

WAS IT THE GORILLA?

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door, Uttley closed his eyes and seemed to be fast asleep.

One o'clock came. Two o'clock was not far off when a faint snuffling, snorting noise made Uttley sit up. It came from the window and he at once stood up.

Through the bars he could see the hideous face of Chako. The gorilla must have climbed up some pipes on the outside of the lock-up.

There was perfect understanding between those two. The gorilla suddenly tightened its grip on the middle bar of the window, gave an outward jerk, and the stout bar came away from its setting as though fastened there by soft putty.

The brute extended the bar through the window to Uttley, who took it, nodded, and dropped from the bunk to the floor. He approached the door and flattened himself beside it.

He could hear the sentry returning for one of his periodical visits.

The heavy footsteps stopped outside, the wicket rattled, and the man leaned forward to peer within.

Uttley jabbed the iron bar with all his might at the centre of the fellow's forehead, and there was a dull thud outside as the man collapsed.

The circus man turned and beckoned to Chako, who gave a low squeal of delight as he pulled out two other bars in quick succession.

"We've got to get this door open, Chako," explained Uttley, tugging at the edge of the wicket door, about the only point of hold he could find.

The gorilla stooped down and slipped his long fingers under the bottom edge of the door, then heaved upwards. There was a tearing noise and the door tumbled outwards.

It would have gone down with a tremendous crash if Uttley had not hurriedly grabbed the edge and steadied it.

"Easy on, you clumsy ape! We don't want to make more noise than we can help," he snarled.

He leaned the door against the wall, bent over the unconscious warder and took charge of his gun. Meantime, inside the cell, the gorilla was having

the time of his life, twisting and tearing everything into fragments.

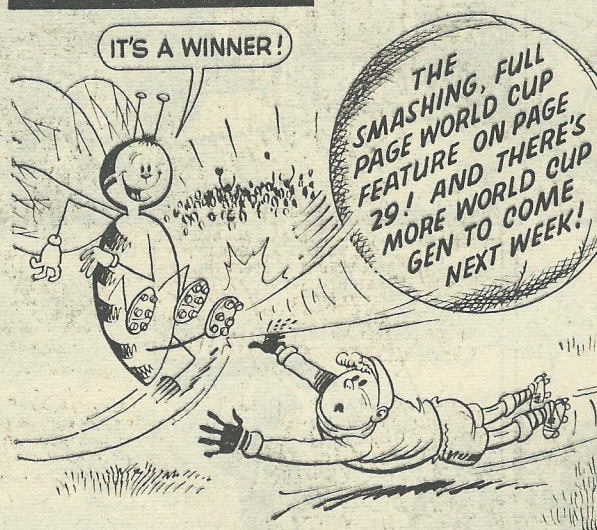
He was proceeding to tear up the bedding when Uttley muttered something and pointed to the window.

Chako took one leap which gave him a hold. A sharp wriggle, a fall of bricks, and the immense beast was outside, dangling from the sill.

Ellis Uttley clambered up more deliberately, but it was easy to see he could climb almost as well as the ape.

He got his stomach across the sill and looked at the dangling ape outside. He deliberately climbed on to its shoulders, let-

HARRY THE HORNET SAYS—



ting his legs dangle on either side.

"We'd better go upwards, Chako. It's easier for you," he muttered.

The gorilla started to climb towards the roof, no more than twenty feet above them. The weight of the man seemed to make no difference whatever to the animal and it reached the roof without mishap.

Even at that hour there were a good many lights. Chako clapped his hands and grinned from ear to ear. He loved lights.

"Pretty, ain't it?" growled the man. "Well, it won't be so pretty if they find us up here on top o' the police station. I reckon they'd shoot us . . . We'd better be movin'. Think you could reach that bunch o' telephone lines from here?"

He pointed to the mass of phone wires that crossed the street in a solid mass and

passed within a score of feet of their roof top. Chako understood and nodded. They came to the edge of the roof together.

Twang! Half a dozen of the wires snapped under the impact of that hairy paw, but there were dozens of others to hold, and Chako wasted no time in working his way along these, still clutching his companion in fond embrace.

With remarkable ease they got to the other side, and Uttley dropped on to the flat roof of the modern block of flats on which they had arrived.

He held his finger for silence, and the gorilla crouched as obediently as a little child, while the man explored the roof, finally finding the entrance to the fire-escape.

The two oddly assorted friends descended the fire-escape

muttered Uttley, and pressed his face to the glass.

All seemed clear outside. He was about to open the outer door when he noticed that the wall at his side was occupied by an illuminated indicator which gave the names of all the occupants of the flats in the building, the floor they were on, their numbers, and if they were at home or not.

Ellis Uttley frowned and bent towards this. He ran one thick finger up and down the rows of names, not so much as though expecting to find any certain name there, but scanning all the names in case a known one was present.

The gorilla watched gravely. The night-porter had not stirred.

Uttley's finger was moving down the last row of names when it stopped as though drawn by a magnet.

"Sandford Barrett, Flat 342, Sixth Floor," said the ticket, and the man muttered to himself over and over again—

"Sandford Barrett! Sandford Barrett! That's on the list. I know it's on the list."

Feverishly he drew a list from his pocket, a list on which several names had been crossed off. He looked down this list to the third name from the bottom. It was the name of Sandford Barrett.

His lips drew back and his eyes blazed with unholy joy as he thrust the paper towards the gorilla and jabbed the name over and over again.

"Another of them! Yet another of those who sent you to your grave! What do you think of that? We didn't even know it, but one of those jurors is right in this building. Maybe we passed his window on the way down!"

The gorilla's eyes glowed with human intelligence. Its lips writhed as though it was about to speak.

"All right! All right!" almost purred Uttley, patting the hideous head. "We'll see to it. We won't go out there after all . . . There's a job to be done first, isn't there?"

They exchanged meaning glances, then went down on all fours and crawled across the hall to the foot of the stairs. Only when they had reached the darkness of these did they straighten up.

NEXT WEEK—Terhune is trapped by Chako at the scene of another murder!

without a sound, winding their way from floor to floor until they eventually arrived at the rear of the foyer.

A light burnt low over a desk in the corner and across the desk could be seen the head and shoulders of a grey-haired man bent in sleep. It was the night-porter, there to answer any telephone call.

A low growling noise sounded in the gorilla's throat and it looked appealingly at Uttley. He shook his head and frowned sternly, then got down on hands and knees and began to crawl past the desk to the outer door.

Chako did the same. They opened the inner door and found themselves in the outer foyer, with double-doors alone separating them from the street beyond.

"We'll make certain there are no stray patrols about!"