

LETTER

EDITOR 'NEWSLETTER'

I evidently touched a tender nerve with my remark on the "garbage" content in the Newsletter produced by he/she Editor, so please accept this sincere disclaimer of any intention to wound or hurt the feelings of any person.

E.C. Carleton

...but of course the stuff produced in the Newsletter, although written in a breezy non-grammatical fashion and prone to numerous typographical errors, lacks a major source of input, News material from the senior service in the trio of 'Operations', the PARK WARDENS!

To remedy this shocking state of affairs I would like to relate a recent episode which involved our Wardens, Jack and Perry ... on Monday a distress call came through to the Wardens in the compound from Mickey Bailey, game farmer entrepreneur to borrow some Sernylan, a serum used in immobilizing wildlife, evidently knowing our reputation for expertise in this field! Unfortunately we are not considered adult enough to have this potentially dangerous drug on hand, so our two Wardens raced the clock to Kootenay Park, met their Warden Terry Gibbon on the Vermillion Pass and took over custody in a laborious handing over ceremony, (Terry wanted to hear all the news from the big Park.) before torpedoing back to the heliport, leaping into "Hawkeye" Jim Davie's helicopter and ferrying out to the Bow River below the game farm.

The reason for this mad dash - a day earlier "Mucho", a 750 lb. Kodiak bear, of ponderous geniality, had escaped through the wire to freedom ... wandered east to the timbered slopes of Mount Yamuska, encountering two elderly maiden ladies, who, after a slight pause to exchange amenities, he promptly treed! News of this disaster put Bailey and his helpers hot on the trail and they coaxed "Mucho" back toward the preserve using an apple as a decoy. Once again fate played her hand and just as he reached the wire, a motorist, (to exercise his four dogs released them from his car) ___ "Mucho" split the scene right now! ...

Toward dusk, two anglers, intent on their task of catching the fishy denizens below them in the Bow River, when one, threading his line through the eyelets, felt a strong tug on the lure and swung around in horror at a huge brown bear. A wild screaming look and two fishermen, like Eliza, never touched water as they crossed the wide Bow River ...

Again, Bailey and his Sherpas used the old apple trick while "Mucho" ambled along until they reached the railroad track ... , a locomotive whistled around the bend ... the Kodiak was out, out and away! This big brown bear at large, was shot with 10 cc of Sernylan, (more than enough for a fatal dose in his native habitat) but it kept him down for seven minutes. His huge inert form was manpowered out of the brush, into the open helicopter cargo net, and then up, up and away, with the spotlight beaming ahead into the darkness, and then "Mucho" ended up in the waiting maw of his pen within the wire. Mission accomplished, and with the spotlight peering ahead, on a starlit night, the helicopter and our dauntless Wardens returned to Banff.

And I must admit, with such literary genius as the above, I can understand why the aforementioned regarding the Newsletter content was made. I feel the only solution is to bow out and will fold my tent like the Arabs and silently steal away. AND THAT'S THE LAST WORD!

Author unknown