

It is keeper against gorilla, and Ellis Uttley gains the upper hand against the powerful Chako!

# WAS IT THE GORILLA?



**PAUL TERHUNE** awakened in the comfortable bed of the apartment which he had taken during his stay in Harrisburg, and wondered if there was any special reason why he had been roused. Had he wakened normally, or had there been some unusual sound?

Brr-rrr-rrrr-rrrr! The telephone at his bedside rang, and he guessed it was not for the first time. The sun was high beyond the shutters; someone had given him a call. Lazily he reached for the receiver.

"Hello, hello! Yes, Terhune speaking."

From the other end came the voice of Lieutenant Dick Staunton, of the Springfield City Police.

"Terhune, there's bad news. Uttley has broken custody during the night."

Terhune shot bolt-upright in bed. His swarthy face paled a trifle.

"How?" he snapped.

"Something forced a way in by the window of his cell and took him out that way. The window was sixty feet from the ground and was heavily barred."

"He's gone. The sentry was killed. It looks to me as though that gorilla came and got him out."

Terhune gnawed at his lip for a moment, then growled, "I'll be over right away!"

It did not take Terhune long to reach the police depot, and once he arrived he let his eyes wander upwards to the roof.

"They went that way, I'm thinking. Could we get on to the roof? It might be interest-

ing to see the way they got away.

"We already know that. The telephone linesmen have reported half the lines in that nearby crossing have been snapped. It looks as though they swung across there on their hands."

Staunton pointed out the direction.

"And then?"

"We haven't been over there yet, but there's no harm in doing so. It's an apartment block. Maybe someone saw or heard something in the night."

They crossed the road and interviewed the porter. He said there had been no complaints about disturbances in the night.

It would be a difficult matter

to interview all of the six hundred people in the flats. The detectives could go on to the roof if they wished.

They had turned for the lift when it opened to disgorge a dapper little man who seemed very hot and bothered.

"Porter, I want you to ring Mr Barrett in 342," he said.

"He's expecting me. I'm here by appointment, but I've been ringing his bell for nearly fifteen minutes without result. He must be ill—or out."

The porter glanced at the indicator.

"He's not out, sir. I'll give him a ring."

He plugged in and depressed a switch, holding a phone to his ear. No reply came.

The porter tried and tried again. He was plainly worried, and after a few minutes muttered something about seeing for himself, and produced a pass-key.

The visitor bustled along beside him, and Terhune and

Staunton tacked themselves on without explanation.

They shot up to the sixth floor. Number 342 was almost opposite the lift, and again the porter knocked and rang for some minutes. In the end he shrugged his shoulders, inserted the key, and opened the door.

"Mr Barrett, is anything the matter?" he demanded, stepping across the threshold.

The porter's eyes goggled when he saw the top pulled off a heavy desk, a twisted poker lying in the centre of the room, and a chair minus its legs.

Dick Staunton gave a low growl, flung the man aside, and strode to the door of the bedroom, which he kicked wide.

Sandford Barrett lay on his back across the width of the bed, in silk pyjamas, but his head was overhanging the edge of the bed and he was facing the floor. His head had been twisted completely round on his shoulders.

The man who had come to visit Sandford Barrett gave vent to a shrill scream. Dick Staunton turned on him.

"Sit there and don't move! You—porter—go and phone the police. Tell them Lieutenant Staunton is here. Hurry!"

Away bustled the horrified hotel employec, and the two detectives looked at each other

## FOR NEW READERS.

Paul Terhune, the famous English detective, had been invited by Lieutenant Dick Staunton of the Spring City, Pennsylvania, police to help on the broken-neck murders case.

The judge, court officials and jurors connected with the trial of Brogan Carr, a murderer, had all been murdered by having their necks broken. The trial had taken place seven years before.

After Carr's execution, Carr's brain had been transferred to Chako, a gorilla, which had now escaped from the Red Star Circus. Ellis Uttley, the gorilla's keeper, had gone with the gorilla after murdering a police guard.

Escaping from the police cells, Uttley and Chako travelled along phone lines to a nearby building, where the sight of the name Sandford Barrett sent Uttley into a rage. The pair made their way into the building.