

The Bergen News

Bringing Bergen Together

September 2022

Birds, Beasts and Botany in Bergen

by Bob Griebel

Foxtail barley (*hordeum jubatum*)

This bunch-grass perennial has something of an image problem and could use a good PR firm to boost its reputation. As a kid, I can recall my dad lancing a jaw abscess (“lumpjaw” as it is rather quaintly referred to) on one of our cattle and placing the blame for the infection on a foxtail awn. Many veterinarians have stories of dogs, cats, horses and other domestic creatures suffering from embedded awns in their ear canals, nasal passages or mouths, requiring surgery to remove the noxious culprits. Blindness can result from an embedded awn in the eye. Hay containing a lot of foxtail decreases in commercial value, as does foxtail in sheep fleece.

Foxtail barley is native to North America and eastern Siberia. It has spread, however, to most temperate and warm climates worldwide and is listed as a noxious weed in many jurisdictions, although not here in Alberta. Foxtail is a member of the grass family, *Poaceae*, which is the fifth largest plant family. As such, foxtail barley is related to most of our cereal grains (wheat, barley, rice, corn and millet) as well as bamboo.

In good soil foxtail will grow up to two feet tall, with multiple stems forming green, bushy spikes. The plant adapts well to a wide range of soil or moisture conditions. It tolerates saline soils and can often be found growing on the edge of alkaline sloughs. It is commonly found in low-lying areas with poor drainage and is a pioneer species in areas of disturbed soil. Unlike many other members of the grass family, foxtail does not spread by rhizomes or root stock, and has a shallow, fibrous root system. This makes it easy to control by tillage or pulling out the plant.

Propagation is by seed and foxtail is a prolific seed producer, each plant capable of producing over 200 seeds. The seeds are dispersed by wind or carried off by animals and birds. Each seed has four to eight awns attached and each awn is armed with tiny barbs along its outer edge. The barbs help the seed burrow into the soil, thus providing the darkness required for germination. It is also these barbs which penetrate the soft tissues of animals they contact, or entangle the seed in the fur or wool of passing creatures. Germination takes place in the cooler weather of spring or fall. If the seeds germinate in fall, they readily over-winter and resume growth the following spring. The seeds do not have a long life span and, if germination does not take place within a few years, they are no longer viable.

Because of my personal aversion to the plant, I find it hard to believe that some folks grow foxtail as an ornamental plant, and seeds are available through some nurseries. The long, feathery, green spikes of the grass, which are often tinted with pink or purple do have a certain attention grabbing quality when used in rock gardens or path borders. The seeds, although exceedingly small, are edible and can be ground into a flour for use in bread or porridge. Toasted seeds are said to be a good coffee substitute. I did not find much information on the medicinal qualities of the plant, but one article did mention the Chippewa used the root as a medicine. Call me unadventurous, but I think I'll stick to simply pulling the plant out when I encounter it on our farm and throwing the seed heads in the burning barrel.



Foxtail growing on disturbed soil. Photo by Sandy Easterbrook

Rare Books: Part Three—The Inner Sanctum

by Shari Peyerl

When I discovered a 400-year-old book during my term working in an archive office, I knew I needed expert advice. My visit to the Special Collections at the University of Calgary in quest of answers had unexpected benefits: I met some like-minded people and I saw some more amazing books.

After my initial research into the *Book of Common Prayer* printed in 1613 AD, I contacted my liaison at the University of Calgary. Allison Wagner, Senior Rare Books and Manuscript Advisor, invited me to meet with herself and her colleague, David Daley, Conservation Advisor. Once in the consultation room, an anticipatory hush fell over us as I unfolded the acid-free paper I had wrapped around the book. A careful examination to address each of my concerns began.

Firstly, David confirmed the book's age, citing the facts I described in Part One. Secondly, he assured me that the measures I had taken to safeguard it during reading and storage were sufficient. Thirdly, he indicated that the damage to the book was too old to be of concern and its condition was acceptable for storage in the permanent facility where the rest of the church archives are held.

With the official meeting over, Allison offered me a guided tour through the Rare Books Vault. Of course, I jumped at the chance! As she led me there, we passed through various storage areas: Glenbow Western Research Centre collections, architectural archives, oversize storage. Finally, we arrived outside a locked door—the Rare Books Vault, where all the most valuable books are kept in a temperature and humidity controlled environment.

Like the entrance to Aladdin's cave, the door opened into a vast space filled with treasures. The room was dimly lit to prevent damage to the delicate materials. Slowly and reverently, Allison led me down the aisles. Large tomes bound in ancient parchment and stored high above my head were clearly precious. However, most of the books ranged along the shelves were unfamiliar to me, so Allison patiently explained their significance. Two specific books captured my attention.

One represents the value of standardization, while the other emphasizes the importance of uniqueness.

The first book was really only one page, stored in a special box: a single leaf from a Gutenberg Bible, circa 1455 AD. It was from an imperfect copy (meaning not all of the copy has survived) that was bought by New York book dealers Scribners in 1953. According to the accompanying documentation, "It was originally discovered in a peasant's hut in Olewig, near Trier [Germany] by the librarian Wytttenbach who just managed to save it from destruction and who recovered some of its leaves from children's schoolbooks on which they were used as covers."



EVERY DOG HAS ITS DAY

by Jessie

THERE IS SOMETHING UNDER THERE



How do you like that title? Sounds like one of those mysterious TV shows humans watch about there maybe being a fortune buried under a pile of rocks on an isolated ranch or an alien spacecraft being buried where it crashed in 1960.

I can play that game, too. How about an unexploded bomb from WWII? Oh, darn, my person just said that idea was historically impossible as there were no bombs dropped in our garden in WWII. Well, how am I supposed to know history? I'm a dog. I haven't even been to Obedience School, never mind high school.

Anyway, I have my own theory about what it is. I have done considerable research—in the form of digging—around the edge of this old livestock water tank my person uses for a carrot bed in her

vegetable garden but, strong as I am, I can't budge that big metal tank full of dirt. I can only listen and sniff in frustration.

My person should get out the tractor and move that tank for me so I can remove the mysterious mole before it's too late. I am quite sure it is a mole. This happened once before with a really old tank with a badly rusted bottom. *That* mole tunneled right through the bottom of that tank and snarfed down all her beets.

See what happens when she doesn't pay attention to my warnings? Trust me. There is SOMETHING under there.

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FRIENDS AND FAMILY

by Pat Gibbs

August 13th was a beautiful day in more ways than one. Al and I celebrated our 50th Wedding Anniversary. Our actual anniversary was September 1st, but we chose the August 13th to celebrate.

We were delighted to see family and friends whom we had not seen for ages! There was a lot of laughter, plenty of hugs and some tears over the recent passing of two of our special cousins. Many stories were shared about the "good old days" which were indeed some very "good old days"! Our children and grandchildren did a great job of planning and organizing the day. My word, I've never been so shushed, told to take a walk, or go have a cup of coffee and ordered "no touchy", in all my parenting days, as I was on that weekend. It was actually a very nice feeling to sit back and relax. There were others who stepped up to help and we so appreciated them as well. Once again Al and I were reminded just how important and precious family and friends are.

It only took a week to recover! Then I left Al behind and drove up to Bonnyville to visit Pamela and family for a week of working on projects she had. We experienced some great bonding as we accomplished the projects. While there, one afternoon I looked up and saw about sixty Sandhill Cranes circling around and around in the sky. They may have been gathering to migrate. What an amazing sight!

Pam and I picked two buckets of chokecherries in about thirty minutes. We couldn't resist that loaded tree of berries. Later we went to see her friend who had lost a mother donkey to a bear attack. She believes the bear wanted the baby which had just been born and was nursing beside the mother. However, the mother had pushed baby into the network of willows they were in and thus the bear couldn't get it. Plus mommy was kicking straight back which is a wicked kick from this breed of donkey. The bear did leave but not before hurting the mother beyond help. Ruth found the mother still nursing her baby and gave some morphine type medication. Then she took the baby home and her hubby had to put the mother down. A sad day.

The bright side is that the little one is doing very well. I have a picture I will try to send next month. On my way home, once I got on QEII, I had my first practice run for the Indianapolis 500 race. Yes sir. I NEVER drive over 110, except to pass when I sometimes get up to 120. The QEII was a constant rush of twisting and turning vehicles everywhere you looked. One cowboy thought I was too slow and burned up beside me, on the right side no less, and he had his leg stuck out the window with his boot resting on the mirror! I tried not to stare because I didn't want to end up as a distracted driver, which would be bad for my record if there was an accident. He, on the other hand, would be in a real bind if he had to make a sudden stop because that leg wasn't going to be of any help whatsoever! Thank the Lord for guardian angels that day. I guess you could say my trial QEII run was successful or I wouldn't be writing this. It was soooo good to get home again!

We were saddened to hear about Queen Elizabeth's passing. She was indeed a beautiful Queen not only on the outside but also on the inside. She had a good and kind heart. The Bible tells us in Matthew that the mouth speaks the things that are in the heart and a good man (in this case a good woman) out of the treasures of the heart, brings forth good things. This was Queen Elizabeth. The one we have asked God to save and keep watch over for all the years she has reigned as our Queen. A Queen who was loyal to her subjects and loved by many of them. May she rest in peace and may God be with her family.

Til next time.....and remember to live, laugh and love.

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.

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

Musings: Hot Days of Summer

by Phyllis Cormack

When spring approaches we wait to see if March will come in like a lion or a lamb. I honestly don't remember what we experienced for spring weather. However, the summer has been etched into our minds and I don't think we will soon forget the heat and dryness. Two summers in a row without adequate moisture really has taken its toll on many things.

Early in the summer we heard of water wells drying up and I'm sure as the hot days went by more people were plagued with that problem. Streams have stopped flowing that have always been running. As we drive we notice so many trees suffering from lack of rain. Fall colours are starting to show, but most of what we see are leaves wilting and turning brown. Spruce trees are dying everywhere. I'm not sure if that's from a bug infestation or lack of rain. Instead of using the hose and a shower wand to give my perennials a drink, I used buckets of water. It vanished into the parched earth in no time. As I write this the temperature forecast for our area is 36C. That is way hotter than I like so I'm sitting quietly writing this. Avoiding the outdoors.

Two nights ago the temperature dropped so much I wondered about frost. It was pleasant to finally get things cooled off, having left windows open overnight as we've done all summer. It didn't take long for the sun to warm things up again and last night it was so warm with nary a breeze.

If nothing else it was good haying weather. As always, some swaths lay on the ground through what moisture we did get. And the amount of rain that fell basically stopped the haying but didn't do more than lay the dust down. So now the question on everyone's mind is—are we going to get rain this fall or enough snow to replenish the moisture that's evaporated from our parched earth? I guess the only one who knows that answer is God. As with everything else He is in control of that, so no sense in us worrying about it. We will get what we get and do the best we can with it.

Enjoy fall. I hope it lasts long enough for everyone to get their chores done. Lord willing we will get rain and enough of it to lessen the concerns of farmers and gardeners alike.

Thanksgiving is coming up in October. If we focus on our hardships, it's really difficult to express thanks because we are so overwhelmed by those things that make our lives a challenge. Hard as it may be, we need to concentrate on what is good and learn from our tough times so we can help others going through similar situations. There is a lot to be thankful for when you consider the trauma of war and other disasters in some parts of the world. We live in a beautiful part of Canada and, even though we've experienced undesirable events there are so many blessings. This Thanksgiving let's take time to remember all those things we take for granted. God is good. His blessings are new every morning!

Editor's note: The school Christmas concert is about to begin.

Teacher

by Marilyn Halvorson

We all survived our storm-stayed night in the school with no ill effects. Even my reputation survived the fact that Leif Arneson had braved the storm to come and bring us food and stay the night with us. After all, as he had pointed out, we could scarcely have been better chaperoned than by twenty-some inquisitive youngsters.

But now all the practicing and preparation was behind us and concert day dawned cold but clear. After ironing out a few last minute details, I dismissed school an hour early to give parents a chance to scrub, polish, and adorn their little angels for the most important night of the year.

After a hasty supper I was back at the school an hour before concert time. For a few minutes I just stood, soaking in the atmosphere. The normally drab little room looked amazing. The windows were decorated with garlands and wreaths of spruce and pine the children had made and highlighted with cones and bits of carefully hoarded ribbon. The tree, a huge, bushy spruce, courtesy of Leif, of course, was perfect. It was festooned with cranberries and, here and there, the gas lamp that hung from the ceiling caught the sparkle of silver. These were bits of chocolate bar wrappers, rare artifacts saved long after the candy was gone. Tiny candles in special holders were clipped to many branches. These, enough of a fire hazard to make me shiver, would be lit for only a short time with Mr. Mac and two

Continued on page 6

MALAPROPISMS

by Noreen Olson

When someone misuses a word or messes up a metaphor in an amusing way, we call the result a malapropism. This is from the French “mal a propos not appropriate.” In a comedy called *The Rivals*, written in 1775, a character who takes great pride in her command of the King’s English mangles the language in almost every sentence. Her name is Mrs. Malaprop, so you can see that this form of humour has been around for a very long time. I love malapropisms and have been collecting them for years. Local papers are a good source. Little kids, want ads, radio announcers, sports personalities, politicians, club newsletters, hand written posters and kids’ test papers are good too. Actually, no form of communication is foolproof. A misplaced comma or a spelling error can completely change the meaning of a sentence. But the best malapropisms come from people who want to use a big, impressive word and grab one that sort of sounds like what they had in mind.

After one of his speeches on the wonders and promises of space flight, NASA Scientist Werner von Braun, was approached by an enthusiastic fan from the audience. “Dr von Braun”, the lady gushed, “I just loved your speech, and I found it of absolutely infinitesimal value.”

“Well then,” von Braun gulped, “I guess I’ll have to publish it posthumously.” “Oh yes indeed,” the woman answered, “and the sooner the better.”

I have Richard Lederer’s book, *ANGUISHED ENGLISH*, and because it’s September and school is just starting I thought I’d offer you some of his school kid examples.

A virgin forest is a place where the hand of man has never set foot.

Although the patient had never been fatally ill before, he woke up dead.

When there are no fresh vegetables, you can always get canned.

The human is more intelligent than the beast because the human brain has more convulsions.

Last year many lives were caused by accidents.

It is bad manners to break your bread and roll in your soup.

A virtuoso is a musician with real high morals.

The bowels are a,e,i,o,u, and sometimes w and y.

The difference between a king and a president is that a king is the son of his father, but a president isn’t.

Three kinds of blood vessels are arteries, vanes and caterpillars.

A fossil is an extinct animal. The older it is, the more extinct it is.

When you breathe, you inspire. When you do not breathe, you expire.

And finally a couple of things we farm people have long suspected.

Rural Life is lived mostly in the country and Necessity is the mother of Convention.

Teacher, continued from page 5

other men standing guard beside the tree with buckets of water. Presents, some wrapped only in brown paper but brightened by scraps of cloth used in place of ribbons, spilled from beneath the tree.

My reverie was soon interrupted by the sounds of horses whinnying, bells jingling, and excited children shouting. Soon my pupils and their families were pouring into the room, the excitement an almost palpable presence in the air. Minutes flew by and showtime was coming fast. In the half of the cloakroom curtained off for the performers to prepare, I straightened hair bows, fastened wings on angels, and would have chewed my fingernails if my hands hadn’t been so fully occupied. Every once in a while I counted noses and blew out a sigh of relief as each new arrival was accounted for.

Five minutes until starting time! The school was almost bursting with every space on the plank seats laid between chairs filled, preschoolers perched, sometimes two deep, on parents’ laps, and rows of men standing at the back and sides. I counted again. I was one short. Of course! How could I have missed my red-headed fireball. Billy McKelvey? His part came near the beginning of the program and I was counting on him to get the audience relaxed and laughing. He had been fine and rarin’ to go at the end of school. What could have happened?

Continued on page 9

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.

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.

Alanna Waines and Scott Anderson are organizing youth events. They would appreciate another person to help with planning and offering words of wisdom.

"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.

Sunday School has started up for the kids. We had a startup barbecue on September 11th with a great turnout of people who enjoyed eating and visiting outside. It was a beautiful day.

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 — 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 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

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

Sundre Seniors Socialize at the Sundre United Church

Wednesdays, October 12th and 24th

Noon to 2:30 p.m.

Come for luncheon, community resource speaker and entertainment.
Program funded under a New Horizons for Seniors federal grant to support healthy aging social participation and inclusion.

Rare Books, continued from page 2

The Gutenberg Bible was the “earliest major book printed using mass-produced movable type in Europe” (Wikipedia). Scholars estimate that a maximum of 185 Bibles were printed, with 75% of them printed on paper and the rest on vellum. This paper page is from the New Testament. The version of the Bible text is known as the Vulgate, a translation done in the 4th century by Jerome of Stridon (now known as Saint Jerome). He used the Hebrew version of the Old Testament and the Greek version of the New Testament when creating his new Latin translation.

Even though I could not read the Latin words, I appreciated the impressive size of the page and the artistry of the type. Actually viewing a leaf from this famous work was awe-inspiring. This page represents the shift from the idiosyncratic hand-copying of scarce manuscripts for the elite to the standardized printing and mass-production that made books available to the populace.

The second book in the vault that especially struck me was printed in London in 1825. This second edition of *The Troubadour: catalogue of pictures and historical sketches* by L.E.L. was noteworthy not for its age, printer, author, content or cultural relevance, but instead for its embellishment. Its leather binding was ornately embossed and its end-papers elaborately marbled; however these characteristics did not set it apart from other beautiful volumes found the world over.

The unusual ornamentation of this book was its double fore-edge painting. The fore-edge is the edge of the book opposite the spine. There are several types of fore-edge painting. All require the careful application of watercolour, so as to prevent the bleeding of paint and moisture into the page surfaces. The most basic type is executed by just painting the edge as the book rests in its closed position. More complicated fore-edge painting is done by fanning the pages before painting the exposed surface. In this case, the image is not fully visible when the book is ordinarily closed. Even more complex decoration involves fanning the pages in the other direction as well, as is the case with this book. The result is the appearance of two different hidden paintings, depending on how the book is held.

This volume exhibits two shoreside scenes, one with two people fishing from a boat in front of a large building with turrets, and the other with a person fishing from the shore in front of Maypole dancers. Both paintings are intricate pictures including reflections on the waters’ surfaces. I had read about fore-edge painting before, so was thrilled to see an example in real life. Although the date of the paintings is not self-evident, they were likely painted shortly after the publication of the book, in the mid-1800s, and for me that added to the book’s romanticism.

Eventually, I reluctantly said farewell to Allison and the contents of the Rare Books Vault. From the wide range of the world’s wonderful books, I had seen two from opposite ends of the spectrum. On the one hand, the iconic example of a cultural revolution frozen in time by paper and ink. On the other, the result of that revolution—a mass-produced book that had been individualized with unique artistry. When I accepted the temporary position as Diocesan Archivist, I never expected to visit the antiquarian book-lover’s inner sanctum, nor to witness tangible evidence of cultural revelations.

Piano and Music Theory Lessons

Angela Frankowski 403-850-8279 Angela.f4@gmail.com

ARCT RMT ATCL BSC BED

- I am thrilled to call the Bergen area home! Having recently moved here from Calgary, I have opened my studio for:
- Piano, Music Theory & Appreciation/History Lessons
- Speech Arts & Drama Lessons
- Beginner to advanced, all ages.
- Exam & festival preparation & recitals.
- Over 20 years experience. Registered music teacher (RMT).
- Speech Adjudicator with award-winning students achieving highest grades in Canada.
- Bergen & Sundre area and beyond.

Teacher, continued from page 6

At eight o'clock Ida Grayson stuck her head into our dressing room. "Time to turn 'em loose, Katie. The natives are gettin' restless."

I explained my problem to her but she shook her head. "Go ahead without him. Fit him in later if you can."

I took her advice, stepped onto the stage, said a few "Welcomes" and "Thank yous" and introduced the first performer. It was beautiful little Astrid Severson, her blond hair in a halo of ringlets on top of her head, her dress a vision of blue with silvery trim. This was the child who had almost no English three months ago. Now, with a charming Norwegian accent, her chatter was irrepressible. She recited a short welcoming poem and totally enchanted the whole audience. As she walked off to thunderous applause I stepped up to announce a change in the program due to Billy's absence. "Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to say we will not be hearing from Billy McKelvey at this time..."

At that moment I was almost knocked over by a whirlwind leaping onto the stage from behind. "Oh yes they will, Miss O'Rourke," said the somewhat disheveled redhead. "I'm sorry I'm late. Like my pa said, couldn't that goldanged milk cow think of any better time to have her calf? And then it wasn't comin' right and I had to get hold of it on account of my small hands and we got it just fine but I got cow sh-manure all over me and Ma had to give me a second bath and there wasn't any more hot water so I had to have a cold bath and—never mind. I'm gonna say my piece now."

Billy's recitation was funny and well said but I don't think many heard it over the gales of laughter already spreading through the audience. Nonetheless, he received a standing ovation when he took his bow.

After that, several items went off without a hitch. The audience loved the comedy skit. They gazed in solemn awe at the nativity play acted in front of the wonderful backdrop painted by Tom Claymore and accompanied by "Silent Night" to the soft music of Ida's guitar. No one was more amazed and amused than I was when Ida produced her "secret surprise," a rendition of "Jingle Bells" by several children, complete with a session of yodelling in the middle!

Then we were at the end and the ever self-possessed, young, "middle-wife" was giving the farewell recitation. She was right in the middle when her toddler sibling decided to come and join her. The little boy grabbed the "curtain," a well-worn bed sheet and tore it away from the pins holding it to an overhead wire. It fell in graceful folds, completely obscuring poor Ruth and muffling her words. However, a moment later she had fought herself free and ended her speech with, "And just as this sheet has surrounded me, I wish you all to be surrounded by the love of God and family this Christmas. Good night and Merry Christmas to all."

Thus ended my first Christmas concert. Santa, in a rather threadbare suit—not unlike the Depression clothing of the rest of us—ho-hoed through the crowd, making sure each child received a small gift. Most of these gifts had come from the Eaton's catalogue, almost exhausting my small salary but making it the best money I ever spent when I saw the looks on the faces of the young recipients.

Despite the crispness of the night air, as the festivities finally wound down, I was desperately in need of a breath of it. I stepped out the back door and was none too surprised to hear a deep, slightly Norwegian-accented voice behind me. "You think that big, bright star over there is the same one that was over Bethlehem that night?" Leif asked, slipping an arm around my waist.

I smiled up at him, "I wouldn't be surprised."

Then he pointed toward the horizon. "Look, a falling star. Make a wish, quick."

"I did," I said. "Did you?"

He nodded, "Ya, I hope we made the same one."

To be continued



The Bergen Farmers' Market Christmas Market on November 26th .

10:00 to 1:00

at the Bergen Hall.

A great opportunity to find unique Christmas gifts, and
visit with friends while enjoying
coffee, and live music,

Alberta Towns: an occasional series

by Jamie Syer

The year's 1904. A new town, built by a thriving coal company, anticipating a long and prosperous future...what better name than Carbon?

We visited Carbon on a hot July afternoon last summer, made pleasant by the quiet, shady streets. Carbon is in the valley of the Kneehill Creek; you come upon it quite suddenly after a short detour from Highway 21. Miss the turn, and half an hour later you're in Drumheller. It's hard to imagine a more beautiful setting. The landscape becomes noticeably more lush as you enter the valley. The quiet creek divides the town in two, spanned by an attractive pedestrian bridge. There's a campground and some pleasant walking trails by the water.

These towns we've started visiting are tiny places—perhaps 500 people would call Carbon home these days. Plenty of vacant businesses along main street, the railroad tracks and grain elevators long gone, but there are some newer houses, and the old ones are impressively well kept.

There were only two establishments open on a lazy summer Sunday, and we visited both of them. First, the museum—because we've learned that every small-town museum offers unexpected delights. Carbon's museum features photos and artifacts from the town's history: the railroad, the coal mines, the farming and ranching. We learned that Kneehill Creek is not always so placid: historically, it was known for its catastrophic flooding.

I always ask about the local newspaper, because there always was one, no matter how small the town. Sure enough, the Museum has copies of the *Carbon News* from its beginning when the railway arrived, in 1920. Tidbits in the "Local News" column were always a highlight. For instance: "Mr M. Douglas was in town yesterday, wearing a very pleasant smile."

Museum visitors can also explore the story behind 'Canada's oldest unsolved murder case' which involved the killing of a local mine owner, as well as two subsequent deaths that may or may not have been connected with the first. All this happened just east of Carbon in 1921. A suspect was tried and convicted to be hanged, then acquitted at a second trial. One hundred and one years later, the case has never been solved.

The Museum's 'unexpected delight' is that it's also an arts and crafts gallery, featuring impressive works from a dozen local artists. We bought some pottery, but could have come home with much more.

Have I mentioned it was a *hot* afternoon? Thankfully, the other business with an open door, recommended by the museum curator, was the ice cream shop. How often do Laurie and I buy ice cream cones? Never! But this was the day for ice cream, when you needed to give a fast-melting cone your full attention. Fortunately, Ryak was along to catch the drips from my cone, after he'd finished his own.



Jamie and Ryak

Ride With Me

by Donelda Way

As passenger I was able to watch the evening sky change: The sun was brilliant golden, filtering through the layers of cloud closest to us. At the horizon, elongated—almost coil shaped—cloud formations seemed to rise right out of the gray mountain tops. It appeared that the wind was pushing them toward the north.

“That teenager is riding a *little* motor bike”. A short distance further, at a farm entrance, a younger fellow was sitting waiting on an even smaller bike. A mile further it dawned on me: “maybe those were *dirt bikes*”.

At the Sundre Hospital, parking parallel to the sidewalk, I asked my granddaughter, “How close am I to the curb?” Her reply, “You are parked crooked. The back wheels are close enough”. The number of years I have been driving? The example I am setting?

Hwy 760 and Hwy 27: “I see a bungalow on the move. Which way is it going?” We managed to get into traffic heading *slowly* west. Vehicles inched forward, following the bungalow. Crossing the bridge, we viewed a group of fishermen near the sandbar to the north. Finished with our errand, we decided to eat lunch at Piro’s Restaurant. The owner said, “That house filled the street”. He indicated with his hands how the house was balanced on the trailer.

Hwy 760 has a new business: Wild Horse RV (Parts and Service) is now “open”.

“There is a buck in the trees. Look at those antlers”. The evening sunshine highlighted their elegance.

Heading east on Bergen Rd. we stopped on the hill to wait. The farm swather filled the bridge deck.

We took our friends from Calgary to tour the Fallen Timber Campground. The clear, swiftly flowing water was cold to our sandaled feet as we stepped along the wet river rocks. Sunlight filtering through the mature trees made a very inviting and pleasant setting for the gravelled RV and grassed tenting sites.

“That’s a *lot* of birds! We lost count of the number of *magpies* on the ground and in flight.

An eagle rose from hidden roadkill.

That low spot always forms a small lake. Two horses, deep in the water, were enjoying a tranquil evening drink.

On a trip to Red Deer: It happens in threes they say. First, the gas station pumps were empty. We didn’t go inside. Second, the gas station washroom sign advised, ‘A technician has been called. Sorry for the inconvenience.’ Third, the pet store we wanted was not open yet. It would be in five minutes.

We were pleased to patronize a nearby Tim Horton’s and purchase a muffin each.

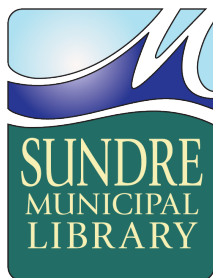
Riding along our entrance lane with the fellow who rents our pasture, we saw the brown bull on the north side of a barbwire fence. The black bull was on the south side of the same barbwire fence. My companion commented, “Bulls are pretty docile this time of year”. His calm comment eased my mind.

Loading and spreading manure: Each trip I would man the gates. My husband would scoop and load the manure into the spreader. Then I would perch on the inside wheel well for the ride to the field. As we passed by, the cows stayed relaxed, grazing and chewing cud. Their calves rested with their legs tucked under, or they clambered to get away from the big noisy machine. The field grasses were green, making it easy to follow the smooth, yellow tracks of where we had driven to spread the last load. In the rear view mirror, or by twisting my body to look through the back window, I could watch the blades spin, chop and spit the manure hunks out of the spreader, high, far and wide. I noticed when the tractor engine slowed. My husband explained “This section is really rough”. I braced my feet and hips while clinging to every available handle to keep my stability during this short jostling. Heading to the house I took note of the scents: overripe raspberries on the bushes, dog fur from petting him, carrots on the outside washing/drying racks and drifting forest fire smoke.

T-intersection: He watched the truck approaching from the east, signaling and beginning to turn north. The stopped truck began pulling out. “OH, OH! He hasn’t even noticed us”. An accident was avoided by seconds.

Stock trailers were everywhere. It’s the season for hauling herds home. One unit’s driver had his kinked elbow resting on the open window frame. Both he and the passenger had worn, semi-white or dirty cowboy hats on their heads.

LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING AT THE SUNDRE LIBRARY

**Sundre Library**

The library will be open:

Tuesday 9:00 – 5:00 PM

Wednesday 12:00 – 8:00 PM

Thursday 12:00 – 5:00 PM

Friday 12:00 – 5:00 PM

Saturday 11:00 – 3:00 PM

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

← **New Hours**

October is Canadian Library Month

Come in and get a **FREE** library membership
and participate in our Golden Ticket contest to win great prizes.

Halloween Extravaganza

Saturday, October 29, 3:00 – 5:00 PM

Carnival games & treats for 0-12 yrs/families.

FREE tickets at the library.

Into to Genealogy – Evening Session

Wednesday, October 12, 6:30 – 8:00 PM

Learn how to get started researching your roots.

Break the Fake: How to Tell What's True Online

Wednesday, October 26, 6:30 – 7:30 PM

Learn four quick, easy steps to spot misinformation.

Teen Takeover Games Night

Thursday, October 6, 6:30 – 8:30 PM

Games, food and fun for teens. **Free**

Bergen Hall Garage Sale

Vendors and shoppers at the September 24th Bergen Hall Garage Sale.



Part of the cleanup crew, including Colleen McKeon, left, Phyllis Cormac, centre, Shelley Ingeveld, rear.