



'Briar & Bothies'

The newsletter of
THE KEARVAIG PIPE CLUB



Extreme Pipe Smoking: Maol Bhuidhe, Bendronaig & Bearnais 17-20/01/19

By Sergeant Matron

Once in a while a chap gets itchy winter feet; *witchy* feet perhaps, if one was to create a new portmanteau word so commonplace amid the hoi polloi these days? Not long into our rather dreary winter I was enjoying an evening around a bothy fire with The Beast. We were smoking a bowl and sampling some of his 'Famous Paraffin' (*aka 'Famous Grouse' and surprisingly palatable after 8 or 10 drams, Ed.*) whilst doing a spot of semi-coherent ritualistic moaning, a staple of the bothying chap. Not an uncommon occurrence you may say, however, the subject of our invective was not one of the usual topics of bothy banter. No chaps, our concern was meteorological in nature and in particular the predominantly wet and windy weather we now seem to experience during the winter season. We

A splendid dose of proper winter.



both regaled the lack of clear cold days and long lasting snow i.e. a 'proper winter' where as youths we used to scrape ice off of the inside of our windows after getting dressed before getting up etc., although The Beast beat me hands down by saying that socks were for sissies in his house and the resultant chill blains (*Crikey whatever happened to those? Amazing how fashions change, Ed.*) were a badge of honour, making me a Southern Jessy one supposes.

To our delight a spot of proper winter weather was forecast for mid-January so I quickly hatched a plan for a spot of Extreme Pipe Smoking by bagging Maol Bhuidhe and a couple of other remote smoking shelters, before emerging from the yearned icy

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"Great things are done when men and mountains meet."

- William Blake

Extreme Pipe Smoking cont.

wastes to rendezvous at Inver—the coldest bothy in the world—just in case I had not had enough of icy wastes by then. Getting rather excited by the prospect and even a tad ahead of myself—given the short days—I opted for the long way round via the Falls of Glomach.

Insertion by omnibus

Due to the linear nature of my wanderings and not being able to afford a helicopter ride, I opted for the famed Citylink 916 omnibus for my insertion point at Loch Duich. As the bus traversed Glen Shiel, conditions looked most wintry indeed, with a significant amount of snow and sub-zero conditions. Rather pleasingly as it turned out, the bus driver (who looked like he'd

Basecamp Glomach: camped above the falls.



been poured into the cockpit and allowed to set) was a chatty fellow and inquired if I was 'doing the Cape Wrath Trail'. "Avast sir!" said I, "Do I look like a Cameron McPish acolyte? No my good man, I'm doing the Bothy Flake trail!" To which he enigmatically replied: "Aye, we get a lot of you hill smoker types through this way these days, but mostly in the summer." Or was it just a winter dream? Whatever, the rotund bus driver chappie was certainly a more amiable fellow than certain other, unmentionable, omnibus pilots that the Pipe Club has to contend with once in a while.

A winter wonderland

It was splendid to be free of the bus and its rather whiffy WC whose stench was, fortunately, expunged rapidly by the clear, bracing mountain air. I did not have a mercury-in-glass on my person but safe to say it was 'a tad chilly' verging on 'bastard cold' as I headed northwest into the expanse that is erroneously named 'Inverinate Forest' (apart from the Forestry Commission doing their worst with their gymnosperm plague there's nary tree for miles) in the direction of the Falls of Glomach. Talking of bastards, the creature that was on clinging on my back resembled said description and I would be glad to consume and burn some of the contents ASAP.

Due to the midday start and short day length I had to also take my wee tent for this trip as reaching the mighty Maol Bhuidhe (Yes, synonymous with 'bothy bawbuster', Ed.) by nightfall was simply out of the question. Progress was also slowed by the fresh snow as the path climbed to the Bealach na Sròine, a magnificent, airy expanse of snow and ice where, aside from a few red deer, nothing else moved. The fine weather was a joy, but with the sky beginning to bruise at 15:30 I was forced to camp (*Oh Lordy, Ed.*) atop the Falls of Glomach.

After digging out a space for my wee tent campsite chores became urgent in the gloaming. By the time I'd filled my water bottles and got into my tent for a bowl they already had slushy ice forming in them. My first bowl of the day—*SG Navy Flake*

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"He who marvels at the beauty of the world in summer will find equal cause for wonder and admiration in winter."

- John Burroughs

Extreme Pipe Smoking cont.

was proving to be most useful in thawing out frozen digits. On that note what two tobaccos (*Other than Bothy Flake of course, er, making three baccies, Ed.*) would you take dear reader on an extended hill trip? Letters to the Editor please. This is a considerable challenge, perhaps an even greater challenge than the hike to Maol Bhuidhe itself, and aside from my *Bothy Flake* I opted for *Navy Flake* and a fine aged tin of the now defunct *Dunhill Deluxe Navy Rolls*. Perhaps a contentious choice as many chaps are familiar with the similarities of NF and BF, but I'm an unapologetic

slave to SG flakes.

Descending to Iron Lodge

Twas truly a frigid night that was only kept at bay by my trusty *Feuerhand* hurricane lantern and although remaining sub-zero the morning was a bright affair.

The descent path from atop the falls was a simple enough route but the odd icy stretch meant that some extra care when placing one's boots was required. The descent gives a chap a magnificent view of the precipitous 371ft falls.

By the time I reached Iron Lodge—which marks the Glen Elchaig road end—the sun had made a sustained and welcome appearance for a light luncheon and a bowl.

Maol Buidhe

From Iron Lodge to Maol Bhuidhe it was still about four snowy miles with a relatively stiff climb up to Coire a' Chadha Ruaidh Mór before the terrain levelled off into a magnificent lonely glen frequented by few hill smokers. I do not mind admitting that it was with some relief that I shoved open Maol Bhuidhe's door and quickly organised tea and a bowl of *Bothy Flake*. Was this the first time that our club blend has been puffed in this

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Maol Bhuidhe, a rather splendid and rather remote rudimentary shelter.






Extreme Pipe Smoking cont.

lonely outpost I mused, as I donned my down jacket, as it felt colder inside than out? Only the walls of that lonely place contain such secrets one supposes.

Maol Bhuidhe is, unsurprisingly, a Spartan affair but was in tip-top-baggy shape. Full credit to the enthusiastic MO chappie as this rudimentary shelter is a long stroll from anywhere. My gift to the bothy was a standard issue KPC Survival Kit (NSODK)* version 2.0: tea bags x 2, Mars bar x1, contained in a Bothy Flake tin x 1. This was, of course, supplemented by a few ripped up pages from the Scottish Bothy Bible (purchased from a charity shop so as not to line Greedy's pockets, naturally) as firelighters. According to the bothy book Maol Bhuidhe had not been frequented for a while and consequently my limited fuel supplies did little to expel the dank, cold air but one has to accept that

(Continued on page 5)

Maol Bhuidhe scorecard (out of 5):

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

A long walk for a puff (Of smoke that is, ahem, Ed.): keeping warm for some extreme pipe smoking, Maol Bhuidhe style.



*Non-smoker Outdoor Knobber lightweights version.

***"Winter is nature's way of saying 'Up Yours'.
- Robert Byrne***

Extreme Pipe Smoking cont.

a solo-trip to a far flung rudimentary shelter will inevitably mean a humble and short-lived fire.

To Bendronaig and beyond

It was to be a spectacular winter day with barely a cloud in the sky. Overnight, however, there had been a fresh snowfall laying to about two inches. Finding a spot to dig a hole for a chap's morning glory was challenging and chilly once the bomb doors were opened in the chill air... Some odd people go to the Canaries for their hols at this time of year. Just think what they are missing.

Upon leaving the environs of Maol Bhuidhe the first obstacle is the bog heading down to Loch Cruoshie, that was mitigated somewhat by the icy conditions. The second obstacle is the crossing of the loch's outflow which would be most inconvenient, possibly impossible, in spate conditions. On the day, however, a hop, skip and a jump saw me and my now more manageable rucksack across in a jiffy. The third obstacle was the trackless, snowy wastes on the east flank of Beinn Donaig as I sought out the track to Loch Calavie, which when I literally stumbled onto it was a veritable ice rink. Without a breath of wind Loch Calavie was a mirror glass to the winter wonderland.

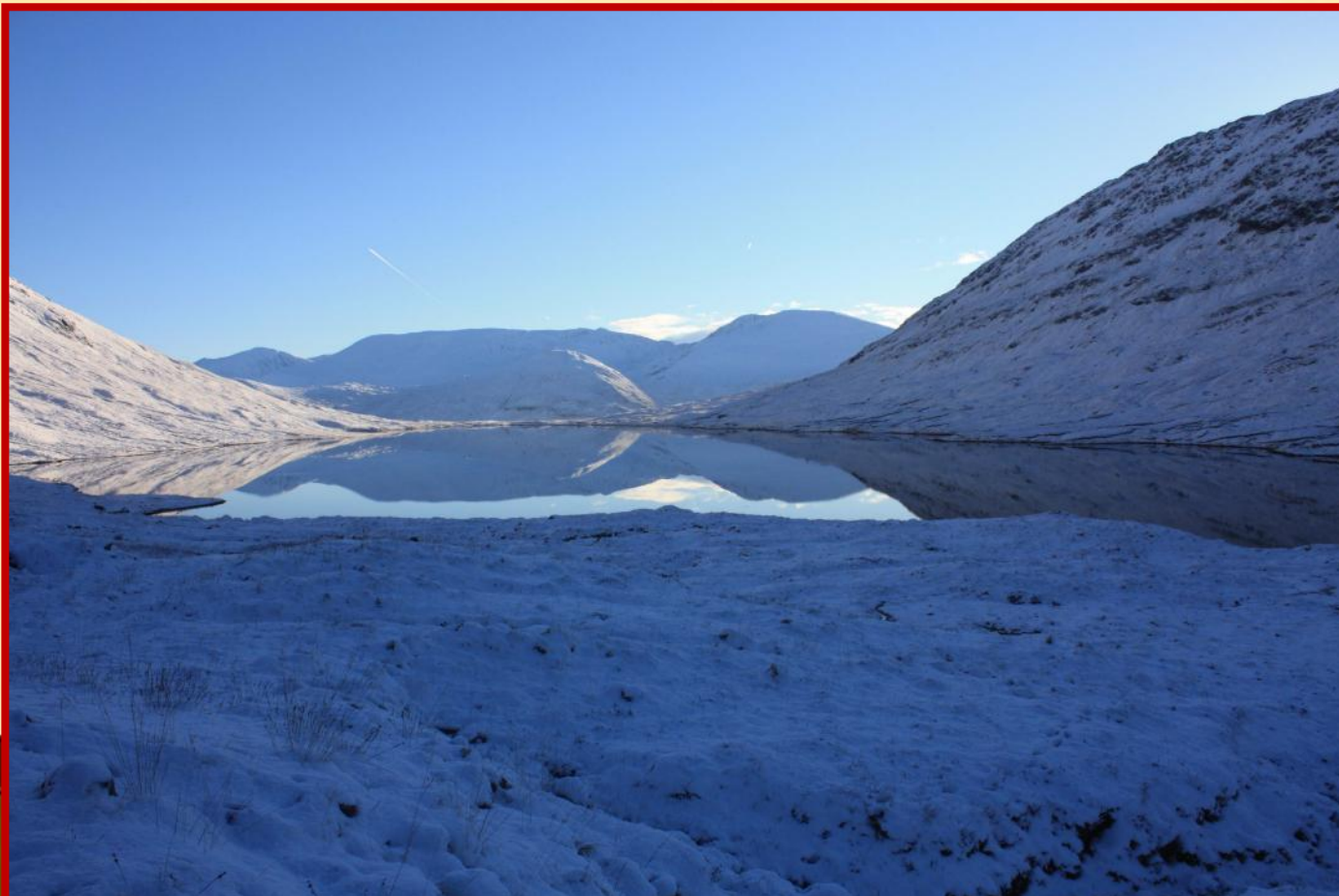
From Loch Calavie to the bothy at Bendronaig Lodge way-faring is straightforward enough but as one approaches

Bendronaig a deep malaise sets in as a once small track in scale and harmony with the landscape turns into a gravel motorway. This blight is due to access roads being bulldozed in from Attadale to service the hydro scheme (aka a cash machine for landowners). It seems nowadays chaps that the plague of hill tracks—for all manner of reasons—in The Highlands is currently an unstoppable force. I humbly suggest that our wild land is paying a heavy price for such 'progress' and that is not to even mention the infernal hill tracks that facilitate ease of access for the death cult of the fun-killers that are so prevalent these days. Just take a wander in the Monadhliath mountains if you really want to see some 5-star hill track devastation in a green desert...

Anyway, I arrived at the well-equipped Bendronaig Lodge (non-MBA, as a sign in the bothy is at pains to pit out) for an agreeable luncheon. Curiously the only internal door remaining in Bendronaig lodge was that of the inside and flush toilet. One presumes that some ODK blackguards had burnt the others at some point. Another odd feature of Bendronaig is that this cavernous place has either a fire or stove in each of the rooms. Although the estate provides a modest supply of firewood outside, a chap would need a tonne of coal to get the place warmed up, so after

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Sublime winter conditions at Loch Calavie enroute to Benronaig and Bearnais.



Extreme Pipe Smoking cont.

Just off the motorway: Bendronaig Lodge and bothy.

my light luncheon I stepped back out onto the motorway heading north towards Bearnais under a sunny sky.

To Bearnais

The ancient track that peters out on the west flank of the mighty Beinn Tharsuinn had also been 'improved' to motorway standard up to and little beyond the hydro scheme dam at Loch an Laoigh. As the motorway ended the track was downgraded to the lesser scar of 'Argocat track'. Once upon a time chaps who ventured out to kill things walked with ponies. Not any more as the scars across our hills bear witness to.

Accessing Bearnais from the east can be tricky as the broad glen is a peat hag boggy morass. In there be monsters, particularly in heavy rain. Vast peaty chasms suddenly appear in a shape-shifting manner to confound a chap's progress. To compound matters the small sanctuary of Bearnais is clearly visible in a so-near-and-yet-so-far manner as one negotiates that tricky, pathless ground.

I had indeed sojourned to Bearnais many moons ago from the west, so I knew that this was a primitive single-roomed dwelling. The main and significant change was the removal of the stove for an open fire. Bad news for a chap with little fuel venturing to such a remote bothy. It was late afternoon as I arrived at Bearnais and aside from some old newspaper and a few twigs my only sources of heat were my Feuerhand lantern, Manaslu 96 stove and of course my pipe. It was shaping up to be an early night.

Bearnais has a rough table a few chairs and a slim sleeping platform. It was deathly cold inside and I mused that it would take a few days and a lot of coal to warm the cold stone structure to an agreeable level. In fact it proved to be an even colder night than basecamp Glomach. No mean feat considering that the sun had

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Bearnais bothy as seen from the east.



Extreme Pipe Smoking cont.

Bearnais and the Bealach Bhearnais.



Bearnais scorecard (out of 5):

Building fabric	=	
Fireplace	=	
Facilities	=	
Cosiness	=	
Pipe Friendliness	=	

shone all day.

An evening with The Beast

There had been a modest dusting of the white stuff overnight and the weather had definitely clagged in. After a simple breakfast washed down with hope-bringing tea and a small bowl I sallied forth into some persistent snow on a freshening breeze that was, fortunately, on my hind quarter.

The route out to the Bealach Bhearnais—a little under 3 miles—is never a pleasing prospect as a reliable path there is not. In a blizzard that prospect deteriorates rapidly to ball ache. The trick, however, is to gain height as quickly as possible and stay high as the ground close to the bealach is a tad tricky requiring interminable gullies to be negotiated.

It was with some relief that I summited the bealach but there was no time to dwell even in the lessening snow flurries. The descent from the bealach is a simple affair, however, as the path is good all the way to another motorway that ascends to Pollan Buidhe and Glenuaig Lodge.

I had not seen a soul in four days and it was early afternoon when I stepped out onto the A890 close to Craig hostel. With a knee that was protesting I opted to hitch the last six miles or so to Inver. Rather unusually for this part of the world a lift was slow in coming. My reward for this, however, was a trip in Land Rover Discovery with a portly tweed-jacketed chap heading for Aultbea. This fine fellow had one of those fishermens' type caps festooned with enamel badges, not all of which I could determine

the origin. It turns out that in his less portly days of yore my saviour was an avid hill-smoker including trips to the alps. When he regaled a tale of 'going over 10,000 metres' in the alps however I began to suspect a charlatan but his Land Rover was warm and my knee was stiff.

I hobbled to Inver (*aka Ice Station Zebra, Ed.*) and awaited the arrival of The Beast. Despite piling the coal on, running the gas stoves I could not nudge the mercury northward. The Beast duly arrived to find me sporting woolly hat and down jacket. Being a top chap tough, he had brought copious food and, more importantly, beer and malt (*Bothy Points awarded, Ed.*). What a splendid fellow and despite Inver doing its worst we proceeded to have a most agreeable evening in front of Inver's infamous sky heater.



"I like these cold grey winter days. Days like these let you savour a bad mood."

- Anon.

OUTDOOR BBER WATCH

Bothy Commercialisation: Rather Miffed ODKs Turn to the Main- stream Media in Attempt to Smear the KPC

Editorial note:

Cripes! Just when the bothy pipe smoking chap could have thought that all that bothy commercialisation fuss may well have blown over the ODKs were at it again. It appears that the withering attack by this periodical (B&B Vol.7 Iss.2 pp.34-43) regarding the heinous commercial tie-up with the dear old MBA and the even dearer Tiso, had got a few ODKs very hot under their fibre-pile snoods (*Whatever they are, Ed.*). It also appears that another letter was written to bothy owners—by persons unknown (*And, once again, no, it was not any of our chaps, Ed.*) - about said Tiso thingy. Nothing like bothy owners finding out about MBA bothy commercialisation skulduggery to spoil the ODKs' day!

Once again, having been caught with their bothy pants down, the ODK bothy commercialisation apologists vented spleen by thumping their keyboards in a forlorn, impotent rage on all manner of fora too tedious to catalogue.

Then, these forlorn fellows tried to open a new front—primarily against this pipe club—in the mainstream media, in the *Daily Telegraph* no less (*Ah yes, 'The Torygraph', the uptight establishment's rag of choice, Ed.*) since we have the audacity to ask the awkward questions and campaign against their relentless attempts to commercialise bothies. You may wonder, dear reader, how that turned out? Well, we are pleased to report that, like an incorrectly loaded blunderbuss it backfired, spectacularly, and the ODK blockheads did not come up smelling of anything remotely like fresh mountain heather on a sunny August morn. No chaps, if one jumps into a barrel of excrement then one often ends up a tad on the whiffy side, and we can gaily report that that is exactly what happened.

Just prior to an article—purporting to be about 'bothy

commercialisation' - a hack named Jamie Merrill from The Torygraph contacted the KPC (see below) asking for our views on the matter. The timing of this contact was interesting as it was a smidgen over 48 hours before the article was actually published (online). Yes chaps, not a long time for the KPC to respond, but luckily our chaps at the KPC Command Centre (KPCCC) on ODK-watch downed their briars to get a response rattled off PDQ. It was pretty obvious, however, that the hack had already written his 'article' and, no doubt, would have enjoyed putting in a comment that the KPC was contacted but 'chose not to comment', or some such bilge. At the very least, despite being knee deep in claret bottles on a busy evening, the KPCCC team swung into action with gusto to smote the hack's ruin before he launched his predictable attack. It was also pretty obvious that Mr Merrill was recruited by a few *very* rattled ODKs in an attempt to smear the KPC. Some social media slob also even accused the KPC of instigating this bilge!

Funnily enough after the KPCCC sent Mr Merrill a detailed response, Mr Merrill was never heard of again. It was also rather telling that the article contained none of our points and was so inaccurate as to be laughable. Best of all though, the MBA were (according to their own meeting minutes) were rather miffed and Command has since learned that a few MBA collars have been felt for an unauthorised sortie in the press. Oops-a daisy! One supposes in an uptight hierarchical organisation such as the MBA, a chap could do well to seeking permission from his superiors before wandering off of the reservation.

Anyway chaps, we have decided to publish Mr Merrill's initial enquiry, our responses and his woeful article in full. Enjoy or simply fulminate!

The Torygraph contacts the KPC...

Message sent on 08/11/2018 at 16:28

From: Jamie Merrill - jamie.merrill@telegraph.co.uk

Dear Pipe Club, I'm a reporter with the Telegraph newspaper. I'm writing about allegations over the commercialisation of bothies in Scotland and elsewhere, by private club, hiking tours and stag dos. I wonder if anybody from the Pipe Club would have a moment to chat to me about the story? I'm going to mention the club briefly and keen to give you a chance to get your view on the issue out there. Many thanks Jamie Merrill, Sunday Telegraph

OUTDOOR BBER WATCH Cont.

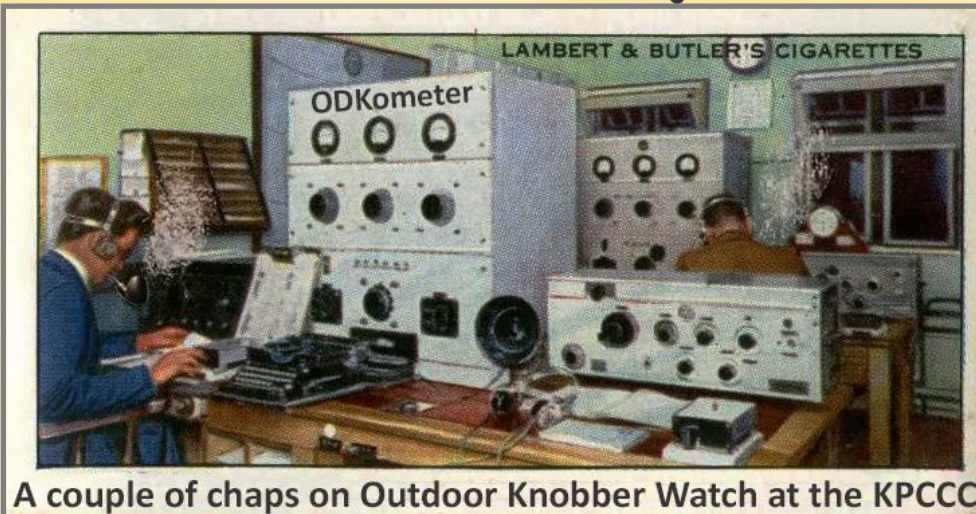


Image courtesy of Mr Choogle™

A couple of chaps on Outdoor Knobber Watch at the KPCCC

...And KPCCC's response.

The Kearvaig Pipe Club <kearvaigpipeclub@btinternet.com>

8 Nov 2018 at 20:23

To:jamie.merrill@telegraph.co.uk

8 Nov 2018 at 20:23

Dear Mr Merrill,

Thank you for contacting the Kearvaig Pipe Club.

I would be happy to discuss the bothy commercialisation issue with you but I do have a couple of questions first:

1. How did you hear about the KPC?
2. How did you hear about this issue?
3. Which other individuals and/or organisations will you be talking to regarding bothy commercialisation?

For your information I am happy to detail why the KPC (and many other folk) are very concerned about the commercialisation of bothies, particularly Mountain Bothy Association (MBA) bothies. The reason I mention 'other folk' is that the KPC is the only semi-organised group who has a public presence for an anti-bothy commercialisation campaign. In other words, there are many other individuals out there who give us information about commercialisation issues; we just put it in the public domain and as a result we have often received considerable (and undeserved) abuse when we have done so.

Bothies - an overview

Bothies are unique social spaces usually in wild areas that are free to use; places where anyone can go for a plethora of reasons. The MBA is a Scottish charity and therefore MBA bothies are charitable assets maintained almost exclusively by volun-

teer labour. The MBA, with one exception (I think), do not own bothies, so they have to deal with a range of people/organisations landowners etc. so that they can undertake their maintenance work i.e. the raison d'etre of the MBA. The MBA published a 'Bothy Code' and in the Bothy Code there is a key section that deals with use by commercial groups thus:

"Respect the restriction on numbers:

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

Bothy Commercialisation - why is it a problem/wrong?

Cultural aspects: Bothies are special places. They are one of the only social spaces left where anyone can go - for free - to do more or less whatever they chose. There has been a decades old unwritten code that bothies are strictly commercial-free zones; a code adhered to under what may be loosely termed 'bothy culture' or 'bothy ethic'. In other words to many 'bothiers' bothies are sacrosanct and woe betide anyone who tries to profit directly from them. Therefore, the KPC position is very simple: we believe that bothies are inviolable social spaces that should not be subsumed by any form of commercialisation, particularly MBA bothies.

Technical aspects: As detailed above there is also the Bothy Code which clearly states that bothies are not to be used by commercial groups e.g. guiding companies, outdoor equipment companies etc.

Over the years the MBA has issued several press releases ex-

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OUTDOOR BBER WATCH Cont.

pressing concern regarding various commercial interests using bothies. The KPC supports this position 100% and in fact we have even voiced our support to the MBA.

Bothy commercialisation - a rough timeline

Things changed dramatically regarding bothy commercialisation in March 2017 when Geoff Allan (an MBA Maintenance Organiser i.e. an MBA official) published 'The Scottish Bothy Bible'. This book was endorsed by the MBA (their logo is in the book) and 10% of the profits go to the MBA. This book was, to put it mildly, controversial. The MBA has a detailed website - describing all of their bothies - but it is a charity run by volunteers. Along comes Geoff Allan who then publishes his book on a commercial basis and the MBA did not only not try and stop or at least distance themselves from Mr Allan's book, they wholeheartedly endorsed it. Many MBA members were VERY unhappy about Mr Allan's book and the MBA's relationship with Mr Allan as was the KPC, as Mr Allan was essentially profiting financially from charitable assets maintained by volunteer labour. To the KPC and many others it simply seemed incredible that on the one hand the MBA has a code that stipulates non-use by commercial groups whilst simultaneously helping one of their own line his pockets by selling a commercial guidebook.

In March 2018 the very same Geoff Allan was going to lead a walk to an MBA bothy as part of the Braemar Mountain Festival. Punters were to be charged £25-00 a head. When the KPC learned of this we wrote to the MBA expressing our concerns that this was a clear breach of the Bothy Code. The Chairman of the MBA tried to fob us off that it was only 'a lunch stop' despite being in clear contravention of the Bothy Code as written. This was when the lid really came off for the anti-bothy commercialisation campaign and there were howls of protest from many sources, the KPC being just one of them. Fortunately Mr Allan's commercial bothy walk never went ahead as it was cancelled due to bad weather but there would indeed have been a protest on the day if it had gone ahead as feelings were running high.

Since then there has been various, sporadic guiding companies advertising MBA bothies for their trips etc., some of which have been challenged by the MBA, but to the KPC's knowledge it all went pretty quiet on the bothy commercialisation front. MBA insiders told the KPC that the MBA 'top brass' was indeed very rattled by the anti-bothy commercialisation campaign (which the KPC was only a part of) and we thought that they had learned a valuable lesson and that was the end of it.

Then, along comes Tiso (an outdoor equipment retailer and

most likely the reason why you have contacted us?) who, with the full agreement of the MBA have started their 'Bothy Stories' campaign. Allegedly, Tiso are 'promoting the Bothy Code' which is of course bullshit - they are simply selling stuff on the back of MBA bothies. In fact we noted a Twitter post (image attached) by Tiso stating that they had been up at Ryvoan for a 'night of gear testing'. This activity clearly breaks the Bothy Code and we (yesterday) raised this with the MBA chairman, but I'm sure you are already aware of this and we have had no reply at the time of writing. In short, the MBA has jumped into bed with a huge commercial organisation who is allegedly promoting the Bothy Code whilst admitting in public to breaking the very same code! As far as we know the MBA gets nothing - not even any financial reward - from Tiso. Therefore, the KPC has re-started it's anti-bothy commercialisation campaign - including a public call to boycott Tiso - as of a few days ago to challenge this totally misguided Bothy Stories nonsense. Hopefully the MBA will come to their senses and sever links with Tiso ASAP. If this happens the KPC will publicly thank the MBA for doing so.

Summary

The KPC is generally very supportive of the MBA (we have even made a financial donation and at least one member has attended an MBA work party) and the good works it does when it sticks to its remit of maintaining simple shelters in wild and lonely places. The KPC has several MBA members in its ranks and we have good relations with other MBA Officials who give us information about bothy commercialisation (in fact that is how we learned about the Tiso nonsense) that we then place in the public domain as they are often afraid to stick their head above the trench themselves.

In a nutshell, bothies are places where commercialisation has no place for reasons detailed above and this Pipe Club will do its utmost to challenge bothy commercialisation, mostly using humour and satire in the public domain to do so.

If that is not enough information for you please read a few back issues of our newsletter 'Briar & Bothies' or failing that you may telephone me on XXXX XXX XXXX. I do not have a smartphone and the KPC has no social media presence.

Yours sincerely,

Sergeant Matron

Head of Communications

The Kearvaig Pipe Club

OUTDOOR **KN** **BBER WATCH** Cont.

And now for Mr Merrill's article in the Daily Telegraph online.

Location of mountain bothies should be kept secret, walkers say amid fears shelters are being ruined by stag parties and adventure tours



New toilet facilities were damaged and piles of rubbish left behind at Corroul bothy in the Cairngorms earlier this year CREDIT: GUY RICHARDSON

Jamie Merrill

10 NOVEMBER 2018 • 6:08PM

A row over the use of remote mountain bothies by stag parties and adventure groups has led to a campaign of poison pen letters and calls from angry hillwalkers to restrict access to the shelters.

Landowners in Scotland have received a series of anonymous letters demanding shelters should no longer be advertised on the Mountain Bothy Association (MBA) website.

The MBA, a Scottish registered charity, maintains around 100 free-to-use bothies across faraway swathes of Scotland, Wales and northern England which remain open to the public for most of the year.

The shelters were originally built as a refuge for gamekeepers and deer stalking parties without basic requirements such as electricity, running water and toilets.

Er yes, from the outset we think that this article is well-wide of the mark. To our knowledge the well known manufacturer of deep fried potato based snacks has never commented on the bothy commercialisation issue let alone called for bothy locations to be kept secret. Of course there is undoubtedly a growing market for high fat and salt snacks in most bothies so perhaps they are missing a trick here?

Ah, straight out of the Real Need—the toilet trader of Corroul—copybook. Must have been either a) The KPC or b) those mythical marauding NEDS as it simply could not have been ODKs. Oh no...

Er, no, Mr Merrill, we think you've got your tired hack's wires crossed hear old chap. It is this Pipe Club's understanding that the 'poison pen letters', as you and Real Need like to refer to them, were concerned with the MBA commercialising bothies. Angry ODKs may well have called to restrict access to rudimentary shelters as we believe that is their desired end game i.e. the pay-as-you-go bothy.

Er, no they weren't. SOME bothies may have been, but most were not. We would also say that electricity is rather a complicated requirement.

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OUTDOOR BBER WATCH Cont.

Commercial use is prohibited but walkers claim bothies have become increasingly occupied and misused by guided tours and adventure seekers on holidays, owing its rising popularity to features in magazines and TV documentaries.

The profile of bothies was further raised last February following the publication of The Scottish Bothy Bible.

The book, written by bothy expert Geoff Allan, details explorers can visit some of the country's most remote shelters, some of which were once known only to seasoned hillwalkers.



Kearvaig bothy near Durness in the northern Highlands has been used by a pipe smoking club as an unofficial headquarters CREDIT: REX/SHUTTERSTOCK

However, as bothies seemingly become in vogue, some MBA members have accused charity leaders of allowing large numbers of people to abuse the shelters, with stag parties cited as an example of their misuse.

In September, a popular bothy in the Cairngorms was allegedly vandalised following by "ignorant yahoos" reports an installed toilet had been damaged and mountains of rubbish were left strewn at the site.

Hillwalkers have also complained some bothy users have exploited a loophole in smoking legislation to set up a pipe smoking club at another shelter in Durness, in the far north of Scotland.

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No shit Sherlock! What you have conveniently overlooked here you blithering idiot is that The Bible IS the bloody commercial problem, as we pointed out to you prior to your fait accompli being published. Funny that, what?

Aside from this sentence not making sense, "...bothy expert Geoff Allan" is a rather cuddly, grandiose and highly inaccurate term don't you think? How about: a profiteering leech that sucks the blood out of charitable assets maintained by volunteers?

Balderdash! It is the OFFICIAL HQ of the KPC., you nincompoop. Crikey, what a tired old hack you are sir. That is rather like saying that the Vatican is the unofficial HQ of the Catholic Church. A woeful attempt at a smear though old bean. Streuth...

Eh?

This is nonsense sir! The well known, if second rate, Internet Service Provider has never sent representatives to Corrou or any other bothy for that matter. It is entirely possible that toilet trade has indeed been brisk, even vigorous at Corrou but "mountains of rubbish" seems like an exaggeration to us old sport.

OUTDOOR KN[🔍]BBER WATCH Cont.

Letters, said to be addressed from "grassroots" supporters, have now demanded an end to the "commercialisation" of the huts with posters depicting the so-called 'bothy bible' as toilet roll left in some of them.

However, senior figures within the MBA have hit back at the unknown authors, with one trustee dismissing the critics as "poisonous liars".

Another MBA member, Kevin Campbell, added that those making complaints "don't have the balls to attend" group meetings and were putting "bothies at risk" as a result of their actions.

Trustee Neil Reid said: "These aren't freedom fighters: they're poisonous liars who, if they can't get their way (which is secret bothies known only to them and their drinking buddies) are quite prepared to destroy the bothy system which we are all so proud of".

(Continued on page 14)

Aha, here we go: the very nub of the smear campaign (not a smear associated with the Corroul WC we hasten to add, ahem...) against the KPC. Yes chaps the attempt to link our honourable poster with the 'bothy letters'.



Cripes! This is vintage bile from the bilemeisters-in-chief. Yes chaps what a duplicitous double Cairngorm cream act ol' Real Need and Binky make. This really takes the biscuit...

Firstly, let us look at "poisonous liars" assertion: Liars about what exactly? We note that "senior figures within the MBA" are not named. Funny that.

So Binky, old fabric stretcher chappie, how, precisely, are "those making complaints" "putting bothies at risk as a result of their actions"? This is simply amazing stuff. So, to follow the 'logic' here: Bothies are being put at risk by those, er, raising issues (with evidence such as that provided by this Pipe Club on numerous occasions) about those that are commercialising bothies and not those that are actually commercialising bothies? Other than doublethink that Orwell would have been proud of, this appears to be nothing more than blaming the whistle-blower (Yes, remember it was all Edward Snowden's fault that the US National Security Agency and GCHQ were hoovering up all that data illegally., Ed.). We think that Binky—now aided by a jaded hack—should stick to his area of expertise: namely stretching super resilient outdoor fabrics rather than the truth. Besides, we think you'll agree that TRUTHTEX™ simply does not have the same ring as BINKYTEX™.

Then up steps the crusty Trustee with his trademark gibberish, albeit with exquisite punctuation of course. To our knowledge nobody in the anti-bothy commercialisation campaign has ever seriously claimed to be a "freedom fighter". Quite how getting "their way (which is secret bothies known only to them and their drinking buddies)" threatens to "destroy the bothy system which we are all so proud of" remains somewhat of a mystery. That's because it is claptrap from the Cairngorm Trap of Clap himself (Yes, it must be so hard always playing second fiddle to the likes of McPish when you want to be THE Outdoor Celebrity of The Cairngorms, Ed.). This is a particularly odd observation from Mr Need as we have uncovered the fact that he likes a wee boast about his drinking habits—see below. A candidate

for 'double standards watch' perchance?



Real Need @Cairngorm22 · Mar 27

You've obviously never finished the night halfway through the second bottle when your drinking companion decides "that wee drop isn't worth saving" and shares it out between the two mugs. Time was, but old age means I'm more willing to abandon whisky for the sake of my liver. 😊

1 5

OUTDOOR KNOBBER WATCH Cont.

The issue came to a head at the MBA's AGM last month, when a motion was tabled to ban the charity from working with any groups that advertise bothies was narrowly defeated.



Wamscale bothy above Buttermere is often used as a retreat by climbers during bad weather
CREDIT: JOE DANIEL PRICE/MOMENT RF

A spokesman for the MBA said there was no evidence the letters were sent by anyone belonging to its membership and denied the body was supporting the use of bothies for commercial use.

He said: "We are a volunteer body and when we hear reports of bothies being used for commercial uses we take action."

He said the issue is that there are "some people out there who want the location of the bothies kept secret as it was in the old days".

"There are hot spots of course in the Cairngorms and elsewhere, but many bothies are in very remote country and most visitors, who will have to hike some way to get to them, will find they are the only visitor for weeks," he added.

The MBA said it encouraged all bothy users to "act responsibly and follow the bothy code" which urges walkers to leave bothies clean and tidy, respect other visitors, report any damage, bury human waste out of sight away from the bothy and water sources, never to cut live wood, limit the length of stays to a few days and to avoid staying in large groups.



Yes, narrowly being the operative word despite the motion having no advance publicity. (And before the ODKs deny this we've spoken to our MBA chaps and they confirmed this. Ed.)

There is no evidence that they are not too. How about the MBA allowing Greedy Chappie to line his pockets? What about the cosy tie up with multi-million pound outdoor emporium Tiso for their 'Bothy Stories' campaign (AKA pimping bothies out campaign) then?

Utter TOSH! This Pipe Club has brought to attention the Tiso tie-up with MBA Chairman Simon 'Bollocks to the Bothy Code' Birch and he was rather unwilling to address any of our concerns. Funny that.

Editorial note:

Blimey, where to start? It looks like the MBA top brass were really rather rattled once again by their own stupidity. What on earth were they thinking when they jumped into their four season sleeping bag with Tiso's? Did they think that the bothying chap would just roll over and die? With a couple of their stooges going a tad off message to the Torygraph and ending up with major egg (*Good Bothy Name, Ed.*) on their twisted faces—as confirmed in MBA meeting minutes with this article being described as 'negative publicity' - it seems that the tactic of going to the press in an attempt to smear the KPC was as about as effective as the Charge of the Light Brigade was to winning the Crimean War. Perhaps the MBA Trustees and their bothy commercialisation apologists will now realise that we, and many others, will *never* be silenced when it comes to this issue. It should also be noted that in a exquisite ironic twist, the KPC even achieved a plethora of messages of support and requests for information after this despicable opinion piece. FIX BAYONETS! CHARGE!

OUTDOOR KN[🔍]BBER WATCH 2

Editorial note: Since that lovely caring bunch at Tiso's, whom obviously have such an interest in looking after charitable assets maintained by volunteers (*And of course not cashing in on the back of bothies, Ed.*) we thought it only appropriate that the KPC should send them a story as part of their totally non-commercial 'Bothy Stories' campaign. For some reason best known to Tiso, we never got an acknowledgement and our story was not published. To help dear old Tiso's along we have decided to publish our story for them.

Share Your Story...

31/12/18



Kearvaig - Sergeant Matron

Thanks your story has been received!

Thanks for #bothystories submission, all entries will be reviewed prior to being published to our story wall. Thanks again and we look forward to reading and sharing your story!

Share Your Story...



Kearvaig - Sergeant Matron



Name

Sergeant Matron

Email

kearvaigpipeclub@btinternet.com

Bothy Location

Kearvaig

Tell us your story...

Once upon a time there once was a bothy maintenance charity and their sleeping bag feathers were all tattered and torn. They took refuge in a bothy and there was a really nasty, big bad bothy commercialising wolf called Tiso outside that huffed and puffed and blew the bothy ethos away by duping the bothy maintenance charity with their bothy commercialising wolfshite. Then the bothy maintenance charity spotted what big bad Tiso was doing but it was too late and the bothy was gone forever. THE END.

SERGEANT
MATRON'S

KPC COMMANDOS

THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS PRODUCED BY THE MAKERS OF CLARKS COMMANDOS SHOES



The KPC Commandos have learned that the first tranche of dosh from the sales of Greedy Chappie's bothy cash-in book has been handed over to the MBA. The Commandos were on the trail of the loot to save the day...

Oi, Greedy! How much is there?

Fuckin' loads I'm minted!

Christ chaps, just look at those greedy twats!

It was s'posed to be 10% to the MBA you greedy cunt!

That's 5 large!

What are we gonna do Sarge?

Fuck off Birch. Wanker!

GRRRR! Look it's the KPC

They've seen the fuckin' cash!

Quick, get 'em before they tell the Bothy Police!

Come ear you pesky KPC Commando fuckers

(Get lost!)

Quick Greedy I can hear sirens. Get the Swag and scarper!

Fuck' sake Birch you'll get yer 10%

Listen to those MBA cunts arguing among themselves

Shut it Greedy and scam

Then the Bothy Police arrive...

BOLLOCKS!

Shit! It's the Bothy Police

We're done for!

If it wasn't for the KPC Commandos we'd never'd got 'em

No worries Copper. We only wish the MBA would police themselves

Aye, lad they fucked it when they put Greedy on the payroll

Here comes Tealight

Chaps! Did they get the greedy cunts?

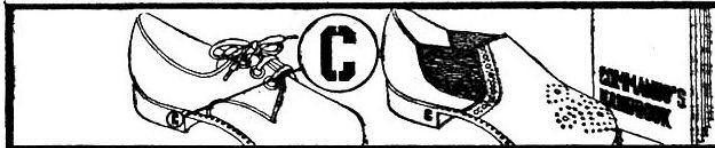
Yeah, they'll be going away for a long stretch

Here's the Commandos Sir

Cheers copper but all we did was tell you where the cash was...

Well done lads! That's more bothy commercialising scum out of our bothies!

LOOK OUT FOR MORE ADVENTURES SOON



Get a Commando's handbook and Commando's badge transfers, free with every pair of Clarks Commandos. Learn map-reading the Commandos way, their secret sign language, their survival techniques. Commandos are action shoes for tough assignments. Get them at Clarks shops, sizes 9 to 3. Look for the secret symbol on the heel.

Pipe Babe of the Month

KPC bouncer-in-chief Tealight pounced upon this hapless—and nameless—pipe babe whilst enjoying an evening up at Hope Ah Phaw Over bothy. His partner in crime was none other that Kenny 'The Buckyneer' Young. The poor, hapless wench was just on a saunter along the Southern Upland Way when these two layabouts turned up and plied her with baccy and Bucky. There should be a law against such things. However our brave babe had the last laugh when she drank the scoundrels under the bothy table! And got an early start heading to the hills with their Bothy Flake! Now that's a classy Pipe Babe.



Advertisement:



A pipe does something for a man...

St. Bruno gives a man that certain something... character... coolness... something that's so noticeable to others. St. Bruno Flake - extra slow burning with a rich, satisfying flavour. St. Bruno Rough Cut - ready rubbed for the pipe and just a touch milder.

OGDEN'S Britain's largest producers of pipe tobaccos.

ST. BRUNO
does something more!



Vape Babe of the Month

What the blazes! Or should that be what the un-blazes? Stunning former Pipe Babe Marielle—which regular readers will be very familiar with—whom has brought a touch of class to the pages of our humble periodical over the years, has abandoned her briar. Yes chaps, read and weep: ABANDONED HER BRIAR... This devastating news was broken by the former Pipe Babe herself to a bereft Matron at this year's PRF meeting at Wuustwezel. However, being the uber stylish smoking temptress that she is, Marielle has adopted a gargantuan vaping machine that any Steampunkress would be proud of, even it does resemble some customised battery powered gadget more commonly found in less reputable magazines than this periodical, ahem. The mind boggles...



TOBACCO OF THE MONTH

Samuel Gawith's/PRF Flatlander Flake

From the manufacturer:

There was no official blurb about this blend as this tobacco was a one-off produced for the Dutch & Belgian Pipe Rokers Forum (PRF) back in 2016 and was the brainchild of KPC member Baldrick aka the (legendary) Dutch Pipe Smoker. Bob 'The Blender' Gregory—who needs no introduction - allegedly knocked-up this mix in his lunch hour as Baldrick's formula was so exacting. In the event it actually took two goes before Flatlander Flake was finally born. The wonderful tin art was entirely the work of Baldrick—inspired by the countryside where he lives—as he is almost as geeked out with computers as he is fine pipe tobacco. Yes, he might not be too accomplished at digging a hole to defecate in—thus precluding his attendance at the AGM—but he has forgotten more about pipe tobacco that most KPC layabouts would ever want to know. The task of this review was handed to The Merchant (Our resident merchant banker, Ed.) since he recently returned rather hurriedly to the UK after doing a 'Nick Leeson' in some far eastern former colony or other. He might be a tad iffy at banking, but by Jove he's a tip-top-baggy baccy reviewer, and he did it for free. Read on!

Review by The Merchant (Feb 2019)

Many moons ago I was kindly sent a tin of SG Flatlander Flake from our very own esteemed Matron. Having never heard of the blend it was all the more intriguing! The blend made by our very own Samuel Gawith for the Dutch Pipe Smoking Club....only a few hundred tins made I believe. So, the tin sat in my cellar for a couple of years and to be frank as I was away from the UK most of the year it got lost in the "pack" hidden deep in the cellar. After a gentle reminder from Matron the tin was recently cracked...

Once cracked the flake's aroma awakened....this tin I think is now 2 years or more Old. The smell of grassy Virginia and more freshly baked bread, with some spice note from the Perique....the dash of Latakia could easily be missed, but as the flakes opened up in the fresh air, you could sense the light smokiness.

I decided to use my Old Ashley's Meer (*Splendid move, Ed.*) to try it out. A lovely pipe and one I only purchased recently (unsmoked and clearly loved by someone who preferred to look at it rather than smoke it!)

So the flakes on the dry side for Gawiths, but just right, broke up with ease and filled the pipe with no trouble.

The flavour well....shall I say a bit of a weird one...the Virginias still relatively light and grassy, but the slight age had made it probably a little richer than when it was first tinned. The Perique there, but as a slight peppery aftertaste and not forward, the sweet Virginia being more prevalent. As you got more into the bowl, the smoky Latakia, was more present and gave the smoke a similar feel to Presbyterian Mix, light smokiness and not overwhelming. It held the flavour until the end and the mouth feel from the Perique a pleasant tingly one. It was a light smoke, but it had subtle flavours that needed to be found, rather than jumping out at you.

So final thoughts. Well I thought it was an interesting blend that you have to tease out the flavours. You have to concentrate on the pipe and not get it too hot, (I think without care this would smoke hot). It's a blend to sit in a chair and chill with, not a blend to smoke when you may be distracted or I think you will miss out of some of the "hidden" nuances of it. I enjoyed it. Great with a cup of thick black coffee. Best smoked I suggest on an evening when you can take your time and puff along slowly. I'd love another tin, but I think that's unlikely as I no longer believe it's made. But I'm Glad to have had the opportunity and thank Matron for his generosity!

Strength: 

Flavour: 

Room note: 



Chaps' Corner

I Say, What? First Down and, Er, *11*, KPC, Splendid!

The Lingerie Football League: Our chaps bring you an in-depth study into a game for the ladies that's actually worth watching.

Read on!



Some typical smokin' action from the ladies of the Lingerie Football League.

Once in a while, a chap, harmlessly prowling the darker backstreets of t'interweb for some bou-doir attire for his mistress may actually uncover something that is outside of the zone of his own distinct and personal desires, which could prove of keen interest to any dashing young blades, some of whom read this periodical. And so it came to pass when our very own Matron doing some vital research (*So he says, Ed.*) on the 'Historical significance of the gymslip on the prolongation of puberty in the pipe smoker' (*Can't wait to read that learned article., Ed.*) when he, quite by accident, stumbled on a relatively new ladies sporting pastime, namely the 'Lingerie Football League' or LFL. Predictably, the LFL was started in the former colony of the USA but has since spread like a lacy virus to, primarily, other former colonies. At this point the reader may proffer: 'What on earth has this to do with the noble art of pipe smoking?'. We put this to Matron and he rather gruffly replied: 'Nothing at all. But if our readership does not want to learn of a high impact sport played by ladies wearing fine sportswear then they should perhaps stick to reading the FT for their stimulation.' Ouch! Thus chaps, the Editorial team decided to investigate.

The Lingerie Football League—a potted history

The LFL—essentially 7-a-side American football game for the ladies—was started in the US in 2009. Rather oddly the LFL was re-branded as the 'Legends Football League' in 2013 which is both sad and rather odd, as it really is hard to see what mythical stories has to do with athletic ladies running about into one another in their smalls. There is a faint but discernible whiff of PC about this name change. We are pleased to report however, that the ladies and their athletic prowess seem to have changed little since 2013. It goes without saying that

(Continued on page 21)



Chaps' Corner cont.

American football (AKA *rugger for mincers, Ed.*) for men remains anathema for the chap and there will be no further debate on the matter.

Why the LFL?

Of course all ladies sport, with the possible exception of beach volleyball, is simply not worth watching for most chaps, (*Oh Lordy. Letters to the Editor please! Ed.*) so it was very refreshing to learn of a vigorous sport for the fairer sex that would most likely appeal to the chap with a keen eye for sublime athleticism and concomitant fashion.

Of course it may not immediately obvious why scantily-clad ladies chasing an odd shaped ball running about in their undies would be of interest to the chap. Therefore we decided to send a crack team of KPC chaps/bounders/cads for a difficult assignment to the US to try and get behind the scenes of this relatively young sport and perhaps have an enjoyable soiree along the way.

The KPC investigates

After deciding that the rules of 'American football' were simply irrelevant to their study, the first thing our chaps noticed was the rather fetching names of some of the LFL teams: '*Chicago Bliss*', '*Dallas Desire*', '*Los Angeles Temp-*

tation', '*San Diego Seduction*' and '*Seattle Mist*'. With team names like these, the chaps concluded with Holmes-like detective skills that the fan base had little time for the rules of the game anyway. An added bonus here was the fact that our intrepid investigators (*Perhaps that could be their LFL handle? Ed.*) did not have to discuss such things as the irritatingly pronounced *DE-fence* or *OFF-ence* so beloved by our American cousins. For similar reasons this pipe club is at the forefront of the campaign to ban aluminium (*i.e. NOT alu-min-um, Ed.*) cans, in fact perhaps that should be extended to the renaming or removal of the element itself from the Periodic Table, ahem.

So chaps, to conclude, the LFL is stuffed full of easy-on-the-eye, fine athletic fillies clad in lingerie chasing some bloody ball or other. What's not to like?

The all-important and delicate depilation question

We think that by now dear reader you will realise that our investigative team had a tough assignment, and consequently some tough questions had to be asked of the belles of the LFL. Top of the tough question list was the delicate area of feminine depilation. Now chaps, it was

(Continued on page 22)

We think that chaps will agree that it's vital that the ladies warm up the lingerie properly before a game of lingerie football. Funnily enough we also think readers will agree that watching the warm up is almost as good as the game itself. In fact, for the chap on a tight budget our investigative chaps found that warm-up tickets are available. Splendid, what?



Chaps' Corner Cont.

immediately obvious at first glance that the LFL ladies sported flowing locks, despite having to don protective headgear. In fact flowing locks appeared to be in vogue. However, since this sport relies heavily on the deployment of fine lingerie, our team thought essential and entirely appropriate that enquiries into the ladies' anti-spider's leg coping strategy for said lingerie. Rather refreshingly the ladies were very open and frank regarding any unsightly intimate arachnid invasions. Our team concluded that the LFL is largely populated by ladies with a penchant for a *Brazilian* or, less common it seems, a *very* tight landing strip. Offers of help with the ladies' badger & blade requirements from our team of eager beavers, er, so to speak, (*Oh god! Ed.*) oddly enough, met with a slightly less than enthusiastic response. Of course our chaps put on a brave face and put it down to the fact that the LFL ladies simply used depilating potions as opposed to fine Sheffield blades and saponified products delivered to the intimate regions on the fur of subterranean mustelids (*That's no way to describe our hard working investigative chaps, Ed.*) that are, sadly, currently undergoing needless slaughter in Blighty. Is it any wonder that a chap's shaving budget has sky-rocketed of late?

Pipe smokers in the LFL!

In addition to badger & blade usage it came as a bit of a shock to our chaps when they discovered that the ladies of the LFL are *not* overly fond of the briar. Whilst that may be sensible when running about chasing a ball in one's panties, it did seem rather odd that the briar was not part of the ladies' locker room (*That's dressing room in English, Ed.*) culture. After prolonged sorties into said dressing rooms however, (*Some chaps get all the tough jobs, Ed.*) a magnificent LFL Pipe Babe—the rarest of beauties—was indeed uncovered (see upper right).

Conclusions

We think, chaps, that our tireless efforts in the stadia and dressing rooms, our crack team uncovered the principal attractions of lingerie football. Of course athletic prowess is vital, but it is comforting to see sport where such prowess is matched by other factors making it an all the more chap-friendly sport. Bloody marvellous what?!

As a grand finale, see page 23 for a fantastic conclusion to our chaps' sterling efforts in bringing you this in-depth and insightful article into the world of lingerie-based field sports. ✓

Scorching! Our chaps get a toe-in in the mystical world of the elusive LFL Pipe Babe. We think you'll agree that the opportunity of a touchdown with this heavenly babe would be relished by any chap worth his baccy!



A spectator sport for sure!

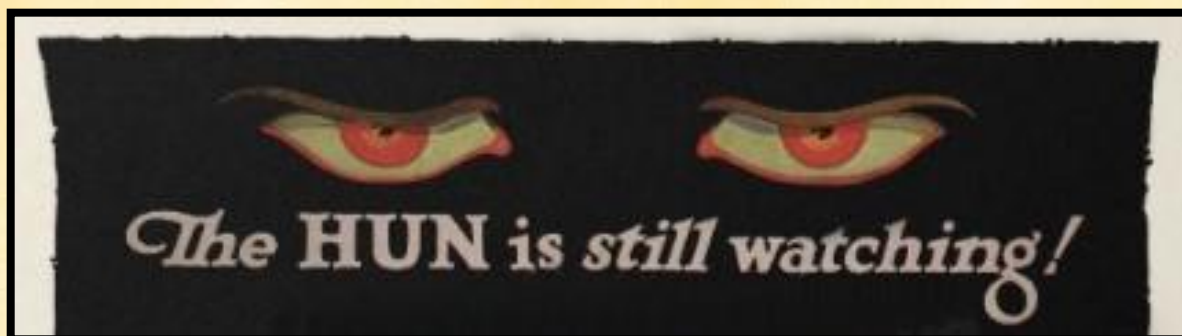


Chaps' Corner Cont.

Don't knock 'em! Our chaps (clockwise from the top left) Tea-light, Matron and Robdalf in a fine example of a small unit, deep penetration mission behind the bikini lines with the ladies of the LFL. We think you'll agree that their hard work has extended your knowledge of lingerie-based field sports and possibly even brightened your day, huzzah!



A Veggie, A Weegie and a Kraut Three men in Belgium (Not to mention the ubiquitous badger) – Part I The PRF-meeting in Wuustwezel March, 16th – 19th 2018 by Count Blofeld von Bamberg



Apologies!

Aye, I know I can be a lazy bastard from time to time though my last name is not Snow, Stone, Flowers or some such. But this, especially the latter, was not the reason for the article being written and published over 12 months after the event took place, but some terrible times with shiteloads of work (*Excuses are like arseholes: everybody's got one! Ed.*). So I deeply apologize to all our fellow PRF-members as well as to our KPC chaps.

Friday, March 16th 2018

As usual we agreed on meeting in the afternoon of Friday at the 'Bier Central' in Antwerp. The 'we', in comparison to the former years, only differed, since our devout member Tealicht decided to leave his home in Dumfries and Galloway to come with Sergeant Matron and me to follow the cordial invitation of the PRF (Pijprokersforum) to attend their biggest meeting in Wuustwezel, now for the fourth time (bothy points awarded for this, being a KPC-member or not, especially Paasei and Mevrouw Paasei). It was Tealight who regarded himself to be in charge of choosing the means of transporta-

tion since he saw himself unable to travel the way our railway-loving Sergeant does (usually 15 hours solemnly by train this is; 1st class of course since standards have to be maintained). So Tealicht chose a more modern way of travelling: The Aeroplane. Yes, you are reading correctly: An Aeroplane. One belonging to a *cheap (And nasty, Ed.)* airline as well, so they had to travel only with hand-luggage (*Most un-chap, Ed.*). In anticipation of course I brought everything that is *de rigeur* for a pipe-smoking chap to be equipped with, except the briars (*Good chap and Bothy Points awarded, Ed.*). This is mentioned, because I knew you could not bring these essential accessories for a pipe-smoker along in your hand-luggage (they once checked my hand-luggage on my trip to Scotland

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PRF Wuustwezel Meeting, March 2018 Cont.

because of the pipe-cleaners. One person before brought incense-sticks in his or her hold-luggage and the pipe-cleaners looked like incense-sticks on the scanner. What on god's or someone else's green earth do you need incense-sticks for in your hold-luggage? Especially when you are not allowed to bring a lighter with you?). I brought some Whisky as well, since I was not sure if the local spirits such as Genever would work well with a Scottish palate. (*Definitely not. Genever is Gaelic for 'lighter fluid', Ed.*)

Luckily, temperatures were alright (when you are used to a bothy without a telly) and nearly all Antwerp bars with outside seating offer heaters but not tellies. So after my arrival I was able get hold of a seating place outside so we could smoke our pipes and have some pints. Some Dutch ladies joined me while waiting and we had a nice talk (*What a top scoundrel, Pipe Babe points awarded, Ed.*). They told me they were doing a shopping-trip and that they have been coming to Antwerp on one weekend in March for over twenty years. I complimented them on such a long friendship. After having asked them for how long they have been being friends, I was informed that they were mother and daughter. What a blunder on my side! But luckily they did not take it too seriously and we drank to this faux pas anyway.

It was great that the Scottish chaps arrived in time. In fact they have been sitting inside for about 15 minutes and did not see me when they arrived (*Yes, due to being surrounded by leggy Dutch nymphs, Ed.*). Within a second Tealight and the Sergeant presented to me a 1 liter bottle of Strathisla 12 year old (many Bothy Points awarded) and I poured them a stiff dram of Talisker 10 year old in honour of meeting again. I handed the over their 'Welcome-to-the-continent-bags' we ordered some pints and fired up the briars. It got remarkably colder (well it was not warm at all in the first place) and so we decided to have one last pint at the seedy bar the Sergeant and I discovered in 2015 because it has, tadaa!, a smoking-room. After a couple of pints we took the bus to Hotel Dennenhof. Having finally arrived we toasted with another dram of Talisker. Presently we took the taxi to 'the centre' of Brasschaat to have a meal at the 'Red Lion' and a smoke afterwards in their lovely smoker's-room. Our jaws dropped when the taxi arrived because it was wigdoored Tesla driven by a chap who looked like a Miami Vice extra. And I guess none of us ever sat or will ever sit again in a Tesla, apart from taking a taxi in Brasschaat.

The meal was great and afterwards we retreated into the smokers' lounge. It was a great evening with some bowls,

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The KPC 'beards' (and Matron), Wuustwezel 2018



PRF Wuustwezel Meeting, March 2018 Cont.

some pints and even some drams. Well past the witching-hour we took the taxi (not a Tesla) back to the hotel and called it a night.

Saturday, March 17th 2018

We met at 9.00 I guess. After a hearty breakfast Tealicht joined us for his late breakfast (*The result of being 'tired and emotional' no doubt from the night before, Ed.*). To bump-start the day we had a couple of breakfast beers outside the hotel and 'Henri' and 'Jekke' arrived to take us to the preliminary meet at the Frituur. This time we wisely opted for the small boxes of chips. Then we were off to the meeting at the 'Bellekeshoeve'. On arrival the room was nearly as cramped as years past and steaming hot as 'Paasei' had already fired up the Belgian bothy-telly. So many people to meet, so many people to talk to. Marielle, Jekke, Sidekickelvis, Eliminator, Massis, Deadlock, Wowbagger, Robdalf, The Undertaker, Cipke, Tobias Tobit, Asmodeus, Geoff, Martin Romijn, Upper Ten, None Nicer, Meester W and his beloved wife only to mention a few. Upper Ten even gifted us bags with his own mixture 'Upper Ten Mixture' for free.

Wowbagger presented me a gift-box containing a tin of Rattray's Black Virginia (from 1998) along with a 1,0 litre bottle of 'Zuidam Oude Genever 5 Jaar Vat gelagerd'. Thanks a lot, mate! Tealicht bought a full briar-pipe (even with briar mouth-piece). Sergeant Matron brought his usual haul of GH& Co. 'Balkan Flake' for Arno and was handed a box of Semois cigars. I was informed that Marielle will run out of 'hibiscus-tea-bags' in the near future so replenishment was needed to be organized.

Some PRF-members not only brought tobacco but a guitar for Tealicht as well as some special greenish herbal leaf from the Netherlands. Tobias Tobit instantly offered 'development aid' for Tealicht by showing how it is consumed the Dutch way by rolling a so called 'tulip'. Of course a chap has to stick to national traditions... Monique's friend Alberto—who is a professional opera singer—presented Italian arias to us in a very impressive way. After that it was Tealicht's turn for some musical accompaniment after being harangued by Robdalf. He presented his newest smash hits 'Mistaken' and 'Sango' and of course his classic 'Bothy Life'. The latter tune perhaps even twice, although during the second recital the

(Continued on page 27)

If one overlooks the need for an urgent trip to the barber's this fellow is obviously a sterling chap of standing. It may also be unconventional but it is handy to have some loo roll in one's breast pocket in case of any mishaps at crucial pipe club meetings.



PRF Wuustwezel Meeting, March 2018 Cont.

What the blazes! Robdalf downs the churchwarden for a floral tribute. He even managed to get a gullible Matron (below) to have a bash at flower arranging...

lyrics may have undergone some slight tweaks that might be traced to 'tulips from Amsterdam'. After the delicious sausage rolls it was time to discuss and schedule the AGM for 2018. Why so? Because the 'Fuming Four' could not get enough of Scotland and wanted to go for 'the full Monty' and attend the AGM in autumn 2018. Please see the glorious outcome for yourself in B&B Vol. 7 issue 2.

After having sorted everything out some comrades felt the effects of those flowers from Old Amsterdam and since it was quite some time after 8 p.m. we decided to call it a (fabulous) day. In the course of saying farewell Sidekickelvis handed me a Savinelli 320 KS estate pipe (*Good chap that Elvis chappie, Ed.*) with the words 'Take it. It is for you'. Thanks a lot it has been a beautiful smoke since that day.

It was to be early to bed.

Sunday, March 18th 2018

Sergeant Matron and I met at round about 9 o'clock for breakfast feeling fantastically refreshed after a good night's sleep. As usual we decided to go to Antwerp by bus to see what's what. After 11 o'clock Tealicht showed up. After having been 'good morning'd' by us, we asked how he felt. 'Rough. Rough as a badger's arse.' was the unsurprising and descriptive answer. His breakfast was

(Continued on page 28)

Surely nothing could be as flat as that cap? Think again dear reader...



PRF Wuustwezel Meeting, March 2018 Cont.

How's that for a poke(r) in the eye!

not more than an attempt to break his fast and so we decided to have a pint of Guinness in Antwerp because Tealicht wanted to see the Celtic association football match. We decided to go for 'Kelly's Pub' since we did not know better. Aye, thanks for nothing, good people: 20-bloody-quid for three pints, shately poured to boot (*The Blackguards not guarding the black, Ed.*) and the game was not even on.



Since the sun even came out a wee bit, we quickly decided to have a stroll to the cathedral. Finally we settled down at 'Café In de Stoop' for a couple of pints and bowls followed by a couple of pints at another venue called 't'Huilstkamp'. We took the bus back to Brasschaat for a fine supper at 'De Roode Leeuw'. We all agreed on an early retreat this evening (*Lightweights, Ed.*). Just a pint or three and maybe a wee dram at the Red Lion's lovely smoker's lounge. Guess how it ended, dear reader? Yes, with a party at our hotel-rooms way past the witching-hour. No tellies were thrown out of any windows, I solemnly swear.

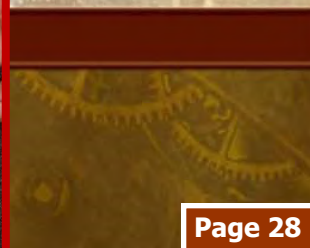
Some serious beardy-business for the waistcoat twins.

It was a fine end to a fine day of smoking pipes and talking shite!



Thank you PRF people for a fantastic weekend. We will be richt back! (*Only if those PRF chaps have you back, Ed.*)

Quite simply: Chums.



BREXIT UPDATE

PIPE CLUB RE-KINDLES SOME OF THAT OLD 'DOVER SPIRIT':

BLACK-OUT 9.37 p.m. to 4.19 a.m.
 Sun rises 4.49 a.m.
 sets 9.7 p.m.
 Moon rises 3.37 a.m.
 sets 6.20 p.m.

DAILY SKETCH, MONDAY, JUNE 3, 1940.

BOMBS ON KEARVAIG:

PAGE THREE

BOURNVILLE
COCOA
 FOOD AT PRE WAR PRICE
Still 6d PER 1/4 LB

Daily Sketch

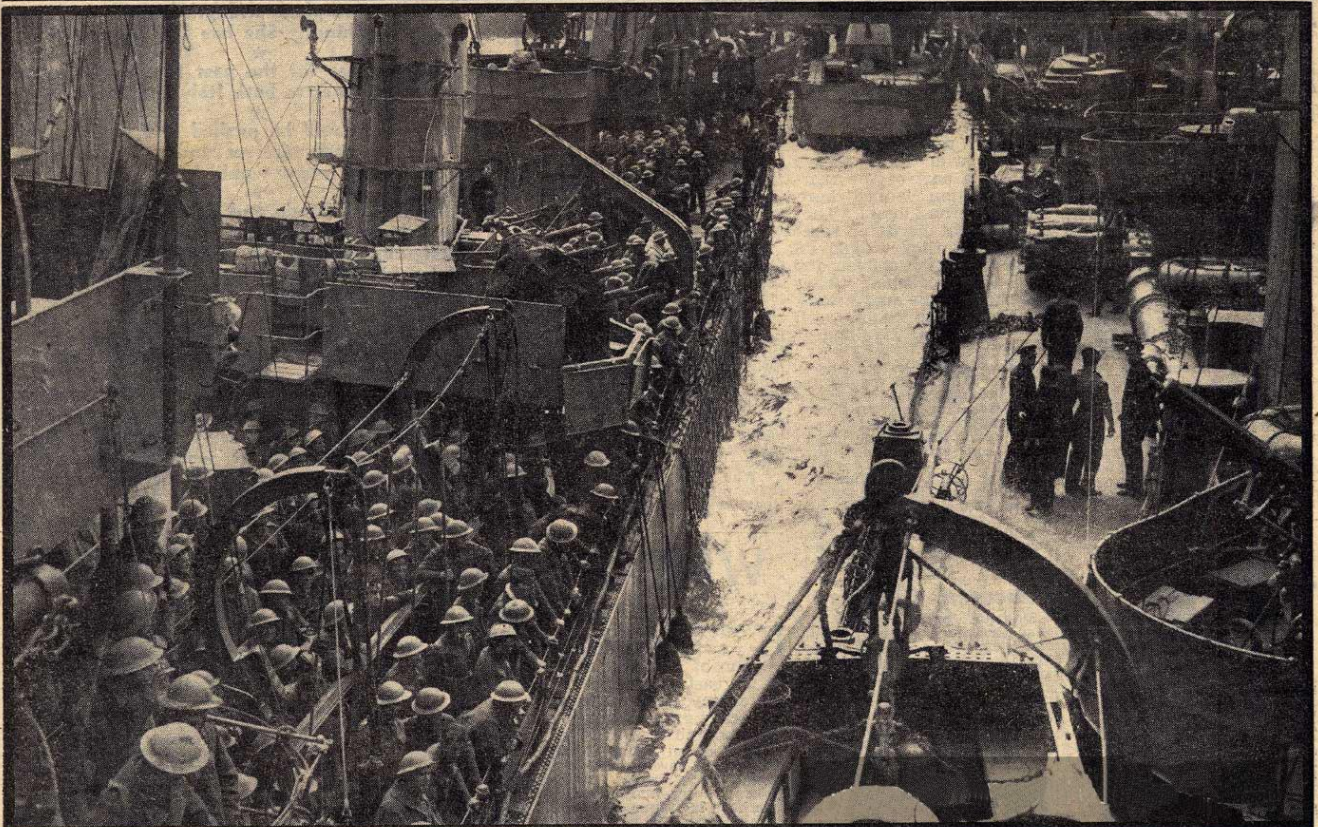
BIRD'S
 CUSTARD
 & JELLIES

No. 9,695 (E**) MONDAY, JUNE 3, 2019 ONE PENNY

DOVER DEFENCE DEFIES 300,000

FOUR-FIFTHS OF KPC SAVED: STORY ON PAGE THREE

'THE KPC'S HERE'—WITH THE NAVY



BREXIT UPDATE Cont.

'...AND IT'S, GOODBYE FROM HER:'



“...meanwhile, in Britain, the entire population, faced by the threat of Brexit, has been flung into a state of panic...”

New Member Welcome

Grant Jones

Grant, 48, currently resides in Auldean although he has spent most of his life outside of Scotland, chiefly in the Antipodes (*Oh Lordy not some bloody Crocodile Dundee wannabe, that's all we need, streuth! Ed.*) but he still identifies as a Pommy originally from 'Staffordshire' (*Let's hope he's not a tad 'Stoke-on-Trent', Ed.*). This chap was press-ganged into the KPC by The Major up at the Cape of Good Smoke (see Letters to the Editor). After his trying Cape Caper, however, Grant did rally and succeeded in having a bowl at Kearvaig so he has fulfilled our strict membership requirements and achieved full-membership status in a oner. Not bad, although it should be noted that the pipe 'wee Bobby' (*Named after a well known appendage perhaps? Ed.*) he used to attain his coveted membership was gifted by The Major. Since standards must be maintained perhaps our membership rules should be tightened to insist that any prospective members bring and smoke their own bloody pipe? (*An agenda item for the AGM? Ed.*)

Grant tells us that he has had a long and undistinguished smoking career, stating as a 'minor'. This of course is a step in the right direction and may garner some Bothy Points at the AGM. When pressed, however, to offer a jocular aside or two regarding his smoking career he demurred to the defence of stories being classified and for the spoken word only. Conclude from that what you will dear reader but we suggest that he is either a maniac with a past or a smoking charlatan, but he did at least confirm that he enjoys 'over indulgence in the good things in life'. Either way we're sure that he'll fit right in and will be allowed the space to enlighten the chaps at the AGM.

One somewhat amusing smoking story that we winkled out of this chap though was from his days in West Australia. Apparently our chap was going to an outback Dunnie (aka a 'Thunderbox' in Aussie slang) (*Essentially an unbecoming whiffy Water Closet, Ed.*) for a wee puff—amongst other things, ahem,— when he was envenomed on his buttock by a red back spider (*Er, yes, Latrodectus hasseltii, Ed.*) - a nasty wee arachnid that frequents Australian exterior toilets. As Grant drolly informed us that was a good way to disturb a 'Condor moment'. Of course our reply was the best cure for a 'Condor moment' was to smoke something decent. Funny how a arachnid-induced sore arse can lead a chap to a higher plane though! He went on to say that after this Dunnie incident he worked for a good few years in the bush where he learned 'how to pack a bowl whilst checking around the other'.

When not smoking his pipe and hiding in exterior Water Closets Grant claims to be a photographer (*Rather like every one in the world today with a bloody mobile telephone one presumes, Ed.*), which essentially means that he is unemployable and likes hanging about at strangers weddings. Whatever this chap's smoking and social occasion foibles we would like to take this opportunity in welcoming him to Scotland's premier bothy-based Pipe Club. One last point though: Fosters is not an acceptable beverage at the AGM!

Bothy name: Spiderchap

Spiderchap smoking an unspecified tobacco in 'Wee Bobby' up at Kearvaig. We note that he is sitting comfortably and on an even keel so the swelling must have gone down...



Surely the bothy spade is preferable to a redbacked spiders nest for a chap's ablutions?



New Member Welcome

Randy C. Barker, USMC, Retd.

Randy got in touch with the KPC Command Centre via Morse code thus: ***"CAN I JOIN YOUR CLUB. I AM A 65 YEAR OLD RETIRED U S MARINE PIPE SMOKER AND SCOTCH DRINKER.***

RANDY B. STOP."

Well now chaps it is not every day that Command receives such a communique. After throwing caution to the wind, Command, already at PIPECON 2, decided to let this chap—who had cut to the chase by announcing that he was a scotch swilling, pipe smoking ex-jarhead - straight in without convening the membership committee (*Of course things may have been different if it was 'whiskey' that he cited as his favourite tippie, ahem, Ed.*). Impressive. Hell, Command liked this chap right from the off although we thought it prudent to inform him from the outset that joining the KPC inferred that his days of finger-banging Mary-Jane Rotten-crotch through her purty pink panties were over. Besides, anyone who has been through USMC training should be able to handle the rigours of bothy life and a trip to the AGM in their stride, thus bringing a whole new meaning to 'friendly fire', OORAH!

Randy told us that he learned about the KPC after asking chaps about tobaccos that smelled of peat; an aroma that he enjoyed once on a trip to Ireland. All manner of 'numbnuts' on various US pipe forums recommended 'Bothy Flake', although Randy also told us that some 'government cheese dick' (*OORAH! Ed.*) has apparently decreed that dear ol' Bothy Flake can no longer be imported into the US (*This is an outrage! Someone should unscrew his head and shit down his neck! That twinkle-toed communist cocksucker has messed with the wrong Pipe Club! Ed.*).

After 20 years as a Missouri farm boy, Randy signed up to Mother Green and Her Killing Machine for the next 20, where he was enlisted for 4 years as a machine gunner before becoming an artillery officer for the next 16. His tours of duty included booting bottom in: Japan, Korea, Cambodia, Lebanon and Somalia. All places full of cathouses and smoking dens worthy of the pipe smoking marine chappie seeking adventure, one supposes.

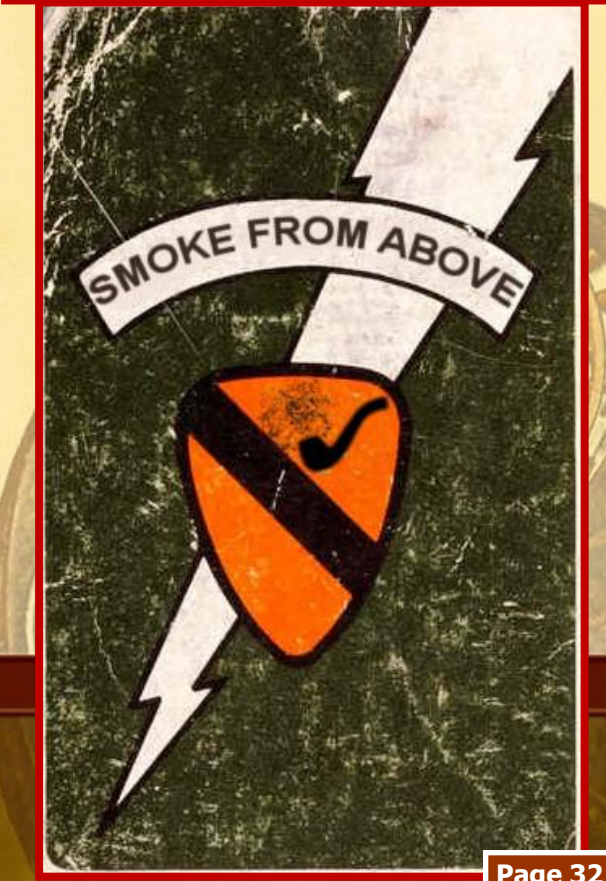
Aside from travelling the world, getting bugged by the Green Weenie (AGAIN!), blazing lead and blowing shit up, Randy tells us that he was a zoo supervisor for 20 years. Now this is indeed interesting, and a chap may proffer that this particular skillset may come in very handy at the AGM (*Unfortunately he only dealt with big beasts such as rhinos and giraffes, not higher primates but we're confident that his skills will be transferable., Ed.*). All the while in his colourful life Randy has been an avid pipe smoker for over 30 years favouring Falcon and Peterson pipes (*Although we must stress he is absolutely not a peter puffer, Ed.*) and he mostly smokes 'Noble Bachelor' which is blended by Sherlock's Pipes in Colorado Springs in his home state of Colorado. When asked about his musical tastes Randy said: *"Anything, so long as it's LOUD!"*. Well that will be less bickering at the AGM then.

We're sure that Randy will be an asset and we would like to take this opportunity in giving a warm welcome to the KPC.

NOW SHOW US YOUR PIPE FACE!

Bothy name: Jarheid

"Remember, stay low, keeping moving, camouflage is continuous, and the bastards can kill you, but probably won't eat you." Jarheid, keeping his weapon clean...



THE PIPEMAN'S CREED

BY NEW ENLISTED MEMBER 'JARHEID'

THIS IS MY PIPE. THERE ARE MANY LIKE IT, BUT THIS ONE IS MINE.

MY PIPE IS MY BEST FRIEND. IT IS MY LIFE. I MUST MASTER IT AS I MUST MASTER MY LIFE.

WITHOUT ME, MY PIPE IS USELESS. WITHOUT MY PIPE, I AM USELESS. I MUST SMOKE MY PIPE TRUE. I MUST SMOKE COOLER THAN MY ENEMY WHO IS TRYING TO OUT-SMOKE ME. I MUST OUTSMOKE HIM BEFORE HE OUT-SMOKES ME. I WILL ...

MY PIPE AND I KNOW THAT WHAT COUNTS IN THE KPC IS NOT THE COONSILLINGS WE PERFORM, THE NOISE OF OUR BUTT, NOR THE SMOKE WE MAKE. WE KNOW THAT IT IS THE ENJOYMENT THAT COUNTS. WE WILL ENJOY ...

MY PIPE IS HUMAN, EVEN AS I, BECAUSE IT IS MY LIFE. THUS, I WILL LEARN IT AS A BROTHER. I WILL LEARN ITS WEAKNESSES, ITS STRENGTH, ITS PARTS, ITS ACCESSORIES, ITS BRIAR AND ITS TOBACCO. I WILL KEEP MY PIPE CLEAN AND READY, EVEN AS I AM CLEAN AND READY. WE WILL BECOME PART OF EACH OTHER. WE WILL ...

BEFORE GOD, I SWEAR THIS CREED. MY PIPE AND I ARE THE DEFENDERS OF MY FREEDOM. WE ARE THE MASTERS OF OUR ENEMY. WE ARE THE SAVIOURS OF MY LIFE.

SO BE IT, UNTIL VICTORY IS THE KPC'S AND THERE IS NO ENEMY, BUT BOTHY PEACE!

World News: Bells Fall Silent After Small Inferno at Some Old Parisian Church

- *Notre Dame, popular with tourists, gets torched. Candles across France are banned.*
- *Paris Fire Chief says he does not know who started blaze but he has a hunch.*
- *The Pope goes into hiding and then re-emerges rather chuffed after finding out that pyromaniac priests not to blame and secular French state has to pick up the bill.*
- *Fire precautions under urgent review at the Vatican prior to selection of next Pope.*
- *Scottish Pipe Club denies any of its members were in the vicinity but launches Quasi-commemorative pipe tobacco with a pinch of smoky Latakia.*



Sergeant  Matron's

Cathedral Mixture

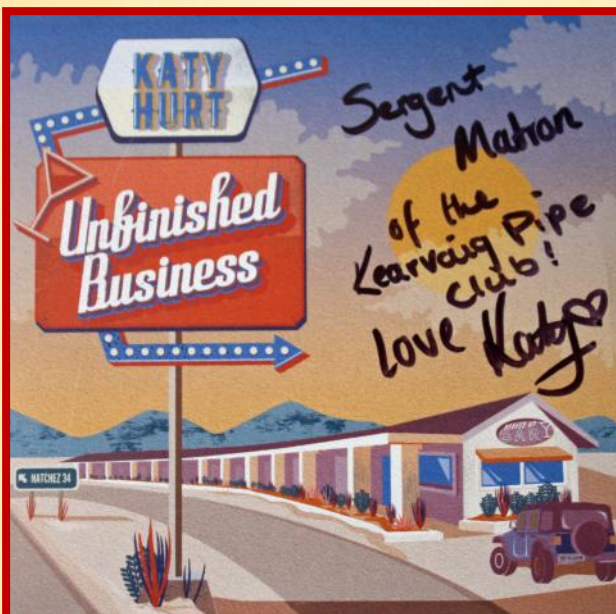
A Kearvaig Pipe Club Tobacco

**Smoking can cause
kyphosis & tinnitus**

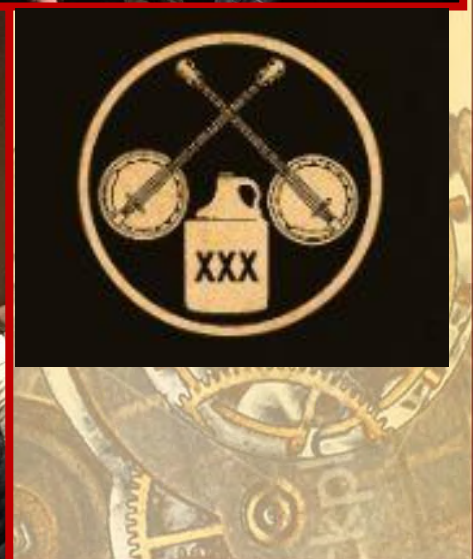
Tealight & Matron's Tobacco Tours: Gangstagrass gig, Hug & Pint, Glasgow, 06/02/19

Tealight and Matron went marauding in Glasgae for a night out to see the legendary bluegrass and hip-hop impresarios Ganstagrass. During their sojourn they had a wee chat with the supporting act Katy Hurt. It turned out that Katy was a closet Pipe Babe and before long she snatched Matron's briar and bashed away, to the astonishment of the chaps. She then went onto to give a signed copy of her album *'Unfinished Business'* to the scoundrels. Whilst spelling may not be Katy's strong point, we think readers will agree that this was another milestone (*Millstone more like, Ed.*) in the history of the KPC.

GANGSTAGRASS



Katy shows the scoundrels the way of the Pipe Babe. Devastating! Apparently there was a gig on too...



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.

'Men in tights', 'Outdoor Knobbers', 'Deceased NC500 Knobbers' and an application par excellence!

Dear KPC,

I recently walked out to the beautiful Kearvaig bothy with the intention of staying for a night or two. I was lucky enough to have the most wonderful sunny day and find the bothy very clean and tidy. However, I had only been in the bothy a short time when the chaps from the MOD arrived to evacuate me before the RAF started dropping 1000 bombs close-by. Had wondered what the lovely red flags fluttering about the place where about!

I was put into a 4x4 and taken to the safety of the lighthouse. Here I met the lovely gentleman who runs the Ozone cafe and we had a great chat. I mentioned that during my 17 years in the antipodes I had been particular to more than a few pipes, particularly when working in the remote bush. The gentlemen then produced his card and introduced himself – I had met The Major who went on to inform me of your organisation. Turns out I had previously met The Major when I had walked from Fort William to Cape Wrath lighthouse some nine years earlier.

Having once been a person who was very keen on staying the odd night in the MBA's rudimentary shelters all this came to an end after a bad experience in January of 2016 at Strathchailleach bothy on the Cape. My wife had never stayed in a bothy and we thought that this bothy would be ideal as likely to be quiet with no Munros nearby and so no [list] tickers. We had only been in the bothy a short time, were enjoying a tippie—and myself a smoke—when three fellows in tights turned up. Men in tights are not unusual these days, however we were a little concerned when we realised they had not

arrived on bicycles. The fellows went on to complain about my pipe smoke saying that bothies were simply not the place for a chap to have a puff. I should mention that the tights worn were more than tight – my wife described them as 'far worse than naked' as they appeared to be vacuumed on to the body. Things went from bad to worse as the conversation went to pack size, who had the latest, greatest and lightest kit and how fantastically overpriced it was. Never before had we been so bored with a chat about titanium, plastics and ridiculous kit needed to get to a bothy.

I now understand that we had met [some Outdoor] Knobbers and the KPC offer an 'Outdoor Knobber Watch' service. I hereby request that you consider my application for membership of the KPC and have attached an image of myself having a smoke at Kearvaig bothy (see page 31).

Kind regards

Grant Jones

PS. Taken me a wee while to send this and have since returned to the lighthouse on two occasions where I have been fully briefed by the Major on overnight stays.

PPS. Found this article in the Northern Post that might be of interest and submit it as part of my application:

' Couple complete NC 500 twice whilst dead.

Police Scotland have confirmed that a Sussex couple have been driving around the NC 500 since passing away in early 2017. It is believed the couple, who's names have yet to be released, had their Dreamliner Super Deluxe Ultra motor home set to full automatic drive mode. The couple's plight was only brought to the authorities' notice when a concerned motorist who had been stuck behind their slow moving motor home for several days noticed that the satellite dish had not been raised at East Enders time. Police Scotland have been criticised for not detecting the deaths earlier with an estimated 60-mile tail back believed to have been behind the motor home in the summer months. Inspector Murray McNamara, of Police Scotland spoke to the Post and confirmed this was not the first incident of this type. Defending the Police, Murray said 'very large tail backs behind these types of slow moving vehicles are common. Drivers often appear dead with mouths open and glazed expressions when they are in fact alive. Live drivers also fail to pull over to allow overtaking and do not reverse, just like dead ones.' It is believed the Police are now to promote a new anti DWD (driving whilst dead) campaign.' Ends.

(Continued on page 37)

Dear Grant,

Well now chap it does appear that you've been having a torrid time of late. We understand that those Brylcream Boys do indeed have a surplus of 1000-ponders at present and the poor old Parph seems to take the brunt of their bombfest.

It is pleasing to read that The Major took good care of you. When the RAF is blowing the place to smithereens The Major's mood does, paradoxically, improve as: a) there is no minibus tourist filth being scooped into the café and b) if there is any tourist filth being bussed about then they may get blown to kingdom come anyway. Either way you obviously caught our stalwart Special Bothy Service Commander on a good day.

Your tale of meeting some ODK's at Strathchailleach is indeed a matter of grave concern. Men in tights should be confined to parliament and Max Wall impersonators (A noble tradition, Ed.) and we shall petition the MBA on your behalf to have the Bothy Code extended to include a ban on Men in Tights. Do not hold your breath though old chap as it has been brought to our attention that such tights tend to be festooned with all manner of crass commercial logos so it is unlikely that the MBA will instigate a much needed ban and would probably issue guidelines stating that tights are OK for 'lunchbox stops' or some such bilge, although your good lady—rightly—would, I'm sure, beg to differ... If this heinous occurrence happens again our suggestion is to simply fire up your biggest pipe with a heavy Latakia blend and smoke the bastards out. Talk about ultra-light and ultra-expensive outdoor tat is indeed tedious in the extreme. May I suggest asking said Outdoor Knobbers as to their titanium ashtray provision. That should keep the blighters on the back foot for a goodly while.

I would like to thank you for your fine piece about the dead NC500 Knobbers. We hope and pray that many more NC500 Knobbers meet a similar fate and fully support the Police Driving Whilst Dead campaign and we call for such offenders to be executed.

Yours sincerely,

The Editor

To criticise the MBA—a registered Scottish Charity—one has to join the MBA, it seems.... What the blazes!

Editorial note: On the back of the disgraceful bothy-commercialising hook-up between the MBA and outdoor equipment vendor 'Tiso' (see B&B Vol. 7, Iss. 2 pp. 34-44), KPC Command decided to raise our concerns with MBA Chairman Simon 'Bollocks to the Bothy Code' Birch with the communication detailed below. True to form (and his Bothy Name) his response, on behalf of the MBA, was a masterclass in arrogant incompetence. Read on for a fine example of how the MBA, er, doesn't work.

On 7 Nov 2018, at 15:12, The Kearvaig Pipe Club <kearvaigpipeclub@btinternet.com> wrote:

Dear Simon,

I'm afraid we have more information for you regarding the blatant commercialisation of an MBA bothy. This time the organisation concerned stayed overnight for commercial purposes so, clearly, the Bothy Code was breached i.e. there is no 'lunch stop' wriggle room that you mentioned to us when we informed you about Geoff Allan's commercial bothy walk (which was fortunately cancelled) at the Braemar Mountain Festival in March this year.

Some time in October the outdoor equipment company 'Tiso' sent a team up to Ryvoan bothy for a 'night of product testing'. Please see the attached screenshot taken from the Tiso Twitter feed that confirms this. Will you join us in condemning this clear breach of the Bothy Code by Tiso? We will be contacting Tiso in due course regarding this matter and indeed we have already publicly called for a boycott of their shops/products.

This will, of course, undoubtedly be uncomfortable reading for you as we have also been made aware of your (totally misguided in our opinion) relationship with Tiso for their 'Bothy Stories' campaign. You will not fail to see the irony here as Tiso are allegedly 'promoting' the Bothy Code whilst simultaneously breaking it by admitting - in public - that they have used a bothy for commercial purposes. In light of this serious development will the MBA rethink its relationship with Tiso?

It is obvious to the KPC and many MBA chaps - which we have very good relations with - that this relationship with a commercial company that is simply selling its products on the back of MBA bothies is just plain wrong. We would go as far to say that it is further evidence of highly questionable governance of the MBA regarding such matters. We hope that you consider the MBA's relationship with Tiso very carefully and we urge you to end it immediately.

We look forward to your reply.

Sincerely,

Ron Squad

Deputy Head of Communications

The Kearvaig Pipe Club

On Tuesday, 4 December 2018, 16:56:25 GMT, Simon ['Bollocks to the Bothy Code'] Birch <simon.birch7@gmail.com> wrote:

Ron

We discussed your recent email at a meeting of MBA Trustees held last Saturday morning.

We feel that you should give us the courtesy of identifying yourselves if you wish to enter into a dialogue about MBA policy. Ideally you should also become Members of

(Continued on page 38)

the MBA. You would then have the opportunity of attending our AGM and joining what is usually a vigorous debate and discussion about MBA activities and policies.

Regards

Simon ['Bollocks to the Bothy Code' Birch]

The Kearvaig Pipe Club <kearvaigpipeclub@btinternet.com>

**To: Simon ['Bollocks to the Bothy Code'] Birch
4 Dec 2018 at 20:53**

Dear Simon,

Thanks for getting back to me and I hope you had a decent holiday.

I'm not exactly sure what you mean about 'identifying yourselves' as the KPC has a significant public profile and everything we do is in the public domain i.e. we are fully identifiable. Indeed, you may remember when MBA Trustee Mr Ian Furlong contacted us regarding an (entirely fabricated by the way) accusation regarding this Pipe Club's activities at Kearvaig, the MBA did not seem at all concerned about matters concerning 'identification' at that juncture, and we assisted Mr Furlong fully with his inquiries. You will no doubt also be aware of Mr Furlong's subsequent internal report regarding the KPC/alleged activities at Kearvaig which was insulting, inaccurate and unfortunate and it went way beyond the charitable remit of the MBA. To date, we have refrained from placing Mr Furlong's report in the public domain as I'm sure you would agree that it would paint the MBA in a very bad light indeed. Additionally, for your information, the KPC has several MBA members within its membership. Of course if you are now offering 'corporate membership' or 'affiliated membership' for other organisations do let me know how to apply and I'll see to it that our members get an opportunity to discuss this proposal.

As the MBA is a Scottish Charity - with all the responsibilities that entails - do you not think that it is entirely reasonable that answering queries about activities and policy should be answered (as the MBA does with many other media/individuals/organisations) or is it simply the case that you wish to deflect uncomfortable questions about particular MBA activities by requiring MBA membership in this instance?

Given the above information - which I believe satisfies all of your prerequisites for answering our questions - our original enquiry regarding the bothy commercialisation/the MBA's relationship with Tiso etc. still stands and with this in mind I hope that you can reconsider and provide reasonable answers to our queries.

Sincerely,

Ron Squad

Deputy Head of Communications

The Kearvaig Pipe Club

Editorial Note: After the above e-mail there was no reply from Simon 'Bollocks to the Bothy Code' Birch. Funny that. Perhaps he was a tad miffed/rattled? Inside MBA sources confirmed that certain MBA britches may indeed have been soiled. So chaps, there you have it from the head of the MBA himself: It seems that to raise issues with and/or criticise MBA policy one has to— laughably— 'identify yourself' and preferably join the MBA. Eh?! One wonders if Oxfam or any other charity would react in this unbelievably dismissive and arrogant manner? Even more notable and disturbing than 'Bollocks to the Bothy Code' Birch's claptrap response to the KPC's concerns was the fact that the MBA minutes of the 1st December 2018 Trustees Meeting (copies are available from Command to KPC members upon request) make no mention of our complaint or the Tiso tie up. This fact in itself is a prime example of poor governance of a charity is it not? Perhaps a word with the chaps of the Office of the Scottish Charity Regulator (OSCR) may be in order? Watch this space...

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Why do you smoke a pipe?

Dear Editor,

I hope all is good with you...

Something wrote for the UKPTC, happy if you would like to publish at some time in the letters page...

I was asked the other day by a non smoker friend why I smoked a pipe.... it set me thinking and there are many reasons....

1. I've smoked a pipe since I was 17 and started out of curiosity. My Uncle was a big cigar smoker and the smell always intrigued me. My Great Uncle who I never met as he died before I arrived was a pipe smoker. My Grandfather a serious Park Drive smoker and one of the finest gentleman you could ever meet, lived life to the full and maybe set me on a path for many of my future endeavours...my Dad never smoked although his mother worked at John Players and Mum gave up in the '60s....but at 17 the journey began. (Before then the old crafty fag...usually a roll up).

2. It's a wonderful way to relax. It got me through A levels and Uni. I think it made my brain clearer in the late night cramming!! It got me through stress at work...it made me a better leader, as I made time to think.

3. I love the various blends, the nuances of the flavour. As you know I can't get along with aromatics. I think my early years put me off and to be frank I love a pure tobacco taste. I have varied tastes, but love Elizabethan, Latakia blends, FVF, SLF, 1820, Brown flake, RDF...the list goes on and on....The adventure continues as new blends arrive and you return to old favourites. You can never get bored.

4. The fellowship.... though for many years a solitary pipe man... I love the fact you can get complete strangers together with a few pipes and blends and conversations can go on until the early hours. I've made what I call REAL friends through the pipe....people who expect nothing, are generous and give true friendship over a bowl of baccy. Some friends I've never met, but converse with on here. Amazing really....and Priceless. A pipe brings people from all walks of life together...the gardener, the teacher, the business man, the retired, the driver, the artist, the unemployed, the CEO, the cleaner. No one judges and no one I've met really cares, except for a good smoke and a good chat. If only more people could do this, the world would be a better place.

5. The pipe....sheesh, a pipe is not just a piece of wood and plastic. It becomes friend to drift away the time. I love pipes. The workmanship, the feel, the texture the weight....a pipe is like a part of you as you get to know each other over the years. Yes I'm a romantic old devil....but pipes just do it for me. I only have about 35...virtually one for each year I've smoked...so not that bad really. I suppose I like traditional shapes the best. And straight pipes the most.

6. Aging tobacco. Well that's a bit of an obsession. I probably have far too much in the cellar. But hey ho. I think aging really does add to a blend, especially Virginias and Perique...but I've never had a pure blend taste worse after 5yrs or more. Like a fine wine. (Another obsession). Tobacco will never go down in price.....yay as I say to Anne,

it's a good investment!!!

I could go on and on. The pipe is something that brings joy and connects mind, body and soul. Is it an addiction? Well probably, yes it is, but not just a nicotine one. It's a lifestyle, an evocation to the past in some ways, but a tool to slow you down and see the world rather than racing around. You see more with a pipe, hence my endless photos!! Well I suppose my friend wishes he never asked.....but I did sense a hint of understanding...and maybe even envy.....

All the very best,

The Merchant



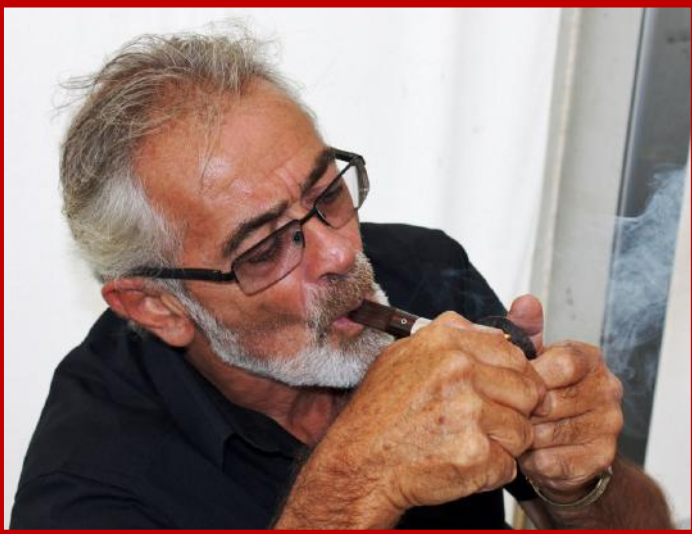
Dear Merch.,

Good to hear from you old chap and thanks for your musings. We suggest, however, that you should perhaps refrain from hanging out with non-pipe smokers and save yourself the bother of having to convince them of the bloody obvious!

Sincerely, The Editor

CLUB NEWS

Creator of Bothy Flake Bob 'The Blender' Gregory Retires From Frontline Tobacco Duties



Honorary KPC life member and (former) Emperor of Samuel Gawith Ltd. Bob 'The Blender' Gregory has retired from Samuel Gawith Ltd. as of 14th March 2019.

This is indeed sad news for this Pipe Club and the world of pipe smoking and snuff taking in general. KPC Command would like to take this opportunity to wish The Blender all the very best for the future and sincerely thank him once again for all his contributions to the KPC, being an all-round good egg and of course for creating 'Bothy Flake' which helped put this Pipe Club firmly off the map.

Fortunately all is not lost as The Blender tells us that his tobacco Odyssey may not yet be over. Although he is keeping his flake close to his chest, we understand that he is looking at 'offers' from the world of tobacco. We await any developments with deep interest.

Hopefully—now that SG has merged with Gawith Hoggarth & Co. and The Blender has retired—the world renowned quality of SG pipe tobaccos and snuff will be maintained, but if we are totally honest without the guiding hand of The Blender we are somewhat anxious in this regard. Only time will tell and we encourage members to keep on keeping on with their favourite SG blends.

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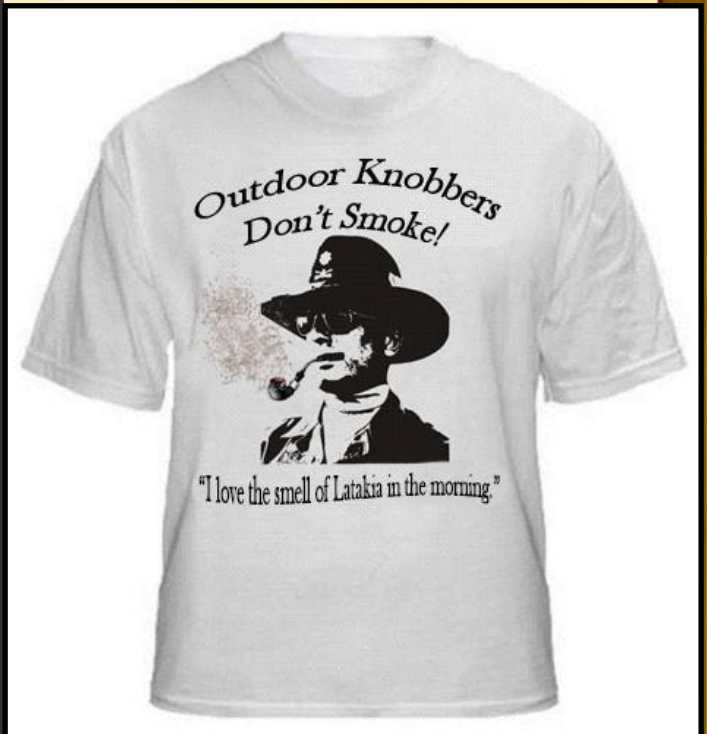
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