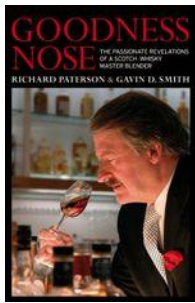


## THE DALMORE SINGLE HIGHLAND MALT WHISKY



### The Nose knows, Goodness Nose!

'Never stop nosing', were Richard Paterson's father's words of advice. Richard Paterson (aka The Nose) is the 3<sup>rd</sup> generation Master Blender of one of the most celebrated single malt whiskeys in the world, [The Dalmore Highland Single Malts](#). Last week, during lunch at one of Tampa Bay's finest restaurants [Ocean Prime](#), he was all mine for a brief window in time.



Richard knows whisky, after all, he's been at it since he was 8 years old. "Listen boy, I want you to smell this whisky and tell me how you would describe it", his father, second generation Master Blender smiled. "Well, Dad, I don't really smell anything". (Whack on the head!). "Listen son! You're just not thinking about this, are you? Is it dry or is it sweet? Is it heavy or is it light?" As Richard notes in his book, [Goodness Nose](#), "on reflection, that day was the very start of my education into the world of whisky".

Whisky comes in all styles & finishes, from the more typically heavily peated Islays to the soft and grassy Lowlands. It's finished in a variety of casks such as Bourbon, Oak, Sherry, Madeira and Port. For this Whisky lover, give me the peatier, smokier versions I drank, almost to exclusivity, when living up north.

"Hey little lady; you should try some Dalmore", hinted a group of gentlemen nearby at the [Malt Advocate's WhiskyFest](#) I'd attended years ago. I sensed they were suggesting something along the 'lowland route', something with only a hint of chutzpah to it so I took a Pasadena and went straight to what my palate craved. Had I known then, what I know now—upon having generously drammed the various Dalmore expressions, I'd have done a 180 long before now.

Living in the Tampa Bay area, the temps normally don't drop down to that cold crisp whisky-drinking-weather but this season has disappointed even the most ardent beach-going tourist. Rum, vodka, gin & Tequila are all good warm weather tipples and my liquor cabinet is replete with them. Surprisingly though, The Dalmore singularly stands out as the contender for Whisky lovers in these warmer parts. Don't get me wrong; with its breath of peat, it'll still warm you on a cold winter's night but the flavor is very friendly to these climes 24/7/365.



Accompanied by barely audible cheeky quips throughout the afternoon, Richard poured the first of several of The Dalmore expressions we were about to taste. Hunh? I thought he'd gotten his nose stuck in the tasting glass! But The Nose was simply pointing out the correct technique when approaching the aroma. Like a contortionist, his schnaz first hit the right, then the left, then the middle—and was repeated several times before he attempted a taste.

These nasal nods did, in fact, give a true promise of the taste in the glass. Aged 50/50 in oak and sherry casks, the **12 Year Old** is deliciously *jammy*—like grandma's homemade marmalade—with squeezes of fresh-picked zesty citrus. The **15 YO** imparts just the right amount of sherry to the taste without being overpowering and carries a subtlety of spice on the finish. The texture is pleasantly creamy and not surprisingly so, as this stunner is matured entirely in matusalem, apostoles & amoroso Sherry casks.



For fans of a good Cuban, **The Dalmore Gran Reserva** (previously The Cigar Malt) pairs well with a Partagas. Of those we tasted, this was the sweetest and carries that marmalady taste further wrapped with orangy/chocolaty/vanillary goodness, which likely results from 60% Oloroso sherry aging.

According to the website, The Dalmore Distillery was long owned by the Mackenzie family. In 1263 the ancestor of Clan Mackenzie saved King Alexander III from being gored by a stag with a single arrow. The King granted him the right to bear the stag's head in his coat of arms and now adorns every bottle of The Dalmore. **The Dalmore King Alexander III** pays homage to the appreciative King and is one of the most royally singular expressions of The Malt that we have ever tasted. It's aged in a mixture of french cabernet, madeira, sherry, marsala, port & bourbon barrels, truly fit for a King.



But wait, there was more. Included in The Dalmore portfolio are **The 1974, The 40, The 50** and **The Dalmore Aged 62 Years**. As The Nose was pouring yet another wee dram, he said that I am among the very few women to ever taste this next pour--we skipped right to **The 62**. Only 12 bottles were ever produced; in 2005 one bottle sold for the US equivalent of \$58,000!

Unsparingly, as Richard believes firmly that not one, but two portions of any whisky be tasted, I was well on my way to ingesting the equivalent of a D-flawless 20 point diamond. The Nose suggested that I first let it sit on my tongue, swirling and swirling, then repeat this movement under my tongue, almost *chewing* the spirit. What a tease!

Like a Whirling Dervish, the experience is akin to reaching religious ecstasy. Pours such as these give a new dimension to the word 'rare'; you *want* to prolong it, know its heart, spend time with it. Spoiled? Yes, I'm spoiled for good. **The** unparalleled **62**, a blend of 5 casks from 1868, 1878, 1922, 1926 and 1939 gathers intensity, exploding first of *jammy* marmalade, then sweet/sour, lime, lemon & orange and finally (sadly) a hint of vanilla.

Tea, that drink with jam and bread, works well for breakfast and snack time. The Dalmore, with its distinctive marmalade flavor, makes a great pre- and post-dinner dinner drink with 'jam and Toast!'

Nobody knows where the nose goes when the doors close so make sure you get to [ABC Fine Wine & Spirits](#) or [Total Wine and More](#) before closing time to buy your Dalmore. I wouldn't attempt to embed my proboscous publicly into a wee dram, however, for the braver of us, nose-diving is acceptable at [Ocean Prime](#), the [Sand Pearl](#), the [Don Cesar](#) and [Feathersound Country Club](#) and other fine restaurants throughout Tampa Bay.

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