



## The Bunkhouse Chronicle

Craig Rullman  
Columnist

### A mediation in white

I'm writing this on Sunday morning, during the first real snowstorm we've enjoyed this year—though I almost didn't believe it was going to happen.

I stopped believing the weather woman about two months ago. This was a deliberate act of rebellion because riding the prediction roller-coaster was damaging my nerves and upsetting the dogs. Calls for snow this winter have too often dissembled into blue skies, warm chinooks, and mud in the paddocks, and although I have sympathy for anyone who signs up to predict the weather in Central Oregon my stores of good humor were used up three fake storms ago.

But, for some reason, I believed her this time. More importantly, I planned ahead. Instead of the humiliation of standing in line for the ice-melt lottery at Ace — which some of you may remember from a few years ago — I now have enough ice-melt

on hand for the next decade and diesel to run my tractor well into the next presidential election — which is its own kind of storm.

Also, I have an industrial, shock-proof, carbon-fiber, high-speed roof rake.

This kind of snow was not something I prepared for — despite knowing better — back in the Snowpocalypse of '17, which hit Sisters Town like a fuel-air bomb, collapsing barns and buildings, morphing light fixtures into waterfalls, flooding basements, turning “ice dams” into a dirty phrase, and leaving far too many people living in their bedroom closets or fifth wheels for months on end while their houses dried out.

But the weather peeps seem to have gotten it right this time around. Which reminds me of Arnold Palmer's quip to a loudmouth in the gallery who shouted “Lucky shot” after Arnold nailed a 300-yard hole-in-one. “Maybe,” Palmer said, “But the more I practice the luckier I get.” Or so the story goes. Other versions of the story give credit to Gary Player, and yet another version claims a foreign mercenary first uttered the phrase during the Cuban Revolution — though one wonders about the context.

If there were any justice for the hapless and bedraggled ranks of Central Oregon meteorologists it would have been one of them who said it, though the larger point is that in tracking the source of a quote — not unlike predicting the weather — degrees

of accuracy matter.

But the snow, which as I look out the window just now is bending the skinny juniper in front of our house like an enormous longbow, is emphatically needed to help beat back the enduring threat of wildfire we all live with. Fire is the one thing that keeps me awake at night, although the incremental creep of socialism into American politics runs a close second. They both rate a wary eye because they have similarly devastating effects, as 1 million percent inflation (that's a real number) and tens of thousands of starving Venezuelans can attest.

Speaking of snow, Corner House Publishers did the world a service by putting out a terrific collection of Thoreau's journal entries called “Winter.” The book follows the calendar from December to February, drawing from his personal musings between 1838 and 1860. I read this book every winter, sipping from it one day at a time like a cup of hot tea in the morning, and find in it the nuggets of contemplative insight that continue to support Thoreau's legacy as a giant.

On February 23, 1860, which is the day the collection ends, and about 13 months before General Beauregard kicked off the civil war by firing on Fort Sumter in Charleston Bay, Thoreau wrote:

“Thermometer 58° and snow almost gone, river

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PHOTO PROVIDED

Three Creeks Brewing Co. and Bigfoot beverages presented a check to Warfighter Outfitters. Pictured from left to right: Gary Conner (WFO Board member), Wade Underwood (Three Creeks Brewing Co. CEO), John Hartney (Bigfoot Beverages GM), Nicole Harbert (WFO Board member), Travis Widdifield (Bigfoot Beverages), Bob Buckman (WFO Board member), Greg Edwards (WFO Board member), and Brett Miller (WFO Founder).

## Local business gives to veterans outreach

Representatives from Bigfoot Beverages and Three Creeks Brewing Co. gathered at the Three Creeks pub in Sisters to present a check to Warfighter Outfitters — proceeds of the Warfighter Pale Ale sales.

The check was for \$3,725 and will serve roughly 248 veterans on day trips.

“One hundred percent of our donor dollars and contributions go directly

into operating costs,” said Warfighter Outfitter Outfitters founder Brett Miller. “No salaries, no wages, all volunteers.”

To date, Warfighter Outfitters has received over \$9,000 worth of contributions from Warfighter Pale Ale's first season of sales.

For more information, contact Warfighter Outfitters at [info@warfighteroutfitters.org](mailto:info@warfighteroutfitters.org).

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