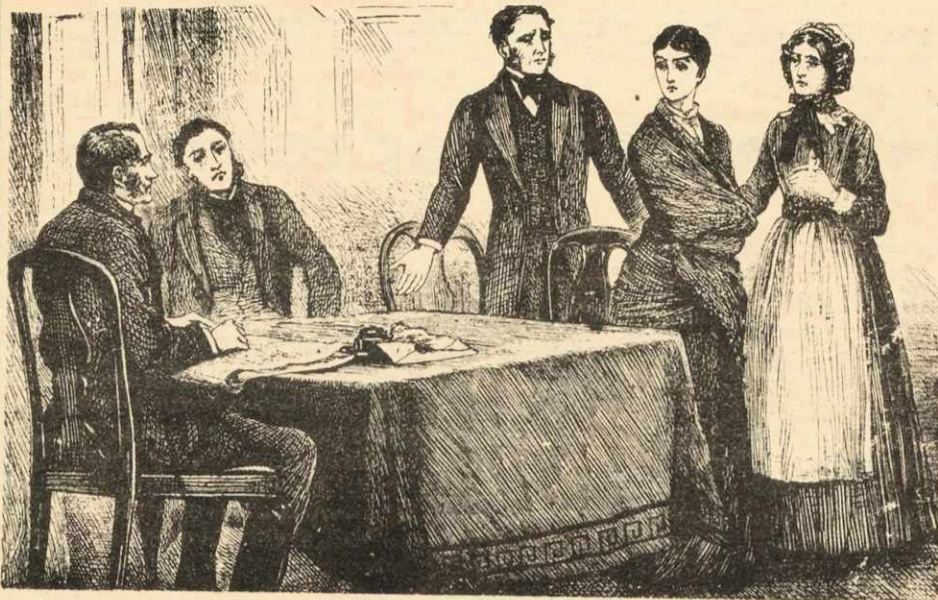


This week the **Gazette** is publishing the first two parts of an as yet unfinished serial story being written by Dal students. If you would like to get in on the fun, two segments still need authors. If interested, contact the **Gazette** offices. Part One of **Stolen Honour** was written by Glenn Walton.



STOLEN HONOUR

1

"How extraordinary!" Lady Bradley exclaimed, dabbing her lips with linen, "but that latch appears to be loose. Where are my glasses? Why yes — it is indeed. Charles! Investigate!" The butler, ever attentive, went to investigate and presently reported to his mistress that her observation had been correct. Something was amiss in the library, whose windows were in plain view of Lady Bradley's place at the breakfast table. The fact established, a culprit would have to be found.

Lady Bradley's first thoughts were of Mary and Clarissa. Obviously one of the maids had been negligent. "Imagine that," she said, "we could have been robbed. This is quite serious. Charles, tell Mary I wish to speak to her immediately. And wake my husband also. I believe I've lost my appetite." She rose, collecting her skirts about her like a gathering storm, quite prepared to be formidable. Thinking of hapless servants, she crossed to the library to inspect the damage.

Lady Bradley was not a stupid woman, but suffering from the myopia of her class, did not consider the obvious until practically confronted with it. Entering the panelled room, it finally entered her mind. "Goodness," she thought, "What if we have been robbed?"

Her main concern had to be of course the gallery, which opened off the library. A cursory examination of the sill gave no clue. If anyone had entered, they had left no trace. Lady Bradley appreciated that. Whoever had violated the premises had been a gentleman at least. In the library she found reason to scold the staff; the port glasses from last evening's showings were still around. Obviously they hadn't expected her in the library until later. At the door to the gallery another thought crossed Lady Bradley's mind. What if the culprit were still in the house? Had she not better send Henry in first? But she pushed on. A Matisse slid into view, then the Turner. Then: nothing, where scarcely 12 hours before she and her husband had stood displaying their most recent acquisition. The Francesco della Bordella, exhibited and sold only last night, was gone.

"Goodness, goodness, goodness," Lady Bradley called, to no one in particular, sailing to the wall, her normally composed hands weaving arabesques in the air. "Goodness, goodness. Whoever, whatever...?" There was nothing to say, or, worse, do. As surely as the Italian painting had hung there previously, one blank wall stared. It was a dismal sight. Lady Bradley had not much cared for all those cherubs, but a sudden love for the lost treasure now sprang up in her matronly bosom. "Goodness. It's gone. What shall I do?"

"Lady Bradley... Lady!" It was Mary, or Clarissa. "Lady, why you're in here. Never thought... Awfully sorry about the glasses. Did you want your tray removed?"

"Never mind about the mess, or my breakfast, Mary," said Lady Bradley, reassuming her commanding tone. "Mary, there has been a tragedy. The Francesco della Bordella... has been stolen."

"Oh! You can't mean...? A thief, in this house?"

"Yes, yes Mary. Don't just stand there. Get me the police on the telephone. There is no time to lose. Then go and see if Charles has gotten my husband out of bed."

"But who...?"

"I don't know, Mary, but he... or she," (and she glared) "came through the window. You didn't neglect the latches last night, I trust?"

"Oh, no, m'Lady, I never..."

"Alright, alright. I believe you. Come on now! They returned to the dining room, where the connection to the constabulary was made. Lady Bradley took the receiver steadily. If she and Henry were to be involved in a scandal, her part in it would be played without hysteria. "Constable," she barked over the wire, "I wish to report a theft."



Lord Henry Bradley entered his dining room in his dressing gown, and with a yawn. He saw his wife, unusually alert, especially for this time of day, stirring tea at her usual place. Aware that something was wrong, he hoped it wasn't the loos again. "Alice," he sighed, "What is it?"

"Henry — disaster. We have been burglarized."

"Burglarized? Burglarized?" The words had little meaning at this hour. What could she mean? The Ming vase? Some of the family crystal perhaps? He looked at her timidly.

"The Francesco!" his wife practically exploded.

"You can't mean?"

"I can mean and I do mean. It's gone. Through the window in the library, which I found unlatched this morning. I have questioned the domestics, who assure me that all was secure before they went to bed. I have also informed the police. You see what you miss, Henry, when you insist on sleeping so long."

"Informed the police?"

"Yes, so we can apprehend the person, of course!" She reached for the teapot. Her husband was always a little woolly before his cup.

"But Alice, I don't understand."

"Have some tea, Henry. It's all very simple. We must get the painting back, and before this afternoon. Lord Cavendish bought it last night, and will be by this afternoon to pick it up. We can't be sitting here with no painting. How would that look?"

Lord Bradley sank into his chair. "But my dear..."

"But what Henry? Be glad I have taken things into hand. The person could be on the Continent by now. I have reason to believe he has money."

"But Alice, I had no idea Lord Cavendish bought it."

"I meant to tell you, but you were too busy talking to Jonathan. I saw Lord Cavendish off, and when I returned you were gone to bed. Henry, don't you find that you sleep too much?"

"But Alice, this is rather amusing," Lord Bradley chuckled discreetly.

"Henry, have you lost your mind? We have been robbed..."

Henry sipped his tea. "I was talking to Jonathan last night," he said mysteriously.

"What does that have to do with the present crisis? I do wish you would be serious. And you should stop inviting rival dealers to our showings."

"We had an interesting talk about our masterpiece. He assured me, and he should now, the Quattrocento being his specialty after all, that our precious, now stolen, Francesco della Bordella is a clever forgery. That we have, in fact, lost nothing of value." He replaced his teacup with a triumphant clatter.

"A forgery!" his wife cried rising. "It can't be! Henry, Mary... oh my salts! I think I shall swoon."

"Alice, oh Alice, what is the matter? I thought this would be good news indeed..."

"But Henry, don't you see? Oh, we are ruined for sure. If the police obtain the painting, and hold it as evidence..."

Lord Bradley became uncomfortable. He had never understood his wife, and now resembled one of their bassets.

"We will be exposed..." she gasped.

"As purveyors of forgeries," he finished pensively, as the truth, as they say, dawned.

"We must get it back before the authorities," Lady Bradley cried. She hurried to the telephone.

"Alice, who are you ringing up?"

Lady Bradley realized she had no one to telephone, and stood forlornly, the receiver still in her hand. "Oh, Do something Henry. What will Lord Cavendish think. Jonathan will simply die gloating. Oh Henry!"

But the morning's interruptions were just beginning. Charles entered, with a tray. "Lord Bradley," he intoned, with a short bow. "A letter. A boy just delivered it at the back entrance. He did not stop for a reply."

Yuli Turovsky: A master of the cello

by M. Lynn Briand

The presence of Yuli Turovsky as soloist and the Atlantic Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of Victor Yampolsky, capitalized an evening of fine performances Monday, at the Rebecca Cohn.

The evening's programme was well balanced. The "Overture to 'Abu Hassan'" by Weber, Dvorak's "Cello Concerto in B Minor, Op. 194", Vaughan William's "Symphony No. 5 in D Major" and "Orb and Sceptre", a coronation march for Elizabeth II by Turner Walton, comprised the

programme.

The highlight of the evening was Turovsky's execution of Dvorak's "Cello Concerto in B Minor, Opus 194". As a musician, Turovsky is currently cellist with the Borodin Piano Trio, professor at the Conservatoire de Musique in Montreal and frequents as a guest soloist. The Russian-born soloist's reputation remained true, as, in short, Turovsky's performance was remarkable.

The scoring of this concerto is exceptionally complex. Dvorak's masterpiece demands much from the or-

chestra. Very often, because of the complexity of the work, one feels the soloist is competing with the orchestral solos — in particular, the luscious clarinet and flute lines. Despite the compositional intrinsic depth, the frenetic playing of Turovsky distinguished himself from the orchestra, commencing with the opening note.

Turovsky's years of concertizing were evident. Pure intonation and superb technique facilitated the conviction of Turovsky's mastery of the cello. With a fine interpretation and dramatic installation,

the audience was enthralled.

Yampolsky, ASO and soloist alike must be complimented on the fine ensemble work. During the latter half of the program the audience was hosted to an excellent performance of a Vaughan Williams Symphony.

Victor Yampolsky introduced its performance, dedicating it to a former teacher and conductor of the Moscow Philharmonic, Mr. Kyrill Kondrasin, who recently passed away.

This 20th century work intertwines many parts with frequent risings of solo lines. Its deliverance was convincing.

The sensitivity and accurate intonation, particularly from the string section, captured many exciting, delicate passages. Amongst the listeners, its finesse was underestimated, receiving merely a polite applause.

The light hearted atmosphere of Weber's Overture served well as an entrance piece. This contrasted with the grandiose fanfare style of the Turner Walton march, which with its pungent brassy sound, was moving, although a touch excessive. In entirety the programme provided a most delightful evening.