

ing. He was not to know Dr Mitchell had been at that moment on his way upstairs with several of the police officials.

They heard the crash and started to run. They flung the door open and recoiled at the intense darkness.

Only the window was outlined against the lighter sky. For a moment they saw a huge, grotesque figure balanced on the protective railing outside, then it vanished as one of the police officers opened fire.

Dr Mitchell was the one who kept his head best of all. He groped for the switch of the overhead lights and put them on. The room was flooded with brilliance.

The desk had gone over and the contents had been scattered. Paul Terhune lay on the floor between the desk and the chair in which he had been sitting. He lay very still.

Mitchell darted forward and sighed with relief when he saw the detective's head was still the right way round on his shoulders.

Apparently the killer had been interrupted. On the side of the unconscious detective's neck were livid red patches where cruel fingers had pressed home.

Terhune's mouth was open and his tongue partially protruded. His hands were clenched.

The police rushed to the window and shouted excitedly to each other. Dr Mitchell was more practical. He seized a house phone.

Half an hour later, Paul Terhune recovered his senses with the feeling that he had a tight band constricting his throat.

Terhune's throat was so sore he could hardly swallow. His tongue had been bitten in the violence of the struggle. He was so husky he could hardly speak.

He soon discovered he could move all his limbs, and his brain rapidly cleared. He looked up at Dr Mitchell and the uniformed man beside him.

"Did it—he escape?" he gasped.

"Afraid so. We're hoping you can give a description. Judging by the marks, you were caught from behind. He tried to twist your neck. What was he like?"

"Don't know!" wheezed Terhune. "I was studying those

files. He must have come in the window and taken me from the back. He lifted me right out of the chair, and I weigh eleven stones. Everything soon went black. From first to last, I saw nothing."

"Well, it's lucky for you that you kicked over the desk and that we were on our way up," said Mitchell. "We ran as hard as we could, but the room was in darkness. One of the men

were searching the grounds for tracks of the departed assailant.

Paul Terhune stood for a few moments studying everything, then walked over and picked up the heavy file which he had been reading.

It had become closed, and he rapidly turned the pages until he came to the spot where he had been reading when he had been attacked.

A grunt of fury escaped him.

They were still engaged on this when the local commissioner of police returned with one of his assistants.

"We've found tracks out in your grounds," he said. "It confirms my previous suspicions. The thing climbed up the wall and in at this window. We can see where it dropped into the flower bed below. It wasn't a human being, but an ape of some kind."

"What?" roared Terhune, and his voice squeaked as he tried to raise it. "Impossible!"

"Perhaps you would like to come and see for yourself?" the police official said.

They descended the stairs, Terhune no longer needing a helping arm. For the next week or so his neck would be stiff and bruised, but he was otherwise undamaged.

It was very dark outside, but there were numerous police with torches. Also there was a police car, which had been drawn up so that the headlamps shone on the ground below the window.

Various marks could be seen there. One of the constables was measuring them. Terhune got down and examined them closely. They were not human tracks.

They showed the typical pads and toes of a bigape of the gorilla class!

"Well, I'm durned!" he grunted, and blinked about him in bewilderment. He was thinking of the pages torn from the record book. What kind of gorilla was it that could pick out the right pages and remove them from a file?

There was something uncanny about such a gorilla, something so uncanny that he refused to believe in it.

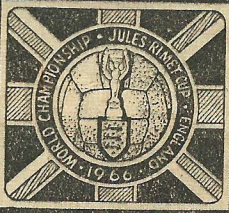
Not long afterwards, Lieutenant Dick Staunton arrived from Spring City. He had raced across country in a car after hearing the news, breaking all records in his haste.

The first thing he did was to inquire about Paul Terhune, and when he saw the bandages round the detective's throat, he turned pale.

"I knew something would happen to you if I let you out of my sight," he said. "What was it?"

"Well, your local colleagues insist it was a gorilla, but it was a gorilla which can read and reason!" said Terhune, and told his story.

(Continued on Page 28.)



THE HORNET GALLERY OF WORLD CUP STARS

NOBBY STILES (ENGLAND)

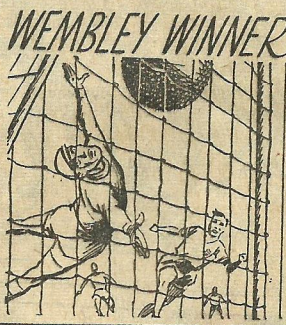
ONE of the finest players to emerge in England's search for a World Cup winning side is Nobby Stiles, Manchester United's tough little wing-half. His versatility has been demonstrated by the fact that, although he plays a defensive game for his club, he becomes an attacking link man when he appears in an England jersey.



Nobby appeared in the United's league side at wing-half and inside-forward, but he never gained a regular place until 1964 when he hit top form. Nobby went on to win his first full cap, against Scotland in April, 1965. The same season he helped United to win the football league championship. Nobby has played all his games for England at wing-half except against West Germany at Wembley, when he scored the winner from the centre-forward position. But it seems certain that Nobby will be a key man in England's World Cup bid next month.



A schoolboy internationalist, Nobby joined Manchester United, his local club, at fifteen. Nobby captained United's youth team and in 1959 he became a professional.



got a pot-shot at the thing, but could not say if it was man or animal."

"I'm not stopping here," said Terhune. "I'm all right but for my throat. There's nothing wrong with my feet. Give me your arm. I want to go back to that room."

Seeing it was useless to argue, they took him there, and he looked round at the brilliantly illuminated scene. Nothing had been touched.

The finger-print experts were still too busy downstairs to come up there. The police

A dozen pages following the one describing the purchase of Chako had been ripped out and removed! The loose pages had disappeared.

"No gorilla did this!" he exclaimed. "No gorilla can read, so that theory is out. It was a human being who attacked me and tore out the pages describing what was done to Chako."

He began to describe what he had so far read, and Dr Mitchell checked over the pages to make sure they were no longer there.