

DO - RE - MI

Let's start at the very beginning,
A very good place to start.
When you read, you begin with
A - B - C
When you sing, you begin with do - re - mi.
Do - re - mi
Do - re - mi
The first three notes just happen to be
Do - re - mi
Do - re - mi
Do - re - mi - fa - so - la - ti
Oh! let's see if I can make it easier

So do la ti do re do (bis)
Now put it all together.
So do la fa mi do re
So do la ti do re do
Good
But it doesn't mean anything
So we put in words, one word for every note.
Like this:
When you know the notes to sing,
You can sing most anything.
Together
When you know the notes to sing,
You can sing most anything.

REFRAIN

Doe - a deer, a female deer
Ray - a drop of golden sun
Me - a name I call myself
Far - a long, long way to run
Sew - a needle pulling thread
La - a note to follow so
Tea - a drink with jam and bread
That will bring us back to do -- oh - oh - oh!
(repeat)

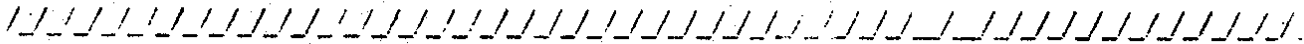
REFRAIN

Do re mi fa so la ti
Do do
Ti la so fa mi re
Do mi mi, mi so so
Re fa fa, la ti ti
When you know the notes to sing
You can sing most anything.

Do re mi fa so la ti do. So do!
Now, children, do re mi fa so and so are only
the tools we use to build a song. Once you have
these notes in your heads, you can sing a
million different tunes, by mixing them up
like this;
So do la fa mi do re
Can you do that?
So do la fa mi do re

REFRAIN

So do la fa mi do re
So do la ti ti do
So do!



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You are advised to read many easy books. If you find that the book you borrowed is difficult and that you have to refer to your dictionary too often, you should change it for an easier one. Even if you already know the story in a book, you can still read it. It will be a good way to check your understanding. Read a lot of easy books, then gradually take more difficult ones.

Please, return the books borrowed when you have finished or if you don't intend to read them. A library book should not be kept for more than one month. If you don't want to take another book, you may return the one you have when you see me. (Brother Gregory)

The LIBRARY is opened on WEDNESDAYS from 12.45 to 1.15, and you are WELCOME



VOCABULARY

To invent	発明	hop	たたく
baby-sitter	子守り	checkers	チェッカーズ
lullaby	子守り歌	stuffing	詰めもの
mind(changed his)	心	drum-major	軍楽隊長
prance	踊り出す	scooter	スクーター
lollipop	棒付きキャンディー	edge	はし
chop	たたく	axe	斧
scowling	いかめしがる	critic	批評
slumber	= sleep	century	世紀

"Wendy, it's bed-time. Pick up your toys and hop into bed!....Please, go to sleep, Wendy."

Grandfather was the baby-sitter for the evening and he would have much rather been playing checkers.

"Go to sleep, Wendy."

Wendy was four, and she had an answer for her grandfather. It was an answer carefully thought out, complete, and final.

"No, not until you tell me a story."

"A story, haha! I'll sing you a lullaby instead; they're shorter."

Grandfather was still thinking about his checker game.

"Come on, now, Wendy. Grandfather will sing you a lullaby. Then you'll go to sleep, won't you?"

"Probably not. Besides, you don't know any lullabies. Tell me a story instead."

"I don't know any lullabies? Hum! I'm the fellow who invented lullabies. In fact, I invented music. What do you think of that, young lady?"

Wendy laughed.....The dolls laughed.....And the people painted on the wall-paper laughed... And Gobo, who was an elephant, laughed so hard, the stuffing nearly came out of him.

"Please, Wendy, you'll never go to sleep if you keep laughing."

"I'll never go to sleep if you try to sing, grandfather. Tell me a story. Tell me how you invented music."

"Well, once upon a time, about four million years ago, the world was a dark, unhappy place. The sun rose hopefully every morning, changed his mind, and went back to bed.

The birds didn't sing; they had nothing to sing.

The bells didn't ring; they had nothing to ring.

Nobody could dance; there was nothing to dance to.

No drum-major pranced; there was nothing to prance to.

Nobody whistled. Ha! not even at a pretty; and worst of all, the children never went to sleep, for there were no lullabies. So they just cried, and cried, and cried.

Now, in this unhappy time, there lived a great inventor.....me, your grandfather. I'd invented lots of good things for children: like dolls and scooters and lollipops and chocolate milk; but still, they weren't happy. I tried to figure out why, but the kids cried so much that I just couldn't hear myself think.

So one day I decided to go out into the woods to build a new house where I could be quiet. I took my bow and arrow, got into my car and drove to the edge of town. 'Well, this looks like a good place,' I said.

But when I started to chop down a tree with my axe, there was a funny sound. I hit another tree, and there was a funnier sound. And then I hit a bunch of trees, and it sounded so good, I said to myself, 'If trees sound this good, what will happen if I hit this big rock? Hum!.... Pretty good..... Think I'll try another one.....Even better.....Now another one.....Think I'll try them all together! And so while I was at it, I just decided to go ahead and invent radio too.

I had a busy morning. I hit around on sticks and stones, and before you knew it, I was on the track of inventing music. So, I rushed home, hung out my sign: 'Inventor at work, do not disturb', and started inventing as fast as I could.

First, I invented the flute.....Next, the oboe.

But then I decided it would take too long like this. I'd better invent them in bunches. 'Clarinets, bass-clarinets and bassoons,' I said, 'get invented.' And they did!

And after the woodwinds, I invented the trumpets.....Next, I invented the French-horns, and the slide trombones.....and finally, the tuba.....Haha! reckon I better change that a little.

I guess I wouldn't have invented the strings at all, if it hadn't been for the old Tom-Cat howling in the corner. 'Here Kitty. Nice Kitty. Come here Kitty.' And before you could stuff cotton in your ears, there was the violin.....and the viola.....and the cellos..... and the basses.

But that wasn't all I needed. I had to have:

Sharps and flats and pizzicato.....Molto, lento and staccato
Treble clef, retard, repeat.....Allegro, chord and boogie-beat
Major, minor, jigg and waltz.....Scherzo, down-beat, jazz and schmalz
Juke box, drum sticks and Puccini.....Bassoons, batons and Toscanini.

And when I put them all together, I had music.

Now, all this inventing had made so much noise that people gathered from miles around, and since they all looked like if they wanted to stay for supper, I had to figure out some way to get them away from there. So I said, 'ABRACADABRA' but they didn't move. Then I said, 'Hocus pocus,' but they stayed right there. And finally I had a big idea. I said, 'January, February, March!' And sure enough, the first music my instruments played was a march. But then, something terrible happened. For when the people learned to march, somebody started a war, and the only way I could think to stop it was to invent dance music. Well, the dance music stopped the fight all right, and everybody had a wonderful time dancing. But they got so tired dancing, I had to figure out a way to make them rest. So I invented the symphony concert..... complete, with a scowling music critic on every row. But you know, even with the birds singing, and the bells ringing, and the pretty girls smiling when they heard a whistle, something was still missing. And I couldn't imagine what it was until I heard the children crying.

It was evening and a little bird flew above the roof tops: a funny-looking, sunny-looking kind of a bird, and his song was the lullaby. And when the children heard the soft, quiet slumber song, they went to sleep and dreamed about ice-cream cones and puppy-dogs and circus clowns. 'And that, Wendy.....' said grandfather, and then he stopped.

Wendy was asleep.....and the people painted on the wall-paper.....and Gobo, who was an elephant. Grandfather smiled and closed his eyes.

And then a strange thing happened. He seemed to be hearing voices, voices across the centuries: Beethoven and Stradivarius and Bach and Pan the Piper, and all the others who had found ways of bringing sound out of wood and wind. He heard them and he knew all their voices, which was strange, because all they said was, "So, you invented music, hey?".....
Grandfather smiled again.

"Well, she asked for a story! "

D. Greetings, everyone, I'm here to tell you a story. It's an exciting story, filled with adventure and intrigue. It happened in France many years ago during the reign of Louis XIII. And it all began one beautiful morning when I decided to leave my home, which was located in a small village and seek my fortune in Paris. Ah! But perhaps I should introduce myself. My name is d'Artagnan.

My father, like most fathers, hated to see his son leave home. But he understood my desire to make my own way in the world, and gave me what little assistance he could. It was really little enough: fifteen crowns. Ah! Ah! That's about \$2.00 in your money, and a letter of introduction to Monsieur de Treville, captain of the Musketeers, and a horse. Oh! That horse! Never will I forget him! He must have been almost as old as I, which is quite young for a man, but very ancient for a horse. The poor animal! He creaked in every joint, and to make his appearance all the more ludicrous, he was bald from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail. His poor body was a bright yellow in colour. I've always suspected that he belonged in a circus. But I was not even certain that a clown would dare be seen riding him. However, these were the best of my father's possessions, and I accepted them gratefully. We stood outside the little cottage, the horse and I, waiting for my father to bid us farewell.

F. D'Artagnan, my son. It appears you are ready to leave.

D. Yes, Father.

F. You go to join the Musketeers, the most noble regiment in France, who serve the king and queen. To become a Musketeer, you will have to prove your bravery. Courage is all important, son, Champion that which you believe to be right, and on no occasion, suffer yourself to be insulted.

D. Thank you, Father, I'll remember.
Come, Archibald, we're off to Paris.
Good-bye, Father. Good-bye.

F. Good-bye, my son, and God bless you.

D. I set out with a gay heart and light spirit, and a creaking horse. I rode for several hours and presently I approached a small inn on the outskirts of Paris. As I rode up I noticed three men watching me, and with evident amusement.

M. 1. Look, you, yonder.
2. What manner of circus approaches on horseback?
3. Which is the horse? Which is the rider that looks more yellow than his mount?

D. But their remarks were very insulting, particularly those of the nobleman who appeared to be their leader. He was a dark swolly fellow, with piercing black eyes, and an ugly scar on his left cheek. I remembered my father's warning: Never to suffer insults without defending myself. So I stopped my horse, dismounted and approached the man with a scar.

D. I beg your pardon, Sir. But are you laughing at me and my horse?

R. On your way, lout. I did not address you.

D. Oh! That may be. But I heard your remarks, and I consider them insulting.

R. Indeed. And what do you propose to do about it?

D. Well, I.....I propose obtaining satisfaction, Sir, at the point of my sword.

R. You challenge me to a duel?

D. At once. "En garde!"

R. Dueling is forbidden in France by the order of the prime minister, his Eminence Richelieu.

D. But does the prime minister also forbid defending one's honour from insults? En garde, I say.
I drew my blade and rushed him. He countered with a quick thrust. Our swords clashed in the air. I was engaged in my first duel. We two had barely begun the duel when one of the other men picked up a nearby shovel and creeping behind me....

- D. Oh!.....
- R. Good work. The fool might have ruined all our plans.
- M. Who do you suppose he is?
- R. A chance he carries some identification. Now, see, fifteen crowns, a letter. What's this? A letter to Monsieur de Treville. It appears this country bumpkin goes to join the Musketeers. Richelieu would not like this. The Musketeers are recruiting too many men. Soon they'll outnumber Richelieu's guards. I think I'll keep this letter. Perhaps my young friend will find it more difficult to see de Treville without a letter of introduction.
- D. When I regained consciousness, the men were gone. Oh! Oh! How my head ached and throbbed! The whole world seemed to be going round and round. I took stock of my condition. Hm..... No broken bone. But my letter. It was gone. My money...Oh! well, I still had Archibald, and...ah! my trusty sword. Well, I mounted the poor horse as though I was a lucky champion, and rode on into Paris. But even as I rode, I swore that if I ever met the dark man with a scar again, I'd revenge myself for his insults and his theft of my letter.
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- T. I am de Treville. You've been waiting to see me? Monsieur.....
- D. D'Artagnan. I had a letter of introduction to you, Sir, from my father, but it was stolen.
- T. Your father?
- D. Yes.
- T. D'artagnan. Oh! yes, yes. I knew your father well. And what can I do for you?
- D. Sir, I wish to become a Musketeer.
- T. Really? That's quite an ambition. However, if you're really descended...Hm...One moment. How can I be certain that you are who you say you are?
- D. Well, Sir. I told you I had ...
- T. ...a letter of introduction from your father. I've only your word for that. Perchance you're a spy sent by Richelieu to dishonour and discredit the Musketeers.
- D. A spy? Richelieu? You mean to say the prime minister doesn't approve of the Musketeers?
- T. Approve....You're the only one to know nothing of the intrigue here in Paris. Richelieu and the Musketeers are deadly enemies.
- D. Enemies? But why?
- T. Because the Musketeers owe allegiance only to the king and queen. And Richelieu conspires to control France. Even the world. He places his own desires for power above the welfare of the king. Now, do you understand?
- D. Hm...Yes, Sir. I now have but one answer. Will you enter me as a recruit in the Musketeers? I wish to serve his majesty and protect France.
- T. Well spoken. Perhaps I misjudged you. How are you with a blade?
- D. Well, I.....
- T. Here, take that sword by the window, and give me an example of your technique.
- D. Yes, Sir. You'll find I had pretty good schooling from my.....There he is. The man with a scar who stole my letter. He's in the street, directly below. Excuse me, Sir.....
- Whoops! Excuse me.
- L. One moment. Is that all you have to say for running against me?
- D. I'm in a terrible hurry...
- L. So much so, from what it appears. You need a lesson in manners. Perhaps I can give you one with my blade.

D. I'll accept the challenge any time, any place. Only now, I must hurry.

1. We'll meet for a duel in the Luxembourg at noon.

D. The Luxembourg at noon. I'll be there.

D. Whoops!

2. A fine excuse for running me down. I'll teach you to be sorry at the point of my sword.

D. Oh! dear! ... Where?...When?

2. The Luxembourg, at noon.

D. Your servant, Sir.

D. Whoops!

3. Why? you! I'll teach you to...

D. I know, I know. The Luxembourg at noon.

Ha... In my haste to reach the street, I'd accidentally run against three Musketeers. Each of whom challenged me to a duel at the same time and place. The Luxembourg at noon. And to make matters worse, when I finally reached the street, the man with a scar had disappeared.

It was exactly high noon when I approached the Luxembourg. I found only one of my adversaries waiting, the first Musketeer. I happened to bump into in my haste to follow the man with a scar.

D. Hum... Good day, Monsieur. I trust I have not kept you waiting.

1. For ten seconds. And for each of them I shall put ten stabs in your gullets. En garde!

2. Athos, Athos .

1. Wait. Someone approaches... Well, Parthos, what brings you here?

2. I have an appointment to meet... Mon Dieu! Here he is! En garde!

3. Athos, Porthos, Anos.

1. Ho! It is Aramis.

2. What brings you here? friend Aramis?

3. A matter of honour. I was standing outside... There he is. En garde!

1-2-3. Wait a minute. He's mine. No, no, Let me have him.

D. Gentlemen, gentlemen, one moment. Obviously, I cannot discharge my obligation to all three of you. Now, let's see. I bumped into this gentleman first. Therefore, he has the first right to kill me.

1. What matters which of us has satisfaction? Are we not Athos, Porthos, Aramis?
One for all and all for one!

D. Perhaps I can offer a solution. As long as you gentlemen consider yourselves one, I will be most happy to engage all three of you at once.

1-2-3. Ah!...

D. I can only be killed a single time. En garde!

1. Wait. Look, you. Richelieu's guards. Country boy, you'll have to wait until we've disposed of these intruders.

2. This is bad, Athos . We're three against five. And you already wounded.

D. Not so, gentlemen. Not so. I'll fight with you against Richelieu. We are four against five.

1. You?

D. Yes.

2. What shall we do? Shall we accept his sword with ours?

3. How can we refuse in the face of these blood-thirsty villains?

1. Four for all and all for four! En garde!

D. Hal Ha! The next moment we were comrades instead of adversaries. We dispensed with Richelieu's swordsmen in short order, wounding four of them and chasing the fifth down the street. Then we proceeded to a tavern where the three Musketeers drank my health and welcomed me as one of them. But as we sat in the tavern laughing and joking, we had no knowledge of what was taking place in Richelieu's chambers at that very moment. Otherwise, otherwise we mightn't have been so happy.

E. Come in Rochefort.

R. Your Eminence, I have great news. The duke of Buckingham has been recalled to England.

E. Ah! Then our plan is working. This should convince the king that we have no other choice except to declare war on England.

R. Only one person stands in our way, Your Eminence.

E. I know. The queen. She will try to prevent His Majesty from engaging in a war. We must find a way to discredit her in the king's eyes.

R. Be of good cheer. The queen herself has played right into our hands.

E. How so? Speak quickly.

R. Before leaving France, the Duke of Buckingham paid a visit to the queen. Naturally he requested her to intercede with the King and avert a war. She promised that she would exert her influence, and to prove her friendship she gave the duke her diamond necklace.

E. The one presented to her by the king when they were married?

R. The same.

E. How very indiscreet of her. I will go to the King and tell him that his own wife conspires with England against him. If he does not believe me, I will suggest that he ask the Queen what she has done with her betrothal necklace. If she tells him the truth, he will suspect intrigue on her part. If she does not tell him the truth. Ha... Let us see if the Queen can manage to save her reputation this time!

D. The following morning I received a summons to report to the office of Monsieur de Tréville. I was delighted, for I thought I was going to be accepted as a Musketeer, then and there. But when I arrived, I found Athos, Porthos and Aramis waiting in the outer chamber. They too had been summoned. Ha... It was all very mysterious. We waited anxiously until de Tréville called us into his office.

T. Come in, gentlemen. I have a ^{mission} mission for you. The most dangerous you have ever undertaken. D'Artagnan, if you succeed in this and demonstrate courage and bravery, I will formally pertain you to be a Musketeer, together with these three whose friendship you have made.

D. Thank you, Monsieur. I'll succeed or die in the attempt.

T. Now, listen closely, all of you. Richelieu is engaged in a new plot to discredit the Queen and embroil France in a war with England.

1-2-3-D. What?

T. The Queen has given her diamond necklace to the Duke of Buckingham. It was an innocent gesture of her friendship. But Richelieu has twisted it in the King's mind until he believes that the Queen has betrayed him to England.

D. This will surely mean war.

1. And if France engages in war, Richelieu, his prime minister, will have control of the country and all its resources.

2. Which is, of course, exactly what he desires.

3. How can we prevent it, Sir?

T. By going to England and obtaining the Queen's necklace. The king has already questioned her concerning its whereabouts. He has also announced a grand ball, and has commanded the Queen to wear the necklace on that occasion.

1. Did the Queen admit she has given the necklace to the duke?

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T. She did not dare tell the King for fear he would not believe the gift was an innocent one of friendship.

2. Then what did she tell him?

T. That she would wear the necklace at the grand ball, of course. She pretended it was still in her possession.

3. Say no further. The necklace must be obtained and returned in time for the grand ball.

D. Then, do we leave for England?

T. Tomorrow morning at the stroke of one, I have arranged for your transportation and your protection as well as I can. But Richelieu's guards have orders to kill you on sight. They will stop at nothing to prevent your departure and return. You four will go together. If three fail, perhaps the fourth will succeed. Here are your instructions. God speed, and may success crown your efforts.

D. Our road, as were, to proceed to a tavern in Chantil, where we would meet a man who would supply us with a boat for crossing the channel. We had no idea who the man was. We could only recognize him by a secret password.

1. Hold! This is the tavern. Dismount. *Thank Heaven for some shelter, at last!*

2. Well, we entered the tavern and seated ourselves at a table. Presently, a man approached from the other side of the room. Was this our friend?

L. Good evening, gentlemen.

1-2-3-D. Good evening, Sir.

L. You've come a long way, I observe.

1. From Paris. And you, Monsieur?

L. I come from Paris also.

2. Ah! A fellow traveler. Sit down, my friend and join us in a hot drink.

D. You don't have the appearance of a sailor, Monsieur.

L. Really? And were you expecting a sailor?

D. Well. We were expecting a friend.

3. Drink up, gentlemen. It's needed to warm the chill. To the King!

1-2-3-D. To the King!

L. Wait. I believe I can propose a better toast. To Richelieu!

1-2-3- To Richelieu! En garde!

D. The whole tavern was filled with Richelieu's guards. We fought bitterly, side by side and were almost at the door when the villains, seeing we were about to escape, scooped their swords and resorted to gun powder. Their aim was better with firearms and the shots found their marks. Athos and Porthos were hit. I started back to save them, but Aramis stopped me.

3. No, D'artagnan. One of us must succeed.

D. I?

3. No!

- D. Another shot rang out. Aramis fell to the floor. My comrades were done for. I was the only one left. I slashed my way out to the door, jumped on my horse and, ~~galloped~~ I was urging my horse with all speed. And suddenly, looking back, I saw I was being followed. I turned off into the foliage at the side of the road and waited. Then I saw him, the other rider. It was the man who had accosted us at the table, Richelieu's spy, come to prevent my escape. I waited until he rode near me. Then I jumped from my horse to his and pulled him to the ground. We fought for a moment, and he eluded my grasp, pulled away and came up with his sword drawn. I whipped my blade from its sheath. En garde!
- L. En garde!
- D. He was a poor soul. Lounging about wildly, but to no effect. Suddenly, I parried a thrust, then countered, and whipped his blade from his hand. Ah! Ah! I backed him up against a tree and pinned him there. My own sword pointed at his throat.
- L. No, no, do not run me through.
- D. Ah! the brave one turns coward quickly, hey? Give me your papers.
- L. Yes, yes. Only, do not hurt me. Here's the papers.
- D. Count Luzon. One of Richelieu's guards. And what's this? Come speak up.
- L. My pass to leave the country. I was to follow you by boat if you escaped us at the tavern.
- D. What boat?
- L. One engaged by Richelieu. It waits at the landing at the end of this road.
- D. Good. I failed to make contact with my own boat. I'll use yours.
- L. You won't get far, Monsieur. The captain of that boat has orders to shoot you on sight.
- D. Has he? Perhaps I should take you along to vouch for me.
- L. But that will do no good. He doesn't know me. He would only believe my papers.
- D. Would he? Thank you for the information, Monsieur. Now, lie down.
- L. You. You're not going to hurt me.
- D. I'm going to bind and gag you. Lie down.
- L. No, no.
- D. Calm yourself, Monsieur. I don't kill dumb animals.
- D. I tied the count securely, took his papers, remounted my horse and made haste to the boat. The captain called to me from the deck.
- C. Who goes there?
- D. It's I, Captain, Count Luzon. Richelieu's guard.
- C. Come on deck. No tricks, my dear, or have a gun. Your papers.
- D. Here, here you are.
- C. Hm... They seem to be in order. Forgive me for doubting you, Count. But we must be careful. I have rumors that the Musketeers will attempt to cross near here.
- D. Really? Perhaps we should sail at once and wait for them on the other side.
- C. I will give the order.
- D. We made the crossing in good time, and prepared to land on the other side.
- C. Well, Monsieur le Comte, we have landed in England. There's a horse waiting down beyond the road if you should need him.
- D. Thank you. Very thoughtful. Thank you, Captain. You've been most helpful.

- D. All that night I rode through England at breakneck speed. And the following morning I arrived at the Duke's castle. He received me immediately.
- B. Come in, Monsieur D'Artagnan.
- D. Your Grace, I come from Paris.
- B. So I was told. What is the purpose of this visit?
- D. To save the Queen, your Grace, and to prevent an unjust war between our countries.
- B. D'Artagnan, is the Queen in danger?
- D. Danger? She will be dishonoured and disgraced in the eyes of His Majesty unless you return her necklace at once, Your Grace.
- B. Necklace?
- D. Yes, the one she gave you in token of friendship. Read this letter. It explains everything.
- B. In Heaven's name! What vile scheme is this?
- D. One that only Richelieu could contrive. Now, may I have the necklace, Your Grace? Time, time is all important. Richelieu will have many obstacles awaiting my return trip. I fear I'll need all the time I have.
- B. When must the necklace be returned?
- D. In but three nights. In time for the Queen's appearance at the grand ball.
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- E. Well, Rochefort, all is well, it appears. We may not have prevented d'Artagnan from leaving the country, but we have evidently foiled his return.
- R. All is well, Your Eminence. I've just checked with one of the Queen's ladies in waiting. The necklace had not arrived when the Queen left the chambers. Ah! Ah! She's frantic.
- Ah! The King is making his appearance.
- And now it is time for the Queen. I wonder if she will dare make an appearance without the necklace.
- R. Your Eminence, look, the Queen!
- E. Do my eyes deceive me? She's wearing it. She's wearing the diamond necklace.
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- D. I had arrived at the palace just in time. The very moment before the Queen had made her appearance. She stood behind the curtains, frantically awaiting the arrival of the necklace. I approached her and gently placed it around her lovely throat. How grateful she was! Why, she even wanted to reward me with a ring from her own finger. But I refused it. "Your smile is sufficient reward for me, Your Majesty," I said. Ha... I think she rather liked that. And the curtain parted, and she swept majestically down the stairway. Ah! What a vision she made. It was all I could do but pull myself away. But suddenly, I remembered I mustn't be found loitering in the palace. I hurried to the rear and sought an exit to the outside. But as I passed a door, my attention was arrested by the sound of voices from within a room.
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- E. Failure, failure, failure. Nothing but failure. How did that man get through? Four hundred guards around the palace with orders to kill him on sight. And still he managed.
- R. I cannot understand it, Your Eminence. I myself was guarding...
- E. You, yourself?
- R. But, all is not yet lost.
- E. All is not yet lost. All is not yet lost. You chatter like a magpie. Our plan has failed. Now the Queen will have more influence with the King than ever before.

- R. Unless.
- E. Unless? Unless what?
- R. Unless Her Majesty were assassinated.
- E. What?
- R. And the King made to believe that the murderer was an agent of England.
- E. Hum...Well, Rochefort, perhaps you have not lost your cleverness after all. What do you propose?
- R. The Queen will only remain at the ball a few moments, hey? She's undoubtedly tired after the long strain of waiting for the necklace. When she retired to her room, I will enter it through a rear corridor, silently draw my sword and ...ah!...Then we will go to the dungeon, find some stupid man who has not paid his taxes and make him confess that he is a British spy and was commissioned by them to kill the Queen of France. The King will be forced to declare war.
- E. Quite so.
- R. But, Your Eminence. There is one thing. A slight assistance I'll need from you.
- E. Me? I can have nothing to do with this. My name must never be connected with the scheme. If you should fail.
- R. I will not fail, Your Eminence. But you yourself have said that 400 guards surround the palace. There is a chance I will be observed, hey? I merely wish you would write a letter which I shall carry on my person for protection.
- E. What kind of letter?
- R. Sit you down. Write as I dictate.
- E. No. Tell me first what you wish me to write.
- R. Very well. Write as follows: "It is by my order and for the good of the state that the bearer of this has done what he has done."
- E. You are mad, Rochefort. I will not write such a letter.
- R. You will write it. Otherwise, I shall inform the King of your treachery.
- E. You wouldn't dare.
- R. Wouldn't I? Come, Your Eminence, let us not argue amongst ourselves. I, I will not use this letter unless I'm captured. And only then to have myself placed in your custody. You'll then find a way for me to escape the country. No one will ever see the letter except the the guards who capture me, if I am captured. Well, Your Eminence, will you write the letter?
- E. What, what was it again? Oh! yes, yes. "It is by my order and for the good of the state that the bearer of this has done what he has done. Richelieu."

D. As I stood outside the door of Richelieu's chambers, I could, I could hardly believe my ears. A plot to kill the Queen? It appeared I'd got another mission before I could leave the palace. I drew back into the shadows and waited. After several minutes, the man addressed as Rochefort left the room. Then I saw his face, and my heart leapt to my throat. It was the dark man with a scar, the man who'd stolen my letter.

This time he would not escape me. He walked quickly down the corridor and started up the stairs towards the Queen's chambers. What was I to do? I was too far away to prevent his ascent, so I unsheathed my sword and threw it at him. It struck in the wall. I rushed forward and leapt on him. We rolled down the stairs. He drew his sword. I knocked it from his hand. He ran back, took my sword from the wall and faced me. I picked his blade from the floor and balanced it in my hand. At last, for my revenge! En garde! Up and down the stairs we fought over the sides, into room after room and out of them, smashing over tables and chairs, waving them out of our way. Finally, I caught up to him step by step to the top of the stairway, and with a quick thrust, I locked his sword to his breast and forced him back over the edge of the balustrade. He struggled for a moment, lost his balance and fell crashing over the side...landed on the floor below on top of his sword. It slid into his breast and came out through his back. Exhausted, I ran to his side. Yes, yes, he was dead, and there on the floor, beside him was the letter. I picked it up and slipped it in my glove. But the noise of our struggle had attracted the guards. They surrounded me. I was arrested for the murder of Rochefort, the captain of Richelieu's guards.

- D. Richelieu demanded that I be tried immediately. The King himself entered the trial chambers. Richelieu began the prosecution.
- E. Your Majesty, members of the Court. As prime-minister of France, I, Richelieu, demand that d'Artagnan be put to death for having ruthlessly murdered the captain of the guards, Henri de Rochefort.
Your Majesty well knows that dueling is forbidden in France, but the Musketeers and their recruits do not obey our laws. They are little better than outlaws. Shall we permit our own guards' lives to be wasted in this manner?
- D. One moment, Your Eminence. Before you condemn me further, I think it only fair to remind you that Monsieur de Rochfort came to his end by your order.
- E. My order?
- D. He was a traitor to the King and France, as Your Eminence must have known when you wrote this.
- E. What have you there?
- D. A letter. May I read it? "It is by my order and for the good of the state that the bearer of this has done what he has done." It is signed: "Richelieu."
- E. But I. That is, I. I mean to say, yes, of course. Your Majesty, we withdraw the charges against d'Artagnan.

D. So I was free, I suppose I should have been very happy. But I wasn't. You see, I hadn't seen or heard from my good friends, the Three Musketeers, since that night at the inn. And for all I knew, they were dead. I returned to Monsieur de Tréville's office with a heavy heart. But as I opened the door...

1-2-3 D'Artagnan...

D. Athos, Porthos, Aramis, you're safe, you're well.

1. Nothing like a little laugh to help the digestion. Congratulations, d'Artagnan. Welcome to the Musketeers. One for all and all for one.

THE STORY OF CHRISTMAS

This is Perry Como, and I'd like to tell you the most wonderful, the most beautiful, and the most exciting story in the whole world. The story of the first Christmas.

Now, suppose you make believe this is many, many years ago, a long time before you were born. You're standing on a hillside near a little town in Palestine. You see the man in the distance walking slowly and leading a donkey. His name is Joseph. Someone is sitting on the donkey, and her name is Mary. They've come a long, long way, and they're heading for a little town near a hillside on which we're standing. Something very special happened in this little town tonight, for this is the little town of Bethlehem.

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie,
Above Thy deep and dreamless sleep,
The silent stars go by.

Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The ever-lasting light,
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

Let's follow Joseph and Mary into the town of Bethlehem. It's getting dark, and all the rooms at the inn are taken. But a kindly innkeeper tells them they could spend the night at the stable nearby. And I told you something was going to happen, and it did. A baby boy is born to Mary and Joseph whom they call Jesus. They have no baby's crib, so Mary puts little Jesus to sleep in the soft sweet hay of a manger.

Come, come, come to the Manger
Children see, sleeping on the hay.

Sing, sing, chorus of angels
Little Lord Jesus is born on this day.

Jesus is asleep in a manger, so let's tiptoe out to the hillside near Bethlehem where the shepherds are tending their flock. All at once the shepherds are frightened. You'd be frightened too because a great light suddenly shines in the sky. Even the animals are hushed and still. But then you hear the voice of an angel of the Lord. And you're no longer frightened for the angel brings the good news, news of a Saviour born this day, news of Christ the Lord.

The first Noel the angel did say was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay.
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep on a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel, Born is the King of Israel.

Well, we're still with the shepherds on the hillside near Bethlehem. We hear the shepherds ask the angel where to find the Christ Child, and the angel tells them to go to the manger. And as they leave, the sky is filled with other angels singing "Glory to God and on earth peace, good will to men." The shepherds hurry to the manger, fall on their knees before the baby to worship Him, for he is Christ the Lord.

O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, o come ye to Bethlehem,
Come and behold Him,
Born the King of angels.

O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

And now, look up into the sky. You see that bright star twinkling in the heavens. Far away, three men are looking at that star just as we are. They're riding on camels and they're using the star as a guide to lead them to the Christ Child. Who are these three men who follow the star?

We three kings from Orient are;
Bearing gifts we travel so far

Field and fountain, moor and mountain
Following yonder star.

Yes, the three men on the camels are three wise men. The new star guides them straight to Bethlehem, to a little baby lying in a manger. There, the three wise men present gifts to the Christ Child. The first Christmas gifts ever given to anyone. A gift of gold, of frankincense and myrrh. And they fall on their knees to worship Him. And now a great peace settles on the night. For it is the holy night.

Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright,
Round yon Virgin, Mother and Child.

Holy infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace
Sleep in heavenly peace.

This is why when we celebrate Christmas we think of Bethlehem. We think of the Virgin Mary, we think of the three wise men, and the birth of the Christ Child: The First Christmas.

O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Silent night, Holy night,
Shepherds quake at the sight,
Glories stream from heaven afar
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia
Christ, the Saviour, is born.

Silent night, Holy night,
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face
With the dawn of redeeming grace
Sleep in heavenly peace.