

# The Bergen News

Bringing Bergen Together

May 2022

## Birds, Beasts and Botany in Bergen

by Bob Griebel, photo by Sandy Easterbrook

### American White Pelican (*pelecanus erythrorhynchos*)

A wonderful bird is the pelican.  
His bill will hold more than his belican.  
He can take in his beak,  
Food enough for a week.  
I'm damned if I know how the hell he can.

Dixon Merritt, 1910.

Ever since memorizing this delightful little limerick years ago, I can't help but recall it every time I encounter a pelican. Not that one sees a lot of white pelicans here in Bergen, but you don't have to travel very far eastward to run into these birds. Returning home from Olds last summer, Sandy and I spent half an hour by the side of the road observing and photographing this flock of pelicans feeding on a slough just off Township Road 320.

Pelicans are seriously big birds. With a wingspan measuring between 95 to 120 inches, they have the second largest wing span of any bird in North America. Only the almost extinct California Condor has a wider span. A good sized pelican can weigh between 20 and 30 pounds—more than most Christmas turkeys. The pelican's huge, pale yellow bill is probably its most distinguishing feature, flat on the top, with a large throat sac below. This pouch can hold up to 12 liters of water,



which is indeed more than “his belican”, so the bird allows the water to drain out before swallowing whatever fish or other aquatic creatures it has taken in along with the water. In breeding season the bill becomes a bright orange, a feature that justifies its Latin name “erythrorhynchos” which translates as “red bill”. Also during breeding season, both male and female birds grow a peculiar yellow projection near the tip of their bill, and then shed this “horn” after mating. The birds' plumage is a bright white apart from black primaries on the wings and a yellow patch on their breast, which appears in the spring and disappears during the winter.

White pelicans are very gregarious and social birds. They migrate together in large flocks, feed communally and nest in colonies. Because of their large size, pelicans require four to five pounds of food daily. They subsist almost entirely on small fish, which they cooperatively capture by forming a line of birds that drives the fish schools into shallow water where they can be scooped up with those large, capacious bills.

The birds nest on islands on remote, shallow, freshwater lakes across Canada and the northern United States. The most northerly known nesting colony is here in Alberta on the Slave River, north of Fort Fitzgerald. Historically there were 20 known nesting sites in Alberta, but currently fewer than half that number are still in use. Up to 5000 pairs of birds will form a colony.

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## Was that a Dragonfly or a Damselfly?

by Karen Fahrlander, photos by Karen Fahrlander

In spring and summer I look forward to photographing dragonflies and damselflies. I have been known to be very late getting home if I happen to find a roadside pond filled with dragonflies! They are delightful to photograph. Some of them even appear to smile for the camera! The aerial dynamics of dragonflies

make them challenging to photograph in flight. If I happen to get them just as they land or on take off, that helps immensely. Believe me, trying to pan the camera with the dives, twists and turns a dragonfly makes in flight, while holding an eight pound camera and lens is very challenging.

To emphasize their iridescent wings, the right light is essential.

To help me distinguish between dragonflies and damselflies, I watch for them to land. When dragonflies land, their wings rest perpendicular to their body, or fanned out. When damselflies land, their wings rest alongside their body, or tucked in.

Alberta has approximately 49 different species of dragonflies. Dragonflies are predators who feast upon mosquitoes, bees, gnats, and other flying insects.

It is estimated that Alberta has 23 different species of damselflies. Damselflies have smaller eyes than dragonflies.

Like dragonflies, damselflies are also carnivorous, eating mostly flying insects.

Damselflies are usually a little bit smaller than dragonflies.

The next time one of these winged beauties flies by, I hope you can distinguish between a dragonfly and a damselfly.





## EVERY DOG HAS ITS DAY

by Jessie

### A PAUSE FOR PAWS



I have just been lying here in the shade, contemplating. What? You didn't think that dogs contemplate? Of course we do. We think about the meaning of life: bones, humans, other dogs, bones, other humans, naps, games...I could go on at length but you might lose interest.

But today I focussed my thoughts on my paws. As you may have noticed, paws are very important to dogs. Without them, we wouldn't have a leg to stand on. (A little canine humour there!) But I digress. Paws are indeed a wonderful asset. My first impression of my paws is how beautiful they are. As you may have noticed I am black, very shiny, glossy black. But not my paws. Especially my left front one. It is pure white (well, when the ground is dry or snow-covered), as white as if it was dipped in a bucket of paint. The other three are white, too,

but the white on them does not go as far up my leg.

But getting beyond decorative to the practical. Paws are constructed with thick pads to act as shock absorbers as we pound over the ground. Over the pads is a thick "leather" covering which will last a lifetime. Can you say that about your expensive human shoes?

On each paw I have four toes. Oh, yeah, I know you humans have five, but show me how they make you run any faster than a dog. Anyway, I have a fifth claw a little above my main paw but I don't know what it's for.

And then we have claws which provide full time studded tires. I find these studded tires a little noisy on indoor floors —unlike my cat friend Tab's claws, which can be completely retracted for more silent sneaking.

However, if you've ever seen me rounding an icy curve at a dead run, you too will appreciate my strong non retractable claws. One might go so far as to say that a dog's claws are the cat's meow. Oh, scratch that last statement. Tab took offense and said not to be using cat expressions on dog descriptions. He gets his back in an arch about things like that sometimes.

Anyway, that's about all about paws for today. If nothing more newsworthy comes up we may move on to discuss my tail next month. As you may imagine, it is a very important appendage and thereby hangs a tale. Don't groan. If humans aren't above using puns, dogs have every right to do it too.



*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.*

## Hello, Spring and Howdy, Neighbour

by Pat Gibbs

This year spring has been delayed a wee bit based on past experience, but I always say, if you can see the butterflies and hear bees and frogs out and about making their type of music, then spring has sprung. Now, that nine inches of snow we received on April the 19th was a blessing and very much needed, so I won't say anything negative about it. The only problem I have with cold weather is I need to eat. Yes, eat. Anybody else have this silly habit when the weather is cold and the sun does not shine? Oh well, it could be worse.

I received a call from my daughter telling me that her daughter, Kelly Anne, had cut her hand on a piece of tin while helping her dad do some clean-up. That's never a good thing to do. However, Kelly had been given a medical kit that showed how to do stitches if required. Well, she felt she needed about five of them and thus set about doing the task at hand, which was actually on her hand. The top of her hand, I might add. Now, several of our family members have enjoyed reading Louis L'amour stories, but I don't believe Kelly has yet. But she certainly has that "do it yourself" flare! Her mother, Pamela, assured me Kelly was doing all the proper cleaning—pouring on disinfectants etc.—and promised to watch for any redness. Pamela asked me if she could come home for a few days. She was feeling a bit weary and didn't know if she could take any more surprises! All went well and the stitches looked pretty good. I just know I did *not* cause my mother this type of stress when I was a kid. I should ask her sometime and find out how bad I really was, just out of curiosity.

Mom had her hands full with three kids, chores etc. Bless her heart, she taught us all a lot of good life-skills in her spare time. Thanks Mom.

This month saw the passing of a very special gentleman who was a great part of the Bergen community and the Bergen church. Richard (Dick) Wiens will be remembered for his kind nature and generosity to so many friends and neighbours. He will be missed, but remain in the memories of all who knew him.

On May 7<sup>th</sup>, there was a pot-luck meet-your-neighbour evening at the hall. Sandy Easterbrook and Meghan Vesey organized this event and did a great job of giving everyone a chance to meet their new neighbours and have a good visit with all their long-time neighbours. Thanks ladies!

Here's a short update on our kitten. He has been stalking the neighbourhood fox! Yes sir, I had the fox chatting away outside our bedroom window and, sure enough, Tigger was around the corner under the sundeck steps thinking, "My, what sharp teeth you have". If I've told him once I've told him twice, he has got to find a smaller playmate!

Well folks, enjoy spring and remember to find a blessing each day.

Til next time.....

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**Note from editor:** The long-awaited shipment of used clothing for the ill-clad Lundhill children has finally arrived from Calgary. Now it must be distributed.

## Teacher

by Marilyn Halvorson

The array of baby gifts was amazing. Most were more the result of ingenuity than store purchasing, but with each, Mrs. Cranston's eyes lit up as though she had received a gift fit for a princess. The lovely little dress that had been sent with the note about the baby who had died made her burst into tears and clutch her little Elizabeth more tightly to her breast and there was not a dry eye among the other ladies who passed it around. I knew each was thinking how blessed they were to have their own healthy children.

At last the baby gifts were all opened and it was time for our surprise for the older ones. I stood up and explained that friends of mine in the city had an over-abundance of outgrown children's clothes which they wanted to share and that a group called The Sunshine Club had been responsible for collecting them for us. At my signal, Mr. Mac and a group of helpers removed the blankets that covered the stacks of clothing at the back of the room. Mrs. Mac, Ida Grayson and I, along with a crew of women Ida had organized, supervised the handing out and trying on of the clothes. As we had known, there was plenty to go around and it was great to see that each of the Cranstons was soon wearing serviceable winter boots and a warm coat. I noticed that one of the helpers was a big, blonde woman with the same glorious blue eyes as my little Arneson pupils so I wasn't surprised when she shyly introduced herself. "Ya," she

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## Musings: “M” is for May “M” is for Mom

by Phyllis Cormack

Moms are very important people. When I think back, I recall events in my early childhood when my mom was needed. On one occasion in particular, our neighbour, Minnie, came to visit Mom. Her son, Darrel, who was the same age as me, came to play. We were about four years old. At that time we pumped our water using a hand pump. Darrel was working the handle up and down. I stuck my finger where I shouldn't have and a metal ring fell down, pinching the end of my finger. Ouch! I ran crying to Mom. I don't remember what she did to help. She was all I needed—someone to sympathize and console me. If I remember correctly, Minnie suggested poking a needle under the nail to let the blood out, which would relieve some of the pain. Not sure if that happened or not. The fingernail turned purple and eventually fell off.

A few years later I had an unfortunate accident and was afraid of Mom's response. She had just made a chocolate pie and set it on the veranda to cool. I discovered it and tried tipping it up to show my sister. It slipped out of the pan and plopped on the ground. Chocolate pie was not a favourite of mine and I feared Mom would think I dumped it out on purpose. I ran to the woodshed, of all places, to hide. I cannot recall how long I hid there nor do I remember Mom even coming to find me. Perhaps my sister explained what had happened.

As I grew, my dear Mom taught me so much. She passed on her knowledge of cooking, sewing, quilting, knitting, and some of her sense of humour to me. She was always available to offer her helpful advice.

My Mom wore many hats. Before being married she cooked at oil drilling camps and sawmills. She also worked at various farms in the Didsbury area as a housekeeper and cook.

Once married she became a farmer's wife, so a few other tasks were added to her repertoire, like milking cows, raising chickens, gardening, and then being a mom. She sewed our clothes, knitted heavy wool socks, crocheted, and quilted. From dawn to dusk she was a busy lady working without the aid of modern conveniences. She belonged to the Women's Missionary Society—a group associated with the Bergen Church. She was also a long time member of the Bergen Ladies Aid. Her mom, Olava Erickson, was among the first ladies who started this group in 1908. As she taught Mom, Mom taught me.

The women in our past—our moms—worked hard. They loved and cared for their families. Where would we be without these ladies who gave us our start in life and taught us so much?

May is the month we celebrate our moms. In their honour, let all of us do our part to pass it forward.

It is late to wish you moms a Happy Mother's Day. However, I hope you will feel encouragement knowing you are loved and appreciated, not just in the month of May, but all year through.

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### *Teacher, continued from page 4*

said with a heavy Norwegian accent. “I am Augusta Arneson. I want to tell you yust what you have done for my children. They would start off to school before breakfast if I let them. They yust love you.”

“Oh, Mrs. Arneson,” I replied, gripping her work-calloused hand, “and I (I barely stopped myself from adding a yust of my own) I just love them, too. They are wonderful children.”

“Oh, tank you so much,” she said, tears misting her eyes. “I do my best with them.” Our handshake suddenly turned into a big hug and I knew I had made a wonderful friend.

At that moment the clear, piping voice of young Thomas Cranston cut through the general hubbub. “Whoopee!” he shouted, twirling around to display his new plaid coat. “Those fellas in that Moonshinin' club must be makin' a lot of money off their brew if they can afford to give away good stuff like this!”

I was forced to have a sudden coughing fit to avoid bursting out in peals of uncontrollable laughter. A lot of coughing was going on in the room at that moment. All the activity must have been raising a dust.

Then Mrs. Arneson was speaking to me again—and she was nodding toward the tall young man who had come to stand beside her. “Miss O'Rourke, this is my oldest son. Leif. I don't tink you have met him yet.”

And there I was, speechless, staring into yet another pair of heart-stopping blue eyes, eyes that I'd first met when he caught me peeking through the window at the dance. I could feel my cheeks do a slow burn as my brain fumbled for something to say. Leif beat me to the draw. In an almost courtly gesture, he extended his hand. “I've seen Miss

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## A SONG FOR MOTHER'S DAY

by Noreen Olson

Mother's Day is not my favourite holiday. It's a day when I especially miss my own mom, and because my children and grandchildren are always attentive and sweet, a special "Mother's" day seems excessive and unnecessary. I have never had to sit by my silent phone, or peer through tear-dimmed eyes down an empty lane, and for that I am profoundly grateful. I know I would feel pretty awful if my kids ignored me on Mother's Day, but neither do I want a champagne brunch and a dozen roses. I guess mostly I just want to hear from everybody, and I don't want to cook the dinner.

Anna Jarvis originated Mother's Day on May 12<sup>th</sup>, 1907 when she held a memorial service at her late mother's church in Grafton, West Virginia. Her mother, Ann Reeves Jarvis, had died May 9<sup>th</sup>, 1905. Within five years, every state was observing the day. Ann Reeves Jarvis, a social activist, had helped to start "Mother's Day Work Clubs" to teach local women how to properly care for their children, and she organized "Mother's Friendship Day," at which mothers of former Union and Confederate soldiers gathered to promote reconciliation. She also taught Sunday School and cared for wounded soldiers.

Anna's original idea was that, on the second Sunday in May, one would wear a white carnation, visit their mom and/or attend church. But by 1920, Mother's Day had become one of the biggest holidays for consumer spending and Anna was thoroughly disgusted. She denounced the day and launched many lawsuits against groups that used the name for their events. She never married, never had children and eventually spent most of her wealth on legal fees.

Mother's Day is also the excuse for some really bad poetry and for "Mother" songs by every known performer. Some of the songs are great, some are funny, some are maudlin and awful. I love: **Coat of Many Colours** by Dolly Parton; **Mama Tried**, Merle Haggard; **Angels**, Randy Travis. My mom had a lovely voice and she knew many songs, including hymns, and some songs she had learned as a child. This one would have been from about 1912 and fits in the maudlin and awful category. Mom would sing this with drama and pathos and, while we all knew that the song was awful, we loved her performance. If you are already feeling a bit depressed maybe you shouldn't read any further.

## ONLY ME

A mother of fashion was being arrayed  
By her dainty French maid, Babette,  
While two little girls in the nursery played  
But one was her darling, her pet.  
A sound from the room caused the mother to cry  
"Was that you my dear Marie?"  
The answer came back twixt a sob and a sigh.  
"No, Mama, it's only me."

Chorus

"Only me, only me," sobbed in a weary tone  
Wrung from an innocent baby's heart  
That felt so much alone  
One got the kisses and kindly words  
That was her pet Marie  
One told her troubles to bees and birds  
That one was only me.

Close to a white cot, on a bright summer day  
The mother's heart awakened at last  
The life of her baby was ebbing away,  
The tears of repentance fell fast.  
"Now don't you cry mamma dear, you needn't care  
It isn't your dear Marie.  
And maybe the angels will have love to spare,  
A little for only me."

Repeat the chorus (if you are still able).

*Editor's note: I googled for information about this song. It was written in 1896, music by John W Bratton and words by Walter H. Ford. The author attached a note to the sheet music which reads:*

*The story told in this little song is of a mother who lavished all her maternal caresses upon one favourite child while the other she treated with indifference. The childish expression "It's only me" made a deeper impression on the author than a masterpiece of grammatical construction could possibly have done.*

## 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.

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

It's so good to have people returning to services. Being together to worship and give each other support is what we all need. As we are told in Hebrews 10:25 "Do not stop meeting together ...but let us encourage one another – and all the more as you see the Day approaching."

The Children's Feature presented before the message is entertaining and a good learning experience for all ages. Thank you to those who take the time to prepare and share. Toddler time and Sunday School for the younger kids follow the Children's Feature.

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, provides various activities for our youth who are looking for a place to "hang out" after school and in the evening. It is open Monday to Friday. 3-6 p.m. for Grades 7-9 and 6-9 p.m. for Grades 10-12. During these times there are special events happening. A contact person would be Adam Elliot at 403-586-3598.

Easter Sunday service was very well attended. The Sunday School teachers had their children present short programs for the congregation, which were well done and appreciated. It's always fun watching the little ones on stage performing. Pastor Rob Holland spoke on the events of Jesus' death and resurrection as that is who we are celebrating on this day. He is risen. He is risen indeed!

Thank you to Nola Bowhay and her daughters who baked cinnamon buns and hot cross buns for everyone to enjoy at the end of the service. They were delicious!

Prayers go out to so many families and acquaintances who are experiencing health struggles or bereavement. Should you or someone you know need prayer please see information for our prayer chain contact, Leila, at the bottom of this report. 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 which is available to help, whether the need is physical or emotional. Please feel free to contact this number where someone 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. 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. Times have been hard for a lot of folks who depend on this food bank.

If you have prayer needs, please call or email Leila Schwartzzenberger at 403-638-4175 or [leila@processworks.ca](mailto:leila@processworks.ca). Thank you to those who faithfully lift these requests to God.

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](mailto:office@bergenchurch.ca)

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

## Bergen Neighbours' Meet & Greet A Success

by Sandy Easterbrook

On May 7<sup>th</sup>, Bergen residents had a chance to reunite with neighbours and also make new friends. Forty-four people showed up at the Hall. Name tags bore the sentence "ask me about \_\_\_\_", which initiated a number of conversations. An icebreaker, which consisted of everyone seated at assigned tables and finding five things in common, also led to discussions and laughter.

Gord Krebs, councillor for MVC Division 4 gave a short welcome speech and provided some relevant literature. Spokespersons from the various tables revealed the participants' five commonalities. One cheeky person, who will remain anonymous, said his table all liked to "be au naturel", then quickly revised it to "be in Nature." Then it was time to eat! The potluck array was fabulous, ranging from salsa chicken to elk sausage to Vietnamese spring rolls. There were salads and veggies too, and yummy desserts including homemade pies.

People lingered after the meal and carried on with conversation. Organizers and helpers finally began stacking tables and chairs as a hint that the party was over.

The event was sponsored by the Bergen Community Association and organized by Meghan Vesey and Sandy Easterbrook. Thank you to everyone who sat at the welcome table and helped clean up afterward, both in the kitchen and in the hall proper. The Community Association felt encouraged to hold a similar event in the future.



## Bergen Ladies Aid Report

by Phyllis Cormack

It was a lovely spring day at the end of April when our meeting was held in Lynn Whittle's home.

Lynn opened the meeting by reading scripture from Daniel 6. We prayed the Lord's Prayer then answered roll call using our prayer cards. Only six ladies were present. Various things had prevented others from attending.

Betty Josephson read the minutes from our March meeting, then Maureen Worobetz gave us our financial report.

Thank you cards were passed around. There was no goodwill or Hospital Auxiliary report. Some of us were able to volunteer in the Thrift Shop in April. It is so nice to be getting back into the community.

It was mentioned that we were to serve lunch following the funeral service for Dick Wiens.

We set a quilting date for May 17<sup>th</sup>. We will tie a wool quilt and that will be the last one we need for the sale this year. Our sale date has been set for November 12<sup>th</sup>.

Cemetery day is the first Saturday in June, which is the 4<sup>th</sup>—weather permitting. June 11<sup>th</sup> is the alternate.

At our meeting in May, Sue Vollmin is to read scripture. Maureen and Janet Cummins will provide lunch with Liz Cunningham the alternate. Maureen offered her home for the meeting.

We sang *What a Friend We Have in Jesus* then enjoyed the lovely lunch provided by Lynn and Phyllis Cormack.

### **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](mailto: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.**



## Rare Books: Part One - King James Comes To Visit

by Shari Peyerl

Working as a church archivist has given me some wonderful opportunities lately to see some amazing books. A surprising discovery in the “To Be Accessioned” stack led to a guided tour of the University of Calgary’s Rare Books vault. As I stood there surrounded by precious tomes, I pondered the book that had led me to a bibliophile’s heavenly sanctum.

One day in the archivist’s office, I was assessing the accumulation of materials waiting to be added into the collection. Camouflaged in a plain brown box, I found a glorious book. The edges of the chocolate-coloured, tooled leather cover were decaying. The spine had been repaired long ago, fabric tape preserving an older “Common Prayer” label. I gingerly lifted the rotting cover and exposed a handwritten dedication on the brittle endpaper. It was dated 1889. That piqued my interest.

Turning a torn leaf revealed the title page. Across the top, in different handwriting was another presentation, and at the bottom, in yet a third hand, was a signature dated July 1812. I paused for a breath. That signature had been inscribed during Britain’s Regency Period, in the same year that Jane Austen was writing her novel about religious morals (*Mansfield Park*). (Everything always comes back to Austen for me.)

But it was the title page itself that caused my jaw to drop. Ornate decoration surrounded the title: “THE Booke of Common Prayer —” (Yes, there really was an “E” on the end.) The title continued, “with the Psalter or Psalmes of DAVID, Of that Translation which is appointed to be used in Churches. Imprinted at London by ROBERT BARKER, Printer to the Kings most Excellent Majestie. ANNO 1613.”

Could that be right? Was this actually a book printed more than 400 years ago??

I looked more closely. The old-fashioned typeface included “s”es that looked like “f”s and “v”s that looked like “u”s. Today’s spelling conventions were absent. Printed in two colours, the black text was shadowed by red in places, as though the printer had been careless when inking the plates.

Some of the decorative figures had been imprecisely over-printed in red, and some of the print blocks were misaligned. Clearly, this was an old printing technique.

I rested my fingers lightly on the page. Although worn and yellowed, it was still flexible and soft. The body of the book was printed on rag-paper. The crackly brown endpapers were made of the inexpensive wood-pulp paper popular in the Victorian era, when the book was rebound.

This *Book of Common Prayer* was actually printed while King James I (of England and Ireland), and simultaneously VI (of Scotland), was on the throne(s). This was the King James who had authorized the English translation of the Bible (printed for the first time only two years prior) that came to be known as the King James Bible or the Authorized Version.

I was holding history in my hands! This book had witnessed the rise and fall of Kings and governments, the violence of countless conflicts, the horrors of various pandemics, not to mention the destruction wrought by innumerable fires and floods. And yet, here it was, battered and worn, but here nonetheless.

How had it managed to survive the ages? Perhaps the inscriptions held the clue to at least the last 200 years of this book’s life...

**P.S.** Shari will be promoting her new book, *Alberta’s Cornerstone: Archaeological Adventures in Glenbow Ranch Provincial Park*, at the the Sundre Municipal Library (May 25), at the Park (May 28), and at the libraries in Olds (June 4), Airdrie (June 7) and Cochrane (June 22). See <http://sharipeyerl.ca/events/> for details.



**Teacher, continued from page 5**

O'Rourke around," he told his mother innocently. "But," he added, now giving me the full benefit of the eyes, "this is the first chance I've had to speak to her. I am pleased to see you *again*, Miss O'ORourke."

"I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Arneson," I mumbled as stiffly and idiotically as if I were practicing manners in finishing school. As I shook his big, rough right hand, in a nervous gesture I jammed my left hand deep into the pocket of my cardigan and touched—the knife! The pocketknife I'd found under my desk after the dance. I'd almost forgotten about it. Well, there was no time like the present to get rid of it. I pulled it out and held it toward him.

"I wonder if this might be yours," I said. "I found it on the floor after the dance."

"Yes, it is mine," he said seriously, reaching out to take it. As he did, I noticed his hands. They were scarred and scraped, one nail black and beginning to fall off, another broken right into the quick. I suppressed a shudder, thinking of these hands playing such beautiful music yet subjected to such punishment in his daily work. Although Leif could be scarcely more than twenty, I was sure he had been doing a man's work for many years already.

My mind was jerked quickly back to the present as one of those hands totally enveloped mine as he took the knife. How could such a warm hand send a chill up my spine?

*Continued on page 11*



## **Advanced Praise For Alberta's Cornerstone by Shari Peyerl**

"The long-gone quarry village of Glenbow, Alberta, is teased back to life in this great book. The arts of archeology and historical research are also lifted into view so readers can know not only what the author has discovered but how she did so. Her passion for the local and the lost is deeply exciting."

—Fred Stenson, award-winning author of *Who by Fire* and *Glenbow Provincial Park: Grass, Hills, and History*

"Shari Peyerl gives us a rare glimpse into the archaeological history of the tiny village of Glenbow, where a once thriving sandstone quarry put its mark on Alberta's architecture and its residents left an enduring mark on Alberta's history. Their stories are revealed to us through lavish illustrations combined with years of meticulous research."

—D. Larraine Andrews, author of *Ranching under the Arch: Stories from the Southern Alberta Rangelands*

### **About the Author**

Shari Peyerl is an archaeologist, archivist, oral historian, and writer, who holds BSc and MA degrees in archaeology from the University of Calgary. She has volunteered at Glenbow Ranch Provincial Park since 2009 and enjoys giving tours and presentations about its history and archaeology. Peyerl created *The People of Glenbow Family Photo Album*, on display in the park Interpretive Centre. In 2016, she was awarded the Forbis Award, presented by the Archaeological Society of Alberta Calgary Centre, in recognition of her exceptional service to public archaeology. Peyerl loves using clues from written and oral history, archaeology and genealogy to reveal how ordinary people contributed to history.



### Drop in Grief Support Group

4th Thursday of the Month

Main Avenue Church - Main Hall - 2pm  
402 Main Ave Sundre

No Pre registration

Diana Kleinloog 335-8481. Anne Brander. 507-1255

## A Note From Our Councillor

Division 4 councillor, Gord Krebs forwarded the following budget report from Reeve, Angela Albers. Those who are interested in seeing the full budget with breakdown of numbers and charts can find it on the Mountain View County app or on the county website.

Budget 2022 supports the fundamental commitments Mountain View County has made to its Residents, Businesses, and Landowners in providing high quality services in support of a healthy, safe, and vibrant rural community.

Service levels for 2022 have remained unchanged, with County operating expenses of \$37.6 million (\$20.6 million is spent on roads) and a capital project budget of \$13.7 million. The 2022 budget includes transfers to our urban partners for operating and general maintenance of \$4.8 million for recreation and culture facilities, libraries, family and community support services and re services.

We have also contributed an additional \$600,000 this year to the dedicated capital reserve fund for future capital recreation and culture projects in our urban centers.

The County has made the decision for a 0% increase to municipal mill rates for the 2022 budget year. We will see an increase in revenue used for municipal purposes of \$1.1 million, which is a result of higher property assessments. Residential assessments in the County increased by \$161 million, of which \$127 million was considered market growth. Based on the 0% increase in municipal mill rate, 77% of residential rate payers and 75% of non-residential rate payers will see less than a \$100 increase in their municipal taxes.

Please pay special attention to your tax notices this year. The province has increased their education property tax (Alberta School Foundation Fund) for Mountain View County by \$592,000 and the provincial police costs have increased again this year by \$190,000 (total policing costs are now \$712,000). The result is a \$782,000 total cost increase in taxes that the County collects on behalf of the province. Thirty-three per cent of municipal taxes collected by the County are not used for municipal purposes, but rather directly transferred to the province for school taxes and policing, and 3.7% of taxes collected are transferred to Mountain View Seniors Housing.

Overall, the County's nancial position is strong and well positioned for the future. Good scal management with a long-term asset management plan will see us investing \$59.5 million in maintenance and upgrades to the road and bridge network in our 5-year budget forecast.

On behalf of Council, I would like to thank our county administration, who have gotten us through another year providing safe roads for travel and reliable services to our businesses and residents both in the of ce and in the eld during these challenging times in a professional and respectful manner.

Angela Aalbers

Reeve, Mountain View County

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### **Teacher, continued from page 10**

"Thank you, Miss O'Rourke," he said, and then a slow grin crept across his face. "I wondered how long it would take you to find it."

Before I could digest those words he glanced across the room. "Oh there is Esther Jacobson home for the weekend. I'd better go say hello."

My gaze followed his to a beautiful, slim, dark-haired girl of about my age. Relieved as I was to be done my conversation with him, somehow I wished he was going to say hello to someone older and fatter than Esther Jacobson.

At supper that night, Mr. and Mrs. Mac and I relived the high points of the afternoon, laughing again at some of the funny sights. Wispy little thirteen-year-old Susie Jeffers tried on the voluminous plaid dress, donated by the lady who admitted that not only had her children outgrown their clothes, so had she. There was so much left-over room in the dress that Susie's little sister climbed in, too. And who could forget Thomas Cranston's joyous tribute to "The Moonshine Club" for using their ill-gotten gains to help the children of Lundhill School?

I should have slept like a log after the exhausting day but, instead, I kept tossing and turning and wondering. What had Leif Arneson meant when he said, "I wondered how long it would take you to find it?" when I returned the knife I'd

**Continued on page 12**

**Teacher, continued from page 11**

found on the schoolroom floor. Had he dropped it there purposely for me to find? If so, why? Was he looking for a chance to talk to me? So he could tease me about my embarrassing moment when he caught me peering in the school window? Or did he like me? Well, I wasn't so sure I liked him for tricking me with the knife. But I couldn't help but admire him for the hard work he obviously did. And there was something about that slow grin of his that sent shivers up my spine, just remembering it. But why was I worrying about Leif? Obviously, he was interested in the beautiful Esther Jacobson. I couldn't hold a candle to her.

I flopped over on my other side and told myself to go to sleep—and instead reviewed all those questions one more time.

By morning I was so washed out that I wondered if it was possible to have a hangover without having a drink. Then, at breakfast, Mrs. Mac cheerfully threw a monkey wrench into my bleary brain. "So, I suppose you'll soon be busy rehearsing the wee ones for their pieces in the Christmas concert," she said, busily buttering toast.

I jerked to full consciousness. Christmas concert? Why, only a couple of weeks ago I was preparing for Halloween. And then there had been the baby shower. Surely it wasn't time to start worrying about Christmas. But I already knew the answer to that. I should have selected and given out parts to learn at the beginning of November. I was already running late.

"Oh, yes," I stammered. "we'll be practicing them this week." If I can find something for them to practice, I could have added.

Pleading a headache, which was real, I begged off church service and retired to my room where I dove into the depths of my trunk. Surfacing, I came out with a number of play and recitation books I had bought before leaving Calgary. The possibilities were endless. I marked the page of a play called *Waiting for the Train*\*. I had seen it performed once and it was hilarious. Not too many props were required and I was sure my older pupils could learn the lines. Then I found this poem\*\* which I immediately earmarked for Thomas Cranston—if his folks would take the "baby sister" line in the light-hearted spirit in which it was meant. I was pretty sure they would but I'd get Mrs. Mac's opinion before I assigned it.

Fair Warning to Santa

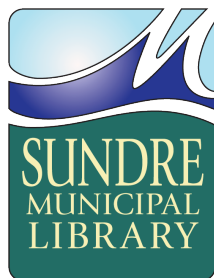
There ain't no Santa Claus, I guess, or if there is, why he  
Don't know so very much about bookkeeping, seems to me.  
I asked for some rabbits and a pair of skates one year,  
And all he left was nothin' but a baby sister here.  
And last year when I wrote to him, I said I'd like a sled,  
And one of these here spaniel dogs that's kind of brownish red.  
But my bad luck, I didn't get a solitary thing.  
Except a cap and overcoat, and a plastic napkin ring.  
I've wrote and told him that I want a hook and ladder truck,  
A magic lantern and a goat that I can train to buck,  
And mebbe a four-bladed knife if he has one to spare.  
But I've told him honest that I don't want *anything* to wear.  
I'll try to keep believin' till he comes around once more  
But he's got to do much better than he ever did before.  
If he brings another sister in place of what I'd like—  
Why I'll just quit believin' in him from that minute,  
The old Ike!

\*performed at Red Deer Valley and Bergen Schools 1940s and 1950s

\*\*found in an old hand-copied book of my mother's (an early teacher in the area)



## 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](http://www.sundre.prl.ab.ca)

**Noreen Olsen Author Talk**

Wednesday, June 15, 6:30 – 8:00 PM

Sundre Library

Meet the author and hear about her new book.

***Happening through June:***

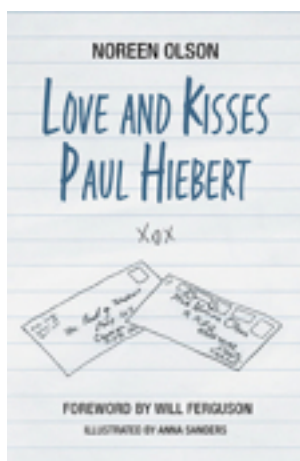
**Rhyme Time, Parent Connect,  
Tech Tutoring.**

**Butterfly Release!**

Thursday, June 23, 3:30 PM

Sundre Library

All ages welcome.

**Coming Soon**

Don't miss the opportunity to meet Bergen News author, Noreen Olson, at the Sundre Library on June 15<sup>th</sup>, 6:30 to 7:30 p.m. Bergen News readers have been fortunate to enjoy Noreen's monthly articles with their wry, sparkling humour and keen observations of human nature. Her new book, *Love and Kisses Paul Hiebert*, will offer hours of enjoyment to her many fans. Noreen will be reading from the book on June 15<sup>th</sup>, and will have signed copies available for purchase. Mark your calendars!



## **American White Pelican, continued from page 1**

Pelicans aren't big on nest building. After the courtship and mating preliminaries are done with, a shallow depression in the ground is surrounded with pebbles and bits of plant material and an average of two large, chalky-white eggs are deposited right on the ground. Both parents take turns incubating the eggs and, after 33 days, the naked, blind and helpless newborns emerge. The first born usually harasses and starves his sibling, so usually only one nestling survives.

American White Pelicans nesting east of the Rockies fly south in September once the surviving chicks are 10 to 11 weeks old and winter around the Gulf of Mexico. Those birds west of the Rockies will winter in California or the Mexican Pacific. Although globally, the conservation status of the birds is listed as Least Concern, here in Alberta their status is considered Endangered. In British Columbia there is currently only one nesting colony, in Montana there are four and we have seven colonies here in Alberta. Nesting colonies are affected by human disturbance and, if humans approach or interfere with a colony, the birds will leave their eggs exposed to temperature stress or predators or abandon them altogether. Hence, it is illegal to approach a nesting colony to within 800 meters. Like many of our other fellow creatures at this time, pelicans need a bit of breathing and breeding room.

## **Keeping Up with the Joneses: A Furry Fable**

Photos and Almost True Story by Sandy Easterbrook

Mr. Jones was what you'd call an upwardly mobile type of squirrel. He was determined to woo the sexy redhead who lived in the shelter belt at Kettle Crossing Farm. But first he needed to

find a house that matched his ambitions. As he was scampering along the barn rafters one day, he saw it. A two storey, eight bedroom condo, apparently uninhabited. Up the lamp post he went, to check out this prime piece of real estate. It was indeed vacant so, after inspecting each



***"We can't all live in McMansions, Mr. Jones"***



***"Yo, Mr. Brown, yours isn't the classiest joint, is it?"***

unit, he decided to take possession of the lower east floor, with a fine view of the sunrise. His neighbour, Mr. Brown, was a modest and sensible type of squirrel. "You be careful," he warned Mr. Jones. "My house has lots of tree cover but yours is right out in the open.

"Open, schmopen," scoffed Jones. "You're jealous of my view, that's all. I think I'll start moving in the furniture. Down the pole went Mr. Jones to the dry grass below. He gathered up a wad of straw to make a cozy bed. But when he glanced around, a huge bird with a red comb and shiny black tail was strutting towards him. YIKES! Mr. Jones leapt back onto the pole carrying his precious load of straw. He tucked it into his apartment, then stared out the door at the big bird. Eventually it joined a flock of big lady birds.



The squirrel descended a second time. Once again he busied himself chopping up pieces of straw to make a compact mouthful. But after a while, he felt as though he was being watched. A shiver ran from his perked-up ears to the tip of his bushy tail. For there was the CAT, hunched on a fence rail, not twenty feet away. Mr. Jones spat out his grassy bundle. Teeth chattering, he hightailed it back up the pole for a second time.

Life in the farm lane was exhausting! Maybe if he took a siesta, the

***Continued on page 15***

## ***Keeping Up With the Joneses, continued from page 14***



activity around his house would settle down. He patted the small amount of straw he'd gathered into a (very firm) mattress and fell into a restless sleep, replete with toothy and feathery nightmares.

Late in the afternoon, Mr. Jones awoke and peeked out of his doorway. The coast was clear. He decided to have a meal from the abandoned dog dish and then finish building the bed. Queen-sized for his future, red-headed queen!

All was peaceful at the kibble bowl. Our hero downed as much as he could eat, then tucked a few more pieces under a log for future dining. He looked towards the

straw at the bottom of the pole. Not a creature was stirring, not even a field mouse. He could resume his mission. Glancing around every few seconds, the squirrel carried up enough straw to almost fill his unit. "One more mouthful for a pillow," he thought, "and I'll invite the redhead over to see my etchings."

He had reached the ground and was about to add some stray duck down to his bundle when a dark shadow



hovered over him. The form dropped like a missile, talons outstretched. Mr. Jones streaked to the side of the pole opposite those lethal claws. Before the hawk could shift its line of attack, he raced up the pole and into his haven.

"Whew," he panted. "That's literally the last straw. Mr. Brown was right after all."

These days Mr. Jones lives in a grove of tightly knit spruce trees. His hastily constructed nest is a tangle of twigs, corn cobs from the pig pasture and toilet paper from the outdoor biffy.

How the proud have fallen! Mr. Brown likes to tease him about being a "fast mover" whenever he saunters by with the children. And with Mrs. Brown, the redhead.



***This gorgeous photo of a male, Ruby-throated hummingbird was taken mid May. The bird is sipping on early blooming Haskap berry bushes.***

***Here's hoping that this tiny bird and all the spring birds are managing to cope with the cold spring we are having.***

***Photo by Peter Kleinloog***



## by Brian and Kim Allan

A vibrant collage of various flowers and garden elements. The top left shows a hanging basket of colorful petunias in shades of orange, yellow, and pink. Next to it is a close-up of a butterfly with orange and black wings. The top right features a cluster of small pink flowers. The middle left shows a large, deep purple petunia. The center is a mix of pansies in red, yellow, and purple. To the right of the center is a large, light pink flower. Below the center is a cluster of red flowers. The bottom left shows a large red flower and a yellow flower. The bottom center features a yellow daisy and a pink flower with a bumblebee on it. The bottom right shows several pink daisies. The collage also includes a close-up of a coleus plant with variegated green and purple leaves.