



The Rare Edition

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

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THE CARTS ARRIVE. THE PRESS TAKES NOTE.

(AND ANOTHER PUBLICATION HAS TAKEN AN INTEREST IN US)



I have an opinion, which is my entire job, and it is this: the golf carts are the best thing to happen to this establishment all summer.

The course sits directly across the street. For most of the year that was a pleasant fact and nothing more. Then somewhere around the middle of the season a foursome finished a round, looked across the road, and decided the distance was short enough to be worth it. They came over in the cart. Parked it. Came in.

Word travels on a golf course faster than it travels anywhere else on earth. They now arrive by cart and by car, sometimes still in the spikes, occasionally still arguing about a putt from the eleventh.

I will say what the Editor-in-Chief is too dignified to say. A person who has just walked eighteen holes is hungry, thirsty, and has been thinking about supper since roughly the fourth hole without arriving at a single conclusion. We are, conveniently, directly across the street.

So to the golfers: the cart path does not extend this far and we are not going to pretend otherwise. Park it out front. The case is open, the Lounge is cold, and nobody in this building is going to ask you about your score.

Yours in appetite & opinion,
PORKCHOP PETE
Opinion Editor, The Rare Edition

FROM THE COUNTER

THE NINETEENTH HOLE: A FIELD GUIDE TO FEEDING A FOURSOME ON SHORT NOTICE

A recurring situation, observed from behind the counter with some regularity: four people, one grill, an hour of daylight, and no plan whatsoever. What follows is how to resolve it without apology.

Decide on one substantial thing, not three. A single main course cooked properly will be remembered. Three cooked adequately will not. This is the entire secret and everyone ignores it.

Light the grill before you unload the car. Charcoal wants twenty-five minutes to come to an even heat; gas wants fifteen to become genuinely hot rather than merely on. Every minute you spend standing over a cold grate is a minute your guests spend opening your refrigerator.

Salt the moment you get home, then leave it alone. Forty-five minutes of salt does more for a piece of meat than any marinade will manage in the same window, and it asks nothing of you but the discipline to walk away.

Feed them while they wait. A board — cured meat, a hard cheese, something pickled, bread — costs no cooking time and buys you the whole of the interval. It is also the difference between guests who are enjoying themselves and guests who are hovering.

Cook to temperature and not to the clock. A thermometer costs very little and is the entire difference between a story your guests repeat and an apology you deliver at the table.

Then rest it. Ten minutes, minimum, and use them to pour something. Meat carved straight off the heat surrenders everything you spent the afternoon building.

FROM THE EDITOR’S DESK

This establishment has been open ten months. I have been asked to mark the occasion, and I intend to do so briefly, on the grounds that gratitude expressed at length becomes something else entirely.

In that time readers have crossed our threshold from distances exceeding two hundred and fifty miles. I have never entirely understood it. I have also never once discouraged it.

What I will say is this. A shop does not become a fixture because it opened. It becomes one because people chose it, repeatedly, when they had other options and no obligation to any of us. Ten months of that is not a small thing, and I decline to treat it as one.

A further development. It has come to the attention of this publication that another publication has taken an interest in us. North & Nest will feature Whiskey Barrel Meats in their October issue. I have not read it. I am content to wait, as I have been reliably informed that this is what one does.

The Corona is inked. The edition is pressed.

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

