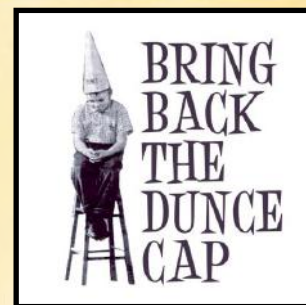




'*Briar & Bothies*'

The newsletter of
THE KEARVAIG PIPE CLUB



A Distinctly Foreign Affair: The 2018 AGM, 21st-24th Sept.



No stopping until we reach Sango...

As regular readers of this periodical will know, our in-house songsmith, Tealight, has written a rather racy tune 'Sango' that celebrates (*Commemorates more like, Ed.*) the long journey north to our now traditional AGM mustering point of Sango. This year, the Hackney Hobo had wisely opted to fly to Glasgae from the deep south - thus avoid-

(Continued on page 2)

"The successful warrior is the average man, with laser-like focus."

- Bruce Lee

The 2018 AGM, Cont.

ing a very long drive - to meet Tealight for onward conveyance to the AGM. The problem with his plan was that he had to utilise *Ruin Air* for said conveyance which meant that luggage larger/heavier than an empty snuff box incurs a surcharge greater than the air fare, (*A fact which simultaneously pumps up Ruin Air boss Michael O'Leary's ego, if such a thing were possible, Ed.*). Combined with the labyrinthine *Ruin Air* luggage allowance blurb (*Designed to suck the life, and the cash, out of the would-be air traveller, Ed.*) it was simply too much for the chap who, as a result, had to send his portmanteau up to Tealight's abode in advance to avoid a second mortgage as, fortunately, courier companies are now staffed by wage-slave children that have to sit on space hoppers to see over the steering wheel. Of course the second problem for our air weary chumrade was that he was soon to become a road weary chumrade, as Tealight had him trapped in his Transit van (*To which he has recently written a love song about, yes really... Ed.*) so he could subject the hapless Hobo to his own tunes all the way to Sango; and from Glasgow that gives quite a scope for some distinctly uneasy listening... Luckily for the Hobo they had opted for some swift overnight debauchery at Melgarve to break the journey. Is it any wonder, however, that the Hobo had to replenish his Tennent's and Ibuprofen supply in Inverness the following day to numb the pain? Regardless of road tunes and inferior tinned beverages, these chaps arrived at Sango in fine fettle on a pleasant afternoon to meet a rather smug Matron who already had tents pitched and was nursing a superior malt and hop-based beverage and a nicotiana-based bowl.

Prior to the AGM the weather forecast looked a tad inclement for the weekend which had induced a mysterious whininess in the usually stolid Tealight along the lines of: *"Let's go somewhere else cos the weather's gonnae be shite and we'll never get tae Kearvaig."* Now, those KPC chaps who were on the post-2017 AGM's 'Long Walk to Freedom' will remember the difficulties encountered in the boggy morass that is a key feature of the Kyle of Durness coastline. That day heroes were made. Also on that day, unfortunately, a whiny brat or two were made. Yes chaps, the Kyle of Durness coastline does indeed sort the men from the boys and a stiff upper lip becomes essential kit (*Isn't it always? Ed.*) Therefore, a cynic might suggest that Tealight's 2018 AGM protestations were born out of duplicity (*Or lazy bastardism, Ed.*) rather than some learned meteorological pragmatism. The trouble for Matron, however, (*Who was desperately trying to keep the 'Kearvaig' in 'Kearvaig Pipe Club', Ed.*) was that Tealight proved to be irritatingly correct in his weather forecasting – for the Saturday at least – and the persistence of our Tealight with a hangover in full *"I-told-you-so"* mode makes dealing with a clouds of *Culicoides impunctatus* seem positively gay by comparison.

(Continued on page 3)



Bothy points awarded to the Hackney Hobo after having to put up with O'Dreary's imitation airline.



"You're not getting a refund so fuck off. We don't want to hear your sob stories. What part of 'no refund' don't you understand?"

- Michael O'Leary, Ryanair Chief Executive

The 2018 AGM, cont.

The Fuming Four/2 (TFF/2) cometh

During The Hackney Hobo's essential Inverness supply stop the chaps had RV'd with half of The Fuming Four, namely our Belgian and Dutch chumrades Henri and Robdalf (*Yes, a stewards enquiry is presently underway as to why it was only half of TFF present for the AGM; and not being prepared to defecate in a hole whilst having a bowl is NOT a valid excuse in this or any other Pipe Club. Bothy Points deducted and any excuses/letters to the Editor please! Ed.*). Their RV was complicated by the fact, however, that Tealight had told them where the local Tesco's was before gaily wandering off to a different (and wrong) Tesco's. (*Yes, this is a typical example of plans made on the fly and over-reliance on 'shatnav', Ed.*) Still, the error was eventually realised and the parties were united for their journey north.

TFF/2 had in fact taken the ferry from Ijmuiden to Newcastle on Wednesday and overnighed in Kingussie, well in the *Tipsy Laird* at any rate, prior to heading north to Sango in hot pursuit of Tealight driving like a beer monster with a thirst on. In fact Robdalf looked positively shell-shocked and was in need of substantial sustenance consisting of Coke™ and biscuits upon arrival at Sango (*Yes, he tells us he's diabetic but we suspect that he's really just a sugar monster, Ed.*). Fortunately, Matron already had a tent erected for our KPC Dutch Expeditionary Force Commander (KPC DEFC), and so it was that a plethora of campsite chores were undertaken until everyone was settled in. Henri had pitched a never before used new one-man tent that was to prove its worth overnight. Tealight,

Henri, Tealight, matron and the Hobo assemble at Sango for some pre-moot shenanigans.

however, had decided to deploy his rather large and rather old hooped tunnel tent for himself and the Hobo. Cosy, except, given the forecast, Matron had advised parking his love machine to windward of said temporary shelter; advice that was dismissed with the confident aplomb of youth by a devil-may-care Tealight who had already embarked on his six-day beer and puff pilgrimage with a vengeance. "*Verwey, verwey foolish words man*" muttered a quizzically raised eye-browed Matron aping his hero 'Danny' (*Yes, ad nauseum., Ed.*).

And so, with a freshening WNW breeze the chaps headed to the 'Oasis' (*An adequate if pricey watering hole for the chap staying on the north coast, Ed.*) at Sango for some evening sustenance, noting on the way the considerable number of North Coast 500 (NC 500) motorhome-knobber electrical hook-ups that they would need to disconnect on their way back from the pub... Yes, it appears that the NC500 plague shows no sign of abating as the weak-minded fools motorhome-up and chug round a road that has *always* been there like unimaginative lemmings sporting NC500 bling and tat. All very disagreeable. Perhaps the KPC could throw a spanner in the NC500 by starting up the 'NC501' whilst remaining enigmatically silent regarding where that extra mile actually is? We suspect that that would mess with the average NC500 Knobber's head so badly that they would simply give up and go somewhere else for their pitiful chemical toilet Odysseys. Food for thought.

(Continued on page 4)



The 2018 AGM, cont.

A dark and stormy night...

The Oasis proved an agreeable watering hole but, due to the price of beer (*Another by-product of the NC500 bollocks? Ed.*) in said hostelry, the chaps beat a hasty retreat to the Sango Sands smoking shed where within minutes said shed (*AKA the Camper's Kitchen, Ed.*) was transformed into a rather draughty howff as the rain and hail showers intensified. With a good cigar ('Pablo's' from Vincent Manil of the Semois Region of Belgium) or two provided by Robdalf (*Bothy Points awarded, Ed.*) and an array of snacks the company coasted to the Witching hour before turning in for the night in an increasing tempest not uncommon in the far NW of Scotland.

At approximately 01:30 Zulu Time, a - not unpredicted - catastrophe struck: the Tealight and Hobo hotel collapsed in the now really rather blustery conditions. To desperate, plaintiff cries of "*Help the fucking tent's blown down!*" Robdalf leapt out of his tent almost like a Dutch Ninja to save the day as Tealight and The Hobo were left holding onto a tent that now resembled an unfurled mainsail of a man-o-war in a hurricane. Worse still was the fact that these chaps were only dressed in their y-fronts as they grappled manfully(ish) with yards of nylon - the tent, not pants that is, ahem. Oddly, the normally reliable-in-a-crisis Matron slept blissfully through the whole episode, despite ever increasing curses in both volume and invective. A pleasing spot of, admittedly inadvertent, '*I-told-you-so*' revenge. Tealight ended up in a hastily moved van (*To windward perchance? Tee hee! Ed.*) for the rest

of the night whilst the Hobo had to single-handedly endure further collapses (of the tent not his spirit) throughout the night. It is no wonder that a fully refreshed Matron was greeted with a chorus of further invective as he bid the chaps a breezy "*Good morning chaps, sleep well?*" Still, we know that Tealight loves his van so the gathered felt sure that he would remain a happy camper in his van's bosom until sunrise. (*Perhaps our resident Tranny lover is more cut out for the NC500 than a KPC AGM? Ed.*)

Plan B is enacted

Due to the gale telephone contact was rapidly established with the Cape Wrath Command Centre and Major Ellis Dee of the Special Bothy Service (SBS) and Argentum Bender of the Silver Bending Service (*AgBS, er yes, Ed.*). The news was grim as the ferry from Keodale was indeed cancelled due to the breezy conditions and even the SBS landing craft could not be deployed due to being on another top secret mission codenamed: '*Bollocks to that Kyle nonsense*'. "*Not that anyone foresaw that, oh no!*" exclaimed a somewhat grumpy/groggily smug Tealight, much to Matron's chargin. After a swift breakfast in the Sango smoking shed, this called for the reliable Plan B to be enacted for the AGM. After a swift re-supply at the Durness Spar the company headed to Arnaboll for the AGM. Would this be a re-run of the infamous 2016 AGM '*Ladyboys of Arnaboll*' episode? In short, yes, but since getting the gathered round the Kyle in such conditions would have led to mutiny, even a pig-headed Matron capitulated to the inevitability of the situation. Such are the trials and tribu-

Twas a dark and stormy night but the chaps managed to turn the drafty Sango smoking shed into an agreeable rudimentary shelter for some pre-AGM festivities.



The 2018 AGM, cont.

lations, as ever, of having the AGM in the magical NW one supposes.

To the AGM!

Packed with 25kg of the black stuff and enough supplies to survive an ice age or two, the company departed on the short but delightful autumn stroll to Arnaboll. As in 2016 the kitchen area became the focus of the locus so to speak. Arnaboll had changed little, and is a supremely well-equipped rudimentary shelter for the Pipe Club chap. Indeed, TFF/2 were suitably impressed although both chaps expressed a stiff desire with a vigour more commonly associated with losing one's virginity with regard to visiting Kearvaig. Their staunch devotion to duty should be noted and these chaps were prepared to suffer all manner of hardships and deprivations to achieve that sacred goal and thereby attain their coveted full-KPC membership status (*Yes, full KPC membership still has a magical, magnetic draw for the adventurous chap. Bothy Points awarded, Ed.*).

Septic Tanks

Talking of full-KPC membership, prior to the AGM KPC Command had been contacted by a Septic Tank (*Some splendid Cockney rhyming slang for 'Yank', Ed.*) by the name of 'Lucky' with regard to joining up with the KPC for a moot. It turned out, rather appropriately given the cli-

mactic conditions, that Lucky and his good lady were from the 'Windy City' of Chicago and were 'vacationing' (*We understand that that means going on one's holidays, Ed.*) in Sutherland for a week or so. Therefore, when said Septics were informed that the AGM was upon us they rapidly offered a dowry of some hard-to-get fine American pipe tobaccos. Of course they would have been welcome to attend the AGM (*But the blackguards weren't going to tell them that too hastily, Ed.*) without a substantial bribe, but, as at least high street grocer might proffer, every little helps. The slight problem with all this was that establishing cellular telephonic communications in that part of the world is notoriously difficult and conveyance of AGM plans to the Septics was difficult in the extreme as Matron flapped at the time. One of the KPC's edicts is that nobody gets left behind (*Although escorting Abdul who resembled a cross-between a Swan Vesta and the walking dead from the Parph in 2017 put that edict to the severest test, Ed.*) and Matron sensing some fresh meat pulled out the stops to inform our American cousins of the change of plan.

The AGM

Arnaboll is blessed with a fine solid fuel range and once fired-up it provides a cracking heat source and cooking

(Continued on page 6)

A splendid venue for a Pipe Club AGM: Arnaboll in the shadow of the magnificent Ben Hope.



The 2018 AGM, Cont.

An afternoon fugfest saw the chaps getting settled in for the AGM around the magnificent range in the Arnaboll kitchen.



facility. Step up Tealight – master of spice – who proceeded to create a curry fit for kings which was most appreciated by the company. At this point Henri pulled out a 1-litre bottle of Islay firewater - Caol Ila (*Bothy Points awarded, Ed.*) - and plonked it on the increasingly crowded bothy table. No doubt sensing disaster at this bold and generous move, he promptly went for a walk up some hill or other for a solitary smoke. Additionally, the amount and range of fine pipe tobaccos and some aromatics scattered on the bothy table was simply astounding; a fine sight indeed.

After Henri had returned in time for dinner (*Must have smelt the curry up on his hill, Ed.*) a fine, spicy feast was indeed consumed with a beer-thirst gusto. The chaps then retired to the lounge where the open fire had been lit in advance. This year's dress code was 'Tweeds' and bothy points go to the Hackney Hobo, Matron and Tealight for their efforts in sporting their finest West-

(Continued on page 7)



"Friendship is a sheltering tree."

- Samuel Taylor Coleridge

The 2018 AGM, cont.

ern Isles' woollens. TFF/2 must have missed that small detail but since they'd made such a heroic journey to get to the AGM their minor ovine-fabric omission was overlooked. Then again, this Pipe Club exists to maintain standards and we encourage any members' admonishment of such laggardly behaviour via Letters to the Editor (*If you must, Ed.*). Another explanation may be simply a translational issue in that (perhaps) 'tweed' translates in Dutch/Flemish to: 'cheap, un-coordinated manmade fibre sports/outdoor clothing'? Anyway all present agreed that it was simply splendid to have TFF/2 present at the AGM, even if they were plastic coated.

The moot was, perhaps, a tad less lively than some previous AGM's but it was very convivial nonetheless. A curious point was noted that Tealight was the only native Scotsman present. A sign of our changing membership or just a blip in the KPC demographic? Time will tell one supposes. Whatever the make-up of the moot it was simply splendid to see the collective enthusiasm and effort involved in getting the KPC together around the bothy fire. Another night to remember indeed.

Kearvaig or bust

Having briefed the gathered, and in a valiant attempt to realise the as yet unsatisfied Kearvaig dreams of TFF/2,

Matron, in full 'Sergeant Ballbuster' mode, booted bottoms to ensure that the party left Arnaboll at 09:00, well 09:09 at any rate. This fact in itself was evidence of a slightly less raucous than usual AGM as the chaps – after a swift breakfast where only a bottle of brown sauce was available as a condiment (*Wise move considering that TFF/2 condiment lunatics were in country, Ed.*) - headed back up the Arnaboll track on a fresh, sunny morn. The weather had definitely improved, so it was to be now or never to Kearvaig for the KPC full-membership wannabes.

Matron had, at last, established comms with the Septics who, to his undisguised delight, were en-route to Keodale pier for the 12:00ish ferry. This year the large aluminium (i.e. the proper) ferry was in operation and was piloted by 'Shifty'; son of John-the Ferry who is currently taking some time off from cursing his passengers due to, so Keodale pier side gossip would have it, some odd and acute form of lead poisoning. As the company gathered on the pier in the usual manner, the Hackney Hobo broke out a few late morning beverages, well Tennent's at any rate, and Matron's manhood (*Perhaps he was merely trying to maintain some decorum? Then again perhaps he's just a lightweight, Ed.*) was mocked mercilessly until he

(Continued on page 9)

Maintaining standards: the splendid AGM bothy table.



The 2018 AGM, Cont.

Although Robdalf forgot his tweeds he still cuts a fine figure but we think the natives definitely have the sartorial edge...

Cock of the rock: Robdalf deploys his new walking stick to keep himself upright at the AGM.



The AGM in full swing in Arnaboll's splendid smoking room.



The 2018 AGM, cont.

sampled said libation with the grimace of the true real ale snob.

During this initial lubrication a couple of middle-aged (*Middle-Earthed more like, Ed.*) NC500 Knobbers turned up at the pier and decided, foolishly, to engage the chaps in conversation. That was their second mistake. Yes, this disreputable example of identikit tourist filth were adorned in matching 'his 'n' hers' NC500 Knobber jackets and baseball caps which indicated a prior and catastrophic error in their sartorial judgement. Then – judging by his distinctly working class London accent – the old 'Cockney geezer' verbalised something in a rather ribald 'Cor-blimey-guy'nor-luv-a-duck' manner at the chaps, bellowing at them – for no apparent reason - to say "hello to my sister" who was apparently listening to his Bow Bells drivel via his mobile dog 'n' bone. That was his third mistake, as a few, now decidedly grumpy, KPC stalwarts nursing a sore head or two piled in with some withering fire thus: "Is she rich?" "Shaved or bush?" etc. Funnily enough the NC500 K's seemed to blanch at this deserved and entirely proportionate salvo, causing the sheen to evaporate from their pearly king & queen personas faster than a bottle of Bell's thrown in a bothy fire. There seems to be no shortage of odd folk tramping the NC500 (*aka The Emperor's New Clothes500, Ed.*) these days but at least the KPC managed to put a bump in that road for this particular pair of irksome dumplings, huzzah! Yes chaps, it was back to the NC500 Kermit for this pair of Richards, and not a lemon

curd was uttered from their norths as they shoved their German bands back in their sky rockets before... (*ENOUGH already! That's a load of bubble 'n' squeak, you muppet! Ed.*)

It was shortly after this Cockney caper that the chaps were joined by the Septic contingent, namely Lucky and Mary, although Lucky's polite enquiry to the gathered beer-swilling, pipe smoking, tweed warriors and TFF/2 of "Is there a Matron among you?" seemed a tad redundant. Prior to Lucky and Mary joining us for a bowl at Kearvaig, they had explained that, although they had backpacking experience, they were not equipped for an overnight stay (*Ah, hedging their bets after researching previous AGMs? Ed.*) so would only spend enough time at Kearvaig to garner their full membership status. Now journeying from the US of A to Kearvaig for instant full-membership gratification is audacious in the extreme, but a jaded chap could also proffer that it is a sign of the times where such things as university degrees can now be found in Xmas crackers. Is there no hope? Nevertheless, the gathered KPC stalwarts were indeed impressed by their heroic efforts and were welcomed unconditionally into the melee. However, it should be noted to readers of this periodical that whilst our collective smoke still rises this Pipe Club's standards will *never* be dumbed down to NC500 'standards'.

The crossing of the Kyle proceeded without incident or

(Continued on page 10)

Who smokes wins: Hot Lips and Clint fire up a bowl of Bothy Flake at Kearvaig to attain their KPC full-membership status. As audacious missions go this has to be up there with the SAS raid on Pebble Island.



The 2018 AGM, cont.

expletive being uttered by Shifty-the-Ferry. In fact Shifty did not utter much at all but his quizzical look at the KPC chaps seemed to say just enough... In a refreshing change to custom and practice he also rounded fares *down* and did not even mutter further expletives under his breath when such beastliness as change was required. Good chap.

In another refreshing change – if one turned a blind eye to his comfortable *sports* clothing - our omnibus pilot this year was to be Big Alan; the 'Big Vern' of Cape Wrath omnibuser. Matron had indeed come across Big Al before and when he enquired as to how Matron knew his name a throwaway, racy, quip about being "CID" was met with a distinct pallor before Matron rapidly, and mercifully, mentioned the time back in August 2017 when they met down at Kearvaig. A smile was restored to Big Al's jolly and ample face. In another change to the standard format, Big Al insisted that the KPC luggage was to be conveyed in a trailer which would have seemed sensible if the trailer had not looked like a pig sty floor coated with fresh road tar. One supposes that a bit of authentic dirt on one's kit could add to the mystique of the AGM.

Big Al's tourist patter - delivered at about 90db - was in fact rather good when compared to previous trips and he swatted Tealight's opening quip (*It is now traditional that the omnibus driver's tourist patter is shredded at every opportunity, Ed.*) about his 'local accent' ("Aye, Sarf Bat-

tarhsee" – *that's South Battersea, South London, for the uninitiated Ed.*) with accomplished aplomb. The only slight hiccup in Big Al's patter delivery is that it seems it can only be delivered when the bus is stationary, much to the chagrin of the chap in need of a beer, bowl and indeed a pressing bladder. Nevertheless the KPC contingent, now numbering seven puffballs, was delivered safely at the Kearvaig track end.

The Promised Land

Matron had arranged with the SBS that the chaps would be staying at The Cape in the Major's new bunkhouse that evening, so it was to be a short sojourn to Kearvaig. The old lags, namely the Hackney Hobo, Matron and Tealight took the walk down to Kearvaig in their stride but, pleasingly, the expectant look on the faces of Henri, Robdalf, Lucky and Mary was a sight to behold. It is a fact that pictures of Kearvaig and environs do not do that magnificent place justice, and it can be an overwhelming experience in a pipe chap/chapette's life as he/she rounds that final corner to lay eyes on the jewel of the North West and spiritual home of the KPC for the first time. Indeed, it was fortunate that Robdalf had procured a stout walking staff (*That along with his penchant for churchwardens confirmed his position as the KPC Gandalf impersonator-in-chief, Ed.*) otherwise he may have crumpled to his knees in exultation at finally reaching his cherished goal, which

(Continued on page 11)

The Promised Land is finally in sight for Henri. He can go to his grave safe in the knowledge that he smoked his pipe in Kearvaig. Good chap.



The 2018 AGM, cont.

would have been not at all seemly as he is a top-hole chap, and not some misguided religious zealot. With a stiff nor-wester still blowing, Kearvaig looked extra special that day as the rollers crashed majestically on the beach. It is safe to say that the Kearvaig expectations were met or even exceeded for the newbies.

Full KPC membership attained

The KPC's Magnificent Seven re-grouped in the east room and Tealight already had a fire going (*Bothy Points awarded, Ed.*) for the group's arrival. It was here that the chaps got to know a little about our soon to be American members. Matron had gifted each a tin of Bothy Flake, which was of course entirely appropriate given the solemnity of the occasion and they sparked-up eagerly for their full-membership clinching bowl. Being true to their word they bestowed American tobacco gifts on the chaps consisting of: GLP Haddo's Delight, GLP Telegraph Hill, Russ Oulette's Perique Blend GP-11, C&D Bijou and D&R Tobacco Picayune; a splendid assortment for the experienced pipe smoker or indeed the KPC member. Henri and Robdalf secured their respective full-membership by puffing away mightily and before a chap could say 'smokescreen' the room was a fug-fest par excellence. A fitting accompaniment to assorted bowls was a generous snifter of Tamnavulin and it was noted that the hipper brought by the hipsters i.e. Lucky and Mary was to return up the track containing considerably more firewater than hitherto (*Aha, liberating the libation. Sneaky move. Still, one supposes that the American dream was built on pilfering a multitude of cultural attributes and wiping out the rest, so perhaps it's just par for the course! Ed.*).

Hot lips is born

During the walk down to Kearvaig Robdalf, being a chewing tobacco aficionado, persuaded a few hapless 'volunteers' to sample some distinctly evil-looking miniature snus bags. Mary was one such 'volunteer', and whilst in some parts of the globe it can be a spectator sport watching a mature woman spitting black shit out of her mouth, one had to feel sorry for her as she had just been given the vindaloo of the chewing tobacco world by a bounding Dutch scoundrel. It was in the bothy shortly after this snus (*A point to note: One has to be very careful typing 'snus' on a QWERTY keyboard, especially when the ladies are involved, ahem, Ed.*) encounter that Mary complained to the gathered chaps that

"It made my lips hot..." As quick as a flash another scoundrel, namely Matron, pounced with: *"You've just given yourself your bothy name!"* Mary (and Lucky) looked a little disconcerted, worried even, as Matron followed up with: *"Yes, HOT LIPS!"*. All the chaps needed then was Major Frank Burns to turn up and the afternoon would have indeed been truly surreal. Of course, being a South Wisconsin (*Wherever that is, Ed.*) farm girl Hot Lips took this in her stride and in that magical moment the chaps knew that if she was indeed to stay the night then it would be they who would be most likely needing the assistance of a M.A.S.H. unit... However, the main inadvertent casualty to Hot Lips gaining her bothy name was her chap Lucky. Now, having Hot Lips as his squeeze should mean that he was indeed a lucky man, but he looked a little crestfallen when he had to leave without garnering his nom-de-bothy. KPC Command has since given this unfortunate situation some consideration and in

(Continued on page 12)

Matron fires up his trusty 207 with some Bothy Flake at the AGM+1.



The 2018 AGM, Cont.

AGM+1: The chaps and Hot Lips enjoying a bowl in the cosy environs of Kearvaig.



the interest of Pipe Club morale and inclusivity it has been decreed that Lucky's bothy soubriquet should be 'Clint', as, after all, what else should a man with no name be called..? So that's that sorted then.

The main bonus of this all-too-short but joyous occasion was that Hot Lips would step up to the plate in fine style and become AGM Pipe Babe of the month (see p.17). Before some smarty-pants pedant points out that it was not actually the AGM but AGM+1, KPC Command has unilaterally decided that Hot Lips's efforts were close enough and that is the end of the matter. Besides, Hot Lips is actually a genu-

(Continued on page 13)

The Hobo looks more attired for an assault on Iwo Jima rather than a stroll to Kearvaig. Still, one cannot be too careful on the parph these days, what with all the unexploded munitions and ODKs about.



The 2018 AGM, Cont.

"Er, yes, that's where I tend to take the bothy spade for a stroll of a morning." Hot Lips and Clint very politely listen to Tealight's guff.



ine, real life, full time pipe smoker not some floozy press-ganged into posing with a pipe for the gratification of cads and bounders that should know better; not that this has ever happened in this Pipe Club of course, ahem! Whatever her chronological classification we applaud Hot Lips's efforts in being AGM PBotM. Of course if things would have been just left there decorum may have been maintained, but in her excitement Hot Lips told the gathered gangrels a story from her backpacking days which was clopping along just fine until she mentioned an episode that could probably be better described as *front packing*... Yes chaps, whilst out on some wilderness travels Hot Lips detailed to the gathered chaps how she needed to be helped out of her too-tight, substantial, sports brassiere by a 'hiking companion'. At this point a chap could have heard even a skimpy, lacy brassiere hit the floor, as collective imaginations veered to the unseemly, but cries for photographic evidence etc. were crushed with a magnificent stare that would have turned Medusa herself into granite. God how the worthless, feeble-minded, drooling vagabonds loved Hot Lips

(Continued on page 14)



"We know what we are but know not what we may be."

- William Shakespeare, 'Hamlet'

The 2018 AGM, cont.

that day!

To The Cape of Good Smoke

With their tins of Bothy Flake, full-membership trophies and AGM PBotM accolade, Hot Lips and Clint disappeared up the track to RV with the returning bus as the chaps bid them a fond farewell. After a further short stint of frivolities it was also time for the remaining five full KPC members to wander, nay swagger, back up the track to RV with Major Ellis Dee at 16:00 Zulu Time for evacuation to Cape Wrath, as it was deemed prudent that an overnight at the Cape would make more sense than a stay at Kearvaig. Besides, as dramatic settings go few beat The Cape and this proved to be another 'wow' moment for Henri and Robdalf. As The Major pulled up in his APC an over-excited Tealight and Matron had, for some inexplicable reason, scaled the shipping container atop the Kearvaig track. Ho-hum and all well and good you may say, but whilst scaling the metal box was simple getting back to terra firma was more challenging and the container-scaling party was almost left marooned before an unseemly friction decent (*i.e. essentially falling off, Ed.*) saw them down more or less intact. Boys will be boys...

The chaps were welcomed to The Cape by Angie (The Major's energetic roll-up banging daughter), The Bender and

The Major himself. After ensconcing themselves in The Major's new bunkhouse, the rascallions re-joined the gathering in The Major's quarters. Sadly, The Major's remaining spaniels - Merlin and Ptarmigan - passed away in the summer but Angie had brought her five cats to maintain some animal magic at The Cape and it was noted that they seemed to have their guardians suitably trained.

The speed at which The Major's table was populated by all manner of goodies was possibly a record, as various bags were emptied, drinks poured and pipes lit. Homemade Sea-Eagle soup and sandwiches were devoured eagerly and provided much needed ballast in what would inevitably be a long night as the moot achieved quorum. Although The Major and The Bender did not make the AGM (*They are not part of The Ladyboys of Arnaboll after all, Ed.*) they made up for lost time as they went into full alchemy mode for the gathering. Will the chaps *never* be free?.. The Bender had been in residence for a week and had been spending his time wisely. Part of his AGM preparation time was used in making some shortbread biscuits with a pipe lovingly embossed on them. As the hapless chap set off to bring his butter and flour-based treats to the gathering a swift plan to mock said embossing was

(Continued on page 15)

Rather pleasant between showers...



The 2018 AGM, cont.

hatched by an ever fiendish Major. All manner of lame, mocking interpretations as to the derivation of The Bender's pipes were offered right up until the point that our pastry chef was about to explode with (justifiable) indignant outrage. Oh the japes!

Twas indeed to be a late and lively evening and, fittingly, it was the Glasgae contingent, namely The Bender, The Major and Tealight left sitting after the Witching hour, or more accurately slumped comfortably around the fire at any rate. One might conclude that this was due to their solid-crew constitutions, but after a very long shift of imbibing god knows what, one may also proffer that it was only they that could decipher themselves. We shall probably never know, or care.

Another ominous omnibus ride and a 'trailer surcharge'?

After some much needed tea, the gathered sore heads awaited for another agreeable trip back to the Kyle with Big Vern. Sadly this was not to be the case as U70 veteran Stuart™ was rumoured to be piloting an empty bus and trailer up to The Cape to collect the KPC and the nine other overnight residents of Kearvaig. As the KPC chaps were loading their luggage into the trailer Stuart™ mentioned to Tealight and Matron that there was usually a "Surcharge for the trailer". What the blazes! Has the U70 bus company now taken a leaf out of the *Ruin Air* rip off manual? Of course the chances of screwing a few extra bob out of the KPC chaps for an articulated charabanc attachment was not going to happen, no, and as soon as he muttered the words a chap could almost see the speech bubble appear above Stuart™'s head thus: "DOH!" If the hapless chap was not in for a rough 11 miles on the U70, courtesy of the KPC, he certainly was now, by Jingo! Things started quietly at first but the first mention by Stuart™'s trademark misnomer of "Kearwick" met a broadside of fire along the lines of "Kearwick? Where's that? Is it anywhere near Kearvaig Stuart old boy?" No matter how many times 'Kearwick' was uttered our omnibus pilot knew he was *doomed*. Similarly, when our hapless driver described "That Chinese lassie from Singapore" during some anecdote of little importance he was met with a chorus of "So she's not Chinese then?"; although the Hackney Hobo went full Mr Logic, unhelpfully pointing out that many people from Singapore *identify* as Chinese. Luckily for Stuart™'s determined detractors, this outbreak of Logic

did not register as they pressed home their advantage with a doggedness more commonly associated with a chap in the trenches. It turned out that the Kearvaig 9 were mainly from Hungary anyway with only one wee lassie from Singapore. Perhaps a chap would be best advised to play safe and simply observe and comment on the scenery on the U70? A notable highlight was a pair of white-tailed sea eagles (*This pair obviously survived the soup pan, for now, Ed.*) lifting off from a peat hag or, as Tealight proffered, predictably, at the time, a pair of "Shite-tailed wee eagles". This prompted Matron to drone on about his Fashven-golden-eagle-spotting-from-above story which, rather oddly, he had mentioned before as he was informed at the time in rather derisory manner. But unity against a common foe saw him get off lightly as the bus lumbered on to the Bailey bridge at Daill; the scene of a now legendary Stuart™ past tourist patter faux pas. In a valiant attempt at ripping open an old bus driver's old wound, Tealight piled in with a magnificent salvo thus:

"Stuart old chap, who built that bridge then?" The reply was a guarded and rather limp "The Royal Engineers". The follow up "No, the *inventor* of the bridge, was it Isambard Kingdom Bru-

(Continued on page 16)

A cosy evening and AGM de-brief at the SBS HQ, Cape Wrath.



The 2018 AGM, cont.

nel?" (*Genius, Ed.*) was a masterstroke as Stuart™ having neglected his homework since 2017 could only offer an almost accurate "*Professor Bailey*" with a resigned supplementary "*I suppose I'll be reading about myself in your magazine again won't I?*" to guffaws all round. Who needs TripAdvisor when the KPC are in town?

For some inexplicable reason it seemed to be a longer than usual return trip to the pier this year, although the translation by the Hungarians of 'seal' (*The marine pinniped mammal, not something that a chap uses to secure written correspondence Ed.*) to "Fóka" as the bus lumbered along the Kyle approach was, predictably, a rare gift for the KPC japesters... It was indeed the Motherfóka of all bus rides...

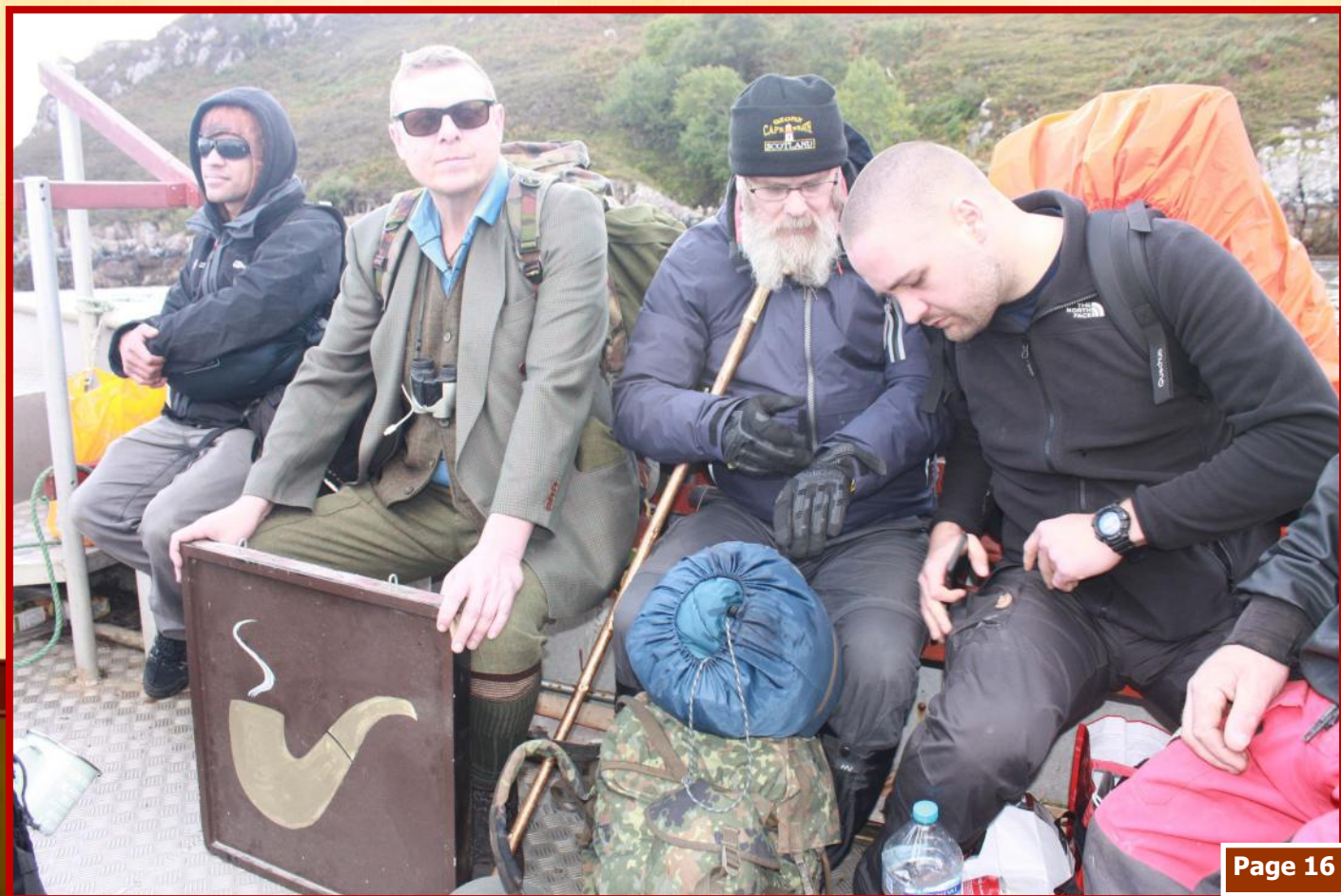
Once again Shifty offered safe and even something approaching chatty navigation across the Kyle and the AGM participants - complete with the GT Coventry pipe sign retrieved from The Cape of Good Smoke - trundled off in various states of decay to different bothies to break their respective journeys home. Thus another hectic AGM was brought to a close.

Epilogue

Henri, Matron and Robdalf opted for a hearty brunch at the Smoo Cave Hotel to celebrate the success of the AGM. Here they were to stumble across one of those pleasant

and memorable cameo moments in a pipe chap's colourful life. As the chaps settled in for a 'full Scottish' (and some veggie slop for Matron) the moot's incorrigible bounder Robdalf, spotted that our rather fine waitress, 'Kate' was sporting some rather fine ink. Now those that are familiar with our uber-cad know that he has a penchant for ink and also a penchant for primitive mating displays with said ink. Before a chap could say 'pen and ink' (*Remember that Robdalf was uncleansed for a good few days at this juncture, Ed.*) Robdalf tore off his shirt and went into train spotter-type detail regarding his assorted tattoos. Kate did a magnificent job of being 'interested' in a middle-aged portly chap (*AKA a nutter, Ed.*) describing his plumage in infinite detail. Of course this was just a rues, a cunning stunt (*Steady in the line! Ed.*), a marvellous smokescreen to his true intentions, as like a panther he pounced on his prey and pressed Kate (*A young lady of the roll-up, Ed.*) to pose for a series of Pipe Babe of the Month shots (see p.29). That day our Robdalf - sans shirt - earned his Bothy Points by the bucket load as a stunned Henri and Matron looked on in awe. It is enough to say that Kate got a hefty tip that day! A magnificent end to a magnificent AGM although we fear that Europol may be popping round for a chat with our DEFC before that Brexit thingy happens... ✓

A magnificently bedecked Hobo looks entirely bemused as TFF/2 discuss the merits, (Or lack of them, Ed.) of plastic 'sports' clothing.



AGM Pipe Babe of the Month

Who says lightening doesn't strike twice? Yes chaps for the second year in a row the AGM was blessed with some sizzling AGM Pipe Babe action. This year our new American full-KPC member 'Hot Lips' from the Windy City of Chicago blew in on a stiff nor-wester and put her magnificent meerschaum machine through its paces by banging some Bothy Flake no less. The chaps were left speechless as our very own home-knit sporting seductress left them gawping at her perfect pipe rack!



"There are no good girls gone wrong, just bad girls found out."

- Anon.

The Shite Outdoors

GEAR REVIEW ★★★★★

Sergeant Matron reviews **The Summit**—a lightweight outdoor ashtray from Smoky Mountain Survival™.

The Summit is lightweight synthetic insulated ashtray designed for mountain use. But how does it perform for the regular hill-smoker and smoke-packer? I've been using it for the last six weeks in a range of outdoor scenarios, from smoke-packing in the Swiss Alps to chilly autumnal walks in the UK. Read on.

First Impressions

At a highly respectable 15.67kg The Summit – a no frills outdoor ashtray - could be considered by today's ultra-lightweight enthusiasts to be a bit on the heavy side. Technically, however, it could be considered backpackable, but on balance I would recommend a static installation. In fact I've spoken to the manufacturers and they are, naturally, keen to see a Summit put on every mountain in Scotland, which of course may be controversial to some hill smoking purists. Perhaps a compromise could be reached where now redundant Trig Points could be adapted for the installation of a Summit? Food for thought and we encourage our hill smoking readers to let us know their opinion on this potentially life-saving kit. Made primarily from 316 stainless steel instead of ultralight Titanium, The Summit is an attempt to bridge the ever tricky affordability – lightweight – durability gap. Aside from the 316 stainless steel, The Summit is constructed in the long established box wall design from manmade fibres. Whilst the box wall structure will not win this ashtray any innovation awards, The Summit should cope well with tough hill conditions year round, but see below for my comments on durability.

On the hill

For those experienced hill smokers The Summit may seem a bit of a luxury as you will already have devised your own eco-friendly way of dealing with your ciggy/cigar/pipe ash. But for novice hill smokers the Summit is a real godsend offering safe and windproof ash disposal with a simple but clever mechanism that can be used one-handed; and although not intended for disabled use this is, of course, is an added bonus. The integral solar powered trace element heater also ensures that the ash seal will work even in icy conditions. A nice touch, and a hill smoker could also thaw out their hands to make that all-important summit puff easier when the going gets *really* gnarly.

(Continued on page 19)

The Summit: If only every mountain had one...



"I think an ashtray is the most fantastically real thing."

- Damien Hirst

The Shite Outdoors

Cont.

I've heard a rumour that the Mountaineering Smokers Council of Scotland is in talks with the Ordnance Survey with the aim of developing a new map symbol for The Summit; a move that would be no doubt be welcomed by hill smokers. Of course as well as being a life saver for the hill smoker, the Summit could really help in fixing anyone's position in the mist, particularly if fitted with optional strobe. A hill smoker might say that offers a new and welcome twist to their Marlboro Lights!

Long-term durability is still an open question though. Most synthetic ashtrays are less durable than natural fibre ashtrays in the long term, but the gossamer-like shell fabric of The Summit is far more durable than it looks – I don't baby my kit but have failed to make a burn mark on it so far. Smoke on points for durability!

Who is this ashtray for?

The Summit is primarily aimed at smokers, but those non-smokers who reach the top of a Summit-equipped Munro and decide to take up smoking may find it of use as well. Of course they would need a cigarette machine nearby which may be problematic unless they had planned ahead and brought their own fags/cigar/pipe previously.

Whether you are an experienced gnarly old hill smoker or the sort of hill smoker that cuts his/her toothbrush in half - and whilst I recognise that we will all have a different approach to The Summit - I think that a Summit has a place on every Scottish mountain.

More gear reviews from The Shite Outdoors next month: Best pipe tobacco for the Munros. ✓

View of The Summit. Ever increasing numbers of hill smokers on top of Ben Nevis can now benefit from this sturdy outdoor ashtray.



OUTDOOR BBER WATCH

Editorial note:

Oh dear it seems that the old chestnut of 'smoking in rudimentary shelters' has reared its tired old head once again like some helpless drunk who momentarily wakes up only to slide down the same urine covered lamppost again. Yes chaps, this particular manifestation—a blatant opinion piece—of the smoking in bothies issue was presented as 'news' in the time-honoured fashion of the 'EXCLUSIVE' in the nominally left-of-centre Scottish rag 'The Herald'. In fact some of our sources have suggested that the contributor - a 'Dave Monk' - was actually paid by The Herald for this 'news'. If that be the case (The Herald have not confirmed or denied this, despite us asking them) then one has to conclude that gutter chequebook journalism is still alive and kicking, even if it is just a relatively harmless prop to maintain readership and/or website hits (i.e. advertising revenue) on a slow news day.

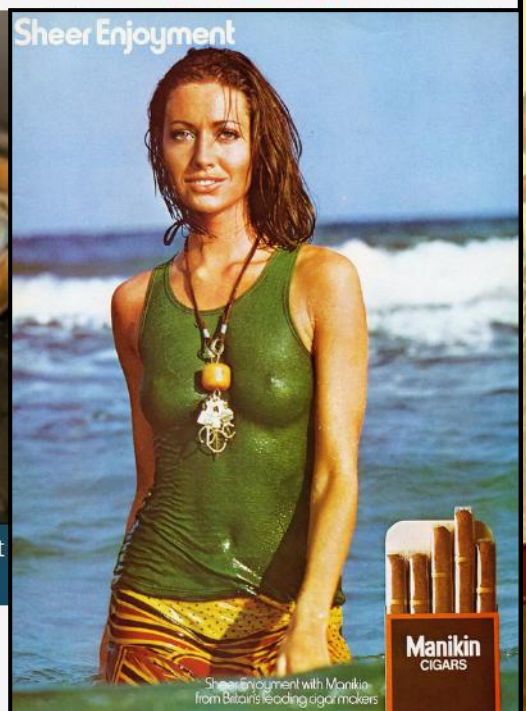
The B&B Editorial team has decided to print this bilge in full (including most of the subsequent comments) for the simple reason that the KPC reluctantly decided to join the 'debate' with some reasonable and incisive comments which were rapidly deleted by The Herald's very own Thought Police, no doubt. Indeed, the KPC account (a requirement to comment on a Herald article) was also banned. The KPC has since lodged a complaint/request for information from said rag, but they seem remarkably reluctant to explain their actions. Funny that. A chap may conclude that the world of piss-poor 'journalism' does indeed seem to be a funny, uptight old world. So, if the Editor of The Herald is reading this, we once again ask for an explanation of their shoddy behaviour regarding our comments. Otherwise we will have to assume that censorship of alternative views is a central tenet of this particular bog roll substitute these days. We're not holding our breath.

Anyway chaps, in time-honoured fashion we've added some of our own succinct analysis to this utter drivell. Read on!

The Fearald

EXCLUSIVE 17th September

Hillwalker Dave Monk says smoking ban loophole ruining bothy experience after children 'saturated' by fumes



Although they are enclosed spaces and open to the public, bothies are not covered by Scotland's smoking ban laws



 33 comments

Manikin
CIGARS

Sheer enjoyment with Manikin
from Britain's leading cigar makers

OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH **Cont.**

SINCE the smoking ban was introduced in **Scotland** 12 years ago, cigarette smokers have been prohibited from lighting up everywhere from bars, restaurants, and trains to hospital grounds and most recently private cars carrying children.

But one of the few premises exempt under a legal loophole are Scotland's historic bothies - and some hillwalkers say it is ruining their experience of the great **outdoors**.

Dave Monk, a New Zealander who now lives Ballater in Aberdeenshire, said he was shocked to discover that smoking is legal within the shelters after an outing in August with his wife and sons, aged 10 and 11, was ruined by another rambler's tobacco fumes.

Er yes, we think you'll find that the 'legal loophole' is not a 'loophole' at all old Kiwi fruit; it is, er, simply, legal to smoke in a bothy. In fact bothies WERE considered during the drafting of the anti-smoking legislation and were considered exempt due to them being residences with no staff in them. Perhaps you should have done your homework before your trip was 'ruined' by someone undertaking a legal pastime?



Mr Monk, 40, and his family had pitched up at the Bob Scott's bothy in the Cairngorms after a one and a half hour hike and planned to spend the night.

He said: "We had taken our kids to this bothy and we had been there about an hour.

"We'd set ourselves up, kids had got their sleeping bags out, then these five guys arrive - one of whom proceeded to smoke in the bothy, next to where our kids sleeping bags were.

One and a half hours to get into Bob's? Blimey, we thought you non-smokers were supposed to be fit. Perhaps you would benefit from a bowl after all?

Now we have heard a VERY different account to this, in that the chaps were already there when you arrived old bean and you just got all self-righteous and miffy when you saw one of the elderly gentleman enjoying a legally puffed ciggy. Care to comment old boy?

"A habit does not a Monk make."

- Anon.

OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH Cont.

inRead invented by Teard

"They were literally being saturated by this guy's cigarette smoke.

"I said 'surely that's illegal?' and they said 'no, it's not illegal at all and we can smoke in bothies if we want to'. We ended up packing up and making a hasty retreat.

"I've asked around and others have had similar experiences. We've got a friend who's a GP who had the same experience with her kids earlier in the year - she left because of smoking in the bothy."

Read more: 'Artist bothy' takes pride of place in new Edinburgh home

Mr Monk said the current rules seemed bizarre.

He said: "To me, it's a public space. A bothy is open for anybody to go and spend the night in, so if it's a public location surely it should be included in the legislation? The fact that it isn't, for me, is a loophole.

"The smoking really detracted from the experience. In a sense it's paradoxical to the clean, fresh air approach that you would expect from getting outdoors as a family."

Bothies - described as "camping without a tent" - are mostly old cottages that historically provided accommodation for itinerant farm workers.

Today, many lie unlocked with the permission of the landowner and are open to hillwalkers use as a shelter with no need to book and no charge.

They are scattered across the Highlands, Borders and southern Scotland but facilities are basic - no running water, toilets, or beds.

When legislation for the smoking ban was drawn up there was fierce debate among the **hillwalking** community over whether the "enclosed space" rule should apply to bothies.

Read more: Passive smoking 'huge threat' to physical and mental health of Scots, research reveals

In the end, a loophole categorising them as a residential dwelling means they remain exempt.

Neil Stewart, a spokesman for the Mountain Bothies Association, a charity which maintains around 100 bothies, said a ban would be much trickier to enforce compared to commercial premises.

He said: "Our view is that any ban, were **Parliament** to introduce one, would be very difficult to enforce. This is because bothies are open shelters, there is no booking system, no warden, and no record of who has visited.

"And as the MBA does not own any bothies - apart from one in the Scottish Borders - any restriction would be a matter for the owner to enforce, not the MBA. The MBA is a bothy maintenance organisation, not an accommodation provider."

No they weren't.

Good chaps—standing up for their rights and handing out some free hill education to boot. You would, however, think that with all those bloody bothy guidebooks out there these days that any ODK would have boned-up before opening a smoke-filled bothy door only to beat a self-righteous retreat before bleating in a compliant media. Perhaps we've stumbled on a gap in the bothy guidebook market: 'The Bothy Smokers Bible—The complete guide to smoking in bothies and how to make money out of them' or some such. Not that this Pipe Club would ever dream of such a heinous thing!

Mr Monk may think the rules bizarre but, er, they, er, are the rules... Ah, yes here we go; we wondered how long it would take to play 'The Family Card'. Yes chaps, the cuddly-wuddly ODK paradise where 'The Family' trumps EVERYTHING, even the law in this case. If Mr Monk truly cared about his family, why did he take them to a notorious smoking and drinking den? Simply shocking. We suppose that is what modern parenting has become: blame someone else for your own negligence...

Indeed it would Neil old chap. You perhaps could have mentioned that a lot of solid MBA chaps like a bowl or a ciggy. We also hope that—despite the worst efforts of some of your chumrades—that booking, wardens etc. remain firmly off the agenda...

OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH Cont.

However, Mr Stewart said the MBA did advocate "good bothy etiquette" with regard to other users, the building and the environment.

Aye, offer yer baccy about.

He added: "We would hope that that respect includes taking into account the wishes of others with regard to smoking within the confines of the bothy."

Indeed, non-smokers are usually very appreciative of some fine pipe smoke; and considering they get it for free then perhaps the bothy pipe smoker should be lauded as a paragon of virtue.

Exposure to second-hand smoke is associated with an increased risk of lung cancer, stroke, childhood asthma, food allergies, cervical cancer and meningococcal disease in children.

This is vintage guff. All contributors to this 'EXCLUSIVE' guff, funnily enough, seem to come from the anti-smoking lobby. Funny that.

Sheila Duffy, chief executive of health charity ASH Scotland, said: "Bothies are a shared resource that rely on a community spirit and respect for others. Tobacco smoke is avoidable air pollution.

What utter tosh! What will keep bloody bothies open for the next generation is sticking to the current Bothy Code, with, how about—just to be really radical—particular reference to the bit about 'bothies not being available for commercial groups'?

"I'd ask anyone who smokes to show respect for others and take it right outside, and for those who own or are in charge of bothies to embed this expectation in their information and codes.

"This would help keep these vital shelters accessible to the next generation of hillwalkers and climbers."

A spokeswoman for the Scottish **Government** said: "Bothies are not covered by the smoking ban legislation but we would always encourage the owners of bothies or those in charge of them to impose their own smoke-free policies."

And so to The Comments...

John F Crawford 17th September 10:23 pm
Surely it isn't beyond the capabilities of Scottish Government to amend the legislation so that 'bothies' aren't 'residential dwellings'? This is nonsensical. But if you want to go down the road of classifying bothies as 'residential dwellings' the council can place a Closing Order on them if they don't have a hot & cold water supply, and adequate kitchen and bathroom facilities. Easier to ban smoking in bothies (and stop dancing round the edges Sheila).
Last Updated: 19th September 10:55 am

Er, how, old chap? By definition bothies are residential dwellings with no staff in them. Now we have to say that you have really lost the plot old sport and er no they cannot. That really is utter twaddle.

8 Report

christine grant 17th September 10:53 pm
The former communist SNP Health Minister, Jeane Freeman, is behind this, I'll bet. While claiming to have quit smoking it would not surprise me if she was sneaking off to the hills from her Holyrood chamber, making for the nearest bothy in her Zimberlans and toorie; clutching a twenty pack of Russian black and a Zippo.
Last Updated: 19th September 9:36 am

Do you have her number Christine? Sounds like the KPC's kind of politician. By referencing Russian Black's you are showing your age but we have never heard of 'Zimberlans'. Sounds like a crackling smoke for Zamberlan boot aficionados though.

5 Report

Tony Martin 18th September 6:43 pm
Dont be such a plonker. Why would a hill walker want to stuff their lungs with nicotine anyway? Does that not negate their healthy lifestyle choice?
Last Updated: 20th September 2:18 am

That's just the point Tony old boy; they don't have to. If they learn their hill craft properly (unlike Mr Monk) they'll know where the smoke is and then, just like a tricky bit of scree, they can avoid it. Job done!

4 Report

OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH Cont.

Douglas Wesley Calbert

19th September 10:51 am

Tony Martin wrote: Dont be such a plonker. Why would a hill walker want to stuff their lungs with nicotine anyway? Does that not negate their healthy lifestyle choice?

nothing better than a belt of whisky and some good ole blended pipe tobacco after a brisk hill walk.

0

Report

Right on brother, er, we, mean old chap. Could be a tad tricky holding ones trousers up though, what?!

Jean MacDonald

17th September 11:22 pm

Give a smoker an inch and they will take a mile.

Last Updated: 19th September 10:56 am

6

Report

Give an ODK a bothy and they will take a soul...

tom ward

18th September 1:15 am

Bothies dont need to have running water or adequate kitchen/toilet facilities as theyre historical residential places, as for the anti smokers moaning about polluted air, how did they manage to get to the base of the hills ? was it in a diesel car by any chance ?

as for smokers being made to go outside, why should they ! theyre not doing anything illegal & if you dont like it, take a tent with you the next time you go hill walking.

Last Updated: 19th September 11:38 am

4

Report

A very valid point Tom old bean about those abominable diesels.

BULLSEYE! Life membership of the KPC awaits.

Jim MacKay

18th September 10:51 am

You take a tent to smoke in.

Last Updated: 19th September 10:25 am

10

Report

Na, na, na-na-na!

Alasdair MacKenzie

18th September 11:29 am

A disgusting reply, showing no sense of any responsibility or of empathy with the vast majority of people who use the bothies. Surely the ethic of the great outdoors is healthy living, of which smoking is the antithesis.

Last Updated: 19th September 10:25 am

12

Report

Aha, self-righteous indignation. That's more like it Ally old chap. Shurely the 'ethic of the great outdoors' is anything you want to make it and if smoking anaesthetises you then perhaps that is a good thing for us all, no?

Peter Piper

18th September 5:25 pm

Lucky they weren't sharing it with a coo or sheep. But at least they don't smoke, except in the laboratory. It's not a boutique bothy!

Last Updated: 18th September 8:29 pm

1

Report

Indeed chap, it was a failed coup by all accounts that led to a hasty retreat. We concur: Bob's is definitely not a boutique!

OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH Cont.

Ian Fraser

18th September 1:26 am

Oh for goodness sake ! Is this the best that the Herald could find to fill its column inches? Is there nothing more important happening in the country or the world than someone smoking in a bothy ?

Last Updated: 19th September 10:12 am

7

Report

Afraid so Ian. Yes, it appears that the world is almost fully conquered by the anti-smoking fascists and they are just mopping up the last pockets of resistance. We expect barrel bombs on bothies any day now.

Robert Wakeham

18th September 1:31 am

Nope - Boris is either asleep or otherwise occupied at this time of night.

Last Updated: 19th September 7:41 am

4

Report

Ouch! That is a tad bitchy if you don't mind us saying, especially before the watershed. Incidentally we think that Ian was making a valid point about the lameness of the article rather than any specifics about its interest.

Gavin Harrison

18th September 6:57 pm

You're quite right Ian. Why should there be anything else on this website other than things that you're interested in?

Last Updated: 19th September 10:57 am

3

Report

Robert Kay

18th September 1:35 am

You probably get a lot more smoke from the stinky wood fire than a few fags. But I do think smokers should respect the rights of others, and nip outside.

Last Updated: 19th September 10:57 am

5

Report

Indeed they do. Indeed there are numerous studies that demonstrate your very salient point Robert. However, would you insist that a legally driven car stops in the road (not on a pelican or other crossing) to let you across old sport? Just a thought.

Peter Dale Smith

18th September 9:01 am

If you vaped instead of smoked tobacco, you could afford to stay in up market bed and breakfast. If you preferred staying in bothies it would give the opportunity to repair the building, install a spa bath and a large TV screen and introduce a pellet fire to remove the affect of the open fire from the surroundings. I suggest you give it a try. Personally I do not go hill walking or staying in bothies but I am sure that you will find some folk somewhere who will look on it as improvement. I suppose mainly non smokers with children, but it is a start.

0

Report

A very valid point about the ridiculous price of tobacco Peter, but we think that it is rather self-evident that you are not an experienced bothy chap...

Jim MacKay

18th September

Bothies are receiving far too much publicity. Controversial point?

A ban would be impossible to enforce but anyone who lights up selfishly and especially near children is a moron of the lowest variety and I would hope the majority of the bothy users would not accept such behaviour.

Last Updated: 20th September 2:20 am

Not at all controversial Jim sir; merely a statement of fact.

Who is the bigger moron: a moron legally smoking or a moron who takes his little preciouses to a place where it is legal to smoke?

It is not about accepting such behaviour old boy, it is a point of law. Perhaps you should have a wee thinky with your wee drinky?

OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH Cont.

Neill Hall

18th September 10:50 am

Must be a slack news week if this makes a top story in the Herald.

However any smoker will be aware that you are asked not to light up outside in the grounds of a hospital, in a football stadium or even some bus shelters. Unlike a bothy, these are not fully enclosed spaces. Would you visit someone's house and smoke without asking if they mind ?

Last Updated: 19th September 10:26 am

4

Report

Slacker than Nigel Lawson's 1986 budget 3-piece Neill old chum!

Hmmm? We think you may be comparing fags with pipes here old chap. All the areas you mention are matters of law and a private dwelling is not a bothy. Sorry to point out the bleedin' obvious but sometimes the bleedin' obvious needs bleedin' pointing out, one supposes...

Euan Mcglynn

18th September 11:56 am

I read this with interest as a witness to the incident, firstly this bothy is not an MBA one, secondly Mr Monk forgot to mention his extremley aggresive behaviour to a group of men in their sixties. Nobody smoked in the bothy whilst his children were present, one guy had lit a cigarette which he literally had two puffs on before Mr Monk burst in and started shouting at everyone. Although smoking is not banned in bothies aggresive behaviour is also not acceptable.

Last Updated: 19th September 11:00 am

11

Report

Aha, Alphabet old chap, lovely to hear from you. Now, you know that it is not often that you and the KPC, despite our mutual love of the briar, are likely to see eye-to-eye so it is refreshing to hear from a puffball that was actually there when that really rather unpleasant Monk chappie did his best to ruin your bothy night. We have had your account corroborated elsewhere so it's over to the Monkster for a response?

Carolyn Cowan

18th September 1:30 pm

Hi Euan

Thank you for this -its good to get the bigger picture and not just to see one side of the story. Of course, The Herald should have provided this rather than just reporting Mr Monks side.

Last Updated: 19th September 11:00 am

6

Report

Indeed Carolyn. The Herald appears to be one of those rags that never let's the truth get in the way of a bad story. Of course opinion pieces masquerading as news should always be treated with contempt and we feel sure that you will be a little more circumspect the next time The Hearld and the Monkster go off on a rant .

Peter Piper

18th September 5:15 pm

Thanks for the other side of the story, sounds very unlikely people would light up and "saturate" children with smoke. Their one and a half hour hike would also be about right for the car park at Linn of Dee, whereas some might have walked through from Rothiemurchus. Sadly I've still not managed to do the Lairig Ghru, though I've done bits from both ends (Braemar not Linn of Dee), and walked the hills. Yes, I smoke, considerably :-)

Last Updated: 18th September 8:33 pm

2

Report

About right Peter?! Streuth, Bob's is bloody wheelchair accessible! Sadly we and no doubt most of the rest of the world are not all that interested in what you may or may not have 'done' in the Cairngorm massif old chap...

Barry Lees

19th September 12:56 am

It's impossible to "smoke considerably". Your carcinogenous fumes have to go somewhere - if there's anyone else nearby, they'll invade their lungs

Last Updated: 19th September 7:42 am

2

Report

But it is possible to smoke legally now isn't it Bazza old bean? BTW, we think you mean 'carcinogenic' old chap and we believe that 'permeate' may be more accurate regarding colloidal transfer to lung tissue...

OUTDOOR KNOBBBER WATCH Cont.

Peter Piper

18th September 6:00 pm

So's **** (breaking wind). Or wearing far too much aftershave or perfume, reeking of garlic, not having washed for a week, swaying around from too much drink, fallen in a peat bog and stinking of it, coming in surrounded by midgies or clegs or ticks, bringing in a dog which messes the floor, or letting a coo in out of the cold, wet and windy.

Gibberish rarely wins an argument sir, an we're afraid that you'll allow the antis off lightly with such bilge.

It's a bothy. Basic free shelter for those that need it. Lucky to get it at all

Last Updated: 19th September 8:40 am

Hear, hear!

3

Report

Gordon Robson

18th September 7:33 pm

No it doesnt Peter. You normally post very clever posts - dealing with research, facts, not rubbish like that. A meta-study (one among many) by the US Surgeon General showed that any exposure to second hand smoke damages childrens lungs as they are still developing. Many well researched papers have shown the effect on children (and adults) of this loathsome and selfish behaviour.

Last Updated: 19th September 10:58 am

Right on que, here's what you get Peter if you pique the likes of Gordon. Of course Gordon is spot on with his US Surgeon General guff. This is exactly why Mr Monk should be reported to the authorities for allowing his kiddy-winks into such a heinous smoking den. Just imagine what the US Surgeon General would say if had heard about that—he'd have a meta-study meltdown!

2

Report

Jim MacKay

18th September 6:07 pm

Very interesting, also thanks for that. So it's a very biased article?

Last Updated: 18th September 6:09 pm

Biased? Understatement of the year old chap. This publication prefers the term 'claptrap'.

1

Report

[Deleted]

19th September 6:07 pm

[Deleted]

Last Updated: 19th September 11:13 pm

This was the first KPC comment that was rapidly censored. Unfortunately believing in the good of mankind the Editorial team neglected to keep a copy, so poor old Gordon ended up talking to himself.

0

Gordon Robson

19th September 7:32 pm

You are sadly self deluded if you think people enjoy your boak inducing stench.

0

Report

Robert Wakeham

20th September 2:24 am

It can be really entertaining reading responses to comments that have been deleted.

0

Report

OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH Cont.


[Deleted] 19th September 7:44 pm

[Deleted]
Last Updated: 19th September 11:13 pm

0

Gordon Robson 19th September 8:34 pm

Hardly fair that we have to avoid places because you make them unbearable.

0  Report

[Deleted] 19th September 9:06 pm

[Deleted]
Last Updated: 19th September 11:13 pm

We apologise Gordon old chap for The Fearald making you look like a raving loon barking at the moon. It's simply not your fault we know.

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The KPC Herald account get banned for an unexplained reason.



Editorial note:

At the time of writing The Fearald has not responded to the KPC's complaint as to why our comments were censored. In the meantime the B&B Editorial team has had a mooch about t'interweb and it appears that the author of this odious bilge, Mr Monk, is merely a self-publicist who (dreadfully) blogs dull things about what he and his family get up to in the style of the self-aggrandising 'adventurer'; a subspecies of ODK that seems, depressingly, all too common these days. Yes chaps, it appears that modern day 'adventurers' don't smoke ciggies or even enjoy a pipe like, for example, Shackleton's men i.e. *real* adventurers... Says it all really.

"...However, it often feels like there's other competing factors, disruptions, distractions, not-quite-in-the-right-headspace moments. Of course, these are all influences that make life what it is and I know I can be my own worst enemy sometimes; half-heartedly listening to the kids whilst looking at mundane garbage in the palm of my hand is something I have and will continue to be guilty of." ...- Extract from Dave Monk's blog (Pass us the sick bucket., Ed.)

Pipe Babe of the Month

KPC uber-scoundrel Robdalf persuaded young Kate—a waitress at the Smoo Cave Hotel, Durness—to part with her pinny and strut her pert pipe stuff whilst serving the cad his breakfast. Kate was only too willing to oblige as she tossed her normal roll-ups for a fantastic bit of scorching smoochy smoking action. That day it was not only Robdalf's Billiard that was ready for action and the incorrigible bounder got his Full Scottish al-right!



Chaps' Corner

The Case for the Dunce Cap!

History of the dunce cap

Before we look more closely at this sadly neglected head-gear chaps, we think it wise to consult the OED to see just exactly what the 'dunce' and indeed the 'dunce cap' is all about:

Dunce: A person slow at learning; a stupid person.

Dunce's cap (or dunce cap): a paper cone formerly put on the head of a dunce at school as a mark of disgrace.

On that t'interweb thingy there is rather a lot of guff about the origins of the dunce cap being a form of enlightenment by some old learned scholar with some additional Christian religious connotations. For the purposes of this article we intend to ignore such claptrap and stick faithfully to the proper interpretation of the dunce cap as any chap worth his flake would attest to.

The term 'dunce', as we understand it today, appeared as early as 1624, when a "dunce-table" was mentioned in the John Ford play, *The Sun's Darling*, in reference to a place where children or dullards were seated apart from others for being 'dunces'. One of the earliest mentions of the dunce cap itself came more than 200 years later, when it appeared in Charles Dickens' 1840 novel, *The Old Curiosity Shop*. It was referred to as being on an primary school classroom wall, and described as being set on a shelf all of its own, made from "old newspapers and decorated with glaring wafers of the largest size." This shows that the dunce cap's appearance and use was already established and common centuries ago. Splendid, what.

Dunces of yore

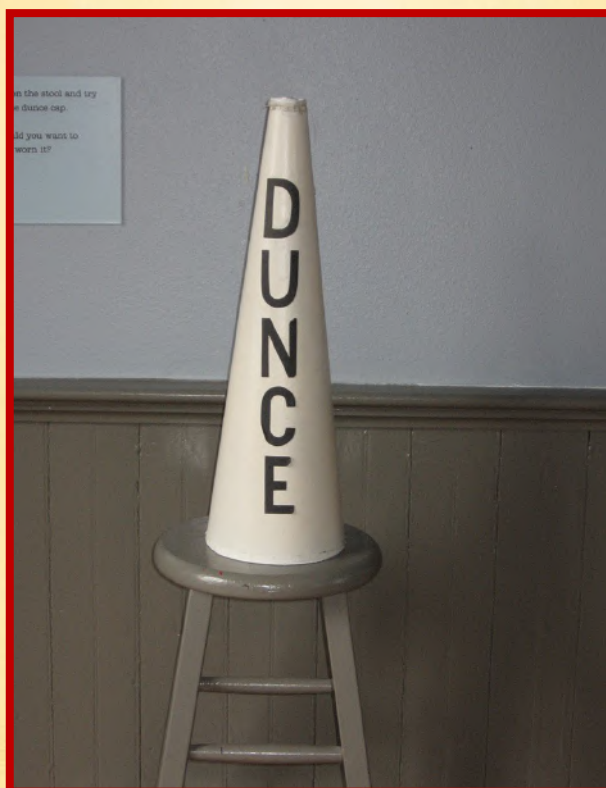
Of course most chaps will remember the recalcitrant, hopeless dunces at their prep school. Yes chaps, you will no doubt recall those young council estate halfwits—on a trumped specious 'scholarship' for some inclusivity poppycock—whose parents tried to blame plumbum water pipes for their halfwit progeny being halfwits. Balderdash we say! They were just bloody dunces, plain and simple; a result of being brought up under a slovenly, inferior parenting regime, often accompanied by not infrequent bottles of mother's ruin being liberally guzzled. We unashamedly say it's your fault dunces: "Once a dunce always a dunce!"

Some of our more mature readers will also remember not only the *dunce* but the *dunce cap*; that wondrous pointy conical paper marvel (*Conforming to the equation $V = \pi r^2 (h/3)$ where $V = \text{volume}$, $h = \text{height of the cone}$ and $r = \text{radius at the base of the cone}$*)

(Continued on page 31)



A fine study of a dunce cap and associated dunce stool for putting the dunce in dunce's corner. Textbook.



"Nothing can confound a wise man more than laughter from a dunce."

- George Byron

Chaps' Corner Cont.

(Oh the irony, a dunce is hardly likely to know the volumetric formula of their portentous headgear, Ed.) with a large and derisory 'D' emblazoned on it. Oh to turn back the clock and once again embrace this most potent of corrective mechanisms. For, in the heyday of the dunce cap (circa 1880s), a dunce might not have been un-dunced by donning the dunce cap, but by Jove the dunce knew that he was a dunce and he would always be a dunce unless he bucked his ideas up, and PDQ! The power of conspicuous classroom humiliation in front of one's peers was formidable. Of course trying to turn a dunce into a swot was utterly pointless; rather like trying to un-fry an egg. But in reality that was not the primary objective of the dunce cap. No chaps, the dunce cap was a splendid way to crush the miserable life out of youngsters by deploying a dose of devastating humiliation to those young oafs/laggards/malcontents/halfwits/inferior post-coded plebs, which simply did not cut the mustard. And what's wrong with that we hear you cry?

Again, like most eminently sensible Victorian artefacts, the dunce cap has been subsumed in the festering swamp of today's political correctness. Indeed chaps, since the tragic demise of the dunce cap we proffer that the dunces have not only *not* been in decline, but have been getting off far too lightly, as even a good thrashing is now out-

lawed by namby-pamby politicians of all shades. Indeed, it would appear - to even the casual observer - that the dunce has been offered a conservation status more commonly associated with the white rhino or giant-bloody-pandas, as the dunces are now often described as having 'learning difficulties' or 'attention deficit hyperactivity disorder' or they have been guzzling too much Sunny Delight™ and other such over-medicalised piffle. This simply will not do.

The way forward?

This publication is, unashamedly, calling for nothing less than the re-instatement of the dunce cap into the national curriculum. We dismiss out of hand those well-meaning nincompoops calling for the return of the 11-plus and the grammar school as a means to putting the education, er, back into education and usurp their mealy-mouthed nonsense with a strategy that will make a real difference in the classroom: BRING BACK THE DUNCE CAP! Remember chaps you read it in this cutting-edge periodical first.

We can indeed see a promised land: the classroom equivalent of a sunny glade, where the dunces are humiliated within an inch of their miserable existences, knowing that they will spend the rest of their post-school dunce lives in an abominable call centre pretending to be from a foreign land in a pitiful attempt to disguise their inherent

(Continued on page 32)

***Let that be a lesson to you my boy!
This is exactly what our piss-poor
education system is lacking today.
The world needs chaps with back-
bone, and schools must weed out
the dunces for their own and socie-
ty's good.***



Chaps' Corner **Cont.**

dunceiness! (*Is that even a word? Ed.*) The dunces, of course will make their call centre 'managers' happy for the simple reason that they continue to drive the hapless customer insane (*The primary purpose of the call centre, Ed.*) as they make an innocent enquiry regarding their domestic energy requirements, for example, only to lose the will to live after talking to a dunce for half an hour at premium rate. At least—one may muse—that modern capitalism can provide a stable, if utterly miserable, 'career' to the dunce, otherwise who knows what would become of them? Yes, imagine being *the dunce* of a call centre. One supposes they are referred to as 'binmen' or 'baristas'. The mind truly boggles.

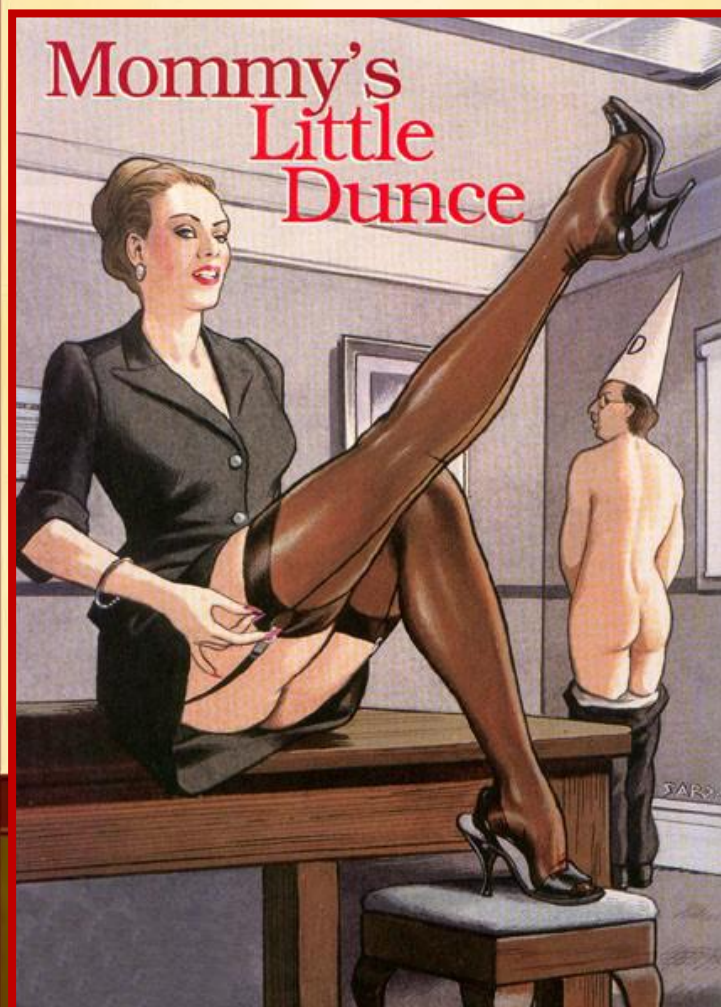
To summarise: all children need a healthy, frequent dose of corporal punishment and conspicuous humiliation in front of their peers and the dunce cap needs to be ruthlessly deployed at the merest hint of any dunceism and/or misbehaviour. If a young dunce decides to end it all in the local pond due to a long spell in dunce's corner, then we say 'so be it'; that's Darwinism in action. They would have only been sacked from some dreadful, soulless call centre at some point in the future only to become a burden on the welfare state for 'dunce seekers allowance' anyway.

The dunce cap: The Pipe Club context

Perhaps the re-introduction of the dunce cap could be ex-

tended outside of the world of education? It has come to our attention that the threat of a 'good coonsilling' has lost some of its potency in recent times, for various reasons outside of the scope of this article, and it has even been suggested that this Pipe Club's malcontent detractors are able to use said corrective practice to portray a bothy Pipe Club chap in a negative light, perish the thought. Therefore, we put out the suggestion that any KPC chap found to be not maintaining standards be forced to sit facing the wall in a bothy's dunce's corner sporting a suitably humiliating dunce cap. Of course such a change would be a matter of profound significance and would require constitutional change. The other slight problem with a dunce cap as a direct replacement for coonsilling would be that a stupefied KPC chap, that would have previously benefitted from a good coonsilling, would not be able to comprehend the sublime humiliation from donning a dunce cap, as being unconscious with a paper cone on the offenders head may lack the 'humiliation firepower' of a dose of extreme Coonsilling. Quite a conundrum, and we encourage our readers to offer their opinions in Letters to the Editor please. Perhaps the dunce cap could find its way into bothy life as an adjunct to Coonsilling? A lot, as ever, to think about in such a frenetic Pipe Club, eh chaps?

(Continued on page 33)



The more agreeable and indeed acceptable form of sporting the dunce cap. Of course this scenario only works because of the raw power that the dunce cap has over the male psyche i.e. living in fear of the dunce cap makes dabbling with danger all the more titillating.



Chaps' Corner Cont.

The dunce cap and the fairer sex – the fetish correction crossover

This discussion piece, as we are sure readers' are aware has been concerned with the young male dunce, as it follows that it has always been much more socially unacceptable for young boys to be thick. Now, we may be straying into a contentious arena here when – in Victorian times at any rate – young ladies were just assumed to be 'a bit dizzy', so were largely spared the humiliation of the dunce cap. Of course we live in an age of lady weather forecasters, doctors and fighter pilots (*Oh lord, no doubt referred to as the 'Brylcream Babes', or some such, Ed.*), so putting our long established feminist credentials to the fore we would agree that not all of the ladies are dizzy, these days at any rate. Having said that, we are told that medicine is now all done by computer and the Eurofighter Typhoon flies itself (*Bloody well ought to considering the price tag, Ed.*), so perhaps applying ones lipper whilst intercepting a Rusky bomber over the Isle of Wight at Mach 2.0 is not actually that challenging when compared to, say, flying a Spit or Hurricane up against a 109... Oddly,

the Spit did have a rear view mirror so perhaps lipper application was even considered back in 1940? All very confusing indeed for a chap who likes certainties in life.

This modern day admission leads onto the role of the modern female in deployment of the dunce cap. Our research indicates that, perhaps predictably, a certain type of chap actually *relishes* the opportunity of donning a dunce cap. This may seem counterintuitive to the educated chap who prides himself on his agile mind and astounding intellect, but when one introduces the word 'fetish' into the dunce cap debate a debonair chap could be forgiven for begging to be dunce-capped by a floozy. Of course under certain circumstances (*Tory party conferences for example, Ed.*) money may change hands for such services but no harm done for a spot of stiff correction activity what? Whatever the capital value, it appears that the most common exposure of today's chap to the dunce cap is born out of a scrotal itch that can only be sated by conical corrective measures, even if said measures are only simulated and/or paid for. Every chap needs a hobby.

The dunce cap in the modern world

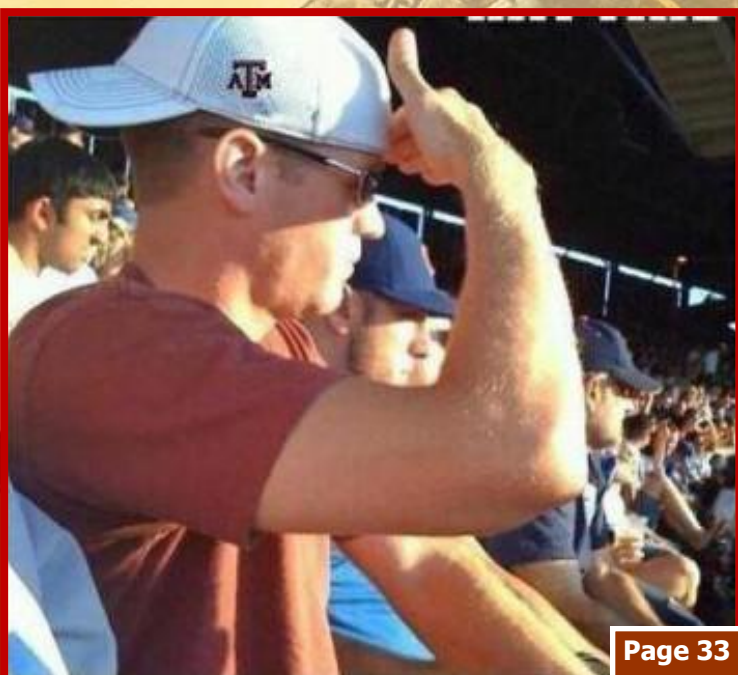
Lastly, the Editorial team has been burning the midnight oil researching the infrequent occurrence and transmogrification - in physical form at least – of the modern dunce cap. Below are a few examples of the dunce cap in its present form... ✓

A trip to Trumpton (L) is as reliable as ever for the chap in search of today's dunces. It is good to see that our cause has been taken up by the leader of the free world with such gusto.



Sometimes it is more the sartorial configuration (below R) of the modern dunce cap rather than any specific labeling or shape that belies the fact the wearer is a hopeless DUNCE!

This modern day dunce (below) has been so devastatingly humiliated that he even refuses to show his face!



OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH 2

ALMOST EXCLUSIVE!

'Bothy Stories' More Bothy Commercialisation as the MBA Pimp Out 'Their' Bothies to a Well Known Outdoor Knobber Emporium...

Editorial note:

Well, well, what have we here chaps? Just when you thought that the bothy commercialisers and commercialising enablers had slunk back under their various slimy stones, out pops a new, and arguably more serious, threat to bothies and bothy culture. We have to admit at being a tad behind the curve on this story but luckily a few decent chaps in the MBA alerted the KPC of this disgrace and so we have done some digging and have got rapidly up to speed; and a stinking pile we have indeed uncovered...

A small—as yet unidentified—section of the MBA top brass have decided to do a cosy little deal with the multi-million pound outdoor equipment retailer 'Tiso'; that well known bastion of bothy culture whom no doubt have always had the best interests of charitable assets maintained by volunteers at their cold, calculating, capitalist hearts. The limp pretext for Tiso's 'Bothy Stories' campaign is that Tiso are 'promoting the Bothy Code' and, as far as we can tell, the MBA get, er, nothing, if one does not include grief. If the MBA are indeed benefitting in any way from this nonsense then will someone please let us know—we will publish any response. Of course the reality here—as a few good chaps in the MBA have told us— is that Tiso are simply using bothies i.e. charitable assets maintained by volunteers to peddle their outdoor tat. Simple. What on earth are the numbskulls at MBA Trustee level thinking? Have they not learned their lesson after endorsing Greedy Chappie's (*AKA Geoff Allan, Ed.*) Bothy Bible book and the shitstorm that that wee 'error of judgement' caused? Do they not remember the highly successful anti-bothy commercialisation campaign run by this Pipe Club and many others within and outwith the MBA? Obviously not, and so our MBA contacts have urged us to re-ignite the anti-bothy commercialisation campaign against this new commercial threat. Not only is Tiso's promotion of the Bothy Code a complete sham we have uncovered Tiso actually *breaking* the Bothy Code—see p. 36 for our detailed analysis.

Greedy rides again...

It will come as no surprise to readers of this periodical that a quick mooch at the Tiso website reveals that a lot of photos of MBA bothies are credited to none other than dear old Greedy Chappie (*AKA Geoff Allan, Ed.*) himself. Whilst the relationship may not be linear with a correlation co-efficient $R^2 = 1$ (*Er yes, i.e. perfectly linear, Ed.*) one does not have to try too hard to join the dots to see that 'Bothy Stories' is saddled up on the back of the Bothy Bible and its apologists, or are we being a tad cynical here? To put it another way: the MBA pumps Greedy's book and is then suckered in to a deal with Tiso with no tangible benefits to the MBA and a potential snake pit of commercial harm; or are we just a voice in an increasingly commercialised wilderness full of 'adventurers' sporting shiny new Tiso gear? Therefore we now give the MBA top brass and Tiso notice:

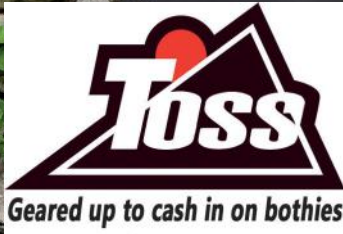
The Anti-bothy commercialisation campaign has now re-started and here's what you, the reader can do:

1. **Boycott Tiso. Buy your gear elsewhere. They don't sell coal, beer or baccy anyway.**
2. **Write to Tiso and tell them what you think of their 'Bothy Stories' bollocks.**
3. **Write to the MBA top brass and tell them what you think of the 'Bothy Stories' bollocks.**
4. **Cancel your MBA membership and tell them why.**
5. **Educate, agitate, organise: send us any information about the relationship of Tiso with the MBA.**
6. **Keep an eye out for any MBA Trustees wandering about in top of the line gear punted by Tiso...**

It is with great regret that we have to start up the campaign again but we truly believe that this poses an existential threat to bothies and before anyone says 'Who the hell are you?' we must remind them—and our readers—that the MBA is a Scottish charity that benefits greatly from such status and is subject to public oversight, so it is perfectly legitimate for non-MBA members/organisations who value bothies and the exceptional work undertaken by MBA volunteers to be critical of such bothy commercialising activities. If and when the MBA becomes a plc (*They might as well be, Ed.*) then, perhaps, we'll shut-up, but until then we will not let such commercialisation go unchecked.

OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH 2 **2** Cont.

Blatant commercialisation of bothies supported by the MBA. Well now chaps, we've got a wee bothy story to share with the world too...



#BothyStories

SHARE YOUR BOTHY STORIES
& IMAGES WITH US   

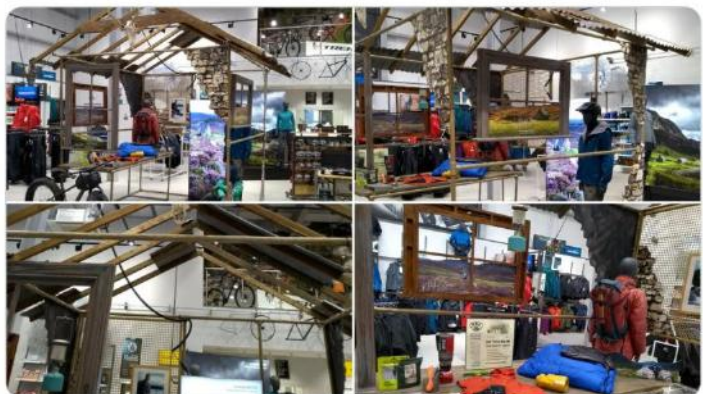
SHARE YOUR STORY

A sublime screenshot from Tiso's Twatter blurb telling the world that they've built a 'bothy' in their Aviemore store. Funnily enough it looks just like an outdoor equipment display! Perhaps if they had a reeking fire with 20kg coal dumped on the floor, a few empty tinnies and a couple of chaps smoking pipes it might be a tad more authentic. Four bloody walls might also help. Our collective hearts bleed...

 Tiso
@TisoOnline

#TisoAviemore

Thanks to some generous donations from our staff and friends, we've been able to build a bothy in our Aviemore store complete with vintage kit, including jacket, pack & gas lantern! Find out more about our #BothyStories at: tiso.com/bothystories #mytiso



8:45 am · 3 Oct 2018

OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH 2 **Cont.**

EXCLUSIVE! TISO ADMIT ONLINE TO SMASHING THE BOTHY CODE!

As part of the 'Bothy Stories' claptrap with the MBA, Tiso are allegedly promoting the Bothy Code. Well, as any chap worth his bothy bevvy will tell you The Bothy Code states the following:

"Respect the Restriction On Numbers:

*Because of over crowding and lack of facilities, large groups (6 or more) should not use a bothy. **Bothies are not available for commercial groups.**"*

Our investigative journalists did not have to leave the pub for long to find out that Tiso seem to have a limited grasp of the Bothy Code. Yes chaps, in fact they recently sent a few shiny faces in shiny gear up to Ryvoan "...for a night of product testing." (see Twatter screenshot below—we may have added some speech bubble spice but the rest is the real deal), and we strongly suspect that that 'gear testing' did not include a few tins of McEwan's Export or a range of fine pipe tobaccos. No chaps, it appears simply the case that a commercial company sent in a **commercial group** up to Ryvoan for the night. Now, when the KPC reported Greedy Chappie's heinous commercial bothy walk (see B&B May Vol.7 Iss.1, pp. 1-9) to MBA Chairman Simon ['Bollocks to the Bothy Code'] Birch he tried to fob us off with some guff that Greedy's walk "was only a lunch stop". Well this time—showing complete disregard to the Bothy Code which they purport to be promoting—Tiso have CLEARLY and PUBLICLY admitted to smashing the Bothy Code. We wonder how the MBA Chairman will wiggle his way out of this one when we report this in due course. In the meantime we ask readers to spread the fact the asking Tiso to look after the Bothy Code is rather like asking Jimmy Savile to baby sit your kids...

This is nothing short of an outrage! A chap does not have to look very far on the Tiso website to find that, funnily enough, Tiso have a list of 'Essential Kit For a Night In a Bothy' that also funnily enough they happen to be pumping, incessantly...

Tiso @TisoOnline · Oct 19
#TisoAviemore

Our Aviemore store is perfectly situated for getting out in the hills, so we went for a wander to Ryvoan Bothy for a night of product testing. Great to have so many trails on our doorstep. #mytiso #bothystories

Alright Treacle!
Haha! Those MBA numpties think we're promoting the bothy code when we're just using bothies as a free gear testing base and a free night out!

HAHAHA!
Brilliant!
Gullible wankers, eh?!

3 2 16

OUTDOOR KN[🔍]BBER WATCH 2 Cont.

Editorial note: The following shows a Facebook discussion about the MBA-Tiso deal.

19:42 Mon 29 Oct

facebook.com

9+ 2

Andy MacArthur ▶ Mountain Bothies Association
30 September at 20:19 · 📷

From a conversation at an area meeting today...
What exactly is the tie in with MBA and Tiso at the moment?
Anyone?

Like

An admin turned off commenting for this post.

Malcolm MacPherson and 3 others

Andy Mayhew
Tiso are supporting the MBA by pushing the Bothy Code in their shops. Beyond that I don't know.
1 mth Like More

Andy Mayhew replied · 2 replies

John Auljock Watson
Is every member not getting supplied with boots and waterproofs, thats what I heard. 🤔
1 mth Like More

Andy MacArthur
Clearly Tiso are using the MBA logo to market their products and promote their brand .
What do the MBA get in return? Where's my discount?
1 mth Like More

Carles Ibanez
Their Bothy Stories free magazine writes: "Incredible locations, stunning views and absolutely no cost". The next page tells the essential bothy kit you can of course buy at Tiso.
1 mth Like More

Carles Ibanez replied · 3 replies

Kevin Campbell
U get a mba discount, Always have done
1 mth Like More

Bob McChristie replied · 5 replies

Richard Lyon

Good question Andy.

Really Dr Essan? May we take it that you think that Tiso allegedly 'pushing the Bothy Code' is a good thing?

The odd MBA Trustee maybe..?

Exactly Andy. What indeed do the MBA get and yes what are the discount arrangements for non-Trustees?

Aye, free accommodation that you should be wearing our expensive new kit in...

Hmmm... Are you sure that is entirely correct Binky or are you stretching the truth along with your trousers?

Continued on p. 38-42

OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH 2 Cont.



Richard Lyon

Tiso are using a bothy for advertising ie making money out of it. Not good.

1 mth Like More

BULLSEYE! Richard.



Kevin Campbell

Personally I think it's great tiso are promoting the MBA, it's been done in a decent fashion in my opinion, I don't see what the problem is with this but heho at least it might bring the image of Bothies away from being insular

1 mth Like More

BULLSEYE! Richard. Hordes of folk flogging outdoor gear too.

Oh dear, oh dear, he we go again... We would like to draw your attention to Tiso punting their wares at Ryvoan i.e. 'your bothy'. What say you to that?



Richard Lyon

Hordes of folk will descend on the place. Nightmare. 😬 1

1 mth Like More



Kevin Campbell

Cannie see it, Bothies arnt any busier now than before, same arguments as the books. Quite simply the average punter disnie want tae shite outside, be wet and miserable, houff coal and sit needing to talk to strangers

On what data exactly do you get this analysis Binky old bean? One could suggest that listening to your shite on the inside would be a splendid deterrent, to anyone...



Andy MacArthur

Can any one tell me what the arrangement actually is? Presumably both the MBA and Tiso have agreed to the this at some point but why are the membership being kept in the dark?

1 mth Like More

Important questions Andy but don't hold your breath...

19:42 Mon 29 Oct

facebook.com



Replies to Kevin's comment on your post

View post



Kevin Campbell

U get a mba discount, Always have done

1 mth Like More



Michael Cotton

How do you get the discount? No mention of it on the MBA website. There's a 15% discount for members at Cotswold Outdoor, Snow + Rock, Cycle Surgery and Runners Need but nothing about Tiso.

1 mth Like More



Andy MacArthur

No mention at Tiso either

1 mth Like More

The plot thickens...



Kevin Campbell

U gotta ask same at cotswolds

1 mth Like More

Right, let's get this straight Binky old bean. A chap walks into Tiso and has to ask for a discount that the MBA and Tiso don't publicise or possibly even know about. We're not sure what walking in the England's south central hills has to do with the debate though?



Michael Cotton

I don't shop at Tiso as there are none in England as far as I'm aware but I will bear in mind about asking for a discount should I ever visit a store on one of my trips to Scotland.

1 mth Like More

That is an interesting fact Bob. We have looked into this and old JD's are worth a packet. This is worse that we thought...



Bob McChristie

JD Sports have a controlling shareholding in Tiso - so you could ask for discount in Blacks or Millets (same group)

1 mth Like More

OUTDOOR KNIBBER WATCH 2 Cont.

19:15 Mon 29 Oct

facebook.com



Neil Stewart ▸ Mountain Bothies Association

1 October at 10:31 · 🌐

A previous thread asked about the link- up between MBA and Tiso. This is a joint collaboration whereby Tiso are promoting the work of the MBA and the responsible use of bothies. The MBA has been fully involved in the preparation of display and online material. The display is in all Tiso stores except Ratho for the autumn period and is backed up on their website and blog. Tiso printed publications, online articles and social media posts have reached an audience of around 60,000 people not to mention the folk who have seen the material in store. Such exposure to the outdoor community would cost an awful lot of money were we to have to pay for it, which we don't.

👍 Like 💬 Comment

👍 Gaz Carter and 22 others



Gus Fair

Thanks Neil Stewart, for clearing that up. The question is do we need the publicity.

1 mth Like Reply More



Kevin Campbell

Excellent Neil thank you for that

1 mth Like Reply More



Carles Ibanez

I do have concerns. To advertise bothies as "absolutely no cost" is the wrong approach. Tiso's interest in this matter is to drive people to bothies and spend what they save in accommodation in Tiso gear instead. If all the MBA gets in return is publicising the bothy code, the terms of this partnership (as Tiso calls it) worry me.

1 mth Like Reply More



Carles Ibanez replied · 9 replies



Andy Mayhew

Increased membership, increased donations, more people looking after bothies, more people aware of the importance of looking after bothies, more people aware of how to look after bothies

Cheaper than a TV advert!

1 mth Like Reply More



Gus Fair replied · 4 replies



Kevin Campbell

Way I see it is that hopefully it will plant a seed in the younger generation as the MBA is forever needing new blood as MOs and folk running it. Bothies arnt museums they should be used but used responsibly

1 mth Like Reply More

This is worse than we thought. So Neil old chap what you are essentially saying is that you are happy for the MBA to assist Tiso in lining their pockets on the back of bothies with not even a donation to the MBA. Of course, as previously shown, Tiso have clearly breached the Bothy Code. Also, why is it advantage to get 'exposure to the outdoor community'? Is the MBA not doing enough already with its own webshite?

Good question Gus and anyone with half a brain would answer 'no', as remember the MBA is a bothy maintenance charity and not a cheap accommodation provider for Tisos to test their gear in.

Alright Binky 'sake, are you a total brown nose or just a brown nose to chaps called 'Neil'?


Well said old chap.

Ah Dr Essan, always nice to see a pipe smoking chap enter the debate. However, on what basis do you base your assertion of those 'benefits'? And, why on earth would you want to advertise on the telly? We seem to remember you getting a free copy of Greedy's book. Do you have anything from the Tiso emporium to declare here old boy?

The key word is 'hopefully' there Binky old bean. What if your prognosis, as we suspect, is utter twaddle? What then?

OUTDOOR KNIBBER WATCH 2 Cont.




Gwyneth Williams
Carles Ibanez good question  1

1 mth Like More

That's just it Nick old sport, the commercial interests know the cost of everything and the value of nothing. It appears from this drivel that a few in the MBA have also gone over to the dark side...




Nick West
Excellent point. If instead it phrased it, "What does it cost to stay in a Bothy? A bit of your time and consideration for the bothy, your fellow users and the environment. So, tidy up afterwards, dig a hole and take a dump at least 500m away from watercourse, etc etc"... that might at least reinforce what bothy culture is all about.  3

1 mth Like More

We're not sure what Pipe Club you belong to Andy but around the KPC bothy table the various merits of affordable overnight accommodation are often discussed during port and cigars.




Andy Bellamy
Really Charles? I've never heard anyone stay in a bothy as it was cheaper than stopping in a Premier Inn for the night.(given their remote locations for a start You go to a bothy for the bothy experience or its on a trek. And I'm sure I've never previously thought that I better nip to Tiso having not spent the money on a B&B.  2

1 mth Like More

Exactly Nick old chap, it is a matter of emphasis and the ol' bothy commercialisers just cannot quite hide their greed through 'partnerships' or other such claptrap.




Nick West
Andy Bellamy They why have the lead line "Absolutely No Cost"? In marketing one highlights what is the most important feature your are trying to "sell" first? If it is not cost then why have copy highlight what it (doesn't) cost, rather than the experience etc? Just seems the wrong emphasis...  2

1 mth Like More

And that Tiso have all the 'essential' gear (tested up at Ryvoan overnight) for the tight arsed bothier and in that respect speak for yourself sir as the KPC chap is a paragon of altruism around the bothy fire/table.



Andy Bellamy
Is that in their shop - I've read the Bothy article on the web blog where it mentions in one line about them being free, but then goes on to talk about the bothy experience and etiquette etc. The OP says the MBA have been fully involved, so I'm sure they've probably told Tiso what tight arses we all are and only expect to get a can of gas and a pie out of us at best.  1

1 mth Like More

No they haven't Gaz old fruit. One suppose that if you ever need some Camping Gaz Gaz then discounting one's principles for a discount is always an option...



Gaz Carter
Tiso have got it about right, a good partnership is formed, and why not? be good if members could get a bit of discount, but think I read somewhere that could already be the case, it gets our message out a bit more in to the bargain.

1 mth Like More





Indeed they should not sir but we fear that this is the thin end of the pimping-out-the-bothy wedge. The discount is either mythical or downplayed so much as to be worthless. Tear up that Tiso discount card and sleep easy old boy!



Carles Ibanez
Yes I guess that would be nice since it's all done and agreed and cannot be changed (although I would really argue that no further commercial partnerships should be established without consulting the membership). But I don't know anything about the MBA discount and in particular don't know if it's on top of the Tiso card discount I already have.

OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH 2 **Cont.**

19:17 Mon 29 Oct

< >  facebook.com   + 



Replies to Andy's comment on Neil Stewart's post

View post

**Andy Mayhew**

Increased membership, increased donations, more people looking after bothies, more people aware of the importance of looking after bothies, more people aware of how to look after bothies

Cheaper than a TV advert!



1 mth Like More

**Carles Ibanez**

I just do not see why, as an association, we are seeking new ways to advertise our work. I thought that making bothy users aware of the code and the work of the MBA when they arrive at the bothy, through the website and through social media when they enquire about bothies would suffice. To promote bothies beyond the very open position that is now in place and to do so as "absolutely no cost" could very well be counterproductive. And if the MBA decides that we need the extra publicity, and Tiso make a profit as a result of this campaign, would it not be fair for the MBA to take a share of that profit?



1 mth Like More

**Darren Watson**

Be just as well having a tv advert

1 mth Like More


**Gus Fair**

Andy Mayhew, you forget to include increased rubbish, increased damage, increased amounts of folk who don't have a clue about access codes and more folk who don't give a toss about anyone but themselves.

Did I miss something, are teaso's teaching people the "Art of Bothy Maintenance"



1 mth Like More

**Gus Fair**The MBA don't need more money or publicity, I think it is folly to go seeking it. 

1 mth Like More

"Sell your soul to yourself. You'll make more money."

- Marilyn Manson

OUTDOOR KNIBBER WATCH 2 Cont.

19:19 Mon 29 Oct

facebook.com

Replies to your comment on Neil Stewart's post

View post



Andy MacArthur

Thanks for that Neil I can't remember reading about it previously.

1 mth Like More

The 3 'Rs' not your strong point are they Binky old fellow? Read what the man said, 'sake!



Kevin Campbell

Andy MacArthur did yer AO not send u a email about it

1 mth Like More

You have our sympathies Andy. Perhaps you should post all your comments twice just so the dunces can keep up?



Andy MacArthur

Like I say, I can't remember reading about it previously, and it was brought up yesterday by someone else at an area meeting.

1 mth Like More

So is not commercialising bothies...



Kevin Campbell

Andy MacArthur it's gid tae bring it up, communication is important

1 mth Like More



John Auljock Watson

It was certainly sent to me, I responded with a wee tale in the blog about a bothy night. So far its not been printed, maybe it was too banal.

1 mth Like More



Richard Dave Newsome

I can't remember recieving/hearing about this? Maybe some AO's were informed and some not 🤔

1 mth Like More



Kevin Campbell

Richard Dave Newsome every AO got it I seen the mailing list, yer AO maybe just forgot about it

1 mth Like More

Yes Andy, there is a fine line between 'forgot' and burying bad news...



Andy MacArthur

'Yer AO maybe just forgot'.
Aye Kevin but to be fair that's easily done after all it was just forgotten to put it on the website, newsletter and Facebook page....

1 mth Like More

Is that the Royal we Binky? Indeed the MBA are a charity so why do you wholeheartedly support getting into a sleeping bag with the likes of Tiso? What charitable aim is achieved by that pray tell?



Kevin Campbell

Andy MacArthur as I said communication should be the name of the game but we are a charity, we are all volunteers most have jobs and lives to live so things get forgotten

1 mth Like More



Write a reply...

Reply

SERGEANT MATRON'S KPC COMMANDOS

THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS PRODUCED BY THE MAKERS OF CLARKS COMMANDOS SHOES



The Commandos were up at Ryvoan for the night when they stumbled across some dodgy bothy commercialisation



Luckily Tealight gets away...



Matron, Fud and Bingae get led away



Tealight heads to an outdoor shop



Tealight is betrayed!



Luckily Tealight managed to raise the alarm...



Suddenly there's an explosion!



In Tisos



The Bothy Police approach Tisos



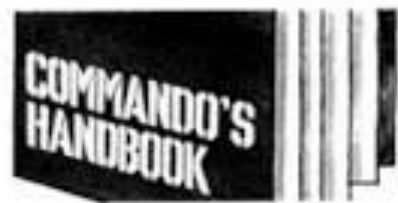
The Bothy Police arrive...



More exciting adventures next week!



Commandos are the boys' action shoes from Clarks. They're built really strong for when the going gets rough. Every pair comes in a special ammunition box with a free Commando's handbook. The handbook is full of the kind of information a Commando needs to know. Commandos are in your local Clarks shoe shop now. Look for the secret symbol on the heel.



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.

Ornithology for the pipe smoker?

Dear B&B,

I have recently taken up bird watching but the blighters kept watching me first. Therefore, I had to invest in a new outfit so that I could watch them without them watching me. I've found that it works well, particularly with hen harriers. Smoking my pipe, at first, proved problematic but I overcame this obstacle by using my smoking hat to keep the outfit in place. Please see the attached photo of me in my new garb.

Yours sincerely,

The Beast



Dear Beast,

Er, thank you for informing us of your new hobby. We are pleased that you have managed to combine your ornithological studies with your pipe and that the birds are no longer scared of your presence. However, we advise that you stick to rural areas when deploying your new garb as some busy body townie could mistake you for being a berk in a burka or such like, thereby risking bringing the noble art of pipe smoking and possibly this Pipe Club into disrepute.

Yours despairingly,

The Editor

Lookout it's Hotlips!

Dear Sergeant,

Despite "running off like a bloody tourist" from the home Bothy, I wanted to assure you that we have been up to no good elsewhere on the faire isle.

To wit - attached please find a picture of the two of us celebrating our ascent of the northernmost point on Skye in the only appropriate manner.

I did try to get the "no smoking" sign below the official MBA placard in the shot.

Hot Lips and The Other One [Clint]



Dear Hot Lips & Clint,

It appears that you have adapted to bothy life like a couple of naturals and thank you kindly for sending us proof of your post-Kearvaig endeavours. For newbies you chaps certainly know how to strike a blow or even a puff for freedom and for that we salute you with yet more Bothy Points. A chap could never tire of seeing Hot Lips bashing her magnificent meerschaum and all of your fellow KPC vagabonds send their highest regards and we hope to see you again. Additionally do keep us posted of your pipe smoking escapades in your home country.

Sincerely,

Matron

Fossilised man or mountain man blogger?

(via the KPC website)

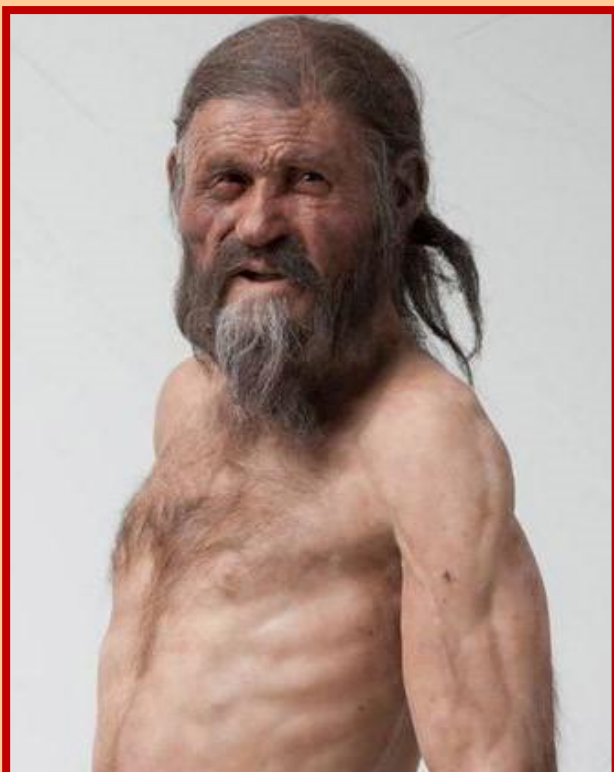
Dear KPC Chaps,

Have you found it strange that you never see Otzi the Iceman and Real Need in the same bothy?

Sincerely,

AM

Real Need:



Otzi the Iceman:



Dear AM,

This is a very important question you raise. Unfortunately we have no definitive answer to this modern day bothy conundrum. We do understand, however, that Otzi was last seen in a midden close to Corroul in the Cairngorms. Perhaps readers of this periodical could be of assistance in this crucial matter and cast further light on this enigma?

Sincerely,

The Editor

Greedy Chappie confronted at Strathchailleach!

Dear B&B,

It was a hot summer June day and I was perambulating across the parph to Strathchailleach for a light luncheon when who did I bump into? Yes you've guessed it, none other than Greedy Chappie (*AKA Geoff Allan, Ed.*). Luckily I spotted the bothy commercialising low life from a hundred yards out using my quick draw binoculars, so I had the edge on the blighter. To cut a long story short, just as I was pinning up a 'Bible Bog Roll' poster to the wall I told Greedy exactly what I and many others thought of him in no uncertain terms. The smug grin was wiped off his face that day I can tell you!

Sincerely,

Matron

Dear Matron,

We need a full de-brief ASAP. Bothy Points awarded.

The Editor



Tired of the long walk in to your favourite bothy?



Then you need to try the new KPC bothy conveyance service for the chap who wants to relax, enjoy a bowl, watch the scenery and get your bed made to boot. Splendid! Only two shillings per mile and a free cup of char.

KPC Notices

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

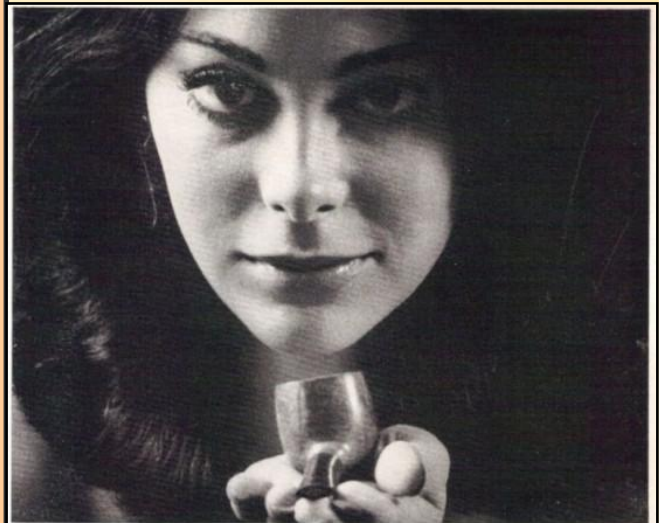
KPC Silver hallmarked badges (limited stock) £35 + p&p.

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

kearvaigpipeclub@btinternet.com

Website: www.kearvaigpipeclub.co.uk

Advertisements:



There's a sweet new Model drifting into your life...

She's a sweet-talking, easy-going mixture—with just a whiff of cherry to sweeten your smoke. Same price as regular Model, too. Come on, don't let this sweet new Model drift by without giving her a try. NEW MODEL AROMATIC • REGULAR MODEL. United States Tobacco Company

New Model Aromatic



GEOFF, ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE WAY TO THE BOTHY?

BURNSY



LET **BRYLCREEM** give you CLEAN GROOMING

Clean grooming means perfectly controlled hair without excessive oiliness. It means lustrous hair, natural looking hair that will stay neatly in place all day. Yes, the pure oils in Brylcreem are emulsified for clean grooming and for healthy hair. Yes, with massage, a clean healthy scalp is yours for the asking ... Ask for Brylcreem, most men do. Tubes 1/8, 2/6 and 4/6 or handy tubes 2/6.