy for the AGM. Once again the average rank-and-file KPC laggard owes a debt of gratitude to The Puffins and their unlikely allies...



The 2017 AGM cont.

The AGM Journeymen

This year the AGM was graced with a marvellously geographically diverse gathering of oddballs and misfits, from as far afield as Cape Wrath to Deutschland and points in between. Yes chaps, several mini-adventures were had just getting to the holy land of Kearvaig:

A Hackney carriage for a Hobo and a Wirepuller

In a bid to cut costs the Hackney Hobo journeyed north from Suffolk to the Badlands of Warrington (*Wirepuller country—a semi-affectionate term for a chap from Warrington, Ed.*) in his Hackney carriage to collect Abdul. These chaps had never before shared the bothy fire, let alone the road to the magical northwest and they journeyed north in true vagabond style. During their curious Odyssey, these chaps stopped off for a night at GDL bothy before camping at Applecross where they managed to not ingratiate themselves splendidly with the uptight types at the exuberantly priced Applecross Inn – bothy points awarded; to the chaps that is and not said hostelry, ahem. Prior to arrival at the Sango Sands RV they also included an overnight at Craig bothy where they reported that copious smoking had occurred and the place to be in fine fettle. If fact, by the time they reached the RV on the afternoon of the 29th, their bromance had blossomed into something to behold, or perhaps not. Whatever the outcome of the *Thunderbolt & Lightfoot* impersonators, it was a splendid effort indeed to reach the promised land.

Every cloud has a silversmith lining

Argentum Bender had headed north from Weegieland the weekend before the AGM, but due to a fiendish combination of technical problems and duff information from a local bus driver (*Was this some AGM chaff thrown up by the MOo and/or her lackeys? Ed.*) from the Highland public transport system, such that it is, our resident silver-

smith had taken a full three days to get to Durness; about the same time it took for those Apollo 13 chaps to get to the moon, although, admittedly, Argentum lacked access to a Saturn V. Anyway, the Bender's enforced and prolonged stay in Inverness was compounded by getting caught up in some sort of running event thingy, where the streets were thronged full of sweaty people not smoking (*He might as well have been on the bloody moon, Ed.*). This left the Bender dangerously exposed and liable to unwanted attentions of the local constabulary as he wandered the grimy streets of Inverness like some down-on-his-luck Pipe Club vagrant, at least according to his fevered imagination at any rate. In the event, our chap made it out of Inverness without a stay in the cells and was ensconced up with the Major at his quarters with a few days to unwind from his public transport travails prior to the AGM. The ever helpful chaps at the KPC Command Centre have since enrolled the Bender on a timetable comprehension course as a matter of urgency.

The Tealight express

Tealight was up for getting to the far northwest as rapidly as possible (*Must have a been a two for one deal on beer at the Durness Spar, Ed.*), so he had set off from the equally grimy streets of Hamilton to collect Dazbo on the evening of the 28th after his late shift on the even grimmer streets of Dunfermline. Their plan was to camp midway at one of the numerous scenic laybys in the magical NW. With the zeal all too common among the not-yet-full-member-of-the-KPC type chap, however, Tealight was determined to push on and thus make the journey in a oner. This admirable grit was aided by the rather splendid new pipe rack addition to his van's dashboard, thus a permanent bowl was facilitated all the way to Durness – bothy points awarded. Although overtaking plod on the

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The Men That Don't Fit In: The Beast and the Count share the fire at Strabeg in a pre-AGM moot.



The 2017 AGM cont.

A9 whilst grinning inanely and sparking up a full bowl was, perhaps, ill-advised... (*At least he did not throw a beer can at them, Ed.*) Indeed chaps, rather than take the soft lads' option of a relaxed camp at a tranquil spot by a remote wayside lochan, Tealight and Dazbo made it to Sango at dark o'clock and proceeded to get suitably lubricated in chumly fashion in the back of Tealight's van before collapsing in the wreckage like a pair of Transitformers. Some may say that this arrangement was "cosy", others may say "imminent gay wedding".

Trouble an' Fifers

In another unlikely Bromance, Bingae and Cave Fud had opted to hurtle up the Loch Shin route on the Friday in the bijou Bingae-mobile, sporting mirrored aviators all the way. Their sojourn was notable for the fact that they never got lost, broke down and that they stopped at a minimal number of convenience stores along the way for supplies. They arrived at Sango at teatime grinning like pumped-up extras from Miami Vice, only with a touch less panache.

Count down for the AGM...

Out staunch German member Count Blofeld von Bamberg had long since desired to attend the KPC AGM. So it was, on a splendidly fresh and bright morn, a freshly pomaded Count (*Bothy grooming points awarded, Ed.*) sporting his new Fidel Castro-cum-IS beard, was greeted by Matron at the Inverness air terminus on the morning of the 28th. Due to a favourable Jetstream and the fact that he had not flown Ryanair, the Count's flight from the Fatherland landed agreeably early. After stopping at a local emporium for supplies, the chaps then set off in a packed-to-the-gunwales Matron-mobile via Ullapool for a spot of inselberg spotting along the wonderfully scenic drive northwards. Their plan was to meet The Beast at Strabeg for

an overnight stop prior to the RV at Sango. Sadly, The Beast could not make the AGM this year (*Oh dear, another interminable year to wait for our thespian chap for the coveted full member status, Ed.*) but he greeted the chaps splendidly with a pre-warmed bothy. During a sometimes breezy and dreich evening, The Beast performed a splendid fireside recital of 'The Men That Don't Fit In' by Robert W. Service and 'Journey of the Magi' by T.S. Eliot, fortunately—for comprehension's sake—before the sniffers were liberated from the hip flask. This choice of poems seemed rather apposite as it is often the case that the KPC chap, by choice, simply does not fit in and in the cosy environs of the rudimentary shelter that night the odd trio did indeed resemble Three Kings.

After a fond farewell to The Beast, Matron and the Count sojourned to Sango where they were greeted by Tealight doing something approaching the Funky Gibbon atop his Transit van. The seasoned bothying chap would no doubt regard this almost amusing act as a disturbing portent for a long weekend in a rudimentary shelter. And he would be quite correct.

The Gathering

Sango Sands campsite was abuzz with rumour when the KPC appeared. Anxious mothers shielded their daughters' eyes from the newly arrived brigands. Yes chaps, the sickeningly smug Northern 500ers in their equally sickeningly smug motorhomes, soon scattered to the extremities of the site when they saw the beer crates stacked in a structure reminiscent of a WWI machine gun nest. Add to that Badass-Bingae in his mirrored aviators chomping on a cigar and the site was, quite simply, *ours*.

Following on seamlessly from Tealight's higher primate rituals, Dazbo's (*Yes, the world's best car-camper despite*

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Tealight plays to a packed house at Sango Sands.



The 2017 AGM Cont.

not having a driver's license, Ed.) famous, gargantuan *Dazebo* was soon erected (after some nifty repairs by the KPC's cable-tie technicians, namely Tealight and Matron, involving some redundant steel pipe or possibly Bren gun barrels) which included a large table that was then set for a chimp's, or, more likely, *chumps'* (*Bothy-speak for portly chimps, Ed.*) tea party.

It was an early start to a late night. Yes chaps, once again the trigger was pulled early and if it was not for the some much needed ballast proffered by Tealight's substantial curry the results may have been catastrophic. The *Dazebo* had never seen a fug like it and coupled with some live music and fine ale a most convivial gathering it was. Of course with this combination the resulting cacophony can be a tad trying for fellow campers and the KPC would like to take this opportunity to apologise to anyone affected by our merriment, except of course all those Northern 500 motorhome numbskulls who deserve all the sleepless nights they get.

Crossing The Kyle

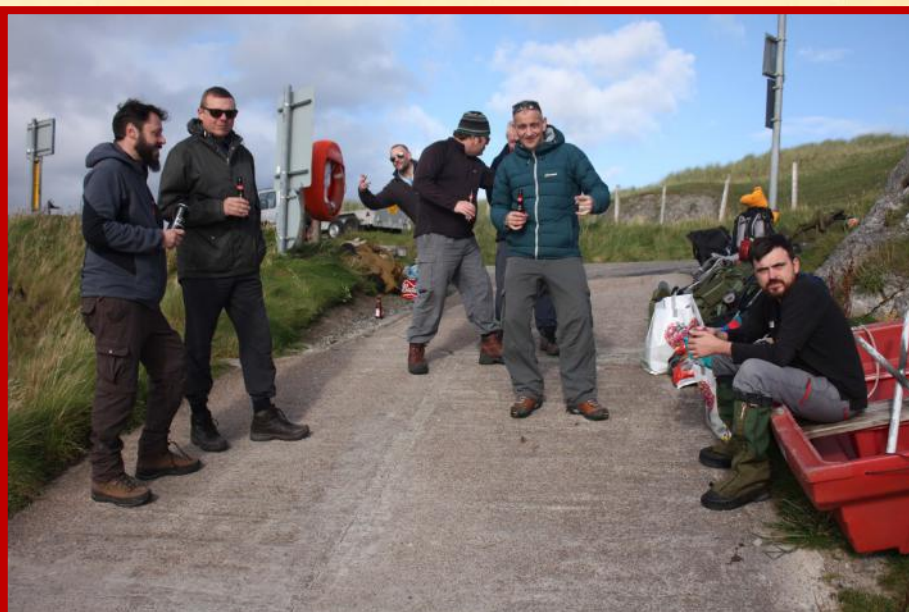
As any Pipe Club chap will attest to, garnering a reliable crossing of the Kyle of Durness these days is like playing the lottery only with marginally worse odds (*Yes, since Scamalot 'tweaked' their appalling game of chance the current jackpot odds are 1 in 45,057,474, Ed.*). With this in mind an advanced recon party consisting of Tealight and Matron was despatched to see if the ferry was sailing. Their mission was successful as they found a relatively jovial Stuart-The-Minibus (Stuart™) guarding the approach to the Keodale pier. Valuable INTEL was obtained and the chaps were assured that they had indeed won the Kyle Lotto this year as John-the-Ferry *would* be taking the last boat of the season across, as long as nobody broke wind (*A tad tricky after Tealight's curry, Ed.*) thereby causing a ripple or two. Of

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The Count and Tealight forging some splendid Caledonian-German relations at Keodale pier.



It's beer o'clock for the disreputable Idlers of Keodale pier.



***"You can't cross the sea merely by standing and staring at the water."
- Rabindranath Tagore***

The 2017 AGM Cont.

course the downside to this news was that there would not be a return crossing and that some malevolence was also brewing in the Atlantic—rather too eagerly regaled by Stuart™ the chaps felt—in time for Monday, thus meaning that the chaps would have to negotiate the treacherous ground to Grudie on shank's pony. Not a thrilling prospect, but the chaps had an AGM to attend in between time, so ominous thoughts of the walk out were heroically glossed over with some Devil-may-care bravado that one suspects would crumble at the first sniff of a sphagnum bog.

After a remarkably quick dismantling of Sango Camp 1, the chaps and a ridiculous number of supplementary bags soon found themselves at Keodale pier doing what they do best: idling. It was a pleasant afternoon (alright, late morning) and ring-pulls gleamed in the sun like beer grenades in the luggage. Just like a flock of drunken magpies a few of the oafs could not resist and the quiet of the pier was punctuated with that unmistakable snap-hiss-snap of a soon-to-be-slaked thirst. The chief advantageous spin-off of this debauchery was the look of horror on the faces of the bemused German tourists who were also seeking safe passage across the Kyle. Of course on this trip the chaps had their secret weapon in the shape of the Count who soon had the German tourists' card marked as he listened in to their patter. His verdict was indeed damning as to their cultural standing and he apologised profusely for their textbook Teutonic uptightness. Funnily enough the chaps hadn't really noticed as they were too busy smoking and supping, but the Count's ability to assess the human spirit in general and his countrymen in particular was laser-like in it's precision. For his resulting, devastating assessments as to their standing, however, he ditched

It's amazing what a chap will do whilst waiting for the bus. Here's Bingae's eight-eyed not so incy-wincy spider impersonation. Luckily, he still has other gainful employment.

the precision munitions for something more akin to a *Blitzkrieg*. Good chap the Count, a chap who has many weapons at his disposal although we felt relieved that he'd forgotten his spiked helmet on this occasion. Tealight showed visible signs of palpable relief however, as his last encounter with Germans at Keodale pier was, shall we say, problematic, and since he had already evacuated himself that morning he would simply be out of ammo if the need for a German-car-bonnet-bomb-drop arose. But he was still observed twitchily checking his bergen's anti-defaecation defences...

A Bridge Too Far: The tale of a curious U70 omnibus ride

No doubt anxious not to repeat the jolly pantomime of 2015 and the concomitant withering fire from some of the more obstreperous KPC chaps, Stuart™ had brushed-up on his tourist commentary by jettisoning some of the more trivial patter and adding some welcome new material. He also cunningly engineered a physical and cultural Maginot line, with the Germans occupying the forward seats (*Labelled 'France' and 'Poland' by some wag, Ed.*) with the low class KPC gangerels left in the LDV minibus equivalent of steerage. During the trip, Stuart™ kept the passengers approximately enthralled: out were the "runrigs" (*Vaguely symmetrical lumps in the ground named after a middle-of-the-road Scottish folk band, Ed.*) and in were the new alleged Viking ruins (*The minibus being one such example, Ed.*) that consisted of some vaguely symmetrical lumps in the ground not named after a middle-of-the road Scottish folk band. Perhaps they were Viking runrigs? We shall probably never know, or care.

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The 2017 AGM cont.

Best of all though was the new, almost totally fascinating, history of the Bailey bridge that stolidly guides the U70 across the river at Daill. Stuart™ informed the passengers that the Bailey bridge was invented by "Professor Bailey" before waxing lyrical about the modular construction of Bailey bridges in general. The Germans, no doubt remembering Remagen, looked even more bemused than before, if that could be imagined. The Bailey bridge guff, however, was all good stuff, if one was to overlook the omnipresence of some of the KPC's finest pedants... Yes chaps, cheeky-chappie-charm simply does not wash with Mr Logic and the detail-merchants in our ranks and, so, you've guessed it, the passion of the pedants was indeed stirred, if for no other reason that pedantry, like standards, must be maintained! Er yes, in point of fact—as any modular bridge enthusiast would know—it was actually 'Sir Donald Coleman Bailey' who invented the bloody Bailey bridge. Other than his contribution to modular bridge construction, unfortunately, precious little else was gleaned by the passengers about Sir Donald as the omnibus lumbered across the Daill. Now, whilst accepting that Stuart™ did not specifically allude one way or the other to Sir Donald's smoking preferences during his Bailey bridge spiel, he may now regret that he'd not boned up a tad more, as he truly missed a sitter considering the crew he was carrying. As any KPC chap worth his Bothy Flake would know the earnest Sir Donald Coleman bailey was an avid pipe smoker, naturally. Therefore, an omnibus pilot considering his tips would surely rue the day at this heinous omission of such a critical detail when, albeit in steerage, you have a bus load of puffballs hanging on your every word? It was rather like transporting the Eng-

lish association football team up to the Ozone café for a light luncheon and forgetting to mention who won the World Cup in 1966. But since it was obviously Germany what won it in '66, perhaps, in this theoretical instance at any rate, the omnibus pilot would have been lauded as a chap who put principles above profits. The U70 is indeed a rough road to earn a crust on.

It's a sign!

Stuart™'s omissive gaffe was, however, soon to be re-deemed as when the chaps, thankfully, approached the Kearvaig track end a fitting, wonderful, talisman gilded by the afternoon sun could be seen adorning the parph. Yes dear reader, it was a sign, a pipe sign to be precise, and a sign that a local type with access to power tools had once again been filling his time well: the Major had lit the AGM fuse with none other than the pipe sign from GT Coventry's that had been stuck majestically, if not quite perpendicularly, into the boggy wastes. Matron mused that the Major's cryptic comment of: "You better have a pipe bitch with you on this trip" was starting to make sense. This was indeed a rallying point that all present could, er, rally to, rather like Huscarls on Senlac Hill, although we should add quickly that no one got an arrow in the eye that day.

Now, as in 2015, the gathered vagabonds were presented with a small conundrum, namely that the pipe sign had to be transported to Kearvaig. Back in 2015 readers may recall that the Hackney Hobo, being the new chap, was duly elected/press-ganged/ordered (delete as appropriate) to carry the frightfully heavy 8ft pipe down to the bothy by way of initiation and sheer laziness of his chumrades.

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Sir Donald Coleman 'Straight Billiard' Bailey working on his modular Bailey Bridge design. The average Pipe Club member and omnibus pilot alike would be well advised to learn from such an impeccable chap. Just note that devastating slide rule and briar combination. Sublime!



The 2017 AGM Cont.

Like battle hardened warriors of the KPC advance guard rally round their standard atop the Kearvaig track. Later the chaps would emulate their standard i.e. on the piss.



Apart from maintaining standards, the KPC *lives* for tradition so, unsurprisingly, all eyes sought out the fresh meat: step forward *Count Blofeld von Bamberg*. Without the merest flicker of protest the Count just ripped the pipe sign out of the ground as if it were his personal *Excalibur* and shouldered his burden like a Knight of the wrong table that he most definitely now was. A cynic might say that "*He was only following orders*", but those present knew better, and it was the mark of a true chap to step into the breach in the manner that our German chumrade did on that fine afternoon—bothy points awarded to our new *Tabakpfeife Hündin* (*That's 'Pipe Bitch' in the tongue of the Fatherland, Ed.*).

Salvation for crap chaps

The soothing liniment that is the sight of Kearvaig as a chap rounds the final bend never fails to lift the spirits. Indeed, all the chaps, under their heavy burdens, rejoiced at the magnificent panorama that is Kearvaig bay. Even the new *Tabakpfeife Hündin*, though now a tad sweaty, marvelled at what lay before him, and/or possibly what lay inside that

Tabakpfeife Hündin: "I've come all the way from Deutschland just to carry this bloody sign down to some old house..."



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first refreshing tinny and bowl.

The bothy was quickly colonised by a massive KPC gear explosion and out of the resultant wreckage some very odd looking creatures crawled. Readers should be made aware that the dress code for the 2017 AGM was 'Crap suits'. For regular readers of this periodical that would be recognised as a distinctly low bar, as crap attire and, by inference, crap chaps at rudimentary shelters frequented by Scotland's premier Pipe Club are not exactly synonymous with the conservation status of white rhinos. We will let the pictures do the talking but it is safe to say there was a runaway (*More like slovenly jogging to a pub for last orders at any rate, Ed.*) leader when it would come to the evening's judging of who was the best worst chap.

Coal mining of unmined coal

Other than burning the stuff in a cosy fire rudimentary fireplace, what is the favourite pastime of the Pipe Club chap when it comes to coal? Aside from stuffing an extra 5kg in an unsuspecting chumrades haversack before the walk-in, surely the answer has to be a spot of mining that would facilitate future cosy flagrations. And so it was that a determined party of pipe puffing and tinny-wielding pirates, resembling a local freak show on a day out, set off in search of buried treasure. Back at the 2015 AGM the chaps had wisely unmined 20kg of anthracite for future use. They calculated that it was unlikely to go off having been in the ground prior to being re-interred for circa 300-million years, so another two years or so would not go amiss. Of course there was always the outside chance that there could have been some sort of geological anomaly with their unmined coal subsequently being transformed under the resultant heat and pressure to diamonds. Now a chap does not have to be too much of a boffin to know that diamonds are damn hard to light, even with firelighters, but the chaps felt that this

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Anthracite adventures: The chaps get down to a spot of unmined coal mining.



The 2017 AGM Cont.

was a risk worth taking and their gamble paid off. Along with the coal there was other buried treasure including Cave Fud's heavily discounted beer that was already about the same age as the coal before it too was entombed into the 2015 hole.

The only task now was to find the bloody stuff. This is the juncture, naturally, where all manner of bar room experts come crawling out of the woodwork and the bickering started with gusto. Numerous exploratory digs were started and abandoned like fat lassies at a school disco and copious theories were expounded using all manner of markers. Matron insists that he found the stash, but, as was pointed out at the time, he seemed entirely reluctant to pick up a spade and actually dig: "*Why would a chap dig when he has multiple oiks about for such menial tasks*". Arguably a fair point, but the common consensus was that his penchant for crisp cravats had given him ideas well above his station. The Hackney Hobo seemed particularly amazed that the 2015 excavations still contained anything at all let alone 20kg of coal and some long out of date lager. He even

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***NOW THEN, NOW THEN, NOW THEN!
Bingae Savile gets settled in for the next episode of Bingae'll Fix It. (This is why children should not be allowed in bothies, Ed.)***

The Count gets settled in at the bothy table.



The 2017 AGM cont.

stepped in and grabbed some heavy stuff once the inevitable bickering started as to who was to carry the haul back to the bothy. A mention in dispatches for his solid reliability when heavy stuff needeth moving. Besides, a chap has to make his own entertainment in such remote places and once again dear old HH showed the chaps the way.

To the AGM!

Some debate was had as to which room the formalities should take place in. In the end it was 'Mossman's room' (*Such a pity that dear old Mossman could not make it this year since he was busy chasing the filthy lucre—bothy points deducted, Ed.*) that won out due to the general lack of seating at Kearvaig (*Get it sorted Mrs MOo, 'SAKE! Ed.*)

After the exertions of the mining expedition and the chal-

lenges of organising the venue were banished with a bowl and beer, the next task was to locate the Pipe Sign. This was duly completed with the maximum of fuss at the SE corner of the bothy. The result was rather splendid that would become even more splendid when adorned by yet another surprise as we shall see later. Thus the gateway to the AGM was now in place: There could be no turning back now...

Presently, a solo hillwalker named Nick ambled in. Although he'd forgotten his crap suit he was nonetheless welcomed into the fold. It transpired that Nick (Bothy name: Nick O'Teen)—an amateur botanist chappie—was not, after all, expecting to attend a Pipe Club AGM and he quickly informed us that he had not had an adult beverage or a bowl of *anything* for over seven years. Probably

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The GT Coventry pipe sign in a spiffing place. Paying homage (L to R): Bingae, Cave Fud, Dazbo, Tealight, Count Blofeld von Bamberg, Hackney Hobo & Abdul. "Never in the field of Pipe Club AGM's was so little owed to so few by so many..."



***"The art of Biography is different from Geography. Geography is about maps, but Biography is about chaps."
—Edmund Clerihew Bentley***

The 2017 AGM Cont.

The Hackney Hobo and Nick O'Teen get down to some serious briar business.



not the best health spa to attend then, and with a wry smile a few chaps offered to help him in his obvious hour of need. Although Nick O'Teen was more used to spending time with wild vegetables, he did not seem at all nonplussed at the company for some unfathomable reason. Being a bit if a bivvying chap Nick O'Teen wandered off to the beach to make his bed before promising to return to the moot later in the evening. The crazy fool!

Just as the chaps were gaining momentum some more guests arrived. This time it was a heterosexual hillwalking couple (*One needs to be so precise these days with ones classification of couples, Ed.*) namely Maurice and Posy from Strathpeffer. Now whilst Maurice (Bothy name: Morris Major) appeared to be a decent enough chap he seemed to become entirely forgettable when the gathered assortment of cads, bounders and rum covers spotted his better half and by common consensus Posy (Bothy name: Piping Hot Posy) was not half better! Instantly a plan was hatched that Piping Hot Posy would simply *have* to be the AGM Pipe Babe of the Month. Having said that she was also the

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The Tartan Tot gets a spot of potty training in at the AGM.

The 2017 AGM cont.

only humanoid present with all the relevant attributes to fulfill such a demanding role. Casting caution to the wind, Matron moved rapidly to seize the day and some quick bartering with Morris Major saw the loan of his super-svelte-piping-princess borrowed for a photoshoot for the very reasonable price of 10kg of coal (*What breath-taking bounders both Matron and Morris Major, but well done nonetheless you utter cads! Ed.*). Two tins of ale were also offered to lubricate the deal, but they were politely refused by MM as he declared that he'd already exceeded his lifetime's-worth of units. At the time Matron did not press the matter, no doubt thinking that he had already got a good deal, but no doubt MM will tell a ripping yarn about his misspent youth-units round the bothy fire one night.

Wasting no time Matron gently ushered PHP to the pipe sign for the photoshoot and by Jove what a splendid effort it was—see p.39 for the magnificent results of our very first AGM PBotM. *"Best damn 10kg of coal we never burned"* surmised some wag as a rather overwrought and

a tad sweaty Matron returned to the fold.

No curry in a hurry

It was now early evening and the chaps were already three sheets to the wind. At this point the curry that Tea-light had promised seemed to get forgotten in preference to Elvis Juice (*A catastrophic mistake—bothy points deducted Ed.*) and sustenance became the usual fall-back table top staples high fat and salt based snacks. Abdul, however, being a wiser old lag was seen earlier cooking a tin of some gristle and spuds so his keel was likely to remain the most even amidst the flotsam and jetsom. Still, the remaining chaps did not seem to mind as they continued on with their cultish mass sodium chloride poisoning attempt. Presently the Major and the Bender joined the fray. This year, however, they had to arrive on foot as the Major's APC had finally bitten the dust. Armed with some goodies for the bothy table they piled right in and got down to business. The Bender had also lugged in all man-

(Continued on page 15)

Oh dear, oh dear... The Count struggles to have a sensible discussion about male grooming styles with Asimila Bin Liner (Spot the Asimilarity, Ed.) when another bearded bounder bounds in for some beastly bottom bashing buffoonery instead of boiling the basmati.



The 2017 AGM cont.

ner of his custom silverware and Matron thanked his lucky stars that he and Morris Major had done the deal for Piping Hot Posy's poses prior to the expensive silverware turning up. Being a bit of a suave chap the Bender did promise a bit of silver jewellery for Posy, although his description of a fishing lure with the hook removed seemed to not quite get the desired result from a polite but perplexed looking Posy. (*The Bender's stock of silver fishing lures do actually make fine brooches or necklaces, it's just that his sales pitch could benefit from a little more honing, Ed.*)

Nick O'Teen had ventured up from his seaside bivvy to find the moot in full swing. He persisted with his guff about seven years without a drink or a puff and his personal drought, funnily enough, was about to come to an abrupt end as beverages and beer rained down on his parched person. In fact he took to the briar with some gusto under the sagely tutelage of the Hackney Hobo. Having cosied up their middle room with 10kg of coal, Morris Major and Piping Hot Posy also joined the AGM. This was good news as in addition to the photo shoot PHP had been petitioned to judge the Crap Chap competition.

A more or less welcome addition to this year's AGM was some live music. Tealight gave us a rendition of his hit tune 'Bothy Life' although being a lifelong backslider he

opted to bring his ukulele instead of his bothy guitar and subsequently the rendition had a bit of George Formby rather than Johnny Cash about it. Cave Fud had been working away at a range of his own mandolin tunes and Matron had assisted in his endeavours by printing off some lyrics as it was noted after the 2016 AGM at Arnaboll (*Ah, the Legendary Ladyboy Gig, Ed.*) that this would help the gathered sing along. In the event Matron might as well saved his breath for blowing on his pudding as his efforts to give Fuddly some performance space were drowned out by the general exuberance of the moot. Ah, the wonders of drink...

Chapinator 2: Judgement Day

It was imperative, however, that at least one set piece activity had to be accomplished, namely the Crap-Chap judging. Now, in the first instance Piping Hot Posy—the parph's prettiest pertest Pipe Babe— did not come across as a dominatrix, but when she got up to take charge of the judging a chap could hear a pipe cleaner drop on a shag pile rug. This Pipe Babe could probably crack brazil nuts between her buns (*Steady in the line! Ed.*), so the rabble before her was nothing more than desiccated crumble cake in her hand. Yes chaps, her svelteness, matched only by her sternness, was truly sublime and within a

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Judgement Day: The Crap-Chaps on the crapwalk of shame.



The 2017 AGM cont.

heartbeat she had the weak-minded bounders begging for forgiveness. With the four contenders, namely the Count, Matron, Tealight and Bingae Savile up on stage, Posy interrogated the blighters within an inch of their miserable, sorry, lives as to why they thought they were the best Crap-Chap; crushing their pitiful pretensions like grapes one-by-one, which, oddly enough, they seemed to enjoy (*The lecherous blaggards! Ed.*). The Count looked like some washed-up 70's tabloid hack, Matron resembled a poncy faux-captain of a decidedly leaky yacht, Tealight was nothing more than a prancing tartan tart and Bingae made his erstwhile hero Jimmy Savile look like man of the year. Indeed, prior to the Crap-Chap thingy, Bingae was supremely confident that he "had it in the bag". Under posy's stern, yet somehow rather fetching glare, each *contestant* uttered a few piss-poor platitudes with only the Count—being from Germany—uttering anything that resembled English. Yes chaps, an evening of great oratory it was not, more a case of drivel from some 'orrible orifices... Thus, Posy was put in an unforgivably difficult pre-

dicament by the bunch of *nul point* orators as she only had their various sartorial efforts to make her final, mellifluous, judgement, which, one supposes, was entirely inevitable. A tough job for a maiden of the briar when *all* the vacant vagabonds deserved to lose...

In the end Bingae's supreme confidence was not misplaced and Posy (*Luckily she was of age, Ed.*) joined the shell-suited scoundrel on stage and presented him with his ill-gotten gains, namely a tin of Bothy Flake, with the proviso that his shell suit was never allowed out in public again (*Pity she could not have extended that condition to Bingae himself... Ed.*). If ever there was a modern day re-enactment of Beauty & the Beast then surely this was it, although without the happy ending. The AGM committee would like to take this opportunity to offer some heartfelt thanks to both Piping Hot Posy and her undeserving squeeze Morris Major for being such top hole sports and their fine contributions to a most splendid AGM.

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Piping Hot Posy graciously awards Bingae Savile with his tin of Bothy Flake. Then, not content with his baccy, the incorrigible, sweaty, slavering, shell-suited scoundrel goes for a smacker. No wonder our wonderful AGM Pipe Babe looks mortified at such a heinous assault—BOUNDER! (Bothy points awarded! Ed.)



The 2017 AGM cont.

Let chaos reign

After the Crap-Chap judging the moot returned to the usual chaos. The only event of note was a stiff tri-Coonsilling for the Count as due to the lack of proper food coupled with the odd intoxication beverage (*And the fact that he had got up at the crack of dawn for a flight from Nuremberg, followed by a bothy night with The Beast. Give a chap a break! Ed.*) he succumbed to that Siren call of the sleeping bag. Of course rules are rules and a pre-witching hour nap needs to be dealt with in line with the this Club's constitution and to this end a crack team of cracks was dispatched for this mission. The Count gave an appropriate salute to his detractors but he knew that his demons had to be faced.

It was to be a very late night. The Major and the Bender beat a dignified retreat—looking suspiciously like they'd downed about 10 cups of uber-strong coffee—having to walk back up the track to the Major's jalopy. The Tartan Tart eventually made it to his bed after a period of unexplained disappearance (*A stewards' inquiry is under way both into the Tart and as to why no team was dispatched to ensure that he was not infringing any rules, and, as you've guessed it, standards MUST be maintained, Ed.*).

Morris Major gently chaperoned PHP back to their cosy quarters (*Lucky blaggard! Ed.*). Reports suggest that Abdul just simply melted somewhere and Bingae, having literally thrown his Savile-row suit into the fire, literally combusted from the moot room. It is a point of note that shell suits (*Hideous garments! Ed.*) combust in a manner more associated with gun cotton, a fact which suggests that A&E departments in Liverpool hospital's must have been rather frenetic places in the 80's (*Perhaps they still are? Ed.*). HH and Matron beat a relatively dignified retreat (i.e. they could still walk) to their respective quarters leaving only Dazbo and Cave Fud to their seemingly unquenchable thirst and nostalgic remanences of the 90's Scottish rave scene that was, unfortunately, accompanied by some 'music' of said era. Despite the various divergences of the strange blur that was the 2017 AGM, all present reported a rather splendid time was had.

The other major news of the event was that full KPC membership was gallantly attained by Messrs: Abdul, the Count and Tealight. Well done to those upstanding and/or falling over fine fellows.

(Continued on page 20)

A bothy table of ill repute: a fitting tribute for the AGM.



The 2017 AGM Cont.

The Count loses his Coonsilling virginity in spectacular fashion . A formation tri-Coonsilling is indeed a thing to behold, particularly if the Baw-Beast is leading the attack. Textbook. Although the Count attempted a retaliatory strike with a European gesture, we think there is only one casualty in this bruising bottom encounter!



After over 7 years in the beer & briar desert, Nick O'Teen gets stuck in with Bingae.



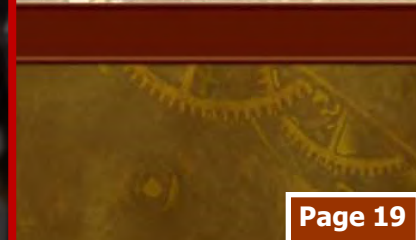
The 2017 AGM Cont.

"Yer see it's like this Treacle: yer wrap yer 'and round it like this an' slide it up and down. Not too fast and not too slow. Ahh, just the ticket." (Boulder! Ed.)



Morris Major gets down on the Uke.

A stunning solid silver pipe rack made by our very own Argentum Bender.



The 2017 AGM cont.

Clean-up operations for dizzy rascals

An insomnolent Matron was up (*As per bloody usual, Ed.*) at an unearthly hour to start the clean-up operations. The moot room looked as though an earthquake had simultaneously struck a brewery, distillery and specialist tobacconist in the Douro valley. A splendid result. If the KPC had any commercial acumen at all, the post-2017 AGM table could have been entered into the Turner prize as, perhaps, 'Bothy Table', where a bunch of crucial London-types could swoon over the subtle hidden meanings and sheer tumble-down artistry: *"Oh look! How quaint Tarquin, a table from a small celebration from those poor, simple country folk from north of the wall. Simply soooo authentic!"* Of course being staunch anti-bothy commercialists the KPC would have no truck with the chance of winning £25K. Besides putting up with a flouncing Tarquin and his wrong-un chums seeking the 'meaning' of said bothy table would also be simply too trying for the full-time men of the KPC, huzzah!

A chap more grounded in reality might simply look at the post-2017 AGM bothy table with utter despair. Nuclear power stations have been cleaned up in less time than was required for this particular bomb site. In fact the table was booby trapped with a range of sticky things with stubbed out cigars and ciggies in all manner of unseemly places. Apparently a half-eaten Boursin cheese makes a splendid ashtray. Therefore, stoicism was the order of the day as Matron initiated the clean up soon followed by a weary looking Hackney Hobo. Cave Fud's excuse for not joining the moot clearance was that he went to Posy and MM's room thinking it was the moot room so he just went back to bed.

Eventually all members reported for duty looking like assorted characters out of a second rate horror movie. It would take some fine breakfast action to add ballast to

right these sunken ghouls. A dastardly gauntlet was also thrown down by Posy and MM in the shape of some chap-pie known only to the 'youf' as Dizzee Rascal that was being blasted out of their nest at an obscene volume. They were obviously seeking a reaction which Tealight duly provided—"I say you two love birds, would you mind turning that down a tad?" "Fuck off", seemed the only fitting response that was also duly delivered by the wily MM. Revenge is a dish best served cold. A chap simply had to concede, however, as to their apposite choice of *artiste* since there appeared to be no shortage of dizzy rascals bumbling about the place or wandering off with the bothy spade.

During breakfast Posy and MM bid their farewells with MM—noting the looks of horror from the chaps—making all manner of lame excuses about the pair of walking poles that he sported. Of course Posy had no need for such walking aides as her lithe frame was entirely self-supporting as she strode manfully up the track with MM struggling to keep up. Poor blighter.

To the Cape of Good Smoke

An arrangement had been made during the AGM that the Major would collect the chaps at 14:00 at the top of the track for conveyance to his fine abode. With a few new bodies in attendance this year it was a tight squeeze around his fine bothy table. Argentum was on stove duty and he took great delight in construction 'fire-henge' out of precisely cut wood. It is simple details like this that lift a chap's spirit.

As the usual shenanigans started to unfold the Major suddenly thrust open the door letting in two rather bewildered looking—shocked even—walkers plus terrier into the fray without any prior warning at all. The Major enjoys a

(Continued on page 21)

A splendid afternoon moot up at the Major's gaff with special guests Mr & Mrs Hill.



The 2017 AGM cont.

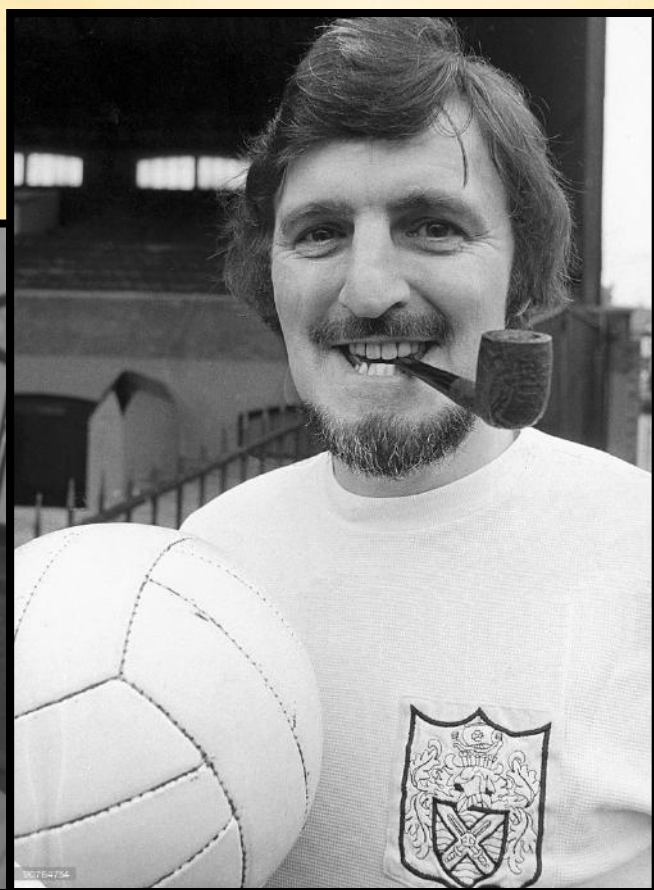
wheeze... For the purposes of this article we shall refer to them as Mr & Mrs Hill as Mr Hill had an uncanny resemblance to a former inside right, football pundit and pipe smoker; yes chaps none other than the legendary Jimmy Hill OBE. Mr Hill was indeed a good sport and he got stuck right in about the beer and briar whilst Mrs Hill looked on aghast at her hubby's antics. The chaps suspected that Jimmy would pay a very high price for his high jinx later on when the sleeping bags were unfurled in the Ozone café.

In the meantime Mrs Hill—a former magazine (*Something to do with jogging, whatever that entails, Ed.*) editor herself—was pressed by a persistent Matron to attempt qualification as Pipe Babe of the Month. Of course Matron was merely doing her a favour as, to be frank, she was not quite up to the KPC's usual exacting standards. Apart from needing to ingest a few more pies, it was her general reticence to such overtures (*Yes chaps, how many*

times in a filly's life does she get an offer of gracing the pages of a premier Pipe Club's magazine? Ed.) that met with muted opprobrium from the moot. Mrs Hill managed to refuse PBotM without actually refusing, which suggested that she had not yet quite managed to break the middle class shackles of Rye, Sussex, despite her stated ambitions of living in a rundown house on a Argyll island. A withering, contemptuous, gaze from the Count said all that needed to be said. Once again his laser-like ability to see through the human chaff was laudable (*Bothy points awarded, Ed.*). Mrs Hill achieved a modicum of redemption, however, by throwing in a splendid joke involving hurricanes and women. After some splendid shag soup and sandwiches served in the Ozone layer by the Major (*Bothy points awarded, Ed.*) Mrs Hill eventually dragged Jimmy from his new found loves of briar and beer and the moot resumed along more traditional lines.

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Match of the Day! It's not often that you'll see a legendary pipe smoker and association football player/pundit up at Cape Wrath. Yet another cracking fixture for the North West's premier league pipe club!



"If England are going to win this match, they're going to have to score a goal."

- Jimmy Hill

The 2017 AGM Cont.

Long walk to freedom...

Monday—the day of reckoning—had come. The chaps were up early as there was an outside chance that Colonel Blimp's boys would descend to the bothy and insist on giving all present a lift out. The weather was shaping up to be a tad dirty and Dazbo created the mother of all fry-ups to steel the chaps for the inevitable walk out. With Kearvaig left in tip top baggy shape it was a rather jaded crew that set off on their retreat from the parph.

The Major arrived at the top of the track with Mr & Mrs Hill already aboard his jalopy. Although not as bad as Stuart™'s gleeful forebodings, there was a stiff sou'wester brewing and the Kyle had more white horses than the Wiltshire Downs. Not boating weather, no sir. Ergo, the passengers bade farewell to the Major and were left at the start of the 'path' along the western shore of the Kyle. Matron attempted a futile briefing—"Stay high on the one-ten metre contour until you sight the bridge"—as to the line to take to avoid the worst of the Devilment that this section of treacherous bog has to offer, as he was the only Crap-Chap with the crap map. After some chuntering and "Sake Mins" the not-so-merry hobos and Mr & Mrs Hill set off up the initially steep climb. It was soon evident that Abdul was struggling with the AGMs excesses and that a defibrillator might be needed. HH and Matron dropped back to assist with HH taking Abdul's pack (*Serious bothy points awarded, Ed.*) and Matron formed the rear guard with Abdul.

The party split up rather early straggling out in a most disorderly fashion and completely ignoring Matron's guidance regarding the best route. The one advantage was that the tide was favourable but the advance party of Dazbo, Tea-light and Fud bottled the shortcut across the sands. Abdul and Matron took full advantage of this fact and with a nifty bit of footwork—that jimmy Hill would have been proud of—crossed the river thereby catching up with Bingae, HH, the Count and Mr & Mrs Hill at Grudie. A textbook example of a map and guile in time saves nine!

Until next year...

It had indeed been a most splendid AGM. In a final KPC treat for Mr & Mrs Hill, Bingae gave them a lift into Durness (*I hope they have a few pennies saved for their therapy bill, Ed.*) and the rest of the chaps were left uttering faux brave words about visiting another rudimentary shelter, except for the Count who *demande*d a proper bed for the night and he was not talking a bunkhouse or affordable B&B here. No, it was to be a fine hotel for the Count and Matron that evening. In the end their collective resolve had dissolved and nary a rudimentary shelter would benefit from cosy camaraderie and the aroma of fine pipe smoke that stormy evening. ✓

It is occasionally a tad breezy up at the Cape of Good Smoke.



PRF/KPC at Tabak Linzbach, Düsseldorf, 11th November by *Baldrick*



Just when I opened my sleepy eyes on the morning of the meeting I got a text-message from the Count. He had woken up with a heavy flu, (*That's Scottish for hangover, Ed.*) could barely walk and therefore excused himself. Argh... Major bummer! (*Who's he? Ed.*) Not only for him but also for us. I mean, one of the reasons last year that we held the meeting was because we wanted to see the Count more than once a year (at the PRF meeting in Wuustwezel). So with a bit of chagrin I stepped into my trusted Toyota Starlet (*The ride of Kings; on uninhabited Pacific atolls at any rate, Ed.*) and drove to Düsseldorf. It was a quiet (not quiet in sound levels because I have large speakers in the back which boomed out metaaalll...) enjoyable ride and I my almost forgotten bad mood came back with a vengeance when I entered the city. (*Perhaps try some Country & Western next time old chap! Ed.*) I immediately went the wrong way on a large intersection. A lot of one-way streets and roadworks did not make it any easier, but after some detours I could finally park my car near the Hauptbahnhof.

The walk to Linzbach was short and despite my detour I was a bit early. No problem at all, at the lounge in the back of the store a large table was standing ready for us. Herr Werner Schmitz (one of the owners, who looks like he could have been a member of Monthly Python) made me a strong espresso and while we talked a bit the first forum-members trickled in. But it was not all PRF and KPC that were attending the meeting. An Asian looking man entered the lounge, ah, John! I knew him from my Dutch Pipe Smoker blog or no, in fact he knew me from the blog. We had been mailing for some time so when I began with organizing the Linzbach trip I invited him. Only, John lives in Berlin which is pretty far away to say

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Last year was the beginning of a tradition: visiting tobacconist Linzbach in the German city of Düsseldorf with members of the Dutch/Belgian Pipe Smokers Forum and the Kearvaig Pipe Club (B&B Vol.6 Iss.1, Jan 2017). When you have a good thing going you should not break with it, so once again I took it upon myself to organize the meeting. I picked two possible dates, 11th and 18th November, just before the start of the annual Christmas Markets. Why not during them? Well, last year it was very, very crowded in the city-centre and now I wanted to avoid that. Agendas were compared, dates were checked and in the end most people could make it on 11th November. Excellent, I mailed Linzbach that we were going to visit their store that day with a group and asked the Count if he could make a reservation at the Schumacher brewery. "Ehmm, Baldrick..." the Count answered.

"One problem that came to my mind: November 11th (the 11th of the 11th) marks the beginning of carnival in Düsseldorf, which is more than HUGE. So the whole city will be full with partying people." Owww shucks... But it was too late to change anything, the date had been set. Last year after the meeting I had to drive home from Düsseldorf late at night and I can remember that staying awake was quite a struggle, pretty dangerous in hindsight... The solution was booking a hotel for the night, the Count also would sleep over so we both got rooms at the Ibis Hauptbahnhof hotel. It also gave us the chance to go out in the vibrant city centre of Düsseldorf, drink some (or a lot of) alcoholic beverages and in general have a good time.



"When love grows cool, thy fire still warms me; when friends are fled thy presence charms me. If though art full, though purse be bare, I smoke and cast away all care!"

- German smoking song

Linzbach Cont.

**Top chap Bruno (L) and John (R) and our rapsca-
lion Robdalf (M) enjoying the hospitality of Linz-
bach.**



the least. Also, he is a student (Psychology) so money is not something he has in abundance. But being the smart man that he is, he took the (cheap) night bus to Düsseldorf; a 7 hour ride. Respect! So I arranged a cup of strong espresso for him, he could use some. The second non-PRF and KPC member was Bruno, who I know from Instagram. His page there is called "Vintage briars" and is all about, er, vintage briars (duhhh). If you want to see how a proper chap looked like in the 1920's/1930's, just take one look at Bruno, a true gentleman from the in and outside. He had brought with him all kinds of tobaccos from tobacconist Motzek from Kiel, very interesting! Unfortunately he had to leave early. He had called in sick at his day-job earlier that week because of his bronchitis (!) but was determined to attend the meeting (*The mark of a true chap, Ed.*).

Herr Schmitz is an excellent host, besides taking care of our beverages (including a surprisingly excellent whisky made in Düsseldorf!) he also made sure our bellies were filled. Being the cheap Dutchman that I am, I took buns with apple-syrup with me, but others got hungry. So Werner ordered Turkish pizzas for everyone who wanted which tasted great (according to the ones who had them). I had to laugh a bit when I saw the only female of the group, Marielle. Some time ago she was our snuff-queen, fully into taking snuff tobacco. Now, in order to get rid of her cigarette addiction, she is vaping (*That's such a pity for the chaps as 'Vape babe of the Month' does not have quite the same je ne sais quoi, Ed.*). You know, smoking from an electronic device. Nifty things I have to say, you can set the nicotine-level,

change flavours etc. But I prefer the old analogue way of getting my vitamin N shot thank you very much. (*Well said that man, Ed.*) John had brought with him an old 70's Dunhill tin with just a little left in it which he offered to any one who wanted it. Sadly, but understandably, no one took the offer. The tobacco in question was *Royal Yacht*, also known as Royal Yuck; Dunhill's take on a kind of aromatic and one of the favourite tobaccos of Stalin. If only he had brought along a tin of the old Nightcap... Also, new to the group was Belgian Joeri, I saw him on the latest PRF Heukelum meeting but now had a proper chance to speak with him. A very friendly man with a positive mind-set, considering the fact that he is in pain daily due to a once broken back and totally worn out knees.

The afternoon went too fast and after everyone had stocked up on tobacco we thanked Herr Schmitz and Frau Lüdtkke (the other owner) for their hospitality. I had to quickly go to my hotel to check in. Robdalf walked with me and the rest went to Brauerei Schumacher where we would join them later. Last year making a reservation there proved to be quite difficult. The Count had phoned them and they did not have any places left. So I mailed them under the pseudonym of Freiherr (baron) Arno von Aldengoor. Germans have something with (noble) titles, so miraculously they suddenly were welcoming us. Now things went smoother, the

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Linzbach Cont.

Count had mailed them, no problem. Until I saw the signature of The Count in his correspondence. He had used his professional titles in the mail. When I confronted him with this he sniggered: "Well, it worked with you last year didn't it?"

After Rob and I joined the rest at Schumacher, it took a long time to get the waiter to see us so that we could order some food. When he finally had time there was a slight problem with John. He is a vegetarian and such a brewery does not really cater to the needs of herbivores. For example, their menu had a "Vegetarian" section with amongst other things a salad with strips of chicken. Oh yes, chicken is not really meat right? (*Not in MacDonald's at any rate, Ed.*) When he asked for something else made with a bit of cheese it was not possible. So poor John ended up with a measly salad and some bread which we gave him. The meat lovers were satisfied, I had an excellent large Schweinehaxe (pig's leg) which I literally devoured to the bone. Talking about bones, the waiter annoyed us to the bone. Waiters in breweries are usually a bit surly but this one was the most moody one I ever encountered. What a grumpy asshole! When we got the bill we decided to divide it. Somehow our money strangely ended up at the only woman in the group, Marielle, who went to the front. She came back with fire blazing in her eyes. It turned out that when she had paid the exact amount of the bill to our waiter (nothing extra for this bastard) he had had the audacity to ask for a tip! To which Marielle coldly replied: "No". "Why not?" he asked. "Because your service was not up to standards." Marielle answered, and walked away. That moment she showed she had bigger balls than the rest of us! As Matron would say: "Bothy points awarded!" (*Yes, a tube of Bothy Vape for her! Ed.*)

Since it was still pretty early in the evening we decided to go to a smoking lounge in the inner city about which I had heard from Herr Schmitz. It should have been a 15-minute walk but despite modern GPS technology we got a bit lost. After wandering aimlessly around for a while Henri had had enough. He took his smartphone and started off in a direction. In the knowledge that he is good with his tech-stuff we followed him and lo and behold, in no time we got to our destination. The smoking lounge is located in the bar of a restaurant which belongs to the fancy De Medici hotel. I saw a couple of pictures of it and to me it looked like the most beautiful smoking lounge ever. Old pipes on the wall and so on. Well, it was beautiful but also a bit, er, Small... We barely all fitted inside. They had some cigars for sale and since we had been smoking pipes all day those were a nice change of pace. After some time John had to go back to Berlin. Also with the night bus, 7 gruesome hours... And on top of that he had to work the next day! That is what I call hardcore pipe-smoking: travelling 14 hours, hardly getting any sleep, all to attend a meeting (*Bothy points awarded, Ed.*). Not long after John was gone we also decided to call it quits, the rest still had to get back to The Netherlands. I walked with them to where they had parked their cars, said good-bye and went to the hotel where I had an excellent night's sleep. I definitely will organize this again next year, only then hopefully with the Count and without the brewery (*That's a sure fire way to stop the Count coming... Ed.*) ✓

The De Medici smoking lounge and loungers.



Henri, aka 'The Calabash Kid' ignoring the attentions of some oaf in the background. (Nice waistcoat! Ed.)



EXCLUSIVE: Harvey Weinstein Dishonourably Discharged from the KPC

Oops-a-daisy!

It may have come to readers' attention that dear old Harvey Weinstein—the so-called movie mogul molester—has recently got himself in a spot of bother with a plethora of celebrity totty and their cheer(less) leaders, both here in Blighty and across the pond in Trumpton. This is of course all very perplexing when the Mayor of Trumpton himself is a time-served master of the *power grab*. What the ever incompetent imbeciles in the mainstream media failed to notice, however, was that dear old Harvey was an esteemed honorary member (Bothy name: 'The Groper'), (*Albeit a rather slovenly honorary member who never carried his fair share of coal to the bothy, Ed.*) of the KPC.

Totty trouble

Yes chaps, dear old Groper enjoyed spinning a yarn about his celebrity totty travails round the bothy fire and he often mentioned that in his sphere of work he was often set upon by hordes of predatory hussies and floozies, no doubt often drawn to him by the musky aroma of his favourite custom blend—*Old Beaver Ready Rubbed*—and no doubt his substantial wad. It is about time, however, someone stood up to all these overrated celeb strumpets and whilst, on occasion, Groper may have been a bit of a bounder or even, on occasion, a tad of a cad, this Pipe Club feels that may have done the world a great service in not just exposing himself but the greedy, graspy, scratchy, Hollywood fluff that will do simply *anything* to get noticed and climb the greasy pole, ahem. Besides, what is the bloody point of such celeb fluff if a chap cannot cop a feel now and again or perhaps pet a pert botty? What on earth do they think they're there for, for pity's sake? Of course it is a fine line between ogling the eye candy and getting one's mitts a tad too sticky on said candy after a few snifters; but in all honesty chaps where's the harm pray tell? All this Pipe Club can do now, sadly, since dear old Groper has self-referred into some therapy nonsense, is advise him that he stolidly resists any nurses' uniform fetish that he may harbour with the stoic diligence required of your average perspiring priest perusing a pre-school crèche, for example.

(Continued on page 27)

Despite all his good works old Groper gets his KPC marching orders.



"I wanted to do something inspirational for my children."

- Harvey Weinstein

Harvey Weinstein Dishonourably Discharged from the KPC Cont.

Dishonourable discharge

Therefore chaps, it may come as a shock to rank-and-file KPC members that Groper has been shown the bothy door as far as his honorary KPC membership is concerned. In point of fact he has even been *dishonourably* discharged from the KPC. Of course if the gutter press is to be believed dear old Groper has been heavily involved in a series of dishonourable discharges of late, so the cynic might suggest that one more won't hurt, but we think that the loss of his honorary KPC membership could be the straw that broke his Camels pack.

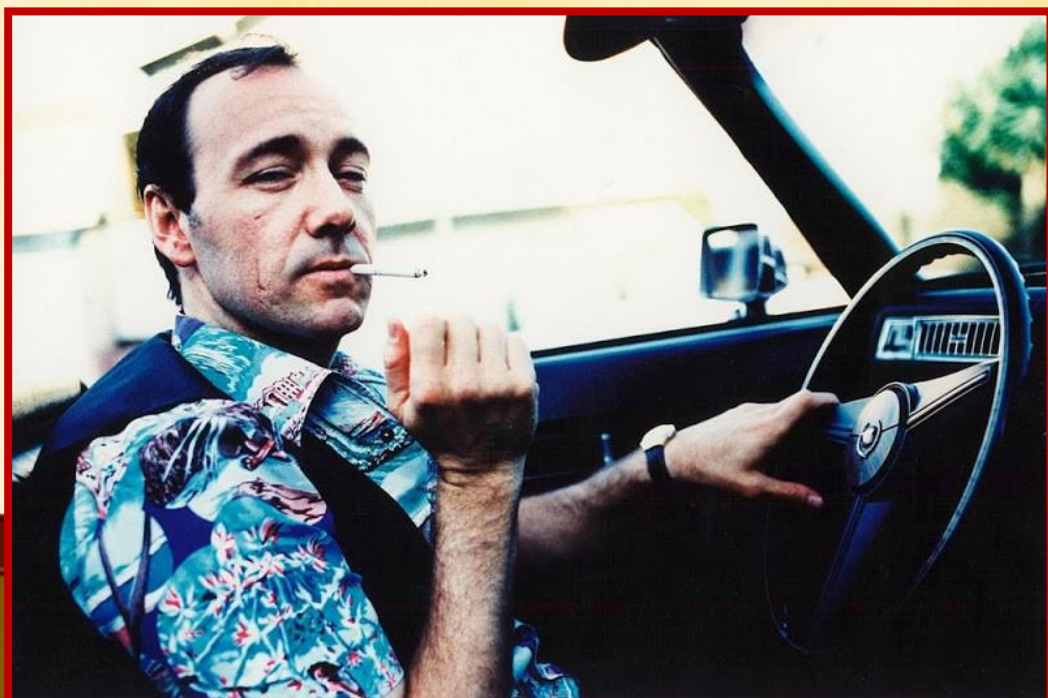
Fags

The KPC Membership Committee listened very carefully indeed to Groper's pleas of mitigation concerning his recent and past misdemeanours. During his evidence, Groper informed the Committee that all the attention from the predatory Hollywood harlots has had an extremely adverse effect on his mental and physical well-being. Now the average KPC chap may think these reasonable grounds for a blind-eye to be turned, but, sadly, the Committee's *raison d'être* is all about maintaining standards and the Committee was presented with irrefutable evidence of gross misconduct that simply could not go unpunished. Yes chaps, Groper has singularly failed to maintain standards and his behaviour has fallen well short of the standards expected by a reputable Pipe Club. Whilst the Committee accepted that Groper had had a bit of a time of it of late with all that uppity stumpetry-rumpy-

pumpy shenanigans, what the Committee could not overlook was the fact that he had used this as an excuse for renouncing the briar and returning to the fags. Simply not cricket. Ergo the fags thing (*Coupled with his notorious lack of coal hauling i.e. his 'helium-pack tendency', Ed.*) was the last straw. Therefore, the Committee was left with no choice other than to administer a dishonourable discharge for The Groper.

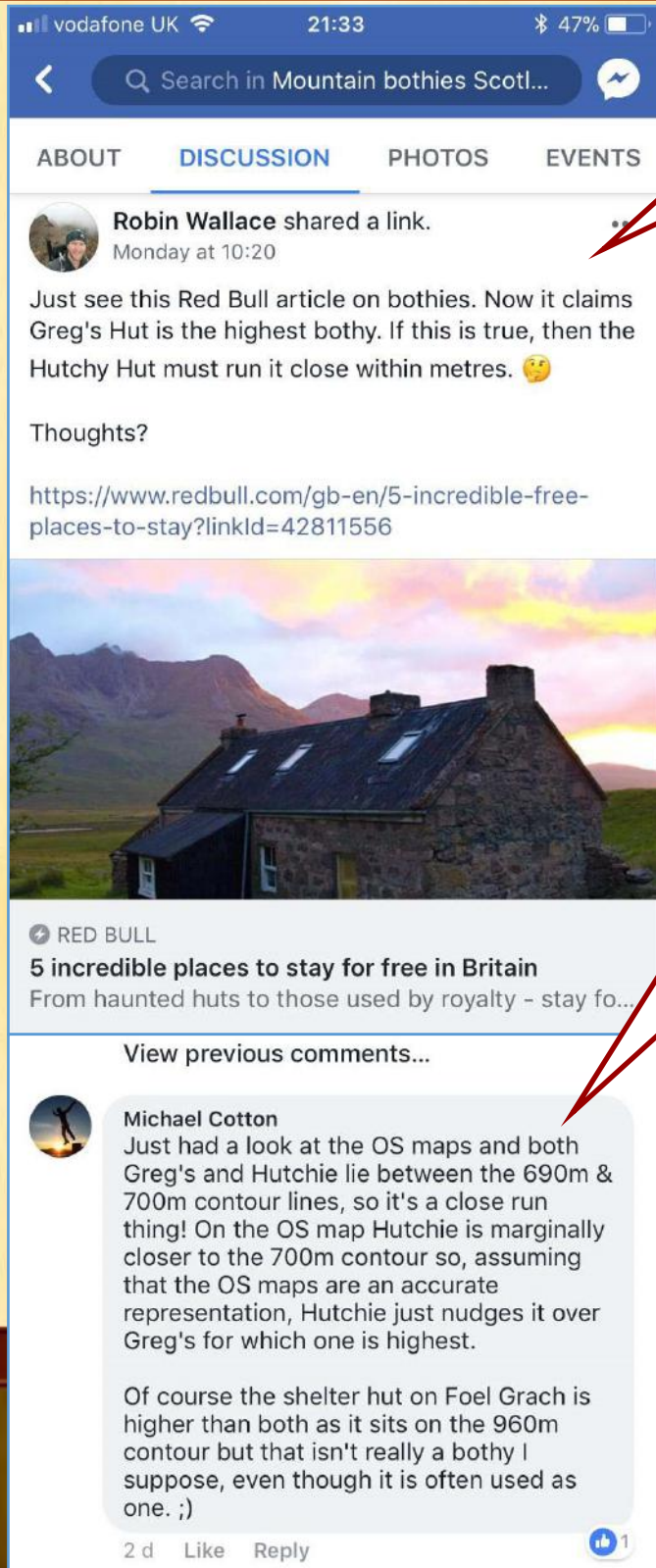
STOP PRESS: The laggards and malcontents in the gutter press have finally twigged about Groper's honorary membership of the KPC and have pounced by attempting a heinous slur, by association, regarding that Kevin Spaced-out chappie, who apparently has been caught up in some salacious gossip regarding his batting-for-the-other-side antics with the youth team. Fortunately, members will be relieved to hear, the KPC Communications department has managed to fend off the concerted media campaign about Spaced-out's soft-lad frolicking as, apart from him *not* being a KPC member, we were simply able to point out that his particular tastes were for puffing the wrong sort of pipes that have never been and never will be permitted by the constitution of this Pipe Club by Jove! We hope that is the end of the matter; although a few of our chaps will no doubt miss Spaced-out's fine portrayal of Frank Underpants in that House of Cards documentary, although the Mayor of Trumpton has comfortably usurped the purpose of this show anyway, so its demise was entirely predictable. ✓

Regardless of his choice of pipes to puff, that sartorially highly questionable chemise alone would preclude this chap's membership of a prestigious Pipe Club...



OUTDOOR KN**🔍**OBBER WATCH

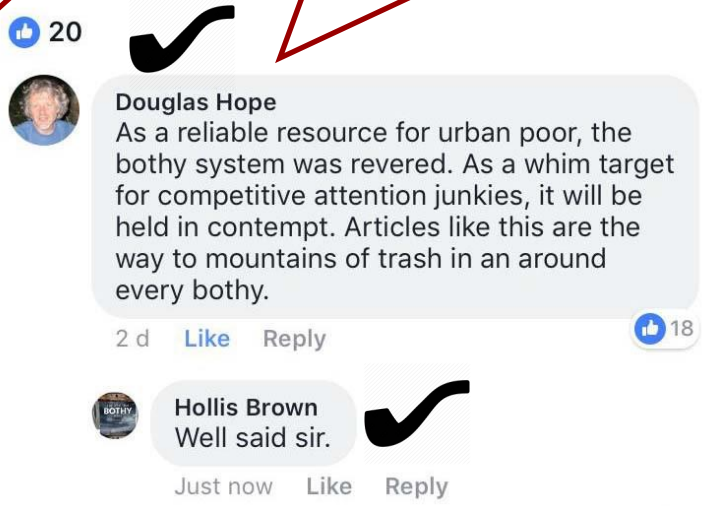
Editorial note: Oh Lordy, we have the misfortune of reporting another new low in the zeitgeist trend of commercialising bothies. This time Phoebe *'Look-at-me-I'm-blonde-and-the-author-of-the-first-bothy-guidebook-ever!'* Smith (*She simply begged to be Pipe Babe of the Month, but the Editorial team knocked her back, Ed.*) has penned some dire bothy drivel for Red Bull, that well known champion of all things rudimentary shelter... (*Yes, the company that relies on marketing rather than quality for pumping its fizzy 'energy drinks' to chaps that cannot man-up and deal with their hangover, without a dose of Red Bullshit, Ed.*). Anyway chaps, this little pocket-lining article for wee Phoebe was noted on Pusbook and a few chaps, refreshingly, got stuck in. See below and beyond.






Aha, the lesser-spotted Bothy Anorak! Greg's might be higher or lower than the Hutchie, but it does much better line in pastry-based snacks.




Almost fascinating stuff Michael old sport but we think that although the chaps at OS are rather splendid they are not infallible (particularly since they abandoned theodolites for satellites), so your assumption could well be wide of the mark and what with such critical facts at stake we would urge extreme caution. Indeed, we have heard of similar situations before on railway stations up and down the country where chaps recording a Diesel Multiple Unit's number incorrectly, for example, have simply thrown themselves in front of the next non-stopping express. High bothies and railway stations eh? Dangerous places for the chap who makes a critical data error...


At last, a meaningful discussion begins. A magnificent opening salvo sir. Bothy points awarded. Do you smoke a pipe perchance old chap?





OUTDOOR KNIBBER WATCH Cont.


 **Bob Tateson**
So the fizzy drinks firm who promote F1 motor racing are now promoting themselves via our bothies. The end of bothies as we know them is neigh.
2 d Like Reply   3



 **David Paterson**
Some one should write a book about it
2 d Like Reply   3

 **Michael Cotton**
Just had a look at the OS maps and both Greg's and Hutchie lie between the 690m & 700m contour lines, so it's a close run thing! On the OS map Hutchie is marginally closer to the 700m contour so, assuming that the OS maps are an accurate representation, Hutchie just nudges it over Greg's for which one is highest.

Of course the shelter hut on Foel Grach is higher than both as it sits on the 960m contour but that isn't really a bothy I suppose, even though it is often used as one. ;)
2 d Like Reply  1

 **Robin Wallace**
I checked both bothies on Viewranger and came to the same conclusion as you that The Hutchy edges it. Wouldn't fancy a night in the hut on Foel Grach, unless it was life or death.
2 d Like Reply

 **Uisdean Dubh**
Seen someone advertising bothies on the NC500 site as "places to stay". Still think most of these feckers are lazy bastards so may only go once, get wet, and then write it of as too much effort and not enough facilities. What next trip advisor reviews.
2 d Like Reply

 **Robin Wallace**
Lol, wasn't bothered about the politics of bothies. Just which one is at the highest altitude. 😊
2 d Like Reply  2

Well said Bob old chap! Yes, it looks like Red Bullshit has taken a leaf out of the MBA book and started using bothies for commercial gain. Your portent about the future status of our rudimentary shelters is sagely. It's only a matter of time before we see 'Strathchailleach—brought to you by Irn Bru' or some such guff.

Alright Mikey, 'sake, we hate to break it to you but no one's all that bothered about the contourial differential between the Hutchinson Memorial Hut and Greg's Hut. They are both called 'Huts' though which may be a point of note. Then again...


Er yes, Foel Grach, the nomenclature for this particular rudimentary shelter's classification could indeed be ever so trying for the bothy pedant. Crikey! Just imagine sitting in a bothy that might not be a bothy that is used as a bothy. Enough to spoil a bothy or not a bothy night for sure.


How about a wee solo trip to the menacing Foel Grach on Halloween old chap?


Well said sir. Yes, the 'Non-Chaps 500' site is indeed an insult to humanity. Sadly, we fear, that your prediction about reviews on that Trip thingy website is only a matter of time...


Yes, we think you're onto something here Robin and we think that all bothy altitudes simply must be written on the door (to the nearest femtometer). We'll have a word with the MBA. Once that's done they could publish a list and a chap could visit them all in height (highest to lowest or even lowest to highest) order merrily ticking them off as he goes. Splendid what!

OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH Cont.

 **Bob Tateson**
 You are right. I apologize for my sarcastic comment. I can't speak for anyone else. But it is the time of year for MBA Area and AGM meetings and some of us are asking - "just what is the future for bothies?"

2 d Like Reply  1

 **Robin Wallace**
 Not at all Bob, wasn't aimed at you, but in general. I hear you though. I've carried out the rubbish of idiots and wonder if the rise in popularity could be costly in the future.

2 d Like Reply  1

No need to apologise Bob, you were bang on in your initial assessment and the KPC stands four square behind you, so we urge you to slam the anchors on the back-peddling old bean.

That is a good question and you may wish to direct it to the bothy commercialisation enablers in the MBA. With chaps like you at the helm perhaps they can get their house in order?

Yes it was: stick to your guns Robin old chap. We did not know, however, that the collective noun for idiots was 'a rubbish', but it is a corker! Must have been a proper struggle for you to cart the blighters out though?

Editorial note: After the bothy sponsored by Red Bullshit debate, our very own Tealight got into a spot of Bible-bashing bother with dear old Dr Essan. It really has been a rather busy and fraught time of late in the Knobbersphere—see below & p.31.

vodafone UK 3G 17:34 59%

Home Andy Mayhew > Messenger

 **Andy Mayhew**
 13 mutual friends, including Richard Lyon and Steve Worthington
 Owner at Twyford Antique Centre and

We all know you hate the Bothy Bible. Half the world knows you hate the Bothy Bible I've had 2 complaints today about you going on and on about how you hate the Bothy bl**dy Bible. So please stop spewing vile about it in every post on the MBA FB Group. It constitutes trolling. Or I may have to start deleting your posts and/or remove you from the group. Thanks



Steady on Dr Essan old boy, two complaints surely doth not constitute a trolling event?

We are disappointed sir, as this Pipe Club associates the pipe smoking chap with a more diplomatic, agreeable, approach to trivial spats caused by differences of cyber-opinion. Perhaps a more constructive approach would be to enjoy a contemplative bowl before rushing to judgement about such conundrums often faced by sagely Sultans of social media such as your good self?

Were those two complainants uptight ODK-types perchance? We can see it now: "Dear Dr Essan, sir, I'm an ODK and I like the Bothy Bible lots and lots and lots, and that horrid Hollis Brown ruffian is not a nice ODK like me and he hates what I like lots and lots and lots. Can you smack his bothy botty for me? Thank you so much Dr Essan, sir."

Lastly old chap, we all have our off days, but perhaps linking the statement of an opinion—repeatedly or otherwise—with trolling means that your alter ego General Noriega has the upper hand at the moment? The KPC is, once again, always ready to help a distressed fellow chap of the briar and we urge, nay beg, you to switch from that Clan filth and smoke something with less propensity for tongue bite, as we are sure you are aware how readily the beastly bite can darken one's mood awfully, thus leading to an interminable clouding of a chap's judgement.

OUTDOOR KN**BBER** WATCH Cont.

You accepted Andy's request.



You do what you have to do. I won't be censored. Having an opinion does not constitute trolling. I have already been censored on the group, so don't make out you're warning me first. If people do not like my opinion then tough. If you're happy removing people because their thoughts bother you, then perhaps you're in the wrong era my friend.

Perhaps Germany in the 1930s would be a better place for you. Or better still, move to China or Russia.

You could get a job censoring the internet. At least you would get paid something for that.

Dr Essan in his t'interweb policing uniform. (He does look rather fetching though, Ed.)



Hear, hear, Tealight old chap! A blow or at least a puff for free speech. You forgot Panama in the 1980's though...

GREED IS STOPPING HUMAN EVOLUTION

OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH 2

Editorial Note: Crikey, what with all the action in the Knobbersphere we could issue a standalone sister publication called 'Outdoor Knobber Watch' or some such. Our staunch anti-bothy commercialisation correspondent, Tealight, has once again been gallantly mixing it up in cyberspace. Only this time he was accused of commercialising bothies himself by releasing his hit (*Not-for-profit, Ed.*) song 'Bothy Life' that will, by now, be all too familiar to KPC members.

Our Tealight may indeed be accused, even guilty, of all manner of bothy contraventions (*He was only trying to combust a bit of polymerised hydrocarbon, Ed.*) but a bothy commercialist he is most definitely is **not** and any blaggard who accuses him of such a heinous crime deserves everything they get. It is a testament to his cyber-tenacity that he continues to rattle the ODKs and Bothy Bible apologists alike—some who should know better (Dr Essan *et al*)—with his forthright condemnation of those who seek to turn our rudimentary shelters into profit making theme parks and/or ODK wank-shacks.

We would—if his strumming skills improve a few hundred percent—even proffer that our battling chumrade is actually the modern day equivalent of a bothying Woody Guthrie (*Coaly Guthrie perhaps, Ed.*) Yes chaps let us: 'Tear the ODK Fascists Down', for 'This Bothy is Your Bothy' etc. huzzah! (*Enough! Ed.*)

The following Pusbook exchange took place and the Editorial team have, once again cast a sceptical eye over proceedings (pp. 32-36).

vodafone UK 4G 01:53 96%

Hollis Brown ► Mountain bothies Scotland

Yesterday at 17:56 · 

Just been informed that **Gaz Carter** has been bumping his gums about me on the MBA page.

We'll gaz carter sorry to disappoint you, but I no longer participate on that page.

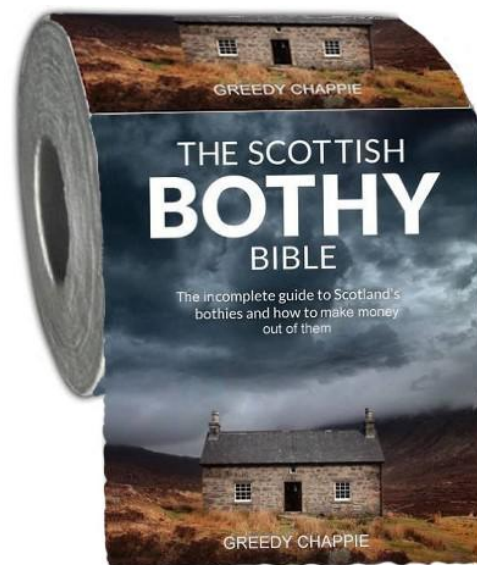
Just to straighten things out, said song was written and recorded for myself and my mates around the Bothy fire.

To try and claim I am making money out of it is ridiculous. It's a feeble attempt to justify the disgraceful SBB.

I can't control who listens to it, but what I can say is this:

The song is written about myself and my mates, and we think it captures the atmosphere of our Bothy nights beautifully. It really isn't for uptight types, so I'd prefer if you kept your thoughts to yourself.

Good day



OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH 2 Cont.

Steve Worthington and 6 others



Les Hudson
This has no place on this group page and should be removed. It's a celebration of bothies, bothy culture, a place to share trips, ideas and anecdotes. It is not a place to air grievances or wash dirty linen in public.

7 h Like Reply 17



Hollis Brown
Well admin thinks differently.

7 h Like Reply



Les Hudson
Well admin should read their own rules. Or apply them consistently.

7 h Like Reply 2



Michael S Mcanenay
But admin is your bum chum no ?

6 h Like Reply



Hollis Brown
Well admin already approved it, but you can live in hope. It doesn't matter anyway, I got my point across

6 h Like Reply



Michael S Mcanenay
Hollis Brown , is that homophobic content in your last verse of you bothy song ?

6 h Like Reply



Michael S Mcanenay
I'm sure admin will agree

6 h Like Reply



Write a reply...



Fraser Smith
Is it on iTunes ? Never caught it first time round.

7 h Like Reply



Hollis Brown
I'll send ye a link.

7 h Like Reply 1

Dirty britches aside Les old chap we think that such important decisions regarding content are left to those tireless Administrators. All we ask is that you show a little respect now and then instead of airing your grievances in public, 'sake.

Aha, now this is where Les' claim of dirty linen starts to make some sort of sense. Are bothies are in danger of being turned into skid row?

WHOA HORSE! Michael old fruit, did you not just accuse Les and dear old Admin. o being a tad too familiar with their respective bothy botties?

No. Perhaps you should get smoking a pipe and get hip with the hipsters Fraser, er, Dude, and you'll never be left lagging in the bothy slow lane!

OUTDOOR KNOBBBER WATCH 2 Cont.



Hollis Brown
<http://blog.kearvaigpipeclub.co.uk/blog/13053-bothy-life-the-single.aspx>



The Kearvaig Pipe Club.
Pipe log
blog.kearvaigpipeclub.co.uk

6 h Like Reply

Says the supreme Bum Chummery ac-cuser-in-chief. This Pipe Club likes to maintain standards sir, not double standards.



Michael S Mcanenay
Is that homophobic language in the last verse ??

6 h Like Reply



William Doig
No i'd say campingphobic at best. Jeez leave the boy alone ffs

6 h Like Reply

Apart from Greedy chappie and his enablers, we think nobody is beyond help Hollis assuming that if they can just get down to their local specialist tobacconist and get stocked up for a proper bothy night.



Hollis Brown
Michael S Mcanenay oh so you listened? Man alive, still uptight? You're beyond help I reckon. 😂



William Doig



6 h Like Reply  1



Michael S Mcanenay
Hollis Brown , no , I read what I could , so is it homophobic old chap ? Or is is bothy banter as the next post suggests ?


6 h Like Reply



Hollis Brown
Michael S Mcanenay you've lost me.


But here we go again, maybe you'll get it this time?


Linking the word camp and gay in a verse isn't homophobic. Calling someone a bum boy is.



6 h Like Reply  1






OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH 2 Cont.


- 


Michael S Mcanenay
Is it not LGBT 🏳️‍🌈 now preacher man ?
Camp and gay is ok ?
6 h Like Reply
- 


Hollis Brown
I'd say so. But I don't really care tbh.
Bye then
6 h Like Reply 
- 


William Doig
In my experience camp and gay are reasonable words to use. Its when you use words like faggot, queen etc. thats when its too far. Nice to listen to a tune written by a boy who actually appreciates something we all love and spend a lot of time doing.
5 h Like Reply 
- Write a reply...
- 

George Magee
Can we here it 🤔
7 h Like Reply
- 

Hollis Brown
Depends if you're an uptight type or not 🤔
- 

William Doig
Hollis Brown just had a wee listen to yer tune and i think its first class 😂 anyone wi a problem clearly doesnt get the bothy lifestyle and need to take the poker out their arse 😂
6 h Like Reply
- 

Hollis Brown
Thanks pal. It wasn't the tune that was the problem. The chap was trying to make out I was making money from it. If he thinks that could make money, he's not got much of an ear 🤔
6 h Like Reply
- 

William Doig
Did he help you write it like?
6 h Like Reply
- 

Marc Banks
top tune id love to hear it live in bothy
6 h Like Reply



Then old chap: "When the weekend comes you just need to be ready to head of to a bothy for a bevvy..."


OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH 2 Cont.

 **Hollis Brown**
 William Doig no he was trying to ridicule my stance on the non commercialisation of bothies by trying to make out I was doing just that.
 6 h Like Reply

 **Hollis Brown**
 Marc Banks one day I'm sure marc
 6 h Like Reply

 **Andy MacArthur**
 Top Tune - hope to hear it live one day
 6 h Like Reply  1

 **Hollis Brown**
 Andy MacArthur you never know 😊
 6 h Like Reply

 **William Doig**
 Oh for fuck sake 😂😂 i wish there were more boys like yerself up for a banter. I always get stuck wi the stiffis

 **Hollis Brown**
 William Doig there is. Just getting harder to find 😊
 6 h Like Reply

 **Andy MacArthur**
 You'd have to settle for a Argentinian Malbec Grand Reserve due to the current embargo we have on Spanish goods ;)
 6 h Like Reply

 **William Doig**
 Bothy goers have changed a lot in the past decade i think a lot of the fun has gone right out of it. Too many sensitive idiots who take it all too seriously. Have fun for gods sake if you cant do that whats the point.
 6 h Like Reply  1

 **Brian Hughes**
 thats a brilliant bothy song ,Hollis playing shooglenifty magic .long live the KPC.
 5 h Like Reply  2

Indeed William and you have this Pipe Club's condolences. The uptight ODKs may have the numbers old chap, but in the confined space of the bothy they're no match for the fug from some fine tobacco in a solid briar clenched in a determined jaw, huzzah!

A very valid point Andy. We are, however, pleased to report that dear old Tea-light also now enjoys a fine vintage Port. The problem is, that after 3 bottles his strumming skills don't seem to match his enthusiasm for said strumming for some inexplicable reason.



New Member Welcome

Richard Lyon

Richard, an avid pipe smoker and bothy goer of retirement age and then some, got it touch with the KPC Command Centre after visiting Kearvaig shortly after the AGM. Why he did not get himself to the AGM remains a mystery, but his—admittedly poor quality—photographic images have been verified by the Membership Committee and he has thus become a full member of the growing KPC beard section or possibly the KPC beard growing section. Richard is also the MO of Loch Chiarainn bothy, so it is splendid to see yet another MBA chap amidst our ranks.

Originally from Dundee, but now domiciled in darkest Ayrshire, Richard tells us that he used to enjoy some old Rattray's blends that are now out of production, so he has switched down a gear to something he describes as "Aromatic Black Cherry" or Peterson's Sweet Killarney", whatever the Devil those aromatic goo's may be. Still, each to there own and at least we would predict a decent room note from said blends that would go some way into gaining some lost ground with his KPC chumrades after sneaking in *after* the AGM. Refreshingly, however, Richard actually purchases his pipe tobacco and smoker's requisites from a real emporium, namely Dalling's of Ayr.

Along with his pipe Richard tells us that he packs his fiddle for the bothy and the odd hill excursion. He apparently carries it up normal hills as well, which we presume then makes them odd again. Inadvertently revealing an urgent training requirement, Richard admits that he has never smoked his pipe whilst fiddling. He also forcefully assures us that he never does either when there are kids about. Whilst we concur that fiddling anything but one's business expenses is off limits, this Pipe Cub is of the opinion that the kids benefit from a healthy dose of early years passive smoking prior to taking up the briar at around a recommended 4 years of age.

As for his other bothy habits Richard says he likes a dram. In fact whilst he was up at Kearvaig he says he was awoken by his dog due to what was supposedly the *Aurora borealis* putting on a show. Quite how his pooch detected the Aurora he did not explain, but he did mention that a certain malt from the isle of Jura had been consumed before retiring to his quarters and with no photographic evidence to support his assertions we'll just have to err on the side of caution and assume that Richard had fiddled his snifter recollection that evening.

Richard is also a staunch anti-bothy commercialist and he has led some splendidly scathing online commentary against the likes of Greedy Chappie and Lord COEVON (*He of the trump cards, Ed.*). We think that a pipe-puffing, fiddling, anti-commercialist drunkard will fit right in and we would like to extend a warm KPC welcome to Richard.

Bothy Name: Kidnay

Good effort sir! Richard enjoys a bowl up at Kearvaig shortly after the 2017 AGM (Notice the KPC literature still in situ, Ed.)



Fiddler on the roof?



A Space 'Caper'—The Pipe Nebula

By Sergeant Matron

Introduction

It has been a while since B&B has included a scholarly article about the wonderful world of pipe smoking and it just so happened that I was discussing this scientific deficit over a port or two with Major Ellis Dee on a recent post-AGM trip to the Cape. He agreed with my assessment that science has, sadly, been lacking of late when he rather slyly threw in: "Of course you'll have heard of the *Pipe Nebula* Matron?" The Major, always probing for an opportunity to puncture a chap's pomposity, had indeed circumnavigated my scientific credentials in one foul swoop. Infernal Bounder (I may have thought at the time), but such joyous verbal sparring is a feature of a night at the Cape. Playing for time I reached for a house pipe to clean, scrape and fill. Indeed, I felt like Dr Johnson—of dictionary fame—being skewered by Edmund Blackadder with his devastating *contrafibularity* routine. "Aha, the *Pipe Nebula*. Er, yes. Er, a nebula being a starry thing up in the sky, er, I mean space Major?" "Indeed Matron, so you've not heard of it then? Must have missed that out at your *comprehensive* school then, as in Wee-gieland the *Pipe Nebula* was often a topic of discussion the playground..." "Perhaps it is only visible in Scotland?" I countered, rather feebly. Of course this nebula thingy could have been a figment of the Major's vivid imagination—perhaps viewed via his Hubble-bubble telescope, ahem, but I suspected that the Major had been waiting, like a buzzard on a telegraph pole, to launch his attack.

And so it went on; a splendid evening. But a rather self-satisfied Major had piqued my interest and I vowed to

study the mysterious *Pipe Nebula* as soon as practically possible for a scholarly article or something approaching scholarly at any rate.

The *Pipe Nebula*—the scientific consensus

A brief consultation on Mr Choogle™ yielded the following scholarly stuff:

"The Pipe Nebula (also known as Barnard 59, 65–67, and 78) is a dark nebula in the Ophiuchus constellation and a part of the Dark Horse Nebula. It is a large but readily apparent pipe shaped dust lane that obscures the Milky Way star clouds behind it. Clearly visible to the naked eye in the Southern United States under clear dark skies, but it is best viewed with 7x binoculars.

The nebula has two main parts: the Pipe Stem with an opacity of 6 which is composed of Barnard 59, 65, 66, and 67 (also known as LDN 1773) 300' x 60' RA: 17h 21m Dec: -27° 23'; and the Bowl of the Pipe with an opacity of 5 which is composed of Barnard 78 (also known as LDN 42) 200' x 140' RA: 17h 33m Dec: -26° 30'."

Now of course that's all well and good, but what about the pipe smokers' perspective? Therefore, I decided to refer these findings to our in-house boffins for a fuller assessment and this is what the KPC Department of Pipe Science told me: "The *Pipe Nebula* is a Cutty or possibly a Zulu." Sometimes the art of science can be found in brevity but at least that should keep the Major quiet before his next fiendish pipe-based plot... ✓

The Pipe Nebula of the Ophiuchus constellation as viewed by the Hubble Bubble telescope. If a supernatural deity is up there somewhere, then she'll enjoy a puff!



AGM Pipe Babe of the Month

Here we have Piping Hot Posy bashing her briar at the AGM. All you clenching chaps out will surely be in awe at the masterful combination of a beguiling smile and seductive clenching of that lucky pipe in her perfectly pert lips. Indeed, the chaps could barely believe their luck when this perfect Pipe Babe popped in for a puff after a perambulation on the parph. Super stunning Pipe Babe action doesn't come much better than this and we hope next year she brings a few of her stunning, slinky, svelte, Pipe Babe pals for a scorching sortie of sublimity beyond a chap's wildest AGM pipe dreams!



BREXIT UPDATE

BREXIT WARDENS WANTED

A responsible job for responsible chaps!



BRP Be part of the BREXIT effort!
BREXIT RAID PRECAUTIONS

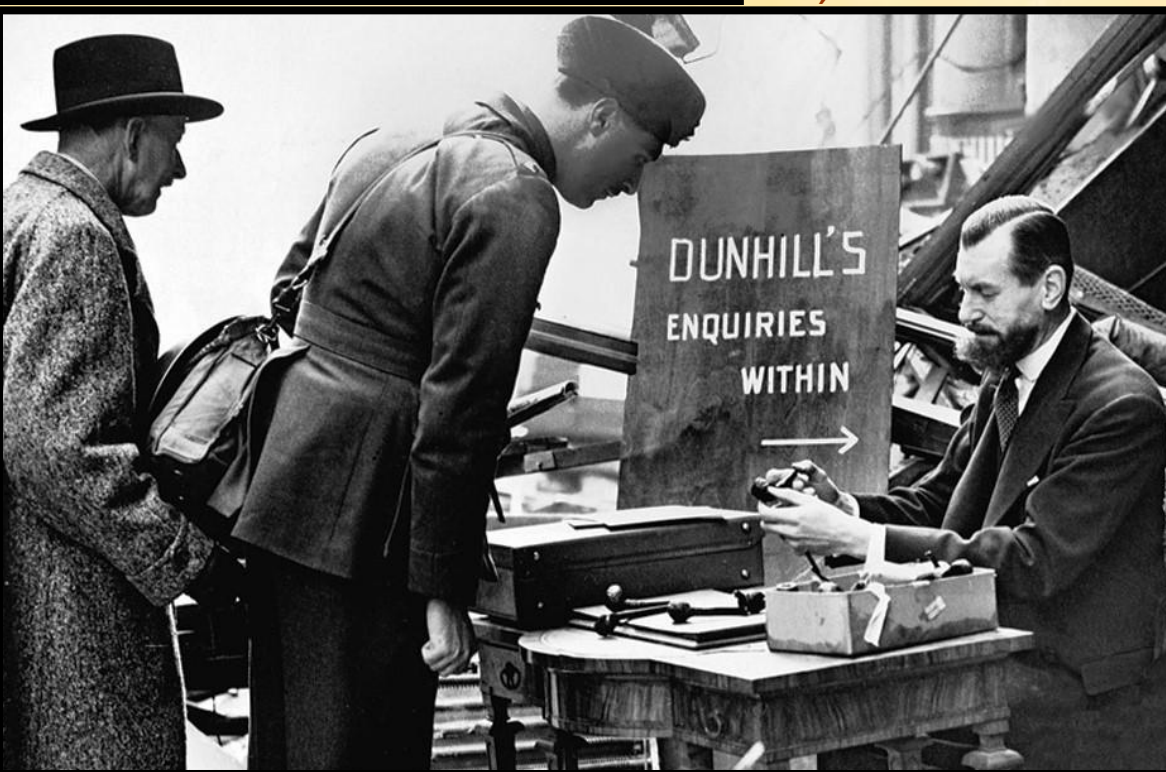
BRIARS 'n' BACCY STILL AVAILABLE AMIDST THE WRECKAGE!

It may be dark days for the UK pipe smoker, but even amidst the EU *Blitz* led by those evil Euro-scoundrels Jean Claude Junkers and Michel Dornier (aka: The Lying Pencil), this magazine is pleased to report that Mediterranean briar is still getting through to the UK.

Our friends in the Commonwealth are also keeping us supplied with most types of fine pipe tobacco. A huge boost to UK pipe smokers has also been the news that Bouncing Bob Mugabe has finally been booted out of office in Zimbabwe. Consequently the UK is now awash with Zimbabwean leaf. Ha! The EU blockaders didn't see that one coming did they by jingo?

Our brave boys with their superior morale bolstered by their ever full and glowing briars, will be sticking it to the Eurocrat Man with increased gusto. Do your part now chaps and join the new Brexit Warden service, where all volunteers will be issued with a Dunhill pipe—of a classic English design (naturally)—and a year's supply of *Squadron Leader* to stuff in it. ONWARDS TO VICTORY!

Even in the wreckage of Tory party HQ, an enterprising chap sets up shop supplying our boys with much needed pipes—Dunhills no less. Bloody marvelous, what!



Advertisement: Paradise Papers are available from all good accountancy firms.



CAYMAN ISLANDS
GOVERNMENT



*Does one enjoy a
smoke or perhaps
even a toke?*

*...Then sit back, relax, and enjoy the taste of
paradise with our new rolling papers, safe in
knowledge that your other wad of paper is
safe from the prying eyes of the taxman.*



By Appointment to
HM The Queen and the Kearvaig Pipe Club



This product benefits from the generous
support of the Cayman Islands Government

**"The avoidance of taxes is the only intellectual pursuit that still carries
any reward."**

- John Maynard Keynes

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.

Off with their heads, and other appendages!

Dear Sir,

This outrageous MBA advertisement recently came to my attention:

"The MBA in a 50:50 collaboration with best-selling, uber fantastic, master of the mountains, king of all he surveys, Bothy Baron of Banter, literary Goliath and author of the new 'Bothy Babble' are able to offer at no discount whatsoever a phantasmagorical array of bothy must haves:

Bothy Bog Roll – Gets the job done when the jobbie's done. No jobbie to big or too small. Features shiny paper – the *original* spread sheet!

Bothy Air Freshener (Buy one, get one) – 'Bothy Frish' eliminates the smell of pish – if it can freshen a bothy it can freshen anywhere!

Bothy Soap – Shifts skids for under a quid!

Bothy Shampoo – Gets rid of goo, spew and Barney McGrew!

Bothy Shit Shovel – Unique Dyson Turbo feature. Don't hang about when you're farting and starting to sprout!

Bothy Condoms – 'The Bush Whacker': If you are ever in a fit state to use one in a bothy we will issue a life-time supply (3 pa) and £50 – we reserve the right to use your name and location for promotional purposes (offer subject to polygraph test, three signed witness statements and photographs. (3 ½ sizes available: small, smaller, smallest & Greedy Chappie)

Bothy Sleeping Bag – Ultra lightweight as no padding

whatsoever – zip optional extra – Fair Trade product as all our unpaid far-east Asian workers have had their hair bleached. If you like sleeping rough then this bag is definitely rough enough!

Bothy Hatchet – Unique quick release button allows head to fly off at an opportune moment putting an ODK out of action, allowing you to acquire wallet, watch and pilfer some extra booze. Pays for itself in a split second!

Bothy Deodorant – 'Rancid Fish Bin' eau de cologne. For a vast improvement after a twa nichter!

Bothy Lipstick and Foundation – For the morning after. Look your best wile feeling your worst. Comes with large trowel applicator.

Bothy Shatnav – Download the Crap App from the sphincternet. You don't want to dig up someone else's doo-doo, do you or do you?"

In the event that any of the above articles do not exist and was merely a dream of a figment of my imagination, please consider it as a premonition. Off with their heads anyway!

Desufnoc as per usual,

Major Ellis Dee

Dear Major Dee,

We have passed on your important and timely missive to our Commercialisation Underwriting Nauseous Tossers department (or was it our Particularly Repugnant Idiot and Complete Knobhead department?) for urgent investigation. They have since concluded that even if you did imagine one or two of the aforementioned items after the odd snifter or three, it is only a matter of time before all, and no doubt further supplementary spin-off items of bothy commercial tat, will appear on the market. These are dark days indeed and we have to be constantly on our guard, although we must say that a Bothy Shatnav could be a valuable addition to a chap's ablution outfit, so we may contact the MBA regarding a collaborative field study forthwith.

Sincerely,

The Editor

Another satisfied Bothy Flaker

Dear Sir,

I have just smoked my first bowl of Bothy Fake, which I found to be a really satisfying cool flavorsum smoke and I am looking forward to smoking the rest of the tin. Keep on piping.

Jim Nicolson

Dear Jim,

A chap's first bowl of Bothy Flake is indeed a life-changing event. The rest of the tin is life. Carpe diem sir!

Sincerely,

The Editor

Invective and bowl problem solved

Now then,

Cheers for the publication. ['Rudimentary Tripe' - Letters to the Editor, B&B Vol.6 Iss.4] Glad to see someone have McNeish in their sights; a self-styled Scots Wainwright with cringeworthy faux-wistfulness. Or maybe he's just a cunt?

We've plumped on Burleywhag for a visit on 14th Oct (crossing the border from the landing stage at Carlisle), coal, beers, port, cheese and popup grill in tow - with tarp and bivvy as backup in case of ODKs. Not tried a bowl before but a bothy would be a good place to start! As for Greedy Chappie and Hackett [Lord COEVON], one is formulating invective as one types.

Yours,

Edmund Boig

Dear Edmund,

Some timely and crisp analysis old chap. Very decent of you to provide emergency shelter to any ODKs that happen upon your chosen rudimentary shelter. After having sent in our crack Special Bothy Service 'Bothy Story Verification' unit, we are pleased to see that you've also got to grips with your bowl problem—see image taken from the Burleywhag bothy book below. Oh, and what on earth is a popup grill pray tell?

Sincerely,

The Editor

FLAKE NEWS Review...

Gad Sir,

"Kim's A Flake indeed"! [B&B Vol.6 Iss.4 p. 38] If this a case for suing then the SG sewage department should and surely will be involved. Apart from which this looks a lot between a picture of "Grocer" Heath and a Japanese gentleman with a serious case of constipation! I trust a withdrawal of the image will be made pubic before dedicated Sam's followers realise what in fact we do do (opposite of constipation) the flake.

On a more serious note, I was delighted to see that you had seen our dear old friend Maclean off in the best and truest of ways, [B&B Vol.6 Iss.4 pp.7&8] something that I am quite certain he would have found both amusing and delightful. May he remain in the best of peace.

As usual Matron, a work of art, thank you.

Blender

Dear Blender,

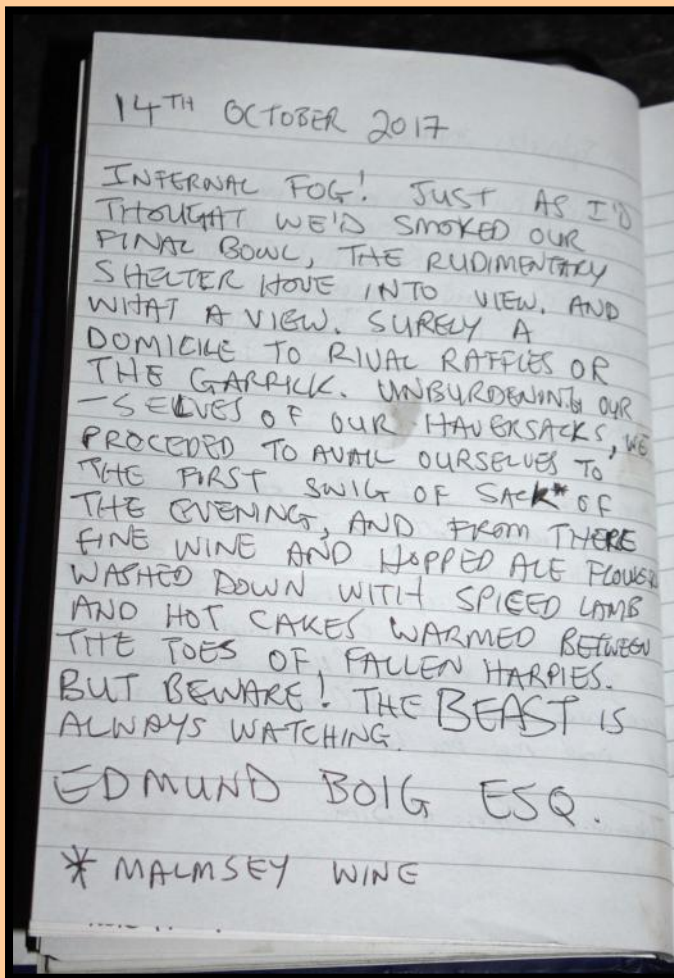
Upon reflection KPC Command feels that the commemorative flake for 'Rocket Man' (as the Mayor of Trumpton likes to refer to dear old Kim) perhaps strayed from the normal norms of normal normality a tad, not least due to the abnormal fact that those not-normal North Korean chappies seem rather abnormal in their attitude for using not normal unnerving nerves agents for assassinations, ahem. We hope that your resultant constipation has since been successfully evacuated and please refer any expenses regarding re-instatement/replacement of soiled undergarments to the KPCCC for full or partial (a full examination, naturally, will be undertaken) reimbursement.

Your kind words regarding dear Maclean are appreciated and we concur that the fine fellow would have sported a wry smile at his airy send off. You will also be pleased to note that Maclean's iconic Pipe Sign continues to be deployed by the KPC as a totem of respect and repute.

Sincerely,

Matron

(Continued on page 44)



MUNROCTOBER? MUNROCKNOBBER more like...

Editorial note: Rather surprisingly, the following truly dreadful marketing bilge from Top Moron Ltd. was received at the KPC Command Centre:



IT'S MUNROCTOBER!

So here's a marketing message you won't have heard before....

DO NOT BUY OUR TRUMPS THIS WEEK! .. because throughout October you can save £2 on any single pack purchase by using the Code 'MUNROCTOBER'.

Or, if you are buying more than one item you can use the code '10%' instead.

We just, erm, wanted you to know early in case you bought some this week and then saw the offer next week and then, you know, felt hard done by etc etc.. I mean, obviously we want you to buy our cards just.. you know.. not till next week. Please. Thanks.

(The copy-writing course has been booked).



Congratulations...

To Elaine White who won our voucher last month for writing a kind testimonial for us - and thanks to all the others who submitted a testimonial but didn't get pulled from the hat - WE LOVE YOUR FEEDBACK!

[SHOP NOW](#)

WHAT'S NEXT ON THE HORIZON?

We've been secretly working on our next product which is in design and will hopefully be available January with a view to hitting the retail mainstream by the walking season.



All we will tell you is... it is NOT trumps but it IS Lakes.. As always you'll be the first to know.

[Visit the site >>](#)

MUNROCTOBER? MUNROCKNOB- BER more like... Cont.

Editorial Note: After receiving the aforementioned marketing bilge the following e-mail exchange occurred with Mr Greg Hackett (Lord COEVON) of Top Moron Ltd. and the KPCCC:

On 26 Sep 2017, at 20:20, The Kearvaig Pipe Club wrote:

Dear Mr Hackett (or should we address you as Lord COEVON),

We suggest you get a new calendar as it is 26th September 2017 today and not October (you perhaps need a better spell-checker too). We were rather surprised to receive a sales promotion e-mail from your outdoor tat parlour, as attempting to push your pitiful products on KPC members is akin to flogging condoms in the Vatican.

The KPC is, however, very glad to see that your sales are sluggish - hence the MoronOctober (Oh deary me how original...) 'campaign' no doubt - and we hope that our new campaign to undermine your discretionary-spending-outdoor-tat is at least partially responsible for this welcome demise.

Of course to resurrect your profits all you have to do is withdraw from sale your Bothy Top Trumps 'game'. Indeed sir, as a Winter Solstice special if you do see sense and abandon your commercialising bothy campaign, we offer a free half page advertisement to your remaining products in our increasingly popular newsletter Briar & Bothies. The concomitant regaining of your dignity could also help with your obviously low self-esteem problem, which we proffer could be a real tonic with the nights drawing.

We cannot wait to see what your next wheeze that you've been 'secretly' working on; although we would challenge the 'secret' bit, as the efficacy of a secret requires that somebody actually cares as to what that secret is.

It must be so trying to be beholden to the whims of the Outdoor Knobber 'community' and their notoriously fickle approach to ancillary hill tat. We would like to sympathise with your plight sir, but alas at this moment in time we cannot for reasons that we are sure even a unprincipled profit-hungry chap such as yourself you can understand.

Sincerely,

Ron-Squad,

*Deputy Head of Communications
The Kearvaig Pipe Club*

greg@topmunro.com 26 Sep at 10:31 PM wrote:

*Possibly the finest email I have ever received thanks!
Very funny[.]
Did not understand COEVON[.]*

The cards are selling well. I'm pleased there is an upsurge in interest in bothies. I want to see more people with the right reasons for visiting bothies. I do understand that some volunteers may have worked in parties on the assumption that it was for the benefit of a smaller group and not the wider public, but I can't help that and I think they have done a great service.

If you have an enemy it's Facebook not me. Facebook make money out of Bothy groups. Facebook have turned a group of people into a market. Every time someone posts in a Bothy group they have commercialised bothies.

Every angry comment creates interest. If you want to turn back time shut those groups down. A card game about 32 known bothies isn't your main problem.

Wish you the best.

Greg [Hackett]

Me again. Just checked and found you received a subscriber email because one of you had previously contacted me through the website. I will unsubscribe you so you no longer receive customer emails.

Cheers [Greg Hackett]

On 27 Sep 2017, at 09:02, The Kearvaig Pipe Club wrote:

Dear Mr Hackett,

Glad we were able to brighten up another dull day at Topmoron - your mailbag must be rather depressing though. Perhaps you will put our e-mail up as a testimonial? Since every chap should have a bothy name your given bothy name is Lord COEVON (Cost Of Everything Value Of Nothing) which we feel is entirely appropriate and it certainly beats Topmunro282. This moniker also sits snugly with your sidekick Greedy Chappie or are you his sidekick we are not too sure? Our latest newsletter goes into more detail.

That is indeed a pity if your cards are selling well, but why would you be offering a discount if that were the case? We suspect some misguided sales bravado is in play here. Have you ever watched the film Glengarry Glen Ross? If not we highly recommend it as an antidote to such bravado. Therefore sir, we suspect and hope for continued hard times for dear ol' Topmunro. There may well be an upsurge in interest in bothies (for a few reasons) and this Pipe Club has no problem with that and as ever you are deploying a diversionary tactic here: the issue is not use of, but making money out of bothies.

What pray tell do you mean by: "I want to see more people with the right reasons for visiting bothies."? (We think, depressingly, that we may already know the answer to this but do tell..). We put it to you that you have not one jot of interest on more people visiting bothies for whatever reason; you just want to cash in, plain and simple.

MUNROCTOBER? MUNROCKNOB- BER more like... Cont.

We would agree that Facebook - for all sorts of reasons - is bad news and this Pipe Club does not, and will not use any social media platforms, but saying that your cards are not a problem because Facebook et al is worse is a classic case of two-wrongs-don't-make-a-right. It is also laughable to suggest that Facebook exists to cash-in on bothies unlike products specifically designed to do just that. Besides, surely if you want more interest in bothies then Facebook is an ideal tool for this is it not? You will also note that your bothy cash-in products have been roundly berated by a goodly few folk on Facebook and therefore, on balance, the KPC is OK with Facebook and happy to see your products taking some well-deserved flak. Perhaps that is the real reason you do not like Facebook groups? We also note that you happily use Twatter and Facebook to peddle your tat though... Funny that. We would also like to point out to you that popular Outdoor Knobber platforms such as Walkhighlands also make money from all manner of outdoor issues, most of which - whilst often laughable - are relatively harmless and we pay no heed.

Lastly, bothies have always been there for all and folk have always been discovering and visiting them for decades, long before any pointless guidebooks or cards. All you need is a map and an inquisitive nature. A central pillar of bothying is that they are indeed for all (although obviously not according to yourself and other ODK commentators) and that they are simple, special, social spaces where, for once in life, ALL are equal and all the commercialism of modern life should be left at the bothy door - along with your ego... This may be an unwritten code but it is a code nonetheless - understood and adhered to by many bothying folk for many years - and we would hope that any decent chap would instinctively understand this. Sadly and obviously not. You and the likes of Greedy are doing the world of bothies and bothying a grave disservice and all you have to do is withdraw your bothy cards and continue to sell your other tat for your eternal salvation. Our free Winter Solstice advertisement offer still stands.

BTW what happened to your site's blog old chap? We noted your rant about 'bothy wars'. What happened there old bean? Cop a bit of flak?

Yours,

*Ron-Squad,
Deputy Head of Communications
The Kearvaig Pipe Club*

greg@topmunro.com 27Sep at 9:29 AM wrote:

*Thanks[,] I would be happy to answer some of your questions if I had a name.
As Pacino says in Glengarry Glen Ross, 'always tell the truth, it's the easiest thing to remember'
[Greg Hackett]*

On 26 Sep 2017, at 7:47 PM The Kearvaig Pipe Club wrote:

Dear Lord COEVON,

You do indeed have a name old chap: 'Lord COEVON', and there are many worse bothy monikers. We shall put your coyness down to the fact that you may have to face some very uncomfortable truths, but we remain all ears.

A great line indeed and it could be a motto for this Pipe Club. Here's one for you old boy (again, Ricky Roma): "When you die you're gonna regret the things that you don't do." So chap, when you are laying there on your death karrimat dealing your last card, will you regret not pulling the plug on your bothy tat while you had the chance? Food for thought.

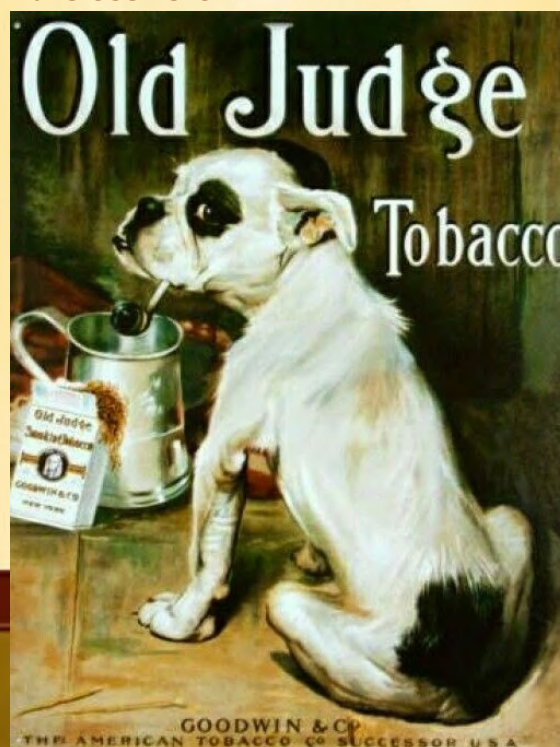
Sincerely,

*Sergeant Matron
Head of Communications
The Kearvaig Pipe Club*

Conclusion:

And that was that from Lord COEVON, who seemed remarkably less chatty when presented with some cold, hard truths. It was telling and depressing, if however, all too predictable, to learn that the likes of Lord COEVON are seeking to fill our rudimentary shelters with "...more people with the right reasons for visiting bothies." i.e. uptight, pious, ODK Puritans who get their kicks by reading pointless bothy guidebooks and play children's trump card games. We conclude that dear old COEVON's greed is only matched by his ODK arrogance.

Advertisement



BADGE OF HONOUR!

Sir,

I was, for my interdiction efforts against his bothy-commercialising filth, recently blocked on Twatter by that bothy-commercialising scoundrel Greedy Chappie. Please see the attached image of the message I received from the blighter. I regard it as a BADGE OF HONOUR!

Yours in humble fulminations,

Tealight



Dear Tealight,

My, my chap, in the thick of it once again eh? Splendid work indeed and a bucket load of bothy points awarded. The likes of Greedy will, one day, rue the day!

Yours,

The Editor

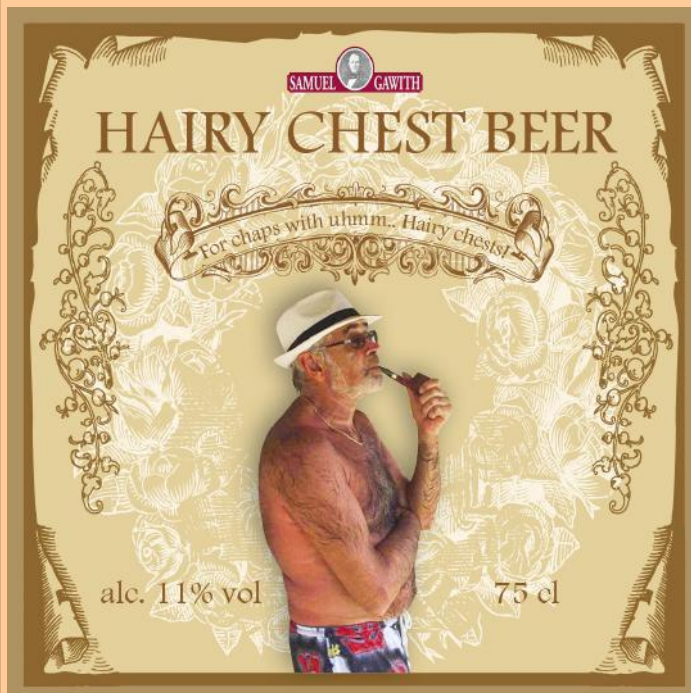
Hair of the dog?

Dear Matron,

I was recently smuggled myself in to this year's InterTabac trade fair in Dortmund. Of course I knew that The Blender would be there and because he made the SG Flatlander Flake for the PRF and because he is such a good chap with great humour I made him some special beer—see attached photograph.

Groeten,

Baldrick



Dear Baldrick,

Well now old chap, er, what can we say. May we take it that you were not too pleased with the Flatlander Flake? Your personal satisfaction rating aside, we would urge you to undertake some thorough market research before going into mass production as we think that—other than a few drinking establishments in Soho, London—you may struggle for mass market appeal.

We would also advise that it may be prudent to approach another tobacco manufacturer for your next forum blend..

Yours in hairy bewilderment,

The Editor

Bothy report from The Beast

Dear Editor,

Please accept my recent Bothy Reconnaissance Report and accompanying digital images that I believe may be of interest to KPC members.

Sincerely,
Beast

Kearvaig Pipe Club

Bothy Reconnaissance Report

Officer in Charge: Beast

Objective: Seek bothies in the area east of the A9 around the river Findhorn

Target: Structure found on Google earth 4 miles from Balvaired.

Challenges	Strategy Deployed
Sign saying, 'Beware of Bull.' On gate to track.	Strategy: Ignore. False information tactic on behalf of enemy to dissuade walkers.
Met bull coming in opposite direction.	Strategy: Bluster. Bull ignored reconnaissance party. Carried on up glen.

Outcome:

Located bothy. Proved to be a one room wooden hut with no stove. Gas heater provided but not adequate for Pipe Club. Officer in charge considers strong possibility of bothy in this area. Will continue search.

Natives encountered were friendly (Apart from Bull).



Dear Beast,

Many thanks for your highly detailed report of an utterly useless shed out in the depressing green desert of the Monadhliath mountains. Whilst not wanting to dampen your commendable enthusiasm, we look forward to hearing from you when you've actually discovered something befitting of your Pipe Club. We would also like to take this opportunity to remind you that for accurate information, which subsequently forms the basis of a future successful bothy moot, we do still have the bothy chap's answer to Bitcoins available, namely Bothy Points.


Yours despairingly,
The Editor

GOODNESS GRACIOUS GREAT BALLS FOR FIRE!

Dear Matron,

Better not go to Germany if you value your noble parts, Motzek in Kiel [Germany] is now selling Highland Balls! [See below]

Greetings,
Baldrick



TAK - Highland Balls - 100gr.

Item No.: tak - highland balls

Delivery time: ● approx. 3-4 days (abroad may vary)

Stock: 38 pieces

Nicht
freigegeben
unter
18 Jahren
gemäß §8
MDStV

19,00 EUR

incl. 19% tax excl. Shipping costs

🛒 in the cart

[On the notepad](#)

ITEM DESCRIPTION

HIGHLAND BALLS

The "Orient Praline". Roughly torn Oriental leaves, a fine Virginia and nutty-ripe Burley, partly wrapped in tobacco leaves. Finest spiciness with a gently peppery overtone. Notes of malt, thyme, cocoa. Fine-nerved, elegant, complex and delicate. A top tobacco in flavors and presentation. A specialty of our house - a work of real tobacco enthusiasts.

Dear Baldrick,

What the blazes! Thank you sir for bringing this heinous devilment to our urgent attention. What sort of chap would choose to smoke balls, let alone alleged HIGHLAND BALLS!? Are those Mostek rotters attempting to capture the Pink-Euro with a disreputable sortie into the LGBT market? This Pipe Club sayeth that Mostek have gone too far and a stiffy letter to the blighters may be in order! Not least because they need to brush-up on their lingo as in The Highlands such scrotal shenanigans are known as 'HEILAN BAWS'. May we presume that this product is packaged not in a tin but in a BAWBAG? And, just to keep the record straight, we have decided to educate those chaps at Mostek as to what REAL Heilan Baws are (see below). On closer examination, however, those Mostek chaps may be onto something with a pretty decent reproduction of said gonads, but we remain of the opinion that 'Highland Balls' will not become a staple of the rank-and-file KPC chaps' rotation any time soon.

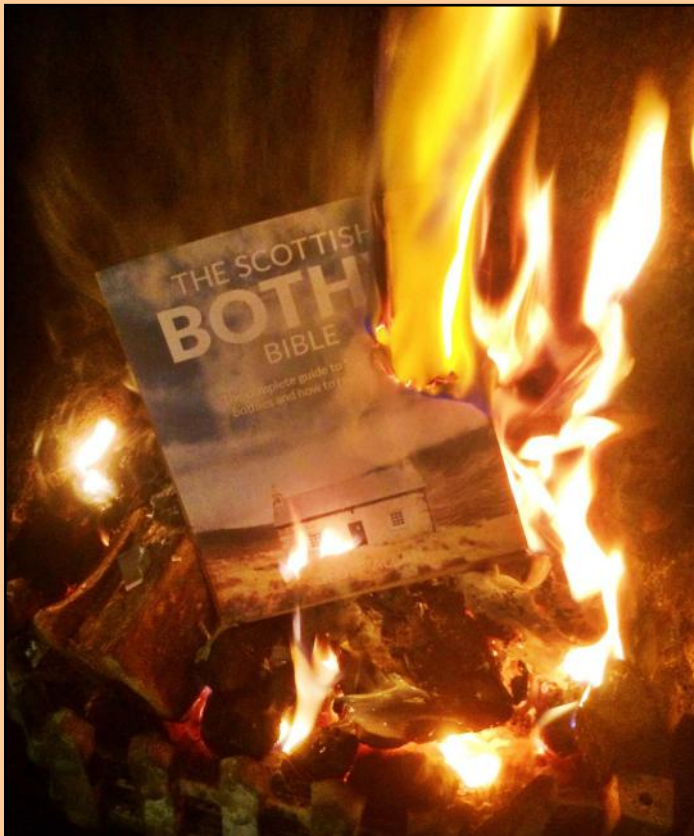
Yours in testicular bewilderment,

Matron

Now then Mr Mostek, this is what REAL HEILAN BAWS are all about. Stick them in yer pipe and smoke 'em!



KPC Bothy Yule Log



HO HO HO! What a fantastic offer we have this Winter Solstice for all you rudimentary sheltering chaps! These splendid Bothy Yule Logs are so versatile that they can be used as a log for your raging bothy fire or as a firelighter to get your rage going. A chap might say that they are all the rage—all the rage that you'll ever need... (All proceeds go to the KPC Stop the Commercialisation of Bothies Campaign). (With thanks to Richard Lyon.)

Success at its most successful may leave little time for true pleasure, yet the Balkan Sobranie smoker knows that in a twinkling of a match he can look forward to incomparable moments of delight. Balkan Sobranie is a wise tobacco, a rich and rare tobacco, a subtle admixture of mature Virginia and the finest Yemidje leaf.

Balkan Sobranie SMOKING MIXTURE

Price: 6/2d
the ounce.



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.

KPC Silver hallmarked badges (limited stock) £35 + p&p.

All c-mail to the Editor, articles and other correspondence should be addressed to:

kearvaigpipeclub@btinternet.com

Website: www.kearvaigpipeclub.co.uk

On sale now at all good bookshops:

Part I. Price 4d. net

SMOKING FOR BOYS BY B-P

LIEUT. GEN. BADEN POWELL C.B.

PUBLISHED BY HORACE COX,
WINDSOR HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, LONDON E.C.

A Kearvaig Pipe Club Youth Guide

Praise for Smoking for Boys:

"The antidote to The Scottish Bothy Bible" - The Guardian

"At last, a proper field guide for a young lad learning his smoke-craft in the great outdoors" - TGO magazine

"Fucking wicked" - VIZ