

Birds, Beasts and Botany in Bergen

by Bob Griebel

Killdeer (*charadrius vociferous*)

I can still recall my first encounter with *charadrius vociferous*. As a preschooler in our berry patch I spied and gave chase to a shrill-crying bird that seemed to have a broken wing. I wanted to take it home to my mother, but every time I closed in on the wounded creature, it managed to run a bit further ahead. To my astonishment it eventually flew off—the broken wing being not so broken after all. My older brother later showed me the bird's eggs lying in a cluster on the ground near where I first encountered the “wounded” bird, and I returned daily, each time watching the poor bird undergo its feigning behaviour in an attempt to lure me away from its nest.

Of the six different plover species found in Alberta, the killdeer is probably the most common and readily identified. While the piping plover and semi-palmated plover both have single black breast bands, the killdeer is the only plover with double black bands across the chest. Apart from these two black bands, the bird has a uniformly white breast and belly. The back and wings are brown while the rump has a distinctly orangish tinge. A white eyebrow, a red eye ring and a small, thin, black bill provide other identifying features.

The killdeer is found only in the Americas, with a breeding range across Canada and the United States. It is a permanent resident in the southern states, but migrates from the northern end of its range to Mexico, Central America, the West Indies, Colombia and Ecuador. Like other plovers, the killdeer favours rocky beaches and wetlands, especially those with short vegetation, cattle (which keep the vegetation short) and standing water. The bird characteristically forages by running in short spurts, then suddenly stopping, looking about to see if it has roused any of the insects upon which it feeds. The bird's dietary mainstay is flies and beetles, but it also dines on worms, snails, spiders and dead minnows. Seeds form a small portion of the diet.



photo credit: Wikipedia Commons

A mating pair of killdeer pick out a nesting site using a ritual known as a “scrape ceremony”. The male will scrape out a shallow depression with his feet; the female will then approach and sit in the depression while the male stands aside with his tail raised while emitting a series of rapid trills. When a final nesting site is selected, the birds mate and a clutch of four to six heavily speckled beige eggs are deposited in the unlined, shallow depression. After egg laying

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Wildlife Treasure

photos and text by Karen Fahrlander

During the past few years, I have become an avid birder and wildlife advocate. I am also dedicated to protecting species of both birds and wildlife that we are so fortunate to have in Alberta. When I leave the house, I always have my camera with me. If my destination is Sundre I often take a circuitous route which may mean traveling to Water Valley, Fallen Timber, Elkton, Bergen and then finally Sundre! Or, if I need to travel to Olds, the Bergen Road never disappoints. Bearberry is also a favourite. Roadside ponds yield many treasures such as the elusive Sora or the opportunity to photograph baby birds. One day I saw five moose on the same road! I call these trips my treasure hunts. I never know what treasure awaits!

I will be contributing bird and wildlife information and my photographs to the Bergen News to create awareness of and appreciation for all living creatures.

The information below is from allaboutbirds.org—my go-to site for bird information. If you search a bird's name, there are audio recordings so you can hear what the bird sounds like.

The Sandhill Crane's call is a loud, rolling, trumpeting sound whose unique tone is a product of anatomy: Sandhill Cranes have long tracheas (windpipes) that coil into the sternum and help the sound develop a lower pitch and the harmonics that add richness.

Sandhill Cranes are known for their dancing skills. Courting cranes stretch their wings,



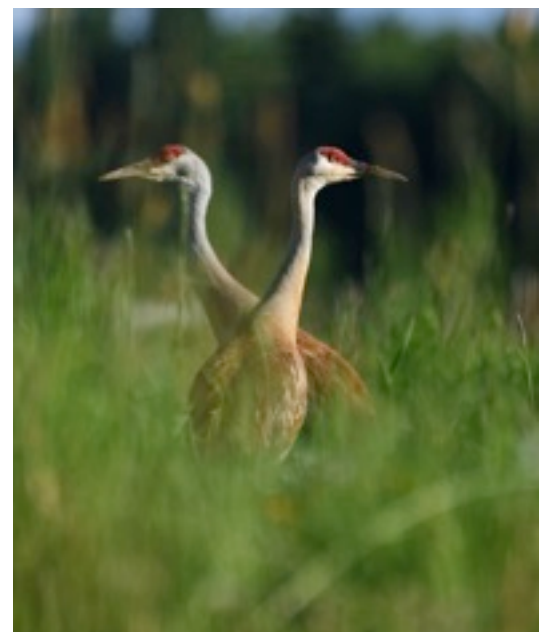
Courtship Dance

pump their heads, bow, and leap into the air in a graceful and energetic dance.

The elegance of cranes has inspired people in cultures all over the world—including the great scientist, conservationist, and nature writer Aldo Leopold, who wrote of their “nobility, won in the march of aeons.”



Adult Sandhill Crane with youngster called a colt



Mated Pair

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Killdeer continued from page 1

begins, the birds often add small sticks, pebbles, bits of shell and other light-coloured trash to the nest. The reason for this rather odd behavior is unclear. Both male and female birds take turns sitting on the eggs over the 28 day incubation period, with the male typically doing the night time shift. Over 50% of the eggs are usually lost to predation by gulls, crows and other egg-eaters. The young are born with feathers and are able to walk about with their parents as soon as their down dries after hatching.

The killdeer has adapted relatively well to man's modification of the landscape. Golf courses, fields, cemeteries, flat gravel rooftops and abandoned industrial sites are used for nesting, as well as rocky beaches. This adaption has allowed the bird to remain a species of least concern in terms of its survival, with approximately a million of the birds still extant. Hopefully you'll have the pleasure of encountering and observing a nesting pair this summer.

COLOURFUL LANGUAGE—OR NOT

by Marilyn Halvorson

I have been so busy trying to catch up with my yard and garden work this spring that my inside jobs have received "just a lick and a promise." How long has it been since you've heard that phrase used to describe a hasty patchwork effort to keep something going until time allows for a proper job? I wonder where that saying came from. Sounds like it might have to do with a cat's bath.

Another old-timer says that something is "as right as rain." Hmm. Just at the moment that one might not be too popular—but then again, no rain certainly wouldn't do either.

A late dear friend of mine, Welsh by birth, had some wonderful sayings. One of my favourites she used to describe any extremely lackluster individual. He or she was "a wet week looking for a dry Sunday".

"Oh, my Sainted Aunt!" might be uttered by a proper Victorian lady in a moment of great shock.

"Oh, Forever More!" came from a lady of my acquaintance a few years ago. I believe she was born in Missouri so maybe it was a southern colloquialism.

Cats inspire many fine expressions. An event that "sets the cat among the pigeons" needs no further explanation. Nor is it hard to picture a person who is "as nervous as a long-tailed cat in a room full of rocking chairs".

It was probably thirty years ago that I learned this next descriptive phrase from a fellow teacher. It was best applied to some official whose main purpose was to spout useless directives. "He doesn't know his (word substituted in the interest of family programming) " 'behind' from Page Four".

I'll bet, all these years later, that official is still giving useless directives.

Well, by now you've likely figured out that I'm "older than dirt". We used to say "old as the hills" but we must try to keep up with modern times.

But one truly annoying feature of much modern speech is the total shortage of vocabulary. Rather than come up with a colourful phrase to describe anything, too many people, many of whom should know better, rely on the old-standby four-letter friend-getter which they try to force into representing entirely incorrect parts of speech.

My suggestion is this: Unless you want people to think that you're "dumber than a sack of hammers" or that "your haystack is short a bale", try to come up with a more interesting way to express yourself.



EVERY DOG HAS ITS DAY

by Jessie



Wowzers! Did I ever hear some interesting news! My pal, Jasper, who lives down the road, is getting his very own puppy! What fun that will be! I'm a little jealous. All I ever get is cats of my own—not that I don't enjoy the cuddly and scratchy little fur balls. It does occur to me that if my person would have just let Nature take its course instead of sending me to the vet last year, I could have produced my *own* puppy—or nine or ten of them. And for free, too.

I love my person but sometimes I'm not sure if she's really very bright.



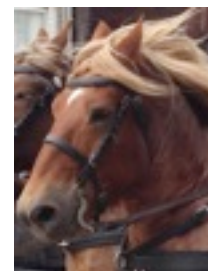
HAPPY 90TH BIRTHDAY!

TO TEX WOROBEZ

JUNE 25TH, 2020

WITH LOVE

FROM YOUR WIFE, MAUREEN AND YOUR FAMILY, NEIGHBOURS AND FRIENDS



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.

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.

Musings: The End and The Beginning

by Phyllis Cormack

It's June already. By the time you read this we will be at the end of the month and half way through the year, 2020.

The school year ended almost two weeks ago much to the relief of most students, and I would assume, teachers too. This was not the smoothest year to navigate in either position. I remember always being glad when I didn't have to ride the bus anymore. Two full months of freedom! As you can see, school was not my favourite pastime. Hindsight is "2020" and now I can see the importance of sitting in the classroom and learning as much as possible while you have the chance. Once school days come to an end, it's a whole new ballgame, so to speak. A new beginning. Out on your own. With that comes the realization that maybe school wasn't so bad after all. I try to encourage my grandkids to keep their noses to the grindstone. Don't want to be remembered as a nagging grandma either!

We've come through a trying time of challenges and disappointments for many. Income has been terminated with job losses, and businesses shut down may not open again. Not a bright future for sure. One hopes that those left jobless will find a new start and be able to carry on their lives with a renewed sense of worth.

As many COVID 19 restrictions come to an end, or at least are lessened, we experience a sense of freedom as we venture out, coming into contact with people we haven't seen for a couple of months. A new beginning as it were, getting accustomed to the new regulations and really hoping that all this fades quickly, leaving us with life as close to the old normal as possible. If we listen to the media, chances of our old normal returning are slim to none. But should we believe everything we hear or read?

I, for one, am hoping for the best. This may have been a wake-up call to let us know that we are not the ones in complete control. It's comforting to know that we don't have that responsibility.

May our focus be on the positive and our actions show care and concern for those struggling to overcome the hardship they've endured. Wishing you all the best.



The Bergen Farmers' Market Opened For the Season on June 27th

With 14 full time vendors.

The Market will run every Saturday at the Bergen Hall

10:00 a.m. – 1:00 p.m.

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

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

There will also be online shopping for those who prefer to order in advance for fast pickups.

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

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

GUEST COLUMNIST MARIGOLD MULCH

by Noreen Olson

This month's guest columnist is once again, garden guru, horticulturist and conservationist, Marigold Mulch. Miss Mulch has graciously consented to answer some questions of general interest that have been submitted by our faithful readers and fellow gardeners. Miss Mulch does not take responsibility for any disappointments or disasters that may befall persons following her advice because we all know that gardening this close to the mountains, with our cold nights, about 15 frost free days and the ever present threat of hail, hurricane force wind and possible snow, is already a crap shoot.

Some of the letters may have been edited for clarity.

Dear Miss Mulch: I dislike using chemicals in my vegetable garden. Can you recommend an organic method for keeping slugs out of my lettuce? Salad Lover

Dear Salad Lover,

If you begin now to save all your egg shells, by next summer you will have enough egg shells to crush them up and make a shield around your lettuce patch. Slugs do not care to cross the sharp shells as the shells puncture their wretched, slimy, disgusting bodies. Miss Mulch recommends that you make the shell shield yourself as Miss M. once asked a normally intelligent child to do this, and while egg shell in one's salad is admittedly nicer than slug, it is still not altogether wonderful. MM

Dear Miss Mulch: I have a friend who is under the impression that because we live on a farm we have unlimited space and are willing to grow absolutely anything. She keeps bringing me stuff that I really don't want and the latest is a box full of gout weed. How do I discourage her and what shall I do with the goutweed? Frustrated.

Dear Frustrated,

While Miss Mulch would normally eschew any type of violence, every situation has its breaking point and in the case of caragana, cat mint, flax and especially gout weed, any method that will discourage your friend is acceptable. Do you value her friendship above your sanity? Meanwhile spray the entire box with ROUNDUP, then after 10 days spread the contents of the box on an old sheet in your garage. Leave them there until they are dry enough to burn and then incinerate sheet and all. MM

Dear Miss Mulch: The thumb and thumbnail on my sister-in-law's right hand is permanently stained and cracked. She says it's from gardening. Do you think it is safe for her to prepare food? Is this condition contagious? Concerned.

Dear Concerned,

Your sister-in-law's condition is caused by deadheading and it is not contagious. It is safe for her to prepare food but she probably does not have time to do so anyway, so don't worry about it. Why don't you take her a sandwich occasionally? MM

Miss Mulch regrets that she cannot answer any more questions today because she has left her office window open and can hear some hanging plants making choking sounds, so she has to go and water them.

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.

Comfort Food Recipes

Here is an interesting 'comfort food' recipe from John. He says, *Compared to steaks and roasts, liver has a popularity problem ~ in fact, to many, the suggestion of braised liver for a family diner is nothing short of a threat. The recipe attached, with its sage-touched onions, careful braising and delicious tangy-sweet sauce elevates this nutritious, plebeian meal to gourmet status!*

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.

MELLOW BEEF LIVER & ONIONS

Serves four

(Liver is very perishable and should be used on the day of purchase, or by the next day at the latest)

WHAT YOU NEED:

3 TBSP vegetable oil,
4 - 6 onions, sliced (a lot of onion but so delicious!)
½ tsp dried sage,
1 lb beef liver (sliced 1/2 inch/1 cm thick ~ important)
¼ cup all purpose flour,
¼ tsp (approx.) each, salt & pepper,
½ cup beef stock,
2 TBSP balsamic vinegar,
1-1/2 tsp granulated sugar,
Chopped fresh parsley.

WHAT YOU DO:

- In large heavy skillet heat 1TBSP oil over medium heat, cook onions and sage, stirring often, until softened, about 8 minutes. Reduce heat to medium-low and continue to cook for about 20 minutes, stirring occasionally, until deep golden. Season to taste with salt & pepper. Remove and keep warm.
- Meanwhile prep the liver—remove any membrane and any tough blood vessels (See Note below). In shallow dish combine flour and ¼ tsp each salt and pepper ~ set aside.
- Rinse and dry skillet. Heat remaining oil over medium-high heat. Dredge liver with flour mixture to coat, shaking off any excess, and immediately add to skillet.
- Saute liver, in batches if necessary, for 1 to 2 minutes, or until underside is browned and blood is just coming to the surface on the top. Turn over and cook for another 1 to 2 minutes until browned and slightly pink inside ~ still springy to the touch!! Remove to heated serving plates.
- Add stock, vinegar and sugar to the skillet, bring to boil, stirring to scrape up brown bits. Boil, stirring, for 1 to 2 minutes or until reduced to about 1/3 cup.
- Mound onions over liver, top with sauce, sprinkle with parsley.
- ENJOY!

(Note: Beef liver I've purchased at Sundre IGA had the membrane removed and was ready for the skillet!)

Bergen Community Association News

by Maureen Worobetz

Our June meeting was held with seven members present.

So far August bookings are a go. There was hope that the Feast of Bergen would be able to go ahead, but the decision has been made to cancel it for this year.

Mowing at the hall this summer will be handled by the Cummins and Ingevelds.

The Bergen Farmers' Market season begins on June 27th.

We have cancelled our turkey supper for 2020. Watch for it in April 2021.

Have a great summer as we move into phase two and we all get used to new protocols!

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 which 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/>

Kudos to the Nurses—a Glenbow Example

by Shari Peyerl



"Miss Marion E. Moodie, 1867-1958," 1898, [NA-1252-1]. Courtesy of Glenbow Archives, Archives and Special Collections, University of Calgary.

Modern circumstances highlight the essential services that have always been provided by rural health care workers. A previous column focussed on a Cochrane area doctor during the first half of the 20th century. This month, Marian Moodie provides an excellent historic example of another crucial health professional—the nurse.

When she was twelve, Marion visited a convalescing friend and gave what assistance she could. The experience was so rewarding she decided she would like to be a nurse herself one day. In 1891, at the age of 24, Marion put that desire into action when her family moved from Quebec to Glenbow. On their isolated ranch, Marion helped her mother tend to the family's injuries and ailments: Marion's brother contracted typhoid, and her three little cousins caught scarlet fever. When her mother became fatally ill, it fell to Marion to care for her.

After her family moved to Calgary, Marion began her formal nursing education. In March of 1895, she lent a hand to the nurses at Calgary's cottage hospital, and in April she signed up as the first probationary nurse. In this volunteer position, she worked the night shift at the nine-bed hospital (which was replaced three weeks later with Calgary's new City Hospital). After two months of service, Marion qualified as an official student nurse. Before long, she was supervising a junior nurse and a probationer.

Nursing was exhausting and hazardous. Disease transmission was poorly understood at the time, and antibiotics and many vaccines had not yet been invented. One period of nine-weeks of gruelling night duty took its toll and Marion contracted

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Kudos to the Nurses continued from page 8

typhoid. Although bed-ridden for seven weeks, she persevered with her educational program.

On 25 July 1898, Marion Moodie was the first nurse to graduate in what would become Alberta. Since there were few hospitals, and many patients widely scattered amongst ranches and small towns, Marion travelled to her patients' homes. Expectations were high, conditions were primitive, and pay was insufficient (and sometimes nonexistent).

After six years on the road, Marion took employment as the sole nurse of the hospital at Frank, AB. Although the pay was more reliable, the workload remained intense. Besides caring for eight hospital patients, she also treated outpatients, administered anaesthetic during surgeries, filled in for the doctor when he was absent, cooked patient meals, and—when time permitted—milked the cow and scrubbed the floor.

Returning to Calgary a couple of years later, Marion again worked as a private nurse in patients' homes, which sometimes required walking eight miles a day. Eventually, the arduous pace caught up with her, and she took a break from nursing for a few years. When WWI broke out, she packed supplies for the Red Cross, and then was assistant matron of the Ogden veterans' hospital. In 1917, at the age of 50, she enlisted in the Canadian Army Medical Corps and was appointed Nursing Sister in Charge of the hospital. After the war, she moved to the Ninette Sanatorium in Manitoba, before moving to Montreal to care for an ailing relative.

Marion Moodie's dedication to providing the best health care she could, wherever it was needed, is echoed by today's nurses. We are indebted to all those who work tirelessly to keep us healthy.

Birds You May Have Seen

Laurie Syer

I must say, I am impressed by the number of knowledgeable birders who read the Bergen News. I have learned a lot over the month of June trying to follow up on the bird identification puzzle presented in the May edition. Eight readers responded with bird identifications and, for the most part, they were in agreement. The Western Tanager, Rose Breasted Grosbeak, and Baltimore Orioles were identified by all respondents. The little bird in the middle was a puzzle, mostly because it is hard to see enough of it to make a clear identification. Most guessed that it is a swallow of some sort, probably a tree swallow. It was also posited that it could be a male Mountain Bluebird, a young Blue Jay or possibly a Kingbird. My vote goes with the young tree swallow but I'm an amateur.

The little greenish bird in the right bottom corner is also tricky. Half of the responses identified it as a female Western Tanager. There were a couple of votes for a female American Goldfinch. I looked it up in my three bird books and the result was inconclusive. So I went to the allaboutbirds.org website, and I think that it is a female American Goldfinch. I looked primarily at the bill for colour and shape. It seemed that the Western Tanager bill is more yellow. Also the colour on the head of the Western Tanager looked to be more like the overall body colour whereas on the female American Goldfinch the head colour appears a bit darker than the overall body colour. But, as I say, I am an amateur compared to all of the respondents so I am open to further enlightenment.

I learned an interesting fact about Baltimore Oriole that I didn't know before. Apparently they like oranges and grape jelly.

And the American Goldfinch breeds late in the season after thistle and mild weed seeds are available. There is so much to learn.

Thanks to all of you who contributed your knowledge and enthusiasm. Please don't hesitate to dispute the final identifications or add suggestions on sources or identification techniques.



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

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT!

by Pat Gibbs

Sometimes what we want can be a long time coming and, if you're like me waiting is difficult. However, the days we have been longing for, I believe, are now here and I must say the colours are just beautiful! The wild violets came in masses all over our yard and east pasture. I don't remember ever seeing so many in the past. Oh yes, and remember the evening in May when we got a really big rain that stayed a few days? Well, I was outside filling bird feeders and I truly had to tip-toe between dozens of night-crawler worms—you know those BIG worms that aerate your lawn? They were desperately seeking higher ground. The sidewalks were alive! I was thinking 'Invasion of the Worms'...kinda yucky as some were a foot long if they were an inch.

Yes, some days we were Singing in The Rain and later on Walking on Sunshine, which is referring to the amazing dandelion population! You must admit, these are really helpful to the bees, bugs and butterflies when they arrive on the scene. God created everything for a purpose.

The sunset I saw the 31st of May was stunning in mauves, soft pink and orange. This is such a wonderful time of year.

Then there are the birds. I was delighted to see the pictures Peter Kleinloog had taken and put in the Bergen News. I recognized four. We see them as they pass through on their way to nesting areas, and some are nesting here.

Let's not forget the incredible greens that join together and make a country drive a breath-taking experience.

Indeed June holds many precious sights, sounds and occasions.

I think of Father's Day and of course my own wonderful dad. There is a song about people young and old who all wanted to be somebody else. Even WAY back then I had to agree with the lyrics. I found out over the years of growing up—and I'm still working on that—that my dad never suggested he wanted to be anything other than himself. He was content with who he was, where he was in his life and happy with where he was going. He had his faith, his family, his friends, his 160 acres and his guitar. He was content even when his life changed and he couldn't hang his hat at his own home anymore. Dad was a good man and a great friend and I miss him dearly.

However, I have a good man and a great father to our children and we love him. He may blush when he reads this—that is why he never gets to proofread my articles. Happy Father's Day!

'Til next time....

Insects by Sally Banks

Insects are so varied, beautiful, essential and ignored. Sally has an eye and the skill to capture their beauty and allow the rest of us to see them too.



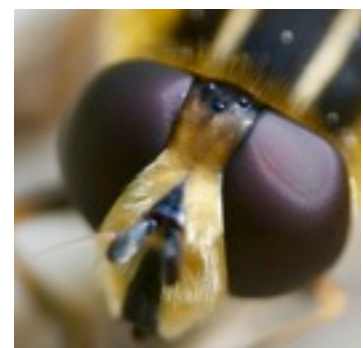
Yesterday on Snake Hill in Sundre I noticed four alder "cones" stuck together with spider silk. (The cones are about half an inch/1 cm long to give you an idea of the silk "house".) I wondered who did that. Was anybody home?



To my surprise I was greeted by the home owner — a wee jumping spider.



Hoverfly... check out its amazing eyes below.



Ride With Me

by Donelda Way

“The tail is almost bigger than it is”. This fox looked old, tired and dirty as it progressed through the ditch and up into a forested quarter.

For a change of scene, my husband chose to accompany me on a day trip to Beaver Creek Mercantile Quilting Store near Caroline. From the four way stop in town, you go south until you see the ‘fabric’ sign on the post. Go west until the next store sign, then go south again along the farm driveway. You park in front of the two story brown, wooden barn, *The Store*. Being aware of Covid 19, I did limited browsing amid the variety of fabrics and other sewing products on the main floor. Inside, I noticed a coffee shop sign. Outside, chairs and tables were set up on the deck. The bargain center is up the outside staircase in the loft. The washroom is a brown wooden *outhouse* located in the yard, around one corner of the barn.

The two of us were picking rocks in the hayfield we expanded the past couple of years. As we neared the unloading site I noticed a female riding a white horse along the ditch at full gallop. I raised my arm and waved. She kept riding. My husband waved. She kept riding. Either she didn’t notice us or she couldn’t chance waving at that speed.

The vehicle I was following slowed. Through its windows I could see two deer leading us down the road. After quite a distance they veered off and we continued on our way. Another day, the car ahead again slowed. This time a young moose strode along the fence line before deciding to take a stiff-legged jaunt away from the road, across the field and into the willows.

“They each have walking poles.” The couple were striding at a fast pace through the uneven humps and bumps in a country ditch.

I had driven to town for grocery shopping. As I exited the IGA, a smiling lady greeted me and said, “Seniors’ Appreciation Day—please chose a flower”. At home the pale yellow blossom brightened our kitchen for a number of days!

Waiting in the vehicle, I could hear in the distance, two young male voices. As I watched the first fellow on a bicycle passed by with a coloured rope stretched out behind him. Although I could not see the second fellow’s feet I soon realized he was quite comfortable being pulled along, I assumed on a skateboard, by his buddy.

Three of us prepared to set out on our bike ride. Friendly chuckles erupted as I positioned my not-so-modern bike helmet. Underway, conversation was ongoing. “Your bike is making funny noises.” “The bag is sagging through the wire carrier and rubbing on the back tire.” We transferred the bag to another bike basket. “The gravel is bumpy”. “It’s fun riding through the holes”. “I’m coasting!” “So am I but I’m going too fast!” “We have to take the dogs back and tie them up. They aren’t allowed on this road”. “Let’s stay on the flat, okay? I don’t want to go down the hill. It’s too much work coming back up”. “Pavement is a luxury”. “Car coming. The person waved at us—that was nice”. “Are you keeping up?” “Look at that Red Winged Blackbird in that marsh area”. “That was fun. We need to do it another day”. “Bye.”

Hyw 22 Roadside Attraction: A solar lamp post is positioned half way between the six feet apart chairs where the huge stuffed black and white panda bear and the floppy eared rabbit are social distancing. Bright orange masks cover their noses. ‘Home Sweet Home’ appears calm. The blown up blue and white dog continues to fill the doorway. A barbecue on a stand has been set up near the east wall behind the still howling dog. The downcast brown teddy on the stationary bike is slumping on the seat. A skull is fastened to the top of a stump arrangement. A heavy, cast iron, bell-shaped item is leaning into the bottom of the stump. The black and white horse is now wearing a very loose rope halter. The dangling lead rope does not touch the ground. Behind the horse is an antique plow that has very weathered wooden handles. The farmer is standing behind the horse, looking north. He is wearing light grey coveralls and has his hands in the air. His spread out fingers might be holding his work gloves on. There is what appears to be a scarf covering his face and a baseball cap over his long, uncut hair.

The green grass and billowy white clouds give a sense of spring to the location.

Bergen Babies

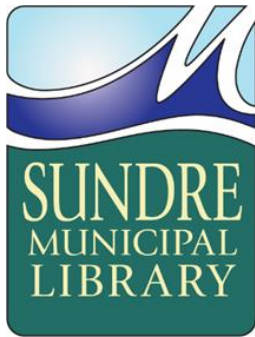
from Pat Cummins

These new arrivals to Bergen were captured on Pat's wildlife camera the first week of June. The first three are of a cow moose and her twin calves. The bottom picture is an elk cow and her calf. Pat speculates that the moose and elk cows may have given birth in a secluded draw just off the trail where the camera is located.



Running to catch up.





Adventure Writing Contest for Teens

A writing contest for budding writers aged 12-18. Write an original high adventure action story. Stories should contain a main character (or characters) that are faced with a series of surprises or unknowns that they must overcome to solve the adventure.

The winning story will be used to create an amazing digital escape room that will be shared with the Sundre Library community to enjoy.

Contest runs from June 15, 2020 – July 31, 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

We're open!

But with a few changes....

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 Canada Day July 01, 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...

Adult Summer Reading Challenges

Children's Summer Reading Program

Dungeons and Dragons

Otis the Owl Story Walk

Teen Cell Phone Scavenger Hunt

Book Review

by Laurie Syer

William Osler A Life in Medicine by Michael Bliss

During the last days of winter while we were all staying home alone and wondering what to do with ourselves, I delved into our book shelves in the biography section. I found a biography of William Osler that has been on our shelf unopened for 20 years. I'm so glad I read it. It is a wonderful book about a wonderful man. The author, Michael Bliss, a Canadian, had written a biography about Sir Frederick Banting before he became interested in Osler. He explains in the preface to his Osler book that he was confident that he could write a more balanced biography about Osler than the one written by Osler's friend and colleague, Harvey Cushing. He assumed that he would uncover some flaws in the man. No one is perfect, after all. He was surprised to find that "Try as I might, I could not find a cause to justify the death of Osler's reputation. He lived a magnificent, epic, important, and more than slightly saintly life."

So I was prepared to like and admire William Osler. But I didn't expect to fall in love with him and feel the suspense of his anxieties or share so fully in his challenges and successes.

Osler was born in 1849 in a tiny parsonage about forty miles north of Toronto. He came from adventurous stock. His father, Featherstone, went to sea at the age of fifteen becoming a naval officer in the late 1820s. He survived storms, shipwreck, disease, and sea battles and enjoyed writing about his experiences in his journals and letters. Osler senior gave up the sea in 1833 and decided to become a minister of the Church of England. William's mother was born into a merchant family in 1806. She was small and dark, brave and steadfast. She was also high spirited and fun. Her family

were acquainted with the Osler family but she didn't meet Featherstone until he was briefly home from sea shortly before his last voyage. They were married after Featherstone completed his training for the ministry and were immediately sent to Canada where there was a shortage of ministers for new settlers. In spite of their dismay at being sent far from home to the edge of civilization, the Oslers adapted rapidly to their new home and raised a large, close family of energetic and interesting offspring who would go on to make positive contributions to their new country.

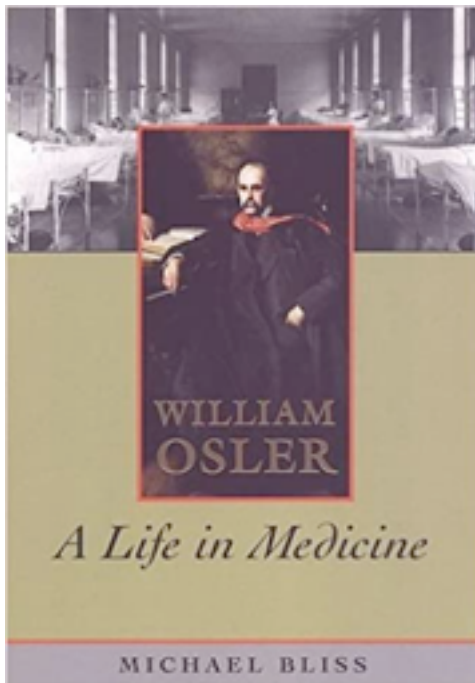
It was an interesting time and Bliss does a good job of story telling, creating the world and characters of Osler's life that allow us to experience what it was like to live then.

William Osler had a curious, observant mind, unfettered by convention. He became interested in microscopic study when he was in his teens and was fortunate to find a mentor who helped guide his interest. He had what formal medical training was available in the world at that time, studying in Germany and England and getting to know the leading lights in the medical world. He became one of the most important, sought after doctors in the world, working in Canada, the United States and England over the course of his life. He revolutionized the teaching of medicine, training students at the bedside of patients rather than just in the lecture hall. He wrote a textbook on medicine, which he revised yearly. It became the standard medical text for

the English speaking world. He was instrumental in setting the teaching regimes of McGill, the University of Philadelphia and the new Johns Hopkins.

Osler had the great gift of making his patients feel better simply by entering their sick room. He was especially drawn to children and loved to be with them and enter into their games and imaginations. He mentored many young students and they all spoke of his ability to make them feel that they were the most important person in his world when he was talking to them.

Osler ended his career in Oxford and was knighted in 1911. He continued to work and travel extensively until his death in 1919, aged seventy.



Wildlife Treasure continued from page 2

Although some start breeding at two years of age, Sandhill Cranes may reach the age of seven before breeding. They mate for life—which can mean two decades or more—and stay with their mates year-round. Juveniles stick close by their parents for nine or ten months after hatching.

The earliest Sandhill Crane fossil, estimated to be 2.5 million years old, was unearthed in the Macasphalt Shell Pit in Florida.

Sandhill Crane chicks can leave the nest within eight hours of hatching, and are even capable of swimming.

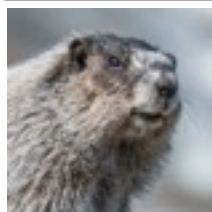
The oldest Sandhill Crane on record was at least 36 years, 7 months old. Originally banded in Wyoming in 1973, it was found in New Mexico in 2010.



Sandhill Crane in Flight



Sandhill Crane in Frosty Grass



From My Office Window

by Brian and Kim Allan

The pasture is alive with wildlife: Canada Geese, nesting Sandhill Cranes, Killdeer, Bufflehead Ducks. Spring is here!

