

"You mean——" Staunton looked alarmed.

"I'm wondering if there is anyone else in this vicinity who was connected with that trial."

"Well, when you pointed out how things were going, I had everyone looked up. We couldn't trace them all to a present-day address and we didn't get track of Barrett, who was the last victim, but as far as I know the only one in Harrisburg who has anything to fear is Luke Harcourt."

"Another juror?" demanded Terhune.

"No, the official executioner at Pittsburgh Jail for ten years. He's retired and runs a barber's shop on the down-side of the town."

Paul Terhune jerked around in alarm.

"The executioner—the man who threw the switch that finished Carr! If those killers know about this, Harcourt's lived longer than I should have expected."

Staunton shook his head.

"Don't worry about him. I spoke to the Harrisburg Police directly I discovered his whereabouts, and they've had four men guarding his place ever since."

"If the gorilla goes there it's bound to be seen. Let's look for those outgoing tracks."

The police cars were formed in a circle round the house and their headlamps made the place as good as floodlit.

Everyone had been warned against tramping about indiscriminately, and the experts got to work seeking the trail of those who had fled so hurriedly after the patrolman had raised the alarm.

For some time they had no luck, then someone noticed that a number of branches of trees had been bent and snapped.

Further investigation proved that the gorilla had swung from tree to tree until the boundary wall of the grounds had been reached.

There was little doubt it had carried Uttley with it. In that manner no tracks of any kind were left on the ground.

Beyond the wall there was one set of gorilla footmarks, but as the macadamised road extended almost to the foot of the wall, it was not surprising there were no more tell-tale markings.

Ellis Uttley and the hairy monster of which he was so fond, but which he dominated

so completely, was somewhere out there in the darkness.

### Carr's Executioner

**TERHUNE got some sleep towards morning, but by ten o'clock was on the phone to Staunton to know if there had been any further developments.**

Nothing had happened. The terrible pair had not been seen anywhere in the vicinity of Harrisburg. Once again they had done their famous disappearing trick.

With ordinary crooks the police had to search only on one plane, but with Uttley and his gorilla things were more difficult. It was just as likely they were skulking on a high roof top as in a cellar. The

gorilla could carry his friend to almost any lofty refuge.

Staunton had decided to go to visit Luke Harcourt, the one-time executioner, and the barber's shop which the man ran was on the far side of the town, down in the factory district.

It proved to be a corner shop, evidently prosperous, for three assistants were hard at work. Two obvious plain-clothes men lounged on the other side of the road, and Terhune guessed there were others at the rear.

"They couldn't keep out the gorilla that way," he decided. "The brute would probably come in over the roof tops."

Harcourt, the executioner, invited Terhune into his back room, when he learned his

business. Through the rear window Terhune saw the other two detectives.

"Aren't you nervous about this, Harcourt?" he asked.

"Me—nervous? No, I don't let it rattle me. I've had a good many rats threaten me just before they was strapped into the chair, but by the time I'd finished with them they couldn't hurt me any," replied the executioner.

The story about the transplanting of the murderer's brain into the gorilla's head had not been released to the public so Harcourt knew nothing of this, though, like everyone else, he had read the list of victims and seen they had all been connected with the Carr trial.

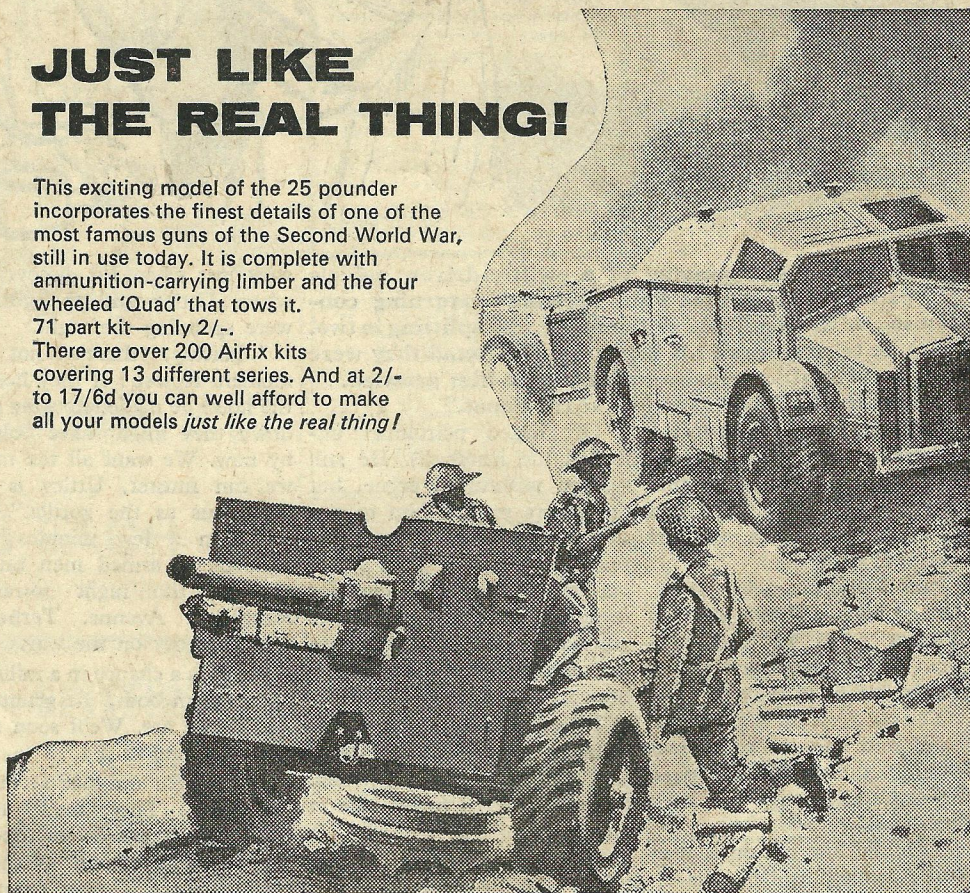
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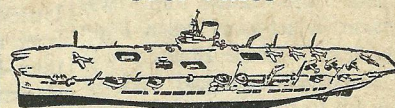
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