



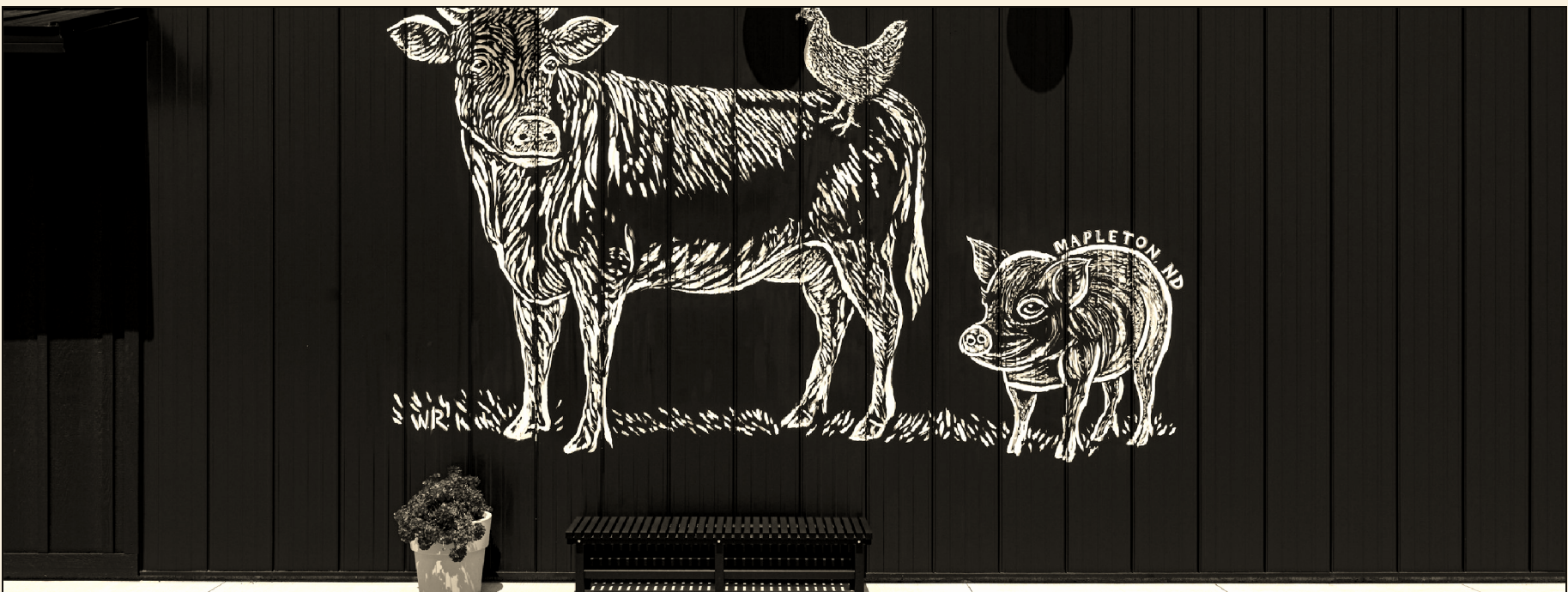
# The Rare Edition

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

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## THE WALL DRAWS A CROWD. THE BENCH FILLS.

(AND TWO CHAIRS HAVE APPEARED, FACING THE GOLF COURSE)



It is a peculiar thing to be painted on the side of a building. I say this as one of the very few in a position to comment on it.

The south wall now carries a likeness — a cow, a hen standing upon her back with no evident regard for the arrangement, and a pig who appears entirely pleased with himself. I shall not name names. I will say only that the resemblance is rather closer than I would have chosen.

What has surprised me is what happened afterwards. People stop. They photograph it. They photograph themselves in front of it, which is a different undertaking altogether and, I am given to understand, the more flattering of the two.

The bench beneath the wall has done more work this spring than any other piece of furniture on the property. Grandparents have sat on it. Children have declined to sit on it and been persuaded otherwise. Entire families have arranged themselves in front of the wall while one unfortunate member operated the camera. I have observed all of it from a respectful distance, as is proper.

I am told the initials in the grass belong to the painter. I have no further information on the matter and would not dream of speculating.

One does not, as a rule, expect to become a landmark. I find that I do not object.

*Yours in provenance & pasture,*  
**SIR ANGUS**  
*Senior Beef Correspondent, The Rare Edition*

### FROM THE COUNTER

#### THE SUMMER BOARD: A FIELD GUIDE TO ONE THAT HOLDS UP OUTDOORS

A board assembled for an air-conditioned kitchen and a board assembled for an evening outdoors are not the same board, and the difference is not decoration. It is heat. What follows is how to build one that survives the second hour.

Choose the firmer cheeses. A soft cheese will lose its shape within twenty minutes in the sun and take the rest of the board’s dignity with it. Aged and firm holds its edge, holds its slice, and does not require rescuing.

Cured meat is already built for this. It was invented for rooms that had no refrigeration and it has not forgotten how. Salami, coppa, prosciutto — all of them are perfectly content sitting outside on a June evening.

Put out half of what you intend to serve and keep the remainder cold. A board that has sat untouched for two hours is a board nobody wants at the ninety-minute mark. Refilling twice costs you nothing and makes the second round look like the first.

Include something sharp. Pickles, olives, a mustard, anything with acid in it. Warm weather makes cured meat and cheese sit heavier than they do indoors, and the whole board wants something to cut against.

Bread and crackers come out last, and they come out in the shade. Humidity ruins a cracker faster than anyone anticipates, and there is no reviving one.

Then sit down. The board is not the event. The evening is.

### FROM THE EDITOR’S DESK

There are now two chairs outside.

They face west across the road, toward the golf course. I will not claim this was a plan. Someone set them there, nobody has moved them since, and that is how a good many of the arrangements in this building have come about.

A summer evening in Mapleton runs longer than visitors expect. The light holds well past nine. There is a particular sound the course makes at that hour — carts, mostly, and the occasional opinion carried rather further than its owner intended.

This publication has been accused of formality, and I accept the charge without complaint. But I should not like the tone of these pages mistaken for the temperature of the room. The bench is public. The wall is there to be photographed, and we are glad when it is. The chairs are outside, and they are not reserved.

The Corona is inked. The edition is pressed.

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

