



The Rare Edition

Whiskey Barrel Meats — Mapleton's Most Distinguished Publication Since 2025

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THE RESERVE FILLS. THE GRILL AWAKENS.

(AND THE SEASONING SHELF HAS DEVELOPED QUITE THE FOLLOWING)



It is the nature of rare things to attract attention. And it is the nature of this pressroom to document what happens when they do.

February has arrived with two developments worthy of the front page. The first concerns the Butcher's Reserve - our monthly subscription of hand-selected cuts, curated with the care and discretion one would expect from an establishment of this particular distinction. The Reserve is limited to fifty members. Fifty. Not because we lack ambition, but because we refuse to compromise the standard. Each box is assembled by hand, each cut chosen with intention, and the experience of receiving it - first Thursday of every month, collected from the counter of Whiskey Barrel Meats - is one that a growing number of Mapleton's most discerning residents have quietly made a fixture of their month.

Spots remain, though I am advised they are moving with a purpose. If the Reserve has crossed your mind, I would encourage you not to leave it there. Visit www.whiskeybarrelmeats.com and claim your membership before the list closes. When it does, it does.

The second development comes from our seasoning and spice selection, which has quietly become one of the more deliberate corners of this establishment. We do not stock shelves for the sake of filling them. Every tin and jar behind that counter has earned its place. If you find yourself uncertain where to begin, I would direct you to Zach - our head butcher - whose recommendations on the matter carry considerably more authority than anything I could offer from the pressroom. He will point you in the right direction without ceremony or hesitation.

That said, I will note for the record that the Cowboy Butter has distinguished itself among the staff with unusual consistency. It has made its way onto cuts, into conversation, and - I suspect — home with more than a few members of the team at the end of a long shift. When the people who work alongside the product reach for the same thing repeatedly, that is not coincidence. That is a recommendation worth printing.

FROM THE GRILL

THE TRI-TIP ROAST: A FIELD GUIDE FOR THE SERIOUS HOME GRILLER

It has come to the attention of this publication that the tri-tip roast has become Whiskey Barrel Meats' most photographed cut. Patrons across the region have been documenting their results with an enthusiasm that, frankly, warms even this editor's reserved disposition. In the interest of public service, we present the following guidance for a two-pound beef tri-tip — assembled with the care this cut deserves.

Begin at room temperature. Remove your tri-tip from cold storage and allow it to rest until it has lost its chill entirely. A cold center is the enemy of even cooking, and even cooking is the foundation of everything that follows.

Season generously. This is not the moment for restraint. Coat the roast thoroughly with Jacobsen Salt - select whichever tin speaks to you - and a confident hand of black pepper. The crust you are building begins here.

The reverse sear method. Bring your grill to medium-high heat. Place the tri-tip directly over the heat for five minutes on the first side, then eight minutes on the second. You are looking for a dark, even, mahogany crust — the kind that makes a person stop mid-conversation when it comes off the grill.

Move to indirect heat. Once both sides have achieved that crust, pull the roast from direct flame and finish over indirect heat until you reach your desired doneness. For medium rare, remove from the grill when the internal temperature reads 130 degrees. The meat will continue to rise a few degrees as it rests — and it must rest. Ten minutes, minimum. This is not optional.

Slice thin, against the grain. The direction of your knife matters as much as everything that came before it. Thin slices, cut against the grain, is what separates a proper tri-tip from a missed opportunity.

The results, as our customers' photographs have confirmed, speak for themselves.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

I am occasionally asked whether I find it strange — a fox of my particular vintage presiding over a butcher shop in Mapleton, North Dakota, filing dispatches from a pressroom that smells of hickory and ambition.

I do not find it strange at all.

What I find strange is settling. Accepting ordinary when rare is available. Choosing convenience when craft is just off the interstate, one block from I-94, with the lights on and the case full.

The Corona is inked. The edition is pressed. February's story is already writing itself, and it is, as always, worth reading.

Yours in Smoke & Style,
MR. FOXWORTH, ESQ.
Editor-in-Chief, The Rare Edition

