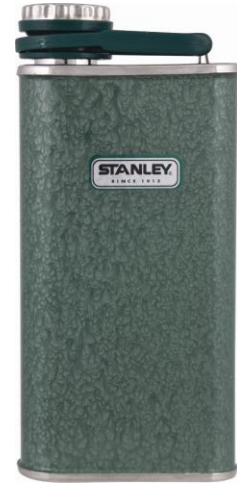


Classic Flask  
named one of their favorite things by **Outside**

“A \$125 flask? Come on, how about some gear suggestions for folks who don’t make six figures a year?”

Done...Stanley’s Classic - and indestructible - flask. Oh, and it costs \$20.”

- February 2012



**feedback**

**Red, White, and Green**  
David Roberts's report on the use of renewable power by U.S. Marines on the battlefield in Afghanistan ("Charge!" December) inspired a few tactical responses about the politics of green energy, that most readers considered the Marine Corps's newfound reliance on solar and wind power entirely preposterous. —THE EDITOR

This emphasis on renewable energy is fantastic and will help push casualty rates lower and make our forces more agile at every level. It will also drive innovation here at home, since the technologies will make their way to the consumer market in short order. We need green everywhere. FORMER JARHEAD ONLINE

There's nothing very surprising about the military's interest in advanced technologies. Through DARPA and more obscure agencies like Joint Tactical Fusion, the military has sponsored many major technological advances since the sixties. WALT BEAD FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

Green and renewable energy. Climate change without security, so the Department of Defense is planning for it, not doing it. It.

**Closed Lip**  
I'm not sure what the demographic of your magazine is, but I don't know anyone who can afford many of the gifts you suggest in your December gift guide ("New School Wags"). A \$125 flask? Come on, how about some gear suggestions for folks who don't make six figures a year? TIM ASPISA BLACKSBURG, VIRGINIA

**Done**. Turn to page 40 for "This We Like," a celebration of 61 of our favorite things. Here's number 34: Stanley's Classic—and indestructible—flask. Oh, and it costs \$20.



The signal-to-noise ratio in politics has never been worse, but thank goodness for those, like the military, who deal in realities. RICO ONLINE

**Common Cold**  
I read with some amusement your article on precooling for enhanced performance ("Central Cooling," December). Same, being up may help, but you neglected to mention the one thing that virtually everyone does: wear technical or wicking clothing. By virtue of their moisture-management capabilities, these clothes keep your skin dry, and dry means warm. My plain white cotton tee may not look that hot, but it sure keeps me cool. GREG KENNEY CARSON CITY, NEVADA

**One with the World, or Not**  
I asked if your article on Polynesian navigation in the December issue ("Star Power") was featured in the art when I attended the Asia Pacific Maritime College in 1988. It's more like that is to feel the planet breathe. It's amazing to be so connected to the world, and I truly miss it in the day-to-day hubbub that Americans call life. DEBBIE JOYCE SHARPSBURG, MARYLAND

I was delighted to read the proud account of the slaughter of hawksbill turtles in James Campbell's otherwise engaging article. With cold cultural relativism does not save

**Dr. Feel Good**  
The Timothy Tully that Tobiata Scientific Methods of Wallace J. Nichols' ("December") is a significant article about an enlightening subject. The first time I read with a sea turtle off the coast of Maui was a spiritual experience. Now I know why. Thank you for opening so many eyes to the wonders of the sea. HANCOCK WILLIAMS ONLINE

a place in the world today, and an article that describes an endangered turtle being down-bowed doesn't belong in your publication. I know why. Thank you for opening so many eyes to the wonders of the sea. HANCOCK WILLIAMS ONLINE

**The Best Sleep He Never Got**  
Recently, I was about to go for an afternoon nap when the mail came. I flipped through the December issue, landing on the photo of Amy Purdy, double amputee ("The Year of Giving Adversity a Hand"), then read the essay by DOD chief respiratory officer Brian Levine in between the lines. I cried, kicked myself in the ass, and went for a ride. Thank you. CHRIS SMITH ONLINE PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

**The Woodshed**  
In December's "The Trials of Budge" you incorrectly stated that activist Tim DeChristopher, after being sentenced, was incarcerated in a holding facility near Bismarck, Nevada. The facility was near Las Vegas. We also stated that Peaceful Uprising member Steve Lanza was volunteering in the Gulf of Mexico when he left to attend DeChristopher's trial. He has never finished his job as a peer-embodiment in the Gulf.

- 31. **BRITISH COLUMBIA**
- 32. **BAREFOOT RUNNING SHOES**  
More than anything, they helped us realize we've been running in too much shoe.
- 33. **S'MORES**
- 34. **DEPENDABLE FLASKS**  
Like Stanley's Classic, \$20; stanley-pmi.com
- 35. **FAMILIAR CROSSROADS**  
Whether we're heading to Salt Lake City (440 miles west), Jackson, Wyoming (430 miles northwest), or Montana (400 miles north), we always find ourselves refueling at Love's Travel Stop, on the south side of Cheyenne, guzzling bad coffee in good spirits.
- 36. **SCRAGGLY, ASYMMETRICAL CHRISTMAS TREES**  
The kind you cut down yourself. On national-forest land (with a permit.)
- 37. **THE THALWEG**  
In science-geek terms, the thalweg is the line connecting the lowest points along a riverbed or valley, thus marking the natural direction of a watercourse. In river-rat terms, the thalweg is almost always the line of fastest flow in any river.
- 38. **BADGER BALM**  
Works just as well in the tundra as it does on diaper rash. \$8; badger-balm.com



**40 BULLET RYE**  
THE ONE WITH THE GREEN LABEL YEARS OF TRIAL AND ERROR HAVE LED US HERE WITHOUT IT, THIS LAST WOULD'NT HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE. \$28. BULLET BOURBON.COM



**41. DOUBLE CHAIRLIFTS**  
BY MARC PERUZZI  
In terms of fatality, a high-speed quad chair is more Vega buffet than cocktail table for two. Trans? Aerial cattle cars with happy beer farts. Although they're much maligned and slated for extinction by profit-and-werk-maximizing ski execs across the country, the double chair is skiing's perfect lift. Part of this has to do with the social dynamic the double chair demands. On a quad it's easy to pull up your hood, hunch into your little corner, pretend not to hear. On a double, going silent isn't just awkward, it's an affront to the social contract, a slap in the face to a fellow skier. Besides, you're missing out. I've argued foreign policy with snowboarders, talked about cycling routes with an ornithologist who rode shotgun, and discovered countless powder stashes thanks to locals all too willing to give them up to somebody simply willing to chitchat. The double chair also gets the pace of skiing right. You feel like you're part of the landscape instead of whipping through it. Skiing isn't supposed to be about racking quietly. It's about chatting quietly with your best friend or a total stranger as you scout your next line and appreciate the mountains in winter. Even one kid-free lift up with my wife is like a thirty date night. It was on double chairs that my equally childhood relationship with my older brother became a lasting bond. As a prepubescent boy, I once sat hip-to-hip and thigh-to-thigh with my seventeen-grade crush, just hours after glimpsing her final waffle-weave long underwear on the ski bus. It was the one and only time I managed the courage to talk to her. It was tragic, as I recall, and I'd been diverting all evening, but for that one perfect ride on the double chair, I was burning.