

The Bergen News

Bringing Bergen Together

July 2020

Birds, Beasts and Botany in Bergen

by Bob Griebel

Common Butterwort (*pinguicula vulgaris*):

Most animals depend on plant life for their existence, whether they subsist on plants directly or consume other animals that live on plants. Occasionally the table gets turned however, and approximately 600 species of plants have evolved that ingest animals as part of their diet—the Venus Flytrap being probably the most widely known of these carnivorous plants. Last month, in a boggy area of our farm, we stumbled across a patch of Common Butterwort, a member of the *Pinguicula* insect-eating genus.

The Latin term *pinguicula* comes from *pinguis* meaning fat, and refers to the buttery (hence Butterwort), greasy feel and appearance of the leaves of this plant. The pale green leaves of the Butterwort form a rosette on the ground around the base of the floral stalk. Small, secretory glands on the surface of the butterwort leaves produce a mucilage, the wet appearance of which attracts insects looking for water. Once they land on the leaf's surface they are entrapped. By struggling to free themselves, the insects prompt the glands to secrete even more mucilage and the edges of the leaf infold, further entrapping the helpless victims. Digestion of the insect then begins. A second set of glands lying flat on the surface of the Butterwort's leaf begins to secrete a host of digestive enzymes including amylase and protease which help break down the carbohydrates and proteins in the insect's body into simple sugars and amino acids. The resulting slurry of nutrients is absorbed through tiny pores on the surface of the leaf, leaving behind the indigestible chitin of the insect's exoskeleton. Butterworts are not only carnivores but will utilize the plant protein found in pollen as well, if it serendipitously lands on the leaf. I find it quite amazing that these plants have evolved the same enzymes to aid digestion that can be found in the saliva and guts of we humans (and most other animals).



photo by Sandy Easterbrook

The nitrogen poor soils in which these plants grow necessitate their need for supplemental sources of nutrition. They grow in seeps and wetlands of the boreal forest and where the soil is alkaline. Apart from the Common Butterwort, there are two other species of *Pinguicula* in Alberta, the others (the California or Horned Butterwort and the Hairy Butterwort) being found in the far northeastern corner of the province. Butterwort is rare, and although not on the endangered list, people are advised not to pick the flowers or dig the plant up.

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Wildlife Treasure

photos and text by Karen Fahrlander

2020 was the year of the fox! I was fortunate to be able to visit five dens, from a distance, within Mountain View County. Often curious, the kits would come out of their dens for a closer look, which allowed me to take some photographs.



A Few Fox Facts:

A group of foxes is called a skulk or leash.

Foxes have whiskers on their legs and face, which help them to navigate.

Grey foxes can retract their claws like cats do.

A male is called a 'dog' fox while a female is called a 'vixen'.

Foxes are generally solitary animals; unlike wolves, they hunt on their own rather than in packs.

Foxes dig underground dens where they take care of their kits and hide from predators.

Fox's pupils are vertical, similar to cats, which helps them to see well at night.

The tip of a red fox's tail is white, whereas swift foxes have a black-tipped tail.

Foxes have excellent hearing. Red foxes can reportedly hear a watch ticking from 40 yards away.

Foxes stink. Their funny 'musky' smell comes from scent glands at the base of their tail.

Foxes use the earth's magnetic field. Like a guided missile, the fox harnesses the earth's magnetic field to hunt. Other animals, like birds, sharks, and turtles, have this "magnetic sense," but the fox is the first one we've discovered that uses it to catch prey. According to New Scientist, the fox can see the earth's magnetic field as a "ring of shadow" on its eyes



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Common Butterwort continued from page 1

Common Butterwort can be recognized by its dark purple blossom which appears in late June. A single flower blooms atop a tall, slender stalk, which keeps friendly insect pollinators as far away as possible from the flesh-eating basal leaves. The flowers have a long, slender nectar spur and the corolla tube itself has a very hairy opening. A fruit capsule develops after the flowers fade, filled with numerous seeds. As the plant does not depend on its root system for all its nutrients, the root is short and fibrous and serves to anchor the plant in the wet soil and to absorb moisture.

In order to prevent the “insect meat” from rotting while being digested, butterwort produces a rather powerful bactericidal compound. Europeans used this knowledge to apply butterwort leaves to wounds to prevent infections. Scandinavians used to add butterwort leaves to curdle milk and produce a buttermilk-like fermented drink the Norwegians called *tjukkmjølk*. I’d be interested to know if any of this butterwort lore crossed the ocean with the early Norwegians who settled in this area.

PROCRASTINATION

by Marilyn Halvorson

For want of a nail, the shoe was lost,
For want of a shoe the horse was lost,
For want of a horse the rider was lost,
For want of the rider the battle was lost,
For want of the battle the kingdom was lost,
And all for the want of a horseshoe nail.

And quite possibly the army farrier lost his job as well. (That last line was my own contribution.)

Google attributes this famous quote to Benjamin Franklin who was a pretty wise fellow—despite the fact he liked to fly his kite in thunderstorms.

The lesson here is, of course, obvious. If something needs taking care of, do it *now*. Don’t put it off until the situation gets completely out of control.

To see this advice coming from *me* is more than a little ironic. My philosophy is probably more along the line of “Never do today what you can put off until tomorrow.”

I have a friend who regularly berates me for procrastination. However, the fact that this person insists on almost always arriving twenty minutes or more early for any occasion—sometimes catching the host in the shower—kind of negates his arguments.

One kind of procrastination falls into the category of “saving the best till last.” I have done this more than once—acquired some exceedingly delicious item and saved the last few bites to enjoy later. Of course, what usually happens then is that several weeks later I discover some unidentifiable grey lump withering away in the fridge, waiting for me to dump it and fumigate its environs.

If a person is almost out of some important household item—need I refer you to this spring’s toilet paper crisis?—the thing to do is stock up immediately. Of course, sometimes miraculously, when one finally does go shopping the needed product has come on sale. But then again, it is always possible that the price has risen precipitously. Having said all this, I know I should now abandon my computer and go out and cut the grass before the next thundershower. But maybe the grass isn’t dry enough yet. Maybe I should wait a while. If it rains again before I get it cut, oh well, the grass isn’t going to wander off.

And, in the immortal words of Scarlett O’Hara, “Tomorrow is another day.”

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.

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.

EVERY DOG HAS ITS DAY

by Jessie



So much excitement these days that my tongue is hanging out hyper-extended! We have visitors back in the horse pasture. Some friends of my person brought their grandchildren for a week's camping in the woods. Wow! The minute I heard those excited little voices I was off and running. There were four or five of them, all ready to run and play, splash in the creek, and wallow in the mud. Wonderful! And that's not all. They brought a thing with them. It looked like a little bundle of hair but they said it was a dog. I gave it a sniff. Yep, it kind of smelled like a dog. I could play with this. Away we went, romping through the tall grass—as much as the little critter could romp without getting his feet tangled in the weeds. We played and played—until the hairball took a good look back over its shoulder and

noticed how big I was. Uh—oh! Panic attack! It started yiking and all the people rushed over to save it. I just stood there with a stunned look on my face wondering what its problem was. Then, of course, I was the one in trouble for hurting it—which I didn't! Finally, all was settled and we went back to having fun but, let me tell you, being the biggest dog on the block is no bed of T-bones!

Bergen Ladies Aid Report

by Phyllis Cormack

On June 24th, after missing three months due to Covid 19, we gathered at the Bergen Church for our meeting. This venue offered lots of space for the required physical distancing.

Olwyn Gale read scripture to open and nine members answered roll call using our prayer cards.

Betty Josephson read our February minutes and Maureen Worobetz gave us our financial report. Shelley Ingevelde had no good will visits.

We admired a wool quilt that had been tied in February. Leila Schwartzenberger has donated a baby quilt to our sale and Betty had knitted a sweater.

We have two stitched quilts completed, one wool, and two baby quilts. It was decided to tie one more wool quilt in preparation for a possible sale in November. We aren't sure if we'll be able to have our sale with uncertainty over Covid regulations.

A large quantity of fabric and sewing notions has been donated to our group. These donations are a big asset allowing us to give more money back into the community rather than spending it on materials.

Cemetery clean up on June 1st went very well. There were very few cones to rake up so the job was completed in good time with the ambitious group of approximately 24 people. The new gates were installed by Aaron Cunningham and Bronwen Bowhay. Lynn Whittle reported that discussion is still taking place regarding the road work to be done by the cemetery. There are concerns for the springs on the south side of the road.

We are planning on having a meeting in September and if all goes well, we will meet in Liz Cunningham's home. Olwyn will help with the lunch and Marilyn Halvorson is to read scripture.

We sang *What a Friend We Have in Jesus*, then enjoyed the lunch provided by Janet Cummins and Phyllis while catching up on three months of news.

Musings: Supply, Demand, Indifference

by Phyllis Cormack

Diets can be tricky challenges. In our family there are a few members who avoid various food groups or additives for various reasons. Some serious, or like in my case, because I just don't like some flavours. I'll eat it but it's not my favourite.

As we all know, the last few months have been a challenge when shopping, with many shelves in the stores showing the demand for certain things more than others. Week after week one can look for an item—say yeast—and come home without it. It's frustrating, as we may really need a particular ingredient and not be able to find it. No problem now that supply has caught up with demand. Fortunately, we live in a place where this happens very seldom and it isn't long before our desires are fulfilled.

As mentioned before, we have family members who are unable to eat things like dairy products and soy. Well, you have no idea how many “dairy free” or vegan food items contain soy! Our local grocery store carried a product called “Melt”. It is a butter replacement which is totally dairy and soy free. Yay! How good is that? Well, here today and gone tomorrow! It was on the shelf for about a month, give or take—then gone. I asked the fellow stocking the shelf why it was no longer available and he replied that some products are sent out once, then discontinued. Well thanks a lot! Same thing happened with a barbecue sauce. Now you see it now you don't. I found it in another store in Didsbury but I'm not driving that far for a bottle. I'm not sure if this cut off would be classed as indifference or just a period of testing to see how well new products are accepted.

This doesn't happen with just food items. A friend liked a particular shampoo. Well we all know how long it takes to use up a bottle of shampoo. By the time she needed more it was not to be found.

Then there's the trick of companies making a product that used to work well—i.e. stain spray—then changing the ingredients and it doesn't work nearly as well. Some will say you shouldn't use it anyway as it isn't environmentally friendly. Perhaps that's why they make it so it doesn't work. But people stop using it.

You can please some of the people some of the time

Right now I'm not pleased and I think I'll visit our local friendly store owner and see what he has to say.

Hey! Perhaps we could buy it online!

Enjoy your summer—I think it's coming!

Gatorade to the rescue

by Janet Cummins

Recently, while camping west of Nordegg, I decided to make a salad for our supper instead of the spaghetti I had originally planned. It was 30 degrees and we didn't feel much like cooking or eating pasta. Lovely Bergen lettuce and other salad ingredients resided in my trailer fridge but I had forgotten to pack any type of salad dressing. No balsamic vinegar, no lemon juice, what to do, what to do. Standing in front of the fridge with the door open I came up with a recipe which sounds a bit weird but was actually quite acceptable.

Shake together:

- 1 Tbsp vegetable oil
- 2 Tbsp lemon/lime Gatorade
- 1 Tbsp dill pickle juice
- 1 tsp dijon mustard
- salt and pepper to taste

This was plenty for a generous tossed salad for two people.

Why did we have Gatorade you ask? Golfing in the heat requires lots of hydration. Pickles and mustard? No camping trip is complete without a hotdog roast!

The Pandemic Haircut

by Noreen Olson

I had my hair cut on Feb 14th. I can only go five or six weeks between shearings, or I look and feel like a Sasquatch. So when we began isolation on Mar 21st I was already due for an appointment. To further complicate the situation I have been getting my haircuts in the shop at Chinook Winds Lodge and they were really in shutdown. "I guess I can manage a couple more weeks," I thought, "until this blows over." Well, of course, it didn't blow over and as the weeks went by my hair problem became less and less manageable. Not long enough for a ponytail but long and thick enough that it fell over my forehead, into my eyes and hearing aids and over my collar. It was difficult to wash, I felt like I was smothering under a woolen tuque, and when I looked into the mirror in the morning, Tim Conway in his 'World's Oldest Man' character, stiff white hair all on end, looked back.

I know at least three perfectly sensible, very nice women, who wear their hair about half an inch long. Twice I got out our hair cutting tools and read the instructions for using the guard on the clippers and giving myself a brush cut. Each time I chickened out and returned the kit to the closet. What about when it grew back and went through the stage where it stood straight up like a porcupine? Could I live with that? I thought not. So I soaked it down, brushed it back into an increasingly horrible ducktail, complained and groaned a lot.

By the first of May I was downright desperate. Our daughter and her children had been coming out often, working outside, having lunch and a visit on the deck. Anna, at 16, is about as quick and bright as a teenager can get. She paints, is in the school play, writes, reads prodigiously, gets sports awards, dances, plays several instruments. "I can cut it for you Grandma." I laughed, but at the same time I wondered if maybe she could. She is a multi talented kid and has supreme confidence in her own ability. What the heck. I've outgrown some awful haircuts in my day—witness the time I came home looking like the warden of a Women's Prison— and Grandmas are pretty tolerant of favourite granddaughters.

So I got out the hair cutting kit, donned the black plastic cape, showed her the instruction book, (which she ignored), took off my glasses and awaited my fate. Anna slipped into her beautician persona and began snipping at random. "So, Mrs Olson," she said in her most professional tone, "what did you have in mind today? Just the usual trim, or shall we try for something a bit more cutting edge?" "Just a bit of a trim," I said hopefully, but Anna is an artist and nothing stifles her creativity. Catching long locks of white hair in her left hand she snipped randomly with her right and heaps of hair began to accumulate on the floor. "Sweetheart," I said, a couple of times, "at least try to get both sides even." "No problem dear," she replied, still in her professional hairdresser voice. "So tell me, what's the latest gossip in the neighbourhood?"

In a few days the semi-bald spot over my right ear had grown in a bit, so that was an improvement. The half inch long tuft in front that stood straight up, was disguised by brushing it in with the surrounding not quite so short bits and I cut off the protruding part behind my left ear by myself. Yesterday I finally had a haircut by a real hairdresser and she said Anna had done very well and maybe should think of a career in cosmetology!! Meanwhile Anna put the guard on the clippers and gave herself the cut I was considering for me. On her it's pretty cute.



Babysitter Courses

Monthly Classes for Ages 11 and Older

Canadian Red Cross

For Monthly Dates and to register phone 403 636-0209

Dawna Warren E.M.R / Director / Instructor

Comfort Food Recipes

If you have a favourite that you would like to share with Bergen News readers, send it along to ljsyer@telus.net
Thanks and enjoy.

This recipe comes to you from me (Terry) via Claudia (violinist) whom I met at the Bergen Market during Strings and Keys some years ago. I make it every year when the tomatoes and basil are plentiful. That time is here now!

BAKED TOMATOES WITH ORZO AND PESTO

1/4 cup orzo (cooked)

2 tablespoons basil pesto

1 cup + of your favourite cheeses (use at least one stronger cheese like parmesan or asiago)

A bit of fresh parsley to top

4 medium tomatoes

Slice tomatoes in half and carefully scoop out the insides.

Chop the flesh, and drain well—squeezing with your hands works best!

Add to the other stuffing ingredients and a tsp of black pepper.

Fill the tomato shells and top with chopped parsley.

Bake in a pie plate at 450°F for about 30 minutes until bubbly and golden brown. Watch after 20 minutes!

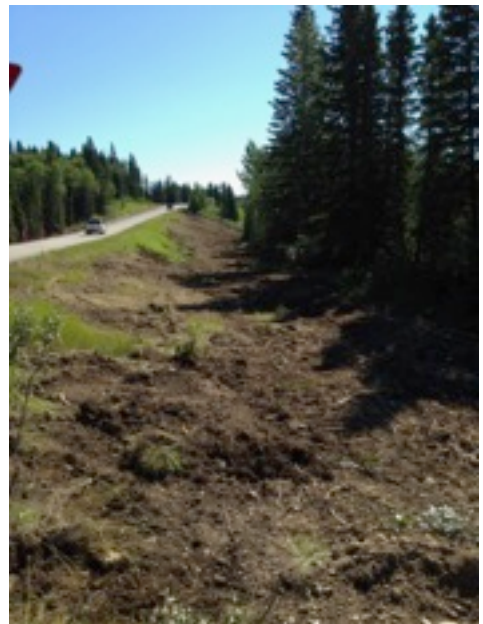
Bergen Road Construction

by Laurie Syer

I have heard many people commenting with dismay on the devastation to trees and other plant life along the Bergen Road as work progresses on the road upgrade. You have probably heard the phrase, 'creative disruption'. I think road work might be accurately described as creative destruction.

We have been in touch with the County project coordinator, and he assures us that the destruction part of the work is now complete. The finished project will deliver a better access road to Davidson Park. The park will be restored with native tree and shrub species, and the trail will be reestablished.

It's hard to see our favourite landscapes brutalized, but Bergen is very good at growing trees and in a short time we will probably have forgotten how awful it looks now. And we will probably appreciate the new road.



Bergen Church News

by Phyllis Cormack

The Bergen Church is located on the Bergen Road one mile west of the Highway 760 intersection. Pastor Rob Holland and family are taking a well deserved break. For Sunday morning services please go to our website <http://bergenmissionarychurch.ca/> then click on the Facebook page where alternative services will be listed.

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.

Our prayer chain is still operating so if you have prayer needs please call or email Leila Schwartzenberger at 403-638-4175 or leila@processworks.ca

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

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



The Bergen Farmers' Market

***The Market runs every Saturday through September 12 at the Bergen Hall
10:00 a.m. – 1:00 p.m.***

Vulnerable customers may shop from 9:45 – 10:00

The market looks and feels a little different from previous years as we adhere to physical distancing regulations. But the determination of the vendors to be friendly and helpful remains the same. We look forward to seeing you again this season.

There is also online shopping for those who prefer to order and pay in advance, for fast pickup.

Go to www.localline.ca/bergen-farmers-market

For up to date information check our website www.thebergenmarket.ca or on Facebook.

Just Ducky

by Sandy Easterbrook

Having raised chickens for 15 years, I figure I understand them pretty well. Think dinosaurs, shrink the beasts and add feathers (although scientists now think some dinosaurs may have been feathered too). Chickens are rapacious predators. Grain may be their main diet, but they are quick to pounce on any bug, mouse or even baby duckling that comes their way. They will also attack strange chickens—my newbies go into a cage in the coop for several days to get introduced. This is because *Obey The Pecking Order* is their one rule of law. You start at the bottom of the ladder—or roost, actually—and work your way to the top. Or not.

I've been keeping ducks for as long as chickens, but they are way more unpredictable. For example, several of my Muscovies like to play musical beds. Some nights they opt to sleep in the duck house beside the chicken coop; other nights they move to the south duck house. There may be a reason attached. Does a male decide that a particular female needs inseminating? Does a female go back to her birthplace to lay her eggs? Does one duck miss a certain friend? It definitely makes you think that humans aren't the only species with the ability to make decisions.

Setting ducks are especially unpredictable. I've had a first timer abandon her eggs to sit with her mom on *her* nest. When the babies hatched, both adults cared for them like their own. Two moms...I've seen kids' books about that. I've also had pairs of unrelated ducks lay their eggs in the same nest box and both try to hatch them, one adult piled on top of the other. Once the babies do hatch, they often abandon their mom(s) to follow mothers with slightly older ducklings. How's that for gratitude?? I suspect that when we see a Canada goose with a flotilla of babies, the same thing has happened.

One of the strangest relationships I've seen is the "love affair" between Clovis and Big Ben. Clovis—originally named Chloe by a young visitor to the farm—used to be a normal mallard-type male, busily chasing mallard-type females around the yard. Big Ben, a hulking brown Muscovy, was born a year or two later. This summer, Clovis has taken to following him everywhere. Whatever Ben does, Clovis is right behind—to the point of mating with Muscovies instead of mallards. I haven't yet seen any fruits of his labour but, though Muscovies are in a different sub-family from normal ducks, offspring are possible. In fact, they are known as "mules" or "moulards" because, like the progeny of male donkeys and female horses, they are infertile.

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Birds You May Have Seen

Laurie Syer

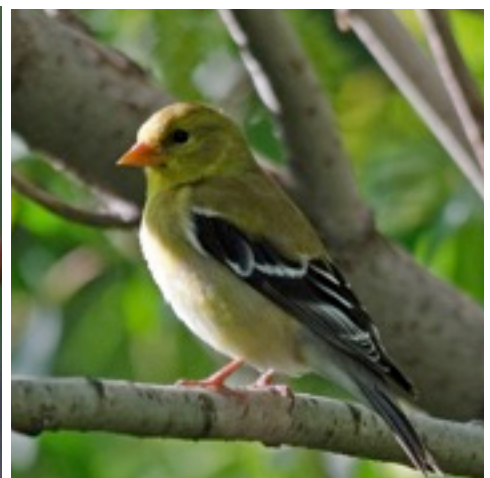
The front page of the May edition of the Bergen News is still generating feedback from the bird lovers amongst our readers. I have received two pictures of female American Goldfinches to use as comparisons with Peter Kleinloog's unidentified bird. So it looks to me like Peter's bird must be a Western Tanager. Any disagreements?



Peter Kleinloog's mystery bird from the May Bergen News.



Female American Goldfinch photo by Kathleen Lindsay



Female American Goldfinch photo by Susan Maitland

Wildlife Treasure continued from page 2

that darkens as it heads towards magnetic north. When the shadow and the sound the prey is making line up, it's time to pounce. Check out YouTube for videos of a fox in action.

Foxes are good parents. They reproduce once a year. Litters range from one to 11 pups (the average is six), which are born blind and don't open their eyes until nine days after birth. During that time, they stay with the vixen (female) in the den while the dog (male) brings them food. They live with their parents until they're seven months old. Vixens have been known to go to great lengths to protect their pups. Once, in England, a fox pup was caught in a wire trap for two weeks but survived because its mother brought it food every day.

Information from mentalfloss.com by Joy Lanzendorfer and earthrangers.com

Red foxes help to control populations of rodents such as voles and mice. They also help disperse seeds by eating fruit.

Coexisting With Foxes from torontowildlifecentre.com

Limiting human food sources is the best way to prevent conflicts with wildlife. Here are a few guidelines:

- Do not put out food for foxes

- Keep waste in secure bins or store bins in a secure building or container.

- Do not put waste bins out until morning of pick-up

- Make sure outdoor compost containers are wildlife-proof

- Remove fallen fruit from trees and scattered bird seed from feeders. These foods attract rodents which, in turn, attract foxes.

- Keep pet food inside, and do not leave small pets outdoors unattended

Foxes are an important species in our shared ecosystems. By understanding their normal habits and behaviors, we can learn to coexist peacefully and even develop a deeper appreciation for our wild neighbors.

If you ever find an orphan fox, here's what to do:

Contact Medicine River Wildlife Centre. They will re-home the orphan with another fox family. Foxes can't count, so the mother raises the orphan as her own! Isn't nature amazing?

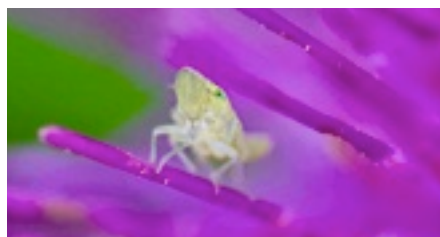
Insects, by Sally Banks



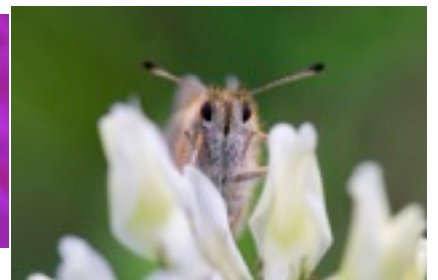
Meadow Plant Bug



Someone likes to eat thistles!



Spittlebug



Skipper

Ride With Me

by Donelda Way

While waiting outside the Sundre Hospital I saw, in the rear view mirror, a bright yellow banner with purple lettering that read, "HEROES WORK HERE". It was stretched out above the windows just outside the main entrance.

The electronic signs states *Construction on Bergen Road between Hwy 22 and Rge Rd 53B*. Stakes have been placed in ditches. Equipment has removed dirt along the road. Pylons have been placed to indicate the sharp shoulder drop offs. Red tape indicates where deep holes have been dug in various locations along the roadway.

Our drive toward Bearberry Greenhouse was a tiring adventure. To explain: we started out on the wrong road, took a couple of wrong turns and had to backtrack. "Oh look! Can you see from the back seat? This is a thrilling view." It was a Bald Eagle lifting off a roadkill animal. It rose in full-winged flight giving the three of us a clear view of the white head, dark body and white tail. Ever so beautiful!

On my way to town I drove through off and on rainfall. Two women were walking along the road. One was pushing a stroller. They said lived close by so didn't accept the offer of a ride. I hoped they made it to their destination before the rain started again.

I watched the herd of cows and calves run with determination toward the eastern edge of the field. I do not know what spooked them.

There is a playground near the Sundre Thrift Store. As I passed it one day, a child on the swing was really high in the air.

I was waiting in the vehicle in Sundre, listening, watching and feeling. I heard a fire truck siren, the rattle of an empty logging trailer, a motorcycle revving, a loaded lumber truck shifting gears as it started forward from the traffic lights. I watched a young man lean against the wall, become engrossed with his phone until someone opened a door and waved to get his attention. I felt a gentle breeze sifting through the open windows. The longer I waited, the more shade I had from the building which shielded me from the heat and brightness of the sun.

The electronic sign at the Sundre traffic lights read, *Congratulations to the SHS Class of 2020* and included the names and photos of the graduating class.

The car in front of us slowed almost to a stop and then continued on its way. Soon, we slowed almost to a stop also, to see a lone grouse posing like a statue on the edge of the road.

My husband had an appointment at a medical facility in Calgary. The receptionist explained, "You can't accompany him. Go wait in the car. Covid restrictions." I entertained myself with a word search book for a few minutes. A young person distracted me by turning on his radio—Spanish music maybe, at a fairly loud volume. Then a child started to scream in frustration from a distant vehicle. A dog chose to add to this racket by barking from another parked vehicle. As a vehicle pulled in beside me the female driver waved in greeting. A young couple stopped, asking each other, "Where is our car?" Tired of sitting and waiting I chose to get out and slowly walk back and forth for a short distance. During my walking another lady and her small, friendly dog invited me to wander with them around and around the parkade.

Household Tip

from Ev

My coffee filter experiment....I was running out of coffee filters and they seemed to be as hard to find as some other paper products for a period of time. They are back on the shelf now but when I was getting short I found that you can easily re-use the same filter for at least six times by dumping the grounds out and at least partially drying out the old filter. I have used one up to 10 times but that is pushing your luck.

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

Gathering Roses: a Glenbow Tale

by Shari Peyerl

Summer brings a bounty of blooms, and here in Bergen the wild roses brighten meadows and roadsides. One particular nursery rhyme about roses reminds me of a little girl born at Glenbow:

Little girl, little girl, where have you been?

Gathering roses to give to the queen.

Little girl, little girl, what gave she you?

She gave me a diamond as big as my shoe.

Constance Blytha Copeman Pearkes didn't exactly receive a giant diamond, but she did end up with a pretty posh house.

In 1900, William and Edith Copeman left their comfortable lives in England for the adventure of homesteading in Alberta. They purchased Waverley Ranch (in what is today Glenbow Ranch Provincial Park). Waverley grew as William acquired 500 cattle, plus work and range horses, and a few chickens and pigs.

The family also expanded, with the birth of John in 1900 and the exciting arrival of Blytha two years later. On that fateful March day, while William was fetching the doctor from Calgary, a blizzard blew in. The men lost the trail and arrived too late. Fortunately, Nurse Moodie (the subject of a previous article) assisted Edith and welcomed Blytha. Blytha spent the first four years of her life at Waverley, and perhaps her love of gardening was inspired by the wildflowers of her prairie home. A few years later another baby boy joined the family, but his fate was not so rosy. Poor little Humphry lived just one week and is the only known burial in the park. Shortly after his death, the Copemans sold Waverley and moved to British Columbia, where William became a real estate agent.

In 1914, the family booked passage on the *Empress of Ireland* to begin an extended stay in England. However, Edith decided they must visit New York *en route* and the tickets were changed—a fortunate decision, since the *Empress* never reached its destination. In dense fog, it collided with another ship near the mouth of the St. Lawrence River and sank in only 14 minutes; 1012 lives were lost in the largest peacetime maritime disaster in Canada.

When Blytha grew up, she fell in love with a soldier, George Pearkes, who was visiting her home city of Victoria, B.C. He had fought bravely during WWI and among his awards was the Victoria Cross (VC), the Commonwealth's highest honour for valour. Nine days after George and Blytha met, they became engaged;



George Randolph Pearkes and Constance Blytha Copeman at the time of their engagement 1924. Photo courtesy of Special Collections and University Archives, University of Victoria Libraries.

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We're open!

But with a few changes....

Adult Reading Challenges

This summer we're offering 6 different challenges geared specifically to adults. Challenges can be found in library or online. Try your hand at our movie trivia, write fantastic one liners in our Budding Writer challenge, or check out a book from one of our summer displays.

Each activity earns an entry in our monthly and grand prize draws. Challenges run from June 29 – August 28, 2020.

Watch our website and Facebook page for information on our Summer Blast Family Activities
happening throughout the summer

For information or to register visit our website:

www.sundre.prl.ab.ca

or call us:

403-638-4000

Temporary Open Hours

Sunday Closed

Monday 1:00PM – 4:00 PM (July 6 to August 31)

Tuesday 12:00 PM - 4:00 PM

Wednesday 12:00 PM - 4:00 PM

Thursday 1:00 PM - 4:00 PM

Friday 1:00 PM - 4:00 PM

Saturday Closed

Closed on Civic Holiday August 03, 2020

Check our website for information about new procedures we've put in place to keep patrons and staff safe.



Our summer reading club is ready to take your child on an adventure!

Based around weekly themes, participants will receive a take-home activity kit which includes crafts, games, challenges, and books. You'll have everything you need (instructions and materials) for a week's worth of fun and learning and connections to themed Zoom programs where we'll share some stories, play interactive games and show off creations.

Visit our website or call the library to register your child for the weeks you wish to participate.

Check out these other great summer programs...

Children's Summer Reading Program

Otis the Owl Story Walk

Teen Cell Phone Scavenger Hunt

Summer Blast Family Activities August 5 (Medicine River Wildlife Center) & Aug 20 (Kite Extravaganza)

Gathering Roses continued from page 12

George then returned to his military base in Winnipeg and for the next year he wrote a letter to Blytha every day. They married upon his return in 1925, and they eventually had two children. Life was not always a bed of roses, however: their little girl contracted an infection in infancy that resulted in her death at the tender age of seven.

As George's military career progressed, the family moved around Canada, and spent several periods in England. George and Blytha socialized with military and political personages, and at a reception for VC recipients, they met the Prince of Wales (who after his abdication became the Duke of Windsor). A few years later, they were invited to Clarence House (where today's Prince of Wales lives) and met the Duke of Connaught, and his daughter—Princess Patricia. Then, in 1937, as in the nursery rhyme, Blytha met the Queen; she was formally presented at court (sponsored by Mrs. Vincent Massey), and made her curtsy to the newly-crowned King George VI and Queen Elizabeth (later the Queen Mother). After the Pearkes family returned to Canada, Blytha's royal experiences came in handy: in preparation for the King and Queen's 1939 Canadian tour, she tutored the uninitiated and anxious military elite in curtsy protocol.

With the onset of WWII, the Pearkes family returned to England, where George was made Corps Commander of the Canadian divisions and rose to the rank of Major-General. Blytha's role as his wife required a great deal of entertaining, for high society and military cadets alike; and, although she often had hired-help in her home, she pitched in with the cooking when needed. In addition, she conducted assorted "war work," such as knitting clothes for soldiers and serving in military canteens. She was also a dedicated and determined mother, regularly cycling 22 miles to watch her son's school cricket matches. In 1942, George's reassignment to become head of the Pacific Command of the Canadian Army, brought the family back to Canada and, due to gasoline rationing, practical Blytha again cycled where she needed to go.

After the war, the Pearkes couple entered a new phase of life. George retired from the army and became a Conservative Member of Parliament, eventually serving as Minister of National Defence from 1957 to 1960.

Subsequently, George was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia—the provincial *viceroi* (representative of the Crown). Therefore, Blytha officially became the viceroy's consort. For the next eight years, Blytha and George lived in Government House in Victoria, surrounded by beautiful gardens. While there, they welcomed many visitors, including the Queen Mother. The queen Blytha had gone to meet now became her houseguest.

In 1968, the University of Victoria awarded Constance Blytha Pearkes an Honorary Doctorate of Law for her public service. She was recognized for "achieving distinction" in two realms. Firstly, she had used her "abilities and powers of leadership" to serve a wide variety of causes concerned with helping the sick and those in need. Secondly, when designated chatelaine of Government House upon her husband's appointment as Lieutenant-Governor, she rose to the challenge, "[welcoming] with equal ease Canadians from all walks of life and visiting heads of state." In a time when women's accomplishments were regularly over-shadowed by those of their husbands, Blytha's abilities were formally acknowledged.

At the end of George's term, he and Blytha settled back into their private Saanich home, now on the heritage register, where they "were known as avid gardeners."



Just Ducky continued from page 9

And then there is Chumley. Chumley belongs to a breed called Khaki Campbell and was incubator-hatched by a couple in Red Deer. She lived out her youth as a city girl. I was shown iPhone pictures of her swimming in the bathtub, being dried with a blow-dryer, and sleeping beside her mistress on a white duvet. Eventually the couple decided that Chumley needed a boyfriend. They saw my “ducks for sale” ad on Kijiji and bought a handsome mallard named Buddy. Two weeks later I got a phone call. Chumley and Buddy needed more space. Would I consider taking back Buddy and adopting Chumley as well? Free of charge, of course. The only catch was that the couple be allowed to visit Chum every couple of weeks.

Chumley seemed shell-shocked and lonely



Clovis and Big Ben

during her first summer here, observing more than participating, but she’s now acting more like a duck. She ignores her former owners who continue to visit (sigh!) She’s a prolific egg layer.

She has built a fine nest in the long grass outside the coop, laid a dozen eggs, and faithfully sits on them during the day. There’s only one problem: she’s afraid of being alone in the dark! When I shut in the birds at dusk, she remains on the nest. An hour later, she is frantically quacking to be let into the coop. I’m afraid her Red Deer parents are never going to be Grandma and Grandpa.

In case you want to argue for the merits of chickens over ducks, think of the expressions related to each animal. Who likes to be called chicken? What husband wants to be hen-pecked? When things are going well, on the other hand, life is just ducky. Everything slips into place; all our ducks are in a row. Rubber duckies (they’re actually plastic) have warm, fuzzy connotations: babies in bathtubs, Ernie the Muppet, races for charity. Rubber chickens are a joke item, usually conjuring up nooses, cleavers or mallets. It’s our repressed dislike of the bird emerging. Granted, chickens improve after a trip to the barbecue or oven. But Peking Duck tastes even better. “Lord love a

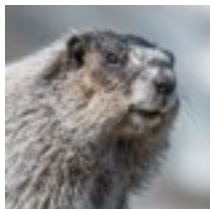
duck,” an old auntie of mine used to exclaim. And I’m sure the Lord loves them as much as I do.



Big Ben and family



Chumey on her nest.



From My Office Window

by Brian and Kim Allan

Wild flowers everywhere! The pastures, the ditches, the swamps, the fields are alive with color (and butterflies)

