



# WAS IT THE GORILLA?

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Spring City was given, and he had directed that all such callers should be put on to him immediately.

He had not gone to the trouble and expense of putting that advertisement in half a dozen papers for nothing.

From the first he had thought there was something strange about Chako, the "educated" gorilla at the Red Star Circus.

He had tried to find out where it had been bought originally, and Jules Cyrano, the proprietor, had been about to tell him when a knife had come whizzing through the window of his caravan and had killed him.

It had been impossible to discover the murderer, though Terhune felt sure Cyrano had been slain to prevent him telling where Chako had been obtained.

Someone else had said they believed Chako had come from a New York hospital where experiments had been carried out on the animal whilst it was young.

Terhune hoped somebody who had participated in these experiments might come forward and say so.

He bathed, shaved and dressed. He had hardly finished when a call came through from Kingstown, a town on the Hudson River, not a hundred miles from New York.

A voice said that Professor Reinland wished to speak to the advertiser about the gorilla.

Paul Terhune controlled his excitement and steadied his voice.

"Yes, Professor Reinland, I represent the police of this town, and we are interested in a gorilla named Chako, which is the property of the Red Star Circus.

"It has now escaped and has been behaving in such an odd way that we are making inquiries. Do you think you can help us in any way?"

"Ach, maybe we can, ja!"

The voice at the other end had a strong Teutonic accent. "Seven years ago, or a little more, we had a gorilla here for experiments. It was called Chako.

"Those experiments were not successful and we expected the gorilla to die. It did not die and we sold him to someone connected with a circus. It seems to me that maybe it is the same gorilla, ja!"

"Very possibly. Can you give me any particulars of the nature of the experiments carried out on the gorilla?" persisted the detective.

There was a few moments

nothing until afternoon, and at midday Staunton called with the news that no clues whatever had turned up to any of the recent murders.

Paul Terhune nodded at all this, and mentioned he was following a line which would take him out of Spring City for a couple of days.

On the journey Terhune occupied the time by thinking over every aspect of the recent crimes, and in making notes which listed the likenesses and differences of the various killings.

"I'll know a good deal more when I have had my talk with

The detective at once sent in his card and particulars of his business, and an orderly said Professor Reinland had given orders that he was to be admitted directly he arrived.

Terhune was led along spotless corridors, past glass-faced doors, to a door marked private.

It was the professor's laboratory, where he spent most of his days and carried out the experiments which had made his name.

The orderly pointed to the sign which indicated the professor was in, and pressed a button. There was a whirring somewhere within, but nothing else happened.

The door was not opened.

The man took down a microphone from a nearby hook, and spoke into this—

"The gentleman called Terhune, sir. Is it convenient for him to come in? Shall I tell him to wait if you're in the middle of an experiment?"

There was no reply, and the orderly frowned.

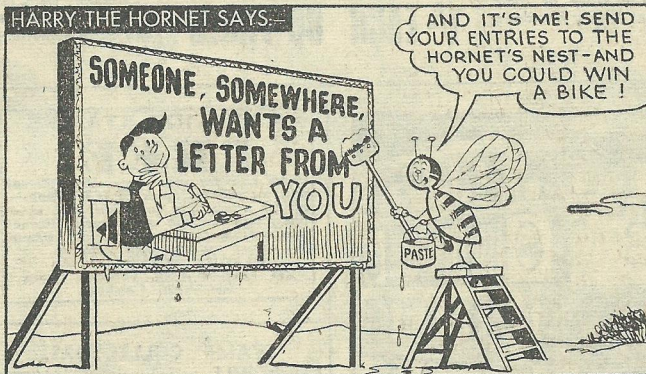
"Perhaps he forgot to alter the sign when he came out," suggested the detective.

The man mumbled something about that being impossible as it was done automatically, then fished a master-key from his pocket. A moment later the door was opened, bringing a whiff of that sickly smell of iodoform which permeates all laboratories and operating-rooms.

On the floor beside a table lay Professor Reinland, clad in a white apron. He lay with his stomach on the floor, and should have been face-downwards as he was extended parallel with the table, but this was not the case.

His head had been twisted right round, so that he was looking straight up from the floor with wide-open, glassy eyes.

NEXT WEEK—Paul Terhune finds out what it feels like to be in the grip of the killer!



silence, then the professor said—"Well, over the telephone I will not speak very much. Such things are still secrets, but this much I can tell you. The experiments were connected with the brain. If you like to come and visit me here at the Central Research Hospital, I will give you fuller particulars."

"I will be with you as fast as train or plane can get me there," replied Terhune instantly. "Thank you very much for giving me this assistance. You may have helped the course of justice considerably. My name is Terhune, and I will be there before nightfall."

He rang off and made instant inquiries about train or plane connections with Kingston.

It so happened there was

Reinland," decided the detective, settling down comfortably. "I feel the key to the whole thing is in his hands."

There were two changes of train, and when he reached Kingston he discovered the hospital was well outside the town.

It meant hiring a car, and darkness had set in by the time he drove along the country road to the riverside Research Hospital, which had been donated by a famous millionaire.

It was a gloomy evening, with a storm brewing. Low clouds hung above the tree-tops, and there was an ominous rumble of thunder in the distance.

They pulled up at the main door of the hospital not many minutes later, and the driver said something about waiting for Terhune's return.