

# THE BUCKINGHAMS AT RAVENSWYKE

Grand story by  
**Malcolm Saville**

Juliet and Simon, left alone on the quay to watch Rosemary Court while Charles goes for the police, decide to explore the back of the junk shop, which they believe to be empty. Simon climbs through the scullery window.

While they are exploring the house the shop door is tried and, realising they are trapped, they hide in a room on the first floor. A man comes into the house through the back door and goes up to the top floor. They hear a voice taunting Alex Renislaui and realise that he must be a prisoner.

Then there is a banging at the shop door. Juliet peeps round the edge of their door and sees the back of a man. She slams the door, and locks it just as the man's shoulder smashes in the panel.

## 9. The rescue

As soon as Charles had seen his friends turn back along the quay towards Rosemary Court he ran to the police station.

"I want to see Mr. Brandon at once," he gasped to the policeman at the desk. "It's very urgent. It's about my father. I've found out where he's been and I think the house ought to be searched at once."

"One thing at a time, if you please, young man. First we'll have your name and address, and then I'll ask you what you know about Mister Brandon, who is Detective Sergeant Brandon to you."

"He knows me, I tell you. I'm Charles Renislaui and it's my father who disappeared here in Whitby yesterday. Don't you know that Mr. Brandon took my friends and me back to Ravenswyke in the police car last night? Do please hurry and find him."

The policeman regarded him with more interest.

"I see. Sergeant Brandon is in York. I'll telephone him. Please wait in here."

Fussing and fuming, Charles was thrust into a grim little room with a copy of yesterday's paper. He waited half an hour before hearing Brandon's voice outside, and then dashed out to him.

"Steady, son," he said. "Come into my office and tell me all about it. I'd left York before they telephoned for me."

Five minutes later they were on their way to Rosemary Court.

"Don't expect too much, Charles," the detective said, "but I think I'll have a few questions to ask your red-headed friend. It will be interesting to know what your father was doing in his shop. You and your friends seem to have been using your eyes and your wits, and there's plenty will be interested in your theory that the missing Cartwright is the same man as the sailor you and your father saw... Here we are. Where's that dazzling blonde of yours?"

"Not here," Charles said, "obviously. I should think that

means they're following somebody, but I made them promise not to leave the town."

"Seems you took a lot on yourself, young man. Let's just have a look at the shop."

The blinds were down and the shop door locked. Brandon knocked violently with his fist and rattled the handle.

"Perhaps it's closing time and he's just gone home," Charles suggested, suddenly feeling rather scared. "Come to think of it, though, the shop smelled of stale food and cooking, so I should think he must live here. There must be rooms upstairs."

Brandon looked keenly at Charles.

"Stay here, my lad. Or down on the quay and wait for your friends. I'm going to have a look at the back."

"I'd rather come with you—"

Charles began, but was quickly interrupted.

"Maybe you would. Do as you're told, if you please."

CHARLES watched him stride up the alley, try a door in the wall, push it open, and disappear. He ran down the steps to the quay, but there was no sign of Juliet or Simon, so he came back.

Rosemary Court was empty and silent but for a skinny kitten mincing, with arched back, along the top of the wall. Charles looked back over his shoulder and then ran up to the old door, which opened at his touch. He found himself in a wilderness of nettles, giant thistles, and broken dustbins. The backs of the houses were in shadow, but as he stood there indecisively he heard a sudden shout and the blast of a police whistle.

He looked up to see a man in a tweed jacket and cap, carrying what looked to be a suitcase, scrambling across the roof of an outhouse behind the shop. From an open window a few feet above the roof Brandon was scrambling. But even as Charles raced up the

narrow path the detective slipped on the roof, and instead of scrambling over the side where the other man had gone, fell into the yard.

When Charles reached him he was hobbling and hopping on one leg and holding the ankle of the other.

"Take this whistle, Charles, and blow it till a constable comes. I've twisted my ankle. Do as I say and don't mind me. That chap will probably get away now, but we shall have him before long. Bring the policeman here."

BEFORE Charles could move there was the sound of bolts being drawn, and the back door was flung open and Juliet and Simon dashed out. Juliet's yellow blouse was streaked with dirt, but her eyes were shining with excitement as she grabbed Charles's arm.

"You must both come at once. We're sure we've found Mr. Renislaui. He's imprisoned at the top of the house. Simon and I had to lock ourselves in a room at the top of the first flight of stairs, and the man who escaped just now tried to smash in the door. It was your knocking that scared him, Mr. Brandon. Please do something quickly."

Brandon limped into the kitchen and collapsed on a chair.

"I can't get upstairs," he gasped. "One of you open the shop door and find a policeman. Can you go, young Simon? Give him the whistle, Charles."

"You go, Simon," Juliet said quietly. "We'll be here when you come back. Charles has got to be the first to find his father."

She led him upstairs.

"There's a room at the top, Charles," she whispered. "He must be there. Call out to him."

In a strangled voice Charles called his father, but there was no answer, and it was Juliet who led the way up the attic stairs and opened the only door on the narrow landing.

She never forgot the sight of Alex Renislaui tied to the filthy bed and gagged with an old towel, or the light of love and recognition that lit his eyes as Charles ran forward, fumbling for his knife while Juliet, with the tears streaming down her face, struggled to loose the towel.

His lips were dry and cracked, but when he had drunk from the enamel jug which Charles fetched and rubbed his wrists and ankles, he managed to get off the bed. Juliet yelled to the shouting Sergeant Brandon downstairs that Mr. Renislaui was safe.

TEN minutes later they all met in the dirty kitchen and Juliet made some tea. Brandon cursed quietly as Renislaui told his story.

Then Simon came back very proudly with two policemen, one of whom was sent at once to telephone to Ravenswyke and come back with a car; the other received terse instructions.

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## YOUNG QUIZ



- 1 Who wrote Stalky and Co.?
- 2 Oxford is to Cambridge as Eton is to —?
- 3 Is Harlem in New York or Holland?
- 4 What is the highest possible break at snooker?
- 5 Who designed St. Paul's Cathedral?
- 6 Vocation means: a song, a calling, or a noise?
- 7 The Golden Gate Bridge is in New York, Melbourne, or San Francisco?
- 8 What is an arbiter?

Answers page 11

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