Editors' Notes

No hype, just two decades of sliding on snow. Read editorials from past issues of Backcountry.
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“Situational awareness!” Arlin’s constant, disparaging shouts sounded like they came from a hoarse, constipated Yogi Bear.

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It was a stupid mistake. I mean, a threepound sledge hammer is difficult enough to hold overhead for any length of time.

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Click. It's the tiniest sound, the closing of a camera shutter. Each one represents a stoppage of time;

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Suffer-fest, slog, epic; everyone has a moniker for this kind of outing, but my friends like to call it a “Pogge Adventure.”

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There was an entire herd up there, 10, maybe 15 of them, climbing over rocky outcrops and around four-story cliffs.

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The last thing Sam Bass saw was a horizontal, dark striation eight feet up on a 10-inch aspen.

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Powder markets throughout Asia traded at all-time highs. Records broke and roofs collapsed throughout Japan's Nagano Prefecture

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I'm struggling. It's noon, and whiteout conditions make incandescent what would be the horizon between the sky and the Wapta Icefields

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Locked in and standing on rocky ground, it occurs to me that my skis are the short, narrow, stiff skis I wish they weren't.

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High pressure ushered the coldest temperatures of the year into Gunnison Valley on the coattails of the season's first three inches.

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I ran into "That Guy" at a wedding last summer. His dark, cherubic face was devoid of sun wrinkles and I guessed he was pushing 30, but he could have been older.

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