

UNTRACKED! A SNEAK PEEK AT TWO NEW HELI-OPS

**MEAT YOUR NEW
INSTRUCTOR**
PAGE 44



SKIING

DECEMBER
2006

50

**THINGS
ALL
SKIERS
MUST DO
BEFORE
THEY
DIE**



**HO!
HO! HO!**

57 Gifts and a
Bottle of Hooch
page 107

**FIGHTING
BACK**

Iraq Vets
Storm Aspen
page 132



skiing

You know that list locked in your brain? It's the one with a measly six things checked off and a slew of big ideas waiting to be realized. It's your skier's **LIFE LIST**, and it's telling you to ski as fast as you can, quit your job, and throw down for a heli day. Or maybe you want to gorge on raclette in the Alps, ski under a full moon, plunge down Tuckerman Ravine, rip a first descent, drop Corbet's, chase storms. Start now. Because life is short and ski season's even shorter (to make it longer, see #31), we've compiled the ultimate skier's checklist. Here are 50 things you must do before you die. Well, you should at least take a crack at it.

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY ERIK JOHNSON

HOST A PRAY-FOR-SNOW PARTY

Get up off your knees and supplicate the snow gods with a bonfire, enough booze to rattle Keith Richards, and an effigy. But you won't just set the thing on fire like a bunch of wasted hippies in Nevada—we're talking NASA. Take our Santa Fe, New Mexico, effigy, Mosnowbra, for instance. He's your standard snowman: corncob pipe, button nose...and Estes D-powered rockets shoved up his ass. Our haunting, Mayan-like MC talks us through the eerie sacrifice ritual, and it's 10...9...8...*Woosh!* If someone takes an explosive to the noggin, the ski season will surely be deep. The lesson here? Check ignition, and may God's love be with you.



Mosnowbra—prelaunch.



Tuckerman Ravine, circa 1937

49

SKI TUCK'S

Butter-smooth corn leads through the low-angled alpine garden below the summit of New Hampshire's 6,288-foot giant, Mount Washington. Then the slope suddenly drops from under you, and you're on the 50-degree, 600-foot headwall that is Tuckerman Ravine. One bad move and you'll gumby down the slope like a wet sock puppet. Worse, the flannel-wearing rednecks and pot-smoking college kids in flannel shirts partying on the lunch rocks will hoot even louder and throw empties at you. Focus. There's no choice but to ski through the peanut gallery...and revel in the contact high. When the empties fly, you duck. Modestly. Like the stoic New Englander you strive to be. This is Tuck's, *the* backcountry run of the East.



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