



KATERI

(Not so fine a day!)

INTERVIEW WITHOUT KATERI

CLIENT: Waniseriio (It's a fine day!...)
Could I speak to Kateri?

CHUBBY INDIAN ANGEL (*snappily*): No,
it's not a fine day! And even if I do get the
dickens, I'll not let you in to see Kateri!

CLIENT: Now, now, what's the matter?

INDIAN ANGEL: Kateri is far too patient
with you and your sort. I don't see how she
stands it. You're really a good person, devoted
to her and all that, but what comes of it?
Nothing. Absolutely nothing. Period. No drive.
No decent attempt to make her better known!

CLIENT: But I say the prayer for her Beatification daily... That is, often...

INDIAN ANGEL (*at machine gun speed*): So you do; I've got to admit it.
But what about your friends? Do you get them to do the same? Does every
girl and boy in your circle of acquaintances pray and receive Holy Communion
for her Beatification? To how many did you pass on the Kateri Novena?
Have you found subscribers to the Kateri bulletin? Did you send in the addresses
of friends who might be interested? Count on your fingers your friends who know
anything about her! Don't try to count those who ignore from A to Z about
her!... And that's not all! Have you sent in a contribution for the bronze
statue of the Venerable to be erected in her parish? Did you write to Ottawa,
as the last issues of KATERI invited you to, requesting that a Canadian am-
bassador be sent to the Vatican?...

CLIENT: Pushing devotions into other people's laps is not my style.

CHUBBY ANGEL (*snorting*): No gumption! If you had one tenth as much
interest in putting her across as a Communist has about throwing mustachioed
Joe Stalin in the public eye, the Lily of the Mohawks would go places... She
might even attain the honors of the altar before long!...

VOICE (*lilling and tender*): I believe someone wishes to see me...

ANGEL (*quite disturbed*): Why, Kateri...

H. B.

☞ \$600.00 are needed at each issue! ☞

CALENDAR TIDBITS

Dec. 18, 1950. — At the fashionable hour of 8:30, the parents and friends of the boys of Tekakwitha School filled Kateri Hall.

Rev. Fr. C. Drolet, S.J., promptly mystified the audience with a whole bag of tricks: cards, Hindoo ropes, rabbits and hats!...

Under a colorful old-fashioned street-lamp, Mr. R. Desmarais, teacher of the 6th and 7th Grades, then presented a few Christmas carols with a group of boys. This Christmas Card came alive with Steven Cross as soloist.

Since last September, our Pastor, Very Rev. Fr. R. Lalonde, S.J., has been teaching music to the boys. Despite a bad attack of laryngitis, he directed his choristers who sang several Christmas hymns in Iroquois.

But the climax of the evening was *The Sausage Maker's Interlude*. Rev. Fr. A. Burns, S.J., our High School teacher, directed this play, written by the noted French playwright, Henri Ghéon, and translated by Marcus and Olive Goldman.

The story features Santa Claus or rather, St. Nicholas, Archbishop of Myra, who died about the year 342. Three little children go to glean in the fields. A sausage maker, lacking pigs, throws them into his sausage machine, but good St. Nicholas brings them back to life.

The cast—

Mr. Créon, the sausage maker: Robert Diabo

Celesta, his wife: Jackie Leclaire

St. Nicholas, their Bishop: Ralph Alfred

The Property Man: John Deer

The Devil: Ronald Leborgne

The Three Little Children: Sidney Snow, Winston Delorimier and
Richard Leclaire

The Crowd and what a crowd: Albert Lazare and George Hemlock

Music Effects: Mr. R. Viau, teacher of the 4th and 5th Grades.

The boys really threw themselves into their roles and the evening was a great success. If I am not mistaken, this is the first time *The Sausage Maker's Interlude*, in its English form, has been brought to the stage in Canada.

THE PRINCIPAL

