

An athlete's ode to the potato

By Michael Easter, *Outside*

I spent the first few years of my life in Idaho and have always eaten potatoes—white, usually baked, sometimes mashed or sautéed with eggs. This alone doesn't make me unique—potatoes are the largest vegetable crop in the United States—but the rate at which I eat the root vegetable might make me a standout.

I consume them four nights a week and will proudly tell you that a baked russet potato with sour cream is my favorite food. Especially the oversized variety you find accompanied by fatty slabs of prime rib served in Western saloons or smoky casino diners in small gambling towns. (The two best baked potatoes in the country, for what it's worth, are found at the Pioneer Saloon in Ketchum, Idaho, and the Virgin River Hotel and Casino River Café in Mesquite, Nevada.)

I believe you can largely forget about exotic, exorbitant eats like goji berries, chia seeds, and coconut oil. The humble spud is the real superfood.

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