

# The Bergen News

photo by Sally Banks

Bringing Bergen Together

September 2020

## Birds, Beasts and Botany in Bergen

by Bob Griebel

### Yarrow (*achillea millefolium*)

Most readers would, I suspect, readily recognize the flowering stalks of yarrow growing on the roadsides and in the yards and pastures of Bergen. The plant grows across Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific and north to our Arctic coast, and is native to the temperate regions of Europe and Asia. In Australia and New Zealand, yarrow was introduced by European settlers as forage for sheep, but has since turned into a widespread and common weed. It is a point of debate whether the plant was introduced to North America as well.

Yarrow is a member of the aster and daisy family (*Astraceae*) and, as such, is related to dandelions, thistles and sunflowers. It is a perennial with simple, long stems growing up from a spreading rootstock. Atop the hairy stalks, between 10 and 30 florets of white, cream-coloured, or pale pink blossoms cluster. The blossoms are fragrant, with a strong, sweet smell, reminiscent of gardenias. The leaves are long, feathery, and fern-like and are arranged spirally around the stem. Like the stem itself, they have varying degrees of hairiness. The fruit of the plant is a small, flat, dry and hard achene.

The name yarrow is derived from the Dutch *yeww* which means “to repair” and probably refers to the medicinal properties of the plant. Mythology relating to the healing properties of yarrow dates back to ancient Greek times. *Achillea*, in the plant’s Latin nomenclature, refers to the Greek warrior, Achilles. His mother is said to have dipped him, as an infant, in a vat of yarrow tea to provide him protection while in battle. He grew to be a famous and fearless warrior, and used yarrow to stop the bleeding wounds of his soldiers while fighting in Troy. However, he himself was killed by an arrow wound to the unprotected heel by which his mother held him while dunking the rest of him in the vat—hence the proverbial “Achilles’ heel”.



photo by Sandy Easterbrook

The ability of yarrow to stop bleeding was also recognized by medieval healers and native North Americans, who would apply chewed leaves as a poultice to cuts and scrapes, or gently stuff it up a nostril to stop a nosebleed. Mushers in the Yukon still apply yarrow salve to the cut feet of their dogs. The plant has also been used as an insect repellent. A US army study showed tincture of yarrow to be more effective than DEET in repelling mosquitoes and sand flies, and yarrow is the active ingredient in “Aroma Borealis”, an all-natural mosquito repellent. A number of birds have also caught on to the repellent qualities of yarrow and will line their nests with the herb to inhibit parasites. The anti-inflammatory and astringent properties of the plant make it an excellent choice to apply locally to inflamed skin or to treat insect bites. Extracts of the plant can be found in more than 20 pharmaceutical products and creams in Canada. Some caution must be exercised, however, as some people with sensitive skin will react to the plant with itching and a rash.

In medieval times, yarrow was used to add taste to beer rather than hops and in Sweden it is still sometimes used in that regard. It is also used in the manufacture of bitters.

Yarrow grows in open and disturbed sites. Speaking of disturbed sites, I would venture to predict there will be a lot of it growing along the Bergen Road over the next number of years.

## Wildlife Treasure

photos and text by Karen Fahrlander

### Coyotes As Our Neighbours

*"Coyotes are family-oriented, social and highly adaptable. They are one of the most persecuted animals in North America and are often treated as pests and destroyed even when their lives have no negative impact on their human neighbours. Coyotes are known as North America's song dog and their brilliant vocalizations have graced ancient lands since the Pleistocene era. They are a respected part of Native American storytelling and hold a sacred place in many cultural traditions today." coyotewatchcanada.com*

Coyotes contribute to biodiversity. Biodiversity boosts ecosystem productivity where each species, no matter how small, has an important role to play. Species depend on each other for survival. This is what a balanced ecosystem refers to. Coyotes are voracious eaters of voles, mice and other rodents. Insects are part of their diet too. Coyotes help regulate the number of mesocarnivores (such as skunks, raccoons, and foxes) which in turn, helps to boost biodiversity. With increasing pressure from humans who create habitat loss for all wildlife, we owe it each living creature to show respect for the contribution they make toward biodiversity.



Coyotes can become problematic for humans and their animal companions when they are taught to associate humans with food. We can minimize this risk by being aware of how we are encouraging this unwanted connection and acting accordingly. Here are a few tips:

- Never feed coyotes, even if they look hungry. Intentional and unintentional feeding creates most conflicts.
- Keep pet food indoors.
- Keep trash cans covered and compost secure.
- Clean up fallen fruit and berries.
- Do not allow bird feeders to overflow.
- Properly remove dead stock on ranches or farms.
- Be present during calving. Studies show once the calf can stand, the cow can defend her calf from predators.
- Guard dogs work well to keep coyotes away from livestock.

Coyotes are protective of their dens, guarding both their home and their young. If we are aware of this natural behaviour, we can adapt and coexist giving us the opportunity to enjoy observing the coyote family without intruding on it or threatening it.

At a pest control workshop held in Mountain View County in February 2020, the speaker from Alberta Environment Protection stated that there were very few incidents of coyote predation on livestock, mostly due to the opportunistic nature of coyotes. They don't want to put up too much of a fight to get their next meal! Farmers and ranchers should be diligent in ensuring they monitor their herds while cattle and sheep are giving birth. Once the newborn is standing, coyotes do not want to deal with an angry, defensive mother. In addition, guard dogs are amazing at keeping coyotes away from livestock.

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## MINDFULNESS

by Marilyn Halvorson

Mindfulness is a word much in fashion among philosophical types these days. I think mindfulness is a good thing but, to tell the truth, I'm not entirely sure what it means. Basically, I interpret it as "Pay attention!" and that is certainly a piece of advice I should take to heart. I often am not paying attention and I wonder how many others are suffering from the same lack of concentration on the subject at hand.

Not paying attention is the source of one of my more plaintive questions. "Where did I leave my glasses?" As I need the glasses mainly for reading—and for searching for my lost glasses—and since I often find wearing them annoying, I tend to pull them off and discard them on the closest fairly flat surface. As I charge along on my nefarious errands I give no thought to where that surface may be—until I need to find them again. Then, hours of frustration follow until I accidentally come upon them under a bread bag on the counter.

If I want to save myself from all this mental and physical anguish, the solution is actually simple. As I pull off the specs, I need to give myself a good swat upside the head and say, "Look, Stupid, you're putting your glasses on this pile of books." Hard on the head but easier on the nerves.

Another symptom of mindlessness is going through life on "auto pilot." We do so many things by rote that we never notice the world around us. Have you ever driven to town or home from work and arrived safely but with no recollection of things you have passed en route? I'm sure we all do this and there is probably no harm in it—as long as items like stop signs are not among features we have missed along the way.

Witnesses to crimes or accidents are notorious for their lack of attention to those around them. Descriptions of the hold-up man will place him at every height from five foot four to six feet. Probably the one statement everyone might agree on these days is, "I'm sure he was wearing a mask!"

Before you smugly think of the ineptitude of these witnesses, give yourself a little quiz. "What colour shirt was the man I met on the street outside, wearing?"

Probably a lot sadder than missing inconsequential details is our lack of truly being mindful of—and grateful for—all the wonderful things that surround us in this part of the world. We take so many things for granted. This fact was rather sharply brought to my mind the other day as I walked along one of the trails through my beautiful woods. Maybe I was in a melancholy mood or perhaps I was just feeling my age but, for whatever reason, I thought to myself, "You know, someday you won't be walking these trails anymore." Myself was extremely cross with me for that thought. Granted, it was negative, but it was also true. So, what to do about it? Give up thinking entirely? No, of course not. Just use that thought to remind myself to live in the moment and truly appreciate how good life really is. We could all take a lesson from the animals. All it takes to put a blissful cow-smile on a bovine face is good grass, cool water—and a good flyswatter attached to the far end.

Maybe cows aren't the most aesthetic example of mindfulness but they sure are good examples of enjoying what you have while you have it.



### ***The Bergen Farmers' Thanksgiving Market***

***Saturday, October 10<sup>th</sup>***

***10:00 a.m. — 1:00 p.m.***

***Vulnerable customers may shop from 9:45 — 10:00***

***The market looks and feels a little different from previous years as we adhere to physical distancing regulations. But the determination of the vendors to be friendly and helpful remains the same.***

***For up to date information check our website***

***[www.thebergenmarket.ca](http://www.thebergenmarket.ca) or on Facebook.***

*If you have comments on anything that you read in the Bergen News, send your response to The Bergen News, [ljsyer@telus.net](mailto:ljsyer@telus.net) or the Bergen News c/o Marilyn Walker, Box 21, Site 9, RR2, Sundre, T0M 1X0.*



## Subscription Renewals

*To our loyal Bergen News subscribers: Please check your mail labels for your expiry date. You may mail your renewal to The Bergen News c/o Marilyn Walker Box 21, Site 9, RR 2, Sundre, T0M 1X0. Subscriptions are \$15 annually or \$10 for an email subscription. Thanks for your support.*



## EVERY DOG HAS ITS DAY

by Jessie

Do you other dogs out there ever have disagreements with your persons? Well, right now my person and I are having words—and barks—over my coat. Usually I'm kind of proud of my coat. It is long and wavy and very black and I like it. But my person is complaining about it. You see, I'm what you might call a slow shedder and I still have some chunks of last winter's coat when I should be growing a fresh new one for this next winter. My person says it makes me look

like a neglected urchin. What kind of a dog is an urchin? I heard of lurchers once but urchin is a new one on me. Must be one of those little breeds whose persons get them an expensive haircut and then buy them a coat to keep warm.

Anyway, my person insists on grooming me to get rid of the old hair and I don't like being combed 'cause it pulls. I try to get away but she makes me come back. If all else fails I just sit right down on my hairy hindquarters. This makes her very frustrated and she says, "Jessie! You big sissy. The cats don't carry on like this when I groom them."

And I say, "So? They're cats. What do they know?"

We carry on like this until we are both tired and grumpy. She finally gives up, hands me a cookie, and says "Good dog!"

I give her a big grin, chomp my cookie, and all is forgiven—until it's grooming time again.

## Musings: Follow the Arrows!

by Phyllis Cormack

So here we are in a time we never expected would come, with a pandemic interfering with life that we have considered normal. How does one adjust to doing anything in public whilst wearing a mask, I ask you? It's just not comfortable nor is it becoming. Oh yes, this inconvenient piece of supposed protection is, or can be, made of colourful or decorative material. That does not, however, improve on how it fits or feels and how it prevents one from having a decent conversation. The quality of protection comes to mind when one sees that some have replaceable filters while others are just a couple of layers of fabric. Then you read reports of how a mask doesn't protect the person wearing it nor the one they are speaking to. Who do you believe? Some stores have started requiring masks while shopping and have arrows on the floor to guide shoppers through the aisles, ensuring less stress for those concerned. When this Musings was written, several stores gave you the choice of wearing masks or not. What amazes me is that there are a lot of folks wearing this so called protection while they are giving no thought to which direction they should be pushing their grocery cart! Yes I know—it's so easy to skip an aisle or two and then discover you missed picking something up so you have to backtrack to find it. I, for one, do not wear a mask if given the choice. I'm taking my chances that way. But I do try to zigzag up and down the aisles following the pattern to avoid upsetting one of those obedient mask wearers who I meet—they being the ones going the wrong way! I just don't get it. Now, that being said—is it proper or beneficial to correct these confused shoppers and point out the arrows or is it better to let them continue on in oblivion to the rules they seem to want to follow? Since I'm the one not wearing a mask I think I will be better off to keep silent and thus prevent an altercation that might not be a pretty sight in a grocery store. I've heard tell some folks are quite vocal about the whole affair, questioning and criticizing the way the situation is being handled. Best I keep my helpful hints to myself. Who knows what is coming—perhaps following arrows is pretty insignificant compared to not wearing a mask?



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## Bergen Church News

by Phyllis Cormack

The Bergen Church is located on the Bergen Road one mile west of the Highway 760 intersection. For Sunday morning services please go to our website

<http://bergenmissionarychurch.ca/> then click on the Facebook page where alternative services will be listed.

Bergen Church is now open for services every Sunday starting at 10:30 am. The pew chairs have been rearranged to allow for social distancing. Families are allowed to sit together. Hand sanitizer and masks are at the door.

Sunday School classes are still on hold until further notice, so the children sit with their parents through the service. We do have excellent Children's Features that provide wonderful informative stories for both children and adults.

Pastor Rob Holland has returned to the pulpit. We welcome him back after a much needed rest.

Friday night youth group has started gathering under the direction of Adam Elliot, our youth pastor.

The Sundre Ministerial is a team of churches in the Sundre area who want to help during this difficult time. If you find yourself in need of help, whether physical or emotional, please feel free to contact this number and they will be able to direct you to an appropriate resource: 403 636 0554.

You can also go to the Sundre Ministerial web page – [sundreministerial.blogspot.com](http://sundreministerial.blogspot.com) - if you'd like to contact a church directly. Click on 'Church Listings and Links'.

If you want to donate food to the McDougal Chapel food bank it can be taken to the Chapel. There is a door bell you can ring to alert them that you are there.

Our prayer chain is still operating so if you have prayer needs please call or email Leila Schwanzenberger at 403-638-4175 or [leila@processworks.ca](mailto:leila@processworks.ca)

Olwyn is in the church office Tuesdays and Fridays, 10:00 – 2:00 p.m. The church's number is 403-638-4010 and the fax number is 403-638-4004. The email address is [bergenchurch@xplornet.ca](mailto:bergenchurch@xplornet.ca).

The website is <http://bergenmissionarychurch.ca/>

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## Magic Windows

by Shari Peyerl

Violet arrived on an early April morning. The sun beamed down upon her and the soft breeze conducted a symphony in the treetops. She stretched her fresh face skyward, radiating joy. Her family sighed in wonderment as she extended her tiny hand and grasped a nearby frond. Woodland neighbours approached in a hushed succession to welcome her.

Guided by gentle hands that sheltered her from storms, Violet soon passed into her age of discovery. She laughed easily, played exuberantly, and explored fearlessly. As her experience grew, she ventured farther from home, inventing games along the way. Her escapades were surrounded by an aura of enchantment.

One afternoon, as Violet flitted from one jubilant bloom to another, she stopped in her dance—her attention caught. There, curled up against the burly trunk of a nearby pine, was a stranger. Her resemblance to Violet, in the proportions of her chubby cheeks and small nose, suggested she had yet to reach maturity, but the thought that this stranger was not fully grown awed Violet. The girl, for a girl she must be, was gazing down at a large volume on her lap. Violet peeked around a leaf, as the girl reverently turned a page. Violet watched intently.

Violet had heard of creatures such as this but had thought they were merely the fictions of nursery tales. Yet, here was one in her very own forest. The girl, apparently engrossed in her studies, swept her long brown hair back behind her ear. Violet was curious. Was the book as magical as the girl who possessed it?

Violet picked up her skirts and tiptoed through the undergrowth, hopping upon the delicate leaves as she circled around the girl. Alighting on a gooseberry branch just above the girl's shoulder, she peered down at the book.

The undecipherable text seemed to refer to the most spectacular drawings Violet had ever seen. The crisp images with their saturated colours were like windows into another world, yet when the girl lifted the page, the pictures had no dimension. Violet sat spellbound on the branch as long as she dared, watching a new marvel revealed with each turn

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*The Bergen News is very grateful for the rural community grant received from Mountain View County to assist in our operating costs. Thank you for your continued support.*

## THE LITTLE SILK HANDKERCHIEF

by Noreen Olson

We did not go to the wedding. I have been fighting with a dry cough, runny nose, itchy eyes and exhaustion. I don't have a fever, or a pain in my chest and I don't seem to get better or worse, so it's not Covid. Antihistamines help so it's probably an allergy but what if we had arrived at the Hotel and I did have a fever? Would I just sit in the car until we all drove home again? We really wanted to go and I feel badly about missing the occasion but compared to some of the awful things that are happening in the world, this is a very small problem. I did, however, get to contribute. As the official "Keeper of the Silk Handkerchief" I sent the hanky and wrote up its history to be a part of the reception speeches. I am enlarging upon that little history for this month's column.

The bride's grandmother and grandfather, my parents, Martha Mattern and Glen Johnston were married April 6, 1924. Martha was born July 10, 1902, so she was still 21 at the time and Glen was born August 22, 1901, so he was not yet 23. Both families lived in or near Ponoka but because the Baptist minister that Martha liked had recently been transferred to Camrose, and because there was no money for a big wedding anyway, they and their attendants went by train to Camrose and were married in the manse there.

I don't know if Dad had a suit at that point in his life but I'm sure he was nicely dressed and very handsome. Mom wore a peach, silk crepe and she was beautiful. Later she cut up the dress to make clothes for little Marjie.

Grandpa Mattern drove Martha to the train with the horse and buggy and as they were preparing to leave, Grandma tucked the little silk handkerchief into her hand. I don't know what was said, I don't know if Grandma even thought of "something blue" but it was an emotional time, a gift from mother to daughter, a link between generations and obviously important to both of them.

Important enough that Martha kept and treasured the handkerchief and saved it so that her daughters and granddaughters could each carry it on their wedding day And they have. It may have missed a couple of great granddaughters, but it has also been used a couple of times outside the family, so it has seen a lot of weddings in the last ninety-six years. It symbolizes tradition and love and family ties and continuity, and maybe dogged determination, toughness, strength, willpower and sheer cussedness. They had so little and they lived through so much. I can see them starting off on the train, probably not \$25.00 between them. Martha had worked at Edward's Dry Goods but she loved nice clothes and shoes so I'm sure she had nothing saved. It was a long time before she had nice clothes again. The Edwards' wedding gift to her was an Irish linen tablecloth and eight napkins, still in their uncut roll when I got them 50 years later. Just the thing for a three room house on the prairie!! She did use the tablecloth. Glen owned a couple of horses and some greyhounds but he had a job working for his brother-in-law at Chinook and the promise of a little house there. Then came drought, grasshoppers, 10 years of hail, Depression, eight babies, one a crib death. Dad stayed off welfare by hunting coyotes with his greyhounds. Dad was in a logging accident and worked on crutches for seven years until they removed the faulty plate and reset his leg. Mom nearly died during gall bladder surgery. They were married for 67 years and eventually things improved. Their last 25 or 30 years were comfortable. Nobody ever went to jail!

It has been said that I wait at the end of the aisle and snatch the hanky from the bride's bosom as she exits the church. This is a wild exaggeration. I wait until almost the end of the reception.

**Bergen Coffee Time**

**Begins October 14<sup>th</sup>**

**10:00— Noon**

**Bergen Hall**

**Coffee, Tea and sweet treats are available.**

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***Magic Windows continued from page 5***

of a page. As the girl neared the end of the book, Violet tore herself away and nestled among the protective thorns of a rosebush. According to tradition, creatures like the girl were woefully oblivious to the natural world and were therefore unable to see those such as herself, but Violet thought it prudent to be cautious.

Closing the cover, the girl sighed wistfully and looked up. She sat for a while, her blue eyes twinkling with curiosity as they roamed over her surroundings. Then she stood, tucked the book under her arm, clambered over a fallen tree, and disappeared into the woods.

The next day, Violet returned to the pine tree and again found the girl with a book. And so the days passed, each with a new volume on the girl's lap, and each with Violet perched where she could view its resplendent illustrations: sometimes they were exotic landscapes, sometimes peculiar animals. Then one day, the book contained watercolours of tiny beings flitting through gardens, and hiding behind plants. Violet shrank back. Had she given herself away? The girl continued to read, oblivious to Violet's reaction.

Violet bravely leaned forward for another look. This was the most fascinating book yet. What did the larger world know of her own?

Violet was so captivated, she did not notice that the girl turned the pages more slowly than usual, or that she interspersed her reading with sidelong glances from under her lashes.

For the next few days, the girl's books dealt with the same subject. Violet found some volumes to be quite accurate, while others were clearly too fanciful to be true. However, she realized her world was not as invisible to others as she had thought.

Eager to see each new edition, Violet was sometimes the first to arrive at the pine tree. On one such day, she noticed that along with a book, the girl was carrying a knotted handkerchief. Violet watched as she seated herself, and set the hankie atop the book on her lap. She untied the knot, and the fabric fell open, revealing green foliage. Gingerly lifting the small bundle of leaves, she placed it on the weathered pine root beside her, and unfolded it. There rested two luscious raspberries. The girl ate one, then commenced reading, apparently forgetting about the remaining fruit.

Violet stole closer and found the book was a field guide to edible wild plants. The pictures were so lifelike she could almost taste them and before long, her stomach began to rumble. After finishing the book, the girl rose, glanced at the lone red berry, and ambled away.

Violet could resist no longer and bounced down to examine the fruit. Surely a small nibble couldn't hurt. Soon, Violet was splattered with juice and the berry had disappeared. She sat back contentedly, her hands folded across her full tummy. Ruminating on the benefits of spending time with that not-so-mythical creature—the bookworm—Violet wondered what other surprises the girl and her books would reveal.

She plucked a nearby aster and placed the purple bloom on the juice-stained leaves.

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## **The Bat Who Came to Visit**

by Pat Gibbs

I like bats. Some of you may think I have bats in my belfry for saying this but it's true. They are rather cute and quite delicate with their tiny ears and teeth and they certainly eat a lot of those pesky mosquitos. I hope to get Al to build a bat box next spring.

On with my story...One afternoon while Melony and I were visiting in the livingroom, we heard a scratching sound coming from the wood stove. I sighed and said, "Great. Another bird has fallen down the chimney. It happens every year." I decided I would deal with it the next day, which I did. The easiest way to get a bird out of the stove is to open the lid at the back of the stove first. That way the bird can see light and will come towards it and eventually, fly out. Sure enough, when I opened the lid, I could hear something moving upwards towards the light and my inquisitive gaze. Finally I spied a grey object sitting in the ashes. It came closer and closer and stopped. This was like an alien movie where the creature is not recognizable but alive! Then I realized it was a bat! I ran to get a bucket and my hat so

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Views and opinions expressed in the articles are those of the authors and not of the Bergen News.
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## Look What's Happening at the Sundre Library

Sign up to receive our monthly newsletter in your inbox  
<https://parklandab.wufoo.com/forms/library-connect/>

### Open Hours:

Monday 1—4:00 PM  
Tuesday 12:00—4:00 PM  
Wednesday 12:00—4:00 PM  
Thursday 1:00—4:00 PM  
Friday 1:00—4:00 PM



### Rhyme & Rhythm! (preschoolers & parents)

Thursday, October 8, 15, 22, & 29: 9:30—10:30 AM

Sundre Library

Themed rhymes, stories and crafts. Register by phone by October 2.

### Take Action on Radon 100 Test Challenge

Pick-up in October

Sundre Library

Free. See website for more info. Information session early October.



### Halloween Spooktacular!

Saturday, October 31, 12:00—4:00 PM

Sundre Library

Family friendly activities, physically distanced, treat bags. Registration opens Oct 1.



### Cooking the Books! Book Club

Monday, October 26, 7:00—8:30 PM

Sundre Library

Explore cookbooks, try recipes, and share experiences. October theme: pumpkin or squash.

### Genealogy

Tuesday, October 27, 10:00 AM

Sundre Library

Must register. Learn strategies for successful ancestry searches.

For information or to register visit  
our website: [www.sundre.prl.ab.ca](http://www.sundre.prl.ab.ca)  
or call us: 403-638-4000



## Back to School at Glenbow

by Shari Peyerl

For us, September normally heralds the return to school, with its associated anticipation and anxiety. This year those feelings have reached higher levels; however, the uncertainty surrounding the 2020 school year, though distressing, is not new. In the past, school arrangements were also unpredictable, particularly in rural areas. The history of Glenbow School is a typical example of how circumstances required flexible education plans.

At Glenbow, it took a frustrating six months for the local school board to organize funding, find a location for classes, and hire a teacher. Funding problems began with red tape and missed deadlines, and the lack of available financial resources continued to haunt the school throughout its existence.

Thanks to the loan of a community building, classes began 25 May 1911, before the school had even been built. The hall, constructed for labour meetings, had not been designed to be used on long, cold, winter days, so the children and teacher struggled through the frigid months.

The school board purchased the school site in December 1911. The architectural plans that had been approved more than one year earlier were finally put into action when construction began in January. Incidentally, the plans had been done by Richard P. Blakey, who became Alberta's Provincial Architect that very month; he eventually created the standardized plans for rural schools that were used across Alberta. Glenbow's little school house finally opened in April 1912 with a formal community celebration.

Even hiring a teacher for Glenbow turned out to be more difficult than one might expect. Unbeknownst to the local school board, Glenbow's first teacher, Miss Ada J. Johnson, wasn't even fully qualified! By October 1911, Miss Johnson had been replaced by Miss Olive Orr, and she left in November. It took two months to find another teacher: Miss Daisy Nidd, but she lasted only two weeks. In May 1912, Miss Orr was rehired with an increase in pay (to \$60/month) and provision of a furnished private residence (a repurposed quarry shack). She taught until October, when the school board ran out of money, but she was again rehired in January 1913. Three months later, Miss Orr resigned permanently to take another position out-of-province.

By this point, Glenbow Quarry had shut down and the local population had plummeted. The school was closed and some of the remaining children were sent to nearby schools. In 1921, Glenbow School was reopened periodically under the supervision of a succession of teachers who were paid a daily rate: Mr. H. J. Hoffard, Mr. K. G. North, Mrs. W.

Bucher, Mr. Charles Clancy, Mr. George Prieur, and Mr. Stuart Grayson. The last family left Glenbow Townsite in 1927, and the school was closed permanently in 1928.

The Glenbow school building was hauled away to be reused in another location, where it still stands, although numerous renovations have rendered it unrecognizable.

The example of Glenbow School shows that the standardization in education systems that we have grown so used to is actually a relatively recent phenomena. Glenbow also illustrates that despite having to make temporary adjustments to unexpected and difficult situations, Albertans will adapt and succeed.



1924 Glenbow School; Charles Clancy, teacher Photo courtesy Shirley Thomas

Submissions of articles or comments can be sent via email to [ljsyer@telus.net](mailto:ljsyer@telus.net), snail-mail to Marilyn Walker, The Bergen News, Box 21, Site 9, RR 2, Sundre, T0M 1X0 or call Marilyn Halvorson at 638-2245. If you would like a subscription, it is \$15 which can be sent to our snail-mail address. Remember, subscriptions are coming due for this year. Your subscription expiry date will be highlighted on the label. Thank you for your continued support.

## Ride With Me

by Donelda Way

The parking for Davidson Park was overflowing! The hot weather had enticed the public to this fabulous day use location. A woman and two girls were walking single file across the bridge above the park. Each girl had a floating tube diagonally across her shoulder and hip. One carried a sun umbrella in a zippered canvas case. The other carried the swim bag.

The lady driver of the vehicle beside ours reached over and began a vigorous petting of something which I couldn't see. In a couple of minutes she lifted up a very clean, young, white puppy. Putting its hind paws on her lap, she used her hands to tap the puppy's front paws on the steering wheel. Such a happy scene.

Big Hill Springs Park has been closed!

As we left our friends' driveway in the city, a very visible rabbit hopped along following the curve of the paved street.

We drove around the centre loop flowerbed in the new entrance layout at Westbrook School. The school is quite attractive with its grey and blue exterior and large windows. The main doors are in a covered corner close to where the orange gym structure is attached. Trees make a nice setting for the colourful playground equipment.

Bergen Road Construction Sign: ROAD CLOSED. Dump trucks wove in and out along the ditches west of the bridge. On the northwest side they were filling the ditch with gravel. On the southwest side they were hauling away mud from the water filled trench. The backhoe with a 'thumb' holds dirt in the shovel while loading a truck box.

Using the alternate route, Range Rd 54, a van with no driving lights was almost obliterated from sight because of the very dusty gravel. Sign—SINGLE LANE TRAFFIC—was quite valid from Fallen Timber Trail. The single track headed east down the centre of the road toward the bridge and intersected with Hwy 760. A huge bulldozer, graders and other machinery were working alongside where vehicles were passing through. Heading west across Fallen Timber Creek bridge was a sign—STOP—and a flagman. I stopped and waited. My husband chuckled "How long will you wait?" I chuckled, "Not long. There are no crew members and machinery is parked!" A inactive water pump was situated on the shoulder of the road. We questioned where the water was being pumped to as the road was being pushed through a marsh land. Signs—BUMP—and—SINGLE LANE TRAFFIC. I stopped to maybe take a photo of the full width of the graveled smooth roadway. East side of the bridge: Pylons and small mounds of gravel marked the drop off at the edge of the narrow roadway. Rge Rd 54 has dust control—calcium.

Does the single pole and fluttering flag above a mowed patch in a grassy pasture area indicate a farmer's putting green?

Sunlight accented every head of the autumn grass—a little deer as it dove for cover—a hawk atop a bale—the manure patches I tried to avoid on our laneway.

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### ***The Bat Who Came To Visit continued from page 7***

I could pop it into it. The creature was now on top of the stove looking at me. I called hubby to come and see our strange guest.

Yes, dear, it is a bat. So into the bucket and out to the woodshed we went. I tucked it up onto the wood pile and in a few moments off it flew to hide somewhere safer than a cookstove! Did I mention the bat gave me a very toothy grin before it left? I took that as a thank you.

Back in the house, Al asked me where I put the bat and I said, "The wood shed." Then he asked if it was a widow. Say what? I said, "I don't know. Maybe it lost its mate." Then he said, "Take a look at this." He had a picture of a Widow Spider on the computer. "Did it have any red on it"? Now at our ages Al and I sometimes get confused and right then I was very confused because I couldn't figure out how a Widow Spider had come into the picture at all. I said, "Honey.....it was a bat, remember"? We had a good laugh over this. Perhaps the (alien) creature looked different to him and truly he didn't have as much time to look it over as I did. I assured him that if it had been a spider of that size it would have been a very flattened one and it would never have come out of the stove!

We had two other visitors this month. One was a magnificent Bald Eagle who was atop one of our trees preening himself. We had a perfectly clear close-up of him through our binoculars. Another was a very small but lovely Hummingbird Moth. Nature is truly a wonderful gift from God!

Have a great month, folks.....Til next time.....



## Wildlife Treasure continued from page 2

Coyotes are highly intelligent animals and can be taught like dogs. We want to teach them to avoid people and pets and to stay away from certain areas. Using aversion conditioning techniques, known as hazing, can help coyotes learn to stay away from people. Hazing can include:

Making yourself look large and loud. Shouting and waving your hands above your head.

Pick up small dogs and children to make yourself larger.

Create shake cans or use a walking stick that you can throw toward a coyote to scare it.

Use motion sensitive lights or sprinkler systems to make an area less appealing, particularly at night.

Never run from a coyote.

These non-lethal methods have proven effective time and time again in communities across Canada.

*Editor's note: If you are planning to raise vulnerable livestock it is very important to establish your territory firmly before any coyote problems occur. Adequate fencing, guardian animals, and determination in refusing to allow coyote incursions into your livestock's space can keep coyotes from becoming a problem. If you wait until after the first kill it will be too late. I speak from personal experience.*

How we choose to live with the other species around us is an indicator of the value that we place on the health of our planet. We are a part of the earth's ecosystem so a healthy ecosystem is as essential to us as to any other species. We have an enormous impact on the world and hence a great responsibility to protect other species from our influence in whatever ways we can.



*We drive through the west country.  
Everywhere the green velvet hills  
are embroidered with a thin tracery  
of golden poplar trees. In a patch  
of juicy crimson cranberries, a  
solitary blossom remains, exquisite  
in her tiny white gown. Cinderella,  
late for the ball.*

*From "Living in the Wonderful" by  
Marilyn Halvorson*

photo by Evelyn Mill



## From My Office Window

by Brian and Kim Allan

Humans see the world in the visible light spectrum, from near ultra violet through far red; essentially the range shown in the diagram at the bottom of the page. The sensors in off-the-shelf cameras capture much the same spectrum.

For astrophotography one can use a normal camera and capture some very nice pictures; however, most serious astro-imagers prefer a monochrome camera and filters. This combo allows one to capture specific regions of the spectrum and combine the images in postprocessing to obtain exactly what one wants, or create any combination of colors.

Hydrogen(H $\alpha$ ), Oxygen(Oiii) and Sulfur(Sii), when energized, emit light at specific spectrum lines (per the chart below). These 'lines' of the spectrum (and the full red, green and blue regions) are the areas astrophotographers try to capture. The processed images below show the results of assigning red, green and blue to various narrowband filter images.



To the left: A full spectrum image of Andromeda shot with a monochrome camera using simply a filter to block ultraviolet and infrared light; known as a 'Luminance' image.

To the right: The Andromeda galaxy image resulting from the combination of images using Luminance, H $\alpha$ , Oiii and Blue filters on a monochrome camera, assigned to luminance, red, green and blue in postprocessing.



One can go wild with color combinations. The Whirlpool galaxy on the left is a normal image using red, green and blue filters. The center image is H $\alpha$ (red), Oiii(green) and Sii(blue). The image on the right is Sii(red), H $\alpha$ (green) and Oiii(blue), better known as the Hubble palette since it is commonly used to create Hubble telescope images.

