

missed something, that something was not quite what it seemed.

They were coming along the road past the copse which had been the scene of earlier excitement when he tapped his companion.

"Put me down here! I'll join you at headquarters."

He was set down and strolled across to the copse. This time he took no special precautions, but his eyes missed nothing as he went along.

Here and there he picked out old footprints of Mason, the hermit, easily recognisable in his home-made footwear. He judged Mason to be a big, husky fellow.

It was strange his voice had been so strained and falsetto.

At last he came in sight of the hut. No smoke came from the chimney, though there had been a little on the last occasion.

The door was closed. Terhune crossed over and tapped on it.

There was no reply, and after a brief hesitation he lifted the latch and went in.

On the table was the remains of a meal, with two stools drawn up. A bunk filled most of the rear wall, and old brown blankets were piled upon it.

Paul Terhune walked across and drew aside these blankets.

His breath caught in his teeth and he recoiled a full pace. An old, roughly-clad, bearded man lay at full length on the bunk.

He was not sleeping, for, although his body was stomach downwards, his face was turned upwards. His neck had been twisted right round on his shoulders.

Terhune stood against the wall and studied the place. He touched the old man's forehead and found him quite cold.

"He's been dead a good many hours," he muttered. "He was dead when we came here earlier. It must have been Uttley who answered."

There was nothing Terhune could do for Mason except cover him up again.

He was about to make for the door, for it was almost dark in there, when he heard hard breathing outside.

The detective dropped in a flash. He did not know who was coming in, and there was no time to go to the window and investigate.

He dropped to the floor and squeezed sideways under the

bunk, where there was a considerable space.

Crash!

The door swung back on its hinges and he saw a massive, hairy leg cross the threshold, followed by another.

The boards creaked whilst the shack was filled with an awful stench. It was the gorilla returning alone!

Chako's shoulders were so broad they scraped the doorposts on either side. They made the hut quiver, and for a moment the hidden detective thought it might collapse.

bunk where the dead man lay, and wondered if he dared follow Chako.

Chako Versus Uttley

CHAKO made no attempt to hide his progress through the woods, smashing his way with ponderous ease. He made for the west side, and emerged into the open.

Terhune was just in time to see the gorilla enter the grounds of a large detached house.

But he was too late to prevent the gorilla running at one of the

light. Possibly electricity had been turned off in the house.

The light came from the right of the hall. A door was partially opened, and sometimes huge shadows were thrown on to the hall wall.

They were always shadows of the gorilla. Terhune wondered what had happened to Ellis Uttley.

Nearer and nearer to that door he crept, and was finally able to peer inside. It was a library, with massive furniture. On a huge oak table lay the scattered remnants of another meal.

Six candles in a solid silver candelabra gave the only light. On a long, padded sofa sprawled Uttley, his hands behind his head, his eyes closed. He was exhausted, and was trying to sleep.

Terhune ducked back as Chako passed the door. Uttley had been smoking. The detective was glad of that, for it prevented the gorilla from scenting his presence.

The gorilla had gone to the bookshelves on the other side of the room. Suddenly it turned and began to creep towards the sofa on all-fours.

Terhune held his breath. It looked as though another murder was going to take place, then he saw the creature's expression and realised it was up to mischief.

Then it reached out and gripped the end of the sofa with two huge hands, gave a violent heave, up-ended the piece of furniture, and shot the sleeping man headfirst to the floor.

Harsh laughter burst from the gorilla as it sank back on its haunches and banged its chest with its hairy hands. It roared and thumped like a mad thing, rocking with glee at its rough joke.

As for Uttley, he rolled over, grunted, got to his feet, and revealed a face which was positively fiendish.

Without a word he rushed at Chako and gripped the monster by the throat with both hands.

Chako gave a choking gasp of protest, rising to his feet as it sought to break the hold.

To Terhune's surprise, Uttley's hold was not broken. Chest to chest they stood, the man seeking to strangle the gorilla and the gorilla doing all it could to prevent him.

They swayed to and fro.

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HOW TO WEAR YOUR WORLD CUP BADGE

Remove the plastic holder from the stem on the back of the badge.

Hold the badge at the front of the buttonhole of your jacket or coat. Place the plastic holder behind the buttonhole, then slide the stem of the badge through the buttonhole, and into the hole provided in the holder.

BE CAREFUL! When removing the holder from the stem on the back of the badge, NEVER TRY TO FORCE IT OFF, OR IT MAY BREAK!

Grunting, snorting, the monster ambled across the floor to the table, and Terhune heard it move the enamelled plates and pots.

It was sniffing and snuffling for more food.

Evidently it had given Uttley the slip, and had come back to the place where it had previously eaten, hoping to find more.

It was disappointed. It could find nothing and wrecked the place in an effort to find more food.

It grew darker and darker, but the gorilla continued to rummage about amongst the wreckage.

It was a matter of great relief to Terhune when the animal finally lurched back to the doorway, blundered against one of the posts, causing the windows to rattle, then stumbled outside.

Paul Terhune quickly wriggled out from below the

outside drainage pipes. With amazing speed it swarmed up the wall, swung on to one of the window-sills, and passed into the room beyond before Terhune could more than gasp.

"That window must have been open!" he muttered. "It knew where to go. Can it be Uttley's in there, too?"

He looked thoughtfully at the pipe. He was no gorilla, but he was no mean athlete, and where a gorilla could go, he could go more slowly.

Up he went, hung to the pipe level with the window until he was certain he could hear no sounds within, then swung across and leaned over the sill.

Nothing breathed in that room. The detective wriggled across the sill.

He crept out on to the wide corridor at the top of the stairs. Somewhere below a dim light burned. It looked like candle-