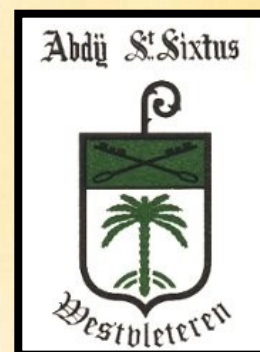




'*Briar & Bothies*'

The newsletter of
THE KEARVAIG PIPE CLUB



Lowlanders in the Highlands: The Fuming Four Come to Scotland for a Wee Puff 'n' Stuff!

The Cabin, 29/04/16 - 01/05/16

Some readers will be aware that for the last couple of years the KPC has attended the Dutch/Belgian Pipe Smokers' Forum (the PRF) meeting in Wuustwezel, Belgium, with The Count and Matron in attendance (B&B Vol. 4 Iss. 2 & Vol. 5 Iss. 2). During those meetings, a reciprocal trip to Scotland was offered to the PRF chaps. After an initial faltering start in arrangements, four PRF stalwarts 'The Fuming Four' (TFF) - as they became known - consisting of two Dutch and two Belgian chaps, namely: Arno, Rob, Shaun and Thierry, got their 'stront together', to coin a phrase, and hopped on a ferry to South Shields down in deepest Englandshire.

Those magnificent men and a frying machine...

TFF decided to take the scenic route north and once safely north of the wall, being stout chaps one and all, they opted for a hearty luncheon in the Borders town of Jedburgh. Now as any Continental wayfarer will tell you the chaps of the lowlands are partial to fried potatoes ('Chips' in common parlance, Ed.) that are subsequently smothered in mayonnaise. Rather amusingly, the bickering that the Belgians and Dutch engage in regarding the merits of each other's mayo, is a sight to behold and is akin to that of association football rivalry between Albion's constituent fiefdoms, only more intense. One supposes that national pride has to be displayed somehow and focusing on egg-based condiments is probably better than shooting at

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NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS

HERE'S THE

The FUMiNG FOUR



The Fuming Four cont.

one another, particularly since the nations concerned do have rather inferior military capabilities when compared to say, The Marshall Islands, for example (*Please keep the inevitable letters to the Editor civil and concise, Ed.*).

Anyway, it turned out that our chip-loving chaps happened upon one of Scotland's (*Although the Borders is, arguably, best left to the English anyway, Ed.*) numerous inferior chip shops where the potato performs a secondary role acting merely as a supporting matrix for the essential grease. Welcome to Scotland! TFF were less than impressed at the limp fried offerings on their plates, but one pleasing outcome was the fact that the mayo-wars were suspended as TFF came together as allies against the frightful Borders frying machine.

From Lard to Laird

Due to it being one of those four-seasons-in-one-day weather patterns that so rarely happens in Scotland, TFF were a little later than expected at the metropolis of Balgowan. An additional complication arose when their SatNav (*Dutch model: Obviously not used to operating more than 10m above sea level, Ed.*) guided them up the track of the local Laird's residence of Cluny Castle where they were met with a reception as frosty as the weather from some Laird's lackey. Fortunately Bingae and Matron had managed, somehow, to get off the sofa and initiated a search party and subsequently found the chip-bloated and chastised chaps down at the gates to the Cluny citadel. Welcome to Scotland again... Dreadful cuisine and irascible Toffs aside, a warm welcome to our lowland guests was extended and they were quickly ensconced up at the Cabin.

Full fat chips and Coke: Thierry and Shaun enjoying their first encounter with Scottish cuisine...



(Continued on page 3)

Fine fellows: The Fuming Four arrive at Balgowan.



The Fuming Four cont.

Supplies

The short haul from the road to the Cabin became a logistical challenge as TFF had come *prepared!* The boot of Rob's motor was literally stuffed to the gunwales with a fantastic array of beer, baccy, cigars, whisky, and some interesting looking spirits from the Jenever stable. TFF had gone to some amazing lengths in the wonderful gifts that they brought including a crate of the very special Westvleteren 12 beer (10.2% abv) (*Crikey! Ed.*) magnificently procured from the Trappist brewery by Thierry. To get your hands on this particular brand of rocket fuel, a chap has to book ahead by phoning the abbey with his order, give them a car registration number and telephone number before turning up in the correct car for collection (*Bothy points awarded, Ed.*). It is rumoured that a hefty discount is given for the penitent chap. The reason for all this faffing is to prevent resale of the beer as Westvleteren is only available (legally) from the abbey outlets.

Dire warnings to the indigenous folk at the moot regarding the potency of said firewater, predictably, went unheeded as we will see later.

Added to the supplies that the KPC chaps had brought, things were shaping up rather nicely for an evening to remember.

Time for a Ruby Murray

Once Dazbo and Cave Fud had returned from a sortie on

their BMXs, the moot got off to an agreeable start with a snifter or two and a sit down meal consisting of Matron's vat of curry that met with a tad more approval than the Jedburgh feast. Fortunately the Cabin is blessed with a decent dining table that accommodated all eight chaps comfortably.

Not much remembered but a night they'll never forget...

The Cabin's fine stove was roaring away as the chaps retired to the soft furnishings; a deadly lair for any chap foolhardy enough to take forty winks before the witching hour. Having boned-up on bothy etiquette (*i.e. they've read a few back issues of B&B, Ed.*) our guests were only too well aware of the ancient rituals of 'coonsilling' and a palpable, unmistakable wariness was never far away from their joyous personas as the evening wore on in fine fashion.

Predictably, the first night was the most hectic (*Pulling the trigger early, will the crazy fools never learn? Ed.*) as the chaps set about the vast array of beverages and bauwky on offer. The principal activities of the evening were: drinking, snacking, smoking pipes and cigars, talking shite and leaping about (it could not be called dancing) to punk rock tunes after Rob had put on his splendid 70's & 80's selection.

Amid the blur, Cave Fud let the home side down and was awarded a well-deserved coonsilling with TFF looking on at proceedings with a delightful mixture of awe and relief

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Kwai Chang Dazbo, no doubt not the first victim of Belgian beer but perhaps one of the most colourful.



The Fuming Four cont.

Cave Fud gets a well deserved early bottom bath.

that it was not one of their number slain by a hairy derrière! Dazbo - not heeding the sagely warnings of the Westvleteren - decided to do his best Kwai Chang Caine impression by collapsing into the stove and burning his arms in the process. No matter though as the stove was completely unharmed: Westvleteren 1, KPC 0. It was to be a day or so before Dazbo resurfaced to join the fray such was the legacy of the Westvleteren. Perhaps those Trappist chaps will get a chuckle over their copy of B&B?

The rest of the night was a colourful blur as the chaps collapsed one by one.

A tale of two sauces...

Arno, being a very organised chap, had booked a tour of the nearby Dal-

whinnie distillery. Before that could happen, however, the wreckage of the gathering had to be re-assembled. If one was to be polite a few chaps looked, collectively, like 10kg of faeces in a 5kg bag, er, to coin a phrase.

It was to be that vital morning tonic of: lashings of tea, coffee, bacon rolls and cold curry to the rescue in an attempt to re-establish some equilibrated decorum. It was at this juncture when the lack of culinary experience of TFF became apparent once again as they enquired after the red and brown sauce bottles that were offered alongside their breakfast rolls. Now, any chap worth is condiments will tell you that red and brown sauce should be kept well apart like Natrium and dihydrogen monoxide or your mistresses and your wife, for example. This law of nature is drummed into the British chap at a very early age (*Often at the time of potty training, Ed.*) and has arguably become in-

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IN CASE OF RED AND BROWN SAUCES MIXING



1. REMAIN CALM



2. DUCK AND COVER



3. AVERT EYES, FROM FLASH



4. PREPARE TO REMAIN WHERE YOU ARE FOR 4-6 WEEKS



5. HAVE WATER AND FOOD FOR DURATION



6. ADMINISTER FIRST AID; AMPUTATE AS NECESSARY



7. COMFORT THE DYING



8. ISOLATE CORPSES TO LIMIT SPREAD OF DISEASE



9. REMAIN CHEERFUL TO THE END

The Fuming Four cont.

stinctive behaviour. Both sauces are of course acceptable fare, but *NEVER* at the same time on the same plate. So with this in mind our guests piled in and smothered their rolls in *both sauces* with gay abandon before they could be stopped. With grave forebodings at this horrific event Bingae, Cave Fud and Matron were sent scurrying for cover for fear of a cataclysm such as an instant black hole being created. In the event *nothing whatsoever* happened and the bi-sauced roll munchers merely continued chomping away like contented ruminating cattle.

In a futile face saving exercise, after a brief confab, it was concluded by Messrs Bingae, Fud and Matron that it must have been down to defective sauce - "*Yes that was it*" - and that the condiment caperers had been very lucky chaps indeed to escape unscathed. An air of doubt had, however, been created, rather like a child discovering that god and Father Christmas are actually the same chap; they've both got beards after all. All very confusing and unsettling.

Dalwhinnie distillery tour

What do you do when you have a massive hangover? Go on a distillery tour of course! A bright and breezy Saturday afternoon saw Bingae, Matron and TFF off to Dalwhinnie for a guided tour. The tour was a rather splendid affair with our guide being a bit of a wag who looked like he'd seen the bottom of the odd whisky bottle or two over the years. Nothing like the voice of experience.

At the end of the tour we had the obligatory snifter and it was definitely a case of hair-of-the-dog except for Rob who was driving so he gave his hair away (*As did Arno and Matron, years ago! Ed.*) to some reluctant punter.

Remarkably, this prescription seemed to fettle the chaps enough for late luncheon at the Newtonmore Grill, where, with some trepidation, chips were ordered, but this time they met expectations even if the mayonnaise was only notable by its absence.

(Continued on page 6)



The Fuming Four cont.

A taste of Scotland

The crew returned with Dazbo still MIA. Matron and Bingae proceeded with the evening meal, namely haggis neeps 'n' tatties for a dash of authentic Scot's cuisine (*And they thought Jedburgh chips were bad, Ed.*).

Fortunately the cooking facilities at The Cabin are both copious and excellent, as the Haggis etc. seems to use just about every pot and pan going. In the event a traditional Scottish feast for eight was conjured to the approval of all.

The evening proved to be a change of pace with the chaps retiring to the soft furnishings to enjoy the slower pace of conversation, fine cigars and the odd snifter. The atmospheric glow of a brace of hurricane lamps and the stove provided a very convivial backdrop indeed. Such social spaces are, sadly, a rarity these days and all present seemed, instinctively, to appreciate what they had created and were willingly contributing to; a space where each second can lead to cherished memories.

Day trip to Kirkcaldy

Originally TFF had planned on a trip to Kendal to visit Samuel Gawith. For reasons too tiresome to explain here, tours of that bastion of fine tobacco are, sadly, no more. In place of this trip, Maclean Dorward of GT Coventry, Kirkcaldy, kindly offered the KPC a private opening in his fine old-world emporium (B&B Vol. 2 Iss. 1).

Upon our arrival in Kirkcaldy, Maclean was standing outside his shoppe where the 21st century had caught up with him as his alarm system had malfunctioned and was screeching so loudly as to make venturing inside simply impossible without ear muffs. Whilst Maclean waited for the alarm engineer the chaps set off in search of sustenance. After an abortive attempt at refreshments at Betty

Rob looking into GT's magic mirror.



Nicol's - the pub across the road - due to a distinctly hostile reception from the barman that was simply not going to be tolerated by Rob making a principled stand (*Bothy points awarded, Ed.*) the chaps simply walked out. Just along the High Street the Annapurna Nepalese restaurant provided not only a fine welcome, but some fine food that proved just the ticket.

With the alarm fixed they headed back to GT's for a splendid session with our gracious host explaining the history of the shop and providing a sample of the relatively new (and remarkably decent) Peterson's *Signature Flake*. TFF stocked up on a range of supplies and soaked up the atmosphere of one of Scotland's last truly old school specialist tobacconists.

Matron bid TFF a fond farewell and was very pleased that one and all left Alba as part the brotherhood of the KPC as follows: *Baldrick, Henry, Robdalf and Shrobbit Teabaggins*. We would like to thank them all very much for their fine gifts and making it such a cracking, unforgettable weekend. For the origins of TFF's bothy names readers will just have to get themselves round the bothy fire for the stories!

Further reading: For a full and splendid write-up of The Fuming Four's trip see Arno's 'Dutch Pipe Smoker' blog: <https://dutchpipesmoker.wordpress.com/>

The old ways: Maclean doing his stuff.



The Fuming Four cont.



The Fuming Four cont.



"You start on Monday with the idea implanted in your bosom that you are going to enjoy yourself. You wave an airy adieu to the boys on shore, light your biggest pipe, and swagger about the deck as if you were Captain Cook, Sir Francis Drake, and Christopher Columbus all rolled into one." -Jerome K. Jerome, Three Men In a Boat



THUNDERBRIARS ARE GO!

Every once in a while the premier far NW pipe club is called upon do something outside of it's usual remit of high times in the bothy with one's comrades in smoke. Yes dear reader, the KPC, or to be more precise, our band of rakish mercenaries the *Special Bothy Service* (SBS or 'Wild Puffins' as they are affectionately known), detected a faint, wistful, cyberspace transmission from a damsel-in-distress. Of course The Puffins simply had to respond and you will no doubt be heartened to learn that our chaps, once again, went above and beyond and stepped once more into the breach on a breath-taking rescue mission par-excellence. Read on!

SOS (Save Our Spectacles) received

The following transmission was picked up by the SBS's Thunderbriar 5 at 22:16 on 07th May 2016:

"*HELP! LOST GLASSES NEAR KEARVAIG BOTHY* After heading from Cape Wrath we stopped at a really nice Kearvaig bothy, but managed to forget glasses!!! (Just drink out of the bloody bottle then! Ed.) If someone by any chance passes this place, they should be next to the river on the left side from the bothy (close to the sea, still on the bothy side though). For-got them after putting contact lenses (Ah, glasses glasses, whoops, ahem, Ed.). If there is any chance, someone could take them from there (patterned, brown glasses) we would definitely pay for the postage and more. Thank you a lot!
Justina Laucevičiūtė " End of transmission STOP



THUNDERBRIARS ARE GO! CONT.

Operation 'Jocular Ocular Eyewear Now' (or known affectionately as 'Jock ock eye thenoo' to the participants) is launched

As with most rescue missions of this nature there was no time to lose, so the Puffins swung into action, getting a few crates into the air within hours of the SOS being received. Further INTEL revealed that our damsel-in-distress was not any ordinary lass who'd misplaced her ocular enhancement devices whilst exploring the Parph. No chaps, it turned out that our Justina was actually a Latvian princess of photography residing in Dundee (*Obviously down on her luck then, Ed.*):

<http://justinasmile.com/>

To complicate matters further, a similar "Glasses lost at Kearvaig" message was posted on the MBA website soon after Thunderbriar 5 received the Princess's SOS. An ominous development, although our chaps felt safe in the knowledge that by the time the MBA had established a committee and done a risk assessment, The Puffins would be home and dry, downing a cold one and running a

Specsavers franchise in the bothy. Whilst operation JOET might not have been *exactly* in the same league as, say, Scott versus Amundsen, could you imagine, however, if the MBA search team got lotto-ticket-odds-lucky and pipped the Puffins to the prize? This would simply not do as regimental pride was at stake and of course standards must be maintained. However, there is nothing like a *modicum* of even feeble competition in the mix to stiffen a Puffin's tail feathers!

B&B gets embedded

The Puffins are naturally a secretive lot, but in a break from usual protocol, B&B gained exclusive access with one of our Editorial team embedded (*Only because Kate Adie was unavailable, Ed.*) for the duration of JOET. As a result of this journalistic coup we are able bring you actual, mind-blowing operational images as it unfolded.

Of course that rugged part of the world is used to aerial bombardment and such like, so a few more fantastic flying machines zipping about or a few dangerous-looking grizzled types sporting special forces moustaches at the Ozone Café would not arouse too much suspicion.

No need to go to Specsavers! Message of reassurance sent to the Princess:

"Dear Justina,

Thank you for contacting the Kearvaig Pipe Club.

We are sorry to hear that you have misplaced your ocular enhancement devices (OED) whilst staying at Kearvaig bothy.

We have contacted Major Ellis Dee - our head of operations at Cape Wrath - and he will be sending in a Special Bothy Service (SBS) search team ASAP. When our team recovers your OED will contact you immediately and arrange postage to yourself.

Thank you for your kind offer, but if our mission is successful we do not seek any financial redress whatsoever as our chaps are used to dealing with such situations and work strictly as volunteers. However, we would welcome a picture of you with a pipe (smoking or not - the choice is yours) for our acclaimed 'Pipe Babe of The Month' piece in our regular newsletter.

Yours sincerely,

The KPC Command Centre, on behalf of the SBS"



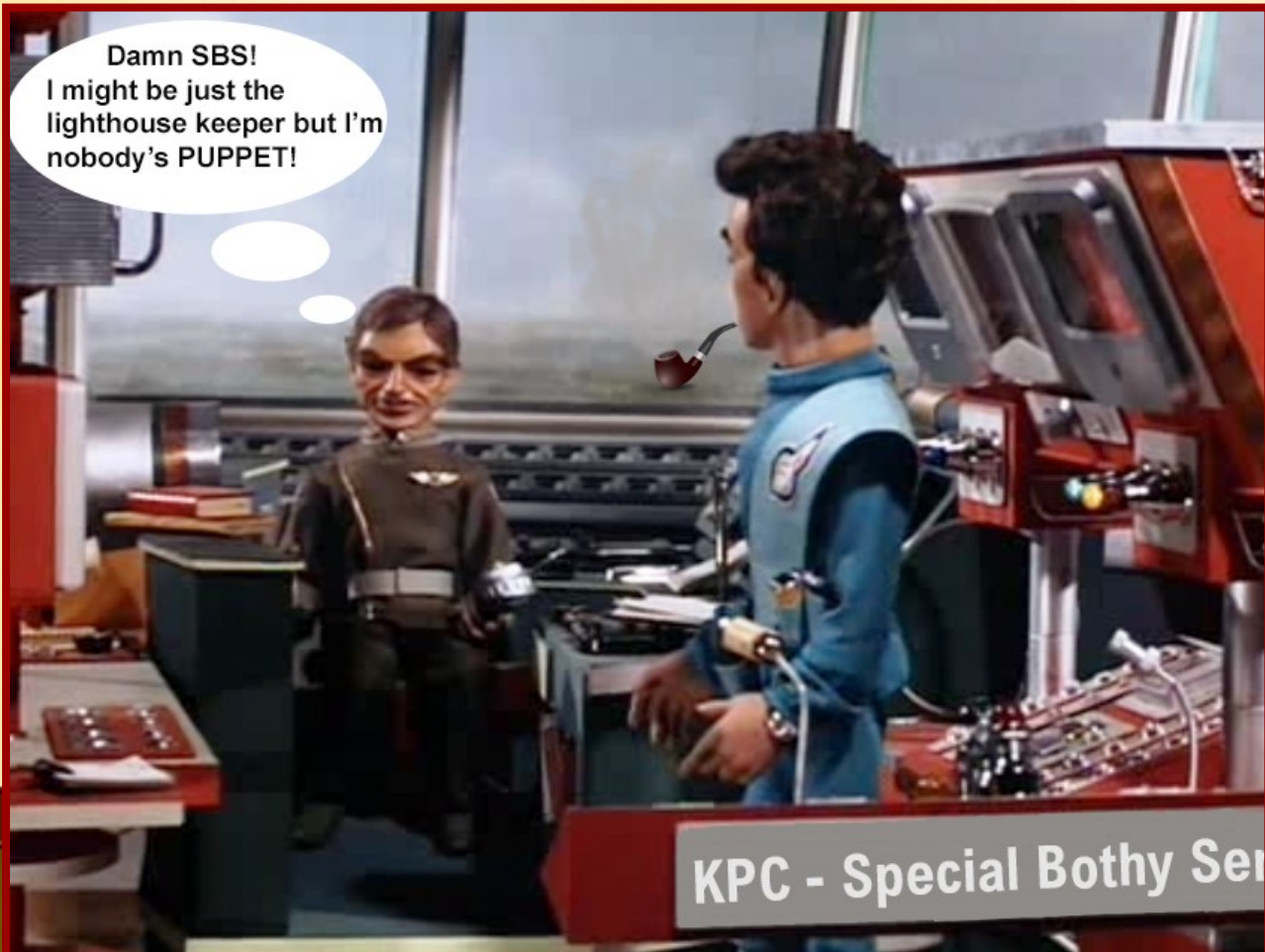
Yes chaps, you've guessed it, the MBA sent in 'The MOod' to spy on the Puffin's heroics. At the time of writing we understand that she was captured and has been extraordinarily rendered to a secret rudimentary shelter for a spot of enhanced interrogation.. That'll teach the funny-eyed blighter!

THUNDERBRIARS ARE GO! CONT.

JOET Phase 1: Thunderbriar 1 races into Cape Wrath to set up the Puffins' Mobile Control in the lighthouse tower.



JOET Phase 2: Puffins' Mobile Control secured in the lighthouse tower...



THUNDERBRIARS ARE GO! CONT.

JOET Phase 3: 'The Mole' searching at Kearvaig whilst Thunderbriar 4 maintains a seaward perimeter.

One can only imagine the fretful trepidation that the Princess (below) was experiencing as our chaps were doing their stuff...



THUNDERBRIARS ARE GO! CONT.

Mission accomplished: Thunderbriar 2 blasts off from Kearvaig after the SBS had located and recovered the Princess's ocular enhancement devices.



THE SPECIAL BOTHY SERVICE ARE GO!



Message of thanks received from the Princess:

Good evening KPC,

We cannot express how thankful and happy we are! You are our heroes.

Our address is XXX.

How do you think it would be best to transfer you money for the postage and some extra for your efforts?

P.S. As I am a photographer, I took lots of pictures at the bothy location. I am not sure whether you could use them anywhere but you are more than welcome to do that. Will send them as soon as I finish editing them :)

Best regards,

Justina

Glasses returned to the Princess.



THUNDERBRIARS ARE GO! CONT.

Epilogue

Once again we owe a debt of gratitude to Major Ellis Dee and the SBS. The Princess's kind offer of financial compensation for retrieving her glasses was not accepted. Instead, however, KPC Command suggested making a donation to our favourite charity, namely the MBA, which she subsequently undertook. This fact, combined with the inevitable public interest such daring missions generate, caused a blip or two in cyberspace - see below. Although the KPC, in true *Nicey-fashion*, "Do a lot for charity but don't like to talk about it", funnily enough, to date, KPC Command has received no official acknowledgment from the charity in question. Perhaps we'll just put it down to the burgeoning bureaucracy of said charity?



Justina Smile

June 2 at 12:19pm



P.S. We managed to leave glasses near Kearvaig Bothy somewhere near the river. However, to our surprise, the Kearvaig Pipe Club team decided to go and look for them and after a second search they managed to find them! Just today, after one month has passed, we received our glasses and we cannot be happier for such goodness of this community. To thank them we made a donation to the Mountain Bothies Association on their behalf.



You, Kevin Campbell, Sparky Gilmour and 23 others



Kevin Campbell Aye they pipe club boys ur jist braw lads 😊

Unlike · Reply · 3 likes · June 2 at 1:18pm



Hollis Brown A donation to the MBA. They will be delighted with that!!!!

Unlike · Reply · 5 likes · June 2 at 4:08pm



Brian Hughes well done the pipe club ,

Like · Reply · 3 likes · June 2 at 5:28pm



Neil Findlay Seemingly the MOD insist that the bothy is a no smoking zone.they will have to find a new venue for their club 😊

Unlike · Reply · 3 likes · June 2 at 6:02pm



Kevin Campbell They might they tae take the pipe guys freedom but they won't stop them smoking..... Anyway mod didnie say it's a non smoking zone yon wummin made it awe up

Unlike · Reply · 5 likes · June 2 at 6:04pm



Ian Wishart Shouldnae talk about jimmy johnstone like that.

Like · Reply · 2 likes · June 2 at 6:18pm



Kevin Campbell Jimmy Johnstone maist probably hings ontae yon wummins apron strings

Like · Reply · 1 like · June 2 at 6:19pm

"Let it not be thought that the age of chivalry belongs to the past"
- Sir Winston Churchill (1874-1965)

OPERATION JOBBIE TWO ZERO

Background

Fresh from recovering lost glasses at Kearvaig, The Puffins barely had time to stuff a bowl and blow the froth off a cold one before they were once again called upon for another daring mission. KPC Command had received some high-grade INTEL (*Many a Bothan spy suffered for this information, Ed.*) that a brigade of bitter and twisted bobble-hatted lackeys had descended on Kearvaig to purge the bothy of any and all KPC ephemera before posting their own beastly notices ordering 'Walkers' to 'keep out' (*Why persecute only one brand of fried potato snacks? They are usually very pale in complexion after all. Prejudice is a strange thing indeed! Ed.*) or something like that. The excesses of this discriminatory charade, it seems, were simply to get Kearvaig cleansed prior to a state visit by Her MOojesty and entourage for her cheap holiday masquerading as a work party in early June. So much for the assurances that Her MOoj had calmed down a tad and was happy to live and let live... (*Perhaps she would also care to offer an opinion regarding the missing page in the Kearvaig bothy book with the entry from the 2015 KPC AGM that had been carefully cut out? Anyone vandalising the bothy book is a cad, bounder and rum cove all rolled into one beastly ball, Ed.*) Anyway, If these rather censorial types ever find themselves between jobs we feel fairly sure that they could enjoy gainful employment in the Northern half of the Korean peninsular:

Artist's impression: The shape of things to come? The North Kearvaig Dictator Dim MOo Dung seeks vengeance! (Translates as: "Damn the KPC! I will have no smoking in North Kearvaig. Launch the nuclear missiles, NOW!")



Of course such shenanigans would not do as regular readers of this periodical, by now, will be well aware that standards must be maintained. Therefore, The Puffins, once again sallied forth to re-establish some order by replenishing Kearvaig with some choice KPC wall-coverings to smite the bobble-hats' spite. This of course, in the eyes of self-important bothy royalty at least, would be tantamount to dropping a steaming jobbie on the obsequiously rolled-out red carpet. Timing was crucial, so dropping the metaphorical jobbie would have to be just prior to said state visit and thus a surgical strike was the primary mission objective.

We are pleased to report that the mission was, eventually, a complete success and that B&B has been authorised to publish Major Ellis Dee's mission report. The observant reader will note the *unusual* style and we proffer that this is most likely as a result of the fog of war and extreme duress that the Puffins must have been under during the Op.. Either that or perhaps the magnificent solitude up at The Cape has finally muddled the Major's normally clear thinking a smidgen. Whatever the contributing factors of the report we are, once again, indebted to the Major and The Puffins! (*Continued on page 16*)

OPERATION JOBBIE TWO ZERO CONT.

PUFFED OUT PUFFINS DISPATCH

OPERATION JOBBIE TWO ZERO MISSION REPORT - 18:00 HOURS ZULU TIME 1ST JUNE 2016

SARGE,

COMMANDEERED 6 HOT AIR BALLOONS IN THE LAKE DISTRICT. THE FLAGSHIP USED BY THE PUFFINS WAS IN THE SHAPE OF A THREE-LEGGED DONKEY AND WAS LESS THAN AERODYNAMIC. DUE TO VARYING WEATHER CONDITIONS AND THE FACT THAT NO ONE ABOARD COULD DO ANY JOINED UP THINKING IT TOOK US 18 DAYS TO REACH THE OBJECTIVE. DUE TO A RAPIDLY DEPLETING PROPANE GAS (*SHOULD HAVE USED PARAFFIN, ED.*) USED TO KEEP THE BALLOON ALOFT. METHANE GAS WAS SUBSTITUTED AND NATO RATIONS WERE DEPLOYED. THE EXCESSIVE CONSUMPTION OF BAKED BEANS AND SAUERKRAUT RESULTED IN A CATASTROPHIC OVER SUPPLY SITUATION AND WE FOUND OURSELVES AT 22,000 FEET RISING RAPIDLY INTO THE STRATOSPHERE WHILST FRANTICALLY TRYING TO MANUFACTURE BUNGS.



ON REACHING THE OBJECTIVE THE YANK SPECIAL OPS OFFICER WHO WAS ACCOMPANYING US TO STUDY HOW TO MAKE TEA AND SMOKE A PIPE PROPERLY EXITED THE BALLOON BY PARACHUTE AND IN DOING SO SHAT HIMSELF SO VIOLENTLY THAT THE DOCTORS DON'T THINK HE WILL EVER WALK AGAIN. THE YANK TOP BRASS IN A COVER-UP AWARDED HIM THE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOUR. LUCKY BASTARD.

THE BALLOON LANDING ON KEARVAIG BEACH WAS, TO SAY THE LEAST, A BIT HAPHAZARD AND INVOLVED THE BALLOON BEING DRAGGED UP AND DOWN THE BEACH FOR OVER 4 HOURS ACCOMPANIED BY SOME VERY RAUCOUS SHOUTING AND SCREAMING AND WE WERE UNSURE OF IF THIS ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF THE BOTHY DEFENDERS. THE DONKEY BALLOON LOST ANOTHER 2 LEGS IN THE PROCESS.

AFTER RENDEZVOUSING WITH THE LOCAL PARTISANS WHO INSISTED IN ONLY CONVERSING IN GAELIC AND WHO EVENTUALLY OUTMANOEUVRED THEMSELVES AND WERE OF NO BLOODY ASSISTANCE WHATSOEVER. A FULL FRONTAL ASSAULT WITH A FLANKING MANOEUVRE ON THE LEFT WAS CARRIED OUT AGAINST WHAT WE ASSUMED WOULD BE HEAVY RESISTANCE.

IN THE ENSUING MELEE B PLATOON TA TOOK C PLATOON TA PRISONER AND SUBJECTED THEM TO AN EXCEPTIONALLY VIGOROUS INTERROGATION, INVOLVING WASPS, A WILDCAT GAFFER-TAPED TO A STICK AND A PHOTOGRAPH OF URI GELLER AND ANNE WIDECOMBE PLAYING PING-PONG IN THE NUDE BEFORE REALISING THEIR MISTAKE.

THE ANTICIPATED HEAVY RESISTANCE IN THE BOTHY PROVED UNFOUNDED AS AFTER THE SMOKE HAD CLEARED AND TEAR GAS HAD SUBSIDED THE ONLY OCCUPANT WAS A FRENCHMAN HIDING UNDER A DUFFLE COAT MUTTERING "OH NO NOT AGAIN, VIVE LA FRANCE, VIVE DE GALLE!". HE WAS REVIVED WITH A GOOD SLAP AND SOME BOTHY FLAKE AND RELEASED INTO THE WILD UNHARMED, EXCEPT FOR THE SLAP. THE PUFFINS SET ABOUT THE BOTHY WITH GUSTO THAT CAN ONLY BE EXPERIENCED BY COMPLETING AN IMPOSSIBLE MISSION. THE WALLS WERE PLASTERED AND PHOTOGRAPHED FOR POSTERITY. THE PUFFINS MELTED AWAY INTO THE SURROUNDING TERRAIN LEAVING ONLY THEIR DOTTLE AND A VERY BAD TEMPERED WILDCAT AS THEIR CALLING

(Continued on page 17)

"After a battle is over people talk a lot about how decisions were methodically reached, but actually there's always a hell of a lot of groping around."

- Admiral Frank J. Fletcher

OPERATION JOBBIE TWO ZERO CONT.

CARDS FOR THE INTENSE FORENSIC INVESTIGATION THAT WOULD UNDOUBTEDLY FOLLOW.

WE LOST A FEW GOOD MEN ON THIS MISSION. D PLATOON TA, WHO HAD ONLY BEEN INSTRUCTED ON HOW TO MAKE THE BALLOON ASCEND WERE LAST SEEN AT 18,000 FEET OVER THE AZORES. THEIR LAST RADIO COMMUNICATION INDICATED THAT THEY WERE OUT OF BOTHY FLAKE AND THEIR MINDS. THE BALLOON THEY WERE USING WAS IN THE SHAPE OF A FAT CAT ADVERTISING LLOYDS BANK AND THEREFORE UNLIKELY TO RECEIVE ANY ASSISTANCE FORM ANYONE, EVER. HOWEVER, BIGGLES WAS ABOARD SO THERE IS STILL SOME HOPE.

MOST OF THE REMAINING TA BOYS ARE DOWN WITH SEVERE BOUTS OF THE COLLYWOBBLES AFTER CONSUMING FAR TOO MUCH SAUERKRAUT AND ARE IN ISOLATION WARDS BEING TREATED WITH AIR FRESHENER AND BOTHY FLAKE INCENSE STICKS.

MAJOR ELLIS DEE



Unfortunately no actual footage from Jobbie Two Zero survived. Therefore we had to commission a Harley Street shrink and a forensic sketch artist to debrief the Major and this somewhat unsettling image of the Op. is the result. One interpretation is that the SBS kicked ASS (Enough already, Ed.) and the other is that the Major needs some assistance rubberising his quarters. If, however, one can look beyond the Hammer House of Horror similarities, we think this may lend the charitable reader a portentous insight into the rigours of life in the magical far NW. Readers and KPC members alike will be pleased to hear that the Major is expected to make a full recovery.



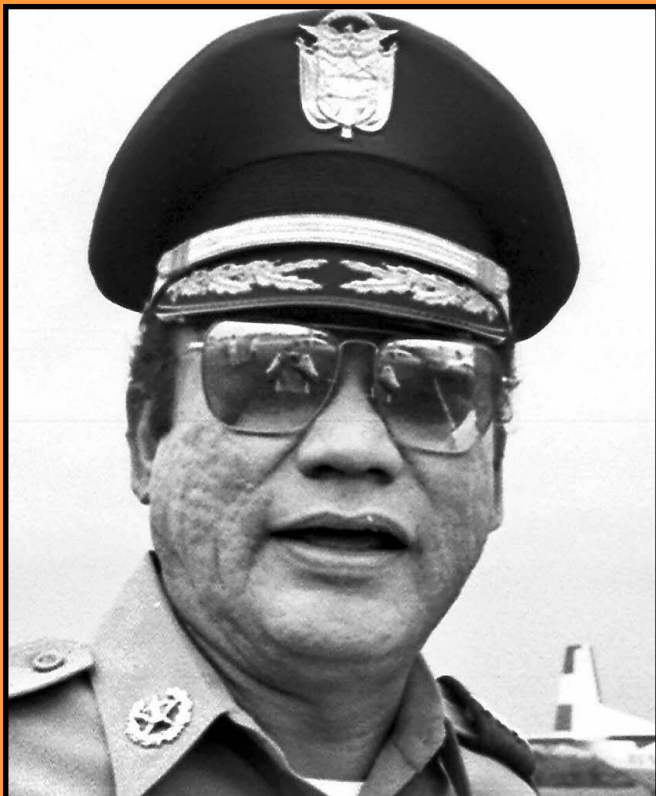
"All wars would end immediately if the various chiefs of state dropped a little LSD."

- David Crosby

Star Pipe Chap of the Month

This month our **Star Chap** is none other than a member of the top brass of the MBA with titles including: MO, Trustee, Newsletter Editor and Pipe Smoker-in-Chief. Yes chaps, Andy Mayhew, after an initial faltering start (B&B Vol. 5 Iss. 2 pp. 14-15), has risen to the challenge - in some style it has to be said - and answered our call to show the KPC his Pipe Face magnificently. In fact his reply included the fateful words of: "Do with it [his pipe face photo] what you will". Some may think this devil-may-care approach foolhardy, but we like our pipe chaps wi' baws! Being an incredibly altruistic and pragmatic chap, Andy says: "I usually smoke Clan these days – bit common, I know, but I do find non-smokers often quite like the aroma. And they stock it in Tesco..." Now that level of consideration for one's fellow man is bothy ethic writ large. Just imagine smoking that mouth-blistering filth (The crystal meth of pipe tobaccos, Ed.) just so that others can enjoy the admittedly rather decent room note?! We have prescribed a tin of Bothy Flake both as replacement therapy and to stop him wasting his life in such a self-destructive manner. The rather pleasing fact that we have a staunch puffball at the very pinnacle of the MBA Mount Olympus also scotches the ridiculous myth sometimes touted by the odd desperate ingrate - with their various, joyless, axes to grind - in the Twattersphere that somehow KPC activities are likely to get smoking in bothies banned. I say haters, stick that in yer pipe and smoke it!

As for his Pipe Face portrait, apart from walking on Dartmoor in bare feet in his school football strip, Andy tells us that he was bashing some of the aforementioned 'tobacco' in an army mount pipe washed down with a snifter of Talisker (If he brings a bottle of that to the bothy I'm sure the chaps will forgive his Clan habit, Ed.). Now, we are not for a minute suggesting that to be a big cheese in the MBA a chap has to emulate a tin-pot dictator to get the coveted egg on his hat, but the Editorial Team could not help but notice his uncanny likeness to that much loved (by the CIA at any rate) former Panamanian dictator Manuel Noriega. Aside from this minor detail, we give Andy full marks for his Pipe face. Well done Sir a tin of Bothy Flake and KPC membership is yours if you so desire!



Other (less than stellar) Pipe Chaps of the month...

Oh dear, Thornton Lacey has some way to go from 'rabbit in the headlights' pipe chap to star pipe chap. Perhaps this shocking image, however, could prove to be a timely reminder for chaps considering patronising Athena for their wall hangings...



To be uncharacteristically fair to our dear old Cave Fud he did send this composition in primarily to show off his new gnashers that he purchased off of e-bay with a 99p start and free P&P. Needless to say positive feedback was not forthcoming. Another disturbing, if subliminal message, of this image is that he is trying to convince the world that he actually has birthdays. Of course KPC members know that he was not actually born at all, but formed by a devilish combination of heat and pressure in the Mines of Moria.



Our Canadian member Doug sent us this rather serene image of himself having a bowl and doing something or other with his 'Cruz' guitar where, thankfully, little harm can be done to passers-by.



Other (less than stellar) Pipe Chaps of the month... Cont.

What the blazes! Whilst we welcome The Fuming Four prancing about in their new KPC t-shirts (sizes ranging from FB to XXFB) and undertaking a spot of synchronised kecks dropping (A recognised Olympipe sport, Ed.) we simply cannot condone involving our four-legged friends in this sort of debauchery. What possibly could that poor, hapless, Bassett hound have ever done to deserve such obscene defilement? Chaps, you may be from the Lowlands with your funny ways and all, but in this pipe club we simply do not do cruelty to animals! Yes, in civilised countries such as Alba the only thing we don't deep fry is our pets. Besides, our rich traditions demand that is up to the dog to display his baws as he sees fit and not the other bloody way round! We expect to see a dramatic improvement in standards by the time of your next visit...



"There are moments, Jeeves, when one asks oneself, 'Do trousers matter?'"
 "The mood will pass, sir."

— P.G. Wodehouse

Pipe Babe of the Month

During a wee trip up to The Filthy Inn recently, Dazbo and Matron were just getting the fire going when they were very suddenly and unexpectedly warmed-up as Ann popped-in, ostensibly to shelter from the rain. Of course the chaps knew better and before you could say "Smoke this, Treacle!", Annie was bashing the briar and knocking back the malt like the true professional that the chaps knew she was. Once she smoked all their bauwky and supped all their whisky, she tottered off leaving the chaps in awe. From that day forward the mercenary minx became known as: "Filthy Annie, she'll no leave yer wi' any!"



"If she drinks beer, she's a keeper."

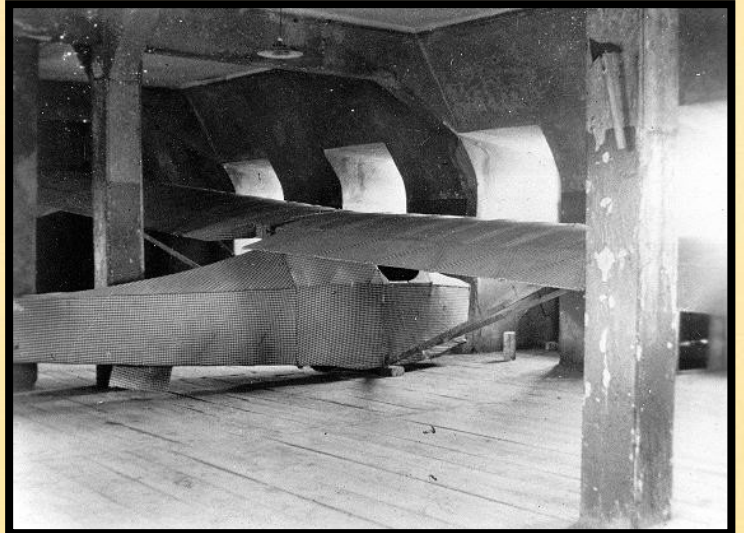
- Earl Dibbles Jr.

ESCAPE TO Colditz



KPC member The Hon. Reverend Puffin has been on his travels of late to the Fatherland. As part of his escape from the Glasgow grime he ended up at the infinitely superior Oflag IV-C, more commonly known as Colditz bothy. Of course the word Colditz will be fondly remembered by chaps from their pre-pubescent schoolboy (*Well, the chaps that did not end up as 'wrong-uns' at least, Ed.*) japes about less than warm mammary glands etc. Ah to be so innocent once again! Fortunately for our German member, The Count, The Reverend did not have enough time to visit Franconia, but he did send us a few splendid snaps of his trip - see below.

Of course Colditz was famous for numerous and legendary escape attempts. Perhaps none more so than the original 'Colditz Cock', which was assembled by our chaps behind a false wall.



It appears that The Reverend even found a few Colditz chums for a bowl, which is surprising given his penchant for prison guard uniforms. Having said that we are confident that his famously two-dimensional sermons would go down splendidly with these chaps!

Not all escape plans at Colditz are quite so legendary, but perhaps observant readers may spot the odd similarity...



"A prisoner of war is a man who tries to kill you and fails, and then asks you not to kill him."

- Winston Churchill, 1952

New Member Welcome

Quinton Jegar

Quinton, 23, originally from Northern Ontario, Canada, describes himself as a *"suspicious half-caste"* as he also enjoys UK citizenship, with his father being a Scot.

He got in touch with the KPC after wandering about up on the parph when he opted for a couple of nights at Kearvaig. He had recently decided to take up the briar after secretly 'borrowing' one of his Grandfather's pipes. Being a cautious and self-conscious young chap, he felt safe that no one would witness and mock his early pipe fumblings whilst in a lonely bothy. As he was enjoying his first ever bowl he tells us that he then noticed the odd KPC poster and business card up at our shrine. Was this a sign..? Subsequently intrigued, he made the fateful trip to Cape Wrath (*As so many do, Ed.*) where The Major completed his initiation by plying him with tobacco. Sadly, Quinton neglected to purloin a camera whilst liberating his pipe from his Granddad and so he has no hard evidence of his life-changing bowl at Kearvaig. Therefore, all we are able to offer him at present is Associate Member status, but he assures us that he is champing-at-the-bit to return to Kearvaig to reach that elusive higher plain of full KPC membership.

Being a somewhat intrepid young chap Quinton has already graduated to Balkan mixtures which he tells us are his current favourites. For such a young fellow to be engaged with the smoky leaf so early on is indeed heartening—bothy points awarded. To make ends meet and fund his new hobby, Quinton is presently employed as a 'Mountain Guide' in Iceland. Perhaps this is simply a rather grandiose job title or maybe is a result of new-fangled range of frozen food that we have, until now, been blissfully unaware of. Either way our new chap neglected to explain, so perhaps he will enlighten us around the bothy fire sometime. In fact in his membership application Quinton said he is *"...looking forward to many years of idyllic fires, whiskeys and pipes, particularly in combination."* This is all well and good, but we suggest that he learns to spell 'whisky' properly as that dreaded superfluous 'e' means *American bourbon* on this side of the pond and *not proper Scotch whisky!* Whilst we can and do try to make accommodations for the errors of youth, the KPC, of course, has to balance this with maintaining standards. We are sure that young Quinton will take this point on board so we'll leave it there for now.

Despite his grammatical foibles we would like to give a warm welcome to Quinton and we hope to see him round the bothy telly soon.

Bothy name: Balkan Axeman

Being a young whipper-snapper, Quinton likes to do silly things like climb glaciers such as Svinafelljokull on the east coast of Iceland for a spot of extreme pipe smoking. After consulting our learned KPC mountaineering committee, however, (whom have expressed grave concerns regarding his ice axe and crampon technique), we feel that it is not only his pipe smoking that Quinton needs some assistance with.



"You can't bullshit the mountain."
- Anon, popular maxim among mountaineering chaps.

New Member Welcome

Gus and Matron enjoying a bowl round the fire up at GDL recently.



Angus Fair

Angus hails from darkest Dunfermline, Fife, and will already be known to a few KPC members. What might not be so well known is that 'Gus' is an MBA Maintenance Organiser (MO) for Gorton bothy. After the notorious sudden termination of the MBA forum many moons ago (*There's a tale to be told round the fire sometime, Ed.*), the well-known bothy forum 'UK Bothies': <http://ukbothies.freeforums.org/index.php> was set-up, and Gus is now the main chap on this forum that gives a platform to all manner of oddballs and misfits with sections such as "Random Pish", which appears to be ever popular. Gus's other claim to fame is that he has also bagged all three 'bothies' on the Forth bridge during a stint on the railways; although with all that oil-based paint lying around an open fire tended to be frowned upon.

Gus has visited more bothies than your average chap can point a pipe at and he spends most of his leisure time wandering the wilds of Scotland boldly going where few bothy-chaps have gone before. He recently attained his associate KPC membership after a midweek sojourn to GDL with Matron.

It is indeed splendid to have a stalwart no-nonsense MBA chap on board; a chap who is a shining example of what a bothy maintenance organisation *should* be all about. Well done chap!

A warm KPC welcome is extended and members will no doubt look forward to sharing a bowl with or perhaps even joining a Gorton work party with Gus sometime, where we expect a full chorus of the soon to be smash hit of: "*Show us yer pipe pus, Gus*", to be repeated ad-nauseam.

Bothy name: Gus

*"The unexamined life is not worth living."
- Socrates*

Glen Sassun, 16/04/16

A few of the chaps had heard on the bothy telegraph that Sassun had undergone some essential renovations. Sassun is a much-loved bothy not least because it is usually chocked full of wood so a KPC party was despatched to verify this good news.

After the steep haul up the hill, it was with great pleasure that Cave Fud, Dazbo and Matron shoved the door open to find not only a stack of wood but a brand new stove to combust it in. The refurbishments - both inside and out - were substantial and have added years of good service to this splendid wee shack.

The new stove proved a real boon as Dazbo cooked a splendid plate of na-

The splendidly refurbished Sassun.



chos on his new stove top gizmo. Unfortunately such delicious fare coincided with Dazbo being furnished with his new gnashers which were obviously not speced out sufficiently to deal with the rigours of nachos, making them *non-nacho-gnashers*, one presumes. Cave Fud and Matron, however, being the sole benefi-

(Continued on page 26)

Fugfest and Sassun's cracking new stove.



Glen Sassun, 16/04/16 Cont.

ciaries, of this conundrum did not seemed to mind all that much.

The evening trundled on in fine fashion with a dizzying array of blends puffed. The new stove proving more than capable of warming Sassun's cosy environs.

They may not be configured for nachos but full marks to Dazbo for managing to have a remote controlled bowl instead.

Sassun scorecard (out of 5):

Building fabric = 🐦 🐦 🐦

Fireplace = 🐦 🐦 🐦 🐦

Facilities = 🐦 🐦 🐦

Cosiness = 🐦 🐦 🐦 🐦

Pipe friendliness = 🐦 🐦 🐦 🐦



Three unexpected guests popped in for a bowl and a spot of hectoring...



***"Truth is the cry of all, but the game of few."
- George Berkeley***

Chaps' Corner

Brexit? Never! BRIARMAIN!



A bit of *Background*

The chaps in the B&B Editorial Office (EO) have been a trifle perplexed of late due to the air-waves being full of incessant chatter about some "Brexit" thingy. *Brexit?* What the blazes is this hideous portmanteau word you may well ask? Following some sterling work undertaken by the B&B EO team, it appears, dear reader, that we are being asked to vote whether or not to give up our briars, hence the abominable amalgam of 'Briar' and 'Exit' screeching around in common parlance like some wailing banshee in labour. Needless to say chaps, this simply won't do and the antis have gone too far this time! Therefore, to play these blaggards at their own game B&B has unleashed its own, portman-teau-worded assault; namely *Briarmain* (*After the famous victory in north Africa at El Briarmain, Ed.*) with the rather catchy tagline: "*They may take our freedom but they'll never take our briars!*"

Brounding forward a tad

Well chaps, it appears that the *Daily Mail*-duped dimwits and laggardly Little Englanders have prevailed in some pathetic plebiscite and have narrowly voted for Brexit and thereby to give up *their* briars and leave the Breuropean Union to boot. Meanwhile, the chaps north of the border have voted to firmly to Bremain and thereby keep their briars; clenched in a determined jaw no doubt. The bad news, however - due to the vast numbers of Little Englanders voting for Brexit - is the collateral damage of this plebiscite which means the briar warriors north of the wall are now expected to kow-tow and give up their briars. "NEVER!" we hear you cry, and KPC members - and other freethinking chaps out there - may well be justified in reaching for the woad; and we're not talking about a tarmac conduit where that hapless (*And appalling, Ed.*) Roy Hodgson fellow put one foot in front of the other after that most enjoyable English association football Brexit thingy.

During our analysis of the plebiscite result, the issue that most vexed the Little Englanders appears to be have been down to a single gripe: the free movement of tobacco. Yes chaps, this is a tragic verdict on the prevailing values in our country, but in an attempt to maintain some decorum and keep the old upper lip stiff we have decided not to brand *all* these misguided bigots as *casual tobacconists*, even when we instinctively know that they are really.

The main betrayers

The principal Brexit bandits, known as the *Three Brexiteers* - all south of the wall - included some truly vile creatures of the night, namely Messrs: Jobbies Bonson and Nigelnite Barrage and Ian Dunking-Spliff. Whilst there may not have been a pipe smoker among these buffoons, Barrage is at least a fagmeister of note (*The traitor! Ed.*) and Bonson totes the odd cigar when it suits his political ambitions. Therefore, their treachery against the brothers of the briar must never, ever, be forgotten! It must be remembered that these lowlifes then teamed up with that still-in-shorts, speccy, Mikey Rumcove brat, (*A more pathetic D'Artagnan there never was, Ed.*) who still has to get permission from 'er indoors to go for a pee-pee, and is not allowed matches, so he's definitely not going to get caned for having a sly puff behind the bike sheds. A plague on this tepid trio of tools we say! And as for Speccy, may his sweetmeats remain firmly cossetted northwards for the rest of his days, lest he spawns something equally as odious as his most disagreeable self.

Where there is smoke there is hope...

Meanwhile, in Englandshire (*Twinned with Mordor, Ed.*) in the 'official' Bremain campaign there was nary a *proper* smoker among them (with the honourable exception of that stogie-loving jazz chappie Kent Spark), let alone a Lat-headed puffball. Yes chaps, the official Bremain campaign was woefully fronted by 'Call me' Dave Cameraman (who's permanently "*giving up the fags*") and his odious coke-snorting sidekick Georgie Bumnose. Both have since vanished (*Bonus, Ed.*) to spend more time with there dosh.

Luckily for the chaps north of the wall, we had The Sturge leading the Bremain campaign. Despite her love of that aromatic filth 'Clan', her briar sympathies are well documented (see B&B Vol.3 Iss.6) and our wee nippy sweetie *Sturged* to victory, thus ready-rubbing the Little Englanders noses in the inevitability of a Scottish BRIndy Ref 2, huzzah!

This time the result is in the bag and it is only a matter of time before we will re-join out Breuropean chumrades in a newly energised BRE U where tobacco grows on trees. Therefore, we **IMPLORE** our loyal Breuropean members not abandon the KPC just yet.

Four letter word, beginning with 'C' and it's not 'Chap'. Answers on a postcard...



EXCLUSIVE: Donald Trumpton Interview

During Mr Trumpton's recent visit to his newly re-opened Scottish golf course, Turnqueery, B&B obtained an exclusive interview with the Trumpton Mayoral interloper in the famous Station Hotel. He is hoping to see off Hilary Minton in Trumpton's forthcoming November Mayoral elections.

B&B: Good morning Mr Trumpton and thank you so much for agreeing to this interview with north-west Scotland's premier pipe club.

Donald Trumpton: You're welcome, but can we make this snappy as I've got some folks I need to insult shortly on Trumpton TV.

B&B: Would that be Pugh, Pugh, Barney McGrew, Cuthbert, Dibble and Grubb perchance?

DT: What? No, I'm talking about poor brown and black people and those sound like white-folks names. You're not making any sense goddamn it!

B&B: OK, er, just a wee jape as it appears that I might get a bit of *Captain Flack* if I stay on this tack what! OK, er, moving swiftly on. What do you think about the new windfarm planned for Trumpton?

DT: Windfarm! I thought we'd kicked that cockamamie bullshit into the North Sea!

B&B: Er, that's where the windfarm was actually planned for Mr Trumpton. Some chaps say that the real reason that you're against windfarms is that the turbulence is traumatic for your hairstyle. What do you say to them?

DT: Ha! Those goddamn hippy, windfarm, sandal-wearing, tree-hugging, faggots have never heard of cyanoacrylate-based hair care products; made by a company that I own 51.2% of by the way. My *coiffeur* is hurricane proof!

B&B: And might I say that it is indeed a spiffing shade of nicotine yellow. Not at all bad for a chap who professes not to bash the briar or have a sneaky ciggie now and again.

DT: (*Glowering*) Next question...

B&B: Er yes, OK, er, let's talk about walls. It has come to our attention that you want to build a big, high wall right around Trumpton. Ought you - in this age of enlightenment - not to be considering building bridges rather than walls Mr Trumpton?

DT: Bridges enable illegals to cross into Trumpton and as Mayor I'm not going to allow that. A massive wall is what we need to keep Trumptonians safe and secure from those migrant rapists and er, migrant rapists. Besides, bridges are expensive and tricky to build. Walls are easy, as even that cheap migrant labour can lay goddamn bricks, ha!

B&B: So, let me get this straight Mr Trumpton: you want a wall to keep out those migrant chaps but you are happy for the same migrant chaps to build it?

DT: Why not, that's capitalism ain't it? Anyway they will be on the other side of the wall and we'll have guys with guns, lot of guns, on the Trumpton side ready to blow away any illegals who try to get in during the construction.

Continued on page 29



Advertisement: Please mention the KPC when booking your golf or room stay at Mr Trumpton's ostentatious resort.



EXCLUSIVE: Donald Trumpton Interview Cont.

B&B: Ah, firearms. I'm glad you mentioned this controversial subject. We understand that you want everyone in Trumpton to own a gun, is that correct?

DT: HELL NO! I want the good folks in Trumpton to own LOTS of guns – it's their goddamn right after all under the second amendment of Trumpton's constitution...

B&B: If one ignores the bit about "*well organised militia*", perhaps. Anyway, no matter, at what age do you consider a Trumptonian able to bear arms?

DT: At the point of conception of course, numbnuts! I'm proposing a new firearms academy called '*Gun Moms*', who will play tapes of heavy machine-gun fire to their unborn foetuses so that when they pop out they'll be ready for action! In fact, between you and me, all Trumpton babies will only get on the ol' titty only *after* they've been issued their free Trumpton-issued hand gun. It will only be small calibre, a twenty-two, but it's a start! Yes Sirree, "*Gun Moms for Trumpton!*" Besides, what is *HOTTER* than a *Mom-with-a-gun!*?

B&B: Er, a Mum with a pipe..? However, ahem, do you not think it's a tad dangerous to give *everyone* guns Mr Trumpton?

DT: HELL NO! Guns don't kill people, PEOPLE KILL PEOPLE! What a dumbass question! Anyway, did I forget to mention that only *white* Trumptonians will get the guns so eventually after a few years of *home-de-fence* the inner sanctum of the newly walled Trumpton will be populated by entirely hard-working white folks.

B&B: Ah, yes, er, I see, er, I think... Kind of like circling the waggons where the waggons are a actually large wall and all those without guns are, er, the *Injuns*?

DT: EXACTLY!

B&B: Wow, er, yes. Right let's move on from guns and bricks and mortar based impediments to travel. I'm sure KPC members would be interested in what are you going to do for the pipe smokers in Trumpton?

DT: PIPE SMOKING! SHEEIT! THIS IS NOT CAMBERWICK GREEN GODDAMNIT! THERE'LL BE NO GODDAMN PIPE SMOKING IN TRUMPTON! Don't you know that pipe smoking is *dangerous*? SECURITY! Get this Commie -pipe-smoking-faggot out of here, NOW!

B&B: (*Being duffed up by Trumpton's goons*) But, er, Mr Trumpton, perhaps, pipes are, a tad less dangerous than.., OOOFFF!

Miss Lovelace gets tooled-up for a Trumpton Gun Moms event in Trumpton town centre.



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.

A QUESTION OF WIT...

Dear Sgt. Matron,

I enjoyed reading the new magazine [B&B Vol.5 Iss.2].

I understand that the solution is long-standing and hard about the possibility of smoking in a bothy, despite having a permit legally recognized.

I appreciate and I enjoy reading the subtle humour (which you dedicated me - dagger ceremonial - roadside repair kit for your Fiat 500 until we spotted a pipe logo in there somewhere - great !!) but a question springs to mind: Who is more witty: an Englishman or a Scotsman?

One more question Sir. When will you start to learn Italian ?

I'll wait for you to come to Italy.

Yours,

The General

Dear General,

You raise an important and difficult question about the differences between English and Scots' humour. The second question is much simpler to answer, as when and Englishman or a Scotsman for that matter is abroad he just has to keep saying the same thing louder and eventually Johnny foreigner will understand and acquiesce to his wishes. This technique has worked for hundreds of years and we see no need to make any changes just yet.

The English v Scottish question is usually settled during sporting clashes (rugger for example) between the nations with the winner having the edge in wit on the day. There are, however, notable exceptions to this rule, as

the English are always funnier when it comes to Association Football as at least the Scots know that they are rubbish where as the English are rubbish but they don't know it and are marvellously stalked by the ghost of '66. Having said that, whilst being totally hopeless, at least both the English and Scots play fair and don't dive about like fairies that appears to be a prominent feature of the Italian game. Perhaps when Italy is able to field a cricket eleven (Cricket whites are hellish with spaghetti though Ed.) we can continue this debate, but I am confident that we can concentrate on more important matters for a few hundred years yet before stumps.

Saluti,

Matron

ROBDALF SPEAKS

Dear Sergeant Matron,

Gazing in to the fire of my inside stove, I am thinking back of the wonderful time I had as one of the Fuming Four. I felt and still feel I became part of something special. And I would like to thank you and the crew for that. Words cannot express my feelings I have encountered after our weekend together. So, I decided to start training. Training for at least one goal.....The goal to smoke a pipe in the KPC's own Bothy. Thanks again for everything, please give my best wishes to all the Chaps.

With regards,

Robdalf

Dear Robdalf,

Thank you for your kind words. The chaps had a splendid time and it is us that owe you thanks for making the effort to pay us a visit and bestowing all your wonderful gifts to us. Smoking a bowl at Kearvaig with your briar brothers is indeed a lofty and honourable aim and I for one look forward to sharing that precious moment with you.

As for Kearvaig training may I suggest: a) a tin of Bothy Flake a day washed down with half a bottle of malt b) gain full control of your trousers and c) Just stay off that mad Belgian beer and you'll be fine. Here's to Kearvaig, huzzah!

Groeten,

Matron

THE REVEREND ON TOUR

Salutations Matron,

Alas it has been far too long since my previous communique, however you may be glad to know that the holy smoke still blows true and Citizen Jaffa and myself have since my last message been trumpeting the KPC to the denizens of Glasgow (and Amsterdam which is a story for later). To return to my lack of contact, my good work has simply made my leisure time minimal, however

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR Cont.

with luck that should at least be reduced for the time being allowing the holy smoke to propagate again. As aforementioned, I was in Amsterdam a few months back with Citizen Jaffa who had previously never travelled beyond these borders. During this trip, Jaffa commissioned his own flake to be made by one of the many tobacco experts in the city, the subsequent 'Jaffa Flake' went down a treat. This trip coupled with learning more about the history of the holy smoke also helped to inspire Jaffa towards new horizons, as you might not have heard, when we arrived back in bonny Scotland, Young Jaffa has become engaged to his long standing other half. I have of course blessed this act with the hallowed Bothy Flake and holy Old Pulteney; good luck to the young chap!

As for my future events, I will be leaving Scotland for two months and taking the holy smoke to our bonny friends in Germany. My work will take me to a small town south of Halle and west of Leipzig called Merseburg. Given the KPCs friendly connections to Deutschland, I was wondering if we have any members or contacts in Saxony that I could meet up with during my time there?

You have my kindest regards, Tobacco to Bacco, Smoke to Smoke.

Hon. Rev. Puffin

Dear Reverend,

Splendid to hear from you as ever and it is refreshing to see you abroad doing your selfless work among the heathens.

We knew that Jaffa was on a magnificent trajectory that some may possibly describe as 'precocious young Turk', but to have a blend knocked-up in some back street coffee shop sporting his moniker is a breath-taking, if youthful move. Combine this news with the fact that he intends to jump the broomstick with his mistress and we are now seriously concerned for his well-being. Is there nothing that can be done? Has he drifted so far from your pulpit as to be irretrievable? It would be devastating to see Jaffa sacrifice his pipe club chumrades in the bothy for the allure of the flesh and subsequent interminable weekends in Scandinavian flat pack furniture stores on the bleak edges of Scotland's major cities. Notwithstanding our heartfelt concerns we do wish the dashing young blade all the very best.

I'm not sure when you are planning on visiting Saxony but I'm confident that our German member, The Count, will be very busy for the duration. Besides, his Lutheran leanings may not sit comfortably with your teachings unless steins of Franconian beer are involved of course.

Yours,

Matron

ACCURACY: AN EARLY CASUALTY OF BREXIT?

Dear Matron,

Who smokes pipe doesn't care about politics!

With respect for the democratic decision of GB about Brexit, I confess you I accumulated approximately 3 kg of great English (3kg = 105,82oz)

Ha ha ha!

Good smoke.

The General

Dear General,

The KPC would agree that smoking does indeed transcend the grubby business of politics. However, your admission of panic buying of English blends is one of the more unusual responses to Brexit we have learned of thus far.

We note your well-intentioned, if flawed, attempt to mitigate your panic buying by converting x3 SI units of mass to Great Britain's infinitely superior Imperial system. Aside from an inherent dislike of Johnny Foreigner we cannot help but surmise that our voting plebs may have been tipped into Brexit by Europe's insistence on the metric system thus: "I don't hate those scrounging, workshy, smelly, bloody immigrants all that much, but having to buy TWO KILOS of sausages was the last bloody straw for me!". I'm sure you see the logic in all this; the UK is an island nation after all.

Your well-intentioned conversion may weaken your case a tad, however, if you strode into a UK specialist tobaccoist demanding 105.82 ounces of Bothy Flake, for example; particularly if you clicked your fingers to summon some assistance in a manner all too prevalent on the Continent these days. The proprietor would undoubtedly be a tad miffed, small a rat and ask you to leave before calling the UK Border Agency. If, however, it was a slow trade day he may offer you 6 lb and 9.82188585 oz of Bothy Flake priced in pounds, shillings, pence, ha'pennys and farthings as a just reward for your insolence.

Sincerely,

Matron

BOTHY REPORT

Dear Editor,

Finally made it into the 'Black Bothy', Cawdor estate. Good place, one large room but well maintained. Clearly an estate bothy used for looking after shooting guests but perfectly viable for overnights.

(Continued on page 32)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR Cont.

There is no lock on the door so it can't be closed up. Not too easy to get to, took me about 3 hours. Good fire, there was fuel in the byre next door, but no saw to cut it with.



Photos attached [above, Ed.].

Regards,

The Beast

Dear Beast,

Well now Sir, The Beast visiting 'The Black bothy'; how apposite! It would appear that the said rudimentary shelter even sports a red door (Thankfully not a bloody Green Door, so we can at least continue to suppress the insurgent Shakin' Stevens fans that lurk in dark corners of the KPC for a while yet, Ed.) giving a suitably homely Satanic feel to the place.

It is indeed regrettable that rudimentary shelters in this neck of the woods are often frequented by the fops of the fun-killing fraternity whom, aside from Tweeds of course, have little in common with the pipe-puffing way-faring chap. This would also explain why there was ample fuel but no implement of cleavage as these types

obviously outsource such menial tasks to their lackeys so that they can concentrate on guzzling the port. I'll forward your succinct report to the future moots committee for a full assessment.

Yours,

Matron

AN HOLLISTIC APPROACH!

Dear Matron,

Let me begin by thanking you for the mention in the recent edition of 'Briar and Bothies' [B&B, Vol. 5 Iss.2 pp. 14-16] It is a splendid read and it really tickled my funny bone this month. Also, let me apologize for not replying earlier, I have been rather busy with work and bothying the last few months. This included a 3-day visit to the KPC's headquarters, Kearvaig. It is a marvellous bothy and I must congratulate you on your choice of HQ. My only gripe being that when I was there in July, it was like Sauchiehall Street. The three days we were there, there must have been at least 30 people coming and going. Not much chance of a quiet week. That aside, I had a lovely time, plenty of aromatics and beer were consumed. I would like to accept your offer of associate membership, and would be delighted to share a bothy fire with you sometime in the future. I shall continue to keep abreast of your jaunts through the newsletter, and will endeavour to meet up with you on one of your regular trips.

Yours sincerely,

Hollis Brown

Dear Hollis,

Thank you young chap for your kind words about B&B and no apologies are required. You went into bat for the KPC and ensured that some chaps - who should know better - ended up slashing wildly across the line and ended up on a very sticky wicket indeed - bothy points awarded!

It is most gratifying to hear that you have made the pilgrimage to our spiritual home. Good effort Sir and regarding your assessment of Kearvaig I state with confidence that you will not find any naysayers in this bothy-based pipe club; although crowds at Kearvaig (Unless they are sound brothers of the briar of course, Ed.) can detract from the soporific atmosphere and inherent beauty of that special place.

Associate membership is yours Sir! We look forward to hearing a little more about your good self to allow a full welcome write-up in the next edition of B&B. Now show us your pipe face!

Yours,

Matron

FULMINATIONS TO THE EDITOR

YOU'RE IN THE KPC NOW!

What are the *men* doing Sergeant? Are they having a tea break and a smoke Sergeant? TEA BREAK, TEA BREAK, FUCK THEM ABOUT SERGEANT, FUCK THEM ABOUT!

Major Ellis Dee

Dear Major, Sir,

Laggards and idlers Major, Laggards and idlers one and all! The ungrateful, workshy, layabout ner-do-wells don't deserve to sit at the bothy table with the likes of your good self, or even visit you in the asylum for a cuppa and a digestive for that matter.

Yours,

Matron

OVER THE TOP!

As you, YES YOU [*We think he means KPC members in general ,so please hang on tight and stay with us chaps, Ed.*] were instructed during your basic training that pipe smoking comes second only to having a laugh, and as previous issues attain YOU, YES YOU, have been languishing in barracks at the High Command's expense. YOU are therefore required for frontline action forthwith with regard to putting pen to paper and to stop tamping about or I will have the whole bloody lot of you up on dereliction of duty charges: YOU are not going to win the KPC cross sitting on your arses! IT'S A DAMNED DISGRACE! It's no wonder I take a small sherry of an evening; I've seen more combat capability in a paraplegic tortoise!

Yours in blistering rage,

Major Ellis Dee

Dear Major, Sir,

Just when we were under the impression that the fog horn at Cape Wrath was gone forever we see that a suitable replacement is still fully operational! Regardless of the need for aural protective devices, however, the B&B Editorial team takes your salient and robustly made argument on board. So, dear chaps/readers, whom will step forth and rise to the Major's magnificent clarion call and perhaps bag a KPC cross in the process? Letters to the Editor please!

Matron



OOH MATRON, YOU ARE AWFUL!

Dear Matron,

I am devastated by having to sadly decline your most salacious and seductive offer of starring in the up and coming blockbuster farce 'Carry On Smoking'.

Unfortunately, due to prior bothy bashing commitments where I will probably be bent over the sink or kitchen table fettling some of the chaps pipes while they are hard at it, (*Now that is a challenging image, Ed.*) I am unable to fit this enormous undertaking into my tight schedule.

Therefore, perhaps you could exhume dear old Hattie Jaques to play my part. I wish you all the very best in your endeavours and I expect your production will be totally inappropriate and I look forward to tossing you off in the very near future:



Mrs M (Kindly forwarded by Major Ellis Dee...)

Dear Major, er, I mean Mrs M,

We really must have a whip-round and see if we can find a few more jigsaws or for you to keep yourself occupied of an evening, as we feel that your splendid isolation is a better place to be than a splendid isolation ward, as after all, smoking is banned in such places.

Having said that there's always room for dear old Hattie in this pipe club periodical!



Yours,

Matron

CLUB NEWS

NEW PIPE CLUB FORMED IN ENGLANDSHIRE

A chap named Maurice, splendid fellow of standing, recently got in touch with the KPC to announce that he has formed the 'Bedford Pipe Club'. This is not, as it may appear, a club based in the back of a once proud range of British commercial vehicles much loved by roadside repair enthusiasts. No chaps, the BPC is a pub-based pipe club in the fine county of Bedfordshire.

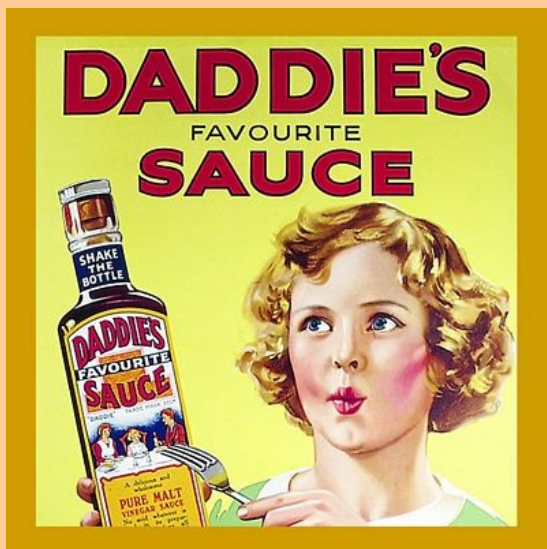
The BPC got off to a flying start with four members in attendance at their inaugural moot in a fine ale house of repute. Chief puffball, Maurice, has also crafted a splendid website: <http://www.bedfordpipeclub.com/>

Some chaps will recognise AD of [ADz Pipes](#) in attendance. We wish the BPC all the very best and we are sure that a joint meet can be arranged in Greenland or somewhere similar.

The BPC inaugural moot.



Advertisement: Even saucier than this publication! (Pay attention our Dutch and Belgian readers, Ed.)



KPC Notices

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

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

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

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