



GRANT'S WHISKY

A President's Day Contribution by Mike Martel



It's a little-known fact that when President U.S. Grant (or, United States Grant, as every modern American public school-educated schoolchild knows) was buried in 1885 in New York, a rundlet, or small oaken keg, of his favorite whisky, Old Crow, was buried with him at his feet along with a box of his favorite Cuban cigars. This was allowed because it was at the request of his long-time acquaintance and friend, the famous author Mark Twain, who paid for the whisky and cigars himself, and who also professed a love for that whisky brand.



In 1897, with the completion of Grant's Tomb, the famous general's remains were moved to the new mausoleum in Washington (His wife would join him in 1902). However, to their dismay, workers found, upon transferring the remains, that the little barrel of whisky was quite empty, but with no visible leaks; also, the President's remains were rather well preserved, and Grant's face bore an unmistakable scowl, and he looked, well, 'thirsty', as one of the stonemasons described him. Also, to their puzzlement, they noted that the box of cigars was also completely empty.

Accordingly, the well-meaning workers, upon placing him in his new red granite sarcophagus in Washington, refilled the rundlet with Old Crow, out of respect, since their fathers had fought in the Civil War; and they also refilled the box of cigars before sealing the sarcophagus. This was done out of sight of the public, of course, as the monument was not open yet or even dedicated.

Nothing happened again until the 1940's when three German spies and saboteurs were caught breaking into the tomb. They were intent on stealing the famous General's remains, but were spotted by an alert Boy Scout who happened to be 'spooning' with his girlfriend after dark and saw something suspicious going on.



J. Edgar Hoover showed up with the FBI and the Germans were caught, hauled away, and eventually secretly executed as spies, in the J. Edgar manner, and the press never learned about it. The secret report was only made public recently. The spies however had only succeeded in removing the heavy sarcophagus lid. Hoover relished the moment; here was his chance to look down upon the mortal remains of one of our Nation's greatest war heroes.

But as he looked in, he gasped; Grant looked perfectly preserved, and again, there was an unmistakable sadness about his features that could not be explained. To his great surprise, Hoover noted the presence of an empty wooden whiskey mini-barrel inside the capacious sarcophagus, as well as an empty cigar box. The tomb itself bore a very faint, stale scent, not of decomposition, but of tobacco smoke and bourbon and rye.

Hoover turned to his G-men, and said, "Refill it. Give him the best bourbon the People's money can buy. Put in an extra box of cigars too. Hondurans. I'll be damned if I'll give Fidel the satisfaction of having President Grant smoking his Communist products."

"Yes, sir," they all chimed at once.

"Not a word of this to anyone, or I'll have your asses on a meathook. Then re-seal the tomb. And oh...gentlemen?"

"Sir?"

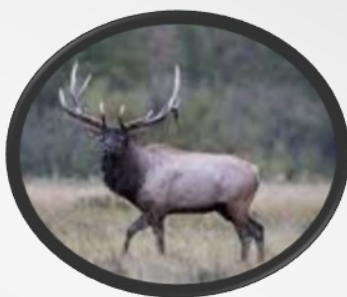
"Check it again every ten years. Refill as needed. The Arsenal of Democracy must preserve its patrimony. Understood?"

"Yes indeed, sir!"

Even to this day, on certain calendar days that mark the anniversaries of famous Northern victories during the Civil War, visitors to Grant's Tomb have reported the unmistakable aroma of spilt whisky, and a faint bluish haze, ever so slight, of cigar smoke hanging in the air, so subtle as to be somewhere between imagination and reality



SILVER TINES IN THE GLOAMING



Two thousand one hundred fifty miles of driving-- three days in a RAV 4, two days in a motel at 7,126' and a few hours on horseback now found me alone at a 9200' drop camp. The year was 2017; I was here for the last week of Colorado's elk archery season and hopefully the beginning rut.

This was my second time basing from this camp but my first solo trip. In 2014 three of us from Narragansett Bow Hunters hunted here.

On that trip a wealth of free-range cattle dominated the local meadows keeping elk at arm's length—often several hours hike distant. I had no reason to expect anything different on this trip.

Moving day of any ilk is a hectic endeavor prone to the unexpected. Moving a weeks' worth of hunting gear and food supplies via mule is no exception. After watching the outfitter ride into the distance thoughts turned to unpacking, cooking lunch and getting organized. Water first.

I had arrived at camp with one quart of water in my canteen; with outfitter supplied Gerry can in hand I headed for the only water source within several hours walk, a spring some hundred yards away from the tent.

Three years prior a discharge pipe from the spring fed a watering trough and served as water for the camp. But this was Colorado Rocky Mountain national forest, several hours horseback from the nearest trail head: as many hunters have learned over the years, in any hunting venture anything can happen at any time. In 2017, the trough remained, the pipe did not; it lay ground into the dust under a multitude of cattle hoof prints. Dry.

Backtracking the pipe revealed a split-rail enclosed slightly seeping weed and silt choked "water hole" ranging in depth from 2"-8". Two gallons of this concoction carefully scooped into the outfitters Katadyn basecamp yielded some 3 quarts of potable water and a completely fouled filter. Satellite text exchanges with the outfitter headed their rider back toward camp in the late afternoon bearing seven gallons of water.

Housekeeping chores absorbed the afternoon. A latrine hole was dug and the outfitter's folding one-holer plywood seat set up. As unpacking progressed, the smallish two person wall tent soon resembled home--eight days backpacking rations, snacks, clothes, bow case, arrow case, hunt pack, and meat packing frame had found space on or under the cots. Finally a few pots and pans from the supplied totes were arranged near the stove and camp was fully established.

In 2014 the area we first tripped up a bull elk lay on an adjoining ridge several hours hike to the west. With a hot dinner sitting comfortably in my stomach I settled down to sharpening broadheads, truing arrows and setting up a three-day bivy kit in anticipation of a long early morning trek and potential spike camp. Thus occupied, the fact no free-range cattle had appeared all afternoon failed to register.

At this juncture a bit of geography and topography is in order:

Camp lay nestled at 9,200' on the southeastern edge of a somewhat rectangular shaped east-west running many-acred meadow. A precipitous 2,000' drop circumscribed the far western and southern meadow boundaries while along the northern edge, a couple hundred yards from the tent, aspen and pine forested bulwarks ranged steeply skyward tickling the 10,000' mark. Along this northern boundary transition between meadow and forest was abrupt.

Immediately surrounding the tent was a small brush bordered grassy enclosure.

Deep dusk came. I stepped out the tent flap to toss wash water. White movement, not unlike that occasionally experienced by deer hunters, flashed on the far side of the meadow. Three elk cows cut into the darkening timber. What? In the few seconds it took my mind to grasp I was seeing elk at camp an even greater event transpired: a bull elk in full bugle was coming down the ridge. Fast!

My two piece takedown longbow lay in its case unassembled, arrows lay on the "kitchen table", my bow quiver and calls were buried in the hunt pack. I quickly assembled bow and quiver, tucked in a spare arrow, grabbed another arrow and a cow call and slipped into the gathering dark. What greeted my eyes was the thing of legend.

Broadside to me, in full trot, head back, Roman nose to the skyline, massive tines silver in the gloaming and some seventy yards distant was a grand calendar worthy 6x6 bull. So intent was he on impressing the ladies, he failed to see me. I dove behind the brush; cow called, and crawled ten yards to the right in case he should come head on toward the call.

He did not.

Rather, he froze, spun towards the brush but on failing to see the cow of his dreams, kept the distance. The jig was up. He tossed his head and meandered to the three cows still hovering in the dark of the forest edge.

This was Colorado Rocky Mountain national forest, several hours horseback from the nearest trail head: as many hunters have learned over the years, in any hunting



**NARRAGANSETT
BOWHUNTERS**

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A screenshot from a news broadcast. At the top left, a red box says "LIVE". At the top right, the website "breakyourownnews.com" is visible. The main image shows a woman with blonde hair aiming a bow. A red banner across the middle says "BREAKING NEWS". Below that, a white banner says "THE PUSH FOR BOW CONTROL BEGINS". At the bottom left, a black box shows the time "15:33". At the bottom right, a yellow banner contains the quote: "WE NEED TO REDUCE QUIVER SIZES AND MAX DRAW STRENGTH" - Sheila Runesteir.

2018

OUTDOOR 3D SCHEDULE

MARCH 4TH, APRIL 15TH, MAY 13 (MOTHERS SHOOT FREE)

MAY 20 (IBO TRADITIONAL SHOOT), JUNE 3, JULY 1, AUGUST 5

SEPTEMBER 1 (VETERAN'S SHOOT), SEPTEMBER 2 (MONTHLY SHOOT)

OCTOBER 7, DECEMBER 2 (TOY DRIVE)

**NBH 3D LEAGUE HOSTS THE ANNUAL POLICE MEMORIAL UNITY TOUR
SPONSORSHIP NIGHT**

FEBRUARY 22ND

**ALL REGISTRATION
PROCEEDS
WILL BE
CONTRIBUTED
TO RON JACOBSON'S
RIDE**



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FUL EVENT
ONE TO
REMEMBER**