

A pistol and torch against an enraged gorilla! Paul Terhune faces an attack from Chako while Uttley makes his getaway, using Dick Staunton as a shield!

# WAS IT THE GORILLA?



**T**O look at Paul Terhune as he entered the Harrisburg police depot just before midnight, no one would have guessed that little more than an hour earlier he had narrowly escaped death, being imprisoned in a heavy caravan at the bottom of a pond.

A hot bath, a change of clothes, and a brief rest had made all the difference. His grey eyes were alive with determination as he made for Lieutenant Staunton's room.

"Any news?" demanded Terhune eagerly.

He was referring to three phone calls which he had asked to be put through. He had found three names on a piece of paper near the circus man's phone, and had guessed they were with reference to Uttley.

He was hoping for big things from the Era, a circus magazine.

"We've heard from the Era, in New York," said Staunton, who was showing the strain of recent events. He consulted a slip of paper in his hand.

"They say that until four years ago Uttley travelled the country in a strong-man act, and called himself Torgo the Mighty. He was supposed to have been something sensational but dropped out of the business in 1959 and has never been heard of since."

"Hm! That was the year Carr was executed," grunted the British detective. "Have they found out who this Sam Harris is, or about this Lavington Boarding House?"

"Not yet, but they're still working on it." Staunton yawned and closed his eyes. "Phew, I'm dead beat!" Terhune slapped him on the back.

"Cheer up. We know the murderers, and we've only got to rope 'em in. They're bound to be caught sooner or later, especially as Uttley seems determined to stick to the gorilla."

The side door opened and an orderly hurried in with another slip of paper. It was an answer to another of their queries.

The Lavington Boarding House was in the town of

Reading, about seventy miles east of Harrisburg. It was kept by an old acrobat named Sam Harris.

It had been the winter quarters of a good many members of the Red Star Circus in the past.

Terhune flushed with excitement.

"I believe we're on to something at last! Staunton, I want you to have a priority call put through to the Lavington at once. Ask for Sam Harris, and let me speak to him."

Staunton had the call put through, Terhune took the receiver and heard an indignant, cracked, high-pitched voice at the other end.

"This is the police department. We regret to inform you that Louis Cyrano was murdered this evening."

"Murdered!" screeched the aged acrobat. "His father was murdered, too. What did they want to murder Louis for? He

was only speaking to me a few hours ago, and—"

"Would you be good enough to tell us what he wanted to know when he rang you up? It might help us catch the killer."

"He was talkin' about one of his men called Uttley, who he'd just found out used to be Torgo the Mighty. He wanted to know if I knew why Uttley had given up the strong-man stuff."

"And did you know?" demanded Terhune eagerly.

"Of course, I did! I know everything an' everybody in the circus world. Torgo gave up the limelight after his brother was executed at Pittsburgh in 1959, and—"

"You say his brother! You mean Brogan Carr?" fairly shouted Terhune.

"Yes, they were twin brothers. There was Brogan an' Lee Carr. They were as like as two peas in, every way. I always said they ought to do a twin act, but after Brogan went to the chair, Lee changed his name to Uttley an' quit the arena."

Terhune drew a deep breath. The others in the room hung on his words.

"Mr Harris, did you tell all this to Cyrano?"

"Yes, he seemed mighty excited about it, and raved some-

## FOR NEW READERS.

Paul Terhune, the famous English detective, was helping Lieutenant Dick Staunton of the Spring City, Pennsylvania, police to investigate the broken-neck murders case.

Terhune had discovered that the murdered man had been connected with the trial of Brogan Carr, a murderer, seven years before. After Carr's execution, his brain had been transferred to the body of Chako, a gorilla, which was now roaming free with its half-mad keeper, Ellis Uttley, who was wanted for murdering a police guard.

Louis Cyrano, the owner of the Red Star Circus, where Uttley had worked with Chako, had discovered something of Uttley's past. Cyrano was murdered before he could pass on the information to Terhune.

Terhune was on the point of investigating Cyrano's leads when the circus caravan he was in was pushed into a nearby pond. Terhune managed to escape only with difficulty.