



SCOTCH WHISKY REVIEW

EDITION 14

www.LFW.co.uk

AUTUMN 2000

WELL KIPPERED!

That's it! We can go home now. Job done! A month ago we were inducted (induced?) as Members of The Keepers of the Quaich. I say *we* because it is down to the team at Loch Fyne Whiskies although it was I who collected the quaich, (and the scroll, and the medal, and the cummerbund) and the accolade. (More on page 10).

I am delighted to be a Keeper. [Here's the acceptance speech—jump this paragraph but do read on]. I was proposed by Iain Stothard—champion of our Heilan' Banquets and also brand ambassador for Highland Distillers who sponsored me and I am both proud and grateful to be so supported by the foremost Scottish owned and based whisky company; thank you guys, very much.

(The trick is to get yourself sponsored; you can pay yourself but that's like buying a Knighthood—not the done thing). The Keepers is an interesting organisation. I confess to having become house-trained almost immediately as I now respect and admire their ambitions and ironic methodology. As a mortal, I had a belief that it existed to gratify those to whom marketeers wished to ingratiate themselves in order to secure a sale. At least it was until I became one! This reflects a perception problem held by many in the industry.

"I'm disappointed," was the comment of one on hearing my proud acceptance—and this from a Commander in the Special Services Section of the Scotch Whisky Promotion Corps. He considered that there were too many of the wrong types as Keepers; managers of pub chains for example—just how tireless have they been in the promotion of Scotch Whisky?

These kippers are but a few red herrings. If there is a shortcoming of the organisation it is not in those who are members, but those who are not.

Can't we find a quick method to enrol those veteran soldiers who have for a long time passionately promoted Scotch from the ranks?



ANCESTRAL FROM AULTMORE PIPED INTO HISTORY

The pipes and drums of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders accompany LFW's Andy Burns and the last two cases of gold medal winning *Inverarity Ancestral from Aultmore* down Main Street, Inveraray.

ISLAY 2001

After the raging success of the inaugural Islay Whisky Festival last summer, the next will be held from Monday 28th May 2001 to Saturday 2nd June. The whisky fest is part of *Feis Ile*—the Islay Festival, which itself will run for ten days from Friday 25th May.

The Festival will follow a similar formula to that of this year; each distillery is to hold its own event on a given day of the week while various forms of entertainment will be held throughout the island's halls and hostelrys during the evenings. A few new ideas are also being developed.

As numbers expected are bound to exceed beds available, intending participants are advised to make both their travel and accommodation arrangements with some urgency—or you may have to look out your old tent (and boat!) The travel managers are Distillery Destinations Ltd, telephone 0141 429 0762. Further information can be gleaned from www.ileach.co.uk/festival.

MORE DEALS THAN EVER!

The centre pages of this SWR contain more deals for Christmas on single malts than we have ever offered before. Savings of up to £90.00 can be made on a wide and diverse range of both drinking and collecting whiskies.

This year, everyone ordering will receive a free miniature of Ardbeg 10yo and a free copy of Scottish Field.

In addition, buy any bottle of Glenmorangie for the chance to win this presentation case of six bottles—waiting for you in our shop now.

Turn to pages 6 & 7 for details and conditions.





TALES FROM THE STILLs

As part of the inaugural Islay Whisky Festival in June this year, the island's Distillery Managers gathered in Bunnahabhain filling store to tell some of their favourite stories to an appreciative audience.

Pictured above are the participants:

Back row; Stuart Thomson (Ardbeg), John Thomson (Port Ellen Maltings), Billy Stitchell (Caol Ila), Donald Renwick (Lagavulin), John MacLellan (Bunnahabhain). Front row; Grant Carmichael (retired Lagavulin and Caol Ila), Ian Henderson (Laphroaig) & James McEwan (Bowmore).

Here we relate some of the stories told, text in bold is comments or heckles, either from the other managers or the audience.

We were loading butts into the back of a lorry; mind these things weigh half a ton. We lift them with a forklift up to the lorry and roll them in. Nothing could be simpler. As a new boy I asked my foreman what happens if one of these rolls off? He said "Well son, if that hits the ground from that height it's going to disintegrate—smithereens. I'll give you one piece of advice—for God's sake keep your mouth open!"

I recall one medical student who came to work with us for the summer. Today he's one of this country's top doctors and has worked at Stoke Mandeville and is very much a leader in his profession. On his first day, as soon as the customs officer and the head cooper had gone away, we gave him a sample from one of the 15,000 wonderful casks we were maturing in the warehouse. Everybody would have a bottle with a bit of string round it that you could drop into a cask and then drink at your leisure, or a rubber hose with a lead weight at one end so we could just sook away. **(That's terrible—that!)** Yes, but we don't do that any more! **(Oh yeah?)** Well, the young Doctor had a mouthful, and loved it. After half an hour he came back to me and asked "Do you think there is any more whisky we can try without them knowing?"

With all his knowledge and training it just goes to show the distillery worker is by far the wisest job in the UK!

I worked in bottling for a while. If you went into one of the local bars near the bottling hall and said "cheers!" everyone would drop to one knee and have a drink with their head under the table!

That lady over there has very good taste, she has visited every distillery on the island and last night she told me her favourite whisky was Laphroaig! **(Chorus: she told me it was Bowmore/Lagavulin/Ardbeg/etc!).**

One day we were having a customs audit when two customs officers came to the distillery. Now we all love customs officers dearly, but these guys had summoned the manager by twelve o'clock and said there was an inconsistency and they would have to work through lunch if they were to get their five o'clock train. So they demanded sandwiches and the manager, keen to stay on their good side, found someone spare to run into town and get some. That person was Charlie who ran the effluent plant and wasn't having a good day anyway—a sore head from the night before, the stench of his job which included domestic effluent as well as distillery waste, plus, while he was clearing out the screens he had sneezed and the top plate of his dentures had fallen out into the slurry!

He had just found his teeth when he heard the phone ringing with the instruction to go and get the sandwiches. So off he went in his wee van. On the

way back he popped his dirty teeth in the paper bag to stop them from sliding about—and possibly breaking on the floor—with the intention of recovering them when he got back to base. But the distillery manager was so agitated when he arrived that he forgot his teeth and the manager grabbed the bag and took it to the customs men.

He wasn't long at the effluent plant before he remembered and realized that he was probably going to get the sack! So he made himself scarce for the rest of the day hoping that next morning the manager might have calmed down.

Meanwhile the manager had taken the bag to the customs men, given them a dram and left them to it, after five minutes he heard this almighty scream and found the auditors, with the bag open and the extremely smelly dentures! Furious, the manager apologised and again left the office for the customs men to do their work. But they couldn't think of anything except the dentures—they lost the plot completely! By five o'clock they had to leave but had achieved nothing. They called the manager and told him they had found nothing and all was okay.

The next day a very worried Charlie was summoned to the manager's office and was surprised to be greeted with a dram of the best whisky and the manager's thanks for seeing off the customs men!

When I first came to the distillery as a wee boy we had one of the houses on the front where all the casks are piled up. I thought it was stormy every night because of the thunder and lightning. It was a long while before I realised it was just the old boys going through the stockpile looking for any residue by rolling the cask onto a frying pan. And the lightning? That was their torches against the window!

On one occasion the manager decided to have a purge on people using dunkers, the bottles used for getting whisky out of casks. Old salad cream or Milk of Magnesia bottles were popular because they fitted the bung hole, had a wide neck and filled quickly; brasso tins were good too. One day the manager was in a bad mood and decided he was going to put an end to dunking. He went in to no. 4 warehouse and the first thing he saw was a salad cream dunker. He grabbed the nearest man and demanded "Rab—is this your dunker?" "No-no-no, Mr Gordon, mine's got blue tape round the neck!"

For a while Islay was the world's greatest consumer of salad cream!

Here's the scene: I'm eighteen years old and we're in the warehouse moving the casks from the filling store for racking. With me is a customs man and Davey

Bell, seventy-five years old and deaf; he fought in the first and second world wars but was deaf from hammering casks. He did have a hearing aid but was saving the batteries for the Queen's broadcasts!

Now because we were coopers we were a little better, we were trained, and in our front apron pocket we always carried a half bottle filled with stolen whisky—that's because not only can we make casks but as coopers we can open them! As for these dummies behind me using salad cream bottles and leaded hoses—they're amateurs!

Now, Davey is five floors up, operating a small electric hoist to lift the casks from floor to floor. I'm on the ground floor and next to me is the customs officer who is chatting with me.

My job was to attach the chains to the casks and then shout to Davey to hoist them up through the levels. "Davey" I shout, "That's it ready, hoist away!" "What's that son?—I cannae hear!" I shout again and cupping his ear he leans over the guard rail a little too far and the half bottle slips out of his top pocket. It falls. The customs man, because he's to one side, doesn't see the bottle coming, but I can. Do I catch it? Or not? Down comes the bottle. I can't catch it; I've got a half bottle as well and I don't want to be caught in any theft of the Queen's property!

Down comes the bottle, hits the cask. Smashes! The cap is flying across the floor and there is glass everywhere! Old Davey Bell at seventy five years of age takes to the stairs and damn near beats the bottle down! He lands on the ground floor at the same time as the bottle and kicks the cap and glass away, all this in front of a bewildered customs man.

Then he puts his hand on my shoulder and says "Son, you see these new electric light bulbs? When they blow they make a hell of a bang!"

In the old days if you did a job, you got a dram. If you didn't do a job you still got a dram. Thirty years ago you could have *nineteen* drams in a day! One at eight o'clock in the morning going on shift to get you started, one at eleven, midday, etc. One guy would even get out of his bed to get the six-in-the-morning dram as the night shift was knocking off!

That's a true story, that. **(I thought you said they were all true!)**

Sometimes we'd use hot water bottles, tucked in the waistband and fill them with a rubber tube from the cask, a sort of reverse colostomy!

Never, ever mis-call my distillery or you come to a sticky end!

Here are the facts.

Five years ago we entertained the top

Russian naval chief, General Bobov. He came by Royal Navy helicopter, had a tour and a dram and as he was leaving he told me my whisky was good but Russian Vodka—better! When he got home to Russia, Gorbachov sacked him!

Anyone who mis-calls my distillery comes to a sticky end!

When Prince Charles came to visit my distillery—we have a Royal Warrant by the way—**(Tell them about the plane crash!)** When he came to endorse my whisky in 1994 he flew the plane himself into Islay; he has a pilot's licence. Everyone knows that when you land a plane you should do so into the wind. Our usual air traffic control lady was removed for the day and we had some smart-ass from Glasgow who thought he knew better. He said no, Prince Charles will bring in the plane the wrong way with a thirty-knot tail wind. By the time the Prince had the plane on the ground he'd lost one third of the runway already! **(Could he not have reversed it in?)** Don't get technical with me!

There are three planes in the Royal flight of which one has no reverse thrust—this one of course! So he's one third of the way down the runway, too fast, no reverse thrust and he's got to rely on the brakes! He buries the brakes and by the time he's got to the end of the runway he's burst all the tyres—pop-pop-pop! At the last minute the plane's real pilot takes over and turns the plane to the left. Had he gone to the right no problems, but to the left it sank into the peat, plus the nose wheel shunted into the radar and virtually destroyed the plane. HRH stands up and tells the crew it's down to you guys, sort it out, get me another plane.

I didn't even know he'd crashed the plane. He got to the distillery only twenty minutes late. I gave him a tour and he's a cool customer; the only comment he made about his adventure was that he thought it a pity that the airport wasn't a bit longer!

Of course some asked if he'd had a dram but as we all know, if he had he would never have crashed the plane! **(Tell us about Camilla!)** That's right, it was the day they broadcast his interview about his crumbling marriage.

The next day, in The Scotsman, the headline screamed PRINCE CHARLES CRASHES PLANE ON ISLAY! But in four columns of text it only said that he had visited a distillery! Not one mention of *which* distillery, and that the reason why he had come to Islay!

I was at school with the Scotsman's editor so I phoned him up and said "Come on, you didn't name my distillery, why not?" He said "What sells newspapers is events not visits, yours is just another distillery." I said, never ever say that, you will rue the day you mis-call my distillery."

Four weeks later, he was fired!

Never, ever mis-call my distillery or you come to a sticky end! [Ooo err!—Ed].

Port Ellen was the greatest distillery in the world for wash drinking! At two o'clock in the morning there would be a queue on the beach of people going to the distillery for more fermenting wash!

Here's a quick one! At quarter to five, on Friday night we're at no. 5 warehouse, and they're unloading puffers at Ardbeg because we don't have our own pier; the lorries take the casks to the puffers and they return with barley for malting. The drivers were very clever; they would get a dram at Ardbeg, they could drive quickly to Lagavulin for a dram, and another at Laphroaig, and they might get some wash at Port Ellen! So the lorry arrives at quarter to five on Friday, the driver is Donnie Mac and in the back is Angus-mhor, Big Angus, who worked as a baker by day but when a puffer was in everyone would come down and help out. Big Angus had an arthritic hip and was given to drag one foot along the ground. Remember that. We're in the warehouse and we've all got our bottles ready for the weekend except Big Angus. "Christ boys, I've no bottle!" He's despondent at the thought of a weekend with no bottle!

Then one of the boys noticed that Angus was wearing wellington boots! So it is now three minutes to five, "Angus, we'll fill one of your wellies". "Oh Christ no. No. Aye all right!" So we stand him next to a cask and we've got the rubber tube and fill him up. For your information a size nine wellington will hold about five salad cream bottles! This is important information!

So Angus has about five salad cream bottles in a size nine Dunlop. The customs man is standing by the door and it's now five o'clock and we've got to get past him and we're all covered in whisky, hot water bottles, salad cream—the lot! So we send Angus out first, like a Trojan Horse—if he gets caught we can get rid of our bottles. So off he goes, dragging his foot, feigning severe pain so as not to spill any, and we're watching as he slowly approaches the customs man, holding his bad leg and groaning and wincing in mock pain. The customs man is so impressed at this effort and suffering that he offers Angus a dram! We're at the back silently urging Angus on. Keep going man! Don't let us down—we want to get out quick. But Angus says yes, he will have a dram; perhaps that will help his leg. So the customs man gives him a dram from one of his sample bottles and just as Angus is raising the glass, he turns his head towards us just so we can see him wink!

There are more pictures of the evening and other Islay Whisky Festival events on our website page — www.lfw.co.uk/swr.

THE MACALLAN FILES

A TOP SECRET report by
Glen Barlow P. I.



I never like these industrial jobs, but the dosh was good and I had heard that these guys in Inveraray never question bar bill expenses. And what-the-hell? I needed a break.

The job was simple but near impossible to execute. "Macallan are up to something—find out what."

My snitch told me that they had assembled a crack team of scotch malt experts, locked them in a room and that the results were going to blow the whisky industry apart.



I must be getting soft—I hope the poor dear will recover, but it was the only way I could get into the room. I hid the camera in a duster and managed to fire off these shots before tripping over my bucket. I squarked my apologies and fled back to the bar.



Some of the water got into the tape but I've got references to single cask bottlings, a range of miniatures because everyone has given up producing them, new collections, a book, film score and nintendo game.

The leg's hurting like hell again. I'll pour myself another shot and finish my report tomorrow...

[Editor's note—Although we never sanctioned the use of violence, Glen's report was worthwhile as we can reveal that we expect the first single cask, limited bottling from Macallan about the time of going to print.

Watch our website or call for more details immediately—they won't last long!]



Of all the bottles we stock, and there are plenty of them, we elect just one as our bottling of the year. How do we decide? Many factors come under consideration but by far the most important is the response from our customers. Through our very positive active tasting policy in the shop, we can test malt whiskies and decide by virtue of democratic vote which is a goodie worthy of our recommendation—our customers vote with their taste buds!

SIGNATORY

BRORA 19yo

This whisky comes from the old distillery in the village of Brora, on the coast between Inverness and the top of Scotland. It was silenced in 1983 after a new distillery (Clynelish) was built nearby. We delight in selling Brora to Islay fans because it tends to be peaty beyond mainland expectations. This single sherry butt (no. 1082) bottling is a little more restrained than many other Broras.

Medium to full bodied and bright amber, without water it is closed, only hinting at some fruit and spice.

The addition of water is a classic example of the good sense of such action. Typically Islay characters emerge with a beguiling subtlety; whiffs of peat reek, phenol and iodine jostle with a slight bitterness and stronger salt and sweetness. The fruit promised earlier alternates between soft to citric, peaches to limes. The finish is the best part. A winner in terms of duration and refreshing stimulation, reminiscent of Lagavulin.

A connoisseur's dram, intriguing and very different.

S BRORA '83/19 43% £35.90



LIFE, THE UNIVERSE AND WATER

An SWR publishing coup

This journal endeavours to bring the Scotch Whisky enthusiast unique and novel information, not just the cut-and-paste work often found elsewhere.

As far as we are aware, while every whisky book advises the addition of water, nowhere is it written why water has the effect it does. This is a question that we frequently get asked but we could only reply by mumbling theories about 'stringing out the elements', or 'breaking the meniscus' ...[feeble really].

In May we were privileged to attend the Malt Advocate Course at Royal Lochnagar Distillery where production specialists enlighten key UDV & Diageo personnel as to why Scotch is so special. (This is the course mentioned in the first column of SWR13).

During the week we casually asked course contributor and senior boffin Jim Beveridge if he knew exactly what was going on in the glass when water is added. He said "Sure, it displaces the hydrophobic elements insoluble in water."

So we asked him to write a wee piece, in English, for the SWR:

THE ACTION OF WATER

Jim Beveridge

Most of us know that when water is added to alcohol the temperature of the liquid increases, and that adding water decreases the 'alcohol bite' of high strength spirits—but there is one other important aspect to consider. This is the solubility of the main compounds responsible for flavour (we call them congeners). Most of the important congeners in whisky are very soluble in alcohol but less so in water. At bottling strength and above, these congeners are soluble and remain locked in the alcohol/water solution. When more water is added, the congeners become less soluble and are released as vapours into the atmosphere—we experience this when we nose the complex aromas just after water addition. Thus, whisky blenders will reduce spirit with water, often covering the sample with a watchglass to allow the aromas to build up above the whisky, before assessing.

Rain water has a similar effect—after a long period of dry weather, when it rains we are surrounded by a world rich in the aromas of the earth, trees and flowers which surround us.

With whisky, after water is added, the release of congeners does not last for ever. The whisky first of all develops and then gradually becomes depleted with ultimate loss of character. So time is against us once water is added—enjoy before it is too late!

HOISTING THE JOLLY

JOHN HAYDOCK

This is the time of year when so many of my whisky-writing colleagues tell me that they like nothing better than to spend the afternoons—after enjoying a wonderful lunch at someone-else's expense—cleaning their Purdeys before their annual hike north to join various distillers (past and present) in their annual blood-fest on the moors.

Hospitality in the whisky industry is a wonderful thing—those close to the industry enjoy it, and value it, immensely. It is a trademark of how things should be done properly—the last bastion of a traditional way of doing business that is increasingly threatened by the corporate correctness that is infusing all business and businesses. But what value, I wonder, does this hospitality give back to the trade—surely a question that pen, rather than Purdey, toting accountants must increasingly ask their masters. And by the same token, what value, I sometimes wonder, does the industry get back from its more public hospitality, those sponsorships that can be found listed in ever lengthening pages in Alan Gray's invaluable Scotch Whisky Industry Review.

I pondered thus in July of this year as I joined a motley crew of journalists and film-crews from around the world, whisky apparatchiks and sailors of all ages (from, I reckoned, about five years old to eighty) on the Classic Malts Cruise, sailing from Craobh Haven near Oban to Talisker and then, by way of Oban (without which no West Highland cruise would be complete) to Lagavulin. With almost two hundred boats and nearly a thousand participants this was an event of massive proportions. Hyperbole fails me—almost—but think of a fleet larger than the Spanish Armada (probably), or an assembly of boats in Lagavulin bay (many, if I recall, aground on the rocky and narrow entrance) greater than that assembled by the men of Islay to sail to the support of Robert the Bruce on the mainland, and you begin to get a picture of the scale of the thing. At Talisker we found a tented village that would not have disgraced a rock-festival.

Throughout the fortnight we appeared to deplete the West Coast of almost its entire diesel supply (for there was barely a breeze to be found at sea) and its stocks of oysters and langoustine. Distillery staff dispensed hospitality, in generous yet sensible proportions, wherever we went, with a good humour that was quite remarkable. And yet, I had to ask, pinching myself once more against the fear that the Mediterranean weather we experienced might be a mirage, why all the effort? What benefit the hospitality?

Alan Gray estimates that the Scotch Whisky industry spends annually more

than £100 million pounds on sponsorship in Scotland (in addition to which who knows how much is spent in the local economy on support and services). Much of this is locally focused—Bowmore's contribution to their local community is well known and much appreciated, and Macallan similarly invests considerably in very focused sponsorships on Speyside. The value here? Well, partly I would imagine the feel-good factor merged with a bit of the 'we're the local Laird' mentality. But brand building—the sine-qua-non of the measurement of sponsorship? Limited at best.

Culture and 'heritage' [what is this?—all answers on a postcard please!] also rank large—Glenfiddich sponsor both fiddle and piping championships, Macallan sponsors Scottish Writing, the Classic Malts were associated with the Highland Folk Festival. But these events ultimately talk to a limited community, and in terms of single malts, seem in many instances to get further and further away from the distilleries and the people who make the product. For consumers, and for journalists, this is ultimately the key point of interest, and this is surely where companies can see potential returns on their investment. And to be honest this is where an event like the Classic Malts Cruise (and the related Classic Malts Car Rally) seems to win hands down. Even the most cynical of journalists couldn't fail to be impressed by what they experienced. And this of course is what this event, and others like it offer; it's an experiential sponsorship—once done, never forgotten. And it's focused on a destination distillery—the place that so many lovers of single-malt Scotch ultimately build their relationship with.

I often suspect that sponsorships are chosen less on the basis of the value they might deliver, and more on whether or not they involve areas of interest shared by senior company executives.

So, moving on to blended Scotch—who was the snow-boarder at Ballantine's

who instigated my favourite whisky event, the famous (but now abandoned?) snow-boarding challenge? Aspirational sponsorships in overseas markets, the marketeers cry! Fashion, fusion music, golf (*and golf and golf and golf*)—millions are poured into such events in Europe, Asia, and Latin America. TV coverage allows spurious mathematics to show 'value' in the events, but one really has to question the relevance or long-term benefit of what might be called 'wishful thinking' sponsorship. 'If we sponsor snowboarding our brand will be perceived as young, energetic and vital'. Hmmm—I don't think so! And even outstanding sponsorships for blended Scotch have the risk of running away from their sponsors. I would imagine that the Cutty Sark sponsorship of the Tall Ships Race—a perfect fit if ever there was one, is in danger of being thoroughly 'hoovered', as Cutty Sark is now known more for the race, and the tall ships, than the blended whisky.

So what of sponsorships? Well, for sure they will not go away. Goodwill on the part of distillers, genuine local and community need for financial support, cultural blackmail and the 'heritage' card, the enthusiasm of senior managers and directors—and the occasional good idea—will all continue to ensure that distillers of single malt whisky and the producers of blended Scotch will continue to pour millions into Scotland, and into events overseas. But all of this in support of brands, the bane of the whisky-purists vocabulary.

So what of generic sponsorship? Alan Gray, with an insouciant naivete, has advocated for years that the industry should club together to sponsor a remake of *Whisky Galore*. I can't help thinking, as the branded shooting brakes make their way to the butts, that *Reservoir Dogs* might be a more suitable case for treatment.

Below; Two hundred yachts form a record breaking 'sunflower raft' at Talisker during the Classic Malts Millennium Cruise.

Photo; Christine Spreiter





OUR BUMPER CROP OF FREEBIES & DEALS!

Pictured and listed here is this year's selection of wizzo deals. We've persuaded the producers that we don't just want to replicate deals you can get in the High Street; our customers are looking for something different and we have a great selection of offers for you.

Ninety quid—NINETY QUID!—off a bottle of limited edition 40yo Glen Moray distilled in 1959 (lower right). This was thought to have been sold out—only 400 bottles produced, all numbered—but a tiny pile has been found in the back of a warehouse and Loch Fyne Whiskies has been given the privilege to offer them to you. Our previous selling price was £525, the recommended selling price was £600; now we are offering it for a mere £435! Save £175 on recommended! Blimey! Think what you could buy with the MONEY you save...

A bottle of 33yo Balblair for example; for the deal period we are offering it for £99.00—that's £21 off. Or the amazing Bowmore 30yo ceramic decanter; or a Glenmorangie Original Replica Bottle with £40 off—or 19 bottles of Heather Cream!

And at £195 for Ardbeg Provenance—£50 off—you just have to drink it!

FREE FOR ALL...

Just as exciting is that all orders with one full bottle or more will get a copy of SCOTTISH FIELD which includes a 24 page Scotch Whisky supplement; they now have a regular whisky section so you may wish to consider subscribing. Also every parcel will contain a 5cl miniature of ARDBEG 10yo.

Order any of our house malts from Inverarity and we will slip in a 20cl 'quarter bottle' of THE LOCH FYNE.

* SMALL PRINT *

The deals above are while stocks last and will not be included in 'gift' orders, where a single bottle is being sent to someone other than the person paying—that's fair isn't it?

DEALS & DELIVERIES DEADLINE

All deals are valid for orders placed with us before mid-day on Monday December 18th, which is also our delivery deadline for Christmas. Remember, if your order includes four bottles of The Loch Fyne, we'll deliver free (UK Mainland).

OVERSEAS CUSTOMERS

Please check our website for delivery deadlines if important. There may be a surcharge for postage if additional weight is incurred by gifts.

GIVING IT AWAY!

Glenmorangie have given us a presentation case of six bottles including the 10yo, 18yo, Millennium Malt and the three main wood finishes—Port, Sherry and Madeira—to give to the lucky winner of a blindingly simple competition open to everyone who buys any Glenmorangie bottle from us.

With your bottle(s) you receive LFW franked entry form(s) to fill in and return to us before 14th December. The winner will be decided by Glenmorangie and we will organise the delivery or collection from our shop. This is certainly worth going for as it is a shop prize not a national prize.

Further details will be attached to the entry form in your parcel.

Good luck!





Every parcel will include*: One miniature Ardbeg 10yo PLUS a copy of Scottish Field featuring a special 24 page whisky section.

Pictured above:

OB ARDBEG—5Δ	10	46%	save £ 3.00	£ 20.90
OB ARDBEG—Provenance—Δ	'74/23	56%	£50.00	£ 195.00
OB AUCHENTOSHAN—1	10	40%	£4.00	£ 17.90
OB BALBLAIR—Elements		40%	£ 2.00	£ 12.99
OB BALBLAIR	33	45%	£21.00	£ 99.00
OB BALVENIE	10	40%	£3.00	£ 18.90
OB BALVENIE—Double Wood—2	12	40%	£3.00	£ 21.90
OB BALVENIE—Single cask	15	50%	£5.00	£ 32.90
OB BALVENIE—Port Wood	21	40%	£5.00	£ 37.90
OB BENROMACH	15	40%	£ 3.70	£ 23.50
OB BOWMORE	12	40%	£4.00	£ 18.80
OB BOWMORE—Mariner—4	15	43%	£5.00	£ 22.90
OB BOWMORE —Δ	17	43%	£7.00	£ 28.60

Bowmore Darkest+free mini drum of Legend, 12, 17 & 21yo (£11.90).

OB BOWMORE — Darkest—Δ		43%	Mini drum	£ 33.60
OB BOWMORE — Dragon D — Δ	30	43%	£30.00	£ 124.00
OB BUNNAHABHAIN — 4	12	40%	£5.00	£ 18.90
OB DALMORE — 3	12	40%	£5.00	£ 18.80
OB GLENFIDDICH — 2	12	40%	£2.50	£ 19.40
OB GLENFIDDICH — Solera — 3	15	40%	£4.00	£ 24.90
OB GLENFIDDICH	18	40%	£5.00	£ 35.90
OB GLENGOYNE — 1	10	40%	£ 2.00	£ 19.90
OB GLENGOYNE	17	40%	£ 3.00	£ 33.30
OB GLENLIVET— French Oak Finish	12	40%	£ 2.40	£ 22.50

Remember the chance to win our case of Glenmorangie with every bottle bought from their range.

OB GLENMORANGIE—2	10	40%	£ 3.00	£ 18.90
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Glenmorangie Wood Finishes, down to £ 25.90 plus £3.00 off!

OB GLENMORANGIE—Port Finish	43%	save £ 3.00	£ 22.90	
OB GLENMORANGIE—Madeira Finish	43%	£ 3.00	£ 22.90	
OB GLENMORANGIE—Sherry Finish	43%	£ 3.00	£ 22.90	
OB GLENMORANGIE— Original 50cl Millennium replica—WB	'74/25	43%	£40.00	£ 129.00

OB GLEN MORAY		40%	£2.51	£ 13.99
OB GLENROTHES	1987	43%	£5.00	£ 30.20
OB GLENTURRET	12	40%	£ 2.00	£ 21.50

The Inverarity Range + free 20cl Loch Fyne with each bottle.

OB INVERARITY— 2	10	40%	Loch Fyne	£ 19.90
OB INVERARITY — Ancestral — 3	14	40%	Loch Fyne	£ 27.90
OB INVERARITY — Islay — 5	10	40%	Loch Fyne	£ 23.90
OB ISLE OF JURA	10	40%	£5.00	£ 17.90
OB MACALLAN — 3	10	40%	£4.00	£ 19.90
OB OLD PULTENEY — 4	12	40%	£4.00	£ 18.20
OB FAMOUS GROUSE MALT—31987	40%	£3.00	£ 19.30	

Multibuy 1: Glen Ord and/or Knockando; buy two get £8.00 off.

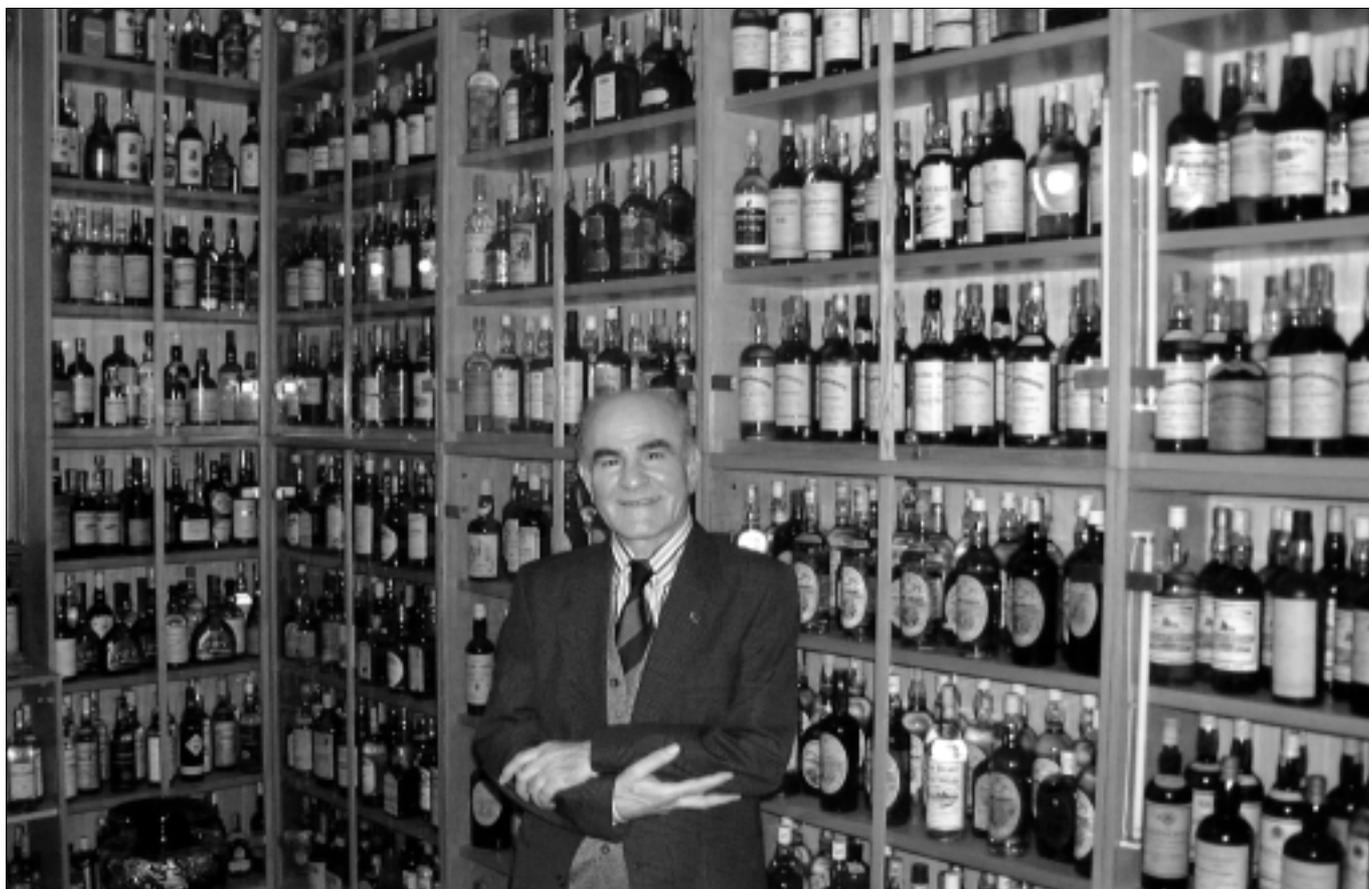
OB GLEN ORD	12	40%	Buy two	£ 19.90
OB KNOCKANDO	'86/12	40%	-£8.00	£ 21.60

Multibuy 2: Classic Six malts, buy two get free 70cl Singleton 10yo.

OB CRAGGANMORE — 3Δ	12	40%	Buy	£ 23.50
OB DALWHINNIE — 2	15	43%	any two	£ 23.50
OB GLENKINCHIE	10	43%	bottles	£ 23.50
OB LAGAVULIN — 5Δ	16	43%	get free	£ 26.90
OB OBAN — 4	14	43%	70cl 10yo	£ 22.90
OB TALISKER — 5Δ	10	46%	Singleton	£ 25.50

Liqueurs, late deals & free delivery

OB GLENTURRET MALT LIQUEUR			£3.00	£ 16.90
OB HEATHER CREAM			£ 2.00	£ 8.99
OB GLEN MORAY	'59/40	51%	£ 90.00	£ 435.00
OB LOCH FYNE — Four bottles in your order = FREE UK DELIVERY				



THE MOST REMARKABLE COLLECTION OF MALT

A day with Valentino Zagatti

There are a number of great collections of Scotch Whisky around the world and to call one ‘The Best’ is a brave move, open to debate that no one should waste their time upon. One collection may be bigger, more focused, more comprehensive etc. than another but one unique aspect raises Valentino Zagatti’s collection head and shoulders above any other; the publication of his catalogue in a magnificently presented 300 page book “The Best Collection of Malt.”

And another thing, this collection is unique because its custodian has never even seen it; Valentino is blind. And that is why I was so keen to make the trip to meet the man and see his achievement. Marco Frisso, my attentive and generous host, was the inspiration for and publisher of the book. In a memorable two nighter, he took me east from Milan airport, stopping for a privileged tour of the Lamborghini factory to try one on for size. (It didn’t fit.) And then on to Lugo, a few miles from the north Adriatic Sea near Bologna.

Approaching our destination we weaved through a maze of leafy streets to a pretty but unremarkable four bedroom villa. There at the door was a smiling man with busy hands. Inside was a small living room, made so because of the shelving containing the collection, a suite of chairs and a television and the dining room adjoining through double

doors. Here lunch was served by Mrs Jole Zagatti.

Joynson guzzled eagerly on salami and, a personal favourite, Parma ham, helping himself to more like a native, unaware of what was to follow. Joynson replete, the spread was cleared to make way for macaroni and cream, then tagliatelle Roma, *then* a main course of rabbit and pork, by which time the samples were necessarily minuscule. After an adequate pause a fresh fruit salad completed the meal which had been accompanied by five wines and one grappa. Coffee was time for whisky. Not just a hoarder, Valentino enjoys all Scotch but passionately maintains that the best malt whiskies were bottled in the Sixties and Seventies, (blends even earlier.) “These whiskies are another world,” he proclaimed. By now communication was becoming possible despite my host’s limited English and my total lack of Italian coupled with being deprived of the option of drafty gesticulation or wee sketches. To demonstrate his point about vintage bottlings he disappeared upstairs and returned with a Lagavulin 12yo, (White Label ca. 1975), Glen Forres 12yo, (before the name change to Edradour), Oban 12yo decanter bottle (discontinued mid-80s) and a Macallan 1938, bottled 1970. Each one he announced while presenting them, so familiar is he with every tactile facet; his blindness is no longer a disability. He returned with a second armful of similar vintages insisting that the Sheriff’s Bowmore 7yo which is “superb—must be better than the new 40yo even” should

be added to the espresso! My steady hand obliged with a whisky that was distilled before I was born.

We spoke throughout the afternoon at the table with my occasional forays into the adjoining room to view the collection— too much to take in in one viewing, I had lots of small samples, like the whiskies we were trying. “My collection is the purpose of my life. I started in 1960, first with a Cognac but then I had a malt and that was it...” The collection now numbers in excess of 4,000 bottles, (2,400 in the book). It is almost entirely Single Malt Scotch—a little blend, vatted, yankee and other spirits are gathered but only if the drinking quality warrants it. For Valentino is an enthusiastic drinker, but in the Italian style where a taste of everything is far better than a 12oz portion of one, something I had learned from the monster lunch.

In the final year of the second world war, at the age of 11, Valentino was a victim of an enthusiastic land mine removing any perception of light. In 1955 he married Jole and the collection started in 1960, the year of their first child, “This and Whisky is wonderful—better than my sight.”

“I know my bottles. Every bottle is different.” By way of proof, only once did he mis-identify a bottle. He returned from one of his forays upstairs with a new Arran bottle, well the outer box anyway. Within was an independently bottled 19yo sherry cask Glenfiddich! “Ah-Haa!” we chorused, “Gotcha!” (or words to that effect.) “My friends,” he explained, “they have swapped.”



“Whisky is to be drunk. Whisky creates many friends. My friends come and drink, I try to sell them the book and they say ‘yes, but let us drink first’. They drink my old whiskies—but they never buy the book!”

As darkness fell, I was taken upstairs to the source of all these fine dramming bottles, the stash for drinking; a plethora of bottles from the last 75 years, all with broken seals. Blends, singles and a few other spirits. The room has been brilliantly decorated by Jole with flattened-out presentation cartons from dead bottles; the best ideas are the most simple. Another room houses the cased stock, reserved for enjoying plus the overspill from the collection, relegated from the display downstairs. The two children left home long ago and now the Zagatti's have four grandchildren—and two extra rooms devoted to Scotch Whisky!

Jole showed me the record of enjoyment—every bottle which has been consumed has had its label soaked off and gummed by Valentino into one of a collection of seven leather-bound scrap books. There were some great drams there, many the stuff of legend. Mrs Zagatti is a very important curator for the collection. She is happy to let her husband speak of his collection but her own expression is one of equal pride. Yes, she enjoys the collection.

The man's knowledge and memory for all things whisky is astonishing, not just the collection or the great bottlings—many of which we were enjoying—but all whisky knowledge has been ab-

sorbed. The Italian state provide a Military Companion who can read and translate for him and I can imagine that there is no word omitted from any publication. Valentino can recall the information and its source with the efficiency of the most modern of databases. He recalls his one visit to Scotland and to Loch Fyne Whiskies shop, “I bought Laphroaig 1977. You had three bottles, I bought two. I drank them both. I wish I had bought the third. Superb! Much better than the 1976.”

I was told that he knew which bottles had been photographed or not far better than the photo-director's notes. The tales of the photo-shoot were remarkable; it took two months and occupied two rooms. The large double page spreads [e.g. lower right] demanded seven hours to prepare and occupied a space one metre wide but two meters deep in order to achieve the required depth of perspective.

The collection is financed by his pension and contributions from friends. The selection is assisted by a small group of globetrotting chums who will advise Valentino of new expressions or old finds. Reporting back to him, he will decide which is worthy of inclusion and if the cost is agreeable. But this is not the collection of an obsessive; there are gaps but this does not trouble him. He also knows the value of a bottling, citing various over priced offerings from today's greedy distillers, “I would never pay that.” It seems that he has no illusions as to the value of his collection. A recent offer of a truck load of lira has been refused and I reckon that a convoy would be turned away also. The man is cheerful because of his collection; it is his life.

After supper and the approach of midnight, we had to pull ourselves away from this delightful family. I poured myself a final soupçon of white label Lagavulin 12yo with its long salty finish for the drive to our hotel, like the tears of happiness welling up within.



BLIND MAN'S BLUFF

It had to be special if the Best Whisky Shop was to contribute to the Best Collection. This is the world's only 70cl size bottle of our *Living Cask*™ now residing in the Zagatti Collection (below). We included a few facets to make it more interesting and identifiable to a blind man including a tall three part labelling and a more unusual glass. “Bottle is Glenmorangie.” He was right!



The Best Collection of Malt by Valentino Zagatti

This astonishing book shows 2,400 bottles covering over 100 years of Scotch Whisky presentation. This is an essential reference for anyone interested in collecting or studying Scotch Whisky. £80.00 for 300 large format pages of top quality printing—highly recommended. Watch out for a slim companion update volume in the next year or so.





KEEPERS OF THE QUAICH

This autumn Richard Joynson, who with his wife Lyndsay owns Loch Fyne Whiskies, was honoured with life membership of The Keepers of the Quaich.

The Keepers is an organisation created some twelve years ago by industry leaders who, during a recession in whisky sales, realised the benefit in a Society for the development of Scotch whisky's unique position as one of the world's most respected products.

New members have to be nominated by an existing Keeper and it must be shown that they have made a positive contribution to the Scotch Whisky industry over at least five years. Richard was nominated by Iain Stothard and sponsored by Iain's employer Highland Distillers (Famous Grouse, Macallan, Highland Park).

New members undertake to uphold the spirit and aims of the society while swearing on The Great Quaich and are then showered with scrolls, medals, personal quaichs and cummerbunds in the society's tartan.

There are now 1,200 members from 62 countries. Keepers are inducted in a seamless ceremony of great magnificence and pomp held at Blair Castle in the presence of a variety of Dukes, Earls, Knights and other assorted nobs, Industry Leaders and guests from all corners of the globe. Also present and making the event extraordinary is Britain's only private army—the Atholl Highlanders—who add to the ceremony and subsequent banquet for 500 people in the Great Hall.

Pomp, magnificence and a good deal of tongue-in-cheek humour make this a truly memorable event. Guests from overseas particularly must be both puzzled and impressed by the goings on, which include a rendering of *Scotland Yet!* while all assembled mount chairs and tables to raise glasses and quaichs to the cratur.



NEW—FOR COLLECTING

The 'Allied Six': For a long time we have been dismayed at Allied Distillers' failure to market anything more than Laphroaig—which a lot of people just don't like. In the past they have bottled Tormore, Miltonduff and Glendronach as the 'Caledonian Collection' but gave up soon after launch as the company ethos became more 'core-brand orientated'. They currently bottle Glendronach and Scapa but with no promotional support. Now they have bottled a very small quantity of their other distilleries for the staff of the company but we have been given access to a limited stock.

The distilleries bottled are (all OB's); **Glenburgie, Glencadam** (closed June 2000), **Glentauchers, Imperial, Miltonduff and Tormore.**

Five casks (about 1,200 bottles) of each have been bottled at 15 years and 46%alc; price is £37.50 each.

If there is enough interest they may bottle again. While we appreciate access to the stocks to distribute to our customers, we do feel that there could have been a little more effort in these bottlings. Surely corks and a little more variety of labels would have raised the prestige? That the whisky is exactly the same colour is a point of much derision by others in the trade.

Definitely an important addition to a collection, some of these are the first available official bottlings for a very long time, rather than independent (usually G&M) bottlings. Let's hope there is a little more effort when they re-bottle (and so make these even more valuable).



Bowmore have released **Voyage** (£39.90), a limited, numbered, very, very good, and with a great label and **Dusk** (£33.90) a replacement of the limited edition 'Claret'—very drinkable.

Special mention is due to **Antiquary 21yo**, a replica bottle—they just don't make them like they used to!

Keep up to date at www.lfw.co.uk/news.

NEW—FOR DRINKING

The Famous Grouse 1987 Vintage Malt £22.30: far too many of our customers won't consider a vatted malt but they are missing out on a great spirit by not drinking this. It is rich with a sherry-cherryiness; a superb mix including Highland Park, Macallan and Glenrothes—three top class distilleries in one bottle (blender's classification) and arguably the sum is better than the parts. (Well, I said arguably!) Well presented in a dashing tin (see centre pages).

We are delighted to report that the new bog-standard **OB Glenfiddich**, £21.90—now a 12yo—is delicious! In recent years the more militant malt whisky snob has poo-pooed the 'Fid but the new style is excellent and recommended.

Glenrothes: the numbers of our customers who are expressing great respect for this fine dram is reassuringly growing. The current listed bottling from Signatory, a bourbon cask matured expression, is very elegant expressing classic Speyside charm and complexity. This is one of the best single malts we have ever sold. **S Glenrothes** £88.00.

Also from the Signatory stable, very drinkable and great value, is their **Glen Scotia**, £21.30—brine & chocolate! These and the Brora (page 4) represent just some of the excellent bottlings coming out of this great 'chateau'.

Adelphi are also fielding some great drams: the Dalmore has done well; it's well sherried and very good value; also of note is the Clynish, Glen Grant and in particular the Bruichladdich—a fruity and oily sensation. (By the way, it looks as if 'The Laddie' will soon be in full production—fingers crossed!)

Pip Hill's book, **Appreciating Whisky** is on the shelves and essential for anyone who enjoys contemplating a dram; truly unique, original and very readable, see SWR 13.

SO NEW—NOT IN YET!

Producers are hopeless at delivering on deadline so we are reluctant to offer new products before they get on our fork lift (right). As we go to press we are expecting supplies of **OB Macallan**—single cask, **OB Ladyburn**, some old **Balvenies** and **Glenfiddichs**, four new **Rare Malts** (OB-r) including **Coleburn, Cardhu** and more **Port Ellen**. As of today there are strong rumours of an imminent release of **OB Ben Wyvis!** This is a fantastic year for elusive and sought after distilleries. Track these exciting developments at www.lfw.co.uk/news, but be sure to check often; these products crawl in—but they fly out!



THE ANGEL'S SHARE

GAVIN D SMITH

It all began with an apostrophe. Or at least with a discussion about the placing of that apostrophe. The people who labour tirelessly to bring you the finest whiskies at LFW have an equally passionate commitment to fine English when it comes to this Review [oh yeah?-Ed]. Hence a late night conversation about where the apostrophe should go in the expression *angel's share*. Or is it *angels' share*? Does each distillery have one angel, we mused, or are there several hovering above every pagoda.

The only way to rest easy, it seemed, was to dispatch a close-knit, dedicated team from Inveraray to Speyside, where there would, we reasoned, be ample opportunities to discover the truth about the role of the angels in whisky-making.

On reflection, perhaps the expense account was a foolish move, if one motivated by characteristic but misplaced generosity. It would be nice to be able to report some conclusive findings from the team, but after a week around Dufftown, Rothes, Elgin and Keith, two members of the squad came back physically unable to write and could give only the haziest verbal recollections of what had transpired. The third and final member of the team has yet to return, and was last seen at the top of the Clocktower in Dufftown, insisting that if his new friends could fly then so could he. The bar bill from the Quaich Bar at the Craigellachie Hotel alone came to just short of £1,000. That must have been quite a lunchtime.

The following, then, is the best we could come up with...

Firstly, it seems, forget all those notions of cherubic faces you got from classical paintings. Scotland's distillery angels aren't like that. Think more of Father Jack Hackett from the television series *Father Ted*. Some of them really are angels with dirty faces (and quite a lot of red ones too). And they don't have names like Gabriel and Michael, either. One of Macallan's angels is known as Big Erchie while Glen Grant has a Wee Eck. And another thing. You know all that black mould you see on distillery warehouses and even on paths and trees nearby? Well, the scientists will tell you it's *Aspergillus niger*, *Trichoderma lignorum*, or even *Mucor racemosus*. Not a bit of it. There's not a distillery angel in Scotland who doesn't smoke 40 a day. That's what blackens the warehouses. The smell of whisky doesn't come from the casks themselves, either, but from the angels having a good morning cough after a hard night's imbibing. It's just as well they can fly down to the shop for their fags and *Daily Record*, for there's not one of them would pass a breathalyser before lunchtime.

Despite their often dishevelled appear-

ance and questionable personal habits, being a distillery angel is one of the top celestial jobs on offer. Mostly they are either Seraphim or Cherubim, the very highest orders of angels, and those who don't make it through the selection process tend to end up looking after grain spirit warehouses in the Central Belt. Each distillery has its pecking order among the angels, with those trainees on 'Celestial Skills' courses taking care of the outlying warehouses while the senior, (or *Heid*) angel oversees things from a central position above the pagoda or still house. There are opportunities for promotion between distilleries too, it seems, with competition for places at the likes of Macallan and Glenfarclas very fierce. Many's the angel who started at Banff or Littlemill and worked his way up the ladder—metaphorically, of course; why climb when you have wings—to a top rank distillery.

Then there are the exchange visits. Next spring, Fat Norrie from Glen Moray is off to Cognac for a month, though what his fellow angels around Elgin will make of his temporary Gallic replacement remains to be seen. Warehouse talk is the boffins at Glenmorangie plc are already working to discover whether whisky matured in Gitanes smoke can be marketed as a single-cask limited edition.

It's reckoned that the angels put away about 100 million litres of spirit each year in Scotland. What actually happens is that the evaporating spirit condenses back into liquid form when it cools at a certain height, and the trainees collect the cratur in galvanized buckets, ready to serve to the senior angels, before it begins to fall back towards earth and vaporises once more.

What many people fail to realise is that it's not just drinking. These angels perform a vital environmental function, because if all that 100 million litres of spirit escaped as vapour, the damage to the ozone layer would be incalculable. Global warming could be speeded up, too, with a consequent rise in river and sea levels. Scientists say that within a hundred years, many Speyside distilleries could be beneath the waters of the very river that gives them their worldwide prestige.

Not surprisingly, if there's to be an angelic ceilidh, there's always a bit of extra added anticipation if the venue is Balvenie or Mortlach, or somewhere similar where the spirit is universally well-regarded. Tales are told on Speyside of distillery angels keeping entire villages awake with their renditions of Robbie Williams' hits, sliding down the pagoda roofs, and throwing up over the distillery cat. Sometimes, in the early hours, even their wings can't save them hence the whisky industry expression 'fallen angels'.

The top angels must always be on their guard, however, for any sign of weakness has the eager youngsters looking for ways to muscle in, to enhance their own prospects. Many's the fist fight that has developed when one of the older characters has decided that liberties were being taken. Think of it as being a bit like office politics, but without the opportunities to photocopy your private parts.

Why, you might ask, are distillery angels so, well, unangelic? How did they even get to Heaven in the first place? The answer to that is simple. There's a job to be done protecting the environment and it's not a job you could do without a lifetime's training. There wouldn't be much point in appointing someone whose idea of alcoholic excess is a second sweet sherry on Christmas Day, would there? They'd only last a matter of days.

What's required is committed, hardened drinkers, people who start the day by gargling with Laphroaig (and swallowing). So all the usual criteria for getting into heaven are set aside and celestial talent scouts scour the bars of the world, looking for likely recruits.

I hope it will give you a warm, seasonal glow when I tell you that so far all the successful applicants have been Scottish.

Gavin D. Smith is the author of many whisky books, most recently *Whisky, Wit & Wisdom* published by—interestingly enough—*The Angel's Share*.

[The editor would like point out to pesky PR and ad people that we still do not take advertisements; the poster below just seemed appropriate—and they just made me a Keeper of the Quaich.]





Our internet site is proving a remarkable success with hundreds of visitors every day and if you have access to the world wide web and have not yet done so we urge you to visit www.lfw.co.uk. Donald R. Greeter is the first impression you get, as when you come to our shop, but most visitors to the website go onto the NEWS page.

NEWS

The NEWS section is the most popular. As soon as a new product arrives it is photographed and posted on the site within a matter of minutes. Recently collectors have been quick to snap up a Signatory bottling of Ben Wyvis, described as "the world's most elusive whisky". Three casks were bottled as well as a total of 360 miniatures and LFW sold out of stock very quickly. We also were the first to advise customers of the six new bottlings from Allied Distillers, the range from Bowmore and Gordon & MacPhail's bottling of "An Ayrshire Distillery", the other elusive bottling from Ladyburn, of which we expect to post news of an official bottling from the distillery owners about the time of going to print. One thing is clear, if you are not quick these bottlings are sold out; you may get them elsewhere but not at the great prices offered by LFW.

SCOTCH WHISKY REVIEW

The on-line SWR pages include content from back issues but also proving very popular are the photo-diaries of the vari-



SCOTCH WHISKY REVIEW is free to all *bona fide* mail order customers. **If you have not bought by mail order from the last (Spring) catalogue and do not buy from the accompanying (Autumn) list then we will not be troubling you again.** We are no longer sending out Stock Lists and SWRs to prospective customers more than once. If you or a friend would like a current stock list please ask and you will be sent one with a back-issue SWR. Your name will not be placed on our mailing list for further mailings until you have bought by mail order from us. Your name will not be passed to any other organisation.

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LOCH FYNE WHISKIES

Tel. 01499 302219 e-mail shop@lfw.co.uk



£100 COLLAGE COMPETITION

All of the images in the collage above can be found on our website except two. There is a prize of goodies from our shelves worth £100, including The Loch Fyne, The Living Cask and Inverarity Ancestral, for the first correct entry drawn from our virtual hat to correctly identify which two pictures are not on our website. e-mail your entry to comp@lfw.co.uk before the year end.

ous whisky events which we are fortunate enough to attend. [*Well, someone has to do it!*]

The pictures and the captions are much appreciated by our visitors and members of the industry alike. A sample of the pictures is above but you should really visit the site for the full glory of colour and the ho-ho-hilarious captions.

BROWSE & BUY

The real engine room of the site is the listings where you can browse our selection, with tasting notes! Work on these is always ongoing. And if the descriptions prove too tantalising you can order on-line using our state of the art secure ordering, or having made your selection print it out and then post or phone in your selection.

The BROWSE & BUY section lists all the available whiskies. All the malts have been allocated a taste score like that in our printed list and a taste description, recommendation, or otherwise, is available.

Other parts of the site describe our own products. Time to get on-line and check out www.LFW.co.uk!

DEALS

The speed and efficiency of the web enables us to offer deals to our mail order customers far more often and with more variety than any other medium; even if we were in your own high street!

The Christmas deals are all on the web and there will be regular updates every month. If you're a bargain hunter keep checking the site; deals are best accessed through our news page at:

www.lfw.co.uk/news.

ALL CUSTOMERS—VIRTUAL AND REAL PLEASE NOTE

All deals offered in pages 6 & 7 are valid for mail order customers placing orders before **noon, Monday 18th December**. This date is also the deadline for orders being delivered in time for Christmas (which this year falls on December 25th—don't get caught out again!) On-line orders may not appear to include certain deals but be assured they will be included when serviced, if available.

Merry Christmas and a good new year to all our friends and customers.