

The Bergen News

Bringing Bergen Together

March 2022

Birds, Beasts and Botany in Bergen

by Bob Griebel,

The Water Strider (*Gerris remigis*)

On any warm summer day, a stroll along meandering Community Creek provides ample opportunity to view dozens of these intriguing little insects, scurrying over the surface of the water. While at first glance they may appear to resemble giant mosquitoes, further inspection reveals many of the unique aspects of these tiny critters. They are known by many names—magic bugs, pond skaters, water spiders to list but a few. The one I think most apt is Jesus bug, an obvious reference to its ability to walk on water.

Like all insects, the water strider has six legs. The front pair are very short and are used for grasping and holding prey. The long middle pair push the insect forward on the water and the hind pair are used to steer. Each leg ends in a pad of water-repellent hairs which prevent the feet from breaking the surface tension of the water. In fact, the entire body of the insect is covered in these micro-hairs which repel splashes or drops of water, which would otherwise weigh it down. The insect's body is approximately half an inch in length, is narrow and streamlined, and coloured either a dark brown or black. A sharp, retrocurved mouth-part called a rostrum, is used to suck up the body juices of prey. Large, prominent eyes provide the water strider with excellent vision.

Water striders are found throughout North America, Eurasia, Africa and Australia. Interestingly, none have been reported in New Zealand. Of the 1700 species found world wide, about ten percent are marine, making this family one of the few varieties of insects able to live in the ocean. Those striders living on fresh water are found most often on ponds, marshes or sluggish streams. The insects prefer a water temperature of approximately 25 degrees. Water cooler than 22 degrees retards the growth and development of the young.

Water striders prey on other insects, worms that find themselves in water, and mosquito larvae. They themselves are preyed upon by a large number of fish, birds and amphibians. In order to avoid predation, they have developed a number of defense mechanisms including almost continuous, rapid movement—up to a meter per second. Furthermore, they are able to dive beneath the surface of the water. Their micro-hairs trap air, which enables them to surface readily when they feel it is safe to do so. They have distasteful surface gland secretions which discourage birds from feeding on them and, in a pinch, they also have the ability feign death.

During breeding season the insects communicate by sending vibrations or ripples to each other on the surface of the water. They are able to distinguish the sex of other striders in the neighbourhood via these vibrations, as well as signal their mating intent. Eggs are laid on the stems of water plants, and once the larvae hatch, their development to adulthood requires about a month.

One of the more peculiar habits of this insect is the fact that it will intermittently cannibalize its young. While such behavior seems counterintuitive with regard to species survival, it is apparently used as a means of encouraging the young to leave the home range and disperse. This may be something parents with grown children still living in the basement may want to consider.



CAT SCAN

by Shirley Huchcroft

This is a slightly modified talk I was asked to give on September 27, 1990, at an evening reception to welcome the History of Medicine students at the University of Calgary. The course co-ordinator requested something lighthearted to illustrate how the history of medicine can be found in the most unlikely places and to encourage an imaginative approach to the course. I came across my notes for this talk while recently sorting and chucking old documents. Rather than just throwing them out, I decided to recycle my talk and share it with Bergenites, some of whom, I understand, like cats. Any references I may have used 30 years ago are long lost.

CAT:

- Acronym for Computerized Axial Tomography or Computer Assisted Tomography.
- Small furry four-legged animal (not to be confused with DOG) which likes to keep people as pets.

SCAN:

To examine for abnormalities by tracing or recording the distribution of an administered radioactive substance.

To look at closely, to examine with care.



photo by Sandy Easterbrook

In the July/August 1987 issue of the Journal of Computer Assisted Tomography, in the 'Curio' section, Falke et al reported on the CT scanning of an Egyptian sarcophagus containing a mummified cat. The results of the computed tomography were compared with conventional tomography and conventional film radiography (X-ray). Conventional radiography revealed a poorly preserved cat mummy in a fetal position in a small socket within the sarcophagus. However, a radio-opaque coating of resin on the surface of the sarcophagus obscured the image. Conventional tomography offered little additional improvement, but computed tomography demonstrated details of the resin coating and wooden texture of the sarcophagus and provided a better outline of the socket containing the mummy.

As we know from such archaeological finds as Egyptian sarcophagi, the domestic cat has been around for a long time and has attained a certain prominence in art, literature and music. Scarlatti, Rossini and Mozart, to name a few, composed cat-themed music, and we all know about the musical CATS composed by Andrew Lloyd Webber and based on the 1939 poetry of

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EVERY DOG HAS ITS DAY

by Jessie

My Nose Is Out Of Joint!

Yes, my nose *is* out of joint and, as you may have noticed, I have quite a long and impressive nose so this is a serious situation. To put it another way, my feelings are hurt.



As I think you are all aware, generally I *adore* my person. I guess that is obvious since someone bought the person a coffee mug that says, "I just strive to be the person my dog *thinks* I am."

Anyway, the point is that I love her and I *thought* she loved me just as much, until this happened. We were having a lovely snuggle, she on her chair and me on the floor beside her, pushing my nose up tight against her to show my love. Then, all of a sudden she shrank away and exclaimed, "Oh Jessie! You smell like a dog!" Well, I felt like I had been slapped. What did she mean, I smell like a dog? Of course I smell like a dog, I *am* a dog. I slunk away and went outside.

As I sat glumly pondering my shortcomings my cat, Tab, came frisking up. "Hey pal, why the long face?"

I groaned inwardly. Surely I didn't have to explain to *him* about my long nose. Instead I explained how my beloved person had accused me of smelling like a dog.

Tab cocked his head and gave me a green-eyed look. "So?" he inquired. "What do you want to smell like?" That was a very good question. I certainly did not want to smell like that stinky little fox. How about like a coyote? No way. Coyotes smell like varmints. Another idea crossed my mind. Maybe I could smell like a cat. The person must love the smell of cats. She liked to bury her nose in Tab's fur. That thought had barely crossed my mind when Tab cut it off at the pass. "No way, Jessie, we cats have had that glorious smell since our jungle days—and we're not about to share. Think of something else."

I scratched a flea and meditated for a minute. Then I had it. "A person," I yelped happily. "I want to smell like a person,"

At that Tab started to laugh. He laughed so hard he rolled over and chased his tail. "Jessie, you are as loco as a hyena. Do you have any idea how much time and money humans spend trying to make sure they *don't* smell like humans?"

As a matter of fact I had no idea about that and Tab was still explaining it when my human strolled up. "Hey. Jessie, where did you go? I wasn't finished hugging you yet." She knelt down on the grass and threw her arms around my smelly neck. I licked her face and decided I had just had a bad dream.



Bergen Community Association News

by Maureen Worobetz

March 9th we held our meeting with seven members present. Minutes and treasurer's report were read and approved.

Bookings were updated. March 18th, 12:00—5:00 the Rocky Mountain Forest Range will hold its annual general meeting with Harley Wilson as host. March 31st will be an open house hosted by our county councillor, Gordon Krebs, starting at 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday morning coffee has been well attended. Come for coffee and a treat and meet your neighbours.

Old business concerned tree removal. Freddie Schmutz has a lift which he can bring so we won't have to move the power line and market sheds.

New business concerned kitchen clean up. We agreed to pay our janitor to do this job!

Laurie Syer told us about Community Fridge which helps people with groceries. We decided to give it a try during the summer when the Bergen Farmers' Market will be running. Another shed will be purchased to put the fridge in.

See you next month, the second Wednesday at 7:30 p.m.

Note from editor: Teacher, Kate O'Rourke, has just heard the story of how the Cranston's young daughter, Ruth, had to act as midwife for the birth of her youngest sister.

Teacher

by Marilyn Halvorson

When I got home that afternoon and told Mrs. Mac the story of the new arrival she just shook her head. "Aye, I know we are to regard each precious new bairn as a gift from God but I canna understand why He bestows so many such gifts on the families who can least afford to raise them. However will the Cranstons feed yet another child?"

It was my turn to shake my head as I thought of the ragged winter boots and coats that the Cranston children actually had to share. "Oh, Mrs. Mac, I know what you are saying. I wish we could have a baby shower and at least give the little one something new and warm. But I have nothing to give her and no one is driving all the way to Sundre these bitter cold days."

For a few moments Mrs. Mac sat deep in thought. Then her face brightened. "Of course you have something to give. The last time I washed your pink flannel nightgown I noticed that there are holes under the arms that are beyond mending. But there is nothing wrong with the skirt of it and I know you have another nightgown. Go fetch me the pink one. With a little cutting and stitching we can make the little one a lovely warm nightie."

I gladly ran to get it and, by the time I returned, Mrs. Mac's idea had grown to giant proportions. She had brought out a flannel sheet which had nearly worn through in the middle. She pointed to the sides of the sheet. "Look here, Katie! Barely worn at all. I'll cut a strip from each side and sew it together in the middle and decorate the seam with the lace from my old slip and it will look fancier than any new one. And I'll bet Ida Grayson has something she can make over and some of the other mothers, too..." Mrs. Mac was off and running. Wonderful things were going to happen!

Saturday morning dawned sunny and warmer. Our famous Alberta Chinook was knocking at the door. Mrs. Mac and I took advantage of the weather to do some laundry, a process that always left her normally spotless kitchen in a dreadful mess. We had just dished up some homemade soup for ourselves and Mr. Mac and flopped down, exhausted, at the table when Laddie started barking up a storm outside. Mr. Mac peered out the window. "Well, what do you know! Company coming, and in a Model T at that!"

"Oh, may the saints preserve us!" gasped Mrs. Mac, with a hand to her forehead. "Whatever will they think of me with my house like this?"

With a devilish grin, Mr. Mac reached over and chucked her under the chin. "Brace up, old girl! They'll think you're a hardworking woman who's been washing clothes all morning. Now let's see who it is."

But I was miles ahead of them, and already racing for the door. I *knew* who would be coming in a Model T and, as Uncle Evan opened his door to climb out of the car, I flung myself into his arms. "Oh Uncle Evan! What a wonderful surprise!"

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Musings: Spring and a Fresh Start

by Phyllis Cormack

It's here. March. The month when spring arrives—according to the calendar at least. The weather is certainly behaving like spring. Temps up and down. Snow flurries. Ice everywhere. The sun is nice and warm and so appreciated after what seemed like a long winter. Amazing, isn't it? The winter seemed long but here we are about to enter the fourth month of 2022—already! Time flies in some respects.

In years to come we will remember this as the month that mandates were withdrawn. Everyone I have spoken with is not sorry for that happening. It's so nice to go shopping and actually see some faces that you can recognize. While we still had over half our faces covered I had to look twice to be sure I knew who folks were. However, that has been resolved and I find that now I still don't know a lot of the people in the stores due to the fact that there are so many relatively newcomers to the area. Still, it's wonderful to be able to breathe more easily and share a smile again, and not struggle to understand what's being said.

The Bergen Ladies Aid will be quilting again this month! The first time in two years! Yay! We'll be able to have our meeting at the end of the month too. It will be great seeing the ladies again to continue with our friendships and mutual support. The Bergen Community Association has met sporadically the last couple of years but now we are once again gathering in the hall kitchen and indulging in goodies when the meeting ends. So nice after spreading out in the main hall area and foregoing our usual coffee and munchies. We are cautiously making plans for a few events in the coming year and happy to see we have some bookings for family events.

March is the month of St. Patrick's Day. When I went to school (a statement young kids roll their eyes at), March 17th was the day you wore green. It didn't matter what it was—a shirt, a scarf, whatever you had, because if you didn't wear green you would get pinched. For some reason that was the thing to do. I still look for a clothing article that is appropriate to prevent pinches when that day comes. I must admit that a lot of the time my memory fails and I find that half way through the day I discover I haven't a speck of green on me, but by that time it's a little late to worry about it and, fortunately, my husband hasn't come at me with fingers poised to inflict pain. Not yet at least. So wear green or don't wear green. It's your choice. I think the pinching thing has gone the way of the dodo bird so you should be safe.

As I mentioned before, it's the month of spring's arrival. Now some folks will do cleaning. Big on my agenda is to put away the winter decorations that have been collecting dust the last four and a half months. The winter things are unpacked along with the Christmas decorations starting in November. A week or so into the new year Christmas is put away. So now it's time to pack away winter. Cups, snowmen, snowflakes, etc. I'll put the "Let it snow" flag away then perhaps it will stop snowing. Do ya think? Maybe.

Anyway, I'm looking forward to green grass and continual warm weather. It can't happen too soon.

I've purchased garden seeds and am anticipating my daffodils, grape hyacinth, then peonies and on it goes. Aren't we blessed with colour in summer? God is so good.

May this spring bring cheer to your heart and hope for the future as we leave behind two shut in years and venture into what is unknown, but what we hope will resemble life as it was.

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"Surprise?" he said, bewildered. "But we wrote you a week ago, saying we'd come today, weather permitting. Of course he had written. But no one had bothered to go for the mail this week.

Then Aunt Nettie stepped out of the car and I was in her arms and, much to my surprise and embarrassment, crying on her shoulder. "Oh, Aunt Nettie," I blubbered, "I've missed you both so much."

"There, there, Katie," she soothed, stroking my hair, "We've missed you too, but we're here now. Don't waste time in tears."

"Aye, that's well said," boomed Mr. Mac, giving Uncle Evan a hearty handshake that almost lifted him off the ground. "Come in, come in. You must be starving. Mother, can you find a wee bite for these weary travellers?"

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NATALIA

by Noreen Olson

Early in 1993 I answered an ad from a group called Family to Family, that was endeavouring to make connections between ordinary people from the West and ordinary people from behind the Iron Curtain. The Berlin Wall had just fallen and communication had opened up for the first time in many years. After a bad start with a Lithuanian person who did not write English, I received my first letter from Natalia. Natalia teaches English in a trade union school in Troitsk, which is now a suburb of Moscow. Her first language is Russian, her second is German and her third, English. She was separated from her professor husband (now deceased), and has a son, Artyom. Neither Natalia nor Artyom are in great health, but they manage quite nicely and enjoy trips to a spa on the Black Sea, lovely outings to beautiful parks and famous gardens, festivals and seasonal celebrations, picking mushrooms in the forest, occasional concerts. For a while, at the suggestion of Family to Family, I sent chocolate, tea, soup and pudding mixes, socks and pantyhose, a pretty scarf, hand lotion, soap etc etc, but Natalia assured me that they "were not starving or suffering in any way and only wanted friendship." The postage was awful, so I was not sorry to drop the heavy stuff, but I continued to send kids' books for the school, copies of all my books, calendars showing Alberta scenes, occasional little gifts and Canadian mementoes and pictures. She sent me pictures, a few books, and a tiny, beautiful, orthodox cross made from amber. I wear it often and treasure it.

It has been almost thirty years. Natalia and I have been through the deaths of parents and siblings, marriages, grandchildren, and medical problems. She shared with me Artyom's ill-fated romance, and the death of her estranged husband with the resulting drama when it was discovered (after Natalia and Artyom had paid for all the funeral and reception expenses and cleaned the filthy apartment), that he had left everything to his mistress. She tells me Russian jokes, some of which I don't get. I helped three of her students write essays in English so that they could gain entrance to university. We both read *A GENTLEMAN IN MOSCOW*, and she sent me wonderful insights into the book's background. In her last letter she says, "you write brightly, full blooded legible, a kind of Musorgsky, *Pictures From the Exhibition*." She is great for my ego. Natalia has been one of my many blessings. I love Natalia.

I am sickened by what is happening in the Ukraine, senseless, horrible, cruel and insane. But try to remember that those Russian kids are fuelled by lies, and they are fighting and dying and going hungry, at the orders of a madman, not because they are bloodthirsty criminals. Try to remember that ordinary Russian people are not that different from ordinary Canadian people. What possible good can it do to spit at and boo Russian hockey players or throw paint on Russian churches. What has hatred ever accomplished except breed more hatred, and more death and destruction. In Natalia's last email she says, "A friend is astonished that you from a western country writes to me when all the world is against Russia. Will our correspondence do you any harm or not? Nowadays we haven't enough positive emotions. Luckily for me I have such a friend like you."

Say a prayer for the people of the Ukraine, in this horrible situation for reasons that we will never fully understand, though greed is uppermost. Say a prayer for the ordinary Russian people caught up in a war they never wanted. Say a prayer for mankind, bent upon destruction and fuelled by greed and hate.

Please Note New Rates for 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. Renewals by e-transfer can be sent to editor@thebergennews.ca Subscriptions are \$20 annually or \$15 for an email subscription. First time subscribers may use the same addresses to set up a subscription. For additional information call Marilyn at 403-638-2156. Thanks for your support.

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 online please go to our website <http://bergenmissionarychurch.ca/> then click on the Facebook page where alternative services will be listed.

Bergen Church is open for services every Sunday starting at 10:30 am.

Various adults are presenting the Children's Feature followed by Toddler Time and Sunday School for the younger kids.

There are Bible studies in progress and others are planned for the future. Access this information on our website which can be found at the top or bottom of this report.

If you are interested in Friday night youth group, the contact person is our youth pastor, Adam Elliot. His phone number is 403-586-3598. Adam encourages kids enrolled in Grade 7 through Grade 12 to join in and take part in the activities he has planned, as well as in the short Bible lesson.

"The Den", or Sundre Youth Centre, has been open for some time now and is successful. Various activities are available for kids who are looking for a place to be welcome after school and in the evening.

The skating rink at the Bergen Church is operational, however this is dependent on the outside temperature. Information regarding the rink will be posted online on our website.

The Common Ground concert hosted by Tyler Brooks was a very enjoyable event and drew a good crowd. All those in attendance thoroughly appreciated his talent on the piano as well as the two songs Melony Cormack performed which Tyler had composed.

Prayers go out to so many families and acquaintances who are experiencing health struggles or bereavement. It's always a blessing to hear of answered prayers or praise items of everyday occurrences where God's hand is evident.

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 — 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. A phone call will let you know if there is someone there to open the door for you. Their number is 403-638-3503. You can also donate by e-transfer. Contact McDougal Chapel or check their website for information.

If you have prayer needs, please call or email Leila Schwartzenberger at 403-638-4175 or leila@processworks.ca. Thank you to those who pray faithfully.

Pastor Rob Holland's number is 403-672-0020.

Olwyn is in the church office Tuesdays and Fridays, 10:00 – 4:00 p.m. The church's number is 403-638-4010 and the fax number is 403-638-4004.

The email address for Bergen Church is office@bergenchurch.ca

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

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

Views and opinions expressed in the articles are those of the authors and not of the Bergen News.

The People of Glenbow: The Lucky Cornerstone

by Shari Peyerl

Since St. Patrick's Day occurs this month, it's the perfect time to feature an Irish immigrant to Glenbow: William John

Doherty. Whether William possessed the fabled luck of the Irish is debatable, but as it turns out, luck plays a part in my story.

Arriving in Canada in 1889, 26-year-old William was a talented stonecutter. In 1891, he won the the Calgary Exhibition's first and second prizes for ornamental stonecutting, where the clock stand he carved, "presented a pretty appearance." That year, when his young family arrived, William took up a homestead near Bowden, Alberta.

While proving up his homestead, William left occasionally to work in his trade, and as time passed he was absent with increasing frequency. However, he did eventually replace his log house with a beautifully worked stone home for his wife and their thirteen children.

According to his family, William helped

construct Calgary's Queen's Hotel, Post Office, Great West Saddlery, King Edward Hotel extension, and Public Library. He also worked on the Innisfail Methodist church, the Lethbridge Bank of Montreal, and the Olds Victoria Hotel. Smaller scale projects included the baptismal font in Innisfail's St. Mark's Anglican Church, and gravestones in the Innisfail and Bowden districts.

William also contributed to two Calgary buildings made with Glenbow sandstone—the Land Titles building and City Hall. In fact, William's name appears on the list of men who were working at City Hall on September 15th, 1908, when the cornerstone was laid.

A dedicated stonecutter, William became deeply involved in the growing labour movement of the time. He was one of twelve founding members and the secretary/treasurer of the Stonecutters' Union Calgary branch and later became vice-president. He also served as president of the Calgary Trades and Labour Council.

In 1909, William's skill as a stonecutter earned him a new job. He was appointed government inspector at Glenbow Quarry, charged with ensuring that the quarry company cut stone to contract specifications for important government buildings, including the Alberta Legislature. However, the company owners had "grave complaints" against him, and he was perceived as "undermining the quarry company's authority"—perhaps because of his unionist leanings. In the interests of speeding up the delivery of sandstone, the government cancelled the position of quarry inspector in 1910, and William again moved on.

By 1920, William was completely estranged from his family, and knowledge of his later years is punctuated only by the final note that at his death he had been serving as postmaster of a small BC town.

While the demise of his family life could be seen as the ultimate misfortune, William was lucky enough to have many descendants. By the centenary of his arrival in Canada, thirty-three years ago, his direct descendants numbered 13 children, 29 grandchildren, 81 great-grandchildren, 158 great-great-grandchildren, and 22 great-great-great-grandchildren. I'm sure the current count is significantly higher.

At this point in researching William Doherty's life, I found my pot of gold.

I had been asked to submit an article to a historical society's newsletter to promote my new book *Alberta's Cornerstone: Archaeological Adventures in Glenbow Ranch Provincial Park*. The title refers to the book's main

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Root Cellars: Part 1

by Sandy Easterbrook

With the price of produce these days, I suspect that more people than ever will be planning a vegetable garden. There is nothing as succulent as those first baby leaves of lettuce or the first ripe, juicy tomato. As summer wears on, however, and more and more veggies pile up in the refrigerator, one has to consider what to do with all that bounty. You can always give it away or sell it at the market but it's nice to have home grown produce to see you through the winter and into the next spring.

There are several methods of preserving fruits and vegetables: canning/pickling, fermenting, dehydrating and cold storage. I am going to discuss a cold storage method that goes back to the pioneers and beyond, namely, the root cellar. Some older houses have "cold rooms" built into the basement. But, if yours doesn't, it is not too complicated to build a root cellar.

Root cellars are basically spaces that use earth as insulation. They can be constructed from concrete culverts topped with soil, as is the case at Akesi Farm, owned by Meghan Vesey and Kwesi Haizel. Here at Kettle Crossing Farm, we dug into a pre-made berm and constructed the cellar from cinder blocks. The website www.thegrownetwork.com/how-to-plan-root-cellar has a photo of one with walls made of earth-filled plastic bags (I think feed bags would work great) and another made of dirt-filled tires. Old cellars were often dug into hills and reinforced with timbers and stone.

To be effective at preserving food, root cellars have certain requirements. The first is insulation, obtained largely from their underground location or earthen surround, as already discussed. The floor is ideally packed earth or gravel. A raised wood floor can be erected on this base.

The next requirement is good ventilation. This reduces the chance of mould. Moreover, some produce, apples and cabbage, for example, emit ethylene gas which can accelerate spoilage in other foodstuffs. Carbon dioxide can build up too, as the produce consumes the available oxygen. Vents are important. For good air circulation, the cellar should have at least one inflow pipe near the floor, to bring in cold air, and an outflow vent at the top. All vents should be screened to prevent the entry of pests, and the exterior of the roof vent should be curved or angled to prevent the entry of rain and snow. A good test of proper circulation is to create smoke in the cellar and see how it dissipates. If mould becomes a problem, fans help to move air. Shelving near the outflow vent (at the top) is a good place for those ethylene-producing foodstuffs.

Another requirement is darkness, since light leads to deterioration and, in the case of root veggies like potatoes, to sprouting. If the cellar has any windows, they should be covered. It is certainly handy, though, to bring electricity into the cellar. You will need light to check the produce for spoilage and perhaps fans, as mentioned above, for circulation.

The final consideration is humidity. The RH should be at 95% for most fruit and vegetables. Some like it drier; there are multiple websites that list both the humidity and temperature preferences of various sorts of produce. Those that like it warmer and drier (like onions) can be placed near the cellar roof. Root vegetables like carrots and beets do best buried in slightly damp sand or sawdust. And they shouldn't be washed—only dusted—before being stored.

On the topic of storage, wood or plastic shelving is best. Wood has natural antimicrobial properties and doesn't rust like metal (including canning jar lids!) Treated wood is a no-no: who would want to expose their food to toxic chemicals anyway?

Humidity can be raised, if necessary, by adding buckets of water or wetting down the floor. Too much moisture can also be a problem, manifested by condensation dripping from the ceiling. Some people put in salt barrels/blocks to absorb moisture but it's better to improve the venting if you can. Humidity and temperature can be monitored with a hygrometer and thermometer: best done even before you introduce foodstuffs. Data loggers linked to your phone or computer are available if you want to go that route.

In the next issue, I will describe the construction of a basic root cellar here at Kettle Crossing Farm and interview some neighbours for their suggestions on how to build the best cellar possible.



Root cellar at Akesi Farm with Kwesi Haizel and Bob Vesey (Meghan's dad). Photo by Meghan Vesey.

Teacher, continued from page 5

Mrs. Mac was away ahead of him, already leading the way into the kitchen where she quickly set two more places at the table. Her Scottish sense of humour had triumphed over her earlier dismay at the disarray of her house. "We've just done a big washing and things are in a bit of a mess, but my husband won't let me draw attention to it, so I'm sure you'll never notice," she told Aunt Nettie in a conspiratorial whisper.

"Mess, what mess?" queried Aunt Nettie, matter-of-factly, casually removing a pair of Mrs. Mac's large and freshly-washed bloomers that were drying over the back of her chair before she sat down.

The men came in and Mr. Mac busied himself building up the fire and refilling the teakettle while Mrs. Mac sliced more homemade bread. I had no sooner found a less conspicuous home for the bloomers when I was dispatched to the dark and cobwebby cellar to bring up another jar of home-canned chicken soup and one of wild raspberries.

Within minutes Aunt and Uncle were enjoying their hot soup and there was a fresh pot of tea steeping.

Amid much chatter and laughter lunch was quickly dispatched, the dishes done, and the last of the clothes-washing water hauled outside. Then began the exciting business of unpacking and sorting the treasure trove of used clothing Aunt and Uncle had collected for the poorly-clothed children of the Lundhill district. So many bags and boxes were disgorged from the Model T that I was amazed that there had been room for the people. Soon there were piles of assorted apparel spread across the living room. Mr. and Mrs. Mac enthusiastically joined in the spirited sorting and, from those of us who knew the families of the district, there were cries of, "Oh, this will fit Ruth perfectly!" or "Look, a pair of warm boots just right for John!" A couple of items had notes attached. One, on a beautifully knit little baby sweater, brought tears to our eyes. *To whoever receives this: My darling baby, Emma, died last year at the age of three months. I gave away all her clothes but this sweater which I kept as a remembrance of her short and precious life. However, when I heard that there were children in the homestead country going cold, I realized that I was being selfish. God bless whatever darling baby gets this and may you have a long and happy life.*

The other item was an extra-large green plaid woman's dress. The note attached to it brought us gales of laughter. *Dear New Owner of this dress: Our church has been collecting clothes for our missionaries to give to the starving Africans. I have dutifully sent them all my children's outgrown clothes but I am afraid that I, personally, have outgrown this dress. Upon looking it over, I realized that any African who is starving will certainly not need this size. Wear it in good health and bon appétit!*

All too soon the short November day was waning and Aunt and Uncle wisely declared they must leave to avoid being caught on these narrow country roads in the dark. It was sad to have to say good-bye again so soon but anticipating sharing this wonderful collection of clothes softened the blow. Mr. and Mrs. Mac and I sat late into the evening as we planned a clothing extravaganza for Lundhill.

To be continued.

Winter Walks in Bergen

Come walk with your neighbours and see how fast the time flies! We walk on Friday mornings at 10:00 a.m. provided the temperature is not colder than -15C. Several of our recent walks were cancelled. If you want to know if we will be walking, please contact Sandy Easterbrook at 403-638-1283 or email me to get on the contact list, at kettlecrossingfarm@gmail.com. April will be our last walking month. Here is the upcoming schedule:

March 25	Pioneer Lodge Road and Range Road 62A, going S
April 1	Township Road 322 and Highway 760, going E
April 8	Township Road 324 and Highway 760, going E
April 15	Township Road 324 and Range Road 52, going N
April 22	Bergen Road (#320) and Range Road 50, going S
April 29	Snake Hill, meeting at lower car park. "Cedars" afterwards?

Ride With Me

by Donelda Way

For those of you who are wondering, our new to us dog came with the name Oliver. We kept his name. We were away for overnight. Upon our return, Oliver tried to turn himself inside out! Exuberance, ecstasy, and every other dog emotion were presented in leaps, bounds, circles, body rubs, whines and yips.

In a past writing I mentioned the field being polka dotted with horses. One day we crested the hill and I asked, "Where did all the horses go?" My husband chuckled! Just then my eyes focused on all those horses which had been moved across the country road to a new pasture.

Waiting outside during an appointment time in Red Deer, our vehicle rocked in the wind. I was sitting behind the steering wheel reading. I looked up as I heard and saw a young mom pushing a large stroller, moaning as she exerted extra energy, leaning forward during her struggle to maneuver the stroller from the street onto a business driveway. The appointment was quite lengthy so I decided to walk three loops through the parking lot. Observations during those walks included: A man opening the hood of his car, prying open a tool kit and beginning to work on the battery?. A front license plate reading *Grandparents are special people*. Three narrow pipes protruding from the ground. Each pipe had three or four wires extending out the top. The individual wire groupings had an electrical protective cap screwed to them. A doorway with the sign, *Nephrology Clinic*. Nephrology was a new word for me. Later, I googled it and learned that it is a specialty of medicine concerned with the kidneys.

Sundre: The man appeared to be on skis. A machine was towing him along the river bank.

We parked between FasGas and the bridge because a pilot truck with flashing lights had a *Stop* sign and Red flag extended out its window. More pilot trucks and two trailer units hauling large, round tanks passed by on their way through town.

Calgary: A person wearing big boots was walking a small (Pomeranian?) dog. More than one fellow had a beard.

The carwash was busy. The white vehicle in the cubicle looked clean until the water nozzle caused rivers of dirt to run down the back windshield and door. A friend was driving us east along 16th Ave N.W. She said, "Keep looking. There is a King Kong hanging on one of the dance studio buildings on the north side of the road". This King Kong was wearing a red and green TouTou". Traffic flowed so we only caught a glimpse of him. A few minutes later my friend said, "Oh the attractions of city living. Not the same as seeing a moose".

QEII: My husband commented, "He is following really close". I noted, "He is being towed." He said, "It must be a manual shift or the transmission would be wrecked." All four wheels were rolling on the ground. I said, "Maybe it is in neutral". He replied, "or they took the driveshaft out". I smiled, glad for my mechanical family upbringing.

Hwy 27 and Hwy 22: I had been awed by the ever changing sunset for almost an hour. My husband calmly stated. "I saw two moose". I flipped a U-turn, passed where he had seen it, flipped another U-turn and stopped where it was safe. "There is a third moose lying down". Such a sight. Soon after it was dark.

Red Deer: Around 1:30 pm, we were heading north into the city. A colourful, rectangular sail was being used to propel a person wearing skates across the lake's ice surface. Heading south around 3:30 pm, the ice crystals in the air caused a vertical, elongated sundog to form on both sides of the round ball of sun.

Stopped at a T-intersection we were surprised to see a pickup box piled neatly and quite high with square bales. The words, *Farmers Freedom* were painted on the side of the bales. Three flag poles were jammed into the end of the bales. The Canadian Maple Leaf, the Alberta provincial flag and one other were flowing freely in the tail wind of the truck.

There were no birds at the road kill. The porcupine's body appeared to be inflated because the long quills were extended full length toward the sky.

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 People of Glenbow, continued from page

message: Glenbow Quarry represents the foundation of modern Alberta because its stone created important buildings, and because its people made significant contributions to society.

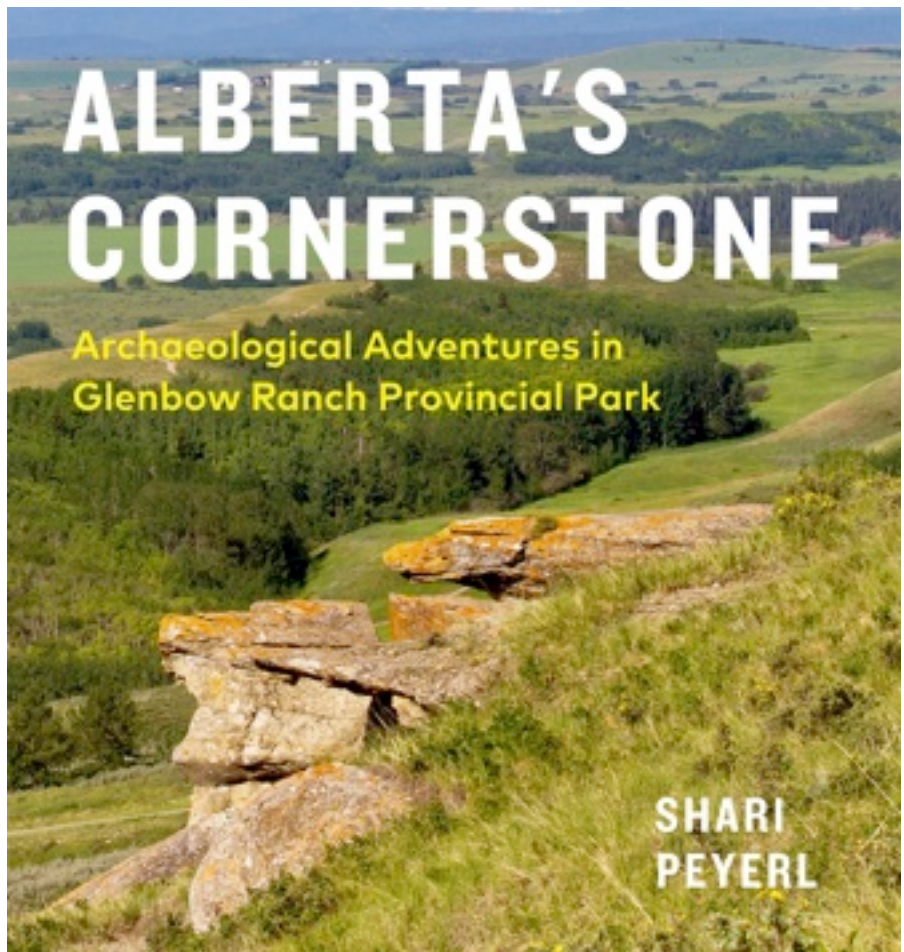
The story featured in the article needed to be fresh and needed to tie in with the book's theme. I was already working on a new article about William Doherty, and as it turned out, the Doherty descendant I had contacted provided the critical piece of information revealing William's unique legacy.

Through a quirk of fate, a grandson of William Doherty attained the pinnacle of local political success in the very building William was constructing out of Glenbow sandstone when its cornerstone was laid: Calgary City Hall. Donald Hugh Mackay became Calgary's 26th mayor, serving from 1950-59. Mackay defined the Calgarian identity by inaugurating the White Hat Ceremony, wherein assorted dignitaries are gifted a white Smithbilt cowboy hat in a celebration of western hospitality. Surely, William would have appreciated the cultural significance of this embodiment of fellowship.

Happy St. Patrick's Day!

P.S. My new book *Alberta's Cornerstone: Archaeological Adventures in Glenbow Ranch Provincial Park*, published by Heritage House, will be released May 3rd and is available for pre-order from your favourite bookseller. Visit my website sharipeyerl.ca for more information about the book and to read about other Glenbow residents.

Meet the author and purchase a signed copy of "Alberta's Cornerstone" in May at the Sundre Library. Watch for the date in the Bergen News or Sundre Library news.



Meet Your Councillor, Gordon Krebs

March 31, 7:00 p.m.

Bergen Hall

I want to hear **any concerns** that residents may have, and relay some information on the **proposed amendments to the Bergen ASP** and also **provide some facts around the RCMP / Alberta Provincial Police proposal**.

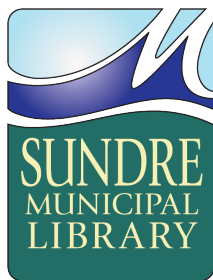
I will have a very short presentation, but mostly want to hear what people have concerns about. If anyone cannot make the meeting, please feel welcome to give me a call or send an email.

Gord Krebs

gkrebs@mvcounty.com

403-586-0272

LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING AT THE SUNDRE LIBRARY



Sundre Library

The library will be open:

Tuesdays 9:00 – 4:30 PM

Wednesday 12:00 – 7:30 PM

Thursday 12:00 – 4:30 PM

Fridays 12:00 – 4:30 PM

Saturdays 11:00 – 2:30 PM

Sundre Library (403) 638-4000, www.sundre.prl.ab.ca

Our BIG BOOK SALE is back April 26-30! For sale by donation.

Happening every month: Genealogy, Rhyme Time & Lego Club. See sundre.prl.ab.ca for details.

Pysanky for Kids

Wednesday, April 13, 3:15 – 5:00 PM

Children 8-12 yrs (must have adult with them).

Call to register.

Family Board Game Afternoon

Saturday, April 9, 11:00 – 2:30 PM

Sundre Library

Come as a family and try a new board game.

Tech Tutoring

Thursday, April 14, 12:00 – 4:00 PM

Get 1:1 help using your tech. Call to make an appt.

Pysanky for Teens/Adults

Wednesday, April 13, 6:00 – 8:00 PM

Call to register.

NEW Parent Connect

Tuesday, April 12, 9:30 – 11:30 AM

Drop in and play/visit with other parents and their children 0-5 yrs.

The MOST delicious event of the year!

Books2Eat is a global event, celebrated every year around the beginning of April, to bring people, food and books together! It is “the most delicious event of the year!” ...and it's BACK! Join us as we once again bring together GOOD food and GOOD books in this one of a kind fundraiser that supports Sundre Library and benefits local business.

Choose from three delicious literary meals:

The Indian Retreat (Butter chicken w/rice & naan) - \$25 pp

Little House on the Prairie (Roast chicken dinner w/dessert) - \$25 pp

The Island Escape (Greek entrée w/sides) - \$ 25 pp

Purchase a ticket for your chosen meal at the Sundre Library and pick up your ready to go meal directly from the participating restaurant on Friday, April 1st @ 5:30 pm.

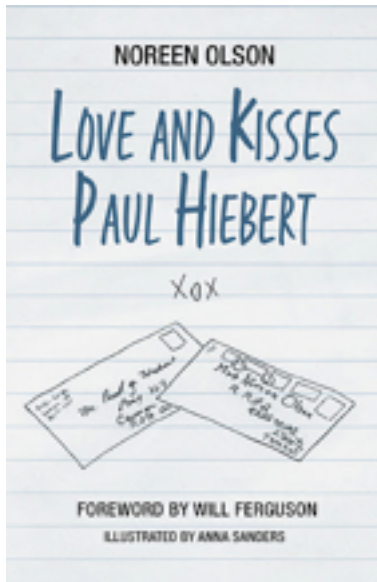
Enjoy your meal from the comfort of your home while you read up on the literary picks chosen to accompany your meal.

Drink pairings for each meal available from Main Avenue Liquor Store.

Tickets available beginning March 8. Deadline to purchase tickets is March 25th.

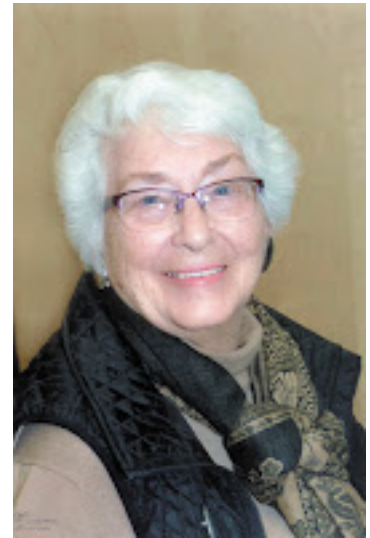


Coming Soon



Believing that “literary icons don't answer letters from ordinary people,” Noreen Olson nonetheless contacted iconic Canadian writer and humourist Paul Hiebert after reading his book *Sarah Binks*. To her surprise, Hiebert wrote back. Thus began a rich correspondence between two kindred spirits that ended only with Hiebert's death in 1987.

Love and Kisses, Paul Hiebert charts this correspondence, covering a vast array of subjects: from chickens to religion, literature to aging. Letters reveal Hiebert's philosophical and spiritual concerns, his wry sense of humour, and his strong belief in love—as well as revealing the rare friendship between Hiebert and Olson. Often amusing and uplifting, it also describes the demands of living on an



Alberta farm through Olson's letters and extracts from her columns that she often included with them. *Love and Kisses, Paul Hiebert* will appeal to those familiar with Hiebert's work, those who enjoy insightful and often humorous memoirs, and those who appreciate family and spiritual values. To quote Paul Hiebert, "Only Love Endures."

Noreen Olson is a veteran columnist and speaker. She wrote an award-winning general interest column for her local newspaper for 26 years, a monthly column for the Bergen News, and has had numerous articles published elsewhere. While working for the Alberta Speakers Bureau, she published *The Kitchen Table Collection*, six volumes of a selection of her columns between 1993 and 2000. In 1997, she was the Grand Prize Winner of Canada's Cowboy Poetry Festival Competition. In 2004, her book, *The School Bus Doesn't Stop Here Anymore: Life and Times on a Rural Route*, made the bestseller list in the Edmonton Journal. Olson's work is included in the The Penguin Anthology of Canadian Humour, and in Margaret Atwood's *Barbed Lyres: Canadian Venomous Verse*. She was featured twice reading her columns on the CBC and has spoken at hundreds of speaking engagements.

Olson and her husband Ralph were active farmers for over 50 years with hay, grain, cattle, and a few chickens; they still live on their beautiful farm near Cremona AB that has been in the family since 1924. They have a couple of cats, three children, and three wonderful grandchildren.

Sundre Palliative Care Association Community Survey

Do you live, work, or have family in the Sundre area?

Do you have, or expect to have, experience with a loved one dying? (*Yes, that is all of us...*)

Please take 15-20 minutes

to help prioritize the choices and challenges we face as a community
to support end-of-life experiences.

We need your input before April 30, 2022

<https://sundrework.limequery.org/193239?lang=en>

or go to

sundrepalliativecare.ca/events

Paper copies of the survey are available at Sundre Library and Greenwood Neighbourhood Place.

Cat Scan, continued from page 2

T.S. Eliot. The painter, Manet, attempted to capture the beauty of cats, and writers Poe, Twain and Kipling their spirit. Although appreciated for their beauty and companionship, what is often overlooked these days is their tangible, physical and sometimes sacrificial contribution to human endeavours throughout recorded time. Take, for example, catgut, which was used on musical instruments, tennis rackets, looms, mechanisms of clocks and typewriters and for sewing up wounds. Yet despite their enormous contribution to humankind, historically the attitude towards cats has been very mixed. As we shall see, they have been both revered and reviled through the ages. Fortunately, today, they largely seem to enjoy well-deserved care and respect.

Once Upon a Time

The oldest fossils that show a similarity to the modern cat date back 10 to 12 million years—much earlier than the appearance of man, dog, horse or pig. Although cats are one of the earliest known animals, they were one of the last to be domesticated. Almost all the knowledge we have of the early domestication of the cat comes from ancient Egypt. The oldest known evidence of an urban cat was found in an Egyptian tomb from 4,500 years ago.

In ancient Egypt, the role of the cat in society was at its zenith. The animal was held sacred and was revered in the goddess Bast who was depicted with the head of a cat. It was believed that she controlled fertility, cured illness, and watched over the souls of the dead. Likely, the prolificacy of cats led people to believe that they influenced fertility. Cats were also thought to exert power over weather and crops, much like the Greek goddess Demeter or her Roman counterpart Ceres. Their supposed powers may have sprung partially from their ability to protect fields and grain sheds from rodents.

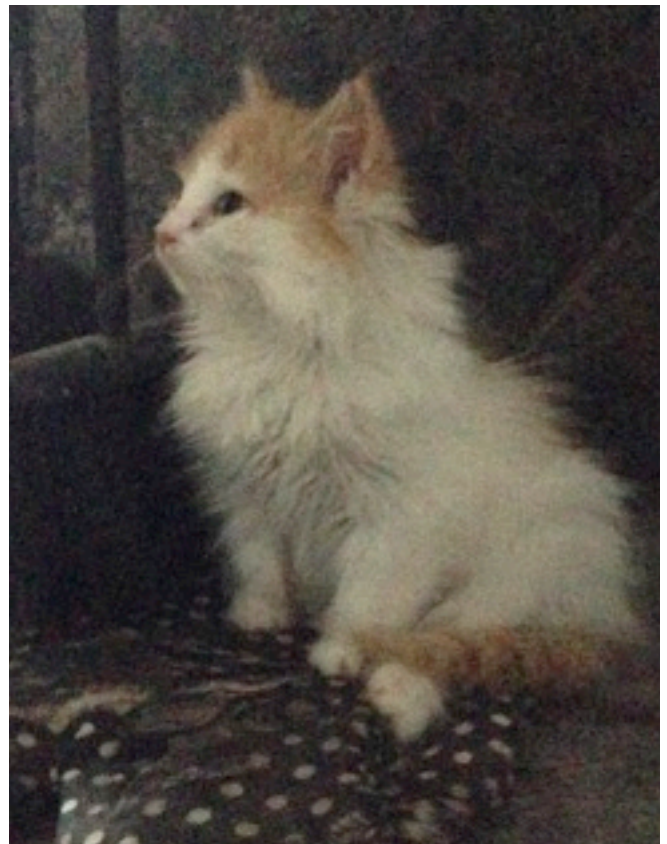
The Pharaoh's laws rigorously defended a cat's life; whoever killed a cat faced the possibility of being condemned to death, and when an Egyptian cat died, reverence for her demanded shaving off one's eyebrows, embalming her and giving her a stately entombment. Embalmed mice were placed next to the cat. Over 300,000 cat mummies were uncovered in 1890 in one of the ancient capitals of Egypt—Beni Hassen. They were enclosed in cases of engraved wood or wrapped in coloured, intertwined straw and bandages. Their faces were covered by masks on which the nose, eyes, ears and whiskers were drawn. Some of these mummies were distributed among museums of the world, but the better part were exported to Liverpool and used as fertilizer on English fields.

One interesting story has it that the Egyptians' reverence for the cat contributed to their losing Pelusia—a city of the Egyptian border. The invading Persian army is said to have attached cats to their battle shields and the Egyptians dared not counterattack for fear of hitting one of the cats.

Meanwhile, the only mouse-hunters in ancient Europe were semi-domesticated weasels and skunks. During their commercial dealings with the Egyptians, the Greeks discovered that, not only was the cat a great mouse hunter, but also, it was beautiful, clean and did not smell like a skunk. However, the Egyptians were not prepared to make their god an object of commercial exchange, so the Greeks stole about six pairs of cats. The Greeks sold the descendants of these cats to the Romans, Gauls and Celts. The Romans, in turn, brought the cat to Britain. Taking cats on sea voyages helped control vermin.

The cat arrived in China in exchange for pure silk, and there it represented peace, fortune and family serenity. Its job was to protect temple manuscripts and silk cocoons from destruction by rats and mice. Small ceramic statues of Asiatic cats had tiny oil lamps lit behind their clear eyes so that the mice might imagine that their enemies were awake and ready to catch them. The walls of many Asiatic houses were adorned with images of cats.

Cats arrived in India at the same time as in China. It is a rule in the Hindu religion to host or at least feed a cat. In the Middle Ages, cats were introduced to Japan from China and to the Arabian countries from Egypt. Muhammad is said to have owned a female cat called Muezza.



To be continued



From My Office Window

by Brian and Kim Allan

The Crab Nebula (Messier 1) is a Supernova Remnant and was first observed by Chinese (and probably Japanese) astronomers in 1054 AD when a massive star exploded. The supernova was initially bright enough for several months to be visible during the day! At the center of the nebula lies the Crab Pulsar, a spinning Neutron Star 23-30 km (17-10 miles) across, emitting pulses of radio waves thru gamma rays at 30.2 pulses per second. In fact, the Crab Nebula at 6,500 light-years from Earth, is the brightest persistent source of X-ray and gamma ray energies in the sky. Since 1054 the supernova remnant has expanded to ~11 light-years in diameter.

I have been imaging this stellar target on and off for the past couple of decades with, I hope, improving results per the bottom three images. However, I have yet to advance to the wonderful image off NASA's Hubble Space Telescope.



Courtesy of NASA (and the Hubble Space Telescope)*

