





The Battle of Callater Drift, 4th March 2018 AD



Prologue

efore most conflicts become 'hot' or at least a tad warm, there are usually a series of antecedents - often prolonged - such as convoluted diplomatic machinations, a spot sabre-rattling, border skirmishes, the setting up of exclusion zones, or the occasional assassination of an archduke in long forgotten lands. The lead up to the Battle of Callater Drift, 2018, was no exception to these time honoured facets of historic dust-ups, with, perhaps, the notable absence of an assassination of an archduke or even an arch-ODK for that matter.

(Continued on page 2)

The fermentation of a conflict...

Readers may not be aware of the prelude to Callater Drift as things can get mightily confused in the fog of war, so we think a spot of background information may be in order:

March 2017: The misguided fools at the Braemar Mountain Festival 2017 decided to initiate the process of lining shameless Geoff Allan's (aka Greedy Chappie) pockets by allowing him to launch his bothy cash-in book '*The Scottish Bothy Bible*' at the BMF 2017. Not quite an assassination of an archduke (*What's the bloody difference between an archduke and a regular duke anyway? Answers on a postcard, Ed.*) you may think, but this seemingly insignificant act, at an equally insignificant outdoor event, set in train a chain of events – some previously covered by this periodical – that ultimately led up to the Battle of Callater Drift.

Once your average non-ODK bothying chap became aware of Greedy's shameful bothy cash-in book, howls of protest soon followed as a plethora of self-promotional advertisements, masquerading as 'articles', started popping up all over the place, both in print and on that t'interweb thingy. This truly *relentless*, self-aggrandising and marketing (*That continues to this day*, *Ed*.) was compounded by the fact that the supposed guardians of our rudimentary shelters, namely the MBA, were actually in on this dodgy deal from the start by accepting a 10%-of-theprofits kick-back from Greedy i.e. the MBA – even if they claim otherwise - had effectively endorsed Greedy's book. The MBA also came out in public in support of Greedy's book thus:

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

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

(Source: BBC website article, 12th March 2017, entitled: "Bothybagging: Scotland's best-kept secrets revealed, Ed.)

Of course it is fanciful to think that Greedy could have pulled such strings with the Beeb all by his odious, pocket-lining, snivelling, self. Ergo this strongly suggests that the MBA stepped in and pulled a few of their well-connected media strings to get this bilge punted i.e. using their media apparatus to pump Greedy's book (*Not to mention the glowing review in the MBA Newsletter, Ed.*). Some folk have accused the anticommercialisation of bothies campaign of double-standards since Phoebe Smith's self-promoting dreary tome has thus far avoided significant flak. Herein lies an important difference: (*Continued on page 3*) An extract from the MBA's Bothy Code. Seems pretty unambiguous to us and anyone who has a basic grasp of English and/or a modicum of integrity.





"Never, never, never give up." - Sir Winston Churchill

Smith's 'Book of the Bothy' did not—to the best of our knowledge—benefit from a cosy little stitch-up with the MBA hierarchy so, although a stinking pile to be derided in its own right, we maintain it is not quite in the same league as Greedy's effort.

Somewhat perplexingly, Greedy's promotional onslaught was not long after the MBA had issued a press release (August 2016) condemning the commercial use of bothies by guiding companies etc. Therefore, on the one hand the MBA was (rightly) condemning 'commercial use of bothies' before effortlessly switching to supporting a commercial book making money of the back of the very same bothies. 'Go figure', as an American might proffer. The KPC was quick to point out this double-standard to the world at large but we - and many others - were dismissed as 'elitist' on numerous forums too tedious to mention. Indeed chaps, apparently we just want 'bothies for ourselves' etc. as many in the MBA upper echelons were quick to accuse naysayers of; the same MBA Generals whom had already decided long ago that the KPC were merely a bunch of 'NEDS'. Of course, as anyone worth their bothy tipple will attest to the KPC are anything but NEDS. (Yes, 'EDS' may be nearer the mark, Ed.).

This is where the resistance to bothy commercialism really started to build, both in the KPC and many other likeminded folk (including many lower ranking foot soldiers within the MBA) who were simply appalled at this blatant commercialisation of our bothies i.e. charitable assets maintained by a Scottish charity by volunteer labour; a charity that has assisted one of their own officials to line his pockets or, to put it plainly: a charity's infrastructure being used for private gain. Simply unforgivable.

Then, along came Greedy's pal Greg 'I'll do anything for a

How to start a war: The BMF's equivalent of an assassination of an archduke. Of course this was no mere lunch stop for a passing commercial group, this was using a bothy as a commercial destination. We rest our case. MBA take note.



buck' Hackett (*aka Lord COEVON, see B&B Vol.6 Iss.4, Sept 2017 Ed.*) of Top Munro Ltd. who – in conjunction with Greedy - launched a packet of pitiful playing cards called '*Bothy Top Trumps'* for ODKs with more money than principles to abuse themselves with. This utterly naked bothy commercialism, arguably, was a tipping point that met with further howls of rage from this Pipe Club and many others on t'interweb.

The foregoing is, admittedly, a precis of events and the KPC would like to thank all those out there who have put up with often personal abuse and those that have used all manner of imaginative tactics in the lobbying of Greedy and the MBA and their apologists in the anti-bothy commercialism campaign (ABCC) to date.

Of course, as predicted by many when his book was published, Greedy's utterly shameless next move was effectively the detonator to Callater Drift...

March 2018: A call to arms!

Greedy's snivelling sycophants at the Braemar Mountain Festival 2018 decided, in their infinite, unprincipled, stupidity, to go a fatal step further and put a guided '*Bothy walk with award winning author Geoff Allan'* to Callater Stable bothy on their events listing. For this 'privilege' they were charging punters £25 a head, yes, really... When it comes to ethics they might just as well have thrown in a fireside chat on childcare by Rolf Harris for a tenner.

Unsurprisingly, news spread rapidly about this 'event'. Indeed we had many reports from our front line officers of opening skirmishes with the BMF as they were heavily bombarded, with laser-guided interdiction e-mail fire. The bounders at the BMF dug-in, hoping it would all go away, (Continued on page 4)

and Greedy went to ground like a terrified vole with an eagle patrolling overhead. The BMF wall of silence was predictable, but like many sieges the freedom to roam and choose one's ground lies with the besiegers and by jingo did those chaps do just that! The run-up to Greedy's walk at BMF HQ must have been akin to sitting under a woodworm-riddled dining table during a 1000bomber raid.

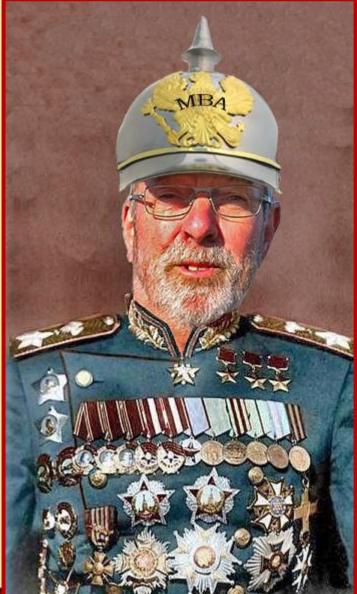
It was noted in the BMF advertising guff that Greedy's Bothy commercialism walk was also advertising Callater Stable bothy as a wee snack-bar as a "*complimentary burger and dram would be provided*". This proved a chink in the BMF's armour that was ruthlessly exploited by a sustained assault via our allies in the Environmental Health department at Aberdeenshire Council who promptly Blitzkrieged the BMF burger back to the Stone Age. Yes, the BMF had their burger knocked out faster than a sober chap could tie his cravat! First blood to the ABCC.

A daring (Some would say a suicide mission, Ed.) raid codenamed 'Trojan Bothy' was launched as dedicated Berserker mercenaries infiltrated behind enemy lines by posing as ODKs and booking tickets for Greedy's wee gig. It should be noted that they did this without the promise of an everlasting supply of celestial virgins too, although their pre-insertion usage of Bothy Flake meant that Samuel Gawith had to put on a few extra shifts to keep up with demand. Good fellows those Berserker chappies. Their insertion was successful but the BMF allies in the shape of the Ticket-Booking Battalion, Eventbrite (Eventshite as it is known in the ABCC, Ed.) repelled most of the Trojans. At first our chaps were crestfallen at these perceived setbacks, but of course this revealed the enemy's state of readiness and sheer paranoia and morale was duly restored, as, surely, a confident foe would have allowed the Trojans in before slaving them on the way in to Callater?

With the BMF blackguards now burrowed in their Braemar bunker and failing to capitulate to the ABCC onslaught, the troops decided to call in what they thought would be a powerful ally that would talk some sense into the BMF: enter Field Marshal Simon Birch, Supreme Leader of the MBA. Surely this chap would be worthy of the bling on his chest and intervene at the 11th hour to prevent unnecessary bloodshed? The KPC (with full agreement of the ABCC) contacted the Field Marshal direct with a plea to end the madness unfolding at the BMF, pointing out to

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A fine study of Field Marshal 'Bollocks to the Bothy Code' Birch, Supreme Leader, MBA. Just when our brave boys needed him the most up at Callater Drift he abandoned them to their fate by siding with Greedy Chappie and the BMF's New Model Bothy Commercial Army forces. When his Grand kids ask him: "What did you do in the Commercial Bothy Wars Grandpa?", will it be time for the honourable pearlhandled revolver and bottle of Scotch?..



"To me, the thing that is worse than death is betrayal. You see, I could conceive death, but I could not conceive betrayal." — Malcolm X

the Supreme Leader that the BMF were proposing to carpet bomb the MBA's own Bothy Code. This was the response that KPCCC received:

"Thanks for getting in touch about Geoff Allan's [Greedy Chappie's] planned walk as part of the Braemar Mountain Festival. I've attached the MBA guidelines on commercial use of bothies & our view is that such a walk falls within those guidelines. No overnight stays are being planned and bothy users should not be inconvenienced.

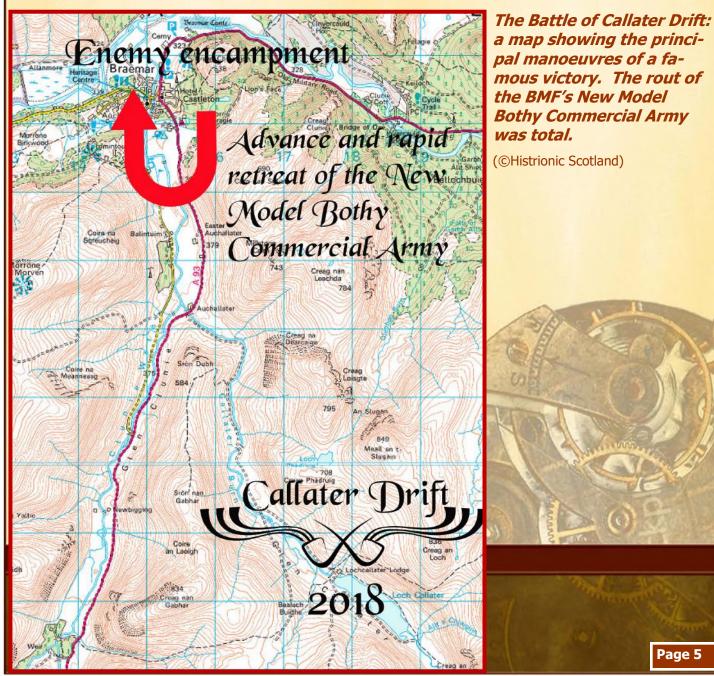
Thank you again for drawing our attention to the proposed walk - we do rely on people such as yourself to keep us well informed about possible issues with the use of MBA bothies.

With best wishes for the New Year!

Simon ['Bollocks-to-the-Bothy-Code'] Birch Chairman, MBA"

So chaps, there we were, abandoned by our alleged bothy guardians awaiting for the inevitable BMF New Model Bothy Commercial Army ground offensive. Indeed chaps, those treacherous MBA turncoats siding with the BMF ODKs was a severe blow, too much for some and we have to admit that desertions in the ranks occurred. (*They will be dealt with when apprehended, Ed.*). Our chaps could find no earthly reason why the MBA would abandon them at their darkest hour, so they suspected the most heinous of skulduggery must have transpired. Of course analysis of MBA treachery was both useless and pointless. As our brave boys stood in a muddy field, steel glinting in the

(Continued on page 6)



The Battle of Callater Drift cont.

crisp winter air, banners fluttering in a cold breeze, awaiting their Culloden, "What shall we do now, SARH ??" was the question on the every one of the foot soldiers' minds. With the BMF New Model Bothy Commercial Army suitably re-enforced would this be annihilation for the ABCC? Would the staunch pipe smoking bothying chaps and defenders of the commercial-free bothy be slain to the four winds by overwhelming BMF ODK forces? The only option was to retreat (Or attack in another direction, Ed.) to the redoubt of Callater Stable and await the onslaught of Greedy and his BMF New Model Bothy Commercial Army battalions for a Last Stand that would be soaked in guts 'n' glory. They would stand firm to the last as the ABCC had sworn an oath, a blood covenant that trumped life itself, and by jingo they would die with their pipes lit and, er, their boots on, HUZZAH!

All present agreed that death in the cold heart of their Alamo of Callater Stable (*Aye, there's not even a bloody fire in the place to keep warm or sterilise surgical instruments, but a goodly few copies of The Scottish Bothy Bible made a fine fire while they lasted. Ed.*) was infinitely pref-

erable to a life in a world denuded to the pitiful state of pay-as-you-go bothying, with the terrifying spectre of Greedy sitting on his bothy thrown, surrounded by an MBA Pretorian Guard, counting his ill-gotten wad like some modern day Sheriff of Nottingham suppressing the serfs. No chaps, it was to be nothing less than Death or Glory or perhaps even The KPC or Glory! (*Aye, whatever, Ed.*)

Divine intervention defeats the forces of Darkness! Two days prior to Greedy's planned raping of Callater, and running low on beer, whisky and fine pipe tobacco, the diehard remnants of the ABCC forces shivered in the icy rudimentary shelter as they awaited the onslaught.

Then something extraordinary happened: the mother of all snow storms arrived over Braemar like an avenging angel. A blissful blizzard blanketing the bothy commercialism blackguards! Reports began to filter through to the chaps in the bothy of a mysterious 'Beast from the east' meeting a stormy young lady named 'Emma' that resulted in the biggest blizzard since the last ice age. This meteorological phenomenon caused one of the jollier brave defenders to *(Continued on page 8)*

Deep behind enemy lines: Lance Corporal Tealight, BC, gets in vital supplies of Bothy Flake and malt up at Callater Stable before the blizzard set-in.



Panic stations at the BMF and the start of the rout as the snow began to fall, fall and fall, as this magnificent still from the BMF bunker webcam clearly shows:

Oh dear, how sad, never mind...

FEBRUARY 28, 2018

Festival update 12.30pm 01.03.18

We have received advice on weather and road conditions and have decided to cancel all events on Friday morning. For the events that have been cancelled we will provide a full refund and contact individuals affected by email. Our Festival programme will now therefore commence at 1pm on Friday.

There are a few additional isolated events in the programme which will be cancelled and attendees will be notified individually by email.

Please note that the Exhibition Launch and Mountain Food night will go ahead as planned this evening.

Thanks for your continued support.

The Festival Team

IN UNCATEGORIZED

MARCH 2, 2018 Eat excrement and die BMF blighters. VICTORY IS OURS! Important Festival Update. Event Cancellations and Full Revised Programme

Due to the ongoing weather and travel conditions, we have come to the difficult decision to cancel the majority of events on Saturday and Sunday.

Participants booked on to affected events will be contacted by email today and refunded in full.

We continue to advise any attendees to check our website for the latest updates.

We are aware that some people have already travelled to Braemar and there is significant interest from the local community. With that in mind we are pleased offer a reduced programme.

Whilst these are not unusual weather conditions for the village, we feel it would be unfair to put undue pressure on those travelling from farther afield. We are hugely grateful to the local community, event sponsors, volunteers and the many people who have supported this community event.

We are already beginning to work on next years programme and look forward to unveiling further information in due course.

When the mainstream media picks up on the story you know it's time to throw in the towel... Greedy Chappie has not been seen since and is believed to hiding in a bothy. We only hope he's got enough cash For the entry fee. Oh, wait a minute, we won the battle, and bothies, like the NHS, remain free at the point of use, huzzah!



COMMERCIAL BOTHY WALK HALTED

8:19

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BMF LOSES THE BATTLE OF CALLATER DRIFT AS SNOW HELPS BRAVE DEFENDERS

re-christen the remote rudimentary outpost 'Callater Drift'. Prophetic words that will echo down the ages and no doubt be a chapter in bothy lore.

At first the BMF tried propaganda, telling the world something like: "...we are in Braemar and it is a WINTER festival and it snows in Braemar in winter and we are used to snow in winter and anyway if we have to cancel events then we'll lose loads of dosh so we are going to ignore the advice of everyone who knows about the weather and safety and stuff cos we're from Braemar and it snows in winter and, er, our profits are falling faster than the snow and BOO HOO!..."

Despite the guff they were DOOMED and they knew it. Yes chaps, they knew in their greedy, cold, shrivelled hearts that they were done for; a divine rout of the greedheads was nigh! Mother Nature had stepped-in and done what the MBA should have done long ago and booted those brazen Braemar Mountain Festival bounders' bottoms so hard that their half-digested 'complimentary bothy burger and dram' would have come back (Continued on page 9)

"Victory at all costs, victory in spite of terror, victory however long and hard the road may be; for without victory there is no survival."



"YOU SMELL THAT? DO YOU SMELL THAT?" "WHAT?" NAY EVENTS SON. NOTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD SMELLS LIKE THAT. I LOVE THE SMELL OF NAY EVENTS IN THE MORNING. YOU KNOW, ONE TIME WE HAD A BOTHY WALK FOR 12 HOURS. WE DIDN'T FIND ONE OF THEM. NOT ONE STINKING BOTHY COMMERCIALISING BODY. THE SMELL, YOU KNOW THAT NAY EVENTS SMELL? THE WHOLE BOTHY SMELLED LIKE..."





- Sir Winston Churchill

up out of their collective avaricious faces faster than Greedy Chappie diving for a wind-tossed fiver.

The aftermath

The snow fell and fell, and fell. Tonnes of the wonderful white stuff fell like you've never seen. The BMF bunker in Braemar was literally cut off from the outside world, buried in a merciful blanket of the white stuff. Yes chaps, the BMF lay in ruins without a banner being waved, without a greedy bastard being called a greedy bastard, a shot being fired or the order to "FIX BRIARNETS!" being issued. VIC-TORY! was sweet, and victory was OURS!..

Epilogue

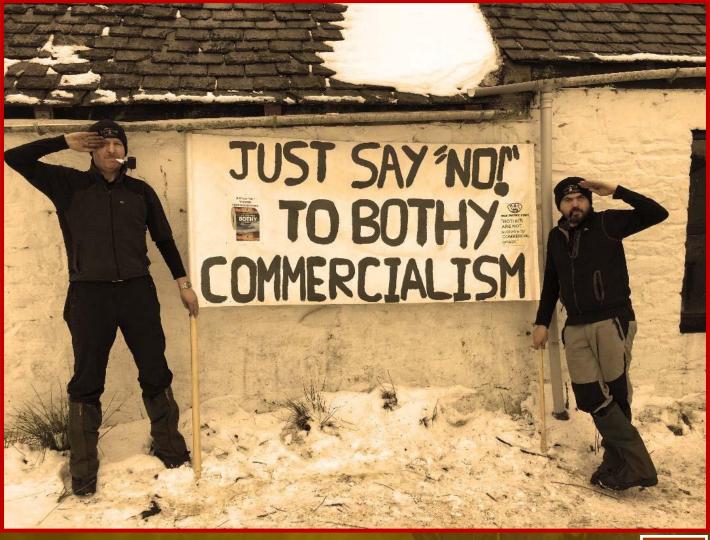
The battle of Callater Drift may have ultimately been won by an act of god, but the sacrifice of the few defenders that stayed, despite the hardships, the biting cold, the rationing of pipe tobacco; whose iron will was only matched by the iron ground that they took their stand on, must never, ever, be forgotten. To borrow (*And completely destroy, Ed.*) a quote from Sir Winston Churchill: "*Wever in the field of bothy conflict was so much owed by so many to so few.*"

The battle of Callater Drift saw many battle honours won. Notably, Briar Crosses (*The highest award for bothy gallantry, Ed.*) were awarded to two KPC stalwarts for their tenacity, guile and sheer stupidity in the face of the enemy: Lance Corporal 'Elvis Juice' Tealight, BC, and Colour Sergeant 'Mad Bastard' Matron, BC, both of the KPC 1st Battalion, The Briardier Guards. Well done chaps!

When you next meet these Gentlemen in a bothy, the beverages and smokes are on you...



Due to the inevitable fog-of-war, no actual footage of the Battle of Callater is known to have survived, but here is a stirring image showing the Briardier Guards' Battle Colours during the glorious KPC VICTORY! parade at the rudimentary shelter known as Brattleburn with Colour Sar't Matron and LC 'EJ' Tealight forming the guard of honour.



A Fanfare For The Common Outdoor Man?

Editorial note: A splendid chap named Robin Wallace, 36, from Edinburgh got in touch with the KPC Command Centre by initially questioning our perceived antagonistic stance regarding "*Outdoorsy types*". We felt that this was a cry for help as we noted that the very same chap had taken a bit of flak for his innocent—if overly statistical inquiry—regarding the height difference between the Hutchy Hut and Greg's Hut (*see B&B Vol. 6 Iss. 5 pp.28-30, Dec. 2017*) on some Facebook page or other. Anyway chaps, aside from noting the unnecessary consonants, namely the 'sy' bolted onto 'Outdoor', we felt is was essential that we clarified the KPC's position on such important matters and put this fellow's mind at ease.

A detailed and most agreeable discussion ensued between KPCCC and Robin and we assured him that the target of our wrath was not *Outdoor types*—as there are many chaps who fit in this honourable category in the KPC—but *Outdoor Knobbers;* a totally different animal as we were happy to describe, differentiate and point out. Robin—initially a self-declared 'ODK'—was comforted by our stance and has since adopted the laudable category of 'Outdoor type', which we feel is befitting of a chap of his considerable standing what with him being a Munro completest and all. Robin also tells us that he enjoys wild and lonely places (*Good chap, Ed.*) and visits such Highland havens as often as possible. He did, however neglect to tell us what his favourite pipe tobacco was but I'm sure we'll get to sample his room note (*Ocoh, er, Matron! Ed.*) round the bothy telly at some point.

More interestingly still, during our wide-ranging discussions, Robin had expressed considerable disquiet at Greedy Chappie's antics although he initially stopped short of slating Greedy's Bible. Subsequently Robin has done a spectacular volte face regarding Greedy and his frightful, relentless, self-aggrandising daptrap. In fact Robin went onto that Facebook thingy and not only told the world of his change of heart, but apologised to previous cyber-adversaries for his prior stance on the issue. The KPC thinks it takes guts to undertake such a public position and a bucket load of Bothy points are in order. We offered Robin and 'open mike' slot in this periodical and the following piece is Robin's unabridged description of his about turn and we would salute said piece as another nail in Greedy's coffin. That's enough waffle from us and we hope you enjoy Robin's honest and refreshing words as mush as the Editorial team did.

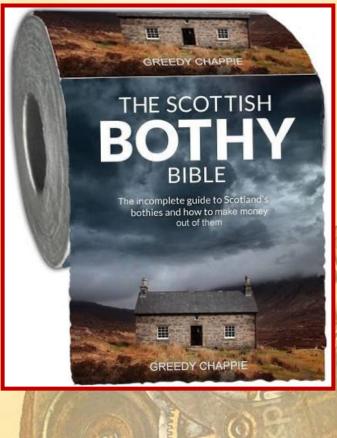
The Devil and The Bothy Bible

ike wild camping, I discovered bothies through Munro bagging, used as a rudimentary shelter for resting one's head before or after a big day out on the hills. As I progressed through the Munros I frequented more bothies and began to fall for their charm. Every bothy is unique in its own way, often remote and lonely. A bothy would reveal its true charm at night when the fire was roaring, with candles dotted around. No Wi-Fi or television, just you and your like-minded mates sat around the fire putting the world to rights with a dram or three. Anyone who doesn't understand bothy culture might think it's more like 'Brokeback Mountain' or at least that's what my work colleagues think anyway, but until you've experienced it for yourself you might never quite get it.

In Scotland it's quite common for an east/west weather divide. So, during Bothy planning we'd pick a bothy in the west and one in the east. We'd hunt on YouTube and Google images to gauge what to expect from the bothy, for example, what is the fire like, does it have sleeping platforms and seats?

Seven years after my first bothy night, the release of the *Scottish Bothy Bible* by Geoff Allan was announced. I was a bit sceptical about this with concerns about additional footfall and rubbish being left behind. But I took the opinion that bothy locations are readily available online, so the book

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Any excuse to get the bog roll out.

"By an epiphany he meant a sudden spiritual manifestation, whether in vulgarity of speech or of gesture or in a memorable phase of the mind itself ."

- James Joyce

A Fanfare For The Common Outdoor Man? Cont.

doesn't really reveal anything new. Lo and behold my thoughtful girlfriend bought me a copy for Valentine's Day; there went the fluffy the handcuffs I was expecting. The book is well thought-out and it's illustrated and presented nicely, a good addition to supplement your maps and it also includes all the supplementary information we'd previously searched online for.

I'm a member of the Mountain Bothy Scotland Facebook page and this is where I first encountered disapproval against the author of the Bothy Bible, Geoff Allan or "The Greedy Chappie" as he was often referred to. I thought it was harsh as the guy only wants to make a bit of money from the book that would have taken a lot of time, effort and money to publish. Not unreasonable is it? The Bothy Bible has divided opinion and I got involved in a few heated exchanges sticking up for Mr Allan. Quite often it got a bit personal which is a pity, but I appreciate the passion and love we have for these remote shelters. Confrontation should be avoided and always respect others' opinion even when they disagree with yours.

One of my friends stumbled upon the Kearvaig Pipe Club (KPC) website and sent me a link to one of their magazines. I appeared in their Briar and Bothies newsletter under the dubious "Outdoor Knobber Watch" section. They picked up on one of my questions on Facebook when trying to establish which bothy was the highest, Greq's Hut or the Hutchy Hut? Yes, I'm a bit of a 'stato' and I was rather irked at first but it didn't take long to see Mr Allan as it appears he's putting his wallet before boththe funny side. Just watch what you post on social media. It can often come back to haunt you... More heated (MO). In various news articles bothies have also been debates were had on Facebook. I'd had enough and de-

cided to distance myself.

Earlier this week [04th March] some of the KPC lads were down at Brattleburn bothy and photographed and carried out with them several bags of rubbish full of Buckie bottles and other sundries that had been left by the previous occupants. Having carried out rubbish myself on more than one occasion I could sympathise. However, within the post was a link to a Scotsman article titled "10 of Scotland's best bothies to visit". I clicked on the link and Geoff Allan's handle was all over it! Suddenly I had an epiphany, this guy is extracting the urine! I then found myself rather chuffed that his organised bothy walk to Callater Stables had been halted due to adverse weather (And our brave boys! Ed.). Snow one, Mr Allan nil... But was this organised walk (£25 each) the thin edge of the wedge when it comes to commercial use of bothies, blatantly contravening the bothy code? (*No, it's the thick* end young chap, Ed.)

Why the sudden change of heart I hear you ask? Bothies are a sensitive issue. The vast majority of bothies are owned by estates and landowners, not the MBA. Their maintenance is financed through membership fees and donations and the work is carried out mostly by volunteers at work parties. The Mountain Bothy Association (MBA) is a registered charity. Whilst I still believe the Bothy Bible as a guidebook isn't an issue per se, what bothers me is the seemingly endless publicity drive from ies and bear in mind he's an MBA Maintenance Officer (Continued on page 12)

Robin 'Statchap' Wallace (R) and some stout chumrades (Who forgot their pipes, Ed.) enjoying the cosy environs of MacGoo's.



A Fanfare For The Common Outdoor Man? Cont.

billed as Scotland's free accommodation or Scotland's best kept secret. Dig a little deeper and more often than not Mr Allan (*With a hefty leg-up from his MBA enablers, Ed.*) has input behind these headlines. Whilst bothies are open to anyone, these articles could attract a whole new type of undesirable bothy dweller, for example the selfie hungry litter louts who want to get their car as close to the bothy as possible and are completely unaware and uninterested in the existence of the Bothy Code. Whilst rubbish being left behind is an age-old problem, exacerbating the problem could put easily accessible and already vulnerable bothies such as Brattleburn at risk of closure.

Whilst it's normal for authors to publicise new material, this is a different scenario. I'm concerned that the publicity is relentless and exploiting the work of individuals who've volunteered and the MBA as a charity. It is reported that Mr Allan has dedicated 10% (*That's his marketing fee to the MBA, Ed.*) from all proceeds to the MBA. Admittedly, I don't fully understand the politics or what was agreed between Mr Allan and the MBA, but I believe the MBA has been short changed. Could you imagine the board meeting at a big charity such as Cancer Research, where they had lost out in this manner, would the lawyers be called in? Moreover, I feel the MBA have missed a trick. Imagine a beautifully illustrated guidebook endorsed by the MBA, made by MO and members alike, where all proceeds go straight into to the MBA coffers. It would have looked fantastic in their new online shop. Instead they sold their souls to the Devil and tacitly approved the publication of the Scottish Bothy Bible... (*Bullseye, Ed.*)

It's a difficult situation, it divides opinion and I don't have all the answers. Maybe in years to come we'll reflect around the bothy fire and wonder what all the fuss was about, but I do believe we have a right to be concerned about the direction the MBA is going regarding bothy commercialisation and what the future holds for our beloved bothies.

So, is Greg's Hut actually higher than the Hutchy? (*A very fair question young Robin; one that needs a proper examination and not merely a bit of mockery in Outdoor Knobber watch. We shall purchase an aneroid presently, then again... Ed.*)

Robin Wallace



KPC Bothy name: STATCHAP

Robin sent us this fine study of Shielin o' Mark although he forgot to annotate the image with this bothy's altitude. Letters to the Editor please...



World famous events where a pipe could have made all the difference, Part 7: The sad demise of Humpty Dumpty

Background

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or some inexcusable reason the crucially important, cutting edge, world of children's nursery rhymes has thus far eluded this publication's attentions, and for that we are truly sorry. Today, Gentlemen, however, we will be putting that heinous omission right by some belated but in-depth analysis of a much loved or maligned - depending on your personal prejudices - superstar of the nursery rhyme zeitgeist. Yes chaps, we bring you nothing less than a devastating postulation that will rattle middle class brats off of their wet-nurses' titties up and down our not-so-merry little land or even, possibly, worldwide. Indeed, all the king's horses and all the king's men will not stop our devastating critique of the legendary Humpty Dumpty and his ill-fated antics. If you have just popped a microdot or had your evening cup of mushroom tea, however, we issue a parental advisory that you stop reading THIS INSTANT, as the Editorial team will not be liable for any injuries caused.

Primary research: What were the circumstances around Humpty's untimely death? What drove him to the wall? Was Humpty pushed?

Despite hours of meticulous research, to our knowledge (*Even on Wikibollocks? Ed.*) Humpty Dumpty never smoked a pipe. This was the wee egg-headed twat's first mistake - more on this later. Of course getting on that bloody wall was his next and final error. The common consensus is that Humpty Dumpty's demise was 'death by misadven-ture'. We are not so sure and we have explored numerous lines of inquiry.

We suspect that, judging by his girth, it was highly likely that Humpty was inebriated at the time of his bish with gravity and we proffer that it was most likely that Dutch filth 'advocaat' which was the intoxicant (*Letters to the Editor if you must – in English.., Ed.*). Perhaps Humpty could even have been described as a pickled egg, ahem? The advocaat theory *could* have played a significant role in Dumpty's ultimate demise as, even today, the Dutch have been known to flood the English food chain with dodgy eggs and (as some would argue) a good *English* egg such as Humpty may have needed neutralising to facilitate an historic example of dodgy egg dealing. If indeed dear old Humpty was *assassinated* (*Perhaps he was simply a bad egg? Ed.*) perhaps he was not in fact inebriated in any way *(Continued on page 14)*

Humpty Dumpty just prior to his famous fall. Whose is the hand in this depiction of our eggy friend?



Just like Elvis, Humpty has many adoring impersonators. Of course Humpty's ethnic origin was definitely Caucasian, so it is splendid to see a brother having a crack.



World famous events where a pipe could have made all the difference, Part 7: The sad demise of Humpty Dumpty Cont.

or perhaps both factors played a role? We shall probably never know.

The literature is a little hazy on the circumstances surrounding Humpty's fate, and modern forensic analytical techniques such as Polymerase Chain Reaction DNA analysis were not available back in the day. Besides, even if such techniques were available they probably would have merely confirmed Dumpty's ovoid origins, although detection of alcohol or other toxins in his yolkstream may have provided useful clues in any investigation. The only literary - which is entirely bereft of significant detail - reference we could unearth was the following from the New Testament:

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall, Humpty Dumpty had a great fall, All the king's horses and all the king's men, Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again."

All we can deduce from this limited biblical snippet is the fact that Humpty Dumpty climbed onto a wall - of unspecified dimensions and materials of construction - for reasons unknown and then at an undetermined time after scaling said wall fell (or was pushed) off the wall, for reasons unknown, and cracked his eggy-head open. We can confirm, however, that the day that Humpty scaled his wall of destiny was Good Friday, hence all that eggy Easter nonsense. We suppose thanks are due to Humpty and his ultimate sacrifice though for two public holidays (*About the only thing the wee eggy shite got right, Ed.*) back-to-back

on a weekend. Therefore, it follows that Humpty's demise occurred sometime between Good Friday and Easter Monday, although if he took his tumble on the Monday four days is a jolly long time to do a spot of wall-sitting is it not? Therefore we suspect it was an early Easter weekend tumble hastened, no doubt, by some traditionally inclement bank holiday weekend weather, with the distinct possibility of exposure playing a part.

The reference in the literature to the king's equine assistants is also confusing, since Equus caballus, despite being a mammal, lacks an opposing thumb and hooves would have been of little help in picking up fragments of broken eggshell prior to any reconstructive surgery. Moreover, being large mammals with small cerebrums, they would probably have only made matters worse by trampling on dear old Humpty's remains. It is entirely possible then, that Humpty was only slightly cracked and the king's horses finished the poor sod off. Perhaps such further skulduggery was in play here too? All we can say about the king's men is they appear to be typically over-privileged, incompetent, port-soaked, royalist snivellers who have never done a day's work in their collective lives without a paramedic or tube of cyanoacrylate-based adhesive between them – bloody useless fools! There is also a strong suspicion that the king's men were soldiers, perhaps even MarmiteTM soldiers (Shut it! Ed.). With such factors - combined with Humpty's notable obesity problem - in play, is it any wonder that Humpty's survival outcome was a fait

(Continued on page 15)

"Humpty, I am your father!" Could the most evil villain in the galaxy have been related to Humpty?



World famous events where a pipe could have made all the difference, Part 7: The sad demise of Humpty Dumpty Cont.

accompli? Being a tad on the portly side perhaps Humpty was even a type 2 diabetic that caused him to have a funny turn and thereby take his fatal egghead-dive? If only a sugar tax had been in force in those days maybe Humpty would have survived his wobbly wall escapades? The contributory factor theories are indeed limitless.

Some conspiracy theorists have even gone as far as suggesting Russian involvement and if our gifted foreign secretary Jobbies Bonson is to be believed, those Rusky chaps appear to have a penchant for bumping off good eggs in public places using noxious substances. An obvious motive for the Russians would be that Humpty was a spy, as Humpty's anatomical similarity to Russian egg-like dolls could be perceived as a deception tactic. That brings us to helmets, why we're not quite sure, but let's discuss armoured headgear anyway. Helmets save lives right? Perhaps. Whilst there is absolutely no evidence whatsoever that Humpty rode a bicycle (*Definitely not judging by his* physique, Ed.) whilst sporting a fetching cycle helmet, if he did indeed have access to some form of protective headgear it may just may have prevented a catastrophic fracture. This of course would have entirely buggered his trademark nursery rhyme completely and deprived our children of their cherished nursery rhyme. Perhaps, after all, it was indeed better that Humpty died a hero, even if he was a tad on the tarnished side of hero?

Conclusions

So chaps, by now – if you've not cracked-up yet – you may well be asking what on earth has Humpty's demise got to do with smoking a bloody pipe? The answer to this conundrum is stunningly simple: if Humpty Dumpty was a pipe smoker he would have *undoubtedly* chosen to sit in his favourite armchair over the Easter weekend in preference to that fateful wall of death and he would have most certainly lived to a ripe old age. In fact, unless a pipe smoking Humpty had gone on to do something of note, inventing the non-stick frying pan for example, we would probably never heard of our wee eggy chumrade at all.

Therefore, whilst we conclude that smoking a pipe would, in all probability, saved Humpty's bacon (*And eggs? Ed.*), as is often the case a legend is only created when the subject dies young e.g. Jim Morrison, James Dean, Sid Vicious, Jimi Hendrix, Hank Williams, MLK, Jade Goody (*And yes, she WAS a TOTAL minger, Ed.*) etc. Besides, famous pipe smokers are almost always known for their enhanced longevity. Therefore, we conclude that our nursery-rhyme loving youngsters are likely to benefit from Humpty's unexplained death for years to come, but, sadly, the same youngsters will remain ignorant of the potential benefits of the briar in yet another arena of public life. Is there no hope?

Artist's impression: What might have been? A contented and, more importantly, an intact Humpty Dumpty enjoying a bowl in the comfy surroundings of his study.



Extraordinary General Meeting, Inver 2-3/02/18

Once again the KPC chaps demonstrate to the world that they are not only happy little bothiers, but they remain at the cutting-edge when it comes to sartorial elegance.



A cold wee place

he splendid Jacobite's club hut of Inver is indeed rather splendid, but it is affectionately known in KPC circles as *Ice Station Zebra (ISZ)*. This sobriquet is derived from the fact that no matter how much carboniferous forest is combusted in this hut's ample hearth, the place steadfastly refuses to rise to an agreeable temperature in an agreeable time. Being the coldest February for a decade or so may have added significantly to ISZ's reputation, but the gathered did their utmost to keep the home fire burning and on day two the main room was almost comfortable. The kitchen, however, is in a permanent state of mini-ice age, and no matter how much cooking goes on in there a tweed jacket must be worn at all times.

An EGM with a mountain to climb

In addition to his prized KPC membership, The Beast also likes to slum it now and again with other clubs and is a member of the Jacobites Mountaineering Club, so we must thank our thespian (Continued on page 17)

A fine study of Inver's sky heater.



Extraordinary General Meeting, Inver 2-3/02/18 Cont.

writer chumrade for somehow convincing the Jacobite high command that the KPC were capable of being responsible custodians of a club hut for a weekend. That fact, and the fact that Matron had assisted in some vital maintenance of Inver's water supply prior to the moot seemed to clinch the deal.

A meat-based gathering: celebrating some old Scottish poet or other with questionable dietary habits...

As far as the Editorial team is aware, Scotland is the only country in the world—most likely the universe—where the life of a grubby wee fornicating poet of yore is celebrated by not only reciting some tripe, but by then munching merrily on the stuff in an act of deference to said poet. It all seems very odd indeed, but when compared to, say, young chaps getting their ol' chaps pruned from Cavalier to Roundhead status in deference to some Abrahamic religious claptrap, then we remain positively steadfast connoisseurs of the *michty* haggis and a verse or two from dear old Robert Burns. Although Burns Night is meant to be 25th January (*Aye, one of the nights when people who don't go to bothies, go to bothies; the other being New* *Year's Eve, Ed.*) the KPC sometimes enjoys being fashionably late, or at least fashionably disorganised.

Enter Tealight: Whilst we, fortunately, remain in blissful ignorance of our chumrade's foreskin status (Luckily not crucial information for Scottish poetry/cuisine-based rituals, Ed.), we can report that our Tealight is indeed a master of haggis, neeps & tatties preparation and his subsequent abilities when addressing said haggis in traditional manner prior to human consumption are really rather splendid, if one can enthuse about the over-dramatisation of sheeps' innards. At least he managed said ritual without severing a digit or two, as it appears that a sharp knife is essential in slaying the poor haggis prior to consumption. Whilst 'vegetarian haggis' may be a contender for the greatest oxymoron of all time, some chaps, well Matron at any rate, prefer their innards, er, not to contain innards at all, but our Tealight neglected to purchase some of this oxymoronic fare (*Bothy points deducted, Ed.*) leaving Dazbo to rustle-up some equally oxymoronic 'veggie sausages' to plug the gap on Matron's innards-free plate (Bothy points awarded, Ed.). Of course Matron

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Tealight aka The Tartan Tart deploys a sharp instrument on the haggis during his address. (Obviously in the days of Robert Burns Transmissible Spongiform Encephalopathies and associated prions were not such a priority as they appear to be today Ed.)



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Extraordinary General Meeting, Inver 2-3/02/18 Cont.

should just man-up and eat mashed innards like normal humans. Lightweight.

Whatever the fare on the plates of the seven gathered KPC chaps, it was the start of a rather splendid evening of singing songs and poetry recitals; or *partial* poetry recitals in the case of The Beast as he foundered when reciting a poem from Scotland's proper truly great poet, namely, Robert Service (*Tut-tut, must have been feeling the pressure of his performance to come, Ed.*). But such two-pints-pished fluffs aside, once the port and cigars were deployed in front of a roaring fire all seemed rather well with the world as long as one remembered to ensure that the door was kept firmly closed at all times for fear of a bitter Siberian blast from ISZ's galley.

A point of note was a fine effort from The Bender stepping into the breach of ISZ's galley and single-handedly washing the pots without getting a case of Ranulph Fiennes fingers. Somewhat amusingly The Bender's frostbite avoidance strategy continued late on when he moved his bed, and we mean *bed*, as he had brought an entire bed from Weegieland to sleep in, into the lounge area for the night. Travelling in Edwardian style (Continued on page 19)

Edwardian aficionado, Pot-washer, Pipe smoker (So long as he doesn't get his pots and his pipes mixed up he should be OK.., Ed.) The Bender gets down to some serious business at the EGM.



Tealight almost enthrals the gathering with one of his well-known bothy tunes.



Extraordinary General Meeting, Inver 2-3/02/18 Cont.

has become a trademark fashion statement (*Note his sporting of magnificent Edwardian yet Himmler-esque spectacles, Ed.*) for our metal-bashing chumrade and one presumes that not using a new-fangled camping accessory known as a sleeping bag is merely an extension of his devotion to that all-to-short period betwixt Victoria and WWI. Most of the gathered, for some inexplicable reason, however, simply dismissed our chap as an eccentric madman sporting a curious smoking hat.

An afternoon with Mallory

After a gargantuan fry-up par excellence, courtesy of Tealight and Dazbo (*Bothy points awarded, Ed.*) the chaps started the day in fine fettle and the forecast was better that expected although expeditions to the high tops did not seem close to the top of the agenda of anyone in particular. Indeed, any aspirations to a spot of mountaineering were to be left well and truly to The Beast for his depiction of Mallory on Everest. Fine fare indeed for the arm-chair mountaineers. Due to the high probability of said armchair mountaineering, The Beast prudently decided that his play *'Mallory: Beyond Everest'* was to be a matinee performance. This was also to be The Beast's first hut-based performance of Mallory and with Matron as sound technician what could possibly go wrong?

During the morning's convivial gathering, The Bender gaily informed the chaps that he had stepped outside of his beloved Edwardian era to discover that t'interweb thingy. His spectacles became merely an apparatus to keep his mince pies in place as he described the riches of his surfings around the grubbier corners of (Continued on page 20)

"I do believe that I have met a contented man."

Ooops a daisy! Even with the aid of a well-clenched pipe, Abdul simply cannot cope with the extreme pressures of adult Jenga. Perhaps his tower is also fitting metaphor for his wardrobe: in a parlous state of collapse..?





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t'interweb, corners of which the old lags around the table had misspent many an solo-hour since the late nineties, ahem. The Bender looked almost hurt when his enthusiasm seemed not to inspire the chaps to the degree which reflected his recent murky t'interweb Odyssey. Perhaps the Edwardian era is a more fitting if less tempting place to be for the impressionable chap? The vivid, colourful depictions of strumpets galore on t'interweb seemed to offer a glimmer of hope that the chaps were indeed still alive, but, common consensus seemed to be that-when comes down to it—a pipe and a port seem so much more agreeable and less fussy than 'bored housewife hussies' web-based cameras offering the digital equivalent of the Victorian peep show. The Bender was not for turning, however, by the jaded t'interweb veterans and we fear that his cyber expeditions have many treacherous uncharted waters to cross before his indefatigable thirst for digital damsels is guenched...

The Second Step

The tension was palpable as the chaps re-arranged the main room for The Beast's matinee performance. With the fire roaring, glasses full and pipes packed and lit, a tweed-bedecked Mallory strode purposefully into the limelight with Matron getting the sound effects almost right. Yes, if ever there was a chap who could be the odd quaver off of the beat it is this fellow. One could only pray that Mallory had chosen his climbing partners with more care. Having made his entrance from ISZ's galley, however, Mallory was already suffering from the early stages of frostbite rather than stage fright even before he disappeared into the fug of the main room. Was this to be the bothy equivalent of Mallory's Second Step? In the event—

with a fine twist on the true story of the 1924 expedition— Mallory survived, but poor Sandy Irvine—as in reality—did not. In fact Irvine's body has never been found and the someone in the awestruck audience quipped that they should search the galley. Poor taste indeed, but it was refreshing to hear among the generally favourable reviews that Tealight has made some progress with his personal prejudices by stating that he rather enjoyed the homoerotic elements of the show, although he was seen repeatedly checking that his shirt was firmly tucked into his breeches.

Dominoes can be a rough game...

Bothy days and bothy nights (*A great book, Ed.*) can be filled with all manner of activities as long as—to maintain a chap's equilibrium—sitting about smoking forms at least 50.1% of the allotted time. Now pub games, historically at any rate, have never featured all that highly at KPC moots, presumably as one needs a modicum of skill and the attention span exceeding that of a de-oxygenated goldfish. Thus, initially at any rate, The Bender met resistance round the well-stocked bothy table when he suggested a game of dominoes. Normally the preserve of chaps in proper pubs supping pints of frothy ale, dominoes could be considered a little less energetic, genteel even, than mountaineering for example. How wrong could a chap be?

It appears that there is a myriad of versions of dominoes and a goodly amount of time was spent discussing, nay bickering, about the rules even before a 'tile' was laid. The initial skirmishes concerning rules were handbags compared to commencement of the game itself, however. (Continued on page 21)

Dominoes KPC style during a lull in the fighting...



Extraordinary General Meeting, Inver 2-3/02/18 Cont.

A most unedifying spectacle it was, as the gathered ruffians effectively turned dominoes into a contact sport accompanied by a veritable swamp of expletives. Most unbecoming of the modern bothying gentleman. Perhaps this episode was a timely reminder of why pub games, or anything with even a smattering of competition, should be avoided at all costs (*One, unfortunately, remembers the crap suit judging at the 2017 AGM. Of course one also remembers the judge, ahem.. Ed.*). In the event no one died but—unless helmets and body armour are available—dominoes is now banned from KPC moots pending full discussion at the AGM.

A Coonsilling of note

Once the thirst for pub games had been well and truly quenched the moot continued along more familiar lines. A pleasant evening was punctuated by fireside stories and jocular asides before Tealight 'The Tartan Tart' took on that last fateful tin of Elvis Juice; a mistake that has been made before. This time a high price would be exacted for his shocking slovenliness.

Yes chaps, just like any apex predator the KPC veteran is forever poised to strike, mercilessly, at such disgusting

stupefaction. Queue the Coonsilling A-TEAM of 'Big Ass' Bingae and 'Dangling' Dazbo for a bi-Coonsilling that will go down in history as a double-10 pointer with a perfect spacing and deployment of all manner of well-honed tackle. For the Coonsilling aficionado this was a rare treat. For the sane bothy chap this was a timely reminder that ones should never venture into bothy oblivion prior to the witching hour with this crew on the prowl. It is any wonder that Mostek's Highland Balls pipe tobacco is struggling for market share in Scotland?

Breakfast for champions or KPC chaps

The EGM was rounded off magnificently by a gargantuan grease-fest courtesy of Tealight and Dazbo's culinary skills. After a swift tidy-up, Inver was once again returned from the clutches of iniquity to the status of splendid mountaineering club hut. In fact, apart from a really rather spiffing, lingering room note, the place could have been mistaken for a monastery. Perhaps we'll do it all again next year?

Ouch! Even a splendid smoking hat cannot ward off such a devastating onslaught as this magnificent bi-Coonsilling. Bothy points awarded and deducted. This image was inspired by Mostek, makers of the legendary 'Highland Balls' pipe tobacco.



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OUTDOOR KNQBBER WATCH

Editorial note:

Deary, deary, deary, me... Where to start? God, it seems that the bothy commercialisation enthusiasts and their apologists have gone a tad turbo over the last few months since the last edition of B&B. Subsequently, a considerable amount of unsubstantiated and utterly undeserved flak has been fired at this Pipe Club, simply because we are at the forefront of the anti-bothy commercialisation campaign. Yes chaps, it seems that the knobbers don't like it up 'em and they've been getting all steamed-up in the knobbersphere. The KPC—due to our organised status then gets the blame for *everything* that they think is wrong with the campaign. Of course rather than discuss the issue, however, all manner of diversionary tactics are deployed by assorted knobbers i.e. discuss *anything* but the issue of bothy commercialism itself. A poor show indeed.

The following piece is an attempted round-up and analysis of a steaming pile of bilge from a distinctly rattled MBA chap or two, their sycophants, bothy commercialisation apologists and, frankly, just a piss-poor collection of social media gobshites. We will allow the reader to determine which category that the summarised contributors fall into.

We start this epic with and open letter to MBA Trustees from an all-round good egg named Chris Reid (*With his kind permission,*

An Open Letter to the Trustees

Dear Trustee,

Membership Engagement

Introduction

I write further to the publication of Craig Caldwell's open letter to the Trustees in Newsletter 202. Having digested the contents, there were a number of points that I felt compelled to proffer a view upon. And I do so as a direct reply to the point Craig makes (page 36) in his third point about the MBA Vision or Development Plan: that

"Increasing membership is a good thing, and the non active paying member of today could be the Secretary or AO of the future. However the MBA needs to be marketed as primarily a maintenance organisation, not a hut or private hostel club - this is absolutely vital to prevent the MBA tearing itself apart."

Perhaps the reason for my feeling of compulsion is a growing realisation that I am as likely as any other to be that non active paying member of today to whom he refers. Hopefully therefore, my view is; taken at its highest, important, and at its lowest, at least of some interest to the MBA.

Antecedents

I have been using bothies for a considerable time, but am a little ashamed to admit that I've only been a member of the MBA for the last few years. I am an active member of a number of social media groups pertaining to the outdoor and bothying communities. I feel passionate about bothies, and about their importance to the continued enjoyment of wild and lonely places by folk from every background. After all, they're a great leveller. Bothies provide the opportunity to completely unplug from the modern world and, however briefly – and depending upon age – either return to a simpler way of life or perhaps experience the

(Continued on page 23)



Ed.) who a few of our chaps met up at Leacraithnaich back in July 2017. As withering fire goes this is the Dragon Wrath on steroids. Well done that man. calming benefits of that simplicity for the first time. You will, by this point, have surmised that I'm the type of person who enjoys the bothy – for whom the bothy is an integral part of my outdoor experience – not simply a tent replacement. I'm very rarely the sort of animal who nips in for lunch on the way through to somewhere else. And I utilised a few on my way across Scotland on TGO.

Perhaps partly because of this passion, and partly out of a sense that I could assist – and so perhaps should assist - in a more active and participatory way with the work of the association, I have in recent months given serious consideration to putting myself forward as a candidate for a more active role in the association. But I think that I may struggle to be an effective MO. Not through lack of enthusiasm, ability or aptitude, but because committing to this role would effectively restrict my walking and bothying exploits to "my" bothy for as long as I held the tenure. I live in the midlands and have young family. I historically get three bothy trips in a year. I doubt there would be family acceptance of a greater proportion of my time being spent in the hills without them.

So I would perhaps consider an AO role – a role in which perhaps more of my time could be productively spent remotely, albeit with visits to varying bothies in the area. And I know that there is a vacant position. But I feel a sense of reticence in applying or investigating further. I suspect this is due to my perceptions of the manner in which the MBA conducts itself with regard to; first-ly, the decisions it makes and secondly, the manner in which those decisions are explained to others, especially when questioned. I'm long enough in the tooth to fully appreciate the political dimensions of any organisation – do I really want to deal with that on a voluntary basis? Well, not currently - and here's why:

Publicity, Commercialisation and Direction

Recently, I have noticed an apparent dichotomy developing across online platforms in respect of publicity, a certain guidebook in particular and commercialisation of bothies generally.

It is not always the most straightforward of tasks to detail ones position with nuanced clarity on a social media platform. Some achieve this more successfully than others. Some find it difficult to refrain from personalising the issue or issues under discussion, and ultimately this does many a valid argument a disservice. As Craig said, a lot of active members have shared concerns about some of the underlying assumptions in the survey and as highlighted in his letter, the direction the MBA is taking over Publicity and the Vision.

Unless I encounter you around the fire in a bothy – and can therefore make an assessment as to your level of respect for bothies - I am one of those bothy goers who consider it a treacherous act to give out a non MBA bothy location and would never ask where one was. But I accept that times change. This acceptance of the changing times does not mean that I accept statements that employ 'changing times' as a device to justify divergence from the central tenets of the association to be valid however. Craig opines that he finds it regretful that bothy locations are now online. I do too. But there's nothing that can be done in this respect. The horse has well and truly bolted – certainly in respect of the MBA bothies. That being said, whilst times certainly do change, whether as an organisation you choose to change with those times – and if you do then to what extent you change – is a choice, not an inevitability.

Craig details his position on Geoff Allan's book. I broadly agree with his position. But I have had little success nuancing my concerns about this book online in a way that does not leave me apparently pigeonholed as a conspiracy theorist. Whilst is appears to be a publication that divides opinion, my issue is not with the book in and of itself. Whilst I have not read it, I am prepared to accept that it may be a splendid guide, painstakingly researched, lovingly crafted and beautifully presented in an accessible and engaging way. It's not the book I have a problem with. It's not Geoff Allan I have a problem with. In fairness I've never met the man. I applaud and respect his work as a member of the association and as an MO. I'd rather he hadn't written and published it – but he has and did. Again, the horse has bolted. My issue with Geoff Allan's book is in respect of the association's financial association with it and what that association appears to disclose in relation to current MBA thinking.

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OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH Cont.

Although I have been advised that there is no official MBA endorsement of the book, the fact that the MBA has accepted a percentage of the profits from it is indicative of the association's decision to accept the allegedly unstoppable march of publicity in respect of bothies – as opposed to the publicity of the maintenance of those bothies. Whilst the 50th Anniversary was clearly something the association wanted to trumpet, the bothies themselves – rather than the maintenance of them – perhaps naturally – but regrettably in my view - became the focus. Yes, there have been other guides of recent years in which bothies feature. I've been advised anecdotally that the association also worked with Phoebe Smith for example. I don't know if this is factually the case or not, but from an ordinary member's perspective, any such collaboration or assistance was not as public as the association between the MBA and Geoff Allan and his various enterprises. The fact that Mr Allan has now produced Bothy Trumps and is hosting guided walks to MBA bothies for £25 a head is - quite frankly - abhorrent to many members. It is to me. The reason for this revulsion is an assessment, however formed, that there is something fundamentally morally askew with any individual or commercial organisation making financial profit from bothies – which many view as a charitable asset for the benefit of all those who enjoy wild and lonely places; buildings that are – with one exception – not owned by the MBA, and that are maintained by often fragile agreements with landowners using charitable funds and volunteer labour. I am further disquieted by the recent confirmation by the MBA that it's long held objection to the commercial use of bothies has been caveated – in that it is now officially acceptable for commercial operations to use them as 'lunch stops'. It is for these reasons that one questions whether - and for how long - the MBA paused to think through its decision to accept funding from a commercial enterprise making money from publicising a charitable asset. More time pondering the question of whether they should, as opposed to whether they could, may have taken us down a different route.

Many assess that the organisation does not need to grow. Craig makes this point. I would specifically agree with Craig's point in respect of new bothy projects that are, quite simply, too easily accessed to be in wild and lonely countryside. Others clearly have a different view. But one has to question whether the decision to accept monies from a commercial venture is driven by the Vision statement to which Craig referred and which has been detailed in a previous Newsletter. Clearly expansion will require additional funds. What I'm interested in knowing is whether the direction disclosed by the vision statement – and to some extent evidenced by the wording of questions in the members survey - has been settled upon or is up for consultation. If it is the former I assess that as lamentable – and I question whether this informed the decision to accept profits from Mr Allan's guide[book]. If the latter, then how does that consultative process with the membership manifest itself, and in what timeframe?

Membership Engagement, Consultation and Facebook

The issue of consultation leads me on the relatively recent entry of the association onto Facebook. Facebook groups are fantastic places for building communities. But when run by an organisation or charitable body, then the moderators of that group – the administrators, or admins in Facebook parlance – are seen as the voice of the association or organisation whose group it is. But this is not the case with the MBA Facebook group. Quite the reverse. Whilst the Chairman, some Trustees, AO's, MO's (including Geoff Allan) are members of this group, some don't appear to use the group and some clearly comment on posts as individuals and refute any assertion that they are speaking for the association. Whilst the Chairman has posted to engage debate from the membership - something I view as laudable - debate instigated by members is, when engaged in by office holders, often done so on the basis of them giving their personal opinions. And often this involves dismissing membership concerns by glib, flippant or derisory comments. This is simply not acceptable to my eyes and anathema to membership engagement. Certainly office holders are individuals, volunteers and are entitled to their opinions. But to express them in unguarded terms online on the official MBA group is not acceptable – there are plenty of unofficial Facebook groups dedicated to bothies for that form of debate. Further, others who have express the viewpoint – or viewpoints essentially similar to that - I have detailed herein, have been privately messaged and threatened with removal from the group if they do not desist from expressing that view. That really isn't on. I do not advocate for office holders to absent themselves from the official Facebook group – that would defeat the purpose of the social media engagement - but for goodness sake, please have them understand that they are representing the MBA to the internet at large and either; only express the association's official view or, simply refrain from commenting in a parti-

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san manner. Because rightly or wrongly, the perception that is created is that comments by office holders represent the MBA's view. And when that view is challenged, those same office holding individuals then state that they are not representing the MBA, but only giving their personal view – yet that personal view appears to formulate the decision or otherwise to threaten removal from the group. Publicity – especially online – is notoriously difficult to pitch correctly. I implore the MBA to rethink its online governance guidelines in respect of its Facebook group. The individual threatened with removal from the group left in disgust and I understand is no longer a member of the MBA. One could scarcely describe this as a 'win' for membership engagement. I guarantee that individual will continue to use the bothy network. Do we think they will extol the virtues of MBA membership and the splendid work the organisation performs to others they meet around the bothy telly?

Transparency

I recently sought some clarification in respect of the MBA Vision and Development plan on the MBA Facebook group. The response was that if I wanted to know "the facts" about what was going on then I should get myself down to the March meetings in Glasgow. I may indeed do that. But this shouldn't be a necessity to access factual information. If there is a vision and a development plan then why not simply post this online in the members section of the MBA website? There clearly is a "Vision" as it has been detailed in the Newsletter. Is there a development plan? Has this been consulted upon? If it is a work in process then will it be consulted upon before action upon it is taken? Will it be published when complete? These and other questions are indicative of concerns that some members have. If the organisation is to be transparent, then it cannot send out mixed messages and it cannot be ambiguous in terms of future plans. Advising members that they can get "the facts" if they turn up at a meeting, but not otherwise, does nothing to assist with Craig's expressed fear in the following terms:

"In addition it is vital that the Committee and Trustees are not seen as a separate out of touch elite. All members should be allowed to attend a Trustees and Committee meeting and for the workings to be explained to them. Any new administrative plans, or taking the MBA on a new path, absolutely must have in-depth consultation at all Area meetings and the AGM, not invented by the Trustees and rubber stamped by the Committee who is largely made up by the same Trustees! The MBA does not need to expand, it needs to work as a close knit team with all volunteers, Maintenance and Admin."

I would go further than Craig. And here I must separate the publicity of bothies themselves from publicity about the business of maintaining those bothies. I would advocate far less publicity about bothies. I would advocate for far more publicity about the business and process of the maintenance of those bothies. Sadly, when I made reference to Craig's letter in support of the views expressed herein online (it had been opined that I was a conspiracy theorist) I was simply told "one letter does not make a movement". Well, accurate though that statement may be, I took it as a glib rebuttal and a refusal to engage with an issue of genuine concern to a member. And there is a palpable sense of "if you don't volunteer you don't have a say" permeating many online discussions. This should be guarded against at all costs. Because I currently don't volunteer, but I do have a say – and that is why I have a vote. Do those holding this view think that I am more or less likely to volunteers as a result of experiencing that attitude? I hope I am the only member to hold this view. I fear I may not be.

Conclusion

Craig rightly stated, "any feeling, however unjustified, of a closed shop must be avoided at all costs". Perhaps my concerns over; my receipt of glib rebuttals, being advised that "the facts" were available only at meetings, my assessment that there is a refusal to engage in concerns over over-publicity of bothies – rather than of maintenance of those bothies - and in respect of commercialisation are unjustified. But I do have a distinct feeling of, if not a closed shop, then at least that some association members are more equal than others. And it is due to these genuine concerns – however unjustified – that I have not stepped forward from the shadows of non-active paying membership to be, as Craig put it, the AO of the future. It has been suggested to me that the reason I have not put myself forward is the very same reason that I should – so that my view may be heard from the inside. There may be merit in that – but I assess Craig is probably accurate when he states that serving on the committee is not for the

(Continued on page 26)

OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH cont.

faint hearted. I expect the role of AO could be tarred with the same brush. And whilst not faint of heart, I have no appetite to volunteer to bang my head up against a brick wall either.

In essence, I'm not at all sure that the MBA who seek new members and active volunteers today, is the MBA that I thought it was when I joined. And whilst, as a member, I remain unsure of the organisation, I am not incentivised to volunteer my time. I sincerely hope that I am the only member who feels this way. But I fear that I'm not.

I am a beneficiary of not only the fine maintenance work conducted by the MBA, but of the charitable asset that is the bothy network. I am a beneficially not by virtue of my membership or by virtue of my use of the asset – but simply because I am one of those who enjoys wild and lonely places. I have misgivings as to how long those places will remain wild and or lonely given the direction I assess the MBA is taking. I simply ask that cognisance is taken of the view I have herein expressed.

In conclusion, I would end with the same plea as Craig – and so I've simply quoted his final paragraph below:

"Above all please remember the MBA is a Maintenance organisation we are not a Hut / Bothy users club and should never ever be portrayed as such. In addition, mass publicity of bothies is harmful in the extreme and should be avoided at all costs."

Yours sincerely,

Chris Reid

Editorial note:

So there you have it Gentlemen: a highly detailed critique of whet ails the MBA regarding it's association with Greedy Chappie, his piss-poor guidebook and his profits. Don't' ever let the MBA and their apologists say that they never endorsed Greedy's book...

Anyway chaps, so what was the MBA's response to Chris's heartfelt letter? Que Field Marshal Simon 'Bollocks to the Bothy Code' Birch, Supreme Leader, MBA. Yes chaps, whilst the Field Marshal abandoned the brave defenders of Callater Drift (p.4) to their fate he, somehow, found the time to respond in a derisory manner to Chris Reid's letter. See below and beyond for a truly dispiriting read.

Mountain Bothies Association

A charity registered in Scotland no. SC008685 and a company limited by guarantee and registered in Scotland no. SC191425; website www.mountainbothies.org.uk; registered office: MBA, Henderson Black & Co, Edenbank House, 22 Crossgate, Cupar, Fife, KY15 5HW

Chris[,]

Thank you for your "Open Letter to Trustees". I've undertaken to put together a response to you on behalf of Trustees.

We are disappointed that you have no desire to become more involved with the MBA yet have spent a considerable amount of time putting together your letter. Bothies are only maintained and the MBA only continues in existence because of work carried out by volunteers.

Why don't you volunteer for work parties and come along to meet some of our active volunteers? You don't need to reject being an MO or AO when you don't seem to have much (or any) idea what these roles actually involve in practice. A majority of trustees are also MO's and all of us regularly meet bothy users on our various trips.

For example, I began my involvement with the MBA on work parties, was attracted to being MO at Camban, where I have volunteered for over 10 years, then gradually moved to being General Secretary and trustee. In all this time I have not sensed that there is a ruling clique within the MBA or that new people are not welcomed – indeed I was warmly welcomed at all levels.

I found these comments in your letter particularly disappointing: "I expect the role of an AO could be tarred with same brush. And whilst not faint of heart I have no appetite to volunteer to bang my head against a

(Continued on page 27)

brick wall either". Have you even tried to find out about any volunteering for the MBA? How do you think the Association actually works?

Yes, I am also an AO – on a temporary basis - and I should like to invite you to come along to our next WH&I Area meeting starting at 4.00 pm on Saturday 10th March at Glensax bothy (just south of Peebles). Come along and meet a range of MO's and experience what the MBA is really about.

With respect to publicity I don't know what you want to happen! Bothy publicity is out there – books, websites, trails - you name it. We have met with the editors of Trail and TGO recently in order to persuade them to give a more balanced view of bothies & how they should be used. We seem to be gaining some ground.

In overall terms the MBA is delivering its charitable objectives – providing bothies. Three new bothies last year and others in the pipeline.

We don't see as part of our job to keep these secret – isn't it better for them to be used and for folk to enjoy the outdoors?

Regards

Simon [Bollocks to the Bothy Code] Birch

Chairman, MBA

Editorial note:

Christ on a bike! Where does one start with that 'response'. Rather like when the KPC informed him about Greedy's Callater Stable bothy cash-in walk we were fobbed off with a derisory reply that steadfastly refused to answer ANY of our points. But rather than the Editorial team putting the boot in to this drivel we'll let Chris Reid do the job; again with his kind permission:

23rd January 2018

Dear Mr Chairman,

Thank you for your reply to my open letter to the Trustees of 6^{th} January 2018, received by me via email on 21^{st} January 2018 – a copy of which I append to this letter for the sake of clarity. I note that you are replying on behalf of all the trustees. My letter of 6^{th} January discussed membership engagement – a subject not assisted by your response.

I am surprised by your expressed disappointment that I "have no desire to become more involved with the MBA". As even a cursory reading of my letter discloses, my desire is exactly the reverse – "But I feel a sense of reticence in applying or investigating further. I suspect this is due to my perceptions of the manner in which the MBA conducts itself with regard to; firstly, the decisions it makes and secondly, the manner in which those decisions are explained to others, especially when questioned." I note that you have given no explanation in respect of any of the points I raised.

You state that "Bothies are only maintained and the MBA only continues in existence because of work carried out by volunteers." Whilst I accept that the volunteer work is of fundamental importance, I would submit that the MBA wouldn't get very far if all the volunteers had to pay for their materials and activities out of their own pocket. One would assume that paying members - together with donors and benefactors - are equally as important to the work of the organisation – but apparently not?

You ask why it is that I do not volunteer. I question whether you spent any time reading my letter at all. And if you did, one is forced to question why, as the Chairman of the organisation, you would go out of your way to be so blatantly antagonistic towards a member. To suggest that I have little (if any) idea of what is involved, in practice, is derisory and - aside from prejudice towards one who does not currently volunteer – an assertion completely without basis. Of course I have found out about volunteering, and of course I know how the association works. How sanctimonious of you to frame your reply in such terms - which

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only goes to evidence the current MBA thinking as reinforcing my assessment that those at the head of the organisation are imbued with the "if you don't volunteer you don't have a say" mentality. As I detailed in my letter: "there is a palpable sense of "if you don't volunteer you don't have a say" permeating many online discussions. This should be guarded against at all costs. Because I currently don't volunteer, but I do have a say – and that is why I have a vote. Do those holding this view think that I am more or less likely to volunteers as a result of experiencing that attitude? I hope I am the only member to hold this view. I fear I may not be."

You state that: "With respect to publicity I don't know what you want to happen!" Again, one questions whether you have read my letter properly at all – I was explicit in respect of what I thought should happen. But I'll expand upon that detailed in my original letter - since the point appears to require restatement and reinforcement. Lets examine your decision to accept a proportion of the profits from Geoff Allan's book as illustrative of the point on publicity.

Quite rightly, it has been pointed out that other charitable organisations, such as the National Trust (NT) and Scottish Natural Heritage (SNT) also maintain properties with charitable monies and volunteer labour, yet also have guide books published in respect of their properties. And whilst on the face of it this appears to be a reasonable point, it should be pointed out that the purpose of the NT is to hold assets in trust for the nation. They actively seek to publicise those assets because expanding the number of members of the public who can enjoy them is intrinsic in their charitable aims. Publication and publicity is not only desirable, but necessary to achieve those aims. However, unlike the NT and SNH, the MBA is a MAINTENANCE organisation – it is not in existence to 'provide bothies' for the nation - and whilst it's charitable aim is to maintain simple shelters in remote country for all those who enjoy wild and lonely places - it is submitted that this aim does not require publicity of the bothies themselves as a commodity or an 'experience'. Bothies are not for the most part owned by the MBA (as opposed to the NT- which does own its assets). Only publicity of the maintenance activities is required to ensure the organisation's longevity. And no expansion of provision is required either – certainly not an expansion of provision in geographical areas which can hardly be said to be "wild and lonely". I assess that the MBA has rather lost its way. I know you hope that increased publicity will lead to increased membership, increased income and increase in volunteers - but the other side of that coin is that increased publicity will also lead to increase in usage, which leads to increase in maintenance costs and a requirement for increased numbers of volunteers. It's a selfsustaining direction that I'd rather you hadn't gone down - but that is what you appear to propose in the Vision statement. Ultimately an increase in use of the bothy network will impact on how 'lonely' those wild and lonely places remain. I would submit that the NT and SNH are oranges. The MBA is apples.

There is absolutely nothing wrong with the MBA making money from the charitable asset it maintains. This includes sanctioning the making of money from that charitable asset by someone whom the charity designates or instructs to carry out work on it's behalf or whom it is happy to be commercially associated with so as to generate income for the charity. In doing so the MBA can make an assessment as to whether that commercial activity is aligned with it's charitable purpose. What is not acceptable is for someone independent of the MBA to make money from their (the MBA's) charitable asset by doing something that the charity has no control over and which does not align with the charitable purpose of the organisation. This is why NT and SNH seek to litigate to protect their assets. However, rather than litigate to protect your asset - and obtain a financial benefit or some other redress - in the case of Geoff Allan's book, the MBA has, after the fact it would appear, said to itself - oh well, if it's going to happen anyway we might as well get something out of it, and accepted a proportion of the organisation - maintaining simple shelters. Let me say that again – MAINTAINING SIMPLE SHELTERS – not, as you assert in your letter – "providing bothies". The two things are not the same – and stating the charitable aims in these terms just shows how far the thinking has slipped at the head of the organisation. If you don't believe me then perhaps you should have a check with Companies' House and the Office of the Scottish Charities Regulator to confirm what the charitable purposes of the MBA are.

A fair proportion of the members of the MBA that I have spoken to do not agree that Geoff Allan's book is aligned with the chari-

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OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH Cont.

table objectives of the MBA. The MBA attitude towards the commercialisation of bothies – in other words publicity in respect of the 'bothy experience' - has taken many members by surprise. And the fact that the situation has been either caused or orchestrated by an MO just feels like a betrayal - both of members by an MO and of members by the MBA itself. Certainly this will not be the view of all. It may not even be the view of the majority – but it is the view of a growing number of members – and you do yourself and the organisation a great disservice if you bury your head in the sand and hope that this view will simply go away. In this respect Craig Caldwell's letter in newsletter 202 may be viewed as prophetic. By accepting a percentage of the profits from Mr Allan's book, the MBA has de-facto aligned itself with Mr Allan's commercial operations. By defending the acceptance of these monies, the MBA is effectively saying that his book and the commodification and commercialisation of bothies IS aligned with the charitable objectives of the MBA - and many people just don't agree that that it the case. There was no obligation on the MBA to have accepted this position. If they'd wanted to make something out of what was already a done deal then they should have litigated against Mr Allan – not jumped into bed with him. So in answer to your statement in respect of publicity, what I want is for the MBA to realise that many members do not view publicity of bothies and the bothy experience as being at all welcome. As I said in my previous letter – by all means publicise the MAINTENANCE work of the organisation, but that is something fundamentally different from accepting the inevitable march of publicity in respect of the commodification and commercialisation of the 'bothy experience'. I therefore must disagree with your statement in respect of the organisation delivering on its charitable objectives – because those objectives are not "providing bothies". Three new bothies coming on-line evidences that the organisation is morphing into something many members simply do not recognise and do not like the look of.

So to answer – again – your query in respect of what I want to happen in respect of publicity – I say this. Just stop. Stop and think about the direction you are taking the organisation in. Just because you can do something doesn't mean that you should. Whilst times certainly do change, whether and to what extent you – as an organisation - change with those times is a choice, not an inevitability. No-one is asking that you keep bothies 'secret' – there is little utility in closing that stable door – but for goodness sake, appreciate the consequences of the decisions you make in respect of commodification and commercialisation. Since when did it become acceptable for commercial operations to use bothies as 'lunch stops' for example?

In respect of the other points I have raised regarding membership engagement – I note you have completely failed to address these in your reply. I would encourage you to re-read my original letter and reflect.

Just to make myself completely clear, I am not denigrating, nor do I seek to denigrate the MBA as an organisation – just the direction the current leadership is taking it.

Yours sincerely,

Chris Reid

Dear Chairman and Trustees,

[05th Feb 2018]

Receiving the following as a response to my last letter [above];

"Chris

Thank you for your 2nd Open Letter to MBA Trustees. [Above] Trustees have read your letter (and your earlier one) and have taken note of your views. However we are not convinced that they are representative of the Membership as a whole. Thank you for taking the time to contact us,

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Regards

Simon [Bollocks to the Bothy Code] Birch Chairman, MBA"

completely fails - on every level - to engage with the membership, fails to address or allay my concerns and fails as the charity's response to concerns raised. It is becoming abundantly clear to me and others within the organisation that the direction the MBA is taking is not in accordance with its stated charitable objectives. Having received absolutely nothing by way of engagement or discussion on the matters I have raised, I have formed the view that I am simply wasting my time and effort in attempting to secure membership engagement on the issues raised. I shall therefore refer the matter as a complaint to the Office of the Scottish Charity Regulator [OSCR]. I shall of course include with my complaint to the regulator the correspondence between myself and the organisation.

You have made your refusal to engage in debate or discussion of the issues absolutely clear. I therefore do not expect a reply.

Kind regards,

Chris Reid

Editorial note:

Well said again Chris Reid! Full marks chap and we wish him well with his dealing with that shower of useless jobsworth's at OSCR. Having said that, we have in on *very* good authority that the MBA has already been severely rattled by OSCR and the anti-bothy commercialisation campaign in general—hence the fact that the MBA has got in the lawyers to help the MBA Trustee numbskulls comply with governance that is acceptable under Scottish Charity Law. One may proffer that a refusal to criticise Greedy's commercial bothy walk up at Callater may have been a good place to start!

After reading his drivel we suppose that Field Marshal 'Bollocks to the Bothy Code' Birch is at least consistent when dismissing out of hand important issues and criticism raised by MBA members and Pipe Clubs alike. It is also highly telling that at the very top of the MBA the *"if you don't volunteer your view doesn't count"* holds sway. It is also bloody obvious that the stinking relationship between Greedy Chappie and the MBA will not be changing any time soon. Thoroughly depressing.

Talking of depressing let's see what has been going on in the wonderful world of the Social Media latrine shall we campers? Please turn to p.31 and beyond for some *vintage* ODK watch. Note the last paragraph in the 'News from the Trustees' in an extract from the MBA's Winter 2017 Newsletter. Our analysis is that they've been royally rattled and perhaps their solicitors will keep these incompetent fools on the straight and narrow. Then again...

> Merry Christmas and a Happy Bothying New Year!

News from the Trustees

Simon Birch For and on behalf of the Trustees

We welcomed two new Trustees in October – Neil Reid and Ian Hunter – and said farewell to Roger Muhl, Neil Stewart and Trevor Cotton. We are delighted that, as usual, the MBA is able to attract fresh talent to serve as trustees without the need to resort to coercion! I know that we are envied in this respect by many other charities

The AGM, held at Langwathby, also appointed a new Returning Officer – Victoria Doran – as well as electing new members of Management Committee. Again, all examples of MBA members coming forward and volunteering to assist in the running of the Association.

I was personally delighted that you have decided to elect me as your Chairman for a further three years – I'm thoroughly enjoyed the role and look forward to the future working with such talented and enthusiastic colleagues. Thank you.

The Trustees met after the AGM and agreed to undertake a Review of Governance. The objective is to make sure that we comply with all the latest rules and regulations – Companies Acts, OSCR – and that all aspects of our governance are first class. We will be appointing solicitors with charity experience to assist us in this task. As a charity we are well aware that we must carry out such an exercise on a regular basis. We will keep you informed of progress.

OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH 2 What's in a Letter? We Will Probably Never Know...

Editorial note:

Hot under the collar knobbers?

It seems somehow surreal now to look back just a couple of months or so to a fevered time in the knobbersphere where the KPC was royally abused regarding the alleged sending of 'protest letters' to bothy owners about bothy commercialisation by some hot-under-the-collar ODKs. For the record: The KPC did not contact bothy owners (in any way) regarding bothy commercialisation or any other matter. We hope that is a clear enough statement for our slanderous detractors.

The anti-bothy commercialisation campaign continues

The KPC remains resolutely behind its anti-bothy commercialisation campaign. Furthermore, our campaign is entirely in the public domain and will continue to be so. The KPC has nothing whatsoever to hide and we are proud of the fact that the campaign by us—and many others; including plenty of MBA members—has had a significant impact on those that either commercialise bothies, or enable such commercialisation. Once people—who should know better—stop commercialising and enabling the commercialisation of our bothies then our campaign will cease. Simple.

The so-called 'bothy protest letter'

We have undertaken some background research into the matter of this alleged letter to bothy owners. From what the B&B Editorial team can glean, it appears that a person or persons unknown sent a letter to some unspecified owners of an unknown number of unknown bothies. Apparently, the content of the letter discussed bothy commercialisation. That much *appears* to be fact to the best of our knowledge. Also, to the best of our knowledge, and despite a challenge by this Pipe Club to some of the louder mouths on Facebook, this 'bothy protest letter' has not been published anywhere on the internet and the KPC has not yet seen a copy. If the KPC does get hold of a copy of this letter we will happily publish it on the internet to allow debate and scrutiny. Therefore, if you are reading this piece and you DO have a copy of this letter and would like to see it published, simply get in touch. We will do the rest and your identity will, of course, be kept

strictly confidential.

Put up or shut up!

Funnily enough some of the loudest mouths who were blaming the KPC for sending this 'bothy protest letter' went remarkably quiet upon being challenged to provide: a) evidence that the KPC was in any way involved and b) to publish the letter so that folk could judge for themselves the content of the letter.

Read into that what you will, but its is our best guess (after talking to a several well-connected chaps whom have asked for our confidence) is that the letter caused the MBA a major headache as the content was not at all to its liking. Why is that? We would, therefore, also suggest that the fact that the letter has not been published suggests that its content is in all likelihood uncomfortable reading for the bothy commercialisers and bothy commercialisation enablers. Besides, if this 'bothy protest letter' was wildly inaccurate in any way, why have those in receipt of or those whom have knowledge of the 'bothy protest letter' not published it to bolster their position? The whole things stinks and it is very convenient for our critics that the KPC was accused of doing something that no one can comment on publicly. Very Kafkaesque, but this Pipe Club, sadly, has become used to such malcontent from certain MBA Officials over the years.

We will probably never know the truth regarding the 'bothy protest letter' however, as MBA high command we are also reliably informed—has slapped down a few of its social media wapperjawed gabblers who broke ranks regarding publicising the very existence of said letter. For once: Praise the Lord for social media wapperjawed gabblers(!) otherwise we may have never been made aware of the existence of such a 'bothy protest letter' at all.

We were also made aware of some related shenanigans on Pusbook (*Yes, remember that the KPC has no official place on Pusbook or any other social media platform Ed.*) and the following is a choice selection—with a spot of chumly analysis—for your entertainment, although we are reliably informed that a lot of the following posts have been taken down in a panicky bit of back-pedalling, so all hail the screenshot, HAIL! Enjoy. *(Continued on p.32)*

"Do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation."

- William Shakespeare

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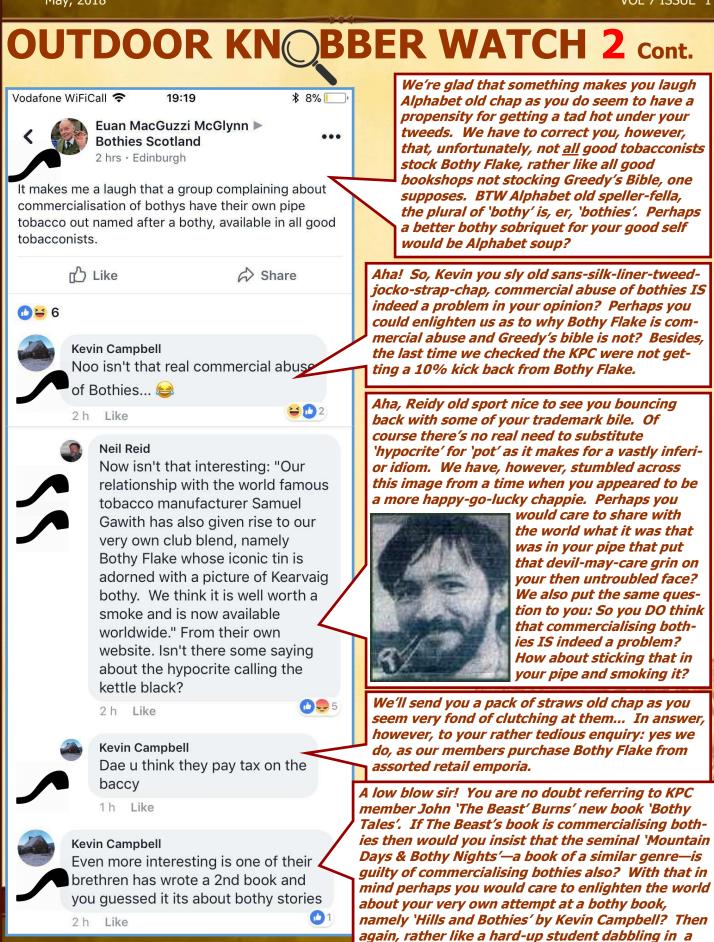
"Suicide: It's the one mistake you won't live to regret."

- Anon.





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details.

spot of porn to pay the rent, you would probably wish to forget all about that rather unfortunate episode in your life... Please see the next page for full

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OUTDOOR KN BBER WATCH 2 Cont.

Hills and Bothies

A book spanning many years of funny tales and serious stuff by Kevin Campbell

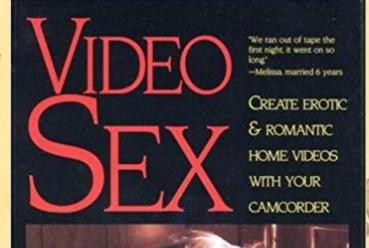
So there we have it chaps, a thoroughly dispiriting antisocial media discourse regarding the KPC from a few conspiracy theorists whom have put two-and-two together to make 5 on the bigoted claptrap scale, if we are to borrow the technique of mixing-metaphors and/or idiom-incinerating that ol' Reidy is so fond of deploying in a desperate attempt to make the world think he read the odd Ladybird book at school.

Letters to the Editor please!

A: A vapist.

Q: What do you call a chap who forces himself on a floozy whilst puffing one of those e-cigarette thingies?

The mind boggles: Could the author of this (Truly dreadful, Ed.) book (L) regarding hills and rudimentary shelters (An early attempt at commercialisation. Although to be commercially viable one supposes it has to be readable, Ed.) with alleged 'funny tales' be the same author as the infinitely more notable tome detailed below? We await any response with interest, although we must stress that an opportunity to view a selection of any associated domestically produced videos is way beyond the scope of this Pipe Club's collective inquisitiveness, ahem.



KEVIN CAMPBELL



May, 2018

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BREXIT UPDATE—THE KPC PRATTLEBUS

As the Brexit campaign limps on we are proud to unveil our brand new Prattlebus. The down side of our magnificent machine, however, is that we fear that a trip along the U70 to Kearvaig may be a tad tricky as our magnificent omnibus is probably a smidge to big for said semi-metalled highway. Combine that fact with a distinct lack of skilled omnibus drivers in that part of the world and we fear that we will be confined to battling it out with those odious North Coast 500 knobbers instead.

We send the EU £350 million a week

let's fund the KPC instead > Vote Smoke

Let's take back control of our bowls





Advertisement: Whether it's walking into your favourite rudimentary shelter, coping with earthquakes or even a spot of Dirty Dad dancing, the new KPC Safari Jacket should be at the forefront of your outdoor wardrobe. It's a sartorial smash that'll set a chap apart from the Outdoor Knobbers in a heartbeat.



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Chaps' Corner Chapcraft Top Tips for the Tip -Top Chap: Pyrotechnic Pee for Your Pipe!



Survival situation

icture a scenario where you are enjoying a first class trans-Pacific crossing and all of a sudden your craft is invaded by beastly cutthroat pirates and, after being forced to walk the plank, you find yourself on a desert island with that tiresome Tom Hanks fellow and his bloody football. Once that oaf has been securely bound to a palm tree—to be eaten later—with your spare cravats and his football stuffed in his mouth, you can then get on with the art of desert island survival with some rakish aplomb, and we will show you how. Assuming that the pirates had overlooked your sturdy portmanteau in favour of some vulgar branded luggage, we would suggest that, being a chap, you have everything that you need to survive for a goodly while, although some things will not be immediately obvious as we shall see.

Got a light old boy?

That is not likely to be even a rhetorical question from Mr Hanks who one instinctively knows is an anti. Besides he's got a football in his mouth. What if, however, your match-

es had been lost or saturated during your heroic swim ashore? And, on top of that, of course, your fine Dunhill lighter in your waistcoat pocket will soon be out of gas. A trying problem indeed! This would leave you with your pipes and an ample supply of tobacco in your portmanteau, but precious little to ignite your favourite blends with. We assert, however, that such trying conundrums are the making of the chap, huzzah!

Ignore the internet Bushcraft Knobbers, aka attention-seekers with sharp things

At this juncture a plethora of those t'interweb-based 'bushcrafter' nincompoop types reading this would most likely start prattling on about rubbing two boy scouts together, using flint and steel or magnifying glasses to start a fire before drinking copious amounts of cheap cider and crying their sad and lonely selves to sleep around a few smouldering twigs. No chaps, those types and their associated Ray Mears wannabe drivel has no place in a prestigious pipe club periodical, as here we would like to impart genuine hard won knowledge that will win the pipe smok-

(Continued on page 41)

Imagine getting marooned on a desert island with this fellow? Yes, bad show but even such an oaf can have his uses.



Chaps' Corner Cont.

ing day and ensure that you are crowned king of your desert island by enjoying your favourite blends until rescue.

We can picture your steeply inclined eyebrow now, however, but rest assured all will be revealed as we are about to explain the method of creating an explosive mixture from your very own renal system. Yes chaps, to put it another way it's pee for your pipe!

Here's how:

- Obtain a watertight receptacle. How about that Hanks' bloody ball for example? Cut a hole about 4 inches in diameter using your Gentleman's pocket knife whilst enjoying Hanks' bereft agonising cries of "WILSON! NO!". Always good for desert island morale, what!
- Relieve yourself (strictly a number 1 only) into the freshly gutted Wilson, so to speak, ahem. Offer Hanks the same opportunity (the more urine the better, apparently Yankee urine is OK for our purposes), remembering to plug his mouth with palm leaves or something afterwards.
- 3. Now place Wilson in direct sunlight and retire to a shady spot for a bowl. Remember, conserve that precious lighter gas though!
- 4. In a while Wilson will contain a disgusting paste. Yes, a bit whiffy, but do bear with us chaps.
- 5. Now, add about two tablespoons of charcoal to Wilson. A great source of charcoal, of course, is your dottle from your last three bowls. Grind finely before adding. Mix carefully. Oh, and avoid smoking from now on.
- 6. Carefully transfer the mixture from Wilson into a brandy glass from your portmanteau. Start a wee fire with your Dunhill and (after snapping the stem off, yes unfortunately sacrifices must be made) place the brandy glass, acting as a makeshift round-bottom flask, (*A most elegant bit of laboratory glassware, Ed.*) containing the mixture into the fire. Leave in-situ until you are left with a white powder.
- 7. Remove the stemless brandy glass VERY carefully from the fire and allow to cool in a shady spot.
- 8. Whittle some twigs to pipe matchstick size and smear the tips with a very thin dob of your pomade. Yes, we know, yet more sacrifice but we proffer that you will appreciate a bowl more than cutting a dash on your desert island.

(Continued on page 42)

Artist's impression: The alchemist Hennig Brandt creates white phosphorus from urine.



Chaps' Corner Cont.

- 9. Carefully dip your pomade-tipped matches into the brandy glass mixture until the heads are coated. Now dip again into your pomade. Then place them carefully on a non-abrasive surface.
- 10. When your Dunhill is out of gas and you fancy a bowl simply take one of your 'Wilson Mixture' matches and strike on a handy pebble. Hey presto the match will ignite and allow you to enjoy a bowl for as long as your tobacco and urine supply lasts. Remember to keep your dottle for future match supply.

It's all about chemistry you know

Now in an attempt to stem the inevitable avalanche of Letters to the Editor, the Editorial team has decided to explain the chemistry of your matches. In fact B&B cannot claim credit for this vital discovery. Yes chaps, the chemistry behind your matches dates back to 1669 when a German alchemist named Hennig Brandt forgot to empty his chamber pot and then decided to heat it up. One supposes that such shenanigans constituted entertainment in the 17th century. Whilst Brandt almost certainly did not know that he had created white phosphorus, he certainly would have certainly been aware of the mixture's explosive properties as it is rumoured that his eyebrows were rather whispy.

Therefore the chemical basis of your matches is as follows:

$(NH_4)NaHPO_{4(aq)} => NaPO_{3(aq)} + NH_{3(aq)} + H_2O_{(I)}$

(or: ammonium sodium phosphate (from evaporated urine) => sodium phosphite + ammonia + water)

When heated with carbon (i.e. dottle-derived charcoal) sodium phosphite decomposes into white phosphorus and sodium pyrophosphate according to the equation below:

$8NaPO_{3(aq)} + 10C_{(s)} => 2Na_4P_2O_{7(aq)} + 10CO_{(g)} + P_{4(s)} + Pom_{(ss)}$

(or: sodium phosphite + carbon => sodium pyrophosphate + carbon monoxide + white phosphorus + pomade)

Conclusion: From your pee to your pipe

So chaps, there you have it; successful pipe ignition from the product of your kidneys. Bloody marvellous what! And with that chaps we wish you bon voyage on your next cruise safe in the knowledge that you will always be able to light your pipe even if you are shipwrecked on a desert island.

Of course not all visitors to desert islands are as irritating as Hanks and Wilson, so a chap would be well advised in maintaining the ability to keep his pipe lit at all times if he wishes to be successful in entertaining more agreeable company...



May, 2018

New Member Welcome

Carmen de Mesa

Crikey! A turn up for the books indeed chaps as we welcome our first, er, female lady woman member to the KPC. Perhaps it will be time for Dazbo to finally keep his wedding tackle in check (*Unless our first female member does not man-up before the witching hour—STANDARDS MUST BE MAINTAINED, Ed.*) when Carmen eventually gets snugged in around the bothy fire? Carmen is also a member of some Spanish pipe club or other and she tells us that she is used to being the only *senorita* present in a room usually full of smelly old blokes. We're fairly certain that she'll fit right in.

Anyway, Carmen, 23, hails from Madrid, the capital of Spain. Our Iberian princess got in touch with the KPC after she saw Dazbo strutting his stuff (*We might have made that up, Ed.*) and sampling some Bothy Flake. She has smoked a pipe for over 2 years now and admits a weakness for aromatics in addition to our fine club blend. We would of course welcome this, as the KPC room note has indeed suffered over the years, especially after a curry night, so a breath of fresh smoky aromatic air would be welcomed.

Carmen tells us she used to visit Scotland every summer to improve her language skills and enjoy some fine cuisine. This seems a little odd as most Scot's can't speak a bloody word of Spanish. Perhaps she was more lucky with the grub, however, as, of course, Scotland rules the world when it comes to pie-ella.

Carmen says she enjoys 'outdoor activities' which might raise a quizzical eyebrow among some of our more lethargic members, but we proffer that this would put her in good stead for the long walk into Kearvaig via the Kyle. She also says she is a "heavy reader" but we think that she doesn't look anything of the sort.

Whatever her foibles it is truly an honour to welcome yet another bloody foreigner to our ranks and of course our first lady member. We look forward to welcoming our new senorita to a moot sometime soon.

Bothy name: Señorita Bothy Table





Carmen gets stuck in to her favourite meerschaum pipe. She is sure to bring some Iberian grace and culture to a KPC bothy night.



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Pipe Babe of the Month

Once again we have the lovely, smiling Marielle gracing our pages from this year's PRF meeting in Wuustwezel. This year however, our Benelux briar bombshell seems to have upgraded her pipe collection to include a MASSIVE poker. Now, in the interests of decorum we shall, of course, refrain from an obvious and unseemly double entendre here but when pressed she did tell a few of the gathered chaps that she would simply love to fill said beast with Highland Balls. At which point Tealight and Matron had to be resuscitated under the terms of their European Health Insurance Card. Perhaps after Brexit Marielle had better watch what she says if our chaps are to live long and prosper...



"It's simple: Love your woman; enjoy your whisky and savour your pipe." - Anon. (Re-arrange as required, Ed.)

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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.

Behold! The Bad Egg of Burleywhag

Kind sirs,

I have indeed contacted Messrs G. Chappie and CO-EVON (the moniker puts me in mind of some kind of slime mould - with good reason by the sounds of it!), alas I cannot report any return communication.

But where are my manners? Many thanks for the gracious mention once again in your esteemed publication!

Ah yes, Burleywhag. The fog of sack had quite overcome me prior to the penning of the note [B&B Vol. 6 Iss. 5, Dec 2017 p.43]. In spite of this I must report we have since received corroborative anecdotes regarding the presence of "The Beast" - or at least a wraith particular to this rudimentary shelter. Supposedly, a loathsome spectre by the name of "The Bad Egg" is said to bedevil the environs - rumours of a previous visitor many years ago, proudly resplendent in brand new "outdoor" apparel being overcome by the stench of his own latrine and collapsing in the sheepfold, succumbing to hypothermia.

How we laughed at this sally. However, subsequent examination of a photograph taken by my companion has revealed a grainy anomaly - I will seek this out shortly so you can peruse and forewarn other visitors. On a more cheery note, my friend and I plan to visit Kettleton Byre in mid-February on or around the 10th. One hopes that we are able to keep thoughts of supernatural torment far, far away.

Edmund Boig Esq.

The Bad Egg of Burleywhag...



Dear Edmund,

A Bad Egg indeed. Our chaps reported no such anomaly but they are about as observant as chimps at a tea party happy hour. The image of an ODK succumbing in his own oomska is, however, most gratifying. Pity that Messrs Chappie and COEVON have not, as yet, choked on their own avarice. But well done sir for informing said avaricious bounders of their boundless avarice on the back of our beloved rudimentary shelters.

You will no doubt have read in earlier pages of this periodical that the KPC remains at the forefront of the campaign to thwart these blighters 'progress', with some refreshing successes in this war of attrition. We shall prevail.

Sincerely,

The Editor

Prelude to an Epiphany?

From the KPC PLOG regarding bothy commercilism:

"Whilst I mostly disagree, I understand your concern. Doesn't make sense alienating outdoorsy types though. Surely should be trying to get us on side rather than slag us off. Hope I make it in your outdoor knobber column again. ;-)" [Robin Wallace]

Dear Robin,

Thank you for taking the time to comment (above) on the KPC PLOG. All comments/queries are answered, (even if they employ the dreaded emoticon) often on the PLOG, but since you raise a few issues our Head of Comms has asked me to respond to you in a more com

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Prelude to an Epiphany Cont.

prehensive and deserving manner.

Firstly old chap may we ask a couple of questions: What is it, exactly, that you "mostly disagree" with? By understanding this Pipe Club's concerns may infer that you too are uneasy with the current scourge of commercialising bothies? If so, please elaborate - we would be interested to hear your views..

You assert that the KPC is alienating "outdoorsy types". Aside from the unnecessary consonants, namely the 'sy' attached to the perfectly adequate descriptor of 'outdoor', (those consonants did indeed set of the ODK alarm we have to say, but we'll cut you some slack, so please read on) we would counter by saying that the KPC does not (and does not set out to) alienate outdoor types in any way. We would also assert that 'outdoor types' are not the same animal as ODKs. This is a common misconception made by some of our readers, but once they have this difference explained they tend to see the light. Indeed - for your information - among our diverse 'bricky to brain surgeon' membership we have: Munro completests, dedicated hill walkers, mountain bikers, canoeists etc. i.e proper outdoor types. What the KPC does not have in its ranks is ODKs i.e. pompous, pious, uptight, selfflagellating, self-important folk, taking themselves far too seriously who venture into the outdoors and then attempt to sanitise decades of outdoor culture to suit there narrow vision of what they think the outdoors including bothies - should be. These types need to be challenged and the KPC offers a coherent platform to enable this. Lord knows there are enough ODK platforms out there. Indeed, if the KPC offends such folk then we consider that a feather in our collective cap but, of course, the real dynamics here are ODKs upsetting themselves through their combined judgmental outlook and inability to withstand a bit of mockery. They should have a word with themselves...

In fact we would go as far as to say that the KPC is actually a very welcoming group of chaps who have always understood that our rudimentary shelters are indeed for everyone - a position that is sadly not shared by all; not least ODKs and the MBA... May we point you to a recent example - written entirely independently of the KPC - by someone that one might label as an 'ODK' of such a welcoming approach? If so, please see <u>HERE</u> old chap. We think that this article reflects the KPC fairly and accurately and we are rather proud of such occasions.

It seems that you have labelled yourself as an ODK old chap? Perhaps - having read the foregoing - you would re-consider your self-prescribed nomenclature and upgrade your standing to 'outdoor type' and take a stance with the KPC - and many others - against Bothy Commercialism? As an outdoor type you must surely note the incredible irony of the often maligned KPC (in MBA/ ODK circles) defending the MBA's Bothy Code ("Bothies are not available for commercial groups") against, er, the MBA? Perhaps we could petition you to protest to the MBA and that greedy Geoff Allan fool - as this Pipe Club and many others have already done - about their appalling behaviour on this critical issue? Bothies are not commodities that can be used to line pockets. They are (often) charitable assets maintained by volunteers with (often) fragile agreements with landowners that are under serious threat from unfettered commercialisation. Most important of all - for the KPC - is that making money out of bothies is morally bankrupt and is anathema to the decades old ethos of bothying. We hope you'll agree.

Perhaps old chap when you make your next guest appearance in Outdoor Knobber Watch you'll get the coveted 'pipe-up' symbol for your incisive and principled commentary regarding Bothy Commercialisation? Something to look forward to...

Thanks again for your comments and we look forward to hearing from you sir.

Sincerely,

The Editor

NB: Subsequent to the above discourse Robin Wallace has undergone his epiphany—see pp.10-12 in this edition. Good effort sir!

<u>Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear...</u> <u>Didn't</u> <u>see that one coming!</u>

Via the KPC website:

"Hi I was wondering if your tobacco is still available to the general public. It is coming up to a special birthday of my brother who is a keen pipe smoker and always looking and buying special tobacco. If it is could you tell me where and how to purchase it.

Thanks[,] Kenny Smith [MBA MO for Overphawhope]

This 'enquiry' was posted by Mr Smith (acting as an MBA agent provocateur? Ed.) during the 'bothy protest letter' shitstorm after a laughable Facebook 'debate' regarding the tax payable by the KPC on Bothy Flake. This ignoramus could not have telegraphed his move more obviously if he had been a hoofing full-back in a Sunday league association football team. We treated this bilge with the contempt it deserved.

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The Editor

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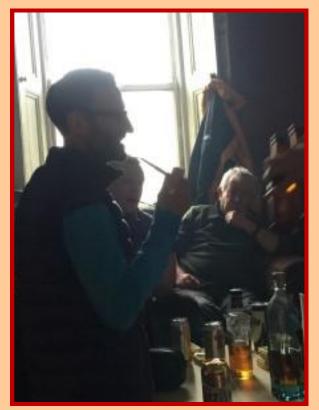
An Update from The Hills (Mr & Mrs that is...)

Nothing happens. We stand there, shivering and dripping in our wet clothes. Our elation at reaching the Cape is gradually replaced by anxiety that we are the only ones here – we have no food left, limited water and there's neither a phone signal nor electricity. We change in to dry clothing and are just considering crawling into our sleeping bags to get warm when we hear voices and dogs barking outside. It's John, thank God!

He brings us a gas-operated heater and a clothes horse for us to hang up our sodden gear and invites us to come in to his house next door when we're ready, for some hot soup and to warm ourselves by the fire. I feel like crying with gratitude.

When we turn up there, a few minutes later, he opens the door to the living room and we go in, assuming we're alone. We are stunned to find it crowded with bizarrely-dressed and high-spirited men in a cloud of smoke. The source of their high spirits – beer and whisky – is spread out on the table and we're poured drinks before the introductions are even done. This – it turns out – is the annual general meeting of the splendidly quirky Kearvaig Pipe Club, whose dress code for the year's event is Crap Suits.

Slightly shell-shocked, after almost three weeks in splendid isolation, we join in with the banter as we thaw out, and before we know it, the evening light is fading and it's time to retreat to our mattresses, which John has put down for us in the cafe. It's only then that I realise Jeff has drunk more than his fair share of wee drams (not to mention smoking a pipe) and is, in fact, monumentally pissed.



I, however, am in no mood for nursing him. My guts are in turmoil and I'm having to run out with the cat shovel to duck behind the precarious drystone walls at regular intervals – I must have drunk some contaminated water earlier. My woes continue through the night, and we both wake up the next morning feeling terrible in our own ways.

The bad news is there's no ferry, so the only way off the Cape is on foot. The good news is that John is giving his friends from the Pipe Club a ride to a place that will make the journey shorter (though it's still 6-7 miles of walking). Fortunately, they are regulars here and know the way across the pathless bog that leads to the road to Durness, so we can tag along.

Jeff and I both force down a fried breakfast (we've not eaten a proper meal since that dehydrated chilli in Kinlochbervie) and pack our stuff. At around 11am, we crowd into the minibus and set off along the bumpy road. The views are stupendous, though my insides are still too miserable to allow me to appreciate it properly.

John stops the bus next to a steep, rocky slope that water is trickling down. It's the path, apparently. We say our thanks and goodbyes and set off, quickly spreading out as we labour up the hill in a new deluge of rain and wind strong enough to blow us off our feet. At the top, a vast expanse of moorland unfolds, swathed in uneven tussocks, bog moss and heather. We slip and slide our way across it (me having to stop for emergency toilet breaks at frequent intervals).

There's a river to cross – sometimes it's gentle enough to wade across but at the moment it's a raging torrent and in a replay of yesterday's rigmarole, we have to walk upstream for half a mile to find the bridge, and then all the way back down on the other side to continue towards Durness. I feel as weak as a kitten and thoroughly miserable.

At last, though, we start to see the odd car or lorry speeding along on the horizon – the road, the road! When we reach it, one of the Pipe Club members kindly squeezes us into his car and takes us the final few miles into the village of Durness. He drops us off outside the local shop and bids us farewell. Jeff enquires about accommodation in the area for the night while I buy Imodium, shampoo and new toothbrushes. Less than half an hour later, with the utmost gratitude and relief, we are opening the door to a warm, clean room with ensuite bathroom at the Wild Orchid guesthouse.

We've made it.

The above is an extract from the blog of Mr & Mrs Hill after we had met them at the 2017 AGM up at the Major's abode. [B&B Vol. 6 Iss. 5, Dec 2017 pp.20-21]. A fine effort and we were glad to be of service.

The Editor

May ,2018

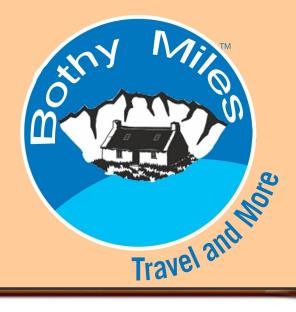
New Rudimentary Shelter Loyalty Scheme Launched: Bothy Miles!

The KPC is proud to announce the creation of a new bothy co-operative loyalty scheme that has been set up in conjunction with a well known bothy maintenance organisation. We consider this a landmark development in the history of our bothies.

This marvellous, ground-breaking scheme allows the average bothier to claw back some well-deserved cash from his bothying. Yes chaps, the KPC felt it was time to share the cash that is floating about out there in the bothysphere, otherwise all that bothy loot would end up in a tiny minority of pockets of the outdoor celebs such as Greedy Chappie, COEVON, McPish et al.

Our bothy maintenance partner in this exciting project wishes to remain anonymous as they've been copping a bit of flak of late for their bothy commercialisation enabling activities, so the KPC has agreed to donate 10% of Bothy Miles profits to said partner on the QT.

How does Bothy Miles work? Well it's actually very simple chaps. All you have to do is to record your bothy trips on either video or photos and send the name of your bothies and video/photo evidence for verification visited to the KPC quoting 'Bothy Miles' on any correspondence. Only one account per chap though! We've enlisted the help of rudimentary shelter statistician supremo Robin 'STATCHAP' Wallace as he knows the exact mileages (and altitudes) of all bothies. We'll then set-up your Bothy Miles account and at the end of each financial year we'll post you a cheque based on your total bothy mileage. Due to the pound crashing, however, the current rate of exchange for a Bothy Mile is a tad on the low side:



KPC Notices

KPC t-shirts/polo shirts available from the Editor at the bargain price of $\pounds 15/\pounds 20 + p\&p$.

KPC Mouse mats available from the Editor – only £5.20 + p&p.

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

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