



**The Journal  
of  
The Pipe Club of Lebanon**

Volume 2, Issue 1

May 25, 2007



Beirut, Lebanon

# The Journal of the Pipe Club of Lebanon

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## Editorial

*To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven (Ecc. 3:1)*

Dear Members and Friends,

With the third issue of the Journal of the Pipe Club of Lebanon, we are entering into yet another phase of our club's history, and into yet another crisis in our country.

A search for "Pipe Club" in Google shows that we are well placed, and in the good company of other illustrious pipe clubs. With more than 8,800 visitors to our site, and with numerous emails coming from all over the world commenting positively on the club page's contents, we are happy to contribute to the wonderful lore of pipesmoking. In addition, our membership, on both national and international scenes, is steadily being enriched with pipesmokers who know what they're talking

about (and what they're smoking!): Jihad Asmar, Guillermo Ruizlimón, Patrick Brain, Pablo Berrios, and Garry Weston have been welcomed to our club, as well as Juan Bruna and Ted Haviland (photos and info to be added onto the webpage). All members, old and new, have shown, with no exception, a high degree of commitment to the art of pipesmoking, and have seriously tried to "understand" the pipe, and to make of the otherwise mundane act of putting fire to a plant with the help of a tube, an "intellectual exercise."

At the same time, our country is courting yet another crisis, and war is rearing its ugly head once again. As the summer is approaching, the Lebanese are apprehensive about what it may bring, for memories of the 2006 summer war are still fresh.

Time and timing, therefore, have been chosen as the topic for this issue, but war has been put aside for the moment; time is a teacher

and, as the Bible says, there is "a time of war, and a time of peace" (Ecc. 3:8). We have chosen peace for this issue. If war is to break out again, so be it; we the pipesmokers of Lebanon will continue puffing on our pipes, not as a means of escaping reality, but as a gesture of defiance: anger, greed, and madness can only be countered by equanimity, generosity, and patience.

As we survey our pipes, pick the appropriate briar, and choose a tobacco, we align ourselves with the time of the day, with the weather, with the seasons; in other words, with nature. The briar is a tree in the forest, and the tobacco is its vegetation; from our bowls go out not only fragrant aromas, but also our wishes of peace and our salutations to the world.

Paul Jahshan



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# My Brothers in the Pipe!



My brothers in the pipe, my dear friends and readers,

I salute you.

I am writing this letter to communicate with you in our imagination and our minds, and after reading this letter, I would like you to close your eyes, relax, take a deep breath, and imagine the scenes while I am smoking my pipe, because every time you smoke a pipe you decide, without knowing it, to stop the time, and to forget everything that disturbs you. This allows you to drift off as you fall deeper and deeper into a more relaxed state of mind.

In this letter I will talk about my favorite time for smoking and how I choose my pipe and tobacco.

I will begin with the English tobaccos. I usually smoke Dunhill Early Morning and Night Cap; I like the Dunhill's 965 but I can find it only at the duty-free stand at Beirut airport; I can't buy it from another tobacco shop.

As you may know, in Lebanon we have four different seasons, and in the cold season between December and the middle of March, I smoke Early Morning or Night Cap. And it's a beautiful timing to smoke an English tobacco.

When I wake up on a weekend and I have some time to smoke a pipe, and it's raining, the sky is gray, without any doubt I take my Oom-Paul pipe especially trained for the English tobaccos, and I prepare a cup of tea and sit near the window. I fill my pipe, give it light, and begin to smoke it nice and easy, and with each breath I take, I feel more and more relaxed. Try to imagine the view in front of my house: there is a small path and some gardens across the road; it's the only place in the city where you are near the car traffic and nature at the same time. Believe me, it's a wonderful view. The rain is falling, the cars are slowly passing by, and people with umbrellas are walking by. I am comfortably sitting on the balcony, smoking my pipe, and my cat is sitting in front of me, also watching. I can't think about anything at all except that I want this moment to last forever.

This is my story with English tobacco.

I will tell you about Virginia Flake from MacBaren: it's a great tobacco any way you look at it. I like to smoke it when spring comes. My cousin Salim has a little nice terrace surrounded by some plants, and at about 5 o'clock we sit down with some fruit juice glasses, some biscuits, and our pipes filled with Virginia Flake. The sun is going down with some rays crossing the trees behind us and above our heads; it just gives a great mood. We give life to our pipes by burning the tobacco and begin to chat and smoke slowly. The night begins to appear, the wind starts changing and at the approach of evening it becomes a little cold but it's still very nice. Virginia Flake is such a nice tobacco: from the first puff to the last, it is still the same, easy to smoke and very delicate.

There is Davidoff's Danish; it is the mother of all aromatic tobaccos. It is more than great, it is excellent. Before I fill my pipe, I open the tin box and smell. It's like you are in heaven, you can't stop smelling it. I say it's a celestial perfume. I can't smoke this tobacco when I am sad; I like to smoke it when I am happy and tired. I prefer to smoke it alone or with someone smoking it with me. And there is no timing for this tobacco, I love it in the morning, in the evening, in the cold, in the heat, it just doesn't make any difference. I like it at all times.

I have one more kind of tobacco that I like more than the others. It is the MacBaren Vanilla Flake. And I would like to tell you about my favorite time and place with this tobacco. I am smoking this tobacco since 1998 with my first pipe, in which I have smoked nothing else. Only Vanilla Flake.

I love hunting; I spend the whole year waiting for the hunting season. On my hunting trip I smoke Vanilla Flake on the road, in the forest, and at my home before leaving.

It's three o'clock in the morning; I put my clothes on and all my gear is prepared. In my jacket I put all I need to smoke a good pipe on my journey. And while I am waiting for my friends to come over (by the way you know them: Jihad Asmar and Mark Haddad also the members of the PCoLeb). When the clock reaches 3:30 they arrive and we go.

On the road I give my pipe a light; I have a cup of coffee in one hand and in the other I am holding my pipe. We put some nice music and begin to chat and I am enjoying this: I am with my pipe and also with my friends. We talk about work, the hunting season, some general news, girls, and so on.

We arrive at about 5 o'clock and go on foot to the agreed place to hunt, some place in the mountains. We have to walk about 25 minutes. When we arrive, we make a small fire and coffee and sit down waiting for the sun to rise. You cannot believe the smell and the taste of Vanilla Flake and how beautiful it is in the wood at dawn, waiting for the sun to rise.

This is for me a sacred moment.

The most beautiful period we have ever smoked was when we met, Paul, Salim and I. That was before Paul got married; he was living with his parents. And every Friday Salim and I would go and visit Paul, of course with our pipes. After a good dinner we need a good pipe, but we couldn't smoke in the house in the winter season, because Paul's mother is allergic to all kinds of tobacco, and we couldn't sit outside on the balcony since we may catch a cold. Our only solution was to go down to the car and sit in it. And we just go sit in the car and begin to smoke. It is dark at night, the rain is falling, and we hear the sound of the raindrops splashing on the car and on the windows. The car is filled with smoke we can barely see each other; we talk about tobacco and pipes most of the time.

These were very nice moments we spent.

My friends, these moments are the favorites in my life, the most valued. I hope sometime in my life I will be able to share these moments with you.

Let your smoke rise high as the sun!

### Fares Irani

## “Just Pipesmoking”

When I choose a tobacco to smoke, I try to find a kind of formula that ensures a satisfying smoking session; it is mainly about finding the right tobacco for the right mood in a specific period of time.

Briefly, to ensure a good choice, I consider the following factors:

- The Type of the tobacco (Aromatic/English/Burley)
- The smoking period (day/night)
- My state of mind (happy/sad/relaxed/anxious, etc.)

For a day time, after having my breakfast, I prefer smoking a smooth and soft tobacco with an aromatic flavor like MacBaren's Vanilla Cream Flake. In the afternoon, I choose between two

kinds of tobacco, depending on my mood; if I feel burdened, stressed, anxious or sad I go for an easy smoke which remains great even without full attention; Davidoff's Danish Mixture is the right choice. Dunhill's Early Morning is my selection if I'm relaxed and happy.

For a night time, I smoke a sweet tobacco which does not bite my tongue like MacBaren's Virginia Flake.

The above-mentioned criteria are my standard way of choosing a tobacco to smoke. Nevertheless, and not in normal circumstances, other factors, which are mostly annoying like when I'm in a hurry or in a confused state of mind, may change everything and put me in conflict with the idea of choosing the right tobacco; that's when I use my imagination

and try to recall a memory left by a specific tobacco, and this will make up my mind.

And of course, I sometimes just pick up the nearest tobacco at my reach without any thinking or imagination; that's when I want to leave all thoughts on standby: no attachment, no detachment, **just pipesmoking.**

### Salim Khoury



# Captain Black and Sail



I start my smoking day at about 10:00 a.m., depending on my schedule. I like Captain Black - Cherry because I find it light in the morning as it does not irritate me. In addition, it has a beautiful smell. In the evening, after the day's toils, I like to settle with a great favourite, Sail Black. I feel that Sail Black relaxes me enormously with its strong, comforting fragrance and its aromatic taste. Such is my love of Sail Black that I sometimes fill another bowl of the same tobacco in the same evening!

To each person his/her preferences, of course, and his/her ways of smoking tobacco. I wish you plenty of good time choosing and smoking yours!

**Tarek Khalaf**

## My Story with Tobacco

I'd like to begin with a little introduction about my relationship with tobacco. I began to smoke my first pipe 9 months ago, and my first tobacco was Davidoff's Danish Mixture. I really enjoyed smoking it, because it puts me in a situation of calm and rest. I'd also like you to know that I smoked Davidoff when the war started in Lebanon last summer, and when I smoked it I forgot all the problems in my country. And my second kind of tobacco is Dunhill 965, and I think it's the best English tobacco in all the world. When I first smoked it, I felt a strange feeling like I was a different person, and because I like it a lot, I forgot Davidoff and began to smoke only Dunhill 965. Finally I'd like to say that I smoke sometimes aromatic tobaccos. This is my story with the tobacco.

Now let's start with the criteria I use to choose my tobacco.

First of all, I'd like to begin by the meetings at the club. I tried to smoke Dunhill but I concluded that this kind of tobacco cannot be smoked in a place full of people, and that it needs a quiet place and of course a lot of concentration. So I prefer to smoke my pipe full of Dunhill at night, and more precisely at midnight and, if possible, in a snowy and cold weather (while I'm inside, that is).

Second, Danish tobacco can be smoked in a public place, with friends, and at meetings. Because I think Danish tobacco doesn't need a lot of concentration, I prefer to smoke it anywhere and anytime.

Finally, I want to say that every person has hobbies. My first and preferred hobby is hunting, and believe me, the most beautiful pipe you can ever smoke is during hunting, because smoking a pipe in a forest makes you happy and at least you smell fresh air and not the polluted air of cars and factories, and especially in Lebanon, because it's very hard to find forests and trees near houses, you can only find them in mountains. And of course, about the kind of tobacco, it depends on what you like to smoke, but for me it's Danish or aromatic tobaccos.

My second hobby is playing pool. When I play pool, I like to smoke an aromatic like Virginia, because it doesn't need too much concentration and it can last for a long time, so you can concentrate on playing and winning the match.

So the conclusion is that every tobacco has a especial time and place, and if you smoke it in a different place or time you won't feel comfortable at all. This is all what I know about smoking tobacco.

**Jihad Asmar**



# The Secret of Tobacco

When I want to smoke a pipe, I take some moments to choose which tobacco I should use. Choosing the tobacco depends on the time of the day and on the place where I want to smoke it. My preferred tobaccos are Vanilla Flake and Early Morning.

While I am hunting, I love to smoke Early Morning; it helps me to concentrate and to have more patience. I also smoke this kind of tobacco while I am watching television at night. In the afternoon while I am sitting on the balcony, I usually smoke vanilla flake; it makes me enjoy the view and the smell of nature. Smoking vanilla flake helps me to better focus while I am studying.

I really don't know the secret of tobacco which makes me choose a different one in each different moment, situation, or place, but what I know is that each taste of a tobacco is for a different moment.

**Marc Haddad**



# Timed Reflections

It is really marvelous to begin the day with a cup of green or black tea and then, as I take out my dog, to start smoking a medium-sized pipe with Dunhill's Early Morning or with Stanislaw's London Mixture. Maybe because smoking Latakia produces an agreeable state of relaxation, like a dream which transports us to the mysteries of the Orient.

This time of the day, just when the sun rises - 6:00 a.m., is an ideal time to enjoy an English mixture, a strong tobacco with authentic taste. Both Early Morning and London Mixture have the capability of filling the senses with this joining together of Virginias, Oriental tobaccos, and Latakia.

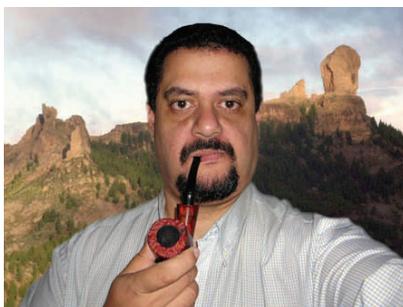
During the day, preferably around noon, after a light meal, a neutral tobacco like MacBaren's Original Choice, can be an excellent dessert.

In the evening, while I am recollecting all that has happened to me during the day, I comfortably seat myself and listen to some good music: Tchaikovsky, Mozart, Vivaldi, Verdi, or some Jazz, Blues, or Soul, and again, I bring to my company a mixture with Latakia. This time, however, in a big pipe.

Music, a good book, and the pipe...and the dream goes on.

Cheers, and good smoking to all.

**Pedro Romero-Auyanet**



# Fragrant Meditations

I open my eyes that morning and suddenly recognize my surrounding. The same Boat Cabin, the same friendly smell and the same friendly items that have been with me for a long time. Then I walk slowly to the kitchen of the little “Cleopatra,” my boat. I put some water on the pot and have some coffee; in short drinks, no sugar. I am diabetic, of course.

Then I sit in front of the “rueda de gobierno” of the “Cleopatra”; I start packing my Stanwell Legend 186; I gently pour some baccy in her bowl; some Black Ambrosia; MacBaren; a Danish mixture for a Danish pipe.

As I have sitting for some moments, puffing it and dreaming about Alejandra, my fiancée who is waiting for me in my beloved Arica; the “Cleopatra” starts shaking and pulling her anchor, and making some noises, as a dog, an old sea dog shaking to wake up, and my Stanwell turns off, like a couple of jealous school sweethearts who meet you again and get to know that you have been able to move on after them.

- Don’t be jealous my little Cleo!!! - I said, softly rubbing the wheel and re-lighting my Stanwell and the MacBaren; turning the radio on; and announcing my arrival to the port authorities in Arica’s port.
- Here I go my dear – I said ; with the flavor of Black Ambrosia sailing with me as a white line of floating foam, in the middle of the morning mist.
- Here I go – I said; and the pipe went off and the sail went down.
- Here WE go – and again the boat moved forward, and the quiet and elegant line of smoke, leaving a track of aroma: as a memory of the trip, for those who want to follow me.

I turn the commercial radio on to guide me; as usual and as a good present I receive the words of the immortal George coming from the air to remind me of the proximity of Alejandra and the ones I love; of the real Cleopatra, one of my three dogs. It brings me the memories of this trip to Cape Horn; and the remote tail of the continent.

“Here comes the sun  
Do do do do  
Here comes the sun  
And I say  
It’s all right”

When I arrive to my city; my Dear One; the half of my life that I finally found; my Alejandra, had lunch ready for me. A glorious lunch prepared with the fruits of Azapa; the fertile valley that surrounds my city. The menu included laughing and wine; kisses and olives; and fruits and hugs. All of this prepared just for me, warmly for me, by the hands of my love to make me forget the poor canned food that I was eating when crossing the Magellan Strait; and the soup of fish.

After lunch I took my Viprati, a silver-ringed one; rustic and big bowled, handmade by Luigi in 2002. I also took a tin of 965, a mixture that is mine and ours.

Pack, light, puff and tamp, I am ready to enjoy and experience the pleasure. I continue puffing my tobacco, gently; slowly giving myself to the walk of my dogs Cleopatra and Laika to the slopes of the majestic Morro de Arica; a rocky promontory that is considered to be the symbol of my city, happy to walk over firm land at last after a couple of months sailing; sailing and sailing.

There; tamping my Viprati and puffing the 965, I receive the necessary peace of mind to imagine the spirits of my fellow Chileans attacking and charging bravely and the brave Peruvians defending the compound and their honor with their lives in this battlefield of the Pacific War; the immortal June the 7<sup>th</sup>, the always present 1880.

Chile, Peru, and Bolivia were involved in a war; the Pacific War; also known in some history books as the Nitrate War because of its financial inspiration in the ruling of the Nitrate Plants in the Area of Arica, Iquique, and Antofagasta. Due to this war, the area I live in is now Chilean. It used to be Peruvian but Chile received it as war compensation for good, along with the territories of Antofagasta that were once Bolivian.

There; as I tamp the Vprati, I see the horrors of war; I keep on puffing hoping that men as individuals discover once and for all that war is not the solution to the problems, but tolerance that is going to lead us to better places. I see young Peruvians and Chileans shedding their blood on this beloved ground and I remember the story about the Chilean priest in charge of the burial ceremonies after the battles; he buried them together, into the same grave, face to face; all together in the same common grave. He thought: “now that they are ready for the eternal rest, may they lay in peace when dead; the ones that fought as lions when they were alive”.

If the politicians, the soldiers, the pope, and the religious and social leaders, the rulers of the world would return to the practice of the noble art of pipesmoking, there would be no more wars but tolerance and the confrontation of two contrasting opinions; yours and mine, trying to get the better one; the “Ours.”

I have never been in a war situation; but I do understand that nations need their children alive and working to build the future for the new generations. I puff and puff; and the smoke of My Mixture 965 goes to heaven as a present for the spirits of the ones who suffered the war in the world; and a tear from my eyes goes to the ground as a prayer to Pachamama; Mother Earth, the moving force of everything, for the souls of the ones who fought on this field.

My Vprati finished the 965; the dogs are tired of walking, and I am sad but proud of those who defend their colors as I am now preparing myself to defend mine; but in peace; and with an academic degree as a weapon.

Now it is 11:40 pm., and I am typing this on my new Sony Vaio, the one I got just yesterday; for starting my last school year with the best I can get to accomplish my goals and graduate.

And typing and typing; for the PCoLeb; as a Chilean; in the “Chilean Way” everything; even the most important matters, at the last minute. It is a fifteen-hundred-word top essay.

I pack my Ser Jacopo reddish rustic Geppetto. Write and think, think and write! 500 words about the criteria I use to select my tobaccos.

Slowly pack my Geppetto I said; nightcap is a good choice for this hour of the day; another Dunhill, the mixtures that you like or you dislike, no middle points. And then suddenly I discover that I do not have a Boat named “Cleopatra”; but my loyal dog; Cleopatra biting everything. That I hate war; but I do think that one has to defend one’s country; through peace and efforts to make it better; no guns or knives involved but work and tolerance.

I discover that I don’t have so many choices in tobacco but Dunhill, My mixture 965 and Nightcap and MacBaren Black Ambrosia; and my criteria to smoke them goes in my personal preferences; or in what I want to dream with.

The sweetness of Black Ambrosia; when I think about Alejandra and our projects. 965 when I am analyzing my thesis theme or any other problem in my world; and Nightcap. Well, Nightcap is when I want to travel no tickets to Quietland; that place that we all want to visit once a day.

I discover that the best thing to do is to select my tobacco, guided by our motto; “Pipe smoking is an intellectual exercise”; that intellectual exercise that will lead us to create a better man; and better humankind.



**Pablo Antonio Armando Carrasco Berrios**

# A Time for Friendship

When the time comes, if it comes at all, I go to my pipe rack over the bookshelf. There are just a few pipes, but the decision about which one to use has to do more with the tobacco selection than the pipe itself.

Basically, there are two moments when I smoke a pipe, although I smoke only one pipe a day at most. One is around noon, when I do some reading. The other is in the afternoon, when painting and drawing is over.

When reading, I need concentration, so a coffee is the thing to drink. I don't pay much attention to smoking, and my choice is an aromatic. It may well be the Scottish blend from MacBaren, a Burley blend with vanilla, or a dark Cavendish. Something to bring the spirit up, and make the reading easy.

Afternoons are quite a different story. It is a moment of relaxation and pleasure. The day's work is either done, or I need time to recover and keep on. Black tea is prepared without hurry, Earl Grey being my favourite.

Then, it is just smoking, a time for me. The joy of smoking starts when I open the tobacco jar and the aroma reaches my nose. Even before, just by thinking of things to come, the senses have become alert.

At this time, Old Dublin, by Peterson, may be the one chosen. What about Chocolate Flake, or a well-balanced blend with oriental leaves? It is a moment to use all senses for the smoke, in peace. This may be, as well, the time to try a new blend, so as to really appreciate taste, aroma, and the burning process.

There is third time to enjoy the pipe, and that is during pipe club meetings. But this one is a moment for friends, exploring unknown blends and sharing. Here, the selection of tobacco is not as important for me, but friendship itself is.



**Guillermo Ruizlimón**

## A Doggerel

I like a nice bowl of Orlik's in the morning  
 For to start the day you see  
 And at half-past eleven  
 Well my idea of Heaven  
 Is a nice bowl of Rapparee  
 I like a nice bowl of Dunhill with my dinner  
 And a nice bowl of Gawith's with my tea  
 And when it's time for bed  
 There's a lot to be said  
 For a nice bowl of GLP

(Apologies to A.P. Herbert)

**John Walker**  
**The Pipe Club of Norfolk**

# Man's Best Friend?

[A wonderful story sent by Carol Spencer, Nottingham University, UK]

After looking at your website, I was reminded of a story about my father who was a very keen pipe smoker many years ago.

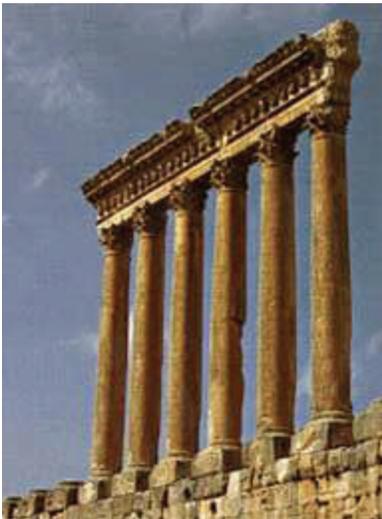
He had a very fine favourite pipe and used to smoke St Bruno tobacco. One day he was up rather late and feeling tired and, after his final "smoke," went to bed and left his treasured pipe on the table rather than in its usual resting place. Unfortunately, when he awoke in the morning and went downstairs, he found that the family pet dog, Paddy, had decided he rather liked the look or taste of the pipe and, in his master's absence, had chewed it all up during the night. My father's favourite pipe was now in splinters in the dog's basket.

Oh dear, he was not happy, and dog was not man's best friend anymore!

**Carol Spencer**

# 1971 Baalbeck Festival Posters

Courtesy of Guillermo Ruizlimón, the posters below were reproduced in the program for the Baalbeck Festival of 1971, and show various pipe smoking activities. Baalbeck, the "Temple of the Sun," or "Heliopolis," is one of the historical landmarks in the north of the Bekaa Valley in Lebanon. Counted by some as one of the wonders of the ancient world, it boasts the tallest columns in history. The temple was built in the first century B.C.E. on an ancient Phoenician site dating back to the third millennium B.C.E.



The famous six columns of the Temple of Jupiter



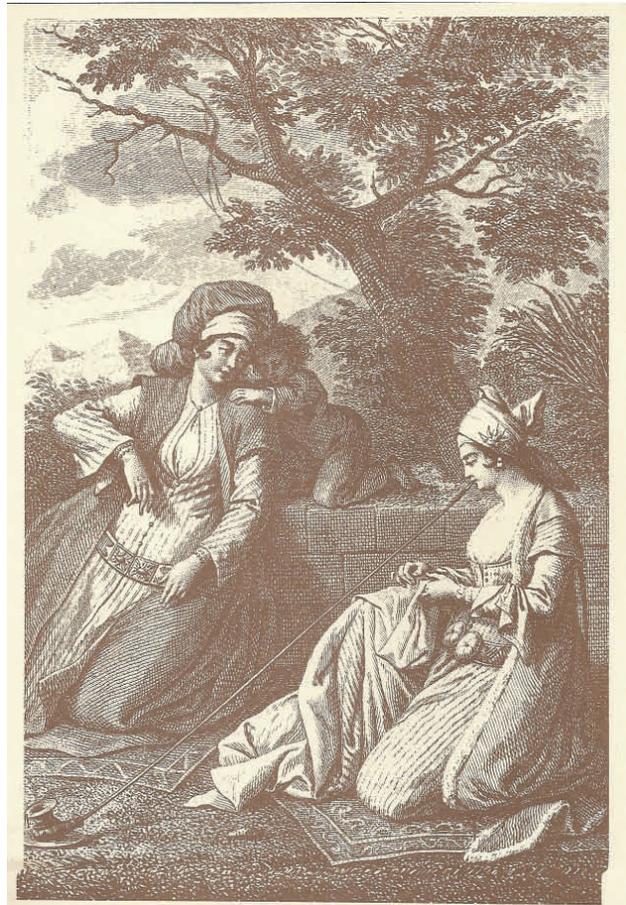
XVIII<sup>e</sup> SIÈCLE – Dame fumant sur le sofa, avec son fils



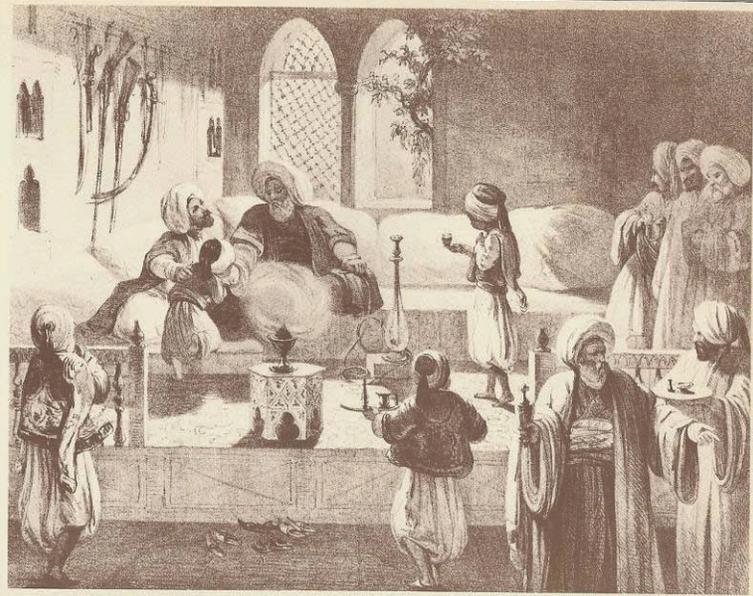
XIX<sup>e</sup> SIÈCLE – Femmes de Sidon



XIX<sup>e</sup> SIÈCLE – La tasse de café



1792 – On cousait, fumait et devisait sous le chêne...



1827 – Réception dans un intérieur de Beyrouth



XIX<sup>e</sup> SIÈCLE – Une princesse du Liban

# Father Leo's Pipe Museum

Courtesy of Christian Schneider, an Austrian pipesmoker, a regular visitor of the PCoLeb's page, and a friend. The photos below show Father Leo's Pipe Museum, to be found at Markt 19, A-3193 St. Agyd am Neuwalde, Austria.





# Arthur Ransome Revisited

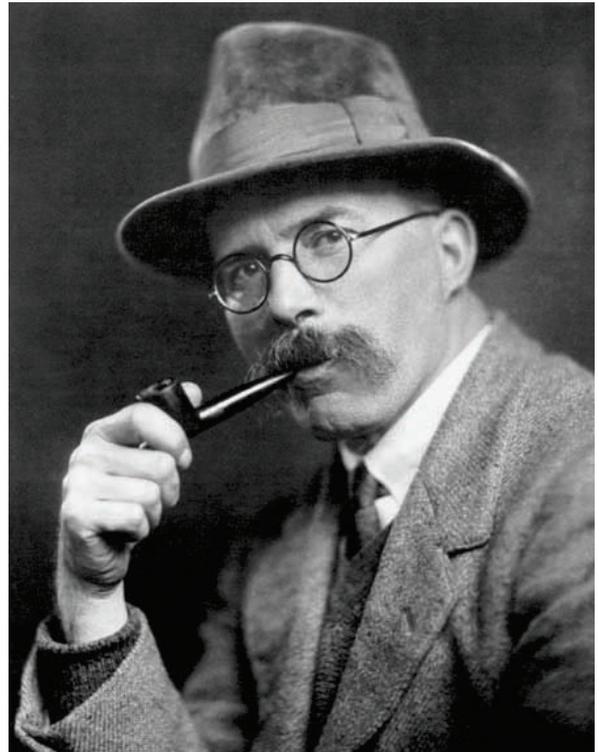


Ian Edmondson is continuing the saga of the *Manchester Guardian* journalist pipesmoker Arthur Ransome. Ian has kindly provided us with a video footage of Ransome smoking his pipe on the Russian/Latvian border in 1920.

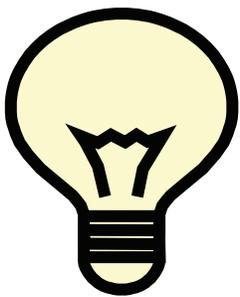
The web address for the file is <http://www.britishpathe.com/images/preview/00000000/00075000/00075220.WMV>,

and is found at the British Pathe News archive, searchable at

<http://www.itnsource.com/en/Entire-Archive/>



## Frequently Asked Questions (FAQ)



Q: Can I fill my pipe again just after smoking?

A: You could, of course, and many people do this. However, we strongly advise not refilling and re-smoking the same pipe for

**Email your questions and we will try to answer them.**

the following reasons: one, the briar needs to cool down between twelve and twenty-four hours. While the briar is exposed to heat, the wood is expanding and needs to slowly contract back to its original shape; two, the juices and “goo” formed during the first smoke are still in the bowl and, despite attempts at cleaning it, the bowl is still wet and will mix negatively with the new, fresh tobacco of the second fill. So, if you are an avid smoker, keep a few pipes with you and rotate them!

Q: After how many bowls will I get the true taste and flavour of a tobacco?

A: The accepted idea is that a tobacco needs to be smoked about five times in a bowl in order to give off its real character. Of course, this assumes that you haven't switched tobaccos in-between, and that you are smoking the same tobacco in the same pipe. What we advise, in the PCoLeb, is to “specialize” your pipes, i.e., to decide which tobacco to smoke in which pipe, and then stick to it. One can specialize broadly, and decide that a specific pipe will only smoke English mixtures or aromatics or Orientals or Burleys, and so on.

**Paul Jahshan**

# Announcements and PCoLeb Meeting Schedule

## Announcements:

- The Pipe Club of Lebanon welcomes our new members in the “Friends of the Pipe Club of Lebanon” section. Greetings to **Guillermo Ruiz-limón** from Mexico, **Patrick Brain** from the U.K., **Pablo Antonio Armando Carrasco Berrios** from Chile, **Garry Weston** from the U.K., **Juan Hernandez Bruna** from Chile, and **Ted Haviland** from the U.S.A.!
- We also welcome **Jihad Asmar**, our third regular member. Jihad has been around for a while and quickly decided that pipesmoking would be his lifelong passion.
- Photos and short bios of all Friends and Members are available online.

Welcome to all!

## On the PCoLeb’s Schedule:

The PCoLeb’s schedule for the coming three months (Jun.-Aug.) is as follows:

- First week of June: Club Meeting “Tobaccos and their Pipes”
- First week of July: Club Meeting “Flake Tobacco”
- First week of August: Club Meeting and preparation for the PCoLeb’s Annual Pipesmoking Competition.

## Coming Soon from The Pipe Club of Lebanon:

Keep checking our page for the following brochures:

- **The Absolute No-Nos of Pipesmoking**
- **The “Arghile,” Lebanon’s National Water-Pipesmoking System**

**Become a  
member!**



About the Pipe Club of Lebanon: We are the premier pipe club in Lebanon and, probably, the first club of its kind in the Middle East. Our aim is threefold:

We want to become the rallying point for serious pipesmokers in Lebanon and in the Middle East.

We aspire to provide knowledgeable information about pipesmoking, about pipes, and about tobaccos to amateurs and professionals alike.

We are dedicated, as is clear in our motto, to eagerly investigate ways in which pipesmoking is “properly an intellectual exercise.”

Serious pipesmokers, be they beginners or veterans, are welcome to join us and share in our quest for the perfect pipe and the perfect smoke.

**Visit us at [www.pipecluboflebanon.org](http://www.pipecluboflebanon.org) !**