

# Adventure

The Man's Magazine of Exciting Fiction and Fact

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Newsstand Sales Manager: IRA J. MOSHIER

Production Manager: EARL UMPENHOUR  
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## YOU CAN MAKE A QUICK BUCK IF YOU MANAGE TO STAY ALIVE, BOUNTY HUNTING

■ In Alaska, every year, vicious Arctic wolves kill off some 15,000 caribou, thus depriving the Eskimo of his chief source of food and clothing. To encourage hunters to destroy as many wolves as possible the government set a fifty-dollar bounty for every wolf killed, in addition to the forty to sixty dollars a good wolf pelt will bring.

But, in that barren country, with forty-below cold, there was little interest in trying to cash in on this opportunity until someone solved the hunting problem by taking a crack from the air at a

galloping wolf with a shotgun. A new sport was thus born.

Bob Savaria, an old-time bush pilot, agreed to fly me, while another plane, with Dick Smith as the pilot and Bill Fisher as the hunter, went aloft in search of the wolves. We were to fly at about fifty feet altitude, where I could get a good crack at the action with my camera.

We checked all our gear, bundled into our parkas and climbed onto our respective aircraft, the pilots taking the front seats. On their snow skis, the little



# Killer Wolf

by LANCE KERMIT

PHOTOS BY BIRNBACK

## NORTHERN WOLVES—AND PLAYING HIDE AND SEEK WITH DEADLY ARCTIC STORMS

planes skimmed down the frozen lake which serves Point Barrow for an airfield, and lifted their noses above the vast plain of ice.

This type of hunting has one advantage over any other—your quarry is not going to escape into heavy bush. Like everything else in northern Alaska, the wolf has nowhere to hide. The problem is to find him. There are about 100,000 square miles of nothingness to search.

I was glaring out at the ice field when Savaria suddenly banked into a right turn and sped off toward the other

plane. This was the pre-arranged signal that tracks had been spotted.

At length, we discovered what we'd been hoping for—a caribou carcass, evidence that wolves were around. Finally we picked up the paw prints of two wolves and we were almost on top of them before we knew it. Frightened by the roar of the engines, our targets promptly split up, veering off at a wide angle, running crazily through the snow.

Dick wiggled his wings for us to follow the wolf closer to his  
(Continued on page 79)

He couldn't move but his head was raised in a snarl. I went in for the kill.



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## KILLER WOLF

*Continued from page 43*

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plane and we swooped in for our approach run on the lone wolf. Scampering first in one direction and then dashing off into another, the wolf turned our pursuit into a real roller-coaster ride.

The other plane tried to head off the wolf. Savaria followed this maneuver, keeping me in camera range, but I'd have paid anything for a gyro-stabilizer in my stomach. Dick gunned his plane into firing position and Fisher let go another blast. But the wolf swerved his course and the buckshots missed by far. I was beginning to think this wolf had a charmed life when Fisher let go once again. This time the wolf staggered a couple of steps and slumped to the ground. The buckshot had snapped a bone, probably his spine. He couldn't move but his head was raised in a snarl. We glided down on our ski



**I lashed the wolf to the lead strut of Dick's plane. It would bring us around a hundred dollars or more, counting the bounty and going price for skins.**

struts for a landing. We all climbed out and Fisher unlimbered his .38 revolver. He walked up to within five paces of the wolf and fired without hesitation.

The wolf shook convulsively and then lay still. We lashed him to the lead strut of Dick's plane and took off again.

**O**UR second wolf had lit out for all he was worth when he heard us. After twenty minutes of pursuit we spotted him in the distance. Doing some offhand reckoning of the wolf's speed, I'd say he was doing close to thirty-five miles an hour.

In the other plane Fisher rolled down the door to get his shotgun into firing position and I opened the door of my cockpit to get the camera set. My stomach started flipping again as Smith, flying at a fifty-foot altitude, jockeyed his plane to the side of the wolf in mid-stride and the wolf was dead.

We skied in for a landing to claim our dead wolf. We dragged the carcass to Smith's plane and lashed it the front strut on the other side of

the ship. Suddenly Savaria looked to the south and sprang to his feet.

"Whiteout," he yelled. "Let's get the hell out of here before we run into trouble!"

A snowstorm was fast moving towards us and in the approaching haze we took off again. As far as the eye could see, there was no horizon, just white and more white. Being so near the magnetic pole, our instruments were not completely reliable and we were almost certain to be a few degrees off course.

The gas indicator began courting the empty mark, but there was no sign of anything below. It was beginning to get ominously dark and we had enough gas for only fifteen minutes, when Savaria nudged me and pointed to a red glow below. It was Point Barrow and a welcome sight. New York at night never seemed bigger or brighter.

Our wolf-hunting expedition had netted \$220. As for myself, I'd been frozen and frightened and tossed about like a top. If there was money in wolf-hunting, somebody else was most welcome to it. ■