



'Briar & Bothies'

The newsletter of
THE KEARVAIG PIPE CLUB



Pipes smoked in a locked Monadhliath not-so- rudimentary shelter: Raitts Bothy review, 29/12/12

Three KPC members rendezvoused at the 'Vadiner', Newtonmore for a swift oil-change before a pre-Hogmanay bothy bash. It should have been four members, but Colonel Hydrocarbon decided to unashamedly chase floozies instead (*bothy points deducted and a note made in the ledger, Ed.*) The intended rudimentary shelter for the moot was the splendid 'Raspberry Cottage'; so in time-honoured fashion the Chaps set off to park at Balavil House. Upon arrival, the Chaps were greeted by Alan Macpherson-Fletcher, owner of the magnificent Balavil, who was busy working under a splendid tweed cap in pursuit of a crack squad of *Talpa europaea* that had been having a subterranean party under his lawn.

Whilst chatting to Alan it transpired that he was the Laird of the 7,000 acre Balavil Estate that was home to Raspberry Cottage. The Chaps had met Alan a year or so ago at a previous pre-KPC Raspberry Cottage moot, so he suggested we use his locked bothy known as 'Raitts' for the night. Of course at the chance of bagging a new bothy the Chaps did not need a second invitation, especially when Alan said that there was no need to carry coal in as Raitts was well stocked with logs and peat. Alan explained where the keys were located and the Chaps set off with gusto up through the woods and onto a bleak track with a rapidly bruising sky that threatened snow.

With keys located and various shutters removed, a marvellous bothy was revealed. The Chaps could hardly believe their luck as a huge pile of dry logs and peat was rapidly turned into a veritable inferno in the massive fireplace (*just as well they had a Fire General with them, Ed.*). The cosy wood-panelled bothy was well-appointed with a long tartan-tablecloth bedecked table, comfy chairs, dead things adorning the walls and even a gramophone so that the Chaps could dispense with that digital MP3 nonsense and play an assortment of fine 78s! Further exploration revealed bottles of Claret, fine Port, whisky and flushing toilet – rudimentary shelter heaven for the weary Chap.

With the gloaming bringing snow flurries the Chaps soon fired-up bowls of a fine aromatic or two adding a sweet fragrance to the supplement the heady scent of peat and wood smoke.

Blizzard at Raitts Bothy



With the snow-laden gale howling and the whisky flowing, Bingae led the charge with bowl, dram and 'green-aromatic'. However, the writing was on the wall as his magnificent pipe-pus was soon usurped by a bad case of 'GPS' (*see p.2*), as his eyelids rapidly headed in a chemically-induced southerly direction. This was a classic case of "the light that burns twice as bright burns only half as long", and soon after jettisoning his Vadiner meal into a handy wooden receptacle, Bingae sidled off into the false haven of his sleeping bag, for even in his befuddled state he knew that it was only a matter of time before fitting correction would be metered out by the remaining stalwarts...

The morning brought plenty of the white stuff driven by a merciless maelstrom, and reluctantly the Chaps had to head back down to Balavil through knee-deep snow. Upon the return to Balavil Alan invited the Chaps in for hefty drams in his splendid drawing room that was only marginally better appointed than Raitts Bothy! **Photos p.2**

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

Top Chap tips: Don't throw away your dottle. Instead keep it for use on your model railway layout as realistic-looking track ballast.

Raitts Bothy Review: Cont.

The Chaps enjoy a well-appointed Raitts Bothy



Inverted candle-lighting of the 'Half-Bent Lumsden' – fine pipe skills Sir!



Going down... Bingae suffers an acute attack of GPS (Garfield-Pus Syndrome)



A fine 'Coonsilling' from the Turkey-Baws Shogun himself – only a fool crashes before the witching hour when the 'Baw-Beast' is abroad!



The MP78 player at Raitts Bothy...



Chap's Corner

In this edition we look at ridding our society of the 'smartphone' and the concomitant scourge of 'social-media' with nothing less than a Chap Revolution!

The Problem: Common sense and courtesy evaporates as civil society is infected by a digital disease...

Taking a West Coast express used to be a joy; it was not just the smell of coal smoke and the comforting sound of a hard-working locomotive hauling over Shap summit that yielded such simple pleasures. Whilst in the warm embrace of a steam-heated coach a Chap could enjoy a bowl or two of his favourite blend, peruse the Sporting Life, simply take a cellivagous gaze out of a first-class window at our green and pleasant, or dine in the measured and uninterrupted tranquillity of a well-staffed dining car.

Today, sadly, those pleasures are gone and the same journey is more akin to a torture session in a plastic box on wheels. A Chap who dares light up a bowl is likely to end up in a spot of bother with the boys in blue. The cherished tranquillity of the dining car has been shattered by a cacophony of half-wits chattering incessantly into their bleeping portable communication devices, often referred to as 'smartphones'. What's 'smart' about them I say? Do they sport a crisp, well-tied silk cravat, or can they complete the Telegraph cryptic crossword in under an hour for you? No, they are nothing but a modern plague, a virus, constructed of smooth plastic, micro-circuitry and rare-earth metals that are as ugly as the slack-jawed, amorphous faces of the podgy, unwashed (*but as a poor substitute have dipped themselves in a cocktail of corporate consumer chemicals to become 'deodourised' Ed.*) slobs using them. Most of these smartphone-obsessed blighters would not even notice the stern protest of a steep-angled quizzical eyebrow, let alone respond positively to such a dressing-down!

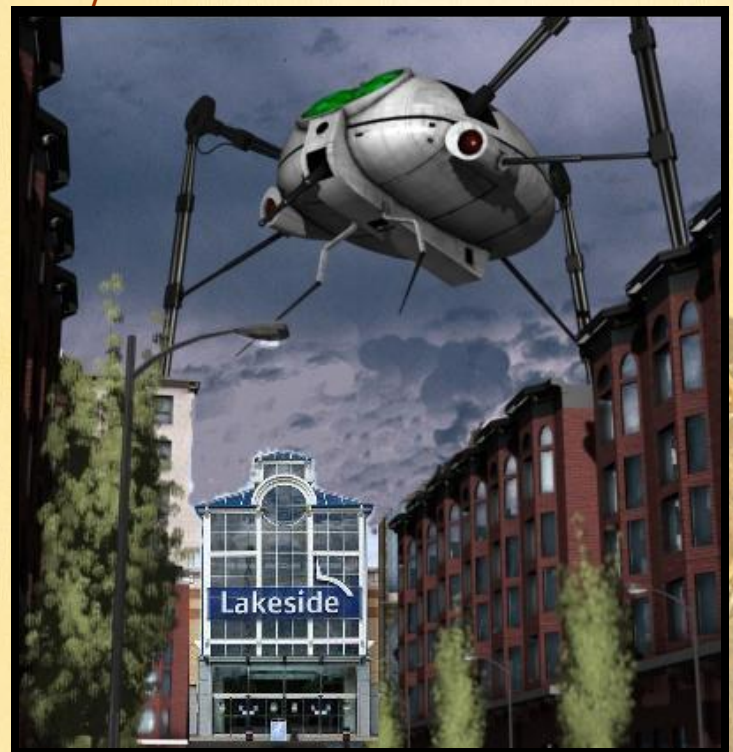
Alien invasion..?

A Chap could even be forgiven for wagering a few guineas on a science-fiction theory that smartphones and the insidious cult of 'social-media' that fuels them, are nothing less than multiple Trojan-horses gifted from an alien invader!



That alien invader meanwhile, is just sitting back patiently, laughing, softening us up for the attack, as we rot our collective hominid-brain with this implanted, pernicious malady, so by the time we wake-up it will be too late; the alien will have parked his inter-galactic battle-cruiser outside Lakeside and other 'Shopping Centres', (*foul edifices with not one emporium between them, Ed.*) thereby conquering the consumer citadel and by inference the planet, whilst the massed dimwits pathetically look for help in 140 characters or less. (*That's if most of the half-wits even noticed an alien invasion as they gaze myopically into their me-me-me-phones, Ed.*) **Cont. p.4**

Artist's impression: Overcome by the digital disease, humanity becomes easy prey for omnipotent alien invaders...



Q. What do call someone who studies pipes? A Briarologist.

Q. What do you call someone who studies small pipes? A Microbriarologist.

Chap's Corner cont:

Every revolution needs a flag and the Chap Revolution is no exception!

Time for a Chap Revolution!

Enough is enough we say! It's time to push back the digital-tide: we need a Chap Revolution! It is time to rid the planet, well the UK at least, of the digital monster that is consuming the brains of the proletariat (*and some Chaps that should know better, Ed.*). However, even the staunchest of Chaps knows, putting the digital-genie back into the bottle will not happen overnight. Therefore, if we are to prevail and dethrone the tyrant that is 'social-media' and save its slavish acolytes from themselves we need a strategy...

Like most problems, this digital-disease can be broken down into its component parts and remedied one at a time, until the monster has been slain and its remains scattered to the four winds! If H.G Well's Martians succumbed to our humble and over-looked bacteria, then the corrupting electronic '1s' and '0s' that form the DNA of the vile digital pathogen will equally fall to the humble and over-looked Chap! (or *could that be 'Chapteria'..? Ed.*)

The Chap Revolution phase one: Chap-mail!



It was not so long ago that Chaps used to sit in their lucubatory, of an evening, drafting sonorous hand-written letters to friends, mistresses and even their bank manager. So, in the first assault of the Chap Revolution, the Chaps at B & B have developed a wonderfully simple system known as 'Chap-mail' (or 'c-mail' for those Chaps struggling with dropping the modern trend of tiresome abbreviations), that completely subverts electronic-mail or 'e-mail', 'text messaging' and 'twittering' (*we at B & B simply refuse to use the idiotic term of 'tweeting', Ed.*) making these abominations totally redundant! Just follow the step-by-step guide on pp.5&6 and you too can free yourself and your loved ones from the shackles of 140 characters of gobbledygook, e-mail or the glib gibberish of 'text-messaging'. A chap no longer has to live in fear being bewildered, or worse, *betwattered* by Jove! **Cont. p.5**



Sadly, even some Chaps are vulnerable to the seductive 'smartphone'; just look at this pitiful addict. The only indication of possible salvation here, is the fact that this 'Chap' is at least having a bowl on the train...



twatter
Nobody cares what you're doing.

Chap's Corner cont:

A simple step-by-step guide to using 'c-mail':

Step 1 – Adjust and dispose of your 'smartphone'

After looking aghast at your shiny little smartphone tyrant, put the digital-demon out of your misery using a 'Smartphone Adjustment Machine' (SAM) – see diagram opposite. SAMs are readily available at reputable hardware emporia, although your batman is probably best suited to acquiring said machine as some technical discussion may required during the purchase. The adjusted smartphone can then be sent for recycling into something useful to humanity such as pipe cleaners.



Step 1 – Not so 'smart' now eh! -an 'adjusted' smartphone.

Step 2 – Compose your 'c-mail'

Write a 'c-Mail' - often referred to as a 'letter' (using proper, grammatically correct English; a dictionary and thesaurus may be of use here) on a piece of good quality paper (Basildon Bond or similar) using a gold-tipped fountain pen. As this may be a painful process for some people weaning themselves off of their 'smartphone' addiction, a ballpoint pen may be used in the first instance. Under no circumstances may one use a 'word-processor'; after all, you already have a 'word-processor' – it's called a brain!



Step 2 – Compose your 'c-mail'.

Step 3 – Prepare your 'c-mail' for transmission

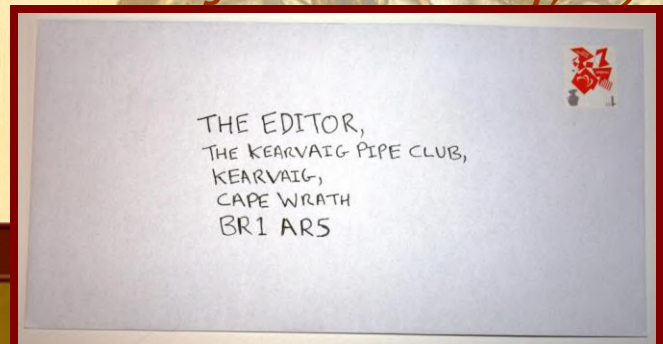
Carefully fold your letter to so that it will fit snugly into a matching quality envelope – these items are still available at several high street emporia – and place the folded letter into the envelope. Encrypt the envelope using a good-quality sealing-wax, and seal of your choice. On the front of the encrypted envelope write the full title, name, and address of the recipient. Place a first class postage stamp – currently costing 60 new pence and available from all Post Offices – in the top right-hand corner on the front of the envelope.



(Republican Chaps may wish to place the stamp on upside down as a mark of disdain against our unelected Head of State/hereditary Monarchy, and indeed, are encouraged to do so, Ed.). **Cont. p.6**

Step 3 – c-mail ready for encryption. (Note Republican configuration of the stamp, Ed.)

Chaps say: "Stick your 'social-media' in your pipe and smoke it you Blaggards!"



Chap's Corner cont:

Step 4 – Transmit your 'c-mail'

Wrap up warm for a perambulation and fill your pipe with your favoured outdoor-blend. Light your pipe, and if you enjoy 'multi-tasking' and have a dog, put on it's lead and set forth from you abode to look for a red metal box or 'pillar box' somewhere in your neighbourhood (conveniently, there are about 115,000 of them in the UK) . The red box will have a specifically designed slot that will be obvious to even the most retarded smartphone addict. Simply place your sealed/encrypted and addressed c-mail into the box via the slot – your pipe may come in useful here if the box has a weather seal (see below). Whilst doing this do not allow your dog to urinate or defecate against the red box. If you do not have a canine companion, or time is of the essence, you could also ride your bicycle to visit the pillar box (see below).

Return home, perhaps via the local shop to pick up a newspaper or a pint of milk, and congratulate yourself on having sent your first c-mail! Then, by some modern miracle that a Chap need not concern himself with, your c-mail will be within the grasp of the intended recipient within the week. Now who needs a 'smartphone'!

VIVA LA REVOLUCION DEL CHAP!

Step 4 – Successful transmission of a 'c-mail'. The box even has a label that gives details of when your c-mail will be sent!



Step 3 – Encrypting your c-mail.



Step 4 – c-mail Transmission.

A typical pillar box even provides convenient bicycle parking.



**"An intelligent fool can make things bigger and more complex... It takes a touch of genius – and a lot of courage to move in the opposite direction."
- Albert Einstein**

Famous Pipe Smoker: Tony Benn

An Exclusive Interview with a Living Pipe Legend

The Nation's favourite grandfather and patron saint of lefty lost causes gives an exclusive interview to Briar & Bothies.

It is with great pleasure that we are able to interview a living pipe legend, Tony 'Red-Wedge' Benn. However, KPC members be warned; Mr. Benn's choice of tobacco may be highly disturbing to older readers, those fitted with a pacemaker or those with an underlying medical condition. Read on if you dare...

Briar & Bothies: Hello Mr. Benn and welcome to The Kearvaig Pipe Club.

Tony Benn: Thank you so much for having me Sergeant Matron, but please, just call me Tony or *Wedgie*.

B&B: Thank you *Wedgie* old Chap, its absolutely spiffing to be able chat to a real pipe-smoking hero of the proletariat. I understand that you have been a Tory MP since 1950, but I'm guessing that KPC members will be most interested in your pipe smoking career, so when did you take to the briar Tony?

TB: Well Matron, if you'll forgive me, I must correct you there; I was a *Labour MP* for over fifty years from 1950 but am retired now. In answer to your pipe question, I must, you see, hark back to early working class movements such as the Chartists and the Diggers to explain why I took up the pipe, as my personal history with the briar parallels the struggles of such groups and...

B&B: Sorry to interrupt you there *Wedgie* old bean, but come on old Chap, it's a simple question; which year did you decide the briar was for you?

TB: Well you see Matron, in those days things were a lot different, and I remember when...

B&B: Sorry to interrupt again *Wedgie*, but *please*, could we just have the year?

TB: Of course Matron, I do apologise, it's just that I have always had my pipe and I since I can remember and I associate it with so many struggles against oppression...

B&B: Right, tell you what *Wedgie*, let's just say it was before you started as an MP, so at least half a century, OK?

Cont. p.8



Working class hero, great orator, scourge of the Establishment, pipe smoker: Tony Benn's magnificent pipe-face – enhanced here by a left-leaning straight apple - is a perfect metaphor for centuries of oppression of the likes of the Diggers, the Levellers, the Tolpuddle Martyrs and other, doomed, misguided lay-about Proles... (Pity to squander such a fine example of the art, Ed.)

Tony Benn's favourite tobacco...

ST BRUNO
READY RUBBED

"The Marxist analysis has got nothing to do with what happened in Stalin's Russia: It's like blaming Jesus Christ for the inquisition in Spain."

- Tony Benn

Famous Pipe Smoker: Tony Benn Interview Cont.

TB: Well, yes I suppose but...

B&B: Moving on, is it true that you gave your son a *girl's* name?

TB: Well Matron, I think you'll find that *Hilary* is a unisex name - all the rage in the swinging-sixties you know!

B&B: So Wedgie, does that mean your favourite tobacco must be, er, "*Bent-son of Wedgies!*"

TB: I'm sorry Matron, but I don't understand what you mean...

B&B: OK, sorry, a bit of a jape there Wedgie, couldn't resist it. Now Tony Old Chap, what *really* is your favourite tobacco, and can we keep it brief and miss out the stuff about the Levellers and CND and all that lefty freak-show stuff please?

TB: Yes, Matron I can succinctly tell you that my favourite tobacco is St. Bruno, and I've always smoked this blend, although I would not accept your premise that groups such as the Levellers or CND are a lefty freak-show.

B&B: St. Bruno! For 50 years! What? Are you insane Sir! But that, that, is a *supermarket* brand of tobacco, manufactured by for the masses by a massive, uncaring *corporation* - hardly a right-on, lefty choice! What about all those wonderful fine artisan, hand-blended tobaccos that have been crafted with care for Chaps of the briar out there?

TB: Well you see Matron, I find that the lack of pretensions of St. Bruno and the mass market working class appeal adds to my enjoyment of...

B&B: You can of course smoke what you like Wedgie, as despite the best efforts of you and your *comrades* this is still a free country, but let me tell you, Sir, members of *this pipe club* will not be impressed at such a choice of *tobacco!*

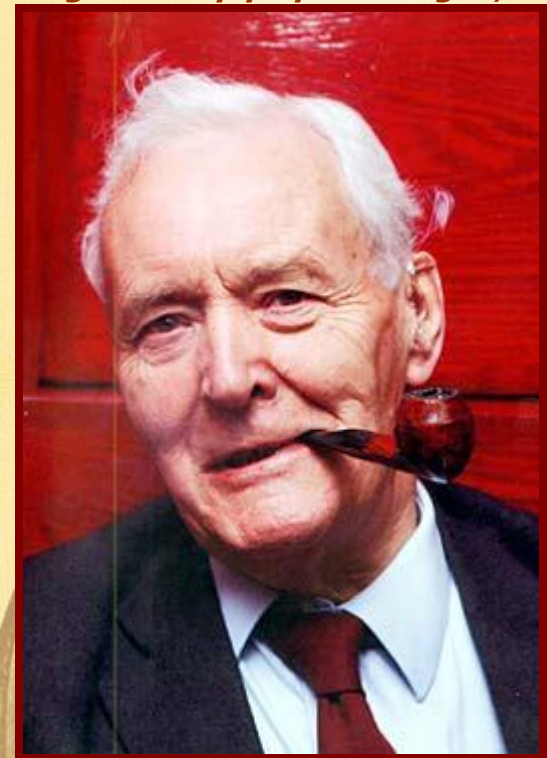
TB: Are yes Matron, a pipe club, how splendid, I would very much like the opportunity to come and give a guest lecture on the history of the pipe in working-men's clubs if you would have me...

B&B: Er, yes, right, Mr. Benn, er Tony, I think that about wraps it up, but er, thanks for the offer. We'll send you a telegram if we have a spare slot for a guest speaker, but a quick glance at our calendar shows that we are booked up for longer than you've smoked a pipe...

Matron does his best to temp Red-Wedge into sampling some fine pipe tobacco but the obstinate zealot insisted on sticking with St. Bruno! You can lead a horse to water...



'Red-Wedge' looks even more of a dangerous 'loony-lefty' when armed with a stout Bulldog! (What a magnificent pipe pus though., Ed.)



**"St. Bruno is my patron saint."
- Tony Benn**

Pipe Granny of the Month!

An occasional series, showing old ladies who prefer puffing on their briars than knitting cardigans. KPC members are encouraged to send in any pictures of their or their friends' Grannies sporting a briar.

Wow, Blingtastic! Liz from London shows us that she's majestic when it comes to her bling and her briar!



Granny Liz, 86, is from London and is currently unemployed, well at least she says she has no "proper job", other than being housewife to Phil of course. She says that her penchant for the briar & leaf started during the war when her alcoholic mother was giving her a hard time in the bomb-shelters during the blitz, and the leaf helped with her nerves, but she tells us that "she only smokes in the houses". Although not a Catholic, Liz has four kids – 3 sons and a daughter. Her daughter, Anne, is the only one she speaks highly of, as she says her sons are all "a bit odd" in their own way, particularly the eldest, Charles, who always seems to want sit in her favourite chair when he pops round to see if she's still alright; which he does fairly frequently these days. She sums up her life succinctly as: "It's a bit like that sitcom with David Jason in: 'Only Fools and Horses!'"

Favourite blend: Liz can't make up her mind which is her favourite blend but she says it's a toss-up between Dunhill's 'Royal Yacht Mixture' and Samuel Gawith's 'Commonwealth Mixture'. (*This old dear knows her baccy, Ed.*)

Apart from a good smoke Liz likes: corgis, expensive bling, big hats, nice frocks, big old houses, a flutter on the gee-gees, farm subsidies, Tories, Greeks, Germans, heraldry, the Church of England, the class system, killing things for fun, stamp collecting, street parties, cheap flights and luxury toilet paper.

Her dislikes include: paying taxes, democracy, the Sex Pistols, written constitutions, anyone who isn't a Tory, revolutions, Republics, Catholics, Nicolas Witchell, and Izal.

Liz prefers 'non-aromatics' when it comes to both her baccy and her bog roll!



**"And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke."
- Rudyard Kipling, The Betrothed**

TOBACCO & PIPE OF THE MONTH

G.L. Pease 'Haddo's Delight'



From the manufacturer: *This is a stout blend consisting of several grades of Virginia tobaccos with a generous measure of long-cut perique. Unflavored Green River black Cavendish and a little air-cured white burley ribbon provide fullness, body, and a bit of extra strength. Finally, an exclusive process darkens and marries the mixture, and gives the blend a subtle tin aroma of cocoa and dried fruit. The flavor is full on the palate, earthy, slightly sweet and intriguingly piquant, with overtones of figs and raisins. A wonderful and unprecedented blend for the true perique lover!*

Review: The tin note is of earth and whisky. This blend is a perique-powerhouse, with plenty of 'vitamin-N' and the wonderful spicy taste of the perique remains throughout the bowl. Haddo's Delight is only sold in the UK by Gauntley's of Nottingham. According to KPC member Col. Hydrocarbon, Haddo's Delight is named after 'Oliver Haddo', a character in the W. Somerset Maugham novel 'The Magician', and is a caricature of Aleister Crowley (a famous, prolific pipe smoker and occultist) who was reputed to smoke the seemingly impossible pure 'rum-soaked perique'.

Strength:



Flavour:



Room note:



The Churchwarden



The Churchwarden with its long (usually at least 20cm) slender stem affords a cool smoke. Churchwardens come in many different shapes and sizes. Some say that the churchwarden is the ultimate reading pipe, as the bowl stays well away from the readers face keeping your colloid in the void, so to speak.

The long stem however tends to hamper successful pointing and it is recommended that Chaps smoking a Churchwarden keep a straight Billiard handy for pointing out things of interest and/or navigation.

The name can be misleading as pious Christian types are rarely seen sporting such a briar, so for supernatural use it seems to find favour with druids, wizards and other Chaps who practice the 'Dark Arts'.

The most famous Wizard of them all: Gandalf fires up some of the 'Halfling's Leaf' in his Churchwarden.



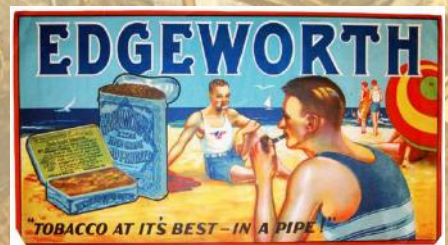
***"Your love of the Halfling's leaf has clearly slowed your mind."
- Saruman to Gandalf, The Lord of The Rings***

Pipe Babe of the Month

Well shiver-me-briars! It is rumoured that our pretty petite pirate pipe-babe offers a Jolly Roger if a Chap goes in search of her chest. But be warned, she does not give up her booty easily, so a Chap might find himself consigned to her poop deck if he's not too careful, AAARRRGGGHHH!



Please mention the KPC and/or Briar & Bothies when responding to our sponsors



"The believing we do something when we do nothing is the first illusion of tobacco."

— Ralph Waldo Emerson



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A forum for KPC members to share their thoughts regarding all things briar, rudimentary shelter, and anything else of pressing import.

NEW PIPE SHAPE DISCOVERED?

(By Chap-mail)

Sir,

Thank you for your excellent periodical which helps fill a void for this type of thing.

That said, I must challenge the accuracy of your admittedly fine Pipe Shape Chart, Volume 1 Issue 5 of Briar & Bothies. This, on first view, appears to be a wide-ranging and comprehensive review of the world of the shape of the briar. I have come into the company of a briar which manages to avoid easy comparison to any of those listed in your Chart. This leads to a most discombobulated reader to the say the least of it. Such consternation has arisen over this as to confuse one whether they are looking forward to next Tuesday or *back* to last Wednesday, so to speak. This is not a most agreeable place to be.

To help steer a course in the direction of a more comfortable partaking of a favourite pastime may I suggest a remedy?

As the briar in question fits somewhere between the 'Bent Apple' and the 'Brandy' on your chart, I would use the prefix 'Half-Bent' without any discomfort. As it is, however, not as these two comparisons, I would suggest a fresh moniker to aid discrimination: I shall return to a 'Bothy-Radio' favourite - source of such gems as the likening of a pint of lager as "fuckin' champagne" and "ye cannae buy a job like this, Son" - for help in this matter. With this fine fellow in mind, I am, therefore, proposing the 'Half-Bent Lumsden' for consideration in any updated Pipe Shape Chart. Photograph included, but details may be verified at a rudimentary shelter near you soon.

Yours in pipewood,

Private_(no class) B L C Ancer

The 'Half-Bent Lumsden' in action...



Dear Private,

It is a rare privilege to be involved in the discovery of a new pipe shape. Indeed, I would go as far to say that in the scheme of things this discovery could be analogous to an archaeologist finding 'the missing link' during a fossil dig.

With that in mind I think this matter is of such gravitas that it must be put before the KPC Pipe-Classification Committee at the 2013 AGM. In the meantime may I suggest that you continue to use the proposed moniker of 'Half-Bent Lumsden' before a final taxonomic assessment is made? Of course, part of the assessment will have to involve an interview with the great man himself, if his esteemed name is indeed to be conferred onto an odd looking pipe.

KPC members comments, for and against said proposal, prior to the AGM, on this critically important matter are encouraged. Of course the editorial team at B & B will keep members informed of any developments. Ed.

The 'Half-Bent Lumsden' gives Bingae a run out at Raitts Bothy...



EXTREME PIPE SMOKING

Pretty in pink! Debbie, The 'Cairngorm Pipe Babe' makes extreme pipe smoking look easy as the pretty pink-panther takes her briar for a puff up 'Invernookie', (Gaelic for: 'Adult fun at the mouth of a river', Ed.) of Coire an t-Sneachda. Scorching belay-action like this is enough to melt a Chap right out of his bucket-seat... (It's amazing there's any snow left in The Cairngorms when TCPB and her briar are out and about! Ed.)

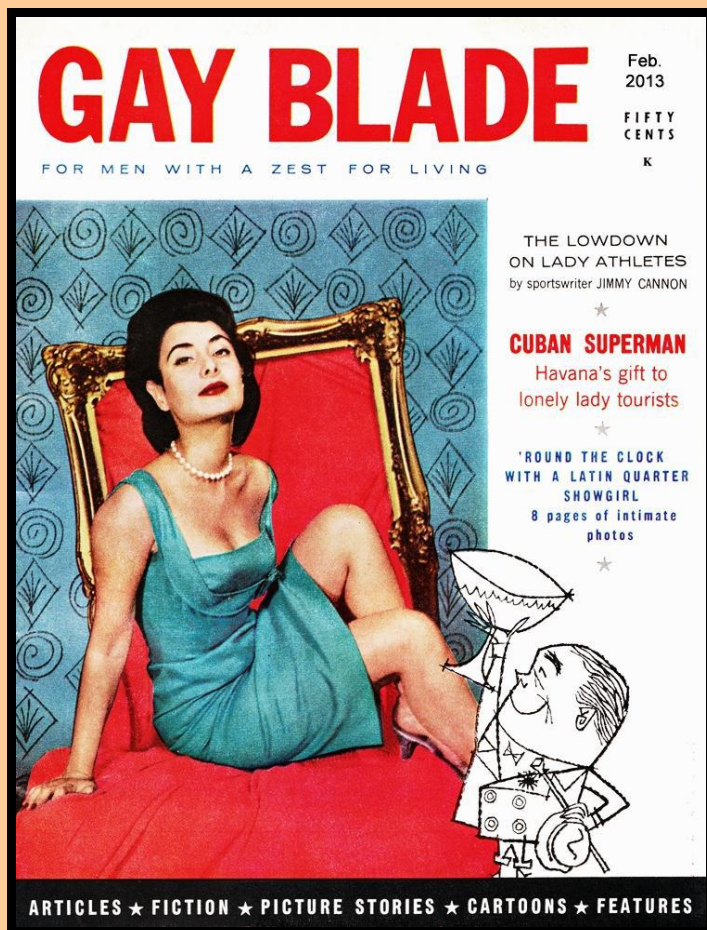


Matthew and Debbie find time for a bowl and a bit of pipe-pus practice on the ski lift before bashing the briar down a black run. Good effort Chap(ette)!

Let me see your pipe face! Even in a blizzard The Cairngorm Pipe Babe is a class act; her determined pipe pus shows why she'll never get lost in the snow!



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KPC Notices

KPC t-shirts still available from the Editor at the bargain price of £12-99 + P&P.

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

The Editor
 The Kearvaig Pipe Club
 Kearvaig
 Cape Wrath
 BR1 AR5

Or electronic (if you must) communication to:
kearvaigpipeclub@btinternet.com

KPC Future Moots

1st – 3rd February 2013 – Dazbo’s birthday bash:
 EJMCS 'The Cabin', Balgowan, Laggan. £7 pppn
 Details from Sergeant Matron.

Uncle Jesse’s Stag-do: 27th – 28th April 2013 at the
 Knoydart Music Festival. Details from the Uncle Jesse’s
 Best Man and KPC member Dazbo. Supporting the KPC
 will be Bombskare, the Peatbog Faeries and others.

25th May 2013 The Kearvaig Pipe Club will be
 performing at Easdale Island. Support: Shooglenifty.

Coming In the next edition of Briar & Bothies:

- ✓ *Pipe of the month*
- ✓ *Tobacco of the month*
- ✓ *Chap’s Corner*
- ✓ *Pipe Babe of the month*
- ✓ *Famous Pipe Smoker*
- ✓ *Famous dead Pipe Smoker*
- ✓ *Official Cake of the KPC*

